# Midnight Showcase

Special Edition Vol. 06-12 ISSN: 1555-5488



# Bridget Midway

Corporate Seduction by Bridget Midway by Bridget Midway

### **Midnight Showcase**

www.midnightshowcase.com

# Copyright ©2006 by Bridget Midway

NOTICE: This eBook is licensed to the original purchaser only. Duplication or distribution to any person via email, floppy disk, network, print out, or any other means is a violation of International copyright law and subjects the violator to severe fines and/or imprisonment. This notice overrides the Adobe Reader permissions which are erroneous. This eBook cannot be legally lent or given to others.

This eBook is displayed using 100% recycled electrons.



Distributed by Fictionwise.com

Corporate Seduction by Bridget Midway by Bridget Midway

#### **MIDNIGHT SHOWCASE**

#### **SPECIAL EDITION**

CORPORATE SEDUCTION

ΒY

Bridget Midway

#### MIDNIGHT SHOWCASE

www.midnightshowcase.com

Published by

#### Midnight Showcase

PO Box 134

Orr's Island, ME 04066

#### www.midnightshowcase.com

## Copyright ©

#### 2006 Bridget Midway

Names, characters and incidents depicted in this book are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental and beyond the intent of the author or the publisher.

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

ISSN #1555-5488

Volume 06-12

Corporate Seduction by Bridget Midway by Bridget Midway

#### Credits

Cover Artist: Jinger Heaston

Editor: Mae Powers

Copy Editor: Regan Taylor

Printed in the United States of America

#### MIDNIGHT SHOWCASE

#### Brings you our

#### **Daybreak Novel Line**

In our everyday lives we find many things and experience so much more, but only love can make it worth the risks.

#### **CORPORATE SEDUCTION**

by

#### **Bridget Midway**

Winston Biggers wanted a woman he couldn't control, nothing like his secretary. May Davenport thought that commanding alpha heroes only existed in her steamy romance novels, the opposite of her uptight boss. But when fate brings these two together, they learn that truth is kinkier than fiction.

Go to Bridget's website for

book excerpts, news, contests and updates, go to www.BridgetMidway.com

Check out her blog at bridgetmidway.blogspot.com/

#### Chapter 1

Would it be possible to have sex on that thing? May Davenport licked her lips as she stared at the waist high laser fax-copier-printer, rumored to have been an accomplice in an office tryst. Who knew Hewlett Packard could be an aphrodisiac, she thought.

Damn, she needed to get a life and get laid if thoughts of sex in the office consumed her time. For a brief moment, May wondered if it were possible to have sex on that thing.

May cocked her head as she stared at the machine, as though willing it to share its secrets. Who was on top? Did anything break in the process? If they left the lid open, did it get any good pictures?

The rumor running rampant at Crystal Industries would have the entire twenty-five floors believing that such an act would not only be plausible, but indeed had happened between a junior partner on the second floor and a female executive on the seventeenth who was not known to fraternize with anyone below her floor.

Stupid people. Why in the world would they risk their careers for the sake of hot sex? May could kind of see the lure. The executive had power and the junior guy had hunger, at least that was how another executive assistant from that floor had described the two to May during a good gossip session in the bathroom.

Damn, she needed to get a life.

What she really wanted to know was what possessed two people to throw caution to the wind and be so reckless as to risk getting caught going against Company Policy No-No Number Two. According to the Crystal Industries' Employee Handbook, the Number One rule involved giving up stock trading tips. Priorities. How fitting that the company would care more about its bottom line than the interactions of their employees.

She snickered to herself, sitting at her desk, which faced the main door and had her back to her boss's office. The bastard wanted to be sure he could look over her shoulder at a moment's notice to make sure she didn't pass time surfing the Internet or worse—find a better job.

So close to heaven, being this high off the ground, she would have thought she would have been happier.

What would make her extremely happy would be to move up in the company, for them to finally recognize her skills and talents in the financial department instead of being relegated as simply an executive assistant. Hell, she might as well say it. A secretary.

The thought made her grind her teeth. She knew her pinhead of a boss held her back. Other assistants were allowed to sit in on meetings. She had heard that some even ran them. Damn bastard.

What fueled her to stay at Crystal Industries, more than the pay and the health benefits that paid for her grandmother's medication, was the fact that one day May would make it to the top and would have the distinct pleasure of telling her windbag of a boss to kiss her ass.

8

As she thought about the man planting his lips onto her cheek, her face felt flush. Sure he was a jerk but he was a pretty good-looking jerk. Well, if tall, clear blue eyes and straight, white teeth turned a woman on. For May, it did.

There were days she imagined her boss on his hands and knees, crawling to her, begging to be disciplined or more. She wanted Winston Biggers to please her. She closed her eyes and imagined feeling his tongue against her pussy, stroking her lower lips and diving inside of her until she came hard. But she wouldn't stop there. She would use him as her own play toy. Making him fuck her until she was exhausted or grew tired of him. She would use him in the same way he'd been using her.

#### Get this. Get that. Fuck you!

Absently, she tugged at a loose piece of string at the end of her sleeve. With one pull, she managed to unravel the stitching going up the arm, making a nice, long opening at the inside seam.

"Shit." She tossed the useless thread and attempted to close the hole. "My favorite sweater too."

The good thing about the gaping opening was that it created a Saturday night project since May didn't have a date and had no prospects of getting one in the near future. Calling numbers at the local bingo hall and taking her grandmother to and from the doctor's office offered little in the way of finding suitable dates, or any dates for that matter. The next obstacle would be to get out of here on time. Before she could look at her watch, a bellow broke her thoughts.

"Maybelline, come in here," jerk du jour said as though he'd known her immediate plans.

Why did he have to use her full first name? He knew she hated it. The name constantly reminded her of her southern roots and her mother's ignorance about popular cosmetics.

"I thought it sounded sweet," her mother had said.

She used to correct her boss constantly the first year she worked for him.

"It's May, just like the month. Just call me May."

Four years and a Bachelor of Arts degree later, he still called her the name that made her skin crawl.

Pushing herself back from her pressboard-and-steel desk, she grabbed a notepad and pen. The man never asked her in his office for something simple. He spouted orders like a drill sergeant and always without looking her in her eyes. Not once.

Lack of eye contact suited her fine. She'd always been a sucker for blue eyes even if they were in the head of the most insensitive man she'd ever met.

Plants died around him. She'd tried keeping a fern in his office once. Within a week, it turned brown and suffered a horrible death. She thought about bringing in a goldfish but she imagined he would swallow the thing whole like a snake.

She took a deep breath, calming her queasy stomach and giving herself the strength to walk through her boss's door,

hopefully for the last time today. She glanced at her watch. Five minutes to five. He had better make it quick.

Behind a desk big enough to crush a Mini Cooper and surrounded by so many windows, he could have leased a portion of his office to a gardener as a greenhouse, Winston Biggers reigned in his office and, by most people's accounts, ruled all of the twenty-third floor.

Different shaped awards decorated a four-tiered glass shelf that sat next to his private bathroom. His diploma from University of Virginia hung on the opposite wall above an elliptical trainer. Guess even the *King of Mean* needed to keep in shape.

Thanks to the fresh flowers brought in each week, his office wreaked of jasmine and lavender today. Even the sweet aroma didn't raise Biggers' spirit.

At a good six-foot-four and dressed in tailored clothes, his presence overwhelmed an entire room. He looked expensive, from his daily barber-cut brown hair with a light streaking of gray strands down to his shined shoes that must have been worth more than a small house there in Virginia Beach.

May breathed easier seeing his head down, his gaze trained on the piece of paper on his desk. She cocked her head and stared at the top of his.

He wasn't balding like the rest of the high-level executives in the building. Didn't mean he would be immune to the follicle failure. It happened to all execs. Bald heads, ulcers, bad marriages. And they kept putting these guys in high-rise buildings. Guys like Biggers were walking poster children for stress-related suicides. The sight made her imagine him again between her legs, her knees wrapped around his head as she held a good chunk of his hair fisted in her hand. She chewed her bottom lip and wondered if he ever had fantasies. Didn't all bosses fantasize about their secretaries? In her sexy erotica novels that she loved reading so much, they all did.

Not that she cared. The only thing she cared about involved walking out of the office by the time the big hand hit the twelve and the little hand camped out at the five. If he didn't look up, she could get away fast and still get off on time.

Princess Watkins promised her a drink and she knew her friend wouldn't wait for her for very long. But then again, with a name like Princess what did May expect?

"Flowers," Winston said, breaking May from her rambling thoughts.

"Sir?"

Working with the totem pole with style for years, she had grown use to his shorthand way of speaking. Right now he had her stumped. She had to stop thinking about sex so much at the office.

Maybe the idea of having a margarita in about twenty or so minutes made her stumble. She could almost taste the burning tequila on her tongue. Thinking about the bitter salt that would cover the glass rim made her suck in her cheeks. Sugar, definitely sugar on the rim.

"I need an arrangement ordered and sent to a young lady." His deep voice rolled over the desk and nearly bowled May over. He swiveled in his chair and retrieved a piece of paper from behind him.

"Yes, sir," she said. She wrote on her pad, 'guilt flowers' and underlined it.

Men were so easy to read. It was no longer a sport for her to figure them out. Now it became second nature to decipher their inner workings.

Biggers was an easy read. Controlling in all aspects of his life. No personal attachments like pets or children (he would have considered both to be in the same category). Girlfriends that lasted six to eight months. Long enough to develop a comfortable rhythm but short enough to avoid the annoying marriage question.

He probably had a cordial almost too proper relationship with his parents. More than likely an only child, and if he did have a sibling, especially a brother, they competed on every aspect of their lives from jobs to relationships.

To think of him now, May felt a tiny twinge of sadness. As soon as he spoke, the feeling that felt like a caterpillar crawling across her naked belly disappeared.

Probably just hunger pangs anyway since she worked through her lunch thanks to some new reports Biggers wanted prepared.

"I need the arrangement sent to her tonight." He scribbled something on a notepad. "Something big but tasteful. Nice and sweet but heartfelt."

"Perhaps a stuffed animal with it?" she asked.

If she couldn't have a man there to wring his neck when he skipped out on dinner then a stuffed animal would do nicely.

He slipped on a pair of glasses with short, rectangular, wire frames that reminded May so much of her granny's glasses. His blue-eyed gaze cut over the top as though he looked down on her and her opinion.

Years of smiling with his deep, long dimples caused him to have two distinct creases in his cheeks that made him look even more distinguished and handsome. Didn't help that he also had a cleft in his chin.

Men. They get older and look even better. Women constantly had to overhaul their looks.

Now his stare turned her off. She hoped the woman he would be standing up tonight never got this chilling look. It caused a rippling shiver from her toes to the top of her head. She gripped her pen and pad tighter to calm herself.

"I want something classy, not gaudy."

May bit the inside of her lower lip, trying hard not to spit on him the way his gaze made her feel like he'd done that to her.

What did he know about class? Designer clothes and working close to the top floor didn't give him any sort of prestige.

"Yes, sir." She wrote 'asshole' on under her initial comment and underlined it twice.

"On the card I need to have written, 'Can't make it to dinner tonight. Sorry. Some other time. Win.' Got that?"

As though she could not get that pathetic excuse for an apology.

But she obliged him and repeated his message. "Unable to make it to dinner."

He cut her off. "Can't. Not 'unable to make it.' I can't."

"There's a difference, sir?" Not that she meant to be insolent, but his pettiness wore on her nerves, especially now.

He leaned back in his black, leather swivel chair and removed his glasses. "'Unable' makes it seem like I could go but don't want to. 'Can't' says that I cannot physically make it to dinner. And I can't go. I just can't."

His voice held something that said he had a bigger but not necessarily better excuse for not showing. If she didn't know any better, she would have thought he sounded exhausted.

So this was what Winston Biggers was like as a boyfriend. He created the rules. He set the pace. His wants. His schedule.

Bastard.

Did he ever once think about his woman's needs?

What was May thinking? This was the same man who'd given her a day to get over the flu.

But a man who worked this many hours and rode her hard had to have had a story for why he became the man he was today. Not that May necessarily cared. But he did intrigue her. How could a handsome man manage to never marry and seem so unfulfilled?

She wanted to kick herself for asking but a good employee, the one who desperately needed and deserved a raise, would do so. "Did you have some extra work that needed to be done that's preventing you from meeting this woman for dinner? I could help you if that's the case."

He stared at her, his face and expression looking softer than she'd ever seen it. At that moment, the crow's feet around his eyes didn't look as sinister. His lips parted but he uttered nothing.

Was he actually touched by her gesture? She blinked and directed her gaze back to her pad and pen. Her hand trembled and she shook it as though that would somehow reset her feelings.

"No," he answered, finally. "Something else came up."

She nodded, relieved he didn't suggest more work. "Can't make it to dinner tonight. Sorry. Some other time. Win."

He nodded. "Here's her name and address." He handed her a paper.

May stared at the name. A gasp rose up her throat but she swallowed it down before it had a chance to become audible.

She kept her expression neutral. "She won't be happy."

"It's not like she hasn't canceled a million times on me when she got a break in one of her cases." He folded his glasses and slipped them into a small, brown leather case.

Yeah, but Courtney Vanderloo wasn't just any detective. To say she'd been highly decorated throughout her career would be like saying Americans were moderately pleased Saddam Hussein had been captured.

To think the woman wouldn't want to have dinner with someone special tonight would have been an even bigger error in judgment. May's gaze cut to the open newspaper on Biggers' desk. 'Vanderloo Nabs Child Porn Distributor' splashed across the top. A picture of a petite blonde leading a burly man with a jacket over his head into the Virginia Beach jail coupled the article.

So, blondes were Biggers' type. Again, not that May cared. She knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that Biggers wouldn't give her a second glance. Not because she was Black or that her full hips and thighs classified her as voluptuous and not petite, but because of her position.

He looked down on her because she was *only* an executive assistant. Given the chance, she wanted to do more. She could be more if only she didn't have this blue-eyed roadblock in her way.

She craned her head to read a part of the article about Courtney when her boss snatched the paper off his desk and folded it. He shoved it into his briefcase.

"You know the flower shop to use and they have my charge account number."

"Yes, sir."

She wrote 'feeling inadequate' in her list and underlined it three times. Her minor in psychology had to be good for something.

With a quick turn on her heel, she rushed back to her desk. As long as the phone line remained clear to the flower shop, she could still make it to downtown Norfolk from downtown Virginia Beach in about twenty minutes.

His voice halted her again. "Maybelline."

She cursed under her breath while her back faced him. She pivoted. "Yes, Mr. Biggers?"

He lifted his briefcase while slinging his suit jacket over his arm. With a confident gait, he strolled to her. As she watched him, she wondered if he'd been taught how to act like he owned the room from one of the many prep schools he must have attended.

Like positive sides to two magnets repelling each other, May felt the need to move back from him, easing to her desk the closer he got. With his long legs, he made it to her, trapping her in the doorway.

The man always had a way of crowding a person's personal space. May had thought he did it only to her. Then, others came forth like victims to the same crime. He'd violated all of their spaces and probably didn't realize what he'd done.

Or maybe he did. Maybe it was his way of lording over people. Maybe he did it as an intimidation factor. This time, though, she would look the beast in its eyes. She wouldn't be bullied today.

As he stood so close, May took in a deep breath. He smelled of a clean-smelling cologne. Not too overpowering and not a heavy, musky scent. If she didn't know any better, she would have sworn he'd just put it on before she entered his office. The light aroma belied his power. But it worked.

She let out her breath to steady her queasy stomach. Why did this guy make her so nervous? She epitomized a strong, young Black woman. Educated, smart, independent. No way a corporate White guy who probably ate mayonnaise sandwiches without the crust could make her feel intimidated.

Yet, there she was, her knees knocking, her heart pounding, sweat forming on the back of her neck. She grabbed the doorframe behind her to keep from slipping down to the floor.

"Plans tonight?" he asked.

Without her stopping it, she blinked at his question. Seemed odd he would ask since he'd never asked her about her life outside of the office. He usually wanted to know how to keep her in the office working more.

She nodded, cleared her throat then answered. "Yes. Meeting someone."

He raised his eyebrows. He opened his mouth like he wanted to ask her more questions. She never noticed the subtle glow of his sun-kissed skin.

Yes, Courtney would be very pissed she missed her date tonight. If the man didn't speak, he could be doable.

"Oh." His tone sounded both curious and almost disappointed. A strange combination. "Thank you for staying over to do this for me. I appreciate it."

Just how much did he appreciate it? She tightened her grip on the wall and summoned as much courage as she could.

"Appreciation can be shown in a lot of ways," she began.

Biggers' eyes widened as he moved himself out of the doorway and into the main office, holding his briefcase in front of himself. "Really?" His tone turned even more curious as though he imagined some possibility. Not on his life. The man cared about nothing but himself. Any woman who hooked up with him was asking for heartache. She'd been through enough to not want it to happen to her again.

Besides, he was her boss. That would have been a violation of Crystal Industries' Rule Number Twelve. Among other things, May had time to memorize the company handbook.

She nodded, turned her gaze down for a moment then back to him. "My bonus. A raise, sir. I know it may not be the right time to ask for them, but—"

"You're right," he said, interrupting her. "It isn't. The company is going through a rough time financially so there may not be any bonuses this year. Your annual review comes up in another four months. We can discuss it then."

Four months? Four fucking months to wait to see if she'll be granted a raise especially since there won't be any bonuses?

Sorry, Granny. Can't get that medication you need because I have to wait four months for a raise from my stingy-ass boss! And the story about the company going through its own depression was bullshit. She knew the financial status of Crystal Industries better than most executives. They had money to spare.

Instead of screaming at the top of her lungs at this jerk or quitting right on the spot, she smiled and slipped down into her wobbly chair. The cheap bastard wouldn't even spring for a decent chair. "And I know the company encourages individual style to a limit, but in the future I would like to see you wear appropriate clothing to work." He nodded toward her. "Nothing with holes in them."

Her gaze dropped to the newly formed hole in her sweater sleeve. "Sir, you don't understand. I—"

Without a word, he walked out of the office. She waited to hear the ding of the elevator down the hall and the subsequent sound of the door sliding behind him before she let out a groan.

That capped off her helluva day.

Snatching the phone from its cradle, she hit the speed dial number to Flower Power, the company's floral arranger.

"Flower Power. What occasion can we decorate for you?" the perky salesman asked.

"Hi, Chip. It's May."

May stared at her notes. Her anger displayed with each assessment. She ran her finger over the last two words, 'feeling inadequate'. She felt the deep grooves and impressions on the page.

"All The Way May!" he chirped. "How are you?"

"Overworked and underpaid." She let out a long sigh. Feeling inadequate, she thought.

"I hear that. So what can I do for you tonight?"

"Are you still gay?"

"Out and proud."

"Then I'll settle for a floral arrangement for Bighead." She had other nicknames for the man but Bighead seemed like an okay one to use for now. "What is it? Funeral? Promotion? Birthday?"

"Ditching a date." She heard Chip flipping through some papers.

"Ohh, worse kind." He tsked. "Shoot."

May described the type of arrangement she would have like to have gotten if a date had dumped her. Something big, full of roses, babies breath, daisies and calla lilies. After getting a brief rundown of their different types of vases, May settled on one that sounded the most appealing.

"Anything else?" he asked.

"Yes." She stared at the trite statement on her notepad. The guy was an asshole but Courtney deserved better. "The card. Write 'I wish I could have been there tonight to celebrate. I am proud of you. Please accept my apologies.'" She struggled with the signature but her romantic side won. "Sign it 'Love, Win.'"

How could he not love a woman who fought against pornography?

"Oh, girl. Sounds serious." Chip smacked his lips, audible even through the phone.

If Biggers found out what she did, it would be serious. Or maybe he would thank her. The uptight man needed to get laid. Then again, so did she. First things first. Make her boss happy and she would be happy.

She gave Chip the name and address of the woman who would receive these flowers.

"Anything else?"

May ripped off her notepaper and tossed the wad into the trashcan under her desk. "Yes. You have any stuffed animals?"

\* \* \* \*

"To bosses! May they all rot in hell!" Princess clinked her bowl-shaped margarita glass against May's and took a healthy gulp of her frozen drink.

May opted to sip her raspberry margarita through a straw. She couldn't pound her drinks back like Princess could. Then again, there were a lot of things Princess did that May couldn't do, and that went from the guys she dated to the clothes she wore to her questionable employment.

May glanced at her friend's cleavage-revealing top then looked down at her high-neck, long-sleeved black knit shirt. She remembered how short Princess's skirt was when she met her in the parking lot. May's skirt had to have been three times as long as hers. She didn't even want to think about footwear.

May had to face it. Where Princess looked ready for a party, May seemed like she was ready to teach the next school lesson. Looking dowdy worked for her when she went through college. But that life ended. She needed to do some living.

"So what did that asshole do this time?" Princess asked as she glanced at her while surveying the bar.

"It's less about him and more about me." May trailed her finger along the rim of the glass, removing the grainy sugar then licking it off of her finger. Princess wanted the heavy rock salt on her rim. One time she even asked if she could have the worm inside of the tequila bottle. Maybe if May had salt instead of sugar on her glass then she would be as bold and brash as her friend.

"He told me I had to wait four months for a raise." May shook her head. "I need the extra dough, Princess. I'm barely making ends meet as it is and Granny's meds aren't getting any cheaper."

And May had told her financial woes to a woman who looked to have had her hair done by the best professional in Virginia Beach, wore clothes that looked designer-made even if they weren't and had rings on every finger.

"You need a better job," Princess said.

"Don't you think I've tried? I thought having a degree meant something. All it means now is that I spent way too much time in school and less learning about real life." She dipped a fried tortilla chip into some red, chunky salsa. Put her in her bedroom and give her a good, steamy romance novel and May would have been in heaven.

"You college graduates," her friend said and shook her head. "All the book sense in the world but no common sense to save your lives."

"That's why I like hanging out with you, Princess. You always know the right thing to say." May took a big drink. The icy cold liquid chilled her teeth to the gums and made her wince. The ice headache that pierced her brain didn't help matters either.

"I think I can help you," Princess said then winked to a man walking by them.

"I don't want a handout. I want to earn the money on my own."

Her friend furrowed her eyebrows. "I wasn't about to give you any money. I was offering you an opportunity."

Now it was May's turn to look confused. "What kind of opportunity?"

She'd known Princess since junior high school and knew her friend had a thing for dancing on the wrong side of the law. Not necessarily illegal but not quite right either.

Princess reached into her Louis Vuitton bag, real, not a knockoff, and pulled out a card. With a bit of trepidation, May took the card, waited a beat before she read it. Lord only knew what her friend had in mind.

"The Oh Club. Never heard of it."

The red card with gold letters proved difficult to read in the dimly lit bar. Held at an angle and into the only light source May found in the place, she could see the name. Nothing else appeared on the card except for a phone number. No addresses. No proprietor name. Nothing.

"What is this?" May asked.

"Your ticket to easy money. All you have to do is say yes."

May stared at the card. Princess was wild but she knew she wouldn't put her in harms way. And she did need the money, fast. Easy.

Staring at her friend, she said, "It wouldn't hurt to look." With a big grin, Princess said, "It never hurts to look."

\* \* \* \*

Winston pushed his way through the door once he reached the parking garage level. Walking down twenty-three flights of stairs didn't get his heart rate going. The fact that the trip came from the twenty-third floor instead of the twenty-fifth made him grind his teeth.

Two floors. Two fucking floors to the top. Wasn't it enough that he'd given up everything to Crystal Industries? No family. No real relationship. Working eighty-hour workweeks. But it still hadn't been sufficient. And at every turn, someone with their hand out, wanting money or something from him.

"Evening, Mr. Biggers." A valet driver held his hand out to him, waiting for Winston's claim ticket.

The gesture seemed almost creepy as though the man knew what Winston had been thinking moments before.

"Mr. Biggers?" the valet driver asked.

Winston smiled and fished through his pants pocket for the stub. "Long day. Little out of it."

"I understand, sir." The young man ran down a row of cars.

As Winston stared at the valet, he was brought back twenty years ago to his own youth. Twenty-one and carefree. He worked as a waiter at his parents' country club during the summer. Then when school started he went to the university his parents wanted him to attend. Except for what he wore, his every decision had been made for him.

He took in a deep breath, inhaling the car exhaust and cigarette smoke smell that hung in the garage. Feeling constricted all of the sudden, he loosened his tie and

unbuttoned the top two buttons of his shirt. He heard the rumbling of his vehicle, a black Hummer that Courtney hated.

"It's destroying the environment," she'd said.

When he said he wouldn't be giving it up, waiting and wanting her to argue with him, she conceded.

"You men and your toys."

Why couldn't he find a woman strong enough to question him? As soon as the headlights hit him, he thought of the one woman who had.

Maybelline. May, she wanted him to call her. No, he liked her birth name. It stood out ... like her.

Once she wore a black dress that wasn't meant to be clingy but it did. It hung onto every curve and swell on her body, accentuating her round breasts, her firm ass and her long legs. Just thinking about her now caused his cock to twitch and engorge until he had to, again, cover himself with his briefcase. If he hadn't done it earlier when he was talking to her, she would have had him up for sexual harassment charges.

But being near her drove him crazy. Her long, dark brown hair always looked soft. On a few occasions, he happened to stand behind her at her desk right before she noticed he was there and smelled her hair. Her scent matched the aroma of the flowers she had delivered to his office. Something wild but fragrant that he couldn't quite place.

Her almond shaped eyes drove him to distraction. And her full lips. God help him but he had imagined them wrapped around his hard-on until he came into her mouth. He let out a groan as soon as the valet stopped the truck in front of him.

"Win Big," the young man said as he held open the door.

Many people liked saying the name printed on Winston's license plates. The name was his father's idea, a fact the man still bragged about to this day.

Winston handed the man a twenty. He was feeling generous and nostalgic all at the same time. He imagined that if he were that man, he would have spent the money on beer and pizza.

As he headed down the street to his house, Winston wondered how Maybelline was spending her time right now. He knew it wasn't thinking about him. If she were thinking of him, it wouldn't be flattering.

However, he couldn't be kind to her. His kindness would turn into something more. Something physical. Since Genterson and Pollick couldn't keep their fucking hands off of each other in the office, the company emphasized the company policy against office romances.

As long as he had her there in his office, working for him, that would have to sustain him for now. In order to keep up his need, he would have to keep suppressed her newly acquired degree.

If human resources knew she had an English degree, they would have snagged her for their training department. They had asked about her before. He couldn't let her go. Not yet. He just needed more time. More time with her.

From the corner down the street from his house, he activated his garage door opener so that by the time he

reached his driveway, he pulled into the garage without waiting.

Once inside, he did, however, wait until the door closed completely and until the motion sensor light in the garage went off before he undid the rest of the buttons on his shirt.

His hand moved down to his pants and he unfastened them. Pulling the zipper down, he noticed the sound of each tooth releasing. Relief waved over him with each click. He closed his eyes and imagined what Maybelline would have done if she heard him undoing his pants.

She would lick her lips like the way she'd done in his office earlier, maybe even brush her hands over her breasts. Those magnificent nipples of hers that he'd seen poke out nice and hard during the summer when he kept the office temperature at an arctic level, would stand out proud, waiting for his touch, wanting to be licked and sucked.

He pulled out his hard cock. With a firm grip, he stroked his hand up and down the shaft while thinking of Maybelline.

"More. Give me more," she would say.

He squeezed harder, being sure to pulse his hand at the tip. Heat filled the truck until sweat covered him, making his t-shirt and pants stick to his body. In the silent vehicle inside of his garage, he heard his moans, his cries for a woman who looked at him with hate and disgust in her eyes. If she only knew.

All he would want would be to kiss her, to have her lips against his. Just the thought made him erupt.

His warm sperm shot from him, landing on his shirt, steering wheel and windshield. The new-car smell that permeated the truck now smelled like sex and new-car smell.

Damn, he needed her. Not any woman. Maybelline Davenport.

When the fanfare died down around Courtney, he would break up with her. It wouldn't be fair to her to continue dating. With his mind constantly on Maybelline, he wouldn't have given her the attention she deserved.

Besides, the relationship wasn't that serious. It wasn't like he'd told her he loved her.

#### Chapter 2

Gomorrah. That's what May's granny would have called The Oh Club. May had some other words for the place where Princess had taken her after their margaritas and chips. May knew she should have made a decision like this sober.

A sex club. An honest to goodness sex club in Norfolk, Virginia. When the state came up with its motto, 'Virginia Is For Lovers', she was sure this place wasn't what they had in mind.

When Princess drove her to an abandoned warehouse by the Ocean View beach but away from newly built homes, May felt her stomach knotting, unsure of what to expect. As soon as Princess pulled around the back of the tattered looking building next to a row of expensive vehicles, her suspicions went into overdrive.

Drug dealers. That thought hit May first and quick. She trusted Princess. Looking around the dark room, May wondered why she had.

"What the hell is this?" May asked, not wanting to stray too far from Princess's side.

"A lot of the clients call it a piece of heaven. I call it the reason I have a house in Chick's Beach." Princess nudged May with her elbow.

May scanned the place. When they entered through a backdoor, a funny feeling hit her. She half-expected to see crackheads on the floor, passed out from their high. Instead she found a long hallway with a red carpeted floor. The red walls matched the red carpet. Black velvet curtains hung from the ceiling and against the wall.

The hallway smelled of heavy perfume, not necessarily cheap, and cologne, both cheap and excessive, and vanilla. The scent roiled her stomach until she wanted to run. But curiosity kept her there. She'd read about places like these in her favorite books, the books she'd read at home in bed alone. Juices flowed between her legs at the thought of the acts occurring around her. As much as she didn't want to, May did fantasize about a man taking full possession of her body, her desires, her pleasures. Was that what occurred in this place? Would she be someone's sex slave?

"I'm not going to prostitute myself for money." May kept her hands balled into fists as she glanced around.

"You don't have to. It's not that type of club." Princess pulled May to a curtain. She pulled it back to nonverbally ask her to go inside.

After releasing a ragged breath, she took a cautious step inside of a dimly lit waiting room. A plush white couch and a coffee table sat in front of a window. Princess made her way around the couch, plopped down on it and waited for May to join her.

"This is one of the voyeur rooms. You can watch them—" "I get it."

What she saw was a couple. The pudgy man had on something that looked like a leather jockstrap. His stomach hung over the front portion, nearly covering his cock. His dimply, shapeless ass wiggled as he moved. Straps framed his cheeks. The woman, however, looked powerful in her head-to-toe leather outfit. She had on a catsuit that left nothing to the imagination. Her thigh-high boots shined until they glittered against the overhead lighting. Snaps and buckles lined the sides. A beautiful woman with dark brown hair, large brown eyes and full lips done up to look hard with harsh makeup and an extreme ponytail that cascaded down her back. In her hand, she held a paddle.

May looked at her friend who only smiled at the display and at her.

"What is she going to do?" May asked.

"Just watch." Princess picked up a remote and clicked a button, which triggered the audio from the room to sound in their waiting room.

"You were late today," the woman said as she meandered around him.

"Yes, Mistress Tina." The man stood perfectly still, his gaze directly forward as though looking right at May and Princess.

Not sure if she could be seen through the glass, May slouched down in the chair and covered her face with her hand.

As though reading her thoughts, her friend said, "Don't worry. It's two-way. They can't see you." Princess pulled May's hand down from her eyes.

"You know what happens when you're late. You know what you and I agreed upon."

A twitchy smile threatened to hitch its way up on his face as he fought to keep it away. "Yes."

"Yes, what?" The woman pinched the man's nipple.

His knees buckled and his eyes rolled to the back of his head. May couldn't tell if he was in agony or ecstasy. She winced in response as though absorbing his pain.

"Yes, Mistress Tina."

She let him go and stood behind him and off to the side. A black, flat, padded platform sat next to a wall. May supposed it substituted for a bed. Chains with cuffs at the end dangled from the ceiling at the other side of the room. In the center hung a horizontal black bar, also suspended by chains.

The white walls contrasted the black tile floor. May imagined the feeling of having the cool floor under the man's bare feet must have felt soothing. But what Mistress Tina did next could not have been pleasant.

She reared her hand back and smacked his ass with the paddle. The sound, like a slab of meat slapping against a butcher's steel table, thudded in May's ears. After the first hit, May bolted to her feet.

"I need to get out of here. I have to go. I can't do this." "Can't do what?" Princess asked innocently.

May put her hand to her stomach to calm it. It contracted as fast as her beating heart.

"I can't hurt people for pleasure."

Mistress Tina spanked the man again, who only grimaced but seemed to smile after each hit.

"It's not about your pleasure, it's about his." Princess pointed to the man. "Couldn't you do it if that's what he wanted?"

May found a corner of the room that cloaked her in darkness. Unfortunately, the brightness of the room the man

and mistress occupied highlighted the duo like a strange live art display. She turned her back and covered her eyes.

"May."

She heard her friend approaching her from behind. What the hell was she doing here? She thought with the name The Oh Club that it was some sort of dance club and maybe she would be waitressing for the extra money. But to do this? To get donned in a leather getup and beat people made her chest tighten until she thought she would pass out.

She took in large gulps of air as she slid down to the floor, curling herself into a ball.

"May, come on. You're no angel." Princess put her hand on her shoulder and crouched down next to her. "We've done worse. Remember when we had those dumb football players thinking we were going to sleep with them and had them strip down. Then we stole their clothes and hung them from the school's flagpole. It's the same thing."

May found the strength to turn to her severely misguided friend. "No, it's not. Then we were kids. That was a harmless prank. This," she pointed at the duo, "this is real. You actually hurt people for a living and you don't feel bad about it?"

Princess shook her head. "Honey, did you notice the cars lined up in the back? Didn't see a clunker in the bunch, right? Those are the clients' cars. We get guys in here like Biggers every day. They want some relief. They stay in charge all day long and they want someone else to take over for a change. Sometimes it involves physical pain to them. Sometimes they want to be treated like babies, literally. Diapers and all. It's all a fantasy like in those books you read." Her friend helped her stand up straight then turned her to watch the display. May still found it hard to watch but the idea that a person would want to be alleviated of all duties and responsibilities for a short while did register. Could she be that person offering that type of relief? Could she beat someone for his pleasure?

Princess leaned close to her and whispered, "Imagine if all of the guys look like Biggers."

Oh hell yes. If that was her motivation, she could whip a man into submission.

May stared at the couple, wondering if she had what it took to be that cruel, no matter if the men wanted it or not. Then another thought hit her.

"I wouldn't have to do this to women, would I?" she asked.

Princess chuckled a little before answering. "Only if you want. We do get some women in here. They want the same treatment. A lot of female execs don't get along with other women. Hell, I had a guy in here the other day that wanted to atone for all of the evils White people had inflicted on Blacks. He kept saying 'Sorry my people owned some of your people. Please beat me harder.' He wanted me to whip him like he imagined slaves had gotten whipped."

"Oh God!" May covered her mouth and had to sit on the couch when her legs failed.

Princess sat next to her and put her hands on her knees. "They're not all like that. Believe me. Some guys just want the ol' run-of-the-mill spanking. Some guys want to be talked down to, humiliated." She gazed into her friend's eyes. "How do I know what the guy wants?"

"Ah, sounds like we have a potential new employee."

The voice from behind May startled her enough that she gasped and whipped her head around. Behind her stood a statuesque Black woman with a cinnamon-colored complexion wearing a black dress with a deep décolletage, showing off her impressive, if not enhanced breasts. Her light brown hair held soft curls around her face. The stilettos she wore made her look like she meant business.

The woman held out her hand. "Hi, my name is Madame Z."

May glanced at her friend before taking the woman's hand. "May."

"What?" Madame Z turned her head to her to catch what she'd said.

"My name. It's May."

Madame Z smiled and split her attention between her and Princess. Her grip rivaled some of the men in May's office building.

"I like that. We can call you Mistress Mayai. You know, like 'may I.' I love it."

Princess laughed but May wanted out. She attempted to pull her hand away from this Amazon's grip but the woman wasn't ready to let her go. Even at May's five-foot-seven height, she felt dwarfed.

"I listened to what Mistress Payne has told you."

"Mistress Payne?" May looked around until her eyes settled on her sheepish-looking friend. "That's what I go by when I'm here. We always use our mistress names in The Oh Club," Princess said. "Mistress Princess sounded too stupid."

"This whole idea sounds crazy." This time May did manage to release her hand from Madame Z's. "I thank you for your time. But no way in the world would I ever find this okay."

"So what would make it okay?" Madame Z asked. "What would make this right for you? How can I convince you that accepting thousands of dollars for a few minutes of your time is worth it?"

"Thousands?" May blinked at the concept.

She considered what she could do with the money she needed. She could put a substantial down payment down on a house big enough to house her mother and granny. She could go back to school and get her Masters degree. If she planned it right, she could quit Crystal Industries until she found the job she really wanted. She would be rid of Winston Biggers. If she couldn't get the respect she deserved at work, then she could demand it here at The Oh Club. Could she do this?

Madame Z approached her slowly like May was a squirrel and she wanted to feed her an acorn from her hand. "I can look at you and tell you have the makings of a great dominatrix. Tall, striking features, beautiful cheekbones, strong chin, and eyes you can swim in. The men would pay extra just to stare at your lips. And," Madame Z opened May's sweater to scan her body, "not a bad body. Why do you keep it hidden under so many clothes? I know it's almost October but you don't have to dress like it's the middle of winter." "Thanks," May said and closed her sweater. She wasn't used to getting complimented by anyone, let alone a Madame of an S & M factory.

"You never answered my question, Mistress Mayai."

The woman said the name like May had grown up being called that.

She continued. "What would make it okay for you to be a part of my establishment?"

May glanced at the couple behind the glass. At this point the man was on his hands and knees and kissing Mistress Tina's boots.

No, wait. He was licking her boots.

May turned back to the intense stare from Madame Z. "I wouldn't want anyone to see my face."

"Easy." Madame Z brushed May's hair off of her shoulder. "You can wear a mask. We have hundreds for you to choose from."

"And I wouldn't want to see the man's face."

"Even easier. We have full-head masks for the men. Most of the time, they don't want to be recognized either."

"And I don't want to have sex with any of them."

Madame Z's expression became serious. She clamped her hand on May's shoulder. "My club is not a brothel. There is no paid intercourse here."

May sighed in relief. If Madame Z was this staunch about the policy with her then she must have relayed this sentiment to the men who come there. "However," she began, "what you do outside of the club is your own business. I can't tell you what to do. But you'll not do it in these walls. Understood?"

May nodded. "What if I don't like the guys? What if they get out of control?"

Madame Z led May out of the room. They strolled down a hallway and May let her take her to wherever she wanted them to go.

"I do an intense background check on all of our clients. There is a rigorous screening process as well as a steep initiation fee. I do a profile on all of our clients and I find one that's right for your particular talents." She stroked her fingertips down the side of May's face.

The move felt calming. May's once turbulent insides relaxed. She took a deep breath since walking through the backdoor of the club.

"And we have security placed throughout the club. No one gets out of control here." Madame Z ran a card through a reader by a door then she punched in a seven-digit code before she opened the door with a key. She wasn't kidding when she said she had heavy security.

May walked through the door and found an office. Different camera monitors filled one wall behind Z's desk. The cameras caught what went on in each room.

And she thought Biggers' desk impressed her. Madame Z's mahogany desk had carved panthers at each corner. A mink rug covered the floor. And a twenty-foot long fish tank with exotic fish ran along side the wall next to the desk. May and Princess sat in matching brown leather wingback chairs in front of Madame Z's desk. The woman talked about her business and what she expected of her employees.

Her demands were more stringent than Crystal Industries. She expected thorough medical examinations. All of her employees had to go through a rigorous mental examination. Then May would have to fill out a twenty-page questionnaire. What did she like? What turned her off? What could she tolerate?

If May got through all of those obstacles, she would have to be fitted for her outfit. May's gaze traveled over the colored security screens. She found the couple they had been watching earlier. The man planted a kiss on Mistress Tina's cheek before she left and he disappeared into a doorway by the raised black platform. Perhaps that was the bathroom so that he could shower and go home to his wife and two-pointfive kids.

When her gaze settled on one screen, she coughed. A man, a client, on his hands and knees giving a mistress oral sex as she sat in a chair. The sight should have repulsed her. She should have stormed out of the office.

Instead, watching the couple, although the scene was private, made her nipples harden. She folded her legs when she felt heat surging through her vagina, causing her clitoris to throb. Her flesh tingled as though electric sparks danced across her skin. Had it actually been three years since she'd been with a man? Madame Z rolled her chair in front of May to get her attention. "I said intercourse was not allowed here. Oral sex is. Both giving and receiving."

"What's the difference?" The question reminded her of when she'd asked Biggers the same thing about the words 'can't' and 'unable.'

"The BDSM lifestyle is not about sex as some people may think. It's about power. More to the point, it can be about the exchange of power. When you are giving someone oral sex, when you have a man's cock in your mouth, he is giving you the power to control his pleasure. And vice versa. There's not a more vulnerable position you can be in." She pointed to the screen displaying the client giving head to a seemingly very happy mistress. "She gave him the power to please her. Do you understand?"

May gazed at the duo again, wanting to understand. Maybe for once she didn't need to fully understand. Maybe for once she needed to do something selfish, something carnal, something so unlike Maybelline Davenport.

"Make me understand," she said.

\* \* \* \*

Winston stared at the digital display on the treadmill at Downtown Beach Gym. It'd been a while since he'd taken advantage of the pricey membership but he was wound up and needed to take the edge off. Being around Rich picked him faster than any drug.

The man constantly talked and had boundless amounts of energy. He'll need that energy. As soon as the tread started

moving, Winston wondered why he chose to come here instead of staying at home and enjoying his Saturday off.

"So I have this model and her mother together," Rich began.

"Is this a joke?" Winston couldn't imagine his barely five foot friend with two women let alone one who was a model.

"Only if you're the jealous type." He playfully punched Winston on his arm. "But then again, look at you, Win. Saw your girlfriend in the paper the other day. The celebration sex must have been awesome."

Winston scanned the immediate area since his pint-sized friend had a big voice that carried. "A gentleman never discusses his private affairs with a woman." Especially since there was nothing to tell unless Rich wanted a blow by blow of Winston's masturbation session in his Hummer.

"Anyway, the model and her mother. We're on a plane to Des Moines. I mean who the hell goes to Iowa nowadays anyway?"

"You did."

"Yeah, for business. Turns out, the model was going home to visit her family. Get this. She was a real life farmer's daughter. No joke. Couldn't make that up if I tried."

Winston increased his speed. If he was going to punish himself by running and listening to Rich's tall tale, then he needed to suffer.

"Anyway, so I get up to go to the bathroom and they follow me. I'm thinking they must have to go too, when the two of them pulled me into the bathroom and..." He stopped his story to answer his cell phone that rang with a bad rendition of 'Legs' by ZZ Top. Holding up his hand to Winston, he hopped off his treadmill to take the call in a less noisy part of the gym. Mistake. Gym vultures hung around equipment waiting for their chance at each of the torture devices.

"Your friend coming back?" a man asked Winston.

"Unfortunately. But I'm sure it won't be for a while. Be my guest." He nodded toward the exercise equipment as he kept up his pace.

Winston kept his gaze on one of the TV monitors hovering above. Since he couldn't hear them, he read the ticker tapetype news reports across the bottom of the screen. More unrest in the Middle East. Another school shooting. Another dead pregnant woman with a suspicious husband.

All horrors and his mind stayed on Maybelline. When he thought he saw her in the gym walking by, he nearly tripped on the moving tread to see her. It wasn't her. Not even close.

What was wrong with him? Now he was starting to see her everywhere. One time he thought she was shopping in his grocery store.

"It takes me a while to get back into using these things too," the man next to him said, breaking Winston's thoughts.

Heat built up and traveled to his chest and neck. He hated to talk to strangers while he worked out and he really hated to have his fantasies interrupted.

Instead of verbally answering, he nodded toward the man to give him the impression that he wasn't interested in carrying on a conversation. It seemed to have worked. The runner remained quiet for the next few minutes as he jogged along side Winston. Just when Winston got a good vision of Maybelline in his thoughts again and right when he hit his stride on the treadmill, the man spoke.

"I don't remember seeing you around here. Are you new?" "No."

This time Win was tired of being polite. He slowed his tread down until he could safely hop off. With a quick, cursory wipe down with his towel, he got rid of all visible traces that he'd ever used the machine. And with a nod, he bid his adieu to the chatty gym member.

He certainly hadn't earned the right, but he decided to head for the steam room. On the way, he found Rich, chatting on his cell phone and trying to talk to women walking by him. The man was in a league of his own.

"Hitting the sauna," Winston said as he walked by his friend.

Rich grabbed his arm. "Come on. We just got here. I'll be in there in a minute. Just give me two minutes and we'll do the circuit."

Still feeling uptight and needing to release some energy, Winston turned back to the main gym. As long as he didn't encounter the enthusiastic jogger from the treadmill, he could stand being in the gym for another thirty minutes or so to work out his aggression.

Although he would normally work on one part of the body during one visit, Winston ended up working his entire body.

He would pay for that tomorrow. He would be too sore to move and curse himself for being an overzealous idiot.

Rich's infamous two minutes turned into a no-show. Winston lumbered back to his locker where he found a note sticking out of the metal door. Pulling it out, he unfolded it and read the note written by his soon-to-be ex-friend.

*Hot date. Had to bail. Make it up to you another time. Rich.* 

If he hadn't known better, he would have sworn Courtney got Rich to do that to him and leave him a note like that. It almost sounded like his sentiments to her when he had Maybelline send her the floral arrangement.

It hit him then. How did Maybelline feel about sending the arrangement? Jealous? Angry? Intrigued? He hoped she understood that he couldn't see Courtney because his heart wasn't into it. He didn't want to see a woman he had no interest in pursuing a long-term relationship with when the woman he had designs on sat a few feet from his desk.

If he had his way, Maybelline would be his partner and not just his executive assistant. Quick, proficient, exact, smart. He could go on with compliments. It was one of the reasons he didn't put her updated educational level in to human resources. He'd hoped that when he moved up she would go with him.

He couldn't think about her right now. He needed to shower and get home. He had a hot date with his Tivo and takeout from his favorite little Italian restaurant on the way home. After his shower, he sat on a bench in front of his locker as he tied his shoes. A man with a towel wrapped around his waist walked by him and stopped at the mirror. When Winston turned to get his gym bag he couldn't help but notice the man's bare back.

Slashes, scratches and cuts marred the man's skin. Winston didn't mean to stare but he couldn't stop looking. The deep gouges made him swallow to ease his stomach. Had this man been attacked?

Before he could avert his gaze, the man turned. It was the chatty jogger from the treadmill. Winston tried masking his expression with a smile but his fake smile couldn't beat this man's real smile. He beamed as though nothing were wrong.

"Couldn't take the run, huh?" the man asked as he dried himself off.

"Something like that." Winston tied his other sneaker, ready to leave. He didn't need to delve into this man's personal business. Surely he couldn't offer him any assistance. Whatever his plight, the man seemed to have come to grips with it and may have been pleased.

"I saw you staring at my back."

Winston swallowed hard. He wasn't afraid of the man who stood a good six inches below him. But he didn't feel like a confrontation.

"Yeah, looked like you were in a serious fight," he said. He stuffed his clothes into his bag.

The man sat on the bench next to Winston. Up close, the big smile appeared even brighter.

"No fight. I wanted it."

Winston knew he must have looked at the man as though he'd grown another head. He didn't say anything. His lifestyle wasn't one for him to judge. If he liked getting his ass kicked on a regular basis, he could have it.

"You wanted to be beaten like that?" Winston asked out of curiosity.

The man nodded. "It was amazing." He held out his hand. "Chad's the name."

After careful consideration, Winston shook his hand. Chad's powerful grip didn't match his beaten exterior.

"I'll have to take your word on that treatment." Winston stood.

"No, you don't." Chad went to his locker and pulled out his bag. Digging through the pockets, he pulled out something Winston couldn't see until he came up to him. "Here. Looks like you could use their services."

In Chad's hand was a red card with gold lettering.

The Oh Club.

"What's this place?" Winston asked.

"It's the adult's candy store. Whatever you want they'll do it, well up to a certain point. I mean we are in The Bible Belt, right?"

"Good luck with your situation." He almost made it to the door when Chad grabbed his arm.

"It's not what you think," he began. "I can tell you're like me."

"I'm nothing like you." Winston puffed his chest out to emphasize his point. "Yeah, yeah you are. More than you think." He leaned in close. "You are as uptight as I was a few months ago. I had the world on my shoulders. Everyone with a hand out. Give me, give me, give me. It never stopped. Finally I found a place that took away all of my responsibility and guilt."

"Guilt?"

Chad cleared his throat before he finished his answer. "I took a promotion that should have gone to someone more qualified who happened to be Black. But I knew the good ol' boys at my office would be easily swayed if I said the right things, or rather the wrong things."

Winston found it hard to feel sorry for the racist bastard. Maybe whipping him wasn't enough. Something in what he said about getting all of his responsibility taken away appealed to him. Could there be a place that would make him feel complete? Could there be such a thing as an adult candy store?

Chad pressed the card into Winston's hand as he pondered the prospect. "Call them. Set up an appointment to check them out. You don't have to be obligated to join. But you'll kick yourself if you don't try them out."

Just to get away from the man, Winston put the card into his pocket and made a swift escape. Chad must have been high. No way would he be going anywhere near a place that would have him leaving looking like that. Chad did say he'd asked for that treatment.

Whatever you want, they'll do it.

So if he wanted a woman who looked like Maybelline but stronger, he could get her?

Damn! What was he thinking? A place like this couldn't be possible. And thinking he could get someone to fit Maybelline's description, would be even harder to find. No way was he anything like that man in the gym. Nothing alike.

Winston jogged across the parking lot. The muscles in his thighs and back tightened with each movement. Yep, he would be feeling the affects of today's workout for a few days. Putting the key in the lock, he attempted to open his door but it wouldn't open. A voice alarm came on.

"Please step away from the vehicle. If you do not step back, an alarm will sound."

Winston had an alarm on his truck but not one that spoke. He tried his key again and set off an ear-piercing screech of an alarm. He covered one of his ears as he stepped around the back of the truck to the other side.

Wait, he didn't have a University of Florida sticker on his back glass. His eyes went down to the license plate. 'The Chad' graced the vanity plates. Looking five spaces down, Winston saw his truck that looked identical to this one.

Fuck! He and Chad were alike even down to their vehicles with vanity plates.

Winston looked to the heavens. "Thanks, God. Thanks for proving that the whole world is right but me."

He jogged to his truck and got inside. He threw his bag on the passenger side floor and the card that was in his pocket fell onto the passenger seat. He stared at it for a while. Why wasn't there more written on the card to sell the business? Even if it said the trite, 'For a good time, call.' He could have anything he wanted, huh? The shrill alarm broke his thoughts and he quickly backed out of the space and motored home. If he'd stayed at home, none of this would be happening to him.

Once he got far enough away from the parking lot, he heard his cell phone ringing in his bag. At a stoplight, he fished through the compartments and pulled out the phone. More than likely it would be his mother wanting him to fund another one of her charity events. It wasn't enough that she had a lock on Dad's money. She wanted his too.

So sure it would be her, he answered the phone without checking the Caller I.D. "Yeah!"

"So there's Mr. Elusive."

Courtney. This was not his day.

## Chapter 3

The last person Winston wanted to talk to right now was the woman he wanted to break up with in the first place. He gripped his steering wheel as she spoke, matching the tightness he now felt in his chest.

"I got the flowers," she began in this singsong voice that didn't match with the tough police person persona who went after criminals like they had wronged her.

So, Maybelline did send the flowers like he'd asked. He should have felt relaxed by the news but instead his stomach compressed into a ball like his chest until he nearly hunched over his steering wheel.

"They were gorgeous. I can barely see over it. And the teddy bear you had them include with it is adorable."

No she didn't.

"It's a bear with handcuffs on and a little black-and-white stripped shirt and it says 'I'm bound to you.""

He wanted to vomit. After what he told her, Maybelline still ordered a damn stuffed animal. He wanted to be angry.

Instead a smile hitched up and he nearly laughed. Cheesy. Very cheesy. He never imagined May had a romantic side. He felt his cock straining against his pants at the thought of her until Courtney's voice deflated him.

"I have the whole thing setting on my kitchen bar."

"Glad you like them. I'm sorry again for not being able to make dinner." He managed to say that with a straight face.

"Why don't you come over now and look at the flowers? I can make us both some dinner. And maybe we could..."

He cut her off before she could propose anything further. "Can I get a rain check? I'm just leaving the gym and I worked myself pretty hard."

"Mmmm," she purred. "I could work you hard too. Ever think of that?"

Did he think about her lying underneath him, not moving and barely saying a word throughout sex? Yes, the thought had crossed his mind, jumped out of his head and ran into traffic where it got run over and died a quick death.

What Win wanted was a passionate woman, one with no limits, boundaries or hang-ups. Courtney made sex into a production about her. Slinky lingerie. Her hair coiffed within an inch of its follicle. And so much makeup Win had to discard several pillowcases when he couldn't remove the lipstick, foundation and blush she'd smeared on them.

Each time she made sex about her. "How do you like my body?" "Don't you find me sexy?" "I came. Let's stop for a while."

Courtney was nothing like the women Win normally dated. He wanted to change his life and that included the company he kept.

"Oh honey, I know you are capable of a lot of things," he said trying to jump onto another subject. "Take that case for example. Way to make the front page."

"It would have been better to celebrate it with you. I miss you, Win. When will I see you again?" Her voice climbed steadily to an annoying, whiny octave that would have driven sane men crazy. This was the same ballsy woman who took down the head of a child pornography ring?

He thought for sure she would have been different. She was supposed to be the strong woman who was going to get him to stop thinking about Maybelline. Perhaps there was no such woman who could do that.

"Soon. I'll see you soon. I promise. Just not tonight."

"What about tomorrow?"

"I'll call you."

"Win..."

"I'll call you." He closed his phone to disconnect the call.

Even if he had no chance with Maybelline, he had to break it off with Courtney.

\* \* \* \*

"Please don't call the police," May said to herself as she sat in front of her dream home up for sale. The elderly woman on her porch across the street stared at her as though if May had sneezed the wrong way, she would have dialed nine-one-one.

May didn't care. She concentrated on the all-brick ranch home at the end of a cul-de-sac. The neighborhood, desirable, the neighbors, nosey but quiet. The house was too rich for her blood, but with four bedrooms, she would have had enough room to move in her mother and grandmother.

She hated that her mother lived in an overpriced and rundown apartment building in Norfolk. Her granny's spirit died each day she sat in that nursing home. Thinking of them, May finally told Madame Z that she would work part-time at The Oh Club. Mulling over the decision now caused her to tremble. Madame Z had said that not all men expected the type of treatment May had seen. So what would they want from her?

She would find out tonight after work. Glancing at her watch, May snapped out of her daydream. She needed to head back to work. Biggers had slammed things around this morning and had been a general pain in the ass. She had to leave the office during lunch or she would have killed him.

She guessed Courtney had hated the floral arrangement she'd sent. Or maybe the man was just a lousy lay and Courtney finally broke the news. That made her laugh hysterically, which caused the elderly woman who was watching her dart into her house. That was May's cue to get out now.

Back at the office, May walked to her desk determined not to let anything bother her. Biggers wasn't going to bring her down. The fact that she wouldn't get a raise for several months wouldn't bother her. She wouldn't even let the thought that working at The Oh Club on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays shatter her spirits. Her future employment would give her poor granny a heart attack and make her mother disown her. She knew if they found out and once they saw the house, they would forgiven her.

Besides, after all of the advice her granny had given her on men, May knew she would have been pleased to see her give them their comeuppance. "Don't let no man rule over you," her granny had said. "You be the boss. You wear the pants."

She just wished she could have had more time to get in a few workouts before she started working there. She only imagined the types of outfits she would have to wear. She didn't want to look too foolish.

Creeping to her desk, she managed to stay away from Biggers' doorway. The man hadn't yelled at her yet about the stuffed animal she included in the arrangement. Didn't mean the yelling wasn't coming. Just hadn't happened yet.

She checked her voicemail messages. One came from Princess telling her about tonight.

"Don't be late and be prepared for anything," she'd said. How can one be prepared for anything?

The other messages were for Biggers. Nothing from Courtney. Surprising. Usually the woman left sappy messages about how she couldn't wait to see him. She couldn't believe a tough detective like her would be so yielding. No wonder the man treated her like she was inconsequential.

After writing down the last of the messages, she clutched the group of them in her hand and went to his partially open door. With a quick two-rap knock, she pushed her way in the door.

"I have your messages."

Winston scrambled to get off the phone and hide something, a card it looked like, he'd held in his hand before she entered.

"Don't you knock?" he asked.

"I did, sir." She placed the slips of pink papers on his desk next to his hand that covered whatever he was hiding.

Whatever it was, it was red. She could see a tiny bit of the corner. She knew the corporate credit cards were red so maybe the man was ordering something he wasn't supposed to on his company card. A lot of execs did that and they all got caught.

"Fine. Thank you. That'll be all for now."

May strolled back to her desk, being sure to close the door securely behind her this time to give the man some privacy. Strange wasn't a strong enough word to describe him. The man needed to take a vacation and soon. She took more time off than he did.

\* \* \* \*

After Winston had steeled enough nerve to call this Oh Club, Maybelline had walked in on him. She must think he'd completely lost it now. He shouldn't have acted so guilty. She wouldn't have known what was on the card. For all she knew, he could have been calling a colleague.

Colleague his ass. Speaking of ass, Maybelline's looked fine in her skirt. He thought about another man touching her, probably the man she'd gone out with Friday night when she said she had plans.

He gripped the phone receiver and this time called the number. Why hold onto a dream when he could have his fantasies fulfilled?

"Reception. How may I direct your call?" a sultry voice asked.

"Um, I, uh, well..." Stammering was not Winston's way. What could he say?

"I'll direct you to New Relations."

Musak played briefly then it stopped and another more sexy voice picked up.

"Thank you for calling," she began. "How do I address you?"

A strange greeting but it was an unusual situation. "My name is Winston B—"

She cut him off. "You don't have to give your full name if you don't want to. I can call you Winston if you'd like."

"Win is fine." He swallowed and sat back.

"Fine. I'm called Madame Z."

Madame Z? Christ, this was some sort of kinky sex place. He didn't need this.

"Want us to take away your frustrations?" she asked before he had a chance to slam the phone down. "Want us to take care of you? Want us to give you pleasure?"

"How?" He wanted it all but he wanted to know how she would do it or even if she could do it.

"Win, you sound like a man who knows what he wants. I'm a business owner who knows how to give it to you. If you're serious, I can arrange a meeting. Would you like that?"

As though his body answered faster than his conscience, he said, "Yes."

"That's what I thought." She gave him directions on how to get to her establishment. But she never said the club name over the phone and she never gave an actual address. What exactly was he going to be getting into when he got there? "I will see you tonight then. Have a lovely day."

As though he had talked to a ghost, Winston stared at the receiver, not truly believing that he'd made arrangements to meet a woman who called herself Madame Z at a secret sex club in Norfolk.

Courtney would flip. His mother would pass out. Dear ol' dad would have given him the attaboy-thumbs-up sign but outwardly be disappointed. Winston didn't care. For once, he would be doing something selfish.

The closer it got to quitting-time, the more excited Winston became. Although he'd been a little tense today, it had been a good day. His sore body reminded him of the hard workout on Saturday.

You're not the man you used to be, Win.

As he packed his briefcase an e-mail popped up on his screen. It was from the vice president of Crystal Industries. He resided on the twenty-fifth floor with all of the other bigwigs. Winston opened it and read what made his blood boil.

He needed to have a year-to-date's worth of data ready for a meeting in the morning, a meeting that was supposed to happen next week. He had to get the reports done today before he left.

Damn it!

Maybelline. She knew how to get the information and she could help. He bolted from his desk and rushed to the door. When he flung it open he caught her heading out. He couldn't blame her. It was five. But he needed her.

"Maybelline."

He saw her bristle at the name by hunching her shoulders and balling her hands into fists then direct her attention to him.

"Yes?"

"I need you."

She blinked then tugged on her purse strap. "Excuse me?" "The quarterly reports. I need to have them by morning."

Her eyes became wide. "All of them? That'll take hours to finish. Why didn't you tell me earlier? I could have been working on them and had them done by now."

He cocked his head at her tone. He'd never heard her challenge him like this. Her attitude made the blood rush through his veins but in a good way. "I just found out now."

She heard the frustration in his voice but it couldn't match the flames of anger inside of her. She was going to be late for The Oh Club. What a way to start her new job.

"If you stay, I'll have dinner brought in. I'll stay here with you to help prepare them."

She blinked again. No high level executive ever offered to help when extra work was heaped upon the underlings.

"Okay. I just have to make a call."

As though she triggered something in him, his eyes went wide. "So do I. You get settled and I'll come and get you when I'm ready."

He slammed his door behind him as May snatched the phone from its cradle. Princess answered her cell on the second ring.

"Girl, you won't believe this. Biggers has me working late tonight. I won't get done until at least eight or nine."

"Damn, the prick." Princess was also a great judge of character. "I'll tell Z. But you can still come here late. I'm here until at least one in the morning. Still some good money to be had."

The money was what May needed so she agreed. Biggers had better be prepared to work tonight.

\* \* \* \*

"I apologize for this late notice, Madame Z." He had to clear his throat after uttering the name that still sounded cartoonish and silly. "Something came up at work."

"Perfectly understandable, Win. Most of our clients are like you, high-powered and important," she said with a voice so smooth it went beyond calm. "Would you like to come another night or will you be joining us late?"

Winston had a feeling that once he got done tonight he would need some relief, something to take the edge off that working out couldn't provide.

"I would like to reschedule for later this evening. Perhaps..."

"Nine? Or is ten better?" she asked, cutting him off. Before he could answer she said, "Let's say ten. That way you don't feel rushed and I can get things ready for you."

"Okay. Sounds fine." He heard a gentle tapping at his door. After covering the mouthpiece he yelled, "Come in."

Maybelline poked her head inside.

"So I'll see you later," he said, concluding the call. Madame Z hung up before he could get the word 'later' out. Definitely a woman on the move. Maybelline carried in her laptop balanced on one hand and a cup in her other.

"Waitress in another life?" Winston asked as he cleared off a part of his desk.

"Feels like it. But I couldn't do that," she said as she set her laptop and company cup on his desk.

"Why is that?"

"I don't take orders very well." She walked back to her desk, a nice swing in her hips.

Blood pumped into his cock with each one of her steps. The woman was walking poetry. She probably didn't realize how damn sexy she was.

He picked up the phone. "What do you want to eat? I'm ordering Italian."

"Anything you get is fine."

He watched her profile as she bent over to retrieve something from her bottom drawer. He licked his lips and hoped the women at The Oh Club could match Maybelline's look and sexiness.

"Hello?" the voice on the other end said, snapping Winston out of his daydream.

"Sorry. Need an order for delivery." He placed his usual order and made some special requests. Hopefully it wouldn't take long for the food to arrive.

"Ready?" Maybelline walked back into his office wearing white tennis shoes instead of her normal mid-heel pumps. The combination of sneakers, a knee-length black skirt and a white button-up blouse did not go together. "You keep tennis shoes here?" he asked as she looked around for an appropriate chair.

"Sometimes I walk up and down the stairs here in the building during breaks and lunch."

Winston, feeling ungentlemanly, leapt from his chair and offered it to her.

"What are you doing? I can't sit in your chair." She put her hand on the back of it and pushed it to him.

"I've been sitting in it all day. I can sit in another seat." He offered a smile to show his sincerity.

She never looked at him.

Pulling a chair from in front of his desk, he positioned it behind his desk and close to her.

She never looked at him.

"Comfortable?" he asked.

"Actually, sir, you could have piled a slab of bricks for me to sit on and it would have been more comfortable than my chair." She powered on her laptop.

"What do you mean? Your chair is uncomfortable?" His heart squeezed thinking that she could have been inconvenienced in the tiniest bit.

"I believe maintenance may have been throwing it out when it was retrieved from the trash heap and given to me. Sir." She spat the word 'sir' out like it was a piece of fecal matter at the tip of her tongue. Still her eyes remained on her screen.

Winston, wanting to experience for himself what she meant, walked out of the office and to her desk.

May wasn't sure why she'd said what she did about the chair. She'd convinced herself that she was building up her bad-ass attitude for her future work at The Oh Club.

She heard her chair squeak. Then came the mumbled curse from her boss and then his heavy footfalls back to the office.

"You've been sitting on that thing for four years?" he asked as he plopped down in the chair he'd set next to her.

"Four years, eight months and ten days. But who's counting?"

Without warning or notice, he touched her hand. She jumped then turned her attention to him. His hand felt warm, a lot warmer than she had imagined it to be. He stared at her with the most sincere look she'd ever seen, on him or anyone else. Her heart pounded the longer he held her hand.

"I'm so sorry. Tomorrow please order yourself a new chair." He squeezed her hand. "In the meantime I want you to use my chair. I'll use one of these in my office until your new one arrives."

May felt her lips move but nothing came through them. A tingling feeling went up her arm to her shoulder and through her lips until a strange impulse came over her where she wanted to kiss him.

Not wanting to pull her hand away from his so as not to stir suspicion, she kept still, liking the touch.

She cleared her throat and finally said, "Thank you, sir." She removed her hand from under his and patted the back of his hand as a goodwill gesture. "At least there are some things you're willing to do for me." He leaned back in his chair and released a long breath. "Is this about the bonus and the raise again?"

"That, and my name. Besides my mother, you're the only person who calls me Maybelline."

"What's wrong with that?" he asked.

The man truly was clueless.

"It sounds ridiculous. The name sounds like I should be on the back of a hay wagon. What executive do you know named Maybelline?" She shook her head.

"Exactly. No one else has your name. You would be—" She glanced at him.

"-unforgettable."

She couldn't break her gaze. His blue eyes drew her in until she didn't realize how long she'd been staring at him.

What was wrong with her? This man made it his life's mission to make her time at Crystal Industries a living hell. Why was he being so kind to her now? And why was she falling for it?

She directed her attention back to her laptop screen. Data and numbers filled it until May felt overwhelmed. She rubbed the back of her neck to relieve the tension that was sure to mount.

"We need to get started if you're going to make your date tonight," she said, directing the attention back on him instead of on her.

"Date?" His thick eyebrows furrowed and the creases around his eyes crinkled. She thought only Harrison Ford looked good with crow's feet. "I thought I heard you make plans to meet someone after we were done here. Ms. Vanderloo maybe?" She wasn't sure but she thought she caught Biggers prickling at the idea of seeing her.

"Yes and no. Yes, I have plans. No, it's not a date and it isn't with Courtney."

She nodded. "Oh."

Winston loosened his tie and undid the top two buttons on his shirt. "By the way, she loved the stuffed bear in the arrangement."

May kept her gaze on the screen. She'd seen his harsh look before. It chilled her to the bone. She didn't want to experience it again.

"She did? I thought she might."

"I asked you, no, I told you not to include one in the arrangement. You defied me."

May snickered and she didn't mean to, not out loud. "Defied? I thought only fathers said things like that." This time she did turn her attention to him. "Look, I made a decision about the situation. I thought that if my boyfriend dumped me at the last minute, I would want something to hold on to until I could see him again. It worked. She's happy, right?"

Winston stared at her for a moment. A smile threatened to peek through his rough countenance. "Yes, it pleased her." He booted up his computer and remained silent for a minute before he said, "And I didn't dump her. Like I said, I couldn't make dinner." "The shoe that fits one person pinches another; there is no recipe for living that suits all cases.' That's Carl—"

"Jung," he said, completing her thought and being bowled over by her knowledge. "And so accurate of the situation."

She took a sip of her drink before flashing him a sweet smile. "We should get going on this if you're to make your engagement."

"And what about you?" He smiled. "I seem to remember you had an important call to make as well."

She shook her head. "To a girlfriend of mine, the one I went out with on Friday night."

His eyes brightened. "Oh really?"

So he had been a bit jealous. The idea made her smile. "We're going to meet again after I leave here."

Long pauses lingered in between his report requests and her typing until he broke the silence again.

"You've worked with me for a while," he began.

"For you," she corrected.

"There's a difference?" He chuckled, remembering she'd asked him the same thing about the sentiments written on Courtney's card.

"If I was working *with* you, I would be your partner, your equal. As it stands, I'm underneath you."

The image of her writhing, naked body under his flashed in his mind. He brought his gaze away from her luscious lips and her eyes.

"Okay, fine. So you've been working *for* me for a while and yet I don't really know a lot about you." Some things he'd

picked up from watching her. But he wanted to know more about the woman who invaded his thoughts on a daily basis.

"There's not much to tell, sir."

There really wasn't. Other than school and her mom and granny, she lived a pretty boring life ... until The Oh Club. But she couldn't tell him about that. Crystal Industries Rule Number Three: no moonlighting.

"Winston or Win. I've always hated you calling me sir or Mr. Biggers."

"And I hate Maybelline. So as long as you call me that, you'll always be sir or Mr. Biggers."

He stared at her for a while, trying to see if her hardness was an act or a way to protect herself. "You really don't like me, do you?"

Her eyes went wide as he stood up to retrieve some files in his credenza. "Sir, I don't bring my personal feelings to this position or this company. I'm here to work, nothing else."

"Okay." He pulled the files from the drawer, closed it and looked out of the window at the traffic below. He couldn't help but catch her reflection in the glass. She held up her middle finger and looked to be mouthing the word 'asshole' behind his back.

He wanted to laugh out loud but he managed to hold it in and compose himself until he turned around.

"I guess I need to work on my interpersonal skills." He turned around and returned to his chair just as his phone rang. The food had arrived and security allowed the delivery person to come up to his floor. Maybelline held her hand out to get his credit card. "I'll get it."

Instead he stood. "No, you know this report inside and out as much as I do. You continue working. I'll get the food and pay for it."

May watched Winston walk away into the main office. It was then that she let out a long breath. She didn't know what was happening in the room but she felt, she wasn't sure, something. The air felt different. It was Biggers. Something about him had changed. It was as though three ghosts had visited him and suddenly he became nice and human.

That didn't explain how attracted she felt toward him all of the sudden. Well, it wasn't so sudden. She'd always liked the way he looked. Broad shouldered, big hands, nice ass for a White guy.

But now that he was bending over backwards for her, she saw him in a different light. If he continued to be nice, it would ruin her chances of being a good dominatrix. She couldn't imagine beating men as she thought of Biggers.

He returned to the room with two large brown paper bags. "Lasagna and salads. Hope you don't mind."

She shook her head. If she had to fit into a catsuit later on tonight, then she wouldn't be filling up on a lot of carbs. Guess she should have thought of that when he'd asked her what she wanted.

Winston set the food all over his desk, placing a container of salad in front of her along with a large container of lasagna, two breadsticks wrapped in cellophane and two packages of butter. "Wait." He held his hands up. "You have the wrong thing." He switched the salads around.

May furrowed her eyebrows at the gesture. Both salads looked the same. Maybe he was trying to be silly.

She opened hers and took out her fork, preparing to do what she always did whenever she ordered a salad: go tomato diving. She didn't care for them in her salad and usually forgot to have them removed whenever she ordered one. She picked through the leafy lettuce, burrowed through the grated cheese and carrots and tossed the cucumbers and chopped boiled eggs.

"That one has no tomatoes," Biggers said and took a bite out of his with plenty of tomatoes. "You don't like them, right?"

She couldn't help smiling this time. "Right." With her plastic knife and fork, she chopped up the salad. "Thank you."

"You're welcome. I know I'm not perfect. But I am trying."

She crossed her legs when she felt a growing heat between them. Not even her last boyfriend could remember that she hated tomatoes. The one man she thought didn't give a rat's ass about her knew.

"Mr. Biggers," she began. She wanted to gush over him. Thank him for his thoughtfulness and for looking so damn cute today. Instead she said, "Let's get back to work."

\* \* \* \*

If it hadn't been for the pleasant conversation between eating and working, Winston would have been done an hour ago. But, he'd so enjoyed talking to Maybelline. She astounded him with every word that came from her full lips.

The clock had struck exactly nine o'clock when they completed printing and putting together the last report, and just like Cinderella, she ran from the office to go meet her friend.

Not that he had much time either. After arranging the reports in a box so they could be easily carried to the boardroom, Winston decided to head straight to The Oh Club instead of going home, changing and going there afterward. It would only be a look-and-see session. If he didn't like what he saw, and he suspected he wouldn't, then he wouldn't be staying.

\* \* \* \*

Silly. That was the only way May could describe herself in her new getup. Instead of a bodysuit like Mistress Tina had been wearing when May first saw her, she had on shiny leather pants, black boots that must have had four inch heels on them, a leather bra and a matching mask that covered her face from the top of her head, which was covered by a blonde wig, down to her nose so that her mouth still showed. She looked like Catwoman.

"You look hot!" Princess had proclaimed before they left the dressing room.

May had scanned herself in the dressing room. The tight pants created an illusion that her ass was high and round. Her breasts looked bigger and firmer in the pushup bra. Even her stomach appeared flatter. Yeah, she did look hot. With the boots, she even walked differently. She swayed her hips from side to side like a cat would. She felt empowered with each step. It helped to think about how Winston had looked at her throughout the evening as though he was looking at a whole new woman.

Once she made it into the private room with Princess and one of her clients, the fears rose in her again. She was there as an observer. Princess would bring her in only if May felt comfortable.

But looking at the half-naked man standing in the middle of the room wearing a mask that covered his entire head, she felt her stomach contracting like she wanted to throw up. May stood next to the door while Princess took the lead.

"Okay, maggot," Princess began. "My name is Mistress Payne. That's P-A-Y-N-E."

With each letter, Princess twisted the man's nipples until he moaned loudly. May still couldn't discern if it was in pain or in pleasure.

Madame Z had tried explaining the whole BDSM lifestyle to her. She explained the exchange of power and the need to please. May understood some of the desire for people to want to experience this lifestyle. However, she found it hard to believe that any woman could love a man who wanted this treatment.

What man would want to be humiliated and spanked and treated like dirt and still thought of himself as a man? There were courteous men and then there were doormats. The last thing May needed in her life was a pushover of a man. Princess commanded the client to put his hands above his head. She shackled him to the horizontal bar, spreading his arms out to either ends.

"Over there is Mistress Mayai, as in 'Mistress, May I lick your boots?' Understand?"

The man turned to May. His eyes were dark in the hood. He nodded in an exaggerated fashion.

Princess stomped over to face him and grabbed his chin. Yanking his head around so that he faced her, she said, "Don't you look at her. You look at me. I'm your mistress. She's here to watch."

He nodded again.

Princess ran her hand down his bare chest. "You like that, right? You like it when someone watches you. That's why you want to be here in the voyeur room."

He nodded and mumbled through the mask, "Yes, Mistress Payne."

When Princess's hand reached his waist, she curved it around to his ass and patted it. The man didn't have a great body. His chest look sunken like it had slipped down to his round belly. Wearing little, leather boyshorts, his ass looked nonexistent and his legs were thin.

May decided from what she'd seen from the other two men that the man she would have as a client wouldn't be a goodlooking guy. It didn't matter. She wouldn't see his face and he wouldn't see hers.

When Princess pulled out a whip, May locked her knees together and prayed she could stay on her feet for the entire ordeal. "Lord, give me strength."

Then Princess cracked the whip so that it popped his ass.

\* \* \* \*

As soon as Winston saw the first hit to the man, he wanted to go. Standing in the voyeur room, refusing to sit down on a couch he knew people must have had sex on, he watched as the woman who called herself Mistress Payne whipped a man until Winston couldn't tell if he enjoyed it or needed assistance.

"This isn't for me," Winston said.

He'd come there thinking that he could finally have his hedonistic fantasy. He encountered what he suspected when he saw Chad's back at the gym. He could tolerate pain but he wasn't for this type of treatment.

Madame Z, an odd but beautiful woman, held up a piece of paper. "No, you noted on your application that you weren't into spanking or whips so you would not get this type of treatment. This gentleman requested this."

Winston turned his attention back to the group.

"You noted you would like light bondage, some verbal humiliation, light slave work and some manual stimulation. Is that correct?"

To hear it out loud sounded like a perverted laundry list. Instead of verbally answering, he nodded his head.

"I didn't catch that, Win," Madame Z pressed. She, indeed, was a commanding woman.

"Yes."

"Your profile checks out. I assure you, we keep our client list in the strictest of confidence. If you think this would be a place for you, we ask that you make a payment of five thousand in cash. That way if you have a wife or girlfriend, who goes through your things, they won't see the charge on your account. But if you prefer to pay by credit card, the charge will show on your account as P.A.R.F."

"What does that stand for?" he asked, his business sense taking over.

"Pediatric AIDS Research Foundation."

Winston's stomach churned. How could this woman use a legitimate operation, and a noble one, as a front to her business? Unbelievable.

"When can I expect payment and when would you like to start?" she asked flatly.

Winston was about to turn her down when he caught something in the room he hadn't notice before. Not something but someone. Another mistress stood off in the corner. Though her hands were planted on her hips in a defiant stance, whenever Mistress Payne whipped her submissive she winced as though feeling his pain.

That's not what drew him to her. Although he couldn't see her face, what he could see, those lips, she reminded him so much of Maybelline. And her body. He couldn't tell what Maybelline's body looked like under all of her clothes but God, if it was anything like this mistress's then he would be drooling every time the woman walked into the room.

She had a kindness and strength in her eyes that drew him. He didn't think it would be possible to find a woman in this place that could match his Maybelline. There she was in the flesh.

He pointed to her through the glass. "Her. I want her."

Madame Z put on her glasses and leaned close. "Mistress Mayai. Fine choice. But I should tell you. She's new. I cannot guarantee your satisfaction. I can certainly pair you up with a more experienced—"

"Ten thousand." He couldn't stop staring at her. Her soft brown eyes had him hypnotized. "When can I start?"

Madame Z sighed. "Give me a week. With what you're requesting and proper training, she should be ready for you. And you're in luck. She requests that her submissives wear masks as you have requested."

He would be ready for Mistress Mayai.

## Chapter 4

This had been the shortest week of May's life. Ever since Madame Z told her she had an enthusiastic admirer who requested her services, May had been a wreck. Instead of only coming to The Oh Club three nights that week she went there every day after work, following behind Princess and learning the ropes, so to speak.

Princess showed her the basics of whipping someone, how the straps should fall on the fat part of the ass and not too far below it and definitely not above it or she could seriously hurt her submissive.

May knew a little of the BDSM world from the books she'd read. With each book, she imagined herself as the one submitting to a Master. It shamed her to admit it, being a Black woman. But she couldn't deny that gentle stirring to please a man and accommodate his every desire.

For her training, May received five hundred dollars per night. Not bad considering all she did was watch and wear a very sexy Halloween costume. Madame Z promised her much more once she was on her own. She'd even pulled her aside and confided that the gentleman who requested her paid double what she'd asked therefore she would get more in her pay.

The news should have made May happy. The more money she got the faster she could get out of this lifestyle. But it added more pressure on her. What if she did it wrong and the sub asked for his money back? What if he went to the police if she hurt him? What if he knew who she was?

She scratched the last thought. Aside from the people at work, all too straight-laced to set foot in a place like this especially Winston Biggers, she hung out with people she saw at church whenever she took her granny to bingo night. Those people wouldn't show their faces in a place like this either.

"You're looking too nervous," Princess said as she snapped the last of her buckles on her thigh-high boots.

The sound of the snap made May jump. She swallowed uneasily and passed off a clumsy smile as confidence. "I'm fine."

"No, you're not. I know you're light-skinned and all but you're as pale as a ghost. You need a drink?"

"Water?"

"Tequila."

"Oh God." May put her hand to her stomach as she paced the expansive dressing room. Costumes, from black leather bikinis to a nun's habit lined one side of the wall. White leather couches sat against the opposite wall. Right now, she wanted nothing more than to lie down and cover her eyes with a pillow.

What had she been thinking? It was one thing to watch Princess be a part of this lifestyle and to read about it in her ultra-sexy novels but it was something else to do it. In a few moments she would be holding a man's pleasure in her hands. She'd read her client's requests. Light bondage. She could do that. Verbal humiliation. Calling a man an asshole? She had that down although she'd almost lost her edge.

It didn't help that the thing motivating her to be a hard dominatrix, the way Winston Biggers had treated her, had changed. During the week, the man seemed to be walking on a cloud. She'd guessed things went will with presenting the quarterly reports. Or maybe he and Courtney were connecting.

Something inside of May quivered when she thought of Winston with Courtney. Maybe because he had changed. The day her new chair arrived, he, personally, took her old chair out of the office and to the basement. He still wasn't satisfied until she told him if she truly liked her new chair. She smiled at the thought.

"Ah, looks like you're finally getting into this." Princess stood and grabbed May's arm. "Time to go. It's show time!"

\* \* \* \*

After shelling out ten thousand dollars in cash, Winston had been led to a room on the third floor. He wanted a room without a two-way mirror. The cameras he understood. But he wanted some privacy with this woman, this dominatrix.

The idea that he was in a place that specialized in S & M activities still brought him up short. What was he looking for? He remembered. A woman who wasn't compliant. A woman who wouldn't let him get away with shit. A woman who made as many demands as he would.

In his room to which he'd paid a handsome sum for approximately an hour or so worth of pleasure, he found clothing waiting for him in the bathroom. In the all-white bathroom, Winston found it impressive that a whirlpool tub existed as well as a two-head shower stall, big enough for two ... or more. Two odd-shaped rugs sat in front of the pedestal sink and beside the tub. On closer inspection, Winston discovered they were mink rugs.

For a sex den, the place smelled clean. Too clean. A combination of bleach, lemons and a touch of something fragrant and flowery wafted in the air.

His gaze fell upon the outfit left for him. Black leather pants. He assumed he would wear nothing underneath. Black boots. No wonder the application asked for neck size, arm length, chest measurements, pants size and shoe size. Madame Z spared no expense. And the hood he would be wearing masked a mannequin head. Zippers covered the eyes and mouth. The contraption looked offensive but it would afford him his privacy.

He stripped out of his clothing and hung them on the hangers that must have been left for his convenience. He slipped into the snug-fitting pants. His cock, steadily rising as he thought of having Mistress Mayai touch him, made it difficult to zip up. But with careful maneuvering and thoughts of baseball, he managed to get the pants secured.

He stepped into the boots. It reminded him of the Carl Jung quote Maybelline had said last week. It still tickled him that she not only knew the quote, but also used it. He snapped the boots closed then took the mask from the head. It was at that point he heard the door opening outside.

Mistress Mayai.

He smiled as he slipped on the mask. He opened the zippered eyeholes so that he could make sure the mask was in place properly. He closed the zipper that went from the top of his head down to the back of his neck, securing the garment in place and feeling like he had a purse wrapped around his head. After taking a deep breath and inhaling the leather scent, he opened the bathroom door.

Stepping into the main room that held a padded platform, cuffs hanging from the ceiling and from the walls, his gaze fell upon a woman with cat-like grace and the most succulent lips he'd ever seen.

Madame Z had mentioned something to him about the exchange of power but he wasn't really paying attention. All he knew was that he wanted her, and he wanted her as much as he wanted Maybelline.

Mistress Mayai stopped when he entered the room. It looked like she mouthed the words, "Oh God" but he couldn't tell with the teeth of the zipper in his vision. He hoped that was a good thing.

He walked toward her, feeling a magnetic pull to this creature, but suddenly stopped when someone else came into the room.

Mistress Payne.

He'd seen her work a week ago on that poor guy. And he had no doubt that she probably inflicted those wounds all

over Chad. She seemed like the type who enjoyed doling out punishment.

Winston stood in the middle of the room as the duo surrounded him. Mistress Payne went without a mask. A darkskinned Black woman, Mistress Payne's facial features were delicate, way too dainty for the punishment he knew he would be getting.

Her eyes weren't as wide as Maybelline's. Her small nose reminded him of a doll's. Her hair, just like Mistress Mayai's, was a wig. Hers was jet black and cascaded down her back like a horse's mane. Mayai's blonde wig held large curls that poked out from under her mask.

He kept his eye on Payne, not knowing what she would do at any moment, but he always brought his gaze back to Mayai.

"Nice," Mistress Payne commented. "It's not often we get one in here with a good body."

Mistress Mayai took him in from head to toe. If the way she licked her lips meant anything, she must have been pleased with what she saw.

"Do you like what you see?" he asked of Mistress Mayai.

However his inquiry got him a slap across his face from Mistress Payne. The sting of the slap didn't bother him as much as the fact that she blocked him from staring at the other mistress.

"Don't talk unless you're spoken to, got it?" Mistress Payne said.

Not wanting to incur more of the psycho's wrath, he simply bowed his head.

"No, the proper responses from you are 'yes, Mistress Payne' and 'no, Mistress Payne.'"

"Yes, Mistress Payne. I understand." His gaze went to Mayai.

Payne, although she packed a powerful punch, was a good foot shorter than him even in her skyscraper heels so he could look over her head and at Mayai. And Mayai, in her heels, almost met him eye to eye, just an inch or so shy.

Payne grabbed his chin like she'd done the man he'd seen her with before and pulled his gaze to hers. "You look at me when I'm talking to you."

"Yes, Mistress Payne. I requested the other mistress's services. I would like to be introduced." He knew his statement would release Payne's wrath but he didn't pay good money to have his time monopolized by this pint-sized fury.

"Oh, you would like to be introduced?" Mistress Payne began. Instead of waiting for his answer, she grabbed his nipple and twisted it. "Mother fucker, this is not Burger King. You can't have it your way." With a shove, Payne pushed him back. "Stand still. I'm going to teach you the proper way to greet your mistress."

This time Mistress Mayai sauntered toward him. Although there were small holes cut out at his nostrils for him to breathe, Winston took in a deep breath and caught Mayai's scent mingled in with the smell of leather. His eyes grew wide when it smelled almost close to Maybelline's perfume, like a wildflower aroma. What were the odds?

"Do you have a safe word?" Mayai asked him in a hoarse whisper.

He shook his head.

"Let it be 'shoe', okay?"

He nodded.

"If it's too much, just say 'shoe' and we can stop." He nodded again.

When her gaze settled on his, she blinked. She didn't break her stare but looked at him as though she knew him.

Wanting a deeper connection, he leaned toward her only to be pulled back. Mistress Payne grabbed the waist of his pants and moved him away from Mayai.

"I love breaking in newbies," Mistress Payne said.

So long as she didn't really break him, May thought.

As soon as she saw him emerge from the bathroom, she was taken in by his look. His height registered with her first. Then she took notice of his broad shoulders and slightly muscular chest. The man took care of himself, not like the other guys who she'd seen there all week. Then her gaze settled on his flat stomach and trim waist. The bulge in his pants made her lick her lips.

But it was his eyes, those crystal blue eyes that mesmerized her. They were so much like Winston's except darker and heavy-lidded. Too bad she would never see the man behind the mask. He was probably good looking.

"I've read your profile, sub," Mistress Payne began. "Can't take a little pain? No spankings? No whips?"

"No, Mistress Payne." He kept his gaze on Mistress Mayai who did her best to return the attention.

Payne got in his face, or rather up to his chest, and said, "But you would like it if I called you asshole, huh?" He paused before he answered. "No, Mistress Payne. I would prefer if Mistress Mayai calls me an asshole."

With the handle of her whip, she jabbed it into his stomach making him double over. May moved toward him but stopped. This was what the man wanted, right? Why should she stop it ... even when everything inside of her screamed for her to do so.

"On your knees, sub. Time for training."

Crouching down, the client fell to his knees but kept his head held high. Princess would break that determination but quick.

"Whenever your mistress comes in the room you are to be on your knees, toes on the floor, heels up and your head down with your hands as far in front of you as possible. Got it?" Princess glanced at May and winked.

"Yes, Mistress Payne." He remained on his knees but did not move.

Princess gave him a sharp kick to his back. "Do it!"

As easy as the setting sun, he lowered himself to the floor with his long arms outstretched in front of him. Staring at his bare back turned May's nipples into pebbles, pressing against her leather top. She didn't know this man. Never seen his face. But his strength, his body, the compassion in his eyes, and she wanted him.

"Nice," Princess said. "Just remember this pose. Whenever your mistress comes into the room, you have to be in this position or you will be punished."

May snapped her gaze to her friend. This man didn't want to be whipped or spanked. What was she talking about? Princess stood in front of him, her foot between his arms and her boot right up to his face. "Lick my boot, slave."

Winston hesitated. He stared at the pointed toe of her witchy boot but couldn't bring himself to lave it. Had Mistress Mayai asked, he would have licked her boots, her foot, her legs and more if she wanted.

He shook his head. He mumbled, "I can't lick your—" "What?" Mistress Payne snapped.

"—shoe."

"Wait. He said shoe. I heard him. Stop it," Mistress Mayai said.

Payne snickered. "I didn't hear him say anything. Besides, I haven't hurt him yet."

She grabbed him by the top of his head, fisting a handful of his mask along with his hair in the grab and brought him up to his feet, letting go when he towered over her. After throwing her whip down, she grabbed his pants and began undoing them.

He swallowed and tried hard not to turn to Mistress Mayai. He kept his gaze on Mistress Payne who now had his zipper down.

"You're a little harder to break. So let me try something else." Her hand, inside of a black leather glove, wrapped around his semi-hard cock. He gasped, stood straighter and tried to control his breathing.

"Damn, you are bigger than I thought." Payne stroked him slowly, easing her hand up to the top and sliding down all the way to his balls. "Mistress Mayai, come over and see this." Winston kept his gaze straight ahead, hoping he wouldn't see Mistress Mayai. But she stood behind Mistress Payne and stared into his eyes instead of looking at his dick.

His breathing increased into a pant as he stared intently at Mayai. The hand stroking him he imagined belonged to her. The thought caused more blood to pump to his cock until his body trembled.

"Oh, I think he's about ready to explode, aren't you, slave?" Mistress Payne asked as she increased her speed.

Through gritted teeth he replied, "Yes, Mistress Payne."

"Sorry. You can't come until I tell you. If you come, you'll be punished."

Winston balled his hands into fists. He closed his eyes so the beauty standing behind Mistress Payne wouldn't tempt him. When he did that he imagined Maybelline. He imagined that the tightness was her and he was fucking her, hard and fast.

A moan escaped his lips. Sweat covered him from his masked head to his booted feet. The mask stuck to his face until it felt like he would suffocate. He struggled to catch his breath, something Payne must not have noticed or cared. His pants now felt like a second skin. Without his wanting, he pumped his hips against her stroking motion.

"Don't come, slave," Mistress Payne warned.

The tension built inside of him. He tried thinking of something mundane. Work, taxes, politics. Nothing worked. While she stroked him he could only think about Maybelline. And when he opened his eyes, he looked at Mistress Mayai who had the same incredible lips like Maybelline. He groaned. The tightness in his balls squeezed until they began to ache. He'd gone beyond pleasure and entered a new, unwanted, painful state. He needed relief. Damn it, he'd paid for it.

He glanced at Mistress Mayai who he caught licking her tongue over her lips again.

"Shit!"

The tension released in an explosive orgasm, shooting his creamy seed over his stomach, Mistress Payne's hand and arm, and on the floor. He'd tried holding off. When he saw Mistress Mayai lick her lips he was a goner.

"Shit is right, mother fucker." Mistress Payne took off her gloves and disappeared into the bathroom.

Afraid, and too exhausted to do anything but stand, Winston tried catching his breath as his pants hung down, exposing his still hard cock and part of his ass. He lifted his head to gain some eye contact with Mistress Mayai.

Her widened eyes signaled impending danger. Then he felt the hard smack on his ass.

"No!" Mistress Mayai exclaimed and rushed around him.

Winston stumbled forward but kept standing. He wouldn't give Payne the pleasure of seeing him buckle under her control. But he could still feel the subtle sting on his cheek from the hit.

"What are you doing?" Mistress Mayai asked.

"I told him he would be punished if he came."

Winston turned his head to see Mistress Payne raise the whip in the air. He pivoted his body to the duo, preparing to

defend himself, when Mistress Mayai grabbed the other woman's wrist to stop her.

Unfortunately the whip made a target, his chest. Winston felt the breath leave his body as he fell to the floor. It felt as though the whip split him in two, leaving a stinging sensation on the open wounds. How in the hell did Chad put up with that and enjoy it?

He clutched his chest, hoping the pain would fade along with the memory of this place.

"You weren't supposed to hurt him. What did you do?" Mistress Mayai crouched down next to him.

"Mistress Mayai, I didn't say 'shoe.'" He coughed.

"It's about time," Mistress Payne said as she rolled her whip into a loose coil.

"What?"

"I've been waiting for you to act like he's your slave, your property. I thought for sure you would have stopped me when I slapped him."

"This was some sort of test?"

Mistress Payne nodded then gazed at the handle of the whip. "You passed. I was this close to making him lick my pussy." She held her hand up and put her thumb and index finger about a sliver apart. "So now he's all yours."

"Forget it." Winston crawled on his hands and knees until he could stand. "This place is a joke." Staring at the duo as he stumbled to the bathroom. "I'm not coming back to this circus again." Then he stared at Mistress Mayai. "And you can forget about getting one red cent from me." The door flew open with a crash. Behind two burly security guards clad in all black including sunglasses, emerged Madame Z. Still with a controlled expression on her face, she scanned her gaze from Maybelline to Princess and then the client, who still gasped as he stood by the bathroom door.

"You two," she began and pointed to Maybelline and Princess, "go into the dressing room." She turned her attention to the submissive. "You, sir, get changed. You'll be escorted to my office."

## Chapter 5

First day. First day, May thought, and she did two of the three things she'd feared: She'd gotten a client hurt and he threatened to take his money and go. What if he decided to sue her? As she sat in the dressing room, already changed into her own, drab clothes, she hung her head low, trying hard to contain her breath and keep from passing out.

Her feet curled inside of her mid-heel, black pumps, different from the spiked heels she'd had on just moments before. In her cardigan sweater and knee-length skirt, she looked out of place sitting among hangers full of leather outfits.

Her thoughts continually filled with images of her submissive getting whipped. As though in slow motion, she replayed the way the strap cut across his skin, through the fine, brown hairs on his chest and down his stomach.

How could she have let Princess go that far? She should have stopped her when she slapped him. Actually, she should have told her up front that she could be alone with this man and work him without her assistance. Now, more than likely, he would be calling the police and having her arrested for battery or theft or mental anguish or whatever high-powered guys like that sue for these days.

All this for money, for a house. And it was gone in a flash. She buried her face in her hands. What that man must think of her now.

\* \* \* \*

"I want my money back," Winston proclaimed as he sat in Madame Z's posh office.

He thought his office had some nice things inside. The dimly lit space had more gadgets, furs and extravagance than Donald Trump's New York apartment. What impressed him the most sat behind the desk.

Madame Z. Her expression never changed. She must have seen what all happened on one of her many video monitors for her to rush to his aid. However, she didn't look worried. She structured her hands into a teepee and reclined in her swivel chair.

"I assure you, Win, my employees had no ill-intensions toward you."

Her Mona Lisa smile annoyed him. Why wasn't she falling over herself to apologize? As a businessman, he would have. He would have done everything he could to make things right for the customer. And as strange as this business was, he still was a customer.

So, he decided to talk business. "I didn't get what I paid for."

"And what, exactly, did you purchase, Win?"

She used his name as though it belonged to her.

"Madame Z, you saw my application. You know I did not ask for the treatment I received. What I wanted was Mistress Mayai to—"

She held her hand up to stop him. "No. What you wanted was Mistress Mayai's attention. You got that, right? She came to your aid very quickly." Winston considered the situation. He remembered her crouching down next to him as soon as he'd been struck. He remembered how she'd tried stopping Mistress Payne from hitting him a second time.

Yes, she had come to his aid. In hindsight, she could have stopped the whole thing from the beginning and didn't.

"Too little, too late." He leaned forward but stopped when a sharp pain struck his midsection. He would be feeling the sting of that biting hit for many, many days.

"Win, I did warn you beforehand that Mistress Mayai was inexperienced. I would like to make amends and offer another session with another one of my talented employees, one of your choosing of course. I have a video collection of each one if you would like to view them."

He had been warned beforehand. But he hadn't been told that Mistress Payne would be a part of the deal. He could deal with Mistress Mayai without her.

"No."

Madame Z cocked her head and let out a small sigh. "How can I make this right for—"

"Mistress Mayai. Alone. Wednesday." He barked the orders like drill sergeant.

Madame Z glanced down at a computer screen. "Must be your lucky day, that's the next time she's here. I'll schedule your time with her."

"And only her. No Mistress Payne, no other mistresses."

"Then you'll have her." She held out her hand to shake on the deal. With slow ease and intense pain, he stood and took her hand. Her firm grip still shocked him.

"No charge for the next session." She released her hand and pointed to the door. She was done talking and wouldn't be making any more deals.

Winston gathered his jacket and hobbled to the door. Maybe he could heal in two days. He thought about turning around and changing it to Friday. But curiosity got the better of him. He hoped the next session would be improved.

\* \* \* \*

When the dressing room door open, May jumped to her feet. Madame Z swooped in and the two other mistresses in the room with May walked out. They must have known the beheading was coming.

"Not a good first day, right?" Madame Z asked as she paced in front of her.

"No, uh, ma'am." May didn't know whether to call her Z like Princess had or Madame or miss. She clutched her hands together and wrung them until she heard the bones in her knuckles crack.

"He still wants you."

The proclamation made May exhale in relief. Relief? She nearly got him hurt under Princess's hands and he still wanted her? Why? He seemed pissed off after it had all happened. Maybe he wanted payback, revenge for his treatment today. Her heart pounded again. "But you're going to have to do two things." Madame Z held up two fingers with perfectly manicured fingernails. Her dark brown eyes appeared almost black.

"What's that?" May asked.

"Go in alone and own your sexuality."

The first thing she understood. She would have to handle this client by herself. The second thing, she didn't get.

"What do you mean, own my sexuality?"

"You're a beautiful woman. You're smart. This man sees something in you that you're not getting."

"I don't even own my car and you want me to be some sex goddess?"

"I don't want you to be one. You are one without me saying it. You're just going to have to believe it. When you do, this man and others will be at your feet, clamoring for your attention." Madame Z approached her and put a hand on the side of her face, stroking it like she'd done the first time she'd met her. "I picked you and allowed you to work here because I saw something in you. You have an inner strength, a power that you've suppressed for far too long. Let it out. Let it burn. Drive him crazy. When you do that, you'll flourish."

May stared into the woman's eyes until she realized that Madame Z wasn't handing her a line. She'd meant every word that she'd said.

May still didn't know how to own her sexuality, as Madame Z called it. Wasn't it enough that she started working there? Wasn't it enough that she'd worn a sexually provocative getup? No. And she knew that. She'd been a wallflower all of her life. It was her turn. Madame Z had given her permission to shine.

"Be back Wednesday and show that man what you're made of."

\* \* \* \*

May sat at her desk the next morning, early, unable to sleep throughout the night. Images of the client being whipped, his blue eyes and Madame Z's speech tumbled in her head whether she was asleep or awake.

She jumped at the crash of the main office doors flying open, startled to see Winston Biggers in the office so early. Normally he came in early when he had a presentation. Although he had a late morning meeting, he wasn't presenting, just attending.

He looked different though. His head hung low as though he'd done poorly at golf. His eyes held more bags than a shopping cart. He looked beaten up.

"Good morning, Mr. Biggers." She tried getting some reaction. He'd been nice to her lately. Maybe he would open up on why he looked so low.

Instead he grunted and trudged to his office, closing the door behind him. Nope, not ready or wanting to talk.

She slid herself under her desk in her new chair. Her new chair. Her hands caressed the padded arms. She leaned her head back and smelled the new, fragrant smell coming off the fabric.

Biggers had done something nice for her. She should return the favor and at least do something to make his day.

She got up and poured a cup of coffee into his mug. She never got his coffee, telling him on the first day on the job that she was his executive assistant and not a waitress. For as stern as she was then, the fact that the man knew she didn't like tomatoes didn't escape her thoughts. She could tell he needed a little comforting today.

With a deep breath, she knocked on his door. When silence met her audible request, she took the liberty of going inside. Winston sat with his back to his desk. He stared out of the window as though plotting where he would fall if he were to jump.

"I brought you coffee." She set the mug on his desk next to his computer, a computer he hadn't turned on yet.

That definitely wasn't Winston. His computer was always on and always running when he came to work. Something really must be bothering the man.

"Rough night?" she asked, briefly flashing over her own rocky evening.

"Could you call me when the meeting is about to start." He waved his hand as though shooing her away. "Close the door behind you."

Sure, asshole. "Not a problem, sir."

What was this Jekyll and Hyde routine? One minute he was a world-class ass then he was playing Mr. Nice Guy. And now he's back to being the sullen jerk. Two out of three and the odds weren't in his favor. He was a tyrant, a bully, and not worth her effort.

Turning on her heel, she marched out of his office, thinking along the way how he would feel if she called him for the meeting five or ten minutes after it started. He would have deserved that and worse.

\* \* \* \*

With his head on his desk, Winston stared at his coffee cup, the one Maybelline had so graciously brought to him, and he basically ignored her. He wasn't in the mood to talk. He shouldn't have come to work with the way he still felt.

His stomach muscles contracted on their own as though it half-expected another strike. After he'd taken a shower, he stared at the long slash down his chest. It wasn't vanity that made him wince when he viewed the mark. It was the idea that maybe he'd deserved it. Whether he wanted the treatment or not, he deserved to be punished.

He'd been extremely hard on Maybelline. Today was no exception, especially when she'd brought him in coffee. She'd never done that before. She must have noticed his draggedout state. It wasn't often that she expressed kindness toward him, especially since he made it nearly impossible to be nice to him.

But he wasn't in the mood to lie about his present condition. He could only use the excuse that he'd worked out hard at the gym only a few times. Fact of the matter was that he felt like shit not because of the whipping but because in some small way he felt he'd betrayed Maybelline.

The feeling was silly considering they weren't dating. He'd never told her how he felt about her. He couldn't. It was against company policy and the woman would not only laugh

in his face but she would have turned him in for sexual harassment.

His intercom buzzed and Maybelline told him he had five minutes to get to the boardroom for his meeting. With all the effort he could muster, Winston pushed himself off of his desk and lumbered to his door. He swung it open and managed to walk by Maybelline without saying a word to her.

As though on their own volition, his feet led him to the conference room where he hung a fake smile as he pressed the flesh. He hated how phony businessmen were but he was no better. He slapped backs and laughed at stale jokes just to mix with the crowd. His stomach churned and not because of the sore spot.

He sat at the end of the table, hoping that the meeting would be brief. Before it started he felt a tap on his shoulder. Maybelline stood behind him. He knew that before turning around by catching her flowery scent.

"You forgot your palm and your glasses." She set the items in front of him.

She'd been so kind to him. Too kind. He could barely muster a thank-you by the time she stood and sauntered to the door.

"Sorry, Win," one of his colleagues began, "the secretaries look better the higher you go up."

A few of them laughed but Winston didn't. He turned to make sure Maybelline hadn't heard the crass remark. He guessed from her dropped jaw and how quickly she slammed the door that she had caught it. "Prick," Winston said, loud enough for the man and others around him to hear.

He jumped to his feet and left the room as soon as the meeting started. Seeing the hem of Maybelline's skirt round the corner into his office, he followed her.

He found her sitting behind her desk. Expecting tears, he approached her with caution and sympathy. Instead he found a woman with a tiger's passion in her eyes. He could almost hear her teeth grinding.

"What Mr. Saxton said in there was—"

She cut him off. "Why didn't you defend me?"

He blinked at her question.

"Why didn't you say that you thought I looked okay, that I looked great?"

"For one thing, it wouldn't have been appropriate. I'm not supposed to look at you that way." Even though he did, often. "What was inappropriate was his statement. I'll go to human resources and—"

"It's okay. I'm fine. Really. Go back to your meeting."

"I would rather talk about this issue now."

Maybelline opened her bottom drawer and pulled out her tan purse, big enough to hold a small dog and a sweater, and Winston bet that on at least one given occasion, she probably had done both.

"You know what? Why don't I take the rest of the day off?" She hung her sack of a purse on her shoulder and bolted to her feet. "Don't go to H.R. Don't do anything. You're good at that."

On that head of steam, she stormed out of the office.

Winston looked up to the ceiling. "God, are you listening? I'm not asking for much. Could you give me a break? Just one? I'd appreciate it."

"Your lucky break is here."

Winston turned to the voice that sounded anything but heavenly. Courtney stood in the doorway.

Through gritted teeth he said, "Bless me."

\* \* \* \*

May walked outside the building and down the street before she realized that she drove and needed to go back and get her car. She'd never walked out of work before. Then again she'd never let her boss get to her.

No, it wasn't Winston that got her upset, although his lack of action did piss her off to no end. It was the fact that, that asshole Saxton had said exactly what she'd been thinking. It was the advice Madame Z had given her.

Own your sexuality.

May decided a day window-shopping in a mall would help calm her nerves. If she could have done it on Winston's dime, that would have been even better. The man did look guilty enough that she could have talked him into funding her splurge. Jangled nerves kept her from coming up with a plan like that.

Walking by each shop, May looked at the outfits. She took notice of the new hemlines. Seemed they were getting shorter and shorter lately. She turned her gaze down at herself and saw how her flowered skirt fell just below her knees. The thin mannequin in the window had been dressed in a top that exposed her midsection. May put her hand to her stomach and gathered her cardigan and blouse underneath in her fist.

When her gaze fell on her white sneakers, May couldn't stand to look at herself anymore. When had she become her granny? At twenty-seven, she shouldn't have looked like this.

Her hand fell onto her purse. As though the Holy Grail existed inside, May's eyes went wide. She had money. Lots of it thanks to a week of training. For once she would splurge on herself. A day of beauty. She needed it.

\* \* \* \*

"What are you doing here?" Winston asked as he paced from Courtney to the doorway.

"I thought I would surprise you since you never seem to want to answer your phone nowadays. I called you last night and you didn't answer. I go by your house early this morning and you're gone." She sauntered to him. She ran her hand from his collar down his chest. "If I didn't know any better, I would think you're avoiding me."

Even if his chest didn't feel like a searing heat tore through him, her touch made him lurch. He grabbed her hand and pulled it from him.

"What is it?" she asked.

He didn't want to do this here. Not now. He had planned the whole goodbye out in his head. Dinner at a busy restaurant. A famous detective who's been featured in the newspaper wouldn't dare cause a scene, right? He had no choice but to do it now.

"Court, we need to talk." He let her hand go.

As soon as he did that, the smile melted from her face, oozing down to her chin. "What's going on, Win? Why are you getting so serious?"

"I don't think we should do this anymore. No, I know we shouldn't see each other anymore. You're doing your own thing and I'm busy with my career. I think you want more than I'm willing to give." He had other pat excuses ready to shoot at her. From the quivering of her lower lip and the glossy sheen over her eyes, he knew he could stop now.

"You don't mean that," she said then chewed on her thumbnail.

"It's not you. It's me. You're way too good for me." That line used to work for him in college.

"You're perfect for me. Don't do this. We can work it out." She reached her hand for him and he dodged her. A considerable feat with the pain stiffening his midsection.

"I'm sorry. You need to find a man who's going to give you the world and treat you like the queen you are. I'm a selfish bastard and will always be that way." He held open the door for her hoping this would be it. The last words he'd said to her he unfortunately felt deep in his heart. It felt like a punch in his gut to say them out loud.

Courtney walked to the door, sniffing and letting out small sobs on the way in the short distance. God, he felt like a world-class asshole. But he couldn't string her along. He couldn't make her think one thing when he felt something else. The emptiness he had inside wouldn't be fulfilled with her.

She stopped at the doorway and stared at him. Her face, usually sweet with doll-like features, a button nose, hazel eyes and a perpetually pink set of lips, now looked puffy from the few tears she'd shed. Tears covered her cheeks and her nose ran.

"I just don't understand." She wiped her nose with the back of her hand.

"It just wasn't meant to be." He put his hand to the small of her back to usher her out the door when she hit him with a line that almost dropped him to his knees.

"But the flowers, in the card, you said you loved me."

First the teddy bear and now this. Winston was going to kill Maybelline Davenport and no court in the world would be able to convict him.

## Chapter 6

Fierce. That was the best way to describe how good May felt. The day before with her shopping spree and makeover, she felt like a completely different person. Tonight the client, her submissive, would experience a whole new woman.

She walked into the office, her head held high and her shoulders back. She wore a white camisole and a matching sweater over it. She wasn't ready to give up her sweater just yet but at least she found a sexy alternative to wearing it.

The blue skirt she wore hitched up a little higher on her legs than usual. She started to believe what the salesman had told her when she'd tried it on: she had great legs and she needed to show them off.

She capped off the outfit in a pair of high heels that broke her one-day training budget but she knew they would benefit her in the long run, business-wise and personally.

Sauntering to her desk, she dropped her purse inside of the bottom drawer and slammed it shut. The sound must have triggered Biggers who screamed for her.

With a smile, May threw her shoulders back and ran her fingers through her newly coifed hair. All of her life, she'd grown up with long, thick hair. She wanted something manageable and fun. The stylist did just that, cutting her hair to shoulder-length and letting her natural curl come alive. Then he colored her mousy, dark brown hair to a sunny, almost honey blond. Princess wouldn't be able to recognize her. The thought crossed her mind on whether Biggers would know who she was.

May strolled into Biggers' office. As usual, his head remained down with his gaze trained on the paper in front of him.

This time she wouldn't be blown off or ignored. "You called for me?"

"Yes." His gaze never left the page. "I saw Ms. Vanderloo yesterday. How dare you—"

His words choked in his throat as soon as he lifted his gaze from his papers and stared at the beauty in front of him. Her hair, which he liked before, looked soft and sexier now. The white top she had on did nothing to camouflage her dark nipples, apparent through the top unless she decided to hide them under her sweater. And damn, those legs. Those long legs looked luscious in those killer shoes.

"How dare I what, sir?" she asked, snapping him out of his trance.

"Oh, uh, the card in her flowers. Why did you sign it the way you did?" he asked. His gaze continually scanned her new look. No way would Saxton say this beauty wasn't fit for the top floor.

"I thought it would have been appropriate. You don't love her?"

Damn, did she do a makeover on her voice too? When did she start talking so deep and seductive? Or was he just noticing it now since his cock was growing harder each moment she stood in his office. "That's not the point. The point is that you had no right to make a decision like that on my personal life."

"And you should have been a good boyfriend and sent the flowers yourself." She waited a second before she turned, swaying her hips in the motion, to leave. He swallowed to keep from drooling.

"And you're going to be docked for yesterday's pay," he said behind her.

"No, I'm not." She reached the doorway then turned to him. "I'll use my vacation."

"I won't authorize it."

"Then my sick time. I have almost seven hundred hours worth of it. Might as well use some for that splitting headache I had yesterday."

"The new hair, makeup and wardrobe got rid of the pain?" She smiled. "It didn't make it feel any worse."

"You weren't sick either. I won't approve that time." He started to write something to make it seem like he was done talking, but something in him knew this new Maybelline wouldn't let it end this way. Hell, even the old Maybelline would have stood her ground. Part of the reason he liked her.

"If you dock me then I will go to human resources and tell them the sexist statement made in your presence. I'll let them know that your lack of action proved you condoned it and were thoughtless of my feelings."

The implication boiled his blood. He felt steam rising under her shirt. "I offered to go to H.R. yesterday for you."

"But you didn't."

"Are you threatening me?"

"No, just your judgment. Anything else you need?" Yes, he wanted her on top of his desk, legs spread, shirt up, panties gone and him inside of her, pounding his stiff penis into her tight pussy until she begged him for more.

He never thought verbally sparing with a woman could be this erotic. Maybelline was determined not to back down. Even if he wanted to, he couldn't stand up.

"I'll take it from your silence that that means no. If you need me, you know where I'll be." She closed the door.

He let out a long breath and reclined into his chair. He had a lot of pent up emotions to get out and thank goodness he arranged to go back to The Oh Club tonight. Mistress Mayai would get his all and more.

\* \* \* \*

May let out a long breath as soon as she closed the door. She didn't know what it was, but she felt something when she talked to Winston. A heat, a pull. She liked one-upping him each time he'd tried holding her down.

Yet, the look on his face when he first saw her would forever be ingrained in her memory. She remembered how his eyes got wide and the way he licked his lips. His normally clear, blue eyes became dark. Even his face looked a bit flushed.

Sex. What a wonderful power to wield. Maybe Madame Z wasn't half wrong about the whole idea. The client tonight had better be ready for her. She felt primed.

\* \* \* \*

It took no time for Winston to change into the boots, leather pants and mask ensemble that was left for him again in a room he'd been taken to at The Oh Club. Although a faint mark remained on his chest and the pain still lingered, he didn't care.

Watching Maybelline all day, bending over to retrieve files in lowers drawers and reaching up to water his plants, he wanted to fuck a hole in his desk. With a slight change in wardrobe, she went from hot to sizzling.

Her transformation had become complete when he came to look for her during lunch to get some post-it notes and instead of finding her, he found a book in her desk drawer. He'd seen Maybelline reading out by the fountain in front of the building during her lunch breaks sometimes, and always wondered what she read. He was just amazed at what he'd found.

The book had a provocative cover with a woman bound in chains and a collar around her neck. *Bound Lust* or *Tied Desire*, or something like that was the name. Winston had been more interested in the contents. Reading a few passages, his eyes had widened at what he'd read. So, was this what Maybelline had wanted? She wanted to be a submissive? He'd returned the book back to the drawer when he heard footsteps coming down the hallway. She'd already threatened him with going to human resources about Saxton's statement. The last thing he'd needed was for her to scream invasion of privacy too.

At the club, he walked out of the bathroom and into the main room. Still not a voyeur room, it was not the same room

he'd been in two nights ago. But the set up remained the same. Same black leather platform bed. Same cuffs and chains that dangled from the ceiling and walls. And even the same bar hanging from the ceiling in the middle of the room. The only difference he'd noticed now was the appearance of a chair. The large, throne-like chair with a black, leather padded seat cushion and high similarly padded arms sat in the corner.

The door opened and Winston's heart pounded in anticipation. Thanks to his hooded mask, he heard his heavy breathing loudly as his breath circulated throughout the hood. As soon as he saw Mistress Mayai, and only her, he couldn't help but smile. Thankfully, the mask hid his jubilant expression.

The mistress didn't look too pleased. Wearing a black, patent leather bra top and a matching short skirt that made her look like Satan's cheerleader, the part of her face he could see outside of the mask, held a scowl.

Like before, her mask covered her face from her nose back. Again, she wore a blond wig. He couldn't stop eyeing her thigh-high boots. On her, on those long legs, they looked amazing.

"I'm not happy," she proclaimed.

His smile slipped away.

"Why aren't you in your position?" she asked and pointed to the floor. Black leather gloves that went up to her elbows covered her arms and hands. "I'm sorry, Mistress Mayai." He crouched down to the floor and assumed the position Mistress Payne had instructed him to use whenever a mistress was in the room.

On his knees with his toes on the floor, he bowed forward with his arms straight out in front of him. The pain in his chest stung once when he bent over but it subsided shortly after.

"Nice," she said. He felt her hand touch the back of his neck and trail down his body until she reached the base of his back.

"You're not like a lot of men who come here," she began. "Thank you, Mistress Mayai."

"Which is why I want you to myself. You'll be mine and only mine."

He heard her walking across the room and a squeak of a piece of furniture. "Look up."

He did so and nearly stood when she told him to remain on his knees. She sat in the chair that he'd noticed before. One of her legs hung over the arm as she tapped her other booted foot on the floor.

"Come to me."

Knowing what she wanted, he crawled on his hands and knees to her. Winston Biggers, corporate executive, would never stoop so low as to crawl across the floor to a woman. This was no ordinary woman, and he was not a corporate exec. He was a man with needs.

Once at her feet, he kept his gaze down.

"Look at me." Her demand came out harsh but he took it as an open invitation to further connect with her. The more he stared into her eyes the more he felt like he knew her.

She stared at him for a while. Her tongue slithered over her red lips as she made her assessment. "Which arm do you wear your watch?"

A strange question but he knew there had to have been a reason. "The right arm, Mistress Mayai."

"Should have guessed. All of you corporate guys are lefthanded, right?" She snickered. "Hold up your right hand."

He brought his arm up so that his hand nearly touched her breast. Reaching in her bra top, she pulled out something small and braided. It had silver clasps on either end. She wrapped it around his wrist.

"This means you're mine. You belong to me." She hooked the bracelet.

"Yes, Mistress Mayai."

"You are not a submissive, but my slave while you're here."

"Yes, Mistress Mayai."

"Whatever I say, goes."

"Yes, Mistress Mayai."

"And if I tell you to touch me in a certain way, like this," she opened his palm and pressed his hand against her breast, "then you'll do it without question."

He couldn't think let alone breathe or get out his standard response. His hand massaged her firm breast. With each kneading, her pebble-like nipple brushed against his hand. She moaned, a reaction she probably didn't want to have but let out anyway. She grabbed his hand and pulled it away from her. He wanted to scream that he wanted more, needed more. As a slave, he wasn't in a position of demanding anything.

"My slave must have a name." She slid her leg up and down his side. Her smooth, soft skin glided over his until all he could imagine was what it must feel like to make love to her with those legs around him.

"You remind me of someone. Someone who has pissed me off today. I'll call you Big Slave."

"Yes, Mistress Mayai."

"And since I can't get this one person to do this in real life, then you're going to have to do, Big Slave." She brought her leg down and wriggled herself up, twisting around until she had her knees on the seat of the chair with her ass in his face and her hands on the high back. "Kiss my ass, Big Slave."

"My mask, Mistress Mayai."

"I'm not looking. Raise it above your lips. I want to feel them touch my skin. All of you executives should be forced to do this, kiss your employees' asses." She turned before he could undo the mask. "But don't touch me with your hands. The only thing that should touch me is your lips, understand?"

"Yes, Mistress." He unzipped the back of the hood up to the top of his head. Curling the mask up, he got it over his lips and nose so that he could breathe, but below his eyes so he could look at her ass. Winston lifted her skirt. Underneath she wore a matching leather g-string. He couldn't stop staring at her perfectly round backside.

As soon as he pressed his lips to her cheek, he felt her body relax. Soon his kiss turned into something more. He licked his tongue from the crease where her cheek met her leg to the top of her crack. Her body trembled and his cock got harder.

He gave the other cheek the same treatment, kissing it, laving it until Mistress Mayai seemed to be close to an orgasm. Her moans became louder and her body shook like a release was eminent.

He contemplated a dangerous move but he couldn't stop himself. His tongue dipped between her cheeks. She let out a small cry as he let it travel up between them. Her skin tasted like honey. So sweet. Her moans drove him crazy.

As though of its own volition, his hand touched her cheek, caressing it, squeezing it until she called out his name, well, his new name. Big.

Sliding his hand down, he curved it down her thigh and up between her legs until he found her soft, moist patch. The pads of his fingertips rubbed her hard clitoris through her gstring. Even through the leather, he could feel her wetness. The aroma of sex emanated from her until it swirled about his head. He felt dizzy taking in her scent, kissing her flesh and rubbing her clit all at the same time.

His other hand reach between his legs and found his erection pressing against his pants. He rubbed his hand up

and down himself. The more she moaned the faster it would take for him to come.

She did something surprising.

"Stop, Big Slave."

Disappointed, he sat back on his haunches and waited for her to right herself in the chair. Before she turned around, he pulled his mask back down and zipped it as much as he could without trapping a chunk of his hair.

Her lips puffed out even more and her cheeks, from what he could see of them, were flushed a nice pink shade over her honey-brown skin.

"Get naked, Big Slave. I want to see your body."

Her demand surprised him. Could he get naked in front of a woman he hardly knew? His curiosity and desire forced him to his feet. Winston nodded his head obediently. He started with his boots and removed them slowly. Then came his pants. Once he got the zipper over his straining cock, the trousers came down easily. With only his bracelet covering his wrist, he watched Mistress Mayai observe him.

"Come here."

Winston didn't wait, didn't pause. He moved to her like a broker on a good tip. His erection stood at attention in front of her. He panted as he stared at her.

"I told you not to touch me, didn't I?" she said.

He turned his gaze down, a submissive look that she should have liked. "Yes, Mistress Mayai. But I couldn't help it. You're so—"

"Shut up." She bolted from the chair. "I didn't ask for excuses."

Her tough demeanor made his heart pound.

"You guys, you managers, are all alike."

He could hear her pacing behind him.

"I bet you have an administrative assistant, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes, Mistress Mayai." He remained in his same position, something that must have pleased her since she didn't correct him or punish him.

"I bet to your friends you call her your secretary, don't you?"

He didn't answer right away, thinking back on whether he'd called Maybelline a secretary or an executive assistant. He honestly could not remember. She'd always been Maybelline.

"Answer me!" she snapped.

"No, I don't think so, Mistress. I like my assistant."

He heard her stop in her tracks and in a matter of milliseconds she stood in front of him, her hands on her hips and her eyes wild with passion. It should have scared him a little. Sure he was bigger than her and stronger, yet she had inner strength that knocked him back.

"You like her? Is that what you said?" she asked. He nodded.

"Answer me, damn it!"

"Yes, Mistress Mayai." His voice rose to match hers, something she must not have liked.

She took a step to the side and pointed to the raised platform. "Get on it now."

Winston went to cold-looking piece of furniture. Standing about waist high, he climbed on it and positioned himself flat on his back with his arms to his side and his legs straight. He kept his gaze straight up, looking at the ceiling ... until he felt something clamp around his ankles.

Peering down, he found Mayai putting shackles around his bare ankles. Although padded, the iron contraption weighed heavily on his legs.

After both ankles were strapped down, she made her way to his head. "Raise your arms over your head."

He did so without a verbal response. She strapped his arms in all-leather wrist straps that had a chain connecting it. And now he was under her physical control.

Fear should have gripped him. Here he was in an unknown place. No one knew where to find him unless the police activated the On-Star in his Hummer.

Not knowing what would happen excited him even more than he enjoyed having his every move orchestrated by this wild, sexy woman.

She climbed on the platform and slithered over his body. Straddling her legs around him so that his shaft pressed against her pussy, he moaned at the connection and moved his hips up for more.

"No, no, no." She pressed him down so that he remained flat on his back. "You've had your fill of touching for tonight. And now you'll have to be punished."

His eyes widened at the thought. Mistress Payne's idea of punishment involved a whip. If she trained Mistress Mayai, what would she do to him? From behind her back, she produced a small chain. He stared at it then her, wondering what it was for. Then she found each end and his breathing quickened at what she demonstrated. She opened and closed the rubber-tipped alligator clips at each end, showing off the clamps. He didn't have to guess what she would do with them.

Without fanfare, she clamped one around his nipple. Pinching pain sliced through his one side as he writhed in discomfort. Then she put the other clamp on, not giving him a chance to see her and object. With both on, he took deep breaths to acclimate his body to the feeling.

"They'll grow slightly numb, your nipples," she said as though anticipating his next question. She ran her fingertips over them. He wasn't sure if she wanted to turn him on or soothe him. Either way, he wanted more of her touch.

"Then I'll give you a sensation you'll enjoy." She smiled showing off her white teeth.

With determination, he said, "Thank you, Mistress Mayai." A cool sheen of sweat covered his body.

"Now where was I?" She put her finger to her chin as though in thought. "Oh yes. You bosses. Men. Managers. CEO types. What are you, Big Slave? What's your grand title?"

Winston didn't know this woman. She didn't know him. He could have easily lied. He didn't want to this time.

"Vice President of Mergers and Acquisitions."

She blinked and cocked her head. "Then this is your unlucky day. The son-of-a-bitch I named you after does that shit for a living too. I'm going to have fun treating you like my pet." He squirmed his legs around and heard the clinking of the chains.

"So tell me, Big Slave, this assistant, the one you like so much, do you think she's sexy?" Mistress Mayai held the chain that connected his nipples and gave it a slight tug every so often causing a strange wave of pleasure and pain to surge through is body.

"Yes, yes I do, Mistress Mayai," he replied.

"Do you tell her that?"

"No, Mistress Mayai."

"Why?"

"Against company policy, Mistress Mayai."

"Fuck the policy!" She let the chain go and planted her hands on either side of his head as she hovered her face over his. "You don't know what it does to a woman's self-esteem to not be told if she's attractive, especially from a man who is attractive and seems to have everything. For God's sake, man, tell her you like her hair. Compliment her shoes. Ask her where she got her perfume so you can buy it for your wife or girlfriend." She lowered her head so that her lips almost touched his through the open zipper. "Are you married, slave?"

Winston swallowed before answering. "No, Mistress Mayai." "Girlfriend?"

After the horrible scene the day before, he could honestly say he no longer had any attachments. Courtney didn't even slap him or scream at him before she left. She'd allowed him to usher her into the elevator and say goodbye.

"No girlfriend, Mistress Mayai," he finally said.

She cocked her head. "Gay?"

"No, Mistress!"

"Just wondering. You know I don't know you and you don't know me. You can be perfectly honest here. If you would like a man to come in, I'm sure I can arrange it so—"

He cut her off before having another man in the room became his next punishment. "I want my Mistress and only my Mistress. I am not gay."

She smiled again. "Just checking." She slid down his body. "So this assistant, you like her."

"Yes."

"You think she's sexy."

"Yes."

"You want to fuck her?"

Again, he hesitated. Did he think about having sex with Maybelline? All of the time. Should he admit it to this stranger? Why not? Who was she and what could she do? "Yes."

"Ah, now that I believe." She stopped sliding down his body when her face reached his chest. "For your honesty, you will be rewarded."

She released one of the nipple clamps. The feeling matched a flame being put to his skin with a million pinpricks added on just for kicks. But then she put her mouth on it, licking his nipple until he screamed in pleasure. The entire sensation blew his mind.

He kicked his legs, flailing them as her tongue rounded his sensitive skin. He never imagined his nipples could give him

pleasure like this. The only thing that would have made it better would be if he could touch this woman.

He raised his head from the platform to look at her. He could only see the top of her mask and the wig that covered her head. Who was this sexy beast and why did she want her identity hidden?

She brought her head up just as he lowered his back onto the table.

"So this assistant you like who you would like to fuck, does she have a name?" she asked as her fingers lazily played with his other nipple still in the clamp. With each pass, his body twitched.

"I'd rather not say her name, Mistress Mayai."

She stopped the twirling motion. "And why's that?"

"She has a rather unusual name. I want to respect her privacy."

She continued the finger play. "A man of integrity. I like that. So tell me what you want to do to her."

"Mistress?"

"Don't play coy with me. You want to fuck her. You've already told me that. So tell me how. Give me a fantasy." She reached for his mask to which he flinched away. "I'm only going to move it above your mouth so I can hear you clearly. I won't take it off. I promise."

Something genuine in her brown eyes made him believe her. He stopped moving and allowed one hand to slip behind his head to undo the zipper. Then she carefully folded the mask up above his mouth. "There. Better." She leaned forward. With one swipe, she dragged her tongue across his lower lip. "You have a nice mouth."

"Thank you, Mistress." But what he wanted to say was, 'Let me use this mouth to pleasure your pussy.'

"So tell me. What turns you on about this woman?" "Her strength."

"Ha!" she barked. And with his response she secured the nipple clamp back on his nipple. With blood rushing back into it, this time he felt pain and cringed as it sank in.

"It's true," he said, hoping she would believe him.

"How strong can this bitch be if she's still working as a fucking secretary? Why isn't she a big baller like you?"

"I don't know. But she definitely deserves to be high up in the company."

With that response, she took off the second nipple clamp and sucked on that nipple as she'd done the first. Her hot mouth and fiery tongue felt good against his flesh.

"So why don't you help her?" Her mouth continually worked on his nipple, licking, sucking, tugging it between her teeth.

"I want to. I don't think she likes me."

"So? She doesn't have to like you in order to move up in the company. Just like I don't have to like you to fuck you, right?"

He lifted his head from the platform. "It would help." That elicited a snicker from her. "Cute. So tell me more."

"I imagine having sex in my office." And he had, many, many times. In every way and position imaginable. The thoughts he'd had would have gotten him fired a long time ago.

"Tell me how." She tugged on the newly applied clamp.

He had a feeling whatever he would say would get him rewarded handsomely. So he opted to do the one thing he'd never done with a woman while his clothes were off: tell the truth. "I'll call her into my office to go over my schedule. As soon as she walks in the door, I'll close it and lock it."

"Is she scared? Disgusted? Shocked?"

"Turned on." At least in his fantasy Maybelline would be.

Mistress Mayai ran her finger around his swollen nipple that poked through the clamp. The motion causes his breathing to slow down and his heartbeat to steady.

"Before I can say anything, she kisses me."

"You like your women aggressive, huh?" She pulled on the chain attached to his nipple for good measure.

He writhed under her and when he settled he answered. "A tough woman who knows what she wants turns me on."

With that, she released his nipple but she didn't immediately relieve him with her mouth yet. She continued circling it with her finger.

"I get her on top of my desk. We're pulling at each other's clothes. I have her panties off. She has my pants down. Then I'm inside of her, fucking her hard. She tells me how she wants it."

"What? Like this?" Mistress Mayai sat up, her legs still straddling his body, and she simulated riding him. "Faster, baby, faster." May undulated her hips back and forth, rubbing her wet pussy against his throbbing rod. What a fucking tease!

She continued. "Or maybe like this. Nice and easy." She slowed down, moving like a willow in the breeze.

"Yes, Mistress Mayai," was the only way he could respond. "See, I would want it like this." She turned around so her back was to him. "Nice doggy style. Hit it from the back." She gazed back at him. "You like it like that?"

"I like it anyway that pleases my partner."

She turned back around and rewarded his honest answer with lick across his upper lip. "Keep going. So far you're fucking her on your desk."

He nodded. He wanted to explode. "She calls me by my first name. She grabs my hair. Before long we both come."

"And what? You send her back to her desk and you go about your business?"

"No. I ask her to sit in my seat. Then I get on my knees in front of her and pleasure her orally."

For that answer, Mistress Mayai not only licked his twiceclamped nipple, this time she reached down and wrapped her fingers around his cock.

"Go on."

Winston needed to wait, take a breath, think of anything but this sensual being on top of him with his manhood in her grasp, because if he did, he would ejaculate all over her and her hand. Since she didn't say he could, he wanted to refrain. He took in some deep breaths.

"Big Slave?"

"Yes, Mistress Mayai." He let out a long, rattled breath. "I dip my tongue inside of her. I can taste her juices and my

semen. She holds the back of my head to encourage me. She grips my hair. I suck her clit and slide a finger inside of her."

The more he spoke the more Mistress Mayai stroked his cock. Slow at first then the speed increased.

"She bucks her hips. She's very loud, which I like. I want to hear a woman is enjoying what I'm doing to her."

"Taste. What does she taste like?" she asked in a panting breath.

"Like you."

Mistress Mayai's eyes widened as she gazed at him, her hand still on his erection.

"She would taste sweet and smell like wild flowers." He clamped his eyes shut. "Oh God, Mistress Mayai. I need to come. May I come?"

She lowered herself next to his face, her lips brushing the shell of his ear and whispered, "No."

He gritted his teeth and concentrated on work, his parents, the shitty gas mileage he got on his Hummer. Anything and everything to keep his mind off of the building pressure in his groin that threatened to erupt.

"Before you can receive pleasure, you'll have to understand the pain you put others through." Her grip tightened on his shaft until it was all he could do to keep from screaming her name and letting lose a mighty orgasm. "Start with your executive assistant. Do something nice for her." She pulsed her fist around his tip making him wail. Then she let him go and hopped off of the table.

With his mask halfway up his face and his breath coming back into his lungs, he struggled to focus on her, the woman who'd caused him so much pain and pleasure in one fell swoop. She unlocked the shackles from around his ankles. Lifting his head from the platform again, he stared at her. Blinking a couple of times, he noticed a small mark on her lower back. Once he focused, he realized a rose tattoo decorated her back. A tough woman with a soft side.

She unlocked a cuff from around one wrist but not the other. She pressed the key into his hand.

Before he could get up, she growled in his ear, "Don't forget. You're mine. You will always wear that bracelet even when you're not here."

She swayed to the door, turning around once to wink at him and to remind him of their next date.

Friday. Would he last until then?

## Chapter 7

May's hands trembled even the next day at work as she sat at her desk. She couldn't have guessed that controlling a person's pleasure, having so much control, could be this intoxicating, this powerful.

Walking away from her submissive, her slave, without letting him have his orgasm was not a May thing to do. Not at all. She dutifully gave in to whoever asked, whether it was her granny who asked her to join her for bingo or her mother who wanted her to take her grocery shopping every Saturday morning promptly at seven or Biggers who wanted whatever he wanted when he wanted it ... except her.

She crossed her legs. Her short skirt cut across her thigh in the motion. Her shoes pumped up her calves, making them look shapelier than she'd ever seen them. And yet, the one man she wanted to impress hardly gave her a second glance.

May wished she could get to Biggers the way she'd gotten through to her submissive. She bet right now that man was showering his assistant with compliments, maybe even gifts. What did she get? Barely a good morning when he blew through and a slammed door to which he had yet to emerge.

Bastard.

Glancing at the clock on her computer monitor, May noticed it was lunchtime. Even if it weren't time to take a break, she would have. Slamming her bottom desk drawer after pulling out her purse, getting a whole-desk shake for her effort, she stood and headed for the door. "Maybelline!"

May froze in front of the door, willing herself to walk through it. Her shoulders hunched around her neck as tension tightened.

Don't turn around. Just keep walking. Just say you didn't hear him.

"Maybelline!" he called again.

"Shit!" May pivoted, easy to do in her new heels, and she stormed back to her desk where she deposited her purse and picked up her notepad and pen.

She opened Biggers' door and stood in the doorway. The scowl she'd carried coming in the office melted when she saw the wreck pacing back and forth. Biggers had sweat dripping from his forehead. His normal cool countenance disappeared and was replaced by this disheveled mess.

"Did you need something, Mr. Biggers?" she asked, hoping her voice would snap him out of his trance.

He rubbed his forehead. Had he ever sweated this much in his life? Winston wasn't sure why he'd called Maybelline into his office. To talk maybe? What was wrong with him? One incredibly strange night with one woman and he felt like he was losing his mind.

"Um, have a seat," he said and pointed to a chair in front of his desk.

Maybelline sat and crossed her legs. Her gaze never left him. He scanned her body. Those legs. Damn those legs. Then his fantasy that he'd actually said out loud appeared in his head. Maybelline on his desk. Him between her legs. Loud sex that could be heard down the hall. "Oh God." He wiped his face.

"Mr. Biggers, you don't look well."

Maybelline bolted to her feet, abandoning her pen and pad to get him a glass of water from his private bathroom. She must not have expected him to be right behind her because when she turned around she yelped at the proximity. Her face met his chest with the water from the glass making a more intimate connection by landing on his shirt.

"I'm so sorry, sir." She wiped his shirt with her hand, which made her other hand holding the glass shake and spill more water down the front of his pants. "Oh, shit. I mean, sorry, um, let me get that."

This time she handed the glass to him and pulled a towel from a rack by the sink. Watching her move, he became calm for some reason. It was as though he'd transferred his anxiety to her.

Anxiety? Winston wanted to crawl out of his skin after last night. Mistress Mayai kept him on the edge the entire night and left him there. He wouldn't even masturbate at home after the experience and he truly wanted a release. He needed the relief. But when he'd looked at the bracelet, he thought about what she would have wanted.

Speaking of what Mistress Mayai wanted, Maybelline had returned to him and patted his chest with the towel. He felt helpless to do anything but watch her. Her gentle, flowered scent swirled about him until he felt like he was standing in a garden.

His mistress's words rang in his head. Start with your executive assistant. Do something nice for her.

"You smell good today," he said as she patted the towel on his stomach.

Her expression, a mixture of surprise and confusion, covered her face. "Um, thank you."

She handed him the towel. "You can get the rest." Squeezing her way past him, she returned to his office and grabbed her supplies. "Unless you needed something right now, I was going to head out to lunch."

"Yes." He set the glass of water on the bathroom sink and carried the towel with him to his desk. Taking his place behind his desk, he leaned back in his chair and tried hard not to look at her. "I wanted to go over my schedule for next week. Make sure I don't have conflicting engagements."

Bullshit. He'd been avoiding her all morning, thinking about the fantasies he'd expressed the night before. Part of one could happen right now if she would just grab him and kiss him.

"Let me print out your appointments." She stood to go back to her desk.

"I'm sure I have an extra printed copy on top of that file cabinet."

Rerouting her trek, she headed to his file cabinet, which sat under yet another hanging plant that Maybelline put in his office. The spidery green thing draped over his file cabinet as though on guard.

Winston knew how much Maybelline wanted to keep animated things around him. The last plant she'd had in there, he'd sincerely tried keeping it alive, watering it three times a day. Pretty soon the plant died. Who knew plants could die if over-watered?

Searching the top of his cabinet, Maybelline looked under stacks of papers until she found the appointment book. She lifted it, hitting the plant in the process. He thought he heard her talking to the plant, telling it, it was okay.

She reached up to steady it and Biggers eyes grew wide. His heart pounded like the night before. He even wiped his eyes to make sure he hadn't imagined what he thought he just saw.

With her arms raised in the air, Maybelline's shirt hitched up, showing off her back, specifically her lower back where a small, red rose tattoo hid.

No. Not his sweet Maybelline. No way could she be a seductive dominatrix. The coincidence was too much. First the lips, then the scent and the smile and now the tattoo.

As soon as he gasped, she turned and pulled her shirt back down. "Sir, are you okay?" She returned to the chair but didn't sit down.

His gaze hovered at her legs then traveled up her flat stomach then her chest to her sweet face. Could she be his temptress? He shook his head, erasing the idea but still clinging to the thought that the woman who'd grabbed his penis and proclaimed that he was hers could be the woman standing in front of him.

"My schedule. You have me for two meetings back to back." He averted his gaze and glanced out of the window to keep his mind and thoughts off of her. "Yes, but both meetings are in this building, both on this floor. The first meeting is headed up by Saxton so as long as no one asks questions, his meeting will end thirty minutes early. And since the man doesn't let anyone else speak, it's a guarantee the meeting will end early."

Winston smiled at her astute assessment.

"The second meeting is with the CEO. Half of the people in the first meeting are also going to that meeting so there's no way it'll go over. Plus it's close to lunch time so that's a guarantee you'll get a meal."

"Always watching out for my needs," he said, sincerely.

"That's my job, right?" She offered a smile that melted his heart.

If May didn't know any better, she would have thought that her presence calmed him. He almost seemed relieved she was in the room. She worried about his condition especially when she'd heard him gasp. It wasn't unusual for guys like these to drop dead from a heart attack no matter how young, and Biggers had to have been in his early-to-mid forties.

"What else?" he asked.

As May read off each item, she could see Winston settling back into his chair, a wave of relief washing over his face. He rested his hand on top of his desk.

This time it was her turn to gasp. Peeking behind his watch, tucked under his sleeve looked like a black leather braided bracelet. Her bracelet? Could the man that kept her fantasizing at night, both her boss and her submissive, be the same man? Winston brought his hand back onto his lap and turned to her. "I didn't mean to hold you up for lunch."

On shaky legs, she turned but stopped when she heard a crash outside of Biggers's door, a sound that didn't seem to startle him at all. Petrified to her spot, May didn't move while Biggers headed to the door.

At the doorway, he smiled, beamed was more like it. "Good. It's here." He turned to her. "You'll have a project to do when you come back from lunch."

With those words, she trotted to him to see what kind of destructive mess he was leaving her. Her second catch of breath almost made her cry. Winston had gotten her a long, all-mahogany desk that looked like a child of his desk.

"You can't have a new chair with an ugly desk," he said with a smile.

It was silly. It was just a desk. But the thought, the effort, he put in to getting it for her almost made her cry. Instead she did something else equally silly. She wrapped her arms around his neck and hugged him.

"Thank you so much." She took in his scent as her arms wrapped around his neck. Then she felt his arms curve around her waist as he held her.

She closed her eyes and imagined they weren't boss and assistant. She imagined they were on the same level. He saw her as an equal. Then she thought about her submissive's fantasy to take his assistant on his desk. Was that Biggers's fantasy? She trembled and Biggers took that as a cue to let her go.

"It's just a desk, May."

This time her throat did tighten and tears welled in her eyes. More than the desk, it was the first time he'd ever called her May instead of Maybelline.

"I'd better go." She dropped her pad and pen, picked up her purse and ran out of door before the man had a chance to do anything else extraordinary for her.

\* \* \* \*

"I need you, May," Winston said over the phone.

Fridays were supposed to be a pretty slack day, at least in May's eyes. Employees at Crystal Industries were allowed to dress casually. Many of the employees took advantage of flex days and were gone on Friday, some on Mondays. And usually managers and higher-ups like Biggers were calmer and more relaxed.

For some reason, they chose today to hold an important, impromptu meeting. Biggers wasn't prepared but he seemed to take it in stride ... until the frantic phone call.

"I'll be right there," May said, still reeling over the fact that the man called her May instead of Maybelline.

She sashayed down the hallway to the conference room. When she opened the door, the group fell silent. Winston and the chief controlling officer stood at the end of the table, each with a remote control in their hands trying to work the video conferencing camera and the projector for a PowerPoint presentation.

"The I.T. guys are gone," Winston began. "Do you know how to work these things?"

She sauntered to the men. She couldn't help but notice how Saxton's jaw dropped when he saw her. Good. The bastard should be on the floor kissing her feet.

Oh no. The Mistress was coming out of her at work too. She snickered at that but covered it with a cough.

"Let me see if I can handle this." Taking the remote from Chief Controlling Officer's hand first, May clicked a series of buttons to bring up the camera. The groups, both in the conference room and at the satellite location, sighed and cheered with relief.

"One down." Winston said. "I told you she's good."

May's skin tingled at the compliment but she didn't show any outward emotion like she'd done the day before.

She eased the remote from Winston's hand, touching his warm hand in the process. Their gazes met for a brief moment but it felt like they'd been staring at each other for hours. She clicked several buttons on the second remote to pull up the PowerPoint presentation that came off of someone's laptop.

A second cheer came from both groups.

"You're a lifesaver," Winston said and offered the only physical contact he could. He patted her shoulder.

"Not a problem." She turned to go but something on the projection screen caught her attention. "I'm sorry. This must be on an old slide. I can set up the right one for you."

"No," Saxton began, "This is the right one."

"Oh." She didn't want to say much more.

"Why did you say that, May?" Winston asked.

Since Winston opened the door, she might as well come in and take a seat. "The numbers are wrong."

The first slide was of the company's stock price. Since May watched it avidly she knew it like the money had belonged to her. It was apparent by the slide that she definitely knew it better than the person who'd come up with it.

Doug Arnold, the CCO and constant sweater, chuckled. "That's possible. I made this slide last night. I'm sure the numbers have changed since then."

"I'm sure you're right, sir. But that wasn't Crystal Industries stock price last night either. As a matter of fact, our stock price hasn't been that low since last month." She spouted the current stock amount, which got many at the table nodding their heads. When she got an angry glance from Arnold, she decided to make a hasty retreat. "But I'm sure this meeting isn't about stock prices so I'll go."

Winston held her hand, keeping her from leaving the room. "Actually, the whole meeting is about budgets and where we stand as a company. If no one else minds, I would like for her to stay. Seems Maybelline Davenport has a keen eye on this company and its financial future."

Winston pulled out a chair for her, and Maybelline Dorianna Davenport sat in on her first executive meeting. So much for thinking Winston couldn't do anything else wonderful for her. She couldn't stop smiling

\* \* \* \*

May found that what worked for her at her straight, nineto-five job didn't work for her at The Oh Club. Just hours before, she sat in on a very important meeting where her thoughts and ideas were welcomed and even admired. Now getting in her Mistress Mayai costume, she felt silly. What would Winston think if he saw me now, she thought.

Then it hit her. The bracelet. She'd seen something like the one she'd given to Big Slave a couple of nights ago. But was it the same one? Was Big Slave Winston Biggers? One way to find out.

May threw on her wig and mask, not securing it in place with her usual million and one hairpins. She jogged to the backdoor where the clients parked their vehicles. If she found a black Hummer with 'Win Big' on the vanity plates then she would know for sure.

As soon as she reached the hallway to get to the backdoor, Madame Z blocked her path. The woman had a perpetual Mona Lisa smile and immaculate makeup. Although she looked to be in her late-twenties or early-thirties, there was no telling the real age of this entrepreneur.

"Where are you going, Mistress Mayai?" she asked, her voice an even tone.

"I wanted to check something." She couldn't tell Z the truth. Z prided her business on discretion and privacy. No way would she let a client be found out by his mistress.

"If you tell me what it is, I can have one of my guys check it and get back with you."

May shook her head. "It can wait."

"Good. I believe your slave is waiting for you in the blue room. He has been in position for quite some time now, waiting for you." May nodded and retreated. She could find out later if Biggers had been there, after her appointment. She trotted to what Z affectionately called the Blue Room, a room, much like the others but painted and decorated in a dark, cobalt blue color.

She walked into the room. True to Z's word, Big Slave was crouched down in his waiting position. Wearing his leather pants, mask, boots and the bracelet, May stared at him. Could her boss pull off a look like this like this man had? She'd never seen his body although she'd touched it when she hugged him.

May strolled around her crouching submissive. If this was her boss, the man who as of late had been a beacon of light to her career, could she treat him the way she treated him the other night? How could she pinch her boss's nipples?

"Up."

Big Slave raised his head but remained on his knees. His head held high. His back remained rigid like a board. His arms stuck to his sides.

There was only one way to find out for sure if this was Biggers. God help her if she messed this up.

## Chapter 8

"Have you been a good boy and kept the bracelet on at all times?" May asked. She had other questions but she would start with that one.

"Yes, Mistress Mayai." Winston wanted to say more but he would honor the understanding that the mistress would talk and he would only speak when spoken to.

Standing in front of him, May put her hand to her hip. "Give me your right hand."

Winston raised it as instructed.

She held his hand, staring at the adornment trying to figure if the bracelet he wore and the one she saw on Winston were the same. Big Slave extended his fingers and they brushed against her breast.

May dropped his hand and leapt back. The idea that this man could be her boss never left her thoughts. She covered her distress by reverting to her mistress role.

"I told you, Big Slave, you do not touch me unless I tell you. Now you must be punished."

He obediently lowered his head and replied, "Yes, Mistress Mayai."

Winston kept his head down but could hear her stomping away. The squeak of the chair let him know that she'd taken her place at the throne again. He remained still until she instructed him to move.

"Come to me. Crawl." Her voice growled, crunching each word as though they were bones. Winston got on his hands and lumbered toward her, letting her scent lead him. He'd determined since seeing the tattoo on Maybelline's back that she was Mistress Mayai. They could have been two different women but that didn't matter to him. He wanted the fantasy.

Once at her feet, he remained on his hands and knees awaiting her next command.

May stared at him, crouched down at her feet. He wanted her to lead him around, tell him what to do, treat him like crap. Why? Was this Biggers and if it was, why would he want her to treat him like a pet?

Her mind skipped over images. Biggers looking at her over his glasses. Big Slave taking Princess's punishment that first night. Biggers getting her a salad without tomatoes. Big Slave's salty skin when she'd licked him. Winston getting her a new desk and chair. Big Slave's big, ready and waiting cock.

Finally Big Slave brought his gaze up to her. She saw his blue eyes through the slits in the mask.

"Did I do something wrong, Mistress Mayai?" he asked.

His voice. Why hadn't she noticed it before? Was it Biggers's?

"Should I get naked for you, Mistress?"

Her boss naked. Oh God, she couldn't do this. May squirmed in her chair, looking for a way out. "I can't do this right now."

"My mistress is tense," Big Slave said. "I would like to calm her."

Without provocation, he bent down and kissed the toe of her boot through the zippered mouth of his mask. May

stopped moving to watch him. She watched as his tongue extend through the zipper and slide over the shiny, black patent leather toe, up the shaft of the boot to the top. At the top, he licked down the other side of the boot.

May rested her other foot on his thigh. To watch him move his tongue over her boots, although strange, made her feel treasured. Here she had a man willing to do anything for her, would do anything she asked. Why should she feel bad? So what if it was Winston Biggers? Hadn't she always wanted to tell him what to do? Hadn't she dreamed of making him her slave, sexual and otherwise?

May leaned back and spread her legs. The invitation was obvious and Big Slave took the bait. She felt his warm tongue licking her inner thigh, going up to her waiting, throbbing pussy. She heard a zipper releasing. Looking down to see if Big Slave had released his cock or his mouth, she felt relieved to see him rolling his mask up to his nose.

"Take them off," she instructed. If he were smart, he would know what she was talking about.

Sliding his hands up her thighs, Big Slave pulled her panties down, exposing her wet sex. She licked her tongue over her lips. She'd never felt her heart pound the way it hammered now.

"What would my mistress like?" Big Slave asked, his voice lower than before.

"I want you to lick my pussy. Don't stop until I come."

"Yes, Mistress Mayai." His mouth covered her lower lips and she let out a scream, one she'd been holding for more than three years. His hot mouth covered her clit while his hands massaged her inner thighs. When the tip of his tongue circled her clit, her body twitched with each pass.

"Big. Big," she moaned. Although she said her slave's name she thought about Winston. His eyes, his hands, the strong back she'd felt when she'd hugged him, his recent kindness.

His mouth moved down to her pussy opening and he slid his tongue inside of her. She bucked. As much as she wanted to close her legs around his head, she kept them apart, resting one foot on his back and throwing her other leg over the arm of the chair.

Her hardened nipples strained against her leather bra top until the slight pain she'd felt at first now offered her relief, rubbing roughly against the material.

Big Slave sucked one pussy lip into his mouth. She screamed in ecstasy. The incredible feelings built inside of her, heading her to an intense orgasm.

May reached her hand between her legs to push Big Slave's head deeper between her thighs. His tongue dipped back inside of her, moving in and out, making her gyrate her hips, fucking his face.

The tension tightened in her stomach, burning a path down to her vagina until she couldn't take the pleasure anymore. Gripping her hands into fists, she arched her back. She let out a long scream that turned into a wail then simmered down to a satisfied exhalation. May rested back against the chair, her legs unable to move.

"Very good, Big Slave," she said with the last bit of breath she had left. She reached her hand up to wipe her mouth as she kept her eyes closed. When she felt something bulky touching her face, she opened her eyes. In her hand was Big Slave's mask.

Her gaze immediately dropped down between her legs. Staring back at her was Winston Biggers.

"Oh shit!" She dropped the mask, threw her leg over his head and headed to the door. Her heart pounded with each step.

"Wait!" He went after her, catching her at the door.

He reached out to grab her shoulder but ended up getting her blond wig entangled in his fingers. He stopped and pulled the wig and her mask off of her face.

Keeping her back to him, Mistress Mayai attempted to open the door but he slammed it shut.

"So you've seen my face. Am I that unattractive or do you know me?" he asked.

May couldn't answer. "Let me out. You know this room is monitored. If security thinks something is wrong, they'll come in here." She attempted to pull on the knob again but he kept his body against the door.

"Please, look at me."

May kept her head down and hoped that security would come soon. "I can't."

"Why?"

Before she could answer, Biggers had her turned around and pressed her shoulders against the back of the door. His hand held her chin and forced her face up. Once his gaze fell upon hers he backed away from her as though she had a plague. "Oh my God," he murmured.

May wanted to cry.

The door pushed open, thrusting her forward and almost into Winston. Two security guards rushed inside. Their hard gazes scanned the room then settled on the duo.

"Any problems?" one asked.

"We're fine," Winston immediately said.

"Not you." The man pointed into Winston's face. "The lady."

No, May wasn't fine. She'd been caught playing dominatrix with a man she didn't know was her boss until he gave her the best head she'd ever had. How the hell was she supposed to look him in the eyes again? How could she continue her job at Crystal Industries? What he must think of her now?

"We're fine," she finally said when the guards started to approach Winston. She glanced at Winston, he with her wig and mask in his hand. "Our session is over."

Before he could agree or object, she darted from the room. In a span of a second, her world had collapsed around her. How could she go on from here?

## Chapter 9

May. Maybelline Davenport. His May. A dominatrix. Winston let the idea and events roll around in his head as he sat at his desk Monday morning. He had the whole weekend to think about it.

The part that bothered him more than May's part-time work was the fact that he'd admitted to her that he found her, his executive assistant, sexy, that he wanted to fuck her on his desk.

But she had done worse. She'd touched his cock, stroked him until he nearly came. She licked his nipples. Thinking about that now, he brushed his hand down his chest causing his small nipples to pebble up. He had also licked her pussy until she came. He could do that again in a heartbeat.

His tongue snaked over his lips as though he could taste her sweetness again. May's nectar had dripped down out of her pussy and down her thighs like honey from a hive. He smiled as he thought about it and didn't notice May standing in his office until she cleared her throat.

He directed his attention to her and bolted to his feet. "May."

She looked like her old self. In her flowered skirt that went down to her ankles, a white cardigan sweater covering a turtleneck sweater, she looked like a church organist. She'd even colored her hair back to her regular brown color. She still looked sexy to him. "You don't have to stand." She kept her gaze from his as she walked up to his desk. "I came to put in my resignation. I tried to give it to human resources directly but they wouldn't take it. Said something about immediate supervisors getting this first so here."

She threw some paper on his desk and turned back to the door. He couldn't let her go. Running around his desk he cut her off at the door.

"Don't go. We need to talk."

She wouldn't look at him. "There's nothing to talk about."

"Oh I think there's plenty to discuss, don't you think?" He held onto her shoulders but with her head down he only caught a view of her scalp. "Please look at me when I'm talking to you."

She sniffed. "I can't." She put her hands to her face and he imagined she must have been crying. "What you must think of me now."

"If you look at me I can tell you."

What would he say? As her supervisor, he couldn't possibly tell her he found her sexy.

"Please, just let me leave here with some dignity."

"You don't have to go. As far as I'm concerned, what happened at," he thought of his words carefully, "that place will stay there. No one here has to know."

She sniffed and slowly raised her head. When her gaze met his he saw how red her eyes were.

"How am I supposed to get respect if I work at that place and you know it?" Little did she know she had his respect, way before he knew she'd worked at The Oh Club. He raised his hand, ready to wipe away her tears when his door flew open.

"Congrats to you, my man!" Saxton screamed.

May turned her back on the two men to clean her face. "What are you talking about?" Winston asked.

"Man, I thought you read your e-mails religiously. You're about to hit big." Saxton slapped him on the back. "You're going to be moving up. Twenty-fourth floor, baby. Tomlinson just announced his retirement. It won't be long before they make you President of Mergers and Acquisitions."

Winston should have been thrilled. He had other problems weighing on him, mainly May and how she felt. Did she actually think he would think less of her? If anything, he would have thought she would look down on him for going to a place like that, for being treated the way he'd asked to be treated.

"That's great," he said and hitched up a fake smile.

"Yeah, that's right. Keep all that emotion bottled up, my man." Saxton smacked him on his back before leaving.

When the door closed, May finished what she'd intended to say. "Congratulations on your potential promotion. When you move up, you'll get a new assistant and I'll have a new boss. That's the only way I'll stay with the company."

Winston grew tired of this new, sheepish Maybelline. He wanted the woman from a couple of nights ago who demanded that he please her. And, damn it, he would have her again if he had to drag her out of Maybelline kicking and screaming. He grabbed her arm when she made another attempt to leave. This time he caught something. So subtle the change, to a man who wasn't paying attention, who hadn't learned to read and interpret body language like he had, he wouldn't have noticed it. But Win did.

May's gaze dropped down to the floor briefly when he grabbed her, almost like the submissive expression he would give her at The Oh Club. She gasped and drew in her bottom lip into her mouth. Even her breathing pattern increased. Did this turn her on? He would find out.

"When I move up, wherever I go, you're going with me," he began. "As an officer, I get to pick and choose my assistant, and I want you. I have an e-mail prepared to go to human resources about Saxton's statement from the other day. So you can't threaten me about his insult. However, I can get you terminated from this company and ineligible for unemployment benefits by also telling them that you have been moonlighting, which is against company policy."

Maybelline's mouth dropped open. He hated treating her this way. He needed her to stay and he needed her at The Oh Club the way she was last week.

"I can tell H.R. about what you said about me. Wanting to have sex with me here in your office," she said in a hoarse whisper.

"Okay. And when they ask for proof, what are you going to tell them? When did I admit this? Could it have been while you were working your second job? You'll get terminated and I'll be reprimanded because I never actually said it to you here or touched you." "Fine. You win. You have me here. But I'm gone from The Oh Club. There's nothing you can do about that."

She attempted to wriggle her arm free from his grasp but he held onto her tighter and blocked her path with his body, the body she'd seen completely naked. She'd had his nipples in her mouth and his cock in her hand. She couldn't look at him.

His touch weakened her knees. She didn't know if it was the man, the office setting, knowing what he looked like underneath his clothes or the combination but May wanted Win. She wanted him to take her just like in his fantasy, on his desk pounding hard inside of her wet cunt. She'd never known he could be this forceful. Demanding, yes. But not like this, like he owned her. And she didn't know she would be turned on by the idea.

"I want you at both places." His voice dipped so low it rumbled her body. "I need more, May. I need more than three nights a week and you taking dictation."

May shook her head. She felt trapped. "I can't give you anything else."

"But I can."

She finally met his gaze. It was then that she recognized his blue eyes and how they could become dark and heavylidded. This was her Big Slave. She swallowed.

"Name your price at The Oh Club and you have it," he said.

"I just need the bonus here."

"I can't give you that. Not yet. But there, you control me. You have me at your will. Tell me what you want and I'll do it." She shook her head and dropped her gaze to the floor. This no longer felt like a fantasy. It felt forced and wrong.

He closed his door, which got her attention. In the quiet room, she wondered what Winston was thinking.

"But here, you're mine. Whatever I say goes. Understand?"

She waited then nodded. Her heartbeat pounded in her head.

He approached her, crowding her space more than usual. "That means if I want to do this," he cupped her breast and massaged it firmly, "then I will."

She gasped and tried to get out of his grip. Unexpectedly May's body melted to the touch. It was the same thing she'd told him the night she made him touch her tit. Here at work, being fondled through her Sears top and sweater, it felt oh so naughty, but oh so good.

"We can make this work, May," he said in her ear. "I'll be the boss here and you treat me however you want at the club. Is that what you want?"

Unable to speak, she nodded, a response she didn't think she would have made but her body wouldn't allow her to answer in any other way. Her eyes closed as she allowed Winston to circle his thumb around her nipple, now hard from his touch. She opened her eyes to catch him lowering his face to kiss her.

May found the strength to pull back. She broke from his hold and crossed her arms over her chest.

"No kissing," she said. "And if the deal is that you have me here in the day, five days a week, then I want you at the club five nights a week."

"Deal."

"Whatever you pay Madame Z, I want you to pay two thousand more."

He stared at her for a moment before he answered. "Done."

She reached for the doorknob but was halted. Winston touched her arm again in a way that screamed he owned her.

"You haven't heard my demands," he growled.

May was almost afraid to look at him but her gaze gravitated to his.

"Since I have to wear that getup at the club," he leaned in, "or nothing at all—"

May shivered.

"-then I should make some clothing demands here as well. You will stop wearing underwear here."

She wanted to hide the shock on her face but she was sure it came through along with the hitch of her breath. "You can't be serious? There's a big difference between the club and work. That place is discreet. No one knows about it but us."

"Fine. Bra is okay but no panties. New clothes. Old clothes. I don't care."

"This is sexual harassment."

"No, it's not. It's compromise." He crossed his arms over his chest. "You will continue to call me Mr. Biggers in front of colleagues and co-workers but when we're alone I want you to call me Win, understand?" She nodded, too afraid her vocal chords would betray her.

"I will continue to call you Maybelline here at work. You will come to my office every morning, close the door and show me you are without panties. If I find you wearing panties, I will take them off and keep them. Then you will be punished."

She opened her mouth to protest but he cut her off.

"You can wear them that time of the month. I will allow that."

She gritted her teeth and wanted to curse him.

"Pissed off at me?"

She huffed. "Yes."

"Good." He whispered in her ear. "Use that tonight." Then sauntered to his desk.

May took a second to collect her thoughts, breathe, take in all that had just happened. Had Biggers just flipped her game back on her? Here he would be dominant and at The Oh Club, she would dominate him. A switch. That's what Madame Z would have called it. The idea turned her on immensely.

She turned to the door and stopped when she heard Winston's voice.

"Maybelline."

With a deep breath and a bit of power, she compelled her legs to turn her around to face him. "Yes, Mr. Biggers?"

"No." He shook his head. "We're alone. You may call me Win."

She licked her lips. "Yes, Win?"

"Come to me."

Winston watched her walk. He imagined her in those sprayed-on leather pants and her bra-like top at the club. He could see the cat-like sway in her hips. Even when he had the power she ruled over him.

Standing in front of his desk, Maybelline kept her gaze down. She may have demanded that stance at The Oh Club but in his office he wanted to see her chocolaty brown eyes.

"Look at me." He snapped the words and thought she would have jumped.

Instead she rolled her gaze up until it met his. Win stared at her for a moment, taking in this new situation. He had her.

"Come around behind my desk." He noticed she swallowed before she made the trek.

The phone rang and she stopped for a moment as though the person on the other end could see her and knew his intentions. When Win didn't answer it, she continued.

As she moved around, he swung his chair to watch her every step until she stood behind his desk and he faced her. "Closer."

Maybelline took two tentative steps toward him until his legs surrounded her. With each step, each directive, she never broke her gaze. Win's cock throbbed at her inner strength but need to please.

"The new arrangement starts today." His proclamation didn't seem to startle her.

She nodded once. "Yes, Win."

"That means no panties." He touched her legs over her skirt and felt her jump.

"You can't here." Her small voice held fear ... or was that excitement?

"What?" He barked. "Are you telling me no?"

"No, sir. I mean, Win." She broke her gaze long enough to glance at his office door. "What if someone comes in? We could get fired if we're caught."

And at that moment Win realized the lure that got Genterson and Pollick so hot that they had to risk fucking on company property. His heart pounded so hard his hands pulsated with each beat.

Moving closer to her, he let his hands travel down her legs until it reached her hem at her ankles. In that position, his head lowered until he faced her crotch. Taking a deep inhalation, he took in her scent. The sweetness he remembered tasting came through as a strong aroma through her clothes.

"Mmm, smells good," he groaned.

May remained frozen to her spot. As much as she willed her feet to jump back, she couldn't, wouldn't. His hands crept up her skirt and she couldn't stop trembling, anxious for him to get this over with and more anxious to see what he would do next.

His large hands snaked around her calves, squeezing them on their way up to the backs of her thighs. His hands massaged them and generated the warm pool between her legs.

Winston finally reached her panties under her skirt. With a slow, easy tug, he slid them down.

"Oh God, Win," she moaned.

"Sometimes bad feels good, doesn't it?" He smiled. As soon as the panties dropped to the floor so did his smile when his door flew open. Saxton came back inside with a smile that changed to something suspicious as he stared at the duo.

Without missing a beat, Maybelline leaned over his desk to his laptop and said, "If you click right here, it'll bring up this program every time." Meanwhile, at her feet, she skillfully stepped out of her downed panties and kicked them under his desk. "You think you can handle the rest from here or do you need me to show you something else?"

Win stared her at her for a moment and smiled. "No, I think that'll be all for now."

Saxton held up his hands before May could make her escape. "Whoa. Hold on there, little lady. While you're busy showing him whatever it is on his computer, you just missed out on an important call."

Maybelline glanced at him as though with her eyes she'd said, "I told you so."

"You have two weeks to come up with the projected yearend presentation. This is it, buddy. The big time. You know if you ace this, you'll have that job." Saxton turned to the door then swung around. "And since they want the financial report as part of it, I guess you'll have your, um, assistant to help you with it so you two can do your dog-and-pony show for the bigwigs." Then he closed the door.

May let out a breath that she'd held as soon as the door opened. "That was close." She glanced at Winston who bolted to his feet.

"Sit." He pointed to his chair.

"What?" She furrowed her eyebrows.

No way could he still want to keep playing with his door unlocked and anyone being able to walk in at a moment's notice. She'd been quick on her feet to think of the plan to play with his laptop when Saxton walked in. Thankfully the man didn't bother to come around behind Winston's desk. Not only because of her panties on the floor but because Winston's computer wasn't even turned on yet.

"I told you to sit in my chair. I don't want to hear any disagreements, understand?" His strong voice commanded her attention and every nerve in her body.

"Yes, Win." She sat down.

To her surprise, Winston lowered himself to his knees then made his way under his massive desk. He forced her legs open. Not a big feat considering what she wanted him to do.

Her body tingled until she felt like a lit-up Christmas tree. He slid her skirt up to her waist. She aided him by raising up to get the fabric over her hips.

"If anyone comes in—"

She cut him off. "I know. Get rid of them."

"No." He gripped her thighs. "Stall them. Keep them talking. As I'm licking your pussy I want you to give your full attention to whoever walks in and don't come."

Before she could answer, he pulled her forward in the chair and covered her throbbing pussy with his hot mouth. She shrieked and hoped to God that no one came into Win's office.

His tongue darted inside of her, deep, probing until her body reacted. She ground her hips, moving back and forth. She wanted to do more. She wanted him. For now, just like with everything else in her life, she would be happy with this.

It was the reason she didn't want to kiss him. She knew if her lips touched his that she would be head over heels for the man. And she didn't want to end up like the other women in his life, like Courtney. Dumped.

When his mouth moved up to her clit, May couldn't stifle her scream. That seemed to egg him on more as he licked and sucked her hardened nub as though he owned it. Then May surmised that from eight in the morning to five in the afternoon, Winston Biggers did own her clit and her pussy and whatever else he wanted. After hours though, he would be hers.

Without warning, Winston allowed his finger to dive into her vagina while his mouth still remained on her clit.

May screamed and slammed her hands on his desk. The explosive orgasm that hit her shook her body as his finger moved in and out of her in a smooth and steady motion. He didn't stop until her body relaxed, easing back into his highback chair like she belonged in it and this office. Would every day be like this?

Winston pushed the chair back and rose to his feet. A satisfied smile covered his smug expression as he ducked into his private bathroom.

May heard him wash his hands then brush his teeth. When she felt like her legs would adequately support her body, she took a chance and stood. She sauntered to his bathroom and leaned against the doorframe. With a couple of swishes with a green, minty mouthwash, Winston spat it in the sink and said, "Can't very well talk to the president of the company with pussy breath, can I?"

May couldn't help but smile at his candor. "Can I freshen up?" Assuming he would say yes, she took a step into his bathroom.

Instead he halted her with his hand on her shoulder. "Ladies bathroom is down the hall." His brusque manner seemed indifferent from the man who had just been under his desk moments ago giving her the ultimate wake-up call.

She wanted to question him but knew he was serious. She turned on her heel and headed to the door, glad that her legs let her stomp her obvious anger.

"And Maybelline," Winston said as soon as she reached the door.

She turned to him, her face carried a blank expression.

"You came. I told you not to. You will be punished. Plan on being in my office at lunch."

## Chapter 10

As much as she hated to admit it, May couldn't wait until lunch. Her leg bounced under her new desk each minute that clicked by on her computer. She couldn't image what Win would do to her as a punishment.

She knew what she'd done to him. The nipple clamps. Surely he wouldn't ... No, he just came up with this plan today. It wasn't like he'd been planning to play the dominant role, or had he?

Then she thought about him leaving shortly after their morning meeting. He could have gone to the store. May was in the copy room when he'd returned so she didn't see if he came back with anything.

Glancing at her watch for the fifth time in less than a minute, she jumped when she heard him call her name. Usually she hated to hear him beckon for her. This time, she eagerly waited.

Rising to her feet, May headed to his door when she heard another voice.

"Hey, May," another executive assistant on that floor began. "We're going downstairs to that new Chinese place for lunch. Want to join us?"

May split her attention from the woman to Win's office door. When he called for her again, she fought to keep the smile from her face. He wanted her.

"Nah, Anna. As you can see, duty calls. I'm sure I'll be working through lunch." May offered a smile to her colleague. "Okay. Just don't let that blowhard keep you from eating. And don't let him overwork you." Anna swept by the office just as May ducked into Win's office.

She stood by the door waiting for his next command.

"Shut the door but don't lock it." Win sat proudly behind his desk as he watched her. From the waist up, she saw he wore a crisp, white shirt with his initials sewn into the cuffs and a red, power tie.

May closed the door and suppressed the urge to lock it. She had a feeling that just like before anyone could walk into his office. And just like before, Win would do something that would knock her socks off.

She turned back to him and was about to walk toward his desk when he commanded her to stop.

"Take off your clothes," he said.

May's eyes got wide. Win had been thinking about what he wanted to do with May all day. The idea that he had this woman at his command during the day made him feel drunk with hedonistic powers.

"I can't do that here, uh, Win," she began. "What if someone comes in?"

He sighed and shook his head. "I thought we had this argument before." He stood, strolled to her with that arrogant gait that angered and titillated her, then meandered around her like a maypole.

"So delicate," he said. Then he stood in front of her and grabbed her chin. "And yet so rough." He moved his face to the side of hers and whispered in a gravelly voice, "Is that how you like it, May? You like it rough?" She swallowed. "I can take as good as I give."

He rolled an obscene laugh that germinated from his diaphragm. "We'll see." Taking her hand, he pulled her to his private bathroom.

It was all May could do to keep from tripping behind his long-legged strides. Once inside, he let her go and leaned against the sink. Win's large bathroom held more than the traditional toilet and sink. He also had a small shower stall in case his workouts in the building got to be too rigorous. With blue ceramic tiles on the floor and white walls, the room looked like cloud-filled sky.

"Better? Now take off your clothes." He folded his arms. "If I have to tell you again, you will not like the consequences."

From the harshness in his tone, May decided not to push her luck. Still, the prospect of being at this man's whim turned her on immensely.

She removed her sweater and looked around for a place to put it. Win nodded his head toward a bar by the shower stall with three wooden hangers dangling from it. She hung each piece on the racks carefully. When she got to her skirt, she took a deep breath before dropping it. The cool breeze that had swept up under her skirt during the day had given her a constant reminder that she was without panties. Reaching behind her, she unclasped her bra and let the straps slip down her shoulders. With all of her clothing off and properly hung, May kept her gaze down to the floor waiting for Win's next request.

Her knees shook and her body felt like it wasn't her own. Her body was nothing like his perfectly sculpted body. Her breasts were full and heavy. Her ass was too big. And her thighs too thick. What in the world did he see in her?

Win licked his tongue over his lips. Damn, she was gorgeous, in and out of clothes. Perfect tits, long legs, great ass. It was all he could do to keep from jumping on her right there and then. He would have never guessed she would get out of her clothes this easily.

"Look at me," he demanded.

She let her gaze travel up his body until it settled on his. "Show me your body. I want to see what I'm getting."

With a slow turn, May pivoted. He took her in, from her smooth shoulders to her strong back down to that firm ass of hers and her legs. He even wanted to suck on her toes. Maybe she would have him do that at the club. When her show ended, she faced him again, her arms dangling at her sides.

"You came this morning after I told you not to. Why?" he asked. He wanted to hear her say how good he'd made her feel. As it was, just looking at her made his dick come alive.

"I liked it," she mumbled.

Win leaned in close and caught a whiff of her excitement. It sort of smelled like her usual wildflower scent, her sex with a hint of vanilla. "What was that?"

She took a deep breath and replied. "I liked it. I liked the way your tongue felt inside of me. I loved it when you finger fucked me. I would have came as soon as your lips touched my clit but I held out." Win wanted to come now just listening to her recount how she felt. His cock threatened to burst from his slacks but this time he let the bulge show instead of covering it up.

"But you didn't hold out. You came." He stormed to her, a move that made her stumble back but she never broke her gaze. Grabbing her wrists, he positioned them over her head. He held her wrists together in one hand then reached into his back pocket. From it, he retrieved a novelty pair of handcuffs, courtesy of the sex shop down the street, the one all of his colleagues talked about going to but they never said what it was they purchased.

Throwing the chain over the shower curtain rod, he handcuffed her to it. Taking two steps back, he observed his handiwork. Maybelline's firm breasts looked even more tantalizing with her arms in the air. Her flat stomach pulled his gaze down to her smooth pussy. He wondered if she kept it smooth regularly or if it was a part of her new, updated look.

She balled her toes on the floor. Must have been cold. No matter. He would warm her up shortly.

Standing directly in front of her, he gave her a pensive look. It tortured May. She never imagined that she would have gotten naked for her boss, not in his office. And to have him look so closely at her body, to have that same heavylidded look with his cock straining against his pants, made her wet beyond belief. She could almost feel it running down between her legs.

She took notice on how long his gaze lingered at her newly shorn vagina, courtesy of All About You Boutique. They had told her it was the latest trend. Guaranteed to drive your man wild, they'd professed. From Win's expression, May knew she hadn't given them a big enough tip for the favor they'd done for her.

Win leaned down, his lips hovering over hers until she jerked her head away. With her head turned to the side, he grazed his lips over her ear and murmured, "No kissing. I remembered." Then he let his lips trail down the side of her face and to her neck.

She couldn't stop the moan that coursed through her lips if she tried. The cool floor coupled with the cold metal of the handcuffs did a small part in dropping her increasing body temperature.

Win kissed, licked and sucked his way around her neck, giving her the most erotic necklace she'd ever had. Her skin prickled until goose bumps formed. Each time his tongue dragged across her overly sensitive flesh, it was like he was laving a million and one hardened nipples until his mouth eventually dipped down to her breast.

"Oh, Win!" she screamed then clamped her mouth shut.

He lowered himself to his knees. "No, say it. If it feels good, then I want to hear you." He held one breast as he stared at her. "Just don't come." He winked before he covered her other breast with his mouth.

Her body shook as his hot tongue circled her petrified nipple. May wanted to touch him. She started to bring her arms down to run her fingers through his hair but received a fast reminder of her current bound state. Handcuffs. May would have never guessed the man had it in him to handcuff her. But so far what he was doing wasn't punishment.

Win's mouth and hand alternated position, sucking one tit while fondling the other. That moment May was thankful to be handcuffed because her knees buckled and she would have collapsed to the floor.

Win felt Maybelline's body go soft then tremble then turn rigid all in a matter of seconds. When he glanced up to catch her expression, she had her eyes closed and rolled it back and forth. The image alone made his pulse race. He wanted her so badly his body ached, like she was the needed drug to get him through a rocky night.

Raising himself to his feet, Win removed his hand from her body and stared at her face until she brought it forward again and opened her eyes. She was breathing heavily. Panting was more like it. He had her. But then again, she had him too. She could have snapped her fingers and told him to fuck her and he would have, in a New York minute.

Win began unbuttoning his shirt then his cuffs.

"What are you doing?" she asked. But she didn't sound nervous or afraid. It was as though she wanted to be prepared. She wanted to get what she had been anticipating. At least that's what Win had hoped.

Instead of answering her, he smiled and hung his shirt next to her clothes. Clad in only a t-shirt and his slacks, Win stood nose-to-nose with May. He closed his eyes and inhaled deeply. May suspected he was taking in her scent the way she'd been collecting sensual memories of her own. She would always remember the clean, musky aroma from his cologne. She would never forget hearing the constant drip in his sink. That noise would forever turn her on, that and the way the chain from her handcuffs hissed along the shower rod. And Win's stare would forever be burned in her brain.

Win rubbed the pad of his thumb against her lower lip. She thought for a moment that his thumb felt rough, almost calloused. So, Winston Biggers had labored at some point in his life. May allowed her tongue to peek through her lips and let his thumb graze against it.

Winston slid his hand over her cheek and down her neck. Smooth. So smooth like touching velvet or a rose petal. His fingertips cascaded over the side of her breast, careful not to touch them again. He had to remember that Maybelline was supposed to be punished although he was finding it hard to follow through on that. When his hand touched her stomach, he felt her flinch. Her breath caught momentarily until he dipped his finger between her doused pussy lips. Then she cried out.

Win rubbed the pads of his fingers back and forth over her hardened nub. May spread her legs wide to accommodate him.

"Tell me what you want, May." he growled. "You want my fingers to do what I did this morning?"

She nodded her head.

"Say it," he demanded.

"Yes. Yes, Win," she followed as though she knew he would have asked her to say it. "Finger fuck me. Please, I need it." He slid his middle finger inside of her but held it there as she mounted on the balls of her feet. Instead of bringing her to that sweet orgasm, he withdrew his finger, stepped back from her and turned to his sink.

Maybelline didn't scream. She yowled. She cried out for him. "What are you doing?"

Winston dried his hands. In a methodical manner, he slipped on his shirt and buttoned it slowly as he watched Maybelline writhing in his shower stall. Her dark areolas and hard nipples bounced as she moved.

Once he tied his tie he returned to her. "You're being punished, remember?" He moved his hand behind her and gave her a hard smack on her ass.

Maybelline jumped and let out a yelp but didn't object. Winston could get used to this.

"You're going to stay here, locked up until your lunch break is over or until the end of the day. I haven't decided which yet."

She furrowed her eyebrows and jumped back and forth from one foot to the other. "You can't do that. I have work to do. And I'm starving."

"Eating is done on your own time." In a move reminiscent of what she'd done to him as Mistress Mayai, he licked his tongue over her full bottom lip. He wanted so much to kiss her, dive his tongue into her mouth and claim her. But he respected her boundaries. Besides he was hoping that one day she'd want to kiss him. "Win, please. You can't leave me in here naked and chained to your shower." She splayed her fingers above her head. "What if someone comes in here?"

"I'll keep the door closed."

"What if someone is looking for me?"

"I'll tell them you're in the copy room or running an errand for me."

"My arms are getting tired."

He licked her upper lip then said by her ear, "Then I guess you'll have plenty for your slave to do for you tonight."

With that he walked out of the bathroom. Before he closed the door, he could have sworn he heard her calling him an asshole. Even that turned him on.

## Chapter 11

"You cock-sucking, son-of-a-bitch!" May stomped around the kneeling Winston Biggers who right now was being Big Slave.

After being chained up like a lab monkey for two hours today, she had plenty of anger to vent. She'd barely spoken to him when he finally came to undo her handcuffs. She'd heard Anna coming to the office looking for her. Winston lied and said she'd been running his errands and would be back later. He'd even inked some deals while she stood chained in his bathroom completely naked and vulnerable.

She wanted so badly to start screaming just to get him in trouble. Deep down, she'd enjoyed the treatment. Winston had done what she'd fantasized about: he made her his property. Even that smack on her ass that he so forcefully gave her still made her shiver.

Once she got to The Oh Club, May was ready to inflict some pain and humiliation of her own. Clad in a skirt and strapless leather bustier, May opted to go without the wig although she continued to wear a mask, as did Winston. With thigh-high boots on, she stood in front of him.

"You no good bastard!" she said.

"My mistress is upset," he said, still in the kneeling position.

"Don't talk! I didn't instruct you to talk, did I?" "No, Mistress Mayai." May hunched her shoulders and rolled them back and forth to make them feel somewhat better. It didn't. The burning sensation she'd experienced that afternoon lingered.

Storming to the padded platform, she plopped herself on her stomach. Then she glared at Winston, her Big Slave.

"Up."

Like a trained circus bear, he eased up to his knees then rose to his feet. Just looking at his body gave her a tingling sensation all over, especially between her legs. She would have fun treating him like the piece of property the way he'd treated her.

Bastard.

"Come here."

He sauntered to her. She could almost see his shit-eating smile under the mask. She would make him pay for the treatment he'd put her through that day.

"I need you to rub my shoulders and back. Don't stop until I tell you to."

Winston lowered his hands to touch her shoulder when she stopped him.

"What are you doing, dumb ass? Go to the bathroom and get the lotion."

"Yes, Mistress Mayai." He strolled to the bathroom in his usual confident gait.

May would have to break him. He deserved that and more. When Win returned with a bottle in his hand, May thought of other punishments. "Stop," she barked.

He did so about a foot away from her head.

She thought about this carefully, took a deep breath then said, "Take off your clothes. Now!"

"Yes, Mistress Mayai." Big Slave, Win, set the lotion next to her, casually letting his fingers brush against her shoulder when he withdrew.

The touch sent an automatic shiver through her body. She refused to let him get to her. He would be punished for that touch. A good punishment, one that she would enjoy as well.

Once completely naked, Win stood in front of her for a while. She heard him breathing heavily through his mask as his thick cock made a slow ascent. She turned her head to the side to keep from ogling at his impressive member.

"Big Slave, rub my shoulders and my back." Her voice broke when she said 'back' and she tried covering it by clearing her throat. "I'll tell you when to stop."

"Yes, Mistress Mayai." The growl he emanated caused a current to flow from her cunt. Damn, this man was hot and waiting and wanting to do whatever she told him to do.

A cold dollop of coconut-scented lotion fell onto her back right between her shoulder blades. The sensation released a small cry from May and a slight jump.

"Unhook my bustier, Slave," she said to regain control of the situation. "I don't want you getting lotion on my clothing."

"Yes, Mistress Mayai." His fingers worked the clasp expertly, managing to open the back in a matter of seconds. Even with it in her ex-boyfriend's face, the man couldn't take her bra off in less than a two-minute time frame.

As soon as Win pressed his long, strong fingers into her skin, May released a low moan. These were the same fingers that brought her to orgasm that morning. Had that been a dream? Did she really promise to be his office sex slave at work as long as he was her slave at the club? It all seemed impossible and improbable. But here they were. Win completely naked except for her bracelet and his mask. She, topless with her hard nipples pressing against the platform.

She remained quiet during his intense massage session. Win didn't have to wonder whether she liked what he was doing to her body. Her moans answered him loud and clear.

He concentrated on her shoulders that he knew had to be sore from her holding her arms above her head for several hours. Her smooth skin felt heavenly to touch. Each time he kneaded her flesh, his stiff dick throbbed.

His hands moved down to her bare back where he stayed for about fifteen minutes. It was apparent that his punishment would be to work her back and shoulders until his hands became numb. He would do whatever made Maybelline happy.

He gave the same massage treatment to her lower back right above her voluptuous ass. He wanted so much to touch it again, palm it, spread her firm cheeks apart so that he can dip his tongue between them. He lost himself in the fantasy until Maybelline did something that surprised him. She turned over.

On her back, she slipped her top off and tossed it on the floor. Win's gaze trained on her luscious tits that he wanted so much to suck and massage. Was that what she wanted him to do? His gaze moved up to her face. Behind her mask he tried reading her eyes. She appeared in control although a bit tentative.

"I didn't tell you to stop," she said. "Rub my shoulders and my arms."

Thank goodness Win had a mask on. He needed something to hide his smile. "Yes, Mistress." He stood behind her head and ground his fingers into her shoulders. "Hard day, Mistress Mayai?" he asked hoping she would reveal what she wanted or what she thought of how he'd treated her earlier.

"I didn't tell you to speak, did I?" she shot back.

"No, Mistress."

She waited a beat before responding, "My asshole of a boss treated me rough today."

Win stopped for a moment when she'd called him an asshole. He had to remind himself that she wasn't talking about him. Right now he was Big Slave. During the day he would be Winston Biggers, asshole boss.

He continued rubbing her shoulders then moved down one arm. Unsure if she wanted a response, he remained quiet.

"So since I've had a shit day, you will too."

He caressed her arm down to her delicate fingers. "Yes, Mistress Mayai." He set her hand down and strolled around the platform to the other side to work on her other arm. When would she ask that he work on her breasts? He wanted to crawl up a wall just looking at them.

She must have caught him staring at her impressive chest because she asked, "You want to touch my tits, don't you?"

He took no time in responding, "Oh yes, Mistress!"

She shrugged away from his nimble hands. "That'll be part of your punishment. You can look but you can't touch."

He lowered his head, feeling deflated although his cock still stood at rigid attention. "Part, Mistress?" He didn't miss the implication that there would be more of his punishment from today still coming.

"Yes. I'm glad you caught that." She propped her upper body on her elbows. "Go to the end of the table."

Obediently he stood at her feet awaiting her next command.

"Now, masturbate for me."

Without hesitation, Win wrapped his fingers around his shaft and moved it up and down, slow at first. But the more he looked at Maybelline's tits and thought about how he wanted them in his mouth and hands he went faster. His body trembled as he felt his hot jism collecting in his balls, waiting for a release.

A stream of sweat rolled down his back. He felt each hair that the sweat hit on its trek down his tightly wound body.

"Big Slave?" Maybelline began as she, in a cat-like motion, crawled to the end of the table and sat in front of him.

"Yes, Mistress?" he asked between gritted teeth.

"Don't ... fucking ... come." She spaced the words out for a dramatic effect.

Win slowed down his pumping motion, not wanting to come all over her thighs ... not yet at least. Then he felt her hand on his that held his straining penis.

"Oh no. You're going to keep it up. Faster." She forcefully moved his hand.

That alone made him want to shoot his wad all over her.

"I want you to think about how you've treated your fucking secretary today. Isn't that what you called her? Your secretary?"

Win leaned his head back as he pumped his throbbing shaft. "Yes, Mistress." His back tensed the more he pleasured himself. His heavy panting burned his lungs. On unsteady legs, he took a step forward and braced one hand on the platform, touching Maybelline's leg on the way down.

"Stand up straight!" She screamed but didn't move away. "I didn't say you could..."

"May," he began.

She slammed her lips shut.

"I," he continued, "come?"

She swallowed. The softness of her eyes belied the outfit and her staunch stance. Hopping from the platform, she put her hands to her hips and paced the room.

"No," Maybelline finally said. "On the table. Now!"

Torn between emotions, Win wanted so much to give himself the relief he so desperately needed. He had pushed her limits that morning. He'd wanted her this raw, this angry, this emotional. The punishment she doled out now he'd earned.

After two solid pumps, Win let himself go and approached the table. He positioned himself on his back, eyes open and arms down by his side although his hard-on wouldn't be going down any time soon. He felt it occasionally hovering over his torso, only touching his flesh in the inhalations. When he felt the now familiar trappings of the ankle and wrist restraints, his erection sprang to attention. Who knew his nice, sweet Maybelline Davenport could have this type of freakiness inside of her? He wanted more. His body craved her, all of her.

When he felt her straddling his body, he peered down. Still topless, his eyes widened not at the sight of her bare breasts but instead at the lit candle in her hand.

The burgundy-colored candle looked huge in her tiny hand. Her fingers barely made it around the width of the candle as she held it above his chest.

"Three fucking hours," she began in a low whisper. Then she tilted her hand and let two searing wax droplets fall onto his chest.

The immediate sensation made him twitch. The wax burned his skin but then cooled until the feeling made his body come alive. Pain and pleasure all rolled together until his sac tightened, ready for a release. With Maybelline over his genitals and her breasts over his face, eruption would be eminent.

"Bad boys deserve to be punished, don't you think?" she asked then poured five more hot melted wax droplets on his bare chest.

Win never thought pain could be this pleasurable. "Yes, Mistress Mayai."

She set the candle next to his head, eased down his body, purposely pressing her sex against his, then with her thumbnail, scraped a spot of dried wax from around his nipple. Win tensed and flinched a few times at her not-sogentle way of removing the candle droppings. Putting her mouth on the spot, he let out a cry that he knew everyone in the whole building heard. The restraints held him down. He moved his legs up but only managed to have the same frustrating result with the ankle shackles.

Maybelline kissed up his neck, licked her tongue over his bottom lip then kissed toward his ear.

While her face was next to his, he whispered, "More. I need more."

She bolted upright and scanned her gaze around the room. "This session is over." She hopped off of him. Just like the time before, she unlocked his ankles and one wrist then placed the key into his freed hand.

After picking up her top from the floor, she covered her chest and bolted from the room.

"Wait!" Win called after her.

May didn't stop to hear what he wanted to say. She knew exactly what he meant by saying he wanted more. So did she. She imagined him fucking her the way he described. That type of relationship wasn't possible.

Before she hit the dressing room, Madame Z appeared at the door as though she'd been waiting for May to arrive.

"Madame Z, good to see you." Small talk seemed pointless with this woman, but May didn't know what to say to her.

"We need to talk." Z opened the dressing room door as a way of signaling May to go inside.

May did so, and got dressed, while being sure to keep her back to Madame Z. Not that she was shy or modest. She had a feeling that Madame Z would be reading her every expression.

"I watched your session tonight," the woman began. "You're really getting into your role. I like that."

May heard a 'but' coming but played along that this would be a good conversation. "Thank you, Madame Z. I'm taking your advice. Owning my sexuality. It's great."

"One thing that kind of puzzles me though." Z took a seat on the leather sofa. It moaned as she sat and stopped when she settled herself. "Why did you punish him? He was on time. He was in position when you arrived to the room. So why treat him so horribly?"

May stopped dressing for a moment and cleared her throat. "What do you mean?" She kept her back still to Z as she slipped on her bra and top.

"Withholding his orgasm. Making him massage you for a pretty long time. The wax. I'm sure he enjoyed all of those treatments. But I just didn't understand where it all came from."

"Oh, well he'd touched me earlier. He had to be punished for that." May hoped Z wouldn't remember when he'd touched her. She had a feeling this line of questioning would not lead to something good.

As May pulled her skirt on, she heard the crinkle of the leather. She assumed Z was on the move again, a speculation confirmed when the woman stood next to her. Her perfume circled her like a windstorm. The strong, musky scent almost seemed too masculine for the woman to wear but it suited her. "As long as that's the reason and nothing else."

May glanced at Z and nodded with a smile. "Of course."

"Certainly you don't know this man outside of the club, right?"

May kept the smile on her face but didn't answer.

Z continued. "I don't care what you do outside of my club. But don't bring it in here. Understand? It's rare that I let people in my world, May."

May trembled when Madame Z used her real name instead of calling her Mistress Mayai as usual.

"Don't destroy that trust. And don't be a fool. If I even suspect that something is going on between you and your client, I'll have you out of here so fast your ass will hit the street before your feet."

May nodded but felt a cold shiver going up her spine at Z's words.

Z started toward the door then stopped once she touched the knob. "Whatever you're doing to him, he must like. Never seen a client pay so much to have one woman's attention." With that, she disappeared.

May gathered her clothes. Whatever she and Winston had here had to stop. If Madame Z started putting two and two together, it wouldn't be long before they were found out. May would lose her job there and depending on how angry Madame Z would be if she found out, she could lose her job at Crystal Industries. Was Winston worth it?

May bolted from the building to her car. Madame Z had employees park on one side of the building. Clients parked on the other side, so that the two would not see each other. Good plan. If she saw Winston right now, she wouldn't know what to say or do.

He had her flustered at his quiet declaration. "I want more." She did too. She wanted to fuck him. Make love to him. Hold him. Kiss him. Kissing him would be a death wish. If she lost her heart to Winston Biggers, her fate would be the same as his past girlfriends, out the door in a matter of months. She didn't want to be a notch in his headboard or a statistic.

May pulled up to her apartment building. Her mind swam with thoughts and images. Winston in his getup. Winston naked. Licking his body. Feeling his penis. His hands on her body. Madame Z's words. Her world felt so out of control.

Before she touched the doorknob to the main door to her apartment building, she heard a voice.

"May!"

Turning, she found Winston on her front steps.

## Chapter 12

Winston didn't know why he had to follow Maybelline home. As he waited in his Hummer, he knew there would be no way he could end the night without that woman in his bed. Standing on her front porch, staring into her frightened but expectant eyes, he wondered what she must think of him now.

"You can't be here," she said.

His heart sank but she made no move to leave.

"My grandmother is inside. She spends the night sometimes." She lowered her voice as though at one o'clock in the morning, her grandmother would be awake and about to hear her.

"Then we won't go in." He took a step closer to her.

She cast her gaze downward. "What are you doing here? Why did you follow me?"

Win put his hand to her cheek. She flinched before his palm touched her face, but soon settled into the warm gesture.

"When I said I needed more, that's exactly what I meant." He stroked her soft skin with the pad of his thumb.

When she lowered her eyelids and nuzzled her face into his hand, he knew he had her. Then she widened her eyes and pulled away from him.

"You have to go. Madame Z suspects that we know each other. She'll—"

Before she could finish her thought, Win grabbed her. With his arms around her waist, she tried pushing off of him with her hands on his shoulders. Eventually her legs snaked around his body in submission and her arms went around his shoulders so that her chin rested on the side of his neck.

"This is crazy," she said as he carried her across the street to his truck. "We could get into trouble."

He opened the passenger door and deposited her into the seat. "I'm already in trouble." After slamming the door, he ran over to his side, hoping beyond hope that she wouldn't bolt from her side and leave him hanging.

She didn't.

When he got inside and started the truck, he gazed at her. May sucked in her bottom lip.

"God help us." Win took off for home.

Although the trip from May's place in Norfolk to Winston's house in Virginia Beach took all of twenty minutes, to Win it felt longer. He'd made occasional glances to Maybelline, whose expressions went from excited to frightened to expectant to confused during the trip. He wanted so much to hold her hand. But he wasn't sure if she would want that. Would she even want him when they got to his house?

Winston pulled into his garage. Was the door always this slow? He drummed his fingertips on the steering wheel, waiting for enough clearance to get his hulking vehicle through.

"Big house," Maybelline said.

Win sank into his seat feeling a little relaxed now that Maybelline spoke. He didn't wait for the garage door to close completely before he got out and ran around to her side. He opened her door and helped her out.

"It can be really lonely." He unlocked and opened the door that went through the kitchen.

Gazing around the large, darkened kitchen, May's mouth hung open at the opulence. Shiny, silvery appliances. Tiled floors. Marble counters. She wondered what the rest of his house looked like.

Before she could inquire about a tour, she felt his arm around her waist. His lips pressed against the nape of her neck.

"Win." She wanted the statement to come out more authoritative. Instead it sounded like a whispered moan. She put her hand on top of his and held her body up by planting her other hand on the counter. The cool marble did little to lower her body temperature.

"Wait." She turned in his arm to face him. "You have me at work. After work you're mine."

Win cocked up a smile on the side of his mouth. "No. At work you're mine. At The Oh Club I'm yours. At my house, it's my rules."

"Hardly seems fair."

He threw his keys on the counter and like before when he ambushed her at her apartment, he lifted her in his arms, wrapping her legs around his body and cradling her butt in his hands.

"It hasn't been fair for me not to come all of this time, but I was under your command." "Just like it wasn't fair to have me locked up in your bathroom all day."

His hand roughly cupped her tit through her sweater as he carried her to the living room, stopping at the foot of the stairs. Her head swooned at the treatment.

"I'll more than make up for it."

May wanted to open her eyes and take in Win's home. Her body yielded to him. She clutched him so hard, legs tightly wound, arms about his shoulders, face buried into his neck until all she could inhale was his sexy scent, that all her thoughts consisted of Win. Nothing more. Nothing less.

Her lips touched his neck.

"What do you expect to do with me here?" she asked.

Win knew a leading line when he was fed one. Knowing what type of man she wanted and what he wanted to do with her, he more than obliged. He set her down on the floor. Instead of telling her his desires, he put his hands on her shoulders and with a gentle push eased her down to her knees in front of him.

He kept staring into her eyes, looking for resistance. She offered none, obliging to the kneeling position while gazing back as though he truly was her master, the same look he must have given her time and time again at The Oh Club.

Without prompting, she undid his pants and belt, letting them fall to the floor and pool around his expensive shoes. After easing down his jockey boxers, she gazed at his erection, waving in her face, as though it was a thing of beauty, a museum exhibit of sorts. Her look, that stare, made more blood pump into his lower extremities until it drove him crazy.

As her hands rested on his hips, she leaned forward and kissed the tip. A rumbling moan floated from him until he had to lean his head back and close his eyes. Maybelline's tongue circled the bulbous tip, laving it in a savoring, teasing manner.

"Touch it. Hold it," Win said.

Her hand wrapped around the base as her other cupped his tightening balls. To steady himself, he braced one hand against the foyer wall. The other hand sought the back of her head. Her soft curls made his fingers want to comb through it, rest on top, fist it.

As though she'd done it before, Maybelline licked her tongue along the underside of his hardened penis. She slid her tongue underneath his balls. She knew exactly how to turn him on.

When her hot mouth slid down midway on his shaft, Win felt his body go nearly boneless. Wanting so much to see just what he had been fantasizing about since the first day Maybelline started working for him, he peered down. To see her full lips wrapped around his cock nearly made him come in her mouth. He gritted his teeth as a way prevent his eventual eruption. His first orgasm he wanted to be deep inside of her folds.

She moaned. The vibration transformed his mind to mush. When her mouth went down to the hilt of his shaft, he trembled. Her speed increased just as he pumped his hips, fucking her mouth. Her skilled tongue snaked around his shaft as though memorizing every bump, every crease, every ridge. Maybelline Davenport amazed him.

Just before he wanted to come in her moist mouth, he pulled back. "Damn, that was better than I ever imagined."

Sitting back on her haunches, she smiled. The feeling couldn't end there. Win crouched next to her and lifted her into his arms.

"Win!" she squealed as he attempted to walk with his pants around his ankles.

"Condoms are upstairs."

He attempted to take the steps but nearly tripped a few times on his trousers. He finally stepped his foot out of one leg, leaving his shoe behind and did the same for the other. Finally at his bedroom, she heard him groan as he kicked open his door with such a force it made her flinch.

Win set her on her feet then took a second to gaze at her after he flipped on the light.

In desperation, she clawed at his shirt, ripping off buttons and sending them flying across the room. He pulled her skirt down then yanked her top over her head.

May didn't care where her clothes landed. She wanted to feel him on top of her, inside her, possessing her senses, her pleasure. Having his cock in her mouth didn't feel strange. She wanted it there. She wanted to please him. To feel his hardness against her tongue and listen to him moan made her wet.

It was then she realized the true exchange of power. Even when she'd dominated him at The Oh Club, she pleased him. And when he dominated her at work, he made her happy. She would have felt guilty about the blowjob, but Winston had already admitted before she knew who he was and before he realized who she was at The Oh Club that he no longer had a girlfriend. So, he and Courtney broke up. Big shock.

Once she was naked, Winston stopped and stared at her sitting on his bed.

"What?" she asked.

But, he said nothing. He just looked at her body as though it was the first time he'd seen it. Maybe he was amazed at seeing her naked in his house, on his bed.

Reaching into the nightstand drawer, he pulled out a string of wrapped condoms. Instead of opening one of the packages and sliding one on, he handed it to her.

"Put one on me."

Obediently, she unwrapped the thin membrane and sheathed him, sliding it all the way down over his impressive hardness. She prepared to lie back on the bed when he took her hand and brought her to her feet. Taking her to his dresser with a large mirror behind it, he placed her hands on it and brought her legs back and apart so that she was bending over.

In a teasing fashion, he slid the head up and down over her wet nether lips. She pushed herself back to get him inside of her but he held onto her waist, keeping her in her position. Rubbing it against her clit, she moaned. He brought the tip up to her opening and with the easiness of a skilled surgeon, he slid himself inside to only halfway.

"Win, please," she cried.

"Yes, Maybelline. Tell me what you want. Say it."

She could tell he spoke through gritted teeth.

"Fuck me, Win. I need to feel you inside of me."

As soon as she said the words, he pushed himself inside of her to the hilt. Her body writhed against his. She squeezed her eyelids shut as she suppressed the urge to have an immediate orgasm from the entry.

Holding onto her hips, he made long, slow thrusts. This man knew how to pleasure her, how to own her body. Her fingernails clawed the surface of his dresser.

"Look at us, Maybelline. Open your eyes," he said.

With great reluctance, she did so. His tanned body and her light, chestnut-colored skin complemented each other beautifully. She watched his expression over her shoulder. He tried staring back at her in the reflection, but occasionally he would close his eyes and bite his lower lip. A thin layer of sweat covered his face and body. His large hands possessed her hips, squeezing them hard to let her know he would not be letting her go any time soon.

Bending over, he kissed her shoulder then the back of her neck. The feeling of his warm, firm lips against her skin caused her skin to tingle and her heart to pound. She forgot that this man was her boss. Winston Biggers was a man. Right now she was his woman.

His hand slid around to her waist then traveled down between her legs where he expertly found her clitoris. The tip of his finger rubbed it until her body undulated, pushing back against him, then moving forward onto his hand. His other hand glided along her midsection to her breast where he cupped it, massaged it in his hand, let her nipple twirl around his thumb and forefinger.

With his arms around her body and his full length inside of her, she felt captured. It was a bondage she wasn't looking to escape. She didn't just need sex, she needed Winston.

May turned her head and kissed his upper arm that was closest to her face. Saltiness laced his damp flesh as he continued to rock against her, moving in and out of her with increasing speed.

"Maybelline! Christ, you're so tight! So wet. Don't come." His arms squeezed her tighter as though he were trying to suppress his own need for sexual explosion.

"Please, Win." She grabbed his hand that was between her legs and pushed it against her even more. "I can't hold out much longer."

In a surprising move, Winston pulled out of her, turned her around, set her on the dresser then wrapped her legs around him just as he entered her again. May screamed and had to hold onto his shoulders. Staring into his now dark blue eyes, she understood his need for them to face one another before the climax.

She tightened her legs around him. His hands grabbed her ass as he pounded into her. When she felt his body shaking along with hers, she knew he was just as close to coming as she was.

"Now, May! Now!" he exclaimed.

With her head leaned back and her fingernails embedded into his skin, May let out a scream that echoed off of his walls. Winston on the other hand growled. His hand fisted her hair as he made a final, deep plunge inside of her. They held that position, clutching each other for what seemed like eternity.

When he finally pulled back, Winston moved his mouth over to hers like he wanted to kiss her. The session would have ended perfectly with the kiss.

May turned her head.

## Chapter 13

A small laugh chirped from May as she curled with her back against Winston's warm body.

"What's that for?" he asked, his fingertips stroking her bare stomach.

"It just hit me. I had sex with my boss."

This time it was his turn to laugh. "Don't think of me as your boss. Right now I'm Win and you're—"

"May," she said, cutting him off before he could ruin this quiet moment.

He kissed her shoulder. The contact made her quiver.

"I also realized that even after working for you for four years, I don't know much about you, Win."

He moved his body closer to hers. "What do you want to know? I'm an only child."

A secret smile curled at the corner of May's mouth, knowing that she'd nailed her earlier assumption about him.

He continued. "I've never been married although I have been close a couple of times. I hate golf, but I love to play pool. Eight-ball is my game."

"Really?" She wanted to turn over to look him in his eyes but she loved being held in his arms too much. "I would figured you for an avid golfer."

"Just like I figure you to be a nice, quiet, frigid churchgoing woman. Who knew there was a sexy tiger lying in wait inside of you."

She playfully slapped his arm. "Hey, I do go to church."

This time they both laughed.

"What else?" she asked.

"My father was very successful in business and expected me to do as well. My mother loves that I do well in business because whatever money she can't get from him for her charity events, she gets from me. And I'm a Sagittarius if that means anything."

"You're the hunter. You get what you want."

"Anything?"

May smiled, happy her expression was hidden from Win.

"I want to kiss you," Winston said as he held Maybelline in his bed.

With her back against him, he couldn't see her reaction, but from the way she trembled, he knew her unspoken answer.

He held her tighter. Her delicate hands rested on his arms. Even after a wild, lovemaking session, she still smelled of wildflowers, vanilla and her sweet sex.

"Maybelline?" he said when she didn't immediately answer. "May?"

"Win, don't do this."

The pleading tone to her voice melted his resolve.

"Don't do what?" He slid back in bed to give her room to turn onto her back.

When she didn't move, Win forced her shoulder down to the mattress and attempted to gain eye contact. She kept her gaze away from his.

"What's wrong? I don't get it."

That's when she whipped her head over to him. The redness in her eyes didn't seem to come from sorrow but from growing anger. Her jaw flex as she glared at him.

"You seriously don't know why I don't want us to kiss?" She asked in that way that challenged him.

Propping his head on his hand he looked down at her. He rested his other hand on her stomach and let his thumb stroke her smooth skin.

"If I knew I wouldn't go on about it. Just tell me. Is it my breath?" Cupping his hand over his face, he blew in a puff of air and sniffed.

Maybelline opened her mouth but didn't say a word when the front door slammed. Win darted from the bed and slipped on a pair of sweatpants.

"Don't move." Rummaging through the top dresser drawer, he pulled out a small handgun. "You hear shots, call the police and lock yourself in the bathroom, got it?"

May nodded, but the fear shone through her blank expression. How the hell could he have forgotten to set the house alarm when they got home? Oh yes. The frantic sex.

He creaked the door open, just enough to get his body through. He closed it just as quietly. Creeping down the stairs with his gun down by his side, he scanned the downstairs area. If he had to go, Win could die happy since he had just made love to an angel. But damn it, he wouldn't let these motherfuckers touch Maybelline or harm a hair on her head.

Once at the bottom step, after stepping over his discarded clothes, he looked around. Everything was quiet. Too quiet. When he turned his gaze to the dining room, he nearly leapt

out of his skin to be face to face with a shiny pair of hazel eyes.

Win stumbled back and nearly drew his gun until he realized the intruder was Courtney. Decency and the fact that he'd advised Maybelline to call the police if she heard the gun go off prevented him from shooting this woman between her beady eyes.

"What are you doing here?" he asked and rubbed his sweaty forehead.

"I came by to drop off your house key." She held up the key. "You gave it to me a while back, remember?"

Win grabbed the key and took several deep breaths to calm his racing heart. "You scared me to death. I thought someone had broken in."

"I guess it would have been a good time to have a girlfriend on the police force, huh?"

Win rubbed his eyes, not interested in arguing about their failed relationship. "No, nine-one-one works just as fine."

She reared her hand back and slapped him. He hadn't expected her to hit him, especially after the docile way she crept from his office the day they'd broken up. But her small hand left a stinging hit on his cheek, one that he wouldn't soon forget.

"You son-of-a-bitch. We could have made this work. Why are you doing this?"

"No, we couldn't have. Don't you get it? I don't want it to work. I want to just move on." He glanced over at the stairs and hoped Courtney wouldn't see his scattered clothes, which would have prompted more questions. "You need to go now." Taking her by the elbow, he led her back to the front door.

"I didn't think you could be this heartless, but I guess you can."

Win opened the door, keeping his gaze from hers.

"Anything else of mine that you have you can just mail to me here or to my office."

Her breath caught. "So we can't even see each other anymore? We can't be friends?"

He held the door open wider instead of answering. With a plaintive wail and tears streaming down her cheeks, Courtney ran from his house. Winston locked the door and this time set the alarm. A return, unannounced visit would not be welcomed. He also would have to change the locks just in case Courtney made extra keys for herself.

Just when he headed back to the stairs to go up to the bedroom, Maybelline was coming down, fully dressed and her gaze down at her feet.

"Where are you going?" Win asked.

She attempted to go by him but he grabbed her arm.

"Just let me go." Tugging as hard as she could, she tried breaking the grip.

"Will you just talk to me?"

"You want to talk? Fine." She managed to get her arm out of his grasp but stood her ground instead of leaving. "The reason I don't want to kiss you just went out the door just a minute ago."

Winston furrowed his eyebrows. "Courtney? We broke up."

"Exactly. If I kiss you I'll develop feelings for you. And you will do to me what you've done to her, break my heart. I don't want that. I can't have that."

"Wait. It would be different with us."

"How?"

Win stared at her, unable to say what was in his heart. Couldn't she see that the reason he broke up with Courtney, well with all of the relationships he'd had since Maybelline started working for him, was because of her? No one compared to her. No one made him feel the way he did whenever he was around her. The only reason he looked forward to coming to work was to look at her.

Maybelline shook her head. "Let's just keep what we have between each other the way it is. Let's just keep it fun."

When she turned to go, Win slammed his hand against the door to keep her from opening it and leaving. Before she could object, he went in for a kiss, but she caught him and turned her head in time for his lips to connect to her cheek.

No matter. He slid his lips down to the side of her neck then below her collarbone.

"Win, stop. Just let me go." Her pleas came out weak. "I've called a cab. It should be here soon."

"I'll send it away." Lowering himself to his knees, he lifted her shirt then pulled down her bra cups to reveal her breasts. His hungry mouth covered one while his hand held the other. Pretty soon he felt her fingers combing through his hair.

He circled his tongue over her hardened nipple as his thumb did the same on the other. Her breathing increased and it made his cock rise. If she realized the true power she had over him she would have used him to her full advantage.

Not wanting to let this woman go, Win kissed her down her stomach. Her intoxicating odor filtered through her skirt. The scent made him ravenous.

"I need you, May."

She fisted her hands in his hair, pulling his hair until his scalp throbbed. He didn't care as long as she stayed with him. Physical pain he could endure. Losing her would crush him.

"Then take me," she said in a tone so low he barely heard her.

He bolted to his feet and took her hand to take her back upstairs. She stopped in her tracks.

"No." She nodded toward the couch. "Here."

Win prepared to place her on her back on the wide couch when she surprised him and bent over the back of it, lifting her skirt to tempt him even more. Without panties on and with her puckered lips dripping with her sweet juices he couldn't resist.

He pulled down his pants and scuttled behind her. This was the woman he wanted, he'd been waiting for. This temptress. The virgin and whore all rolled into one.

As passion overtook him, he pressed the head of his aching cock at her opening when she yelled an objection.

What game was she playing? Did she want him or not? "Not there," she simply said.

Bending her knees slightly, Win knew exactly what she wanted. The fact that she suggested it made him even harder.

Rubbing the tip up and down between her shiny lower lips, he made sure to tease her clit as he went down and slid it up slowly, each time moving closer to her tight, puckered hole.

"Just do it, Winston. Please," she said. Her voice sounded desperate and horny and fragile and scared all at the same time.

Obliging her demand, he placed the tip at her anus and slid just the tip inside, eliciting a piercing cry from her.

He went to pull back out when she cried, "Don't move! Don't move! All the way, Win."

From the tightness around his cock and feeling her soft flesh in his hands, he truly didn't want to pull out. With her encouragement, he slid himself all the way to the hilt, which erupted a loud groan from him.

May had never heard a noise like that from a man during sex. But then again, even she wanted to scream. His thick cock filled her. She wondered what it was in her that wanted him to do this. Curiosity? Desire? She'd listened to Princess talk about all of her wild escapades with men and this one act in particular. May swore she would never have anal sex. But with Winston, she wanted it all. She wanted to try new things. Thankfully the man was freaky enough to oblige.

After letting his erection rest inside of her, allowing it to twitch up and down on its own, he pulled out ever so slowly and eased himself back inside. With each thrust his rhythm increased, faster and faster until the two of them found themselves panting and writhing. To keep him closer, May wrapped her foot around his ankle. He, in turn, held her hips as he pumped harder, faster. "So tight. So hot," he said between gritted teeth.

To her surprise, the feeling of him inside of her, stroking her rectum, and hearing him nearing orgasm as his body trembled, May felt close to her own climax. Never in her wildest dreams had she imagined doing something like this, having sex with her boss, anal sex at that, in his house. She also never thought she would like it so much.

As she rested her hands on the sofa cushions, she felt her exposed nipples brushing against the couch, causing her even more intense pleasure. Willing her body to release all of its inhibitions, hang-ups and moral teachings, she gave herself, her body, her mind over to the sensations and she let out a long scream that turned into a plaintive moan as she came hard.

Hearing May reach her climax, it took Win no time to explode. She felt his warm sperm shoot inside. As though he lost all of his strength, Win collapsed on top of May's back, his cock still buried inside of her.

"Stay with me tonight," Win whispered in her ear.

She shook her head. "I can't. I should have been home hours ago." She craned her head around to look into his eyes. "But you'll have me at work tomorrow."

He smiled.

"And if you are sending the cab away, I still need a ride home."

That statement made him kiss her cheek. "And we have a project to do. Looks like we're going to be with each other a lot more than before."

## Chapter 14

As soon as Winston performed his morning panty check on May, an inspection he'd done for five days straight now, she knew the dynamics of their business relationship had changed. Of course, all normal work practices went out of the window the day he had her chained up in his private bathroom.

As she sat in front of his desk taking notes, she noticed the strange way he stared at her. Although he never stopped talking to voice what it was that bothered him, his gaze never broke from her body, her legs, her feet. She sat with her legs crossed, wearing the shoes he liked, the new black stilettos that, true to what she'd believed, had paid for themselves, in work and in grabbing the attention of several men.

"Be sure to add two more lunches for my meeting tomorrow afternoon," he said, breaking her thoughts.

She nodded.

"And open your legs."

The statement drew her up short as she snapped her gaze up to meet his. His expression never changed, didn't go from stoic and business-like to a jovial look, as though the man could have been kidding.

He cleared his throat and sat up straighter, placing both hands flat on his desk as though that signified that he wouldn't be repeating his request again.

Obligingly, May lowered her foot to the floor, made her back erect as well then parted her legs.

"Wider," he said then licked his lips.

She did so, still in the same slow motion as before, making him wait for it, wanting him to want her so badly that he would leap over his desk for her.

Once her legs were as wide as she could get them, Winston said, "Move closer to the edge."

She did with her skirt riding up, exposing more of her naked sex. The more he stared the wetter she could feel herself becoming until she knew she must have been dripping on his chair. He didn't seem to care as he stood and made his way over to her.

Just as he rounded his desk, his door opened. May slammed her legs shut and turned to see who had come in when Win touched her shoulder.

"Don't move," he said between gritted teeth.

She stayed in her position but from the way he made the request, she knew he didn't just mean don't get out of the chair. He wanted her legs spread and her ass on the edge of the chair like before. She was his property while there at the office. The thought should have angered her. Instead it made her want him more.

"Don't you know how to knock, Saxton?" Win asked, his hand still possessively on her shoulder.

"Trust me. You're going to thank me for this intrusion when you hear the news from on high."

May kept her back to Saxton, hoping he wouldn't come around behind Winston's desk and see what she had on display. Perhaps that's what Winston wanted. Maybe he wanted to show her off like his property, his prize. That idea made her open her legs more.

"Have you finished that presentation yet?" Saxton asked.

May heard his voice getting closer to her so she knew he was on the move. Her natural inclination was to close her legs and sit back, maybe even leave the room. Instead she sat still, her docile side hoping he would be leaving soon and her new, wilder side wanting to show off her smooth pussy that Winston had fucked several times over.

Winston cleared his throat and belted out a lie. "Yes, it's nearly completed."

May coughed but didn't give her boss away. She knew that they were a long way away from finishing the presentation because the sex always seemed to get in the way. Winston's proclamation just meant that she would be working late nights this week ... and not at The Oh Club either.

"Good," Saxton began, "Because you're going to have to present it in two days."

May didn't have to turn around to know that Winston was pissed. He transferred his hand to the back of her chair and she heard him squeezing it until she thought he would splinter it. They weren't ready.

"Great," Winston said, his light voice camouflaging his true feelings. "Can't wait."

When she heard Saxton heavy footfalls as he turned and walked away, May let out a long breath and hunched her shoulders. She didn't straighten up when she heard the curse uttered through clinched teeth but she should have. "Left my cell phone in my office," Saxton said when he returned to the office. "Let me use your phone, man."

Winston didn't respond or rather couldn't respond fast enough when Saxton ran around his desk and picked up his phone. May's head swam with conflicting ideas. Close her legs. Leave them open. Stand up and leave. Keep her place. Winston didn't make her decision any easier by standing off to the side so that he was able to view both Saxton and her.

Peering into Winston's eyes, she caught his look almost like he was daring her to comply with his previous request. As though on their own, May's legs opened again. The hem of her black skirt draped her soaked pussy so that it curtained her but yet Saxton eyed the view as though he could see something.

Her racing heart pounded in her head until she couldn't hear Saxton' conversation. Her breathing came out shallow and her head felt so light she thought if she didn't calm herself down she would soon pass out. How sexy would that be?

Above all May couldn't look at Saxton. She'd glanced at him initially to see his response but she couldn't stare at him now. Avoiding his stare wasn't due to obvious reasons. She wasn't ashamed or embarrassed.

It finally hit her that her reluctance to capture his gaze had to do with her allegiance to Win. Unless he had asked her to do so before, May thought that looking Saxton in his eyes would be a direct threat to Winston.

So after a deep breath she concentrated her gaze onto Winston who only grinned at her. He made not one motion. Not one facial tick. Between them existed an entire conversation, at least in May's mind.

With his smile he complimented her on her brazenness. The way his arms folded over his chest with his right hand cradling his noble chin so that she saw the bracelet she'd given him, she gathered that no matter what, he would be by her side, he would be loyal to her. With the unashamed bulge in his pants, he made it obvious he desired her.

"Um, thanks for the phone, man." Saxton walked in between the duo but that didn't break their gazes. "I'll catch you later."

When the door closed, May let out a long exhalation and bent over to see that her legs were opened wider than she thought and her pussy was on display for Saxton and Winston to ogle. How did Winston do that? Was he controlling her mind? Or did she really want to show herself off to the delight of this man?

She swallowed and kept her head down, feeling suddenly drained as though she'd gone through a rigorous workout. In her view, she caught the sight of Winston's shoes as he stood in front of her. One foot positioned in between her feet. The other kicked back and resting the flat of his foot on the front of his desk.

"Look up," he commanded.

May craned her head up until she caught his stare. Winston licked his lips. His erection became more apparent by pushing against his zipper the longer he stood in front of her. She wanted to ask him if he wanted some relief but this was his time not hers. "Have I told you how beautiful you are?" he asked.

As his fingertips smoothed down the side of her face, leaving in its wake skin that tingled and felt alive, she answered, "No, Win."

He put his hand under her chin. "You're gorgeous. Do you know that you're sexy?"

The question made her blink. "I'll be whatever you want me to be, Win."

His smile dropped. "No, that's not what I asked. I wanted to know if *you* knew how sexy you are? Do you know the power you have over me? Did you notice how Saxton crumbled when he looked at your, I mean, my pussy?"

Her clit jumped when he called it his. Each question May's heart pounded harder and harder. She knew a task would be coming. What Win would ask of her remained to be seen.

"I feel sexy when I'm around you, Win." She spread her legs open as far as she could go, straining her hips until it ached then leaned forward so that he could peer down her blouse and get a good gander at her breasts.

"I want you to make love to yourself. Right here. Right now."

Masturbate herself in front of a man? A faithful vibrator user, she'd never pleasured herself with just her hand. She wondered if she could do it while he watched.

"Win, I would rather that you touch me and make me come." She reached for his hand but he pulled away.

"Why is it so hard for you to believe that you're beautiful and worthy of loving yourself?" He shook his head as he moved behind his desk. "I refuse to believe that the same woman who has such a command over me and just did the sexiest thing I've ever seen a woman do by showing off her cunt has a problem with being intimate with herself." He plopped down into his chair and rested his head on his hand, keeping his gaze down on the papers under his head. "You can go back to your desk. I'm sure you have a lot of work to do."

A chill swirled around May's body as though she'd been plunked down on an iceberg and left to die. In the week he'd started this new arrangement, he'd managed to do the one thing she never thought this man could do—nearly capture her heart.

"Maybelline, I said you're excused." This time he stared at her. The icy gaze made her shiver. But she wouldn't leave until she satisfied him.

Sliding her hand along the inside of her thigh, she brought it to her vagina and rested it there.

Own my sexuality. Be sexy. Think sexy.

She let her middle finger slide between her slick vaginal lips as she kept her eyes closed. Maybe if she thought about Win, it would make it easier for her to achieve an orgasm. Her finger slid up to her clit that struggled to become hard under her handling.

As her middle finger made a smooth trek between her folds, her index and ring fingers tickled her outside lips, delicately brushing them with each pass. Could Winston be that tender, that gentle? She moaned as she thought about him. The heel of her hand rubbed against her clitoris while her finger dove inside of her. She was hot, thick, wet. Was this what Winston's cock felt each time it plunged into her? She moved her finger back and forth and thought about what that must feel like for his shaft. To further increase the pleasure, she squeezed her pussy muscles around her finger. Intense. No wonder the man groaned when he finally came.

Her speed increased. The sensation felt good but still not good enough for her to come. Not just yet. Her legs shook. Her body convulsed but she wasn't there yet. Maybe if she slipped in another finger.

"Stop!" Winston exclaimed.

May jumped. She removed her fingers from inside of her but her legs continued to quiver like she'd been drugged.

"I'm not interested in a show," Win began. "I wanted you to truly enjoy your body. It's obvious you aren't there yet."

Frustration built inside of May and Winston's rejection just stoked the fire even more. "I don't know what you want from me."

"That thing with Saxton earlier, did you do it for me or to please yourself?"

She thought carefully before she answered. "You. Well, and me. Both I guess."

Win huffed and brought his attention back to the paper on his desk.

"A good Dom would demand that I please him and only him." On that head of steam she headed for the door. She could wash her juice-covered hand in the ladies' bathroom. She knew Win would have demanded she do that anyway. Before she got to the door, Winston's voice stopped her. "If I'm to be your Master, I need to know what you want, what turns you on. If you don't know that, then what we're doing here is just a game."

Neither Dominant May nor Submissive May would let him have the last word. She stormed back to him, coming around behind his desk. When he brought his head up, she smeared his lips with her juices.

"I wanted you to taste me. I do know that."

Just as she turned to leave, Winston grabbed her wrist. "Call Madame Z and tell her you're taking a couple of days off. We have a lot of work to do." Then he slithered his tongue over his lips to take in her juices.

The sight alone made her pussy throb until she ached to sit in his lap and ride him until she came. But instead she wriggled her wrist free and stomped out of his office.

## Chapter 15

Winston didn't even wait for Maybelline at the end of the day. As much as he wanted to take her in his office during lunch and caress her body, he refrained from that as well.

He'd told her to meet him at his house in an hour and to not be late. After setting up a work area for her in his dining room, he thought about her as he uncorked a bottle of merlot. He needed something to take the edge off since he wasn't so sure Maybelline could alleviate his anxieties.

What had changed in her? Her little peep show to Saxton showed some progress. When he'd asked her to masturbate in front of him and she balked at first, his heart felt like it'd stopped.

It all went back to the kiss. She didn't trust him. She wanted him enough to perform, to please him, but she still wasn't ready to give herself totally to him. Her body, her mind, her spirit, he had to have them all.

The chime of his doorbell broke his thoughts. Win rubbed his hand across the back of his neck. His hair remained damp from the quick shower he'd taken when he'd gotten home. Dressed now in shorts and a t-shirt, no shoes or socks, he padded to the door and waited a beat before opening it.

Maybelline, dressed in the bulkiest sweater he'd ever seen and even baggier jeans stood on his doorstep. Win stepped aside to allow her passage, but didn't speak to her. He hoped his disappointed expression spoke volumes. "Where should I set up?" she asked when he whisked by her.

"Dining room." He nodded his head toward the room as he made his way back to the kitchen.

Win removed a plate from the oven with his dinner on it. Prime rib, baked potato, sautéed string beans and a dinner roll, all compliments of the steakhouse up the street from his home. He purposely got only one dinner. He had to test May's limits.

A glass of wine in one hand and his plate in the other, he went to the dining room where May was setting up her papers and notes around the laptop he'd fired up before she got there.

"Got everything?" he asked as he sat at the other end of the table.

"Yep. All of the notes we'll need for the presentation." She took a deep breath. "Mmm, dinner smells great."

"It's from that Steer Steakhouse." Win sat the plate down with his glass then sat at the table.

"Mine still in the kitchen?" she asked.

"No."

She cocked her head as she stared at him.

"Get undressed." He folded his arms and wouldn't touch his utensils until she disrobed.

"Win, we don't have time for games. We have to finish this presentation today."

"The longer you talk, the longer it'll take. Get naked. Now!" He snapped the last word. She blinked then stared at him as though assessing his seriousness. "Fuck you!"

Leaving the papers, she snatched her purse and charged to the door.

"You walk out that door and it'll be the end of us!" Win screamed after her. "No Oh Club. No special relationship at work." He didn't hear the door opening. He had her attention. "It'll all end here."

The air in the house grew still. Even his grandfather clock that stood proudly in his living room seemed to have stopped ticking in the instant it took Maybelline to make up her mind. When he heard the tumblers in the doorknob click, he closed his eyes and lowered his head. She didn't trust him. Furthermore she didn't care for him.

The whoosh of the door opening snatched the air from his lungs. The subsequent slam squeezed his heart until it paused in its beat for a moment then slowed to start its rhythm again.

"Damn."

A clunk sounded and it made him snap his head up in attention.

Maybelline. Standing in the opening of the dining room, she'd dropped her purse next to her feet as she stared at him, gauging if he was serious or not. As much as it would hurt him, he would have gotten a new assistant if Maybelline had walked out of the door. She stayed. That meant a lot.

Maybelline must have gathered from his expression that he meant business. She pulled her sweater over her head and laid it across the back of a chair. Then she took off her boots and thick socks. Before undoing her jeans she let out a staggered breath.

She was scared? Why? She knew he would never hurt her. He'd seen her body, had her body, and loved it. She knew that he wouldn't ridicule her. What was she still afraid of?

She placed the pants on top of her sweater. Now clad in only her white cotton bra and panties, she glanced at him before getting fully undressed. Win put his hands flat on the table and gave her an intense stare.

Not breaking her gaze from his, she removed her undergarments until she stood naked in front of him.

"Come here," he said.

She crept to him as though he had some nefarious plan once she'd made her destination. She may not like what he had planned but it would test their relationship.

"On your knees."

She shook her head. "I can't do that."

"I'm not asking. Down."

"Win, please."

"Maybelline, don't make me tell you again. I didn't punish you earlier at work for not enjoying your body like I commanded you to. But I will punish you if you don't obey me here in my house. Once again and for the last time, get down on your knees."

Tears pooled in her eyes so that when she blinked one rolled down her cheek. Winston had to avert his gaze. He loved this woman. What he was doing would make her stronger. Couldn't she understand that? After what seemed like hours had passed by, after a minute of contemplation, Maybelline lowered herself to her knees so that she faced him but kept her head down to avoid his stare.

Before he started his dinner, Win took a sip of his wine. "I have something for you." From the seat of a chair next to him, he picked up a long, white, flat box, ordinarily used to hold bracelets or necklaces. She lifted her head to take a look at what he had to offer.

The confused appearance on Maybelline's face let Win know that she wasn't sure what he would be pulling from the box.

"I dutifully wear your bracelet," he began as he set the box on the table. "I think it's time you wear something that signifies that you're mine."

Maybelline's chin quivered and she had to sniff to keep her nose from running so much.

"I saw this and I thought it would be appropriate for you." He opened the lid and pulled out a black pearl necklace that had thin, braided leather straps on either sides of the strand. It matched his braided leather bracelet perfectly.

This time Maybelline wept openly. She crouched down before he had a chance to put the jewelry on her.

"Why are you crying, Maybelline?"

Collecting herself, she sat up then wiped her eyes with the back of her hand and her face with the pads of her fingers. "It's beautiful. I thought it was going to be a dog collar or something like that." Win couldn't help but laugh as he wrapped the necklace around her neck. It draped her nicely, hitting right at her collarbone and accentuating her elongated neck. He cupped the side of her face, so soft and delicate in his hand. He kissed her cheek, holding his lips there for a while, just enjoying her scent, the taste of her, the feel of her quivering in his hand like a bird.

He pulled back, his face a sliver away from hers. He went in like he wanted to kiss her. When she pulled back he offered a smile. Deep down it cut him.

"I must confess a few things to you, Maybelline." Win snapped out a white cloth napkin and laid it across his lap. Utensils in hand, he gazed at her as she sat on her haunches, her small hands in her lap and her attention split between him and his food. "I saw the book in your desk, the one dealing with bondage." He cut off a piece of the meat and placed it in his mouth, savoring the juices, the tenderness of the meat. "Sex."

May remained quiet. She didn't know what he wanted her to say if anything. To know that her privacy had been invaded, she should have been angry. Instead the idea that he found her book, knew of her secret desires titillated her. Heat invaded her pussy until it began to extinguish its flame.

Slathering butter and sour cream on his baked potato, he said, "Is that what you really want, Maybelline? Is that the type of man you desire?"

He stopped dressing his food to catch her response. May licked her lips, paused and said, "Yes, Win." No use denying what was in front of her. She had boxes and boxes full of books with all the same theme. Why was that? Because to be dominated by a man in the bedroom was her desire.

"I have another secret to tell you but I'll share it after dinner." He smiled.

May remained quiet as he took bite after bite of the delectable food. She'd read about this type of treatment in one of her novels. Only after the Dom finished eating did he allow his sub to eat the remains.

Heat from anger and slight bit of embarrassment sparked from the base of her back and traveled up to her head. Her face must have looked red but she couldn't tell and Win hadn't looked at her throughout his dinner to notice.

One thing she did notice was that he left not one morsel of food on his plate. He hadn't planned on sharing with her. She closed her eyes. Words from her grandmother flooded her thoughts about White men and Black women.

"They'll use you," she'd said. "They won't respect you." May shook her head.

"Slave days aren't over."

Her head spun. Air in the room seemed to thin out until it felt like there wasn't any left for her to inhale a full lungsworth.

"No!" May screamed. She hadn't meant for the word to come out but she didn't know how to quiet the thoughts.

"May, what's wrong?" Winston asked.

He crouched down with her and held her, stroking her hair as he rocked her back and forth. "I'm not a slave. I'm not a slave," she said over and over again.

"Of course not." Win kissed the side of her face and tried shushing to calm her. "This isn't about slavery. It's about trust. It's about acceptance."

He lifted her in his arms and carried her upstairs to his bedroom. Her strong arms wrapped around his neck.

Placing her carefully on his bed, he sat next to her as she curled into a ball.

"You're a lot stronger than this, Maybelline. I've seen it in you," Win moved the hair away from her face.

"An act. That was Mistress Mayai. That wasn't me." She sniffed and kept her hand over her face.

"No. That's not what I meant. I meant when you're at work. You command that office even when you don't realize it." His fingertips danced down her back and rested on her hip. "The other secret I wanted to tell you was that I'm not new to this lifestyle."

She removed her hand from her face to stare Win in his eyes, see if he was telling her the truth. His face remained straight.

"I had suppressed my need to dominate a long time ago. I thought I could be happy throwing myself into work and dating strong women. But none of it makes me happy. The happiest I've been has been when I'm with you. I could make you happy if you'll let me."

"But I am a strong woman," she protested.

"At work. But at home, I like you like this."

In a move so fast she barely caught it, he grabbed both of her wrists in one hand and held the union over her head.

"Decide what you want, Maybelline." He licked the side of her face then kissed her forehead.

When he let her hands go and leapt from the bed, May sat up and curled her legs up to her chest. Her kneecap touched her pearls and it reminded her of his kindness. She ran her fingertips over the strap then down to the string of pearls. Exquisite.

Her heart rate sped up as soon as she heard Winston's footfalls coming up the steps again. He appeared in the room carrying a tray. He set it down on the bed. Her gaze took in the feast before her and she smiled. On the serving tray was a large salad, sans tomatoes, a glass of wine, a slice of lemon meringue pie and a rose.

"That fatty stuff will kill you," Win said with a smile. "Eat. I'll start the presentation. Come down when you're done."

He stood, placed a hand to the side of her face and kissed her cheek before he left. May picked up a fork and happened to catch her reflection in the mirror over his dresser. She'd almost forgotten she'd been nude the entire time. He didn't stare at her body when he talked to her. He hadn't even done a cheap feel like palm her breast or squeeze her ass as he carried her up the stairs. So what did Winston Biggers want? Did he really want to make her happy? Did Maybelline Davenport think she could be happy with him?

\* \* \* \*

Winston got halfway through the presentation before he finally pushed himself back from the table and rubbed his eyes. Glancing down at the clock on his computer he noticed that he'd been working for almost two hours. Then it hit him. Maybelline never came downstairs. Surely she couldn't still be eating her dinner, right?

Taking off his glasses, he stretched his arms over his head then stood and did the same stretching ritual to his body. Silence greeted him as he made a slow ascent up the stairs to see what had happened with Maybelline. Although his back faced the opening to the dining room, he would have heard her come downstairs and especially retrieve her clothes since they still sat on the chair that was next to him.

When he entered the room, he had to put his hand over his mouth to cover his smile. His Maybelline, Sweet May, was curled like a cat next to her food and sound asleep. She'd eaten half of her salad, half of her pie but drank all of the wine.

As quietly as he could, he removed the tray from his bed and set it on the dresser. Gazing at her again, his heart thumped like it had been awakened from a long slumber. She'd slept. That meant she was starting to feel comfortable around him. All great signs. Still he had to push her even further.

Once he stripped out of his clothes, standing naked with a growing hard-on, he tiptoed to his walk-in closet and went to a box in a back corner buried under shoes and an old gym bag. It'd been a while since he looked in the contents of this

box. Opening it meant that he would go back into his old ways.

His fingertips tingled before he opened the lid. An assortment of his old toys stared back at him like old friends. No, more like lovers. Lovers never expected a return visit. Friends lingered.

His props all coiled around each other like mating snakes. Whips, floggers, gloves, scarves, paddles. All black, all used. Madame Z was an amateur compared to his collection. Pulling the box from his closet, he retrieved some scarves. He knew exactly how to push Maybelline's limits.

Win wanted to be prepared in case she woke up so he placed a brand new flogger, black leather gloves and an eye mask on top of his chest that sat at the foot of his bed.

Creeping around the bed, Win picked up Maybelline's wrist, tied the scarf around it then secured it to the bedpost. He did the same for the other so that her arms were spread apart. Still she slept.

He bound one ankle to the post at the foot of the bed. As soon as he tied her second, Maybelline stirred. When her eyes opened, she thrashed.

"What are you doing?" she asked, her eyes wide like a scared rabbit.

"You said you wanted a relationship like this. Now is the time to see if this is what you truly want. Is it, May? Can you handle this? Me?" Win stood next to the bed, his cock fully erect now as he gazed down at her.

"I'm scared," she said.

He watched her chest moving up and down, moving with her panting.

"What do you think I'll do to you?" he asked, not trying to sound sinister but the way her eyes turned black, he must have.

"I don't know."

"Do you think I'll hurt you?"

Maybelline stared at him for a moment. When he saw that her breathing was starting to even out, he released a long exhalation.

"No."

He smiled. "Good." Then he moved down to the foot of the bed. He picked up the mask.

May shook her head and tried not to have him put the mask on over her eyes. "Please, don't. I want to see what's going to happen."

"Do you trust me?" he asked pointedly.

Once she stabilized her breathing again after staring into his eyes, looking for compassion, she nodded her head. With that gesture, he covered her eyes.

Her other senses went into overdrive. She caught the subtle aroma of her sex. Yes, although frightened initially, she was turned on by his take-charge action. She licked her lips and tasted the sweet wine she'd had with her dinner. Her fingers wrapped around her bindings. Silk. That's what it felt like to her. Soft to the touch. Smooth. She caught a sound that she couldn't easily deduce what it was.

It sounded like vertical blinds banging against one another. What was he doing? Opening up his window to give the world a show? No, she trusted him. He wouldn't do anything to hurt her. Plus the sound seemed like the items hitting one another weren't long but short. She wasn't sure why she got that impression. Maybe because she heard it on one side of her then it moved to the other side.

"Maybelline, I want you to know what's going on so that you're not frightened, okay?"

She nodded.

"I have something in my hand called a flogger. Do you know what that is?"

She shook her head. She felt something tickling her nose. Inhaling she caught the scent of leather, sweet and aged. Then she felt the thin strips coming down over her face and traveling down her body.

"A whip? Is that what it is?" she asked, her body writhing in anxious fear.

"Yes. Except this one is designed for pleasure, at least the way I use it."

Like he was painting her body, he let the straps brush up and down her arms, over her breasts where he teasingly let it tickle each nipple then moved down her legs and inner thighs but was careful not to touch her pussy.

"This one is all black. The tails are not very thick. I've never used this one before but I've been told it has a nice sting to it."

May heard a swish in the air then a pop against her thigh. The slight sting lingered only for a moment. The hit ignited her heart. It drummed like in a wild, voodoo ceremony.

"Did that hurt?"

She shook her head.

"The handle is about a foot long, braided like my bracelet and your necklace."

Something thick and corded rolled in her bound hand. "Feel," he instructed.

May wrapped her fingers around it and nodded. She held it like she wanted to hold Win's cock. Thinking of that image, she moved her hand up to the end. It was bulbous like the way a penis would be except it had a looped strap used to hang up the toy.

Sliding the handle from her hand, he slid it down her arm, tickling her until the loop reached her face. He made circles around her lips.

"You have the best damned lips I've ever seen on a woman," he said with a growl. "So full and plump."

Her lips parted. To taste any part of Win, her tongue eased from her mouth as soon as the strap crossed it. The saltiness of the leather lingered on her tongue. Then she felt something new. Heat. Breath.

"They are kissable," Win said. His mouth felt like they were right over her lips.

Before May could turn her head he licked his tongue over her upper lip. Her breath caught at his proximity and she attempted to turn her head. His forceful hand grabbed her chin to keep her facing forward.

"If I wanted to kiss you, you know I could, right?" he asked.

She nodded.

"But I respect your boundaries."

May felt the bed move and the heat went away. The room went silent. Where did Winston go? Was he getting another toy?

Without warning except for the split second she heard the tails of the flogger cut through the air, she felt the weapon pop against her thigh. She should have been offended, disgusted. It was glorified whipping.

Instead the heat from the sting transferred to her cunt. Wetness oozed from her and continued when the flogger smacked her again on another spot on her thighs.

May's body writhed and she mewled. Win brought the flogger down on her bare thighs again, hitting new spots and with a predictable rhythm where May started to anticipate the hits. As soon as she braced her body for another hit, it stopped.

She swallowed, bracing for a new surprise. When she felt him brushing her breasts, May wanted to caress her newly sensitized skin. The first smack against her hard nipple had her screaming.

"Oh God, Win!" She curled her body as much as she could as the sensation ricocheted through her, sending a wave of pleasure from her toes to her head and back down again.

He did the same for the other nipple, swirling the tails around it, getting it good and ready for a nice, pleasurable sting. When the tails connected to her breast, her body shook.

No. It wasn't possible. Could she actually get an orgasm from being flogged? No penetration? It was the combination of being so open and vulnerable with making her body feel alive that made her forget about traditional sex. Winston Biggers pleasured her body, her mind.

When he stopped slapping her for the second time, May felt relieved instead of anxious like before. She felt her body on the edge of an orgasm. Indeed, the underside of her ass cheeks was wet from her dripping pussy. Any more attention to her sensitive areas right now would put her over the edge.

Then Winston did it. The tails of the flogger slipped seductively through her legs, covering her pussy. Then he painted her stomach and chest using the tails and her juices.

"Looks like you are enjoying the treatment," he said.

"Yes, Win," she said breathlessly.

The next connection of the flogger had her jerking on her bindings. Win smacked the tails on her pussy, being sure to connect to her swollen clitoris. She moaned like she'd never moaned before during sex. This time Win made the hits consistent, smacking her over and over again, making her body pulse.

"Win! Win!"

"Yes?" He made another hit even as he answered.

May struggled to catch her breath but managed to ask, "May I come?"

The request made him almost shoot his load all over her. The transition was nearly complete. She sought him for her pleasure and asked for permission.

"No." He said.

The horrified expression on her face nearly made his erection go down. Throwing the flogger to the floor, he dove

through his nightstand drawer for a condom. He ripped one off and sheathed himself.

Within a matter of seconds, he had Maybelline's legs and arms unbounded from the posts although the scarves still hung from her wrists and ankles. Then he pulled off her mask.

As much as he wanted to mount her, pound into her like a madman, Win instead got on his back. "Get on top, babe."

Without question or hesitation, she grabbed his shaft and positioned herself over him. In one plunge, she had him inside of her tight wetness.

"Now you may come," he said.

The cry she emitted let him know that the penetration was enough for her to achieve her needed orgasm. She continued riding him, wanting more. Her hands rested on his chest. Her nimble fingers played with his nipple, occasionally pinching them.

When she leaned forward, her face hovered over his. The intense stare she gave him let him know that she loved every minute of his foreplay. His hands rested on her hips. He wanted so much to use them to play with her tits, tease her clit, but this was her moment. It was time for her to realize she was a sexual entity and take what belonged to her. Him.

What was unspoken, May picked up immediately. Her hand caressed and massaged her tit while the other played with her clit.

"That's it, Maybelline. Get it again. Come on, baby."

Her strong thighs propelled her up and down his cock. God, she was a fucking machine. She acted as though she hadn't had sex in years. Win liked this newly unleashed animal in her and wanted more.

Removing her hand from her tit, May curved it behind her back and sought Win's balls. She massaged them and stroked the base of his shaft at the same time. Her attention to him made Winston jackknife up until he was nearly face-to-face with her again.

May removed her hand from her clit and used it to wrap around Win's shoulders to steady herself. She clawed his back then brought her head to his shoulder and nipped it with her teeth.

"Now?" she asked.

"Now." He knew what she wanted. And he had to come now too. He felt it building inside of him ever since he tied her down.

Squeezing him for dear life, her nails embedded in his back, her knees pushing against his hips and her hand pressing against his cock, Maybelline let out a wail that sounded inhuman. Win follow with his own demonic growl as he emptied his cum inside of the rubber membrane covering him.

Both panting like wild dogs, Maybelline brought her hand from behind her to hug Win.

"I never thought it could be like this, this intense," she said in a haggard breath.

"The best by far."

May put her hands to the sides of Win's face. Her stare spoke of desires and expectations that she'd reached in this one instance. It made Win smile. And without his asking or prompting, Maybelline brought her face close to his and gave him the sweetest kiss he'd ever experienced. Shocked at first that she'd let her resistances go so quickly for him, he relished in her affection, kissing her back with the tenderness that he wanted to give her and that she deserved.

As he suspected, her full lips that he'd been fantasizing about for years, felt exceptional on his. The softness of them encouraged him to press his mouth harder on hers. He didn't want to slide his tongue into her mouth until she was ready. From her vibrating hum that precluded her tongue invading his mouth, he didn't have to wait for long.

Maybelline was the one woman who combined everything he wanted in a woman. She was all goodness and light and sexy and tender. It would be impossible not to fall in love with her.

She pulled back from him and stared into his eyes. "I'm going to quit The Oh Club."

He nodded. "I think we should go back one more time. I think you like bossing me around."

She smiled. "Just a little."

"First thing's first. We have to finish that presentation."

"And then?"

Win enveloped her in his arms and twisted his body so that she was now on her back and under him. "And then I'll show you some more of my tricks."

## Chapter 16

"We did it," May said and leaned back in her chair in Winston's office.

"Right under the buzzer too," Winston replied then laughed.

She and Winston had spent the entire day, the day before, doing nothing but working on the presentation and having more sex than she'd ever had in her life. When he'd brought out the flogger it really tested their relationship, whatever that was. Now they were just having fun, exploring, sharing their bodies.

She knew that night when Win had her tied down and he gave her the most pleasure she'd ever experienced that he would never hurt her. Knowing that made her trust him. It was easy to kiss him. As hard as she had fought it before, she liked feeling his lips on hers. She liked the connection. But she couldn't think about him right now.

Today was the big day. The presentation.

"Nervous?" she asked as she saved the presentation on a CD then to Winston's hard drive.

He snickered. "No. I've done this so many times, I could recite the presentation in my sleep."

That got a grin from her.

"Are you nervous?"

She scrunched her forehead. "Why would I be nervous?" "You're presenting this with me." May nearly spilled her coffee on his desk with that news. "I can't go in there with you and present this."

"Why not?" He stood, adjusted his sleeves and slipped on his suit jacket. Damn, he looked good.

"Because I, well, I--"

Win sat on the edge of his desk right next to her. In a kind whisper he said, "You know this presentation as well as I do, probably better than I do. You'll do the financial part and I can do the rest. Okay?"

This had been May's dream. She'd always wanted to be a part of a major presentation in front of the higher-ups. And now Winston was giving her the chance.

"I'll do it."

He clapped his hands. "Wonderful!"

"I just wished you would have given me more notice than just minutes before the presentation."

Winston looked pensive before he answered. "I'm sure I told you." He leaned over and whispered. "Maybe I said it when we were in the shower last night."

Just the mention of it flooded May with images of soap, water, slippery hands and slick body parts. Her face flushed as she tilted her head up, wanting to feel his warm lips on hers.

"Will you two break it up for a second," Saxton said as he entered Win's office unannounced again.

May snapped her head down so fast her chin bounced against her chest. As much as she despised Saxton, she secretly thanked him for his intrusion. No matter how attracted she was to Win, no way would she be caught kissing him or showing any type of outward affection.

Going without panties was one thing. The stint in the bathroom rattled her but didn't happen again. She just wasn't ready to be that overt sexpot. "Big problems, Win, my man. Projector's on the blink," Saxton said.

Win let out a curse through gritted teeth. He removed his jacket, rolled up his sleeves and directed his attention to May before leaving. "You make sure we have enough copies of everything. I'll take care of the projector."

She nodded and with that he disappeared from the office. Oddly enough, Saxton stayed behind. Being the polite southern girl she was, May initially smiled at him but continued working on her laptop. She decided that even though she made sure they had enough copies for the meeting she would duck into the copy room anyway just to get away from creepy Saxton.

"Looks like you and Biggers are the new 'it' couple here at Crystal Industries," Saxton said with a smarmy smile. "I mean *working* couple. I didn't mean to imply that there was anything else going on."

May smiled again as a response, not willing to be sucked into his fishing expedition.

"I mean, a woman like you who went through such a miraculous transformation wouldn't find a high-level executive, like myself, attractive or worthy of her attention, would you?"

She kept her gaze from him and gathered her things, an unspoken cue that this conversation should end now.

Saxton held up his hands but positioned his body so that he blocked May's passage out of Win's office. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Didn't mean to offend you. After all you are so delicate and demure."

"Thank you," she said, hoping the pat response would get him to leave her alone.

"Not a hair on that sweet, little twat of yours. Just like a baby. A child. Tell me, Ms. Davenport, is that how Winston likes it or was that a surprise for him?"

May jabbed her elbow into his side and made her way past him. "Asshole."

"Whoa! Not so demure I see. Such bad language and from a scholar like you."

May set her laptop on her desk. Her face felt hot from anger. She wasn't embarrassed that Saxton had seen her pussy that day she spread her legs for him and Winston to see. What she hated was that he felt he had the right to talk to her the way he had. Not even Winston talked down to her like that.

"I should have let Winston send that e-mail to human resources about you." May kept a constant stare on the creep as he strutted to the door to leave.

"Yeah, you have him do that. And while he's complaining about me you can ask them why it is that they don't seem to have a record of you graduating from college." Saxton popped his gum and the sound grated against May's last nerve.

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"Oh, you didn't know? Seems that Biggers wanted you all to himself so he neglected to pass on the word that you had successfully obtained your degree in English. Good thing you have guys like me around to make sure things are on the up-and-up."

Winston appeared in the doorway next to Saxton.

"See you later, champ," Saxton said to Winston as he ducked out of the office.

Winston shook his head as he entered the room but May looked at him as though she didn't know him. The man who had given her so much pleasure, pushed her to unexplored levels of ecstasy, couldn't have kept her back for his own selfish reasons. Could he?

"What was that all about?" Winston asked.

"Um, nothing." May changed her shoes to her sneakers. "I have to make a few stops before the meeting but I'll be right back."

As she headed to the door, Winston held her wrist. His touch that used to make her weak in the knees now turned her stomach. He'd lied to her. No matter what kind of relationship they had, she could never tolerate that.

"Are you sure you're all right?"

To mask her anger, May plastered a smile on her face. "I'm great. Just have to make sure the other executive assistants have the agenda. Won't take long."

Winston kissed the back of her hand then trailed his fingers along her neck, brushing her necklace. She wanted to rip the thing off. It felt like it was choking her now, taking away her life force.

Without a word, she slipped from his touch and headed to the elevators. Ordinarily she would have just run down the stairs to go to H.R. on the bottom floor. But she only had an hour and she needed to be fast.

Pounding the down button didn't bring the elevator to her any faster but it sure made her feel good while she waited. Once downstairs, May ran into the Human Resources department.

"Hey, May," Tillie, one of the H.R. reps, said. "What are you doing down here? I thought you had a big meeting here in a few minutes."

"Till, I need some info." May spoke low so that the other people in the office couldn't hear her.

"Okay, shoot."

"You know I've been trying hard to get in with you guys down here, right?"

"Yep. And it may finally happen. Congratulations!"

May stared at the woman waiting to hear the rest of her statement.

"Why didn't you tell me months ago when you got your degree? That little, sneaky guy came down here to tell us yesterday. What's his name? Sampson? Smithson?"

"Saxton."

Tillie snapped her fingers. "That's it!"

"So you all didn't get my transcripts or the copy of my diploma or anything a few months ago?"

"A few months ago? No. Are you saying you gave them to your supervisor and he never brought them to us?"

The whole idea made May sick. "I have to go. Thanks, Till."

This time May didn't take the elevator back upstairs. She needed to think. In a slow, even pace, she trotted up the

stairs as the knowledge that Win lied to her struck her hard. How could he have done that to her?

Around the fifth floor, she started to feel her throat getting scratchy and her eyes begin to water. That son-of-a-bitch. She knew he didn't care for her before they started fucking but to hold back her information was not only cruel, it was wrong.

May slowed down as she approached the twelfth floor. She contemplated grabbing her purse and personal belongings like she did before and just leaving. If she didn't show up for work, they could fire her. She didn't care anymore.

By then her anger fueled her to stomp up the next few floors. Maybe quitting was exactly what Winston Biggers wanted her to do. This time it wouldn't be him leaving her like she feared. He wanted her to leave him. Fine. If the jerk can't take commitment, then she would be happy to oblige. Screw him and his career goals. She had goals too. It now was a fine time for her to start realizing them.

Bursting through the twenty-third floor stair door, barely winded, May went back to her desk. She changed her shoes to the mid-heel pumps that weren't sexy but very sensible. She retrieved her notes for the presentation, peeped herself in her compact to make sure she looked okay and didn't look like she had been crying, then made her way to the conference room.

The full room with suits sitting everywhere and Winston standing at the head of the long table should have made her nervous. Instead, she could only see red. "There she is," Saxton exclaimed as May made her way to the head of the table. "If you can't get here on time, get here when you can."

The statement elicited a few chuckles in the room. May ignored his juvenile comment and the laughter. She had a job to do.

When she sat down at the end of the table, Winston crouched down next to her. "You ready?"

She glared at him before she answered. She wanted to call him a lying piece of shit right here and now. Now wasn't the time or place for her declaration. Right now she had to handle her business.

"As ready as I'll ever be," she said.

Winston scrunched his forehead. "Are you okay?"

"Are you read to start, Mr. Biggers?" Mr. Arnold asked. Winston stood. "Yes. Lights, please."

When the room dimmed, Winston started the presentation. May wondered how it was that a man who exuded this much confidence felt so insecure about her obtaining a degree. Was he jealous? Did he think she was lying about getting her degree?

She sat seething, regretting the moment she kissed him the other night. How could she have been that weak? How could she have opened herself up to him like that?

"Ms. Davenport?" Winston said.

May snapped out of her thoughts and directed her attention to him.

"You ready for the financial portion of this presentation?" Win handed her the remote that activated the slide show presentation and doubled as a laser pointer.

May stood, smoothed her hands down her skirt and took the remote while trying to not touch Winston's hand. The feat proved to be impossible but she wouldn't let the fact that his hand felt warm get to her again.

"Thank you, Mr. Biggers."

But when she stood in front of everyone, she stopped. Words disappeared from her mind until she felt infantile. Scanning the hard, judgmental faces staring back at her didn't make her feel any better, especially Saxton's who sat in the back popping his gum. Her hands turned sweaty and clammy until she thought she would drop the remote.

Damn it. May was better than this. She was better than them. She could do this.

Own your sexuality. No. Own my strength.

After taking a deep breath, May started her portion of the presentation. Once she got into it, she was on fire. Her heart pumped a hard, steady rhythm. With each slide, each new revelation, she felt stronger. It was her show. With that thought, instead of finishing her financial portion and handing the remote to Winston as she was supposed to, May continued.

In the darkened room, she couldn't tell his reaction. She heard some whisperings but she didn't care. She finished the entire presentation then demanded that the lights be brought up. As she was concluding the report and asking for questions, Winston stood and chimed in, concurring with her request for questions.

They played a subtle tennis match of words. A question would be volleyed to them and they each scrambled to answer. At the end, they both received applause although May didn't stay to bask in the short-lived glory.

She rushed back to her desk to get her purse and other belongings. She knew Winston would be pissed by her display. She wasn't in the mood to hear his wrath.

Just as she turned around with her purse strap on her shoulder and her tennis shoes in her hand, she ran face-tochest with Winston.

Before he said anything, he grabbed her arm and pulled her into his office, slamming the door behind them.

"What the hell was that in there?" Winston asked.

"What?" May responded blankly.

"Don't be cute. You acted a little spaced out there at the beginning then you totally took over the presentation. That's not how we agreed to do it. So why did you do it, Maybelline?"

Hearing her full, given name again made her chest and neck feel hot with anger. "You know why, mother-fucker? Because you lied to me."

Through gritted teeth he said, "I've never lied to you."

"Oh really?" She snatched her arm from his grasp. "What did H.R. say when you brought down my college transcripts and my degree?"

Win blinked and took a step back.

"What did they say, Win?" she pressed.

He shook his head. "It's not what you think."

"Not what I think? I think you want to keep me under your thumb, that's what I think. I think you hate the fact that I want to move up in this company as much as you do. Damn you! I trusted you. I kissed you."

"May, hear me out. It wasn't like I wasn't going to give them your college information. Just not yet."

She had to close her eyes to keep from wanting to claw out his. "I never thought I would be saying this to another human being, but I truly hate you. By holding me back, you did enslave me. You're keeping me chained to my desk, bound to you until you grow tired of me."

"That's not the case. Damn it, will you listen to me?" He tried to gain eye contact with her but she turned and twisted away from his gaze and his grasp.

"No. I think I've heard enough." May managed to get around him but not until he halted her with his words.

"I demand that you stay and listen to me."

In a slow pivot, she turned back to him. "Demand?" she asked. "You have no right to command me. If you had asked me this morning before I found out all of this if I would walk up and down the hall naked, I would have. For you, I would have done anything. But like with any relationship, it won't work if there's no trust and I don't trust you. Right now I don't even like you. If you want my loyalty then you need to earn respect. Until then, don't talk to me."

She opened his door and darted out of the office. She didn't need to hear any more of his lies. Instead of taking the elevator, May opted to go down the full twenty-three flights of stairs. It was the end of the day. She more than earned her right to go home.

With each pounding step, she wanted that niggling little voice in the back of her head, the one that sounded suspiciously like her grandmother, to stop talking. As much as she hated to admit it, her granny had been right. Men wanted to own women. Period.

At the bottom floor, May rushed through the main lobby. If it hadn't been for the security guard who pointed to something behind her, she would have missed seeing Tillie, an older, heavy-set Black woman, running after her. The sight looked painful so May stopped and went to her.

Out of breath, Tillie struggled to say, "Where are you going?"

"Home. I have this splitting headache." She didn't need to tell Tillie about the personal drama between her and Winston.

"Too bad. We just got a call from Meyers."

"The CEO?"

Tillie nodded, bent over and coughed. "Girl, I don't know what you did up there but the man heard about it and wants to see you in his office. And trust me. He doesn't call H.R. and ask about people just to BS around. We're talking promotion."

May beamed and threw her arms around Tillie's neck. "That's the best news I've heard all day. But can you do me a favor." She pulled back from the woman who only nodded. "Tell him that I've gone home and will meet him first thing in the morning. I want to be prepared."

"Honey, get yourself ready. You're headed to the top."

May walked out of the building with her head held high. Without Winston she felt invincible. Who was she kidding? Without him she felt hollow, like a part of her had been stolen. She needed to fill it up. Now that she took control of her business career, time to take control of her sex life. She was done with love. She wanted flesh.

\* \* \* \*

Winston ran down through the lobby and scanned around. If Arnold and Saxton hadn't stopped him, he would have just gone after May and stopped her, and explained his side. She would understand. Even if she didn't, she wouldn't leave him. No woman had ever left Winston Biggers. And he never had to explain himself. May wouldn't get him to start now.

The anger she had in her eyes, let him know that she wouldn't be swayed with words. Actions had to support his claims.

He asked the security guard if he'd seen May. He said she'd left a few minutes before. So if she walked out of her job, and being the sensible person that May was, where would she be now? She would make sure she had money.

The Oh Club. Winston was sure she wouldn't cut off all of her financial ties. He had to find her. If she wasn't at the club then he would go to her home and stay outside until she answered the door. It was high time she realized who she was dealing with when she got in bed with him.

\* \* \* \*

As May sauntered through the backdoor of the club, listening to the smacks and moans permeating through the walls, it hit her. She could run her world here, in this place. That would be like owning her sexuality.

She approached Madame Z's office door and asked one of the security guards if she could see her. After a few minutes of waiting, they ushered her inside.

Madame Z sat behind her desk looking as powerful as ever. Her normal cat-that-swallowed-the-canary smile disappeared from her face. Instead she carried a scowl.

"Madame Z," May began, "I can't—"

"You've interrupted my day," Madame Z said sternly. "You come to me without an appointment and then have the nerve to tell me what you can and cannot do?"

May blinked. Her face flushed with a prickly heat from embarrassment. "I'm sorry, Madame Z."

Then she stopped. Why did this woman intimidate her? Who was she to her? May not only needed to own her sexuality. She had to take control of her life.

"I apologize for interrupting your routine. I want to get a new client."

"Is it your submissive? Are you tired of him?" Madame Z asked and positioned her hands in her normal teepee structure.

"Honestly, yes, I am. I don't want to see him again."

The news seemed to please Madame Z more than May thought it would. She sat back and smiled something wider than normal.

"I have other clients I could pair you up with. They would love you, Mistress Mayai."

May thought about Winston and the lies. He didn't care about her. It was all just about sex and using her. Even when she'd caught him at his lies, he still tried to dominate her as though nothing had happened. The anger she felt toward him she would use on her new clients.

She took a deep breath and on the exhalation said, "I would like that. Any way I can start tonight."

"Mistress Payne is unable to make it this evening. I was about to call her client. If he's agreeable, I can pair you up with him."

Princess's castoffs? Sounded dangerous, even difficult. However, this was the new Maybelline Davenport. She needed no one's approval in what she wanted to do with her life.

"I'll be ready."

\* \* \* \*

Winston volleyed his attention between the two beefy security guards standing at the front door of The Oh Club.

"You got an appointment?" one asked in a voice so deep it shook the ground.

Winston didn't, but he hoped these guys wouldn't know that. "I see Mistress Mayai every day. Do I have to have an appointment?"

"Yes," the duo said in unison.

Madame Z had them trained well.

"Okay, fine, fellas. I get it." He reached into his pocket and pulled out his black leather billfold. "Money. Is that what you want?"

The two snickered then glanced at each other.

"Put it away, hot shot. Unless you got it like Bill Gates, you don't have enough to pay us off. Believe me. Z keeps us in the cheddar." The guard patted Win's shoulder but the roughness of the gesture made him think it was more of a warning than a welcome.

*Damn it*, he had to see May. He knew she was in there. So he decided the only way he could get to her was to get over the man-wall blocking the door. To do that, he had to get to Z.

Winston walked away from the two and punched in Madame Z's phone number.

"Win. I'm not surprised to hear from you," she said after only one ring.

He was more surprised that she knew who he was without him introducing himself.

"Madame Z, there must be a problem. I'm unable to get into your club. What's wrong? My money is still green."

"But the Mistress has grown tired of you."

Hearing that revelation made his heart sink to his feet. May truly did hate him like she'd said earlier. If he could only talk to her, she would understand. He would have to make her understand.

"But you are right, Win," Z said. "Your money is still good here. But we must talk. Come inside." She disconnected the call. Soon after a chirping sound alerted the guards. One put his hand to his ear to hear his earpiece phone. He nodded then glared at Winston.

"You go in now." The guard opened the door and allowed Winston to pass.

The other guard personally escorted him to Madame Z's office, probably to make sure he didn't make any detours along the way like to find Maybelline.

Once inside of her office, Winston paced in front of her desk. He didn't care about how poised she was. He needed to convince her that he should be with Maybelline one last time.

"Sit down," she said, the sternness in her voice unmatched.

"Not until you listen to me." Win put his hands to his hips.

"I'm not listening to a damn thing you say until you sit yourself down." She pointed to a chair in front of her desk and glared at him with her dark, brown eyes.

Working on borrowed time, he obliged her command and sat.

The courteous act made Madame Z snicker. "Wow. Never thought I would see the day that I could make Winston Biggers do what I told him."

It shouldn't have shocked Winston that she'd used his full name. He had to fill out an application and run through a credit check so she had his name and then some. Something in her tone clued him in that she knew more than just his credit rating.

"Do I know you?" he asked.

"Personally? You didn't know my hopes and dreams." She stood and swayed across the floor until she stood in front of him, leaning back against her desk and her legs crossed at the ankles between Win's feet.

She smelled like an effeminate man or a masculine woman. Win couldn't decide which described her more. But the aroma was a heady, woodsy scent with a touch of citrus.

"Hell, you didn't even know my name when you and Darin had me." She crossed her arms over her chest, pumping up her tits.

"Darin? As in Darin Bartholomew?"

It seemed like a lifetime ago that Win had even mentioned that name. It was Darin, his former college professor that got him into the BDSM lifestyle. The man even had his own dungeon in the basement of his house, complete with slaves, all naked and some who wore masks at all times. Since he couldn't place Z's face, he suspected she must have been one of those who had worn a mask.

Win searched the recesses of his mind to remember her. But it was such a long time ago. He was just a kid who only cared about his pleasure.

"Can't remember me?" she asked as though reading his thoughts although Win was sure his facial expression told his feeling. "Let me give you a little hint."

In slow motion, she discarded her clothes. First her bodyforming short jacket then her silk blouse and her short skirt. When she was down to her red matching bra-and-panty set, she hesitated before taking them off too. Her skin radiated like newly discovered gold. She raised her arms in the air, crossing them at the wrists just like her ankles. "You left me tied up in that fucking dungeon for hours. I had a mask on the entire time. I had to bathe in the dark. And when you got good and ready you came downstairs." She lowered her arms and leaned forward, resting her hands on the arms of the chair so that her face was inches from his. "You unhooked me from the shackles and fucked me." Her breath warmed the shell of his ear. "The sad part about it was that I liked it."

She stood up then placed her hands on her hips. Winston scanned her body to see if he could remember her. Nothing.

He put his hand to his forehead. Closing his eyes, he thought back to that time when he was that cold and heartless. Darin was a good teacher but a hard Master. After years of treating women in the way that Madame Z described, Winston had stopped practicing in that lifestyle all together. He longed to control but not demean. There was a fine line and Darin crossed it often. Feeling himself head in the same direction as his mentor, he stopped practicing. He didn't want to make that same mistake.

Madame Z snickered. "I just sat here and told you that you had sex with me constantly for almost a year and you still don't remember me, do you?"

Win, trying to save face, said, "It was such a long time ago. I was in college."

"I wasn't. I'd run away from home." She slid her hands down her body, over her ripe tits with their dark, pointy nipples and over her round ass. "Let me put it to you this way. The day I turned eighteen was the day I lost my virginity ... to you."

Win blinked at her admission. "Jesus H."

"Yeah, I said the same thing too. And for the first few years, I actually believed that that was what love was all about. I thought I should be degraded and humiliated. But I do remember one time that you were actually nice to me. After a particularly rough session with Sire Dar—uh, Darin, you came to the dungeon, unshackled me and bathed me. I never forgot that. That's probably the reason I allowed you to stay here instead of kicking your ass out. But I promised myself when I got out of that house that I would make sure women were no longer victims. I could see May heading down that path. Meek. Quiet. Compliant." Z shook her head. "No. Not on my watch. She's going to find her strength and move on. Hearing her dump your ass lets me know that my job is nearly complete."

Win jumped to his feet. Madame Z stumbled back and brought her hand up to her face as though she thought he wanted to hit her. It was the first time he'd seen her react so skittish.

"I'm so sorry for the treatment you got in DB's Dungeon. I was learning. I thought it was all consensual. I didn't know."

"Now you do. So do me a favor and walk out that door. Don't screw with May's head like you did mine."

"I can't do that."

"Why's that?"

"I want her."

As soon as he said those three little words, Madame Z went on a tirade. She darted to him and slammed his arms, chest, face and any other body part she could get to with her fists and fingernails. She took small cuts and swipes from his skin but he allowed her to vent. He'd done a number on her years ago. She was due for a little redemption.

"Why couldn't you want me? Why didn't you save me?" she wailed. "All of that time. All of the sex. The things I did for you, to you, with you. You look at me now like I'm some sort of stranger."

Tears streamed down the once put-together woman. Win felt the urge to hold her, comfort her like the way he'd done so long ago.

"I can't change the past. But I'd like to change my future." He wrapped his arms around her and rocked her back and forth. "Let me see May. If she doesn't want me, I'll leave."

Madame Z struggled to get out of his grip. "No. You don't want her. It's me you really want. You want your Black Pearl again. Remember you used to call me that?"

That was it. He couldn't remember why when he'd bought May her necklace why the black pearls were so significant. Now he remembered.

"I do remember."

Frantically she attempted to free Win of his clothing. Her hands scrambled to get his shirt open but he brushed her away, uninterested to reliving the past.

"We could be together this time and it would work." She pressed her body against his, rubbing her hands up and down his back. "It could work this time." He held her shoulders. "It can't."

"Yes, it can." Her hand went down the front of his pants to rub his cock.

She must have expected him to be hard. Her hand rested on him for a brief moment before she finally pulled from his arms and covered her face in shame.

"What's wrong with me? I have struggled for so many years to keep it together. Just the sight of you again, and I feel like that girl who was locked in the basement twenty years ago."

Feeling time slipping away, Win decided that he needed Z compliant. In order to have that, he needed her to be on his side.

"But you're not that girl anymore. Look at you. You're running this business and from the looks of things, business is not bad. You're not my Black Pearl anymore. You're Madame Z. You control this world and what goes on around it. All I'm asking for is just one last session with May. You can watch us. Anything funny happens, kick my ass and throw me out."

Rage filled her eye until Z had to squint. "I could have your ass kicked now and throw you out." Then she softened. She chuckled and leaned back on her desk with her legs spread open. A thin strip of hair covered her sex. "Or we can make a trade. One last truly consensual fuck for a session with May."

The woman radiated sexy heat as she writhed on her desk, an image he wanted to see of May. But Z was here, ready, waiting, wanting him.

Strolling to her, heavy-lidded and licking his lips, Win kicked her legs apart and leaned over her.

"Is this what you truly want? You want me?" he asked. Z nodded. Now her cool exterior was gone. In her wide brown eyed-gaze, he saw that scared girl from the dungeon.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a handkerchief. "Silence is golden." He put the wad into her mouth. It shocked him that she allowed him to do it. Even as a slave, he wanted to hear her moans, her screams.

To right himself, he pushed himself up to a standing position, lording over her. "I want it from the back."

With the cloth in her mouth, Z smiled as much as she was able to and nodded. She sat up, turned over onto her stomach and spread her legs again. Her glistening pussy lips alerted him of her readiness.

Win patted his hand on his coat pocket and his eyebrows shot up. "Are you sure you're ready for me?"

Z nodded again, squirming on the table for good measure.

He reached down and slowly undid his zipper as he retrieved the handcuffs he'd used on May in his office. He'd forgotten that he'd left them in his pocket. In an instant, he cuffed one of her wrists. Before she could protest or struggle he dragged her to her wall-long fish tank on stilts and wrapped the other cuff around a post. After a struggle, he managed to secure her other arm and cuff that so that she now lay on the floor under the fish tank.

He thought Madame Z was furious before. The way her legs thrashed, he knew she would chop off his dick and put it in a blender if she could. Even if he could muster enough strength to bed this temptress, his heart wasn't into it. It wasn't because she lacked sex appeal. He crouched down next to her. "I'm sure your boys will be in here soon." He dangled the key to her handcuffs over her face. "This will be on top of your desk. I'm sorry I have to do this. But I'm not that same boy from years ago."

Win wasn't sure if it was because Z had calmed down after his speech or if he felt guilty for her treatment from so many years ago or if it was because he'd changed, but he placed his lips on Z's forehead and gave her a kiss.

Before leaving, Win caught the sight of all of the TV screens. As though on a honing device, his gaze immediately landed on May. This time she wasn't dressed in her normal attire. She still had on her conservative work attire. What triggered his heart to pound out of control was the fact that she was in a room with another man who was in full bondage gear, straps, buckles and a dog collar. He had to get her. Win figured out Z's room coding system. Second floor, third door down. He hoped.

True to his word, he plopped the key on her desk. When he opened her door, he thought about the security measures to get into her office. To make sure she would be found, he slid one of Z's business cards in between the door and the frame so that it wouldn't close completely. One of her guards would see the door ajar and come it to find her. He just hoped he would find May before then.

\* \* \* \*

Staring at this new submissive, May's skin felt cold. As much as she had wanted to give this man the pleasure he so wanted and hurt Winston in return, she couldn't. When she stepped into the dressing room and started to change her clothes, she realized that owning her sexuality had nothing to do with owning someone else's sexual pleasure. It had everything to do with her. And this place wasn't her.

"I know you wanted Mistress Payne," May began to this stranger. "And I know you paid a lot of money for this session. But I can't be your mistress today. I thought I could." She started toward the door. "I'll let Madame Z know that you're in need of a new Mistress and she'll take care of you right away."

Just as she touched the doorknob, a fist pounded the door closed. May jumped and swung around to see the submissive, still with his mask on, standing behind her. She hadn't even heard him coming up behind her.

"I've paid my money. I want my treatment," he said in a garbled tone.

"I haven't been paid anything so I don't owe you anything. If you go into your submissive position, a Mistress will be in to take care of you." She hoped her voice sounded commanding enough for him.

Since he didn't move from his spot, she suspected that it didn't sound at all stern or harsh.

"I want you to do what you do best." He grabbed her hand and placed it over the bulge in his leather pants, which coincidently was under the bulge of his belly.

"Let go of me!" She jerked her arm to pull it back from his grip when the door opened, pushing her into him and nearly knocking the two of them to the floor. Good. Security was there to help her. When May turned around, it shocked her to see Winston. His tan overcoat swung around his legs so that it looked like a superhero's cape. Right now that was exactly how she saw him.

Winston wasted no time in getting the pervert off of May. Snatching his straps, he pulled him across the room, causing the man to break his hold of May.

"Get the fuck out of here!" Win pushed him out of the door.

He turned to tend to her, but she was right on him with her arms around his neck. Her gentle tremors made him hold her tight.

"I don't know what that guy's problem was," May said. "I thought submissives were docile."

"He was an asshole."

"Thank you. Thank you." Her voice broke on the last 'you'. "I don't know what he would have done if—"

"Shhh," he said as he rocked her. "I'm not going to let anyone hurt you ever." He stroked the back of her head.

"I couldn't do it." She sniffed. "As much as I wanted to hurt you, I couldn't go through with it."

He pulled back to stare into her eyes. "I'm glad you didn't. I deserve for you to hate me for the rest of your life. But I'm telling you the truth when I say that I never meant to hurt you."

She shook her head. "I wish I could believe that."

With her words of distrust, Win felt like his heart had been squeezed of all of its blood and left only pain.

"Believe this then."

Cradling her face, he kissed her softly on her plush mouth. He caught her breath hitching as soon as he sunk in deeper for the kiss. His tongue probed her mouth, exchanging heat with her. He wanted her to feel his love and devotion in this one kiss, this single, passionate moment. From her moan, he hoped he had gotten through to her.

When they finally broke, Winston smoothed his hand over her hair. "May, I—"

The door swung open and on the other side stood an unkempt and very furious Madame Z. She slammed the door behind herself as though she wanted a piece at him first before she got her guys to rough him up.

Only clad in her heels, her skirt and her barely buttoned top, she stood in the doorway like a guard dog, complete with foam coming from her mouth.

"You son-of-a-bitch! How could you leave me handcuffed like that? How could you not fuck me?" She pounded her fist on the doorframe with each word. When she caught May standing behind him, she split her attention between her and Winston. "I knew it. I fucking knew that you two knew each other. I just had a feeling."

"Just let it go, Z. We don't want any trouble. We just want to go." He held up his hand in hopes of calming the moment.

The door crashed open again, halting Win from cooling down this heated situation. Preparing to fight the submissive asshole, Win clenched his hands into fists. Instead he came face-to-face with the one person he would never thought he would see in this place.

"Courtney?" he asked as he shielded May behind him.

"Shit! Winston?" Her mouth dropped open as she stared at him. Then she craned her head to see who was standing behind him. "I know you, don't I?" She wagged her finger at May. "You're his secretary, aren't you."

"Executive assistant," Win said, correcting her.

"Damn it, Win. You're fucking your secretary? That's who you dumped me for? For her?"

"Hey! I'm not just some fucking secretary, you bitch!" May lunged for Courtney but Winston held her back.

"Yeah, let's just add assault on an officer with your other charges." Courtney stood smugly back close to the door with her hands on her hips.

"Charges?" Win asked.

"We got a tip that this place was an illegal whorehouse. So we set up a sting. The guy you shoved out of here was an undercover cop." She pointed to May. "You just confessed to doing him for money." Then she pointed to Win. "And you did assault an officer."

A swarm of police officers raided the room and separated Winston and May. A set cuffed Madame Z and hauled her away. Winston was sure she hated having the steel bracelets around her wrists so soon after getting his set off.

"Win!" May screamed as she was being handcuffed.

"Don't you fucking hurt her! Take it easy!" He struggled to get out of the hold from two officers holding him back, but they shoved his face into the wall and cuffed him.

A bright light burst in his eye on contact. He closed his eye and tried not to struggle against the officers but they seemed determined to make this bust as painful as possible. "Don't hurt him, please," May said with a quivering voice like she was crying.

"I'll get us out, May. Trust me."

As they were pulling her from the room, she stopped at the door and stared at Win long enough to say, "I trust you," before they yanked her out.

Courtney strolled to him, a self-satisfied smile on her face. "Oh, Winston, I'm going to enjoy this bust the most." She slapped him across his face. "Asshole."

That capped off Win's day. Started off with a bang and ended with a slap.

## Chapter 17

Courtney had done her level best not to give Winston any latitude for their brief relationship. She held him in custody until he had to scream to the officers that he had a right to see his lawyer. Then she refused to listen to reason, instead telling him to see the magistrate in the morning. He could only imagine the horrors that May was going through.

On their day in court, he didn't have to imagine it. Guards ushered him and Rich, his attorney, to the defendant's table. He turned his head and glanced at Maybelline, who stood off to the side behind protective glass with an officer holding her arm. When she gazed up briefly, he mouthed the words, 'It's okay'. He hoped she understood him. Her slight smile let him know that she had.

The bailiff called the court to order and announced the charges against Winston, which included solicitation, assault on an officer and money laundering.

Although Rich was a womanizing cretin, he did earn his money as an attorney. "Your Honor, my clients are not guilty."

"Clients? I only see one person beside you." The older Black judge with salt-and-pepper hair held a permanent scowl on his weathered face. His brownish-gray eyes looked like they had seen too much and wouldn't be surprised by anything.

"Ms. Maybelline Davenport is my other client. She's standing right there, Your Honor." Rich pointed off to the side.

"Your Honor, my clients are not guilty and the case is a waste of the court's time. The assault to the officer happened when he attacked my client, Ms. Davenport, and at the time he did not say he was an officer. My clients can't be arrested for solicitation because there was no sex or money involved when the officers raided the establishment. And the money laundering charge is preposterous."

"Save the arguments for the case, junior," the gravelly-voiced judge said in a nonplussed manner.

The prosecuting attorney from the district attorney's office was a young, woman, plumpish with a bob haircut. She looked like she had something to prove. Win just hoped he wouldn't be a notch on her belt. He fidgeted in his spot as he stared at her.

"Your Honor, the money Mr. Biggers gave to Edna Zulma were all donations to her cause," Rich said.

Win bent over and whispered, "Who's Edna?"

Through the side of his mouth, Rich replied, "Madame Z."

Mystery solved. No wonder Madame Z changed her name. Edna Zulma?

"Donations?" the judge barked.

"Monies all went to the Pediatric AIDS Research Foundation. We have records to show that all the money he gave her went to that cause and nothing else."

So Edna was serious about the money going to research. She wasn't such a risk-taker after all.

"But what was Mr. Biggers doing there and was Ms. Davenport paid for services?" the prosecuting attorney pressed. "Just like with celebrities at fund-raisers, Ms. Zulma enlisted the help of people who were paid for their time. At the time of the raid, however, Ms. Davenport was not working and explained that to the officer."

"That doesn't explain the fact that your client didn't bat an eye when the undercover officer stood before her in full bondage gear."

The opposing attorney's voice raised to an annoying octave that grated Winston's nerves.

Rich shrugged. "Different strokes for different folks."

The district attorney shook her head. "Your Honor..."

The judge scanned the room, moving his gaze from Maybelline to Win to the prosecutor.

"I'm dropping the money laundering and assault charges, especially before someone screams entrapment. But the solicitation charges stand." Before the judge could slam his gavel, Rich pulled another trick out of his hat.

"All charges should be dropped, Your Honor," Rich began. "I have two words for you: Miranda Rights. My clients were never given them at the time of their arrest."

The judge smirked and leaned back in his chair. "If you knew that before, why didn't you mention it?"

"Dramatic effect." Rich put his hands to his hips and reared back, self-satisfied. The man needed a drink and a cigarette to complete his orgasmic proclamation.

"Save the drama for TV." The judge turned to the prosecutor. "Is this true, Counselor?"

The woman fiddled with her notes and hopped from one foot to the other. "The two defendants were not Mirandized

because Mr. Biggers had a relationship with Ms. Vanderloo, the lead detective on the case. She explained what they were there for and presumed he understood he was under arrest."

"Did you expect that excuse would work with me? Not on this day, not in this lifetime. Case dismissed against the defendants." After admonishing the prosecuting attorney, the judge slammed his gavel and moved on to the next case.

When Winston moved off to the side, Madame Z, or Edna Zulma as he now knew her, stepped in his place. Though looking battered and worn down, her strong countenance pushed its way through. She stood tall, head held high, shoulders back, a hard look on her face. She was ready. Underneath, existed a frightened young woman with a lot of demons to exorcise.

After what felt like signing his life away with all the paperwork, Winston stood on the court steps waiting for Maybelline. Instead he saw Edna strolling out of the court building. Still looking like the pillar of strength, she walked up to him confidently.

"So you were telling the truth about the Foundation, huh?" Winston said as soon as she stopped.

"I told you I didn't lie. I just gave the women money from my own pocket. My lawyer will spin it in a way that it doesn't come off as prostitution. Don't want to be known as the Ocean View Madame. Doesn't sound classy." She laughed, an honest to goodness laugh.

"Where the hell did you get all of that money from?"

That question made her smile even more. "As much of a son-of-a-bitch as Darin was, he did do one good thing. When

he died he left me his fortune and his house. I'm not sure why. He had other women in his dungeon before me and after me. I guess I was the only one who left the biggest impression."

"So now what?"

She let out a long breath. "Since I was the one who sent in the anonymous tip about my own establishment, I guess I'll do something else."

Her statement made him stare at her hard.

"I know. Sounds crazy. I probably could have gone on for a while doing what I was doing and never get caught. But I needed to stop. I just needed someone bigger than me to stop me. No one's bigger than the court system."

"Good luck." He didn't know whether to hug her to pat her on the back. So he held out his hand.

Edna took it then brought him in close and hugged him. "You take care of yourself. And take care of May. I think she's good for you."

When they broke their embrace, Win said, "I think so too."

"She made you care again. In my heart I always felt that you would be a great Dom with the proper training."

As soon as Edna walked away, another question hit Win. "Hey, why Pediatric AIDS Research Foundation?"

Edna stopped but didn't look at him for a while. Then she turned to him with the sweetest smile he'd ever seen. With a hand on her stomach, she answered, "That cause was near and dear to my heart." And without further explanation, she walked away. Win felt a hand on his shoulder. He whipped around to find May, his Maybelline. Sweet May.

"Thanks for waiting for me although I still haven't figured out how I'm supposed to tell my family I'd spent the night in jail and had been charged with prostitution." Tears welled in May's eyes as she tried to smile through the hurt and pain. "I had so many plans. I was going to buy a house for me, my mom and my grandmother."

"I had no idea that's why you had done all of this." Win blinked as though trying to bring the real Maybelline into focus. Not that he thought she had worked at The Oh Club for some kinky pleasure, he never thought her motivation would be so pure and honorable.

"You'll be fine. We'll be fine. We'll get through this. Together." Win caressed the side of her face to her chin with his fingertips. "I'll help you with the house."

She shook her head vigorously. "I don't want you to feel obligated to help me out of pity."

"Never pity, honey." He tucked his knuckle under her chin and raised her face so that he could look into her eyes. "I know some realtors. I'll get you in touch with them to find your dream house."

Maybelline took a step back. "It's not just the house. There's Granny's prescriptions, too. I can't afford to keep buying them."

The proclamation hit Win like a punch in the gut. He realized at that moment how his selfishness severely altered her and her family's existence.

"Baby, I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have denied your request for a raise. I'm going to authorize it as soon as we get back to the office."

Again, she shook her head. "Don't do this because you feel sorry for me. I don't want your pity."

Looking at her, Win felt for the first time in years what he'd been searching for all of his life. Love. He wanted to jump through hoops for her to get her whatever she wanted and then some. Scanning her body, he wanted her to occupy his bed, day and night. He'd never felt that for any woman he'd dated recently. Maybelline renewed his spirit. Even though her spirit had been crushed by this embarrassing blow, he wanted her to see and feel that she had his full devotion and love.

When Win's gaze dropped to her neck, he saw her necklace was not there. "Where's your necklace?"

May put her hand to her chest. "Booking said it got lost." It was then she cried. "I can't believe they took my necklace."

He held her. He could certainly replace it. Seeing May, she had grown attached to the meaning. She was Win's. She belonged to him. Taking what he gave her violated her in some way.

"Hey, it's okay," he whispered. "I'll get you another one."

May wiped her nose. That wasn't the point. Not to her. From the moment she'd changed her mind about being at The Oh Club to when Win rushed in the room to save her to the moment he mouthed 'It's okay' in the courtroom, May was sure she existed on this planet for Win. He had her heart. He'd gone through heaven and earth and hell fire for her. The least she could have done was save the one possession he'd given her. Now that was gone.

"We have each other, right? I'll say it here and now, May. I love you. I love you with all of my heart and soul. I'd die for you. I almost did when you walked out of my life."

May was going to return the sentiment when her eyes widened. "Oh shit! Meyers! I had a meeting with him this morning."

"A meeting with the CEO?"

May looked to see if Win would be angry or jealous. He scooped her into his arms and swung her around.

"My May! You did it! Big league, sweetheart."

"You mean it?"

He set her down. "Absolutely." Then kissed her tenderly. "Let's get you home so you can change and get your cute ass up to work. You have a promotion to land.

\* \* \* \*

The meeting May got once she and Winston made it to work by that afternoon wasn't the one she was expecting. News had traveled quickly through the twenty-five floors of May and Win's arrests. Speculation ran rampant about her sexual escapades. She was no longer the dutiful little May who was quiet and unassuming. She was the temptress.

Sitting in the conference room on the twenty-third floor along with Winston, May had a bad feeling surging through her body. Across from them sat Arnold and Tillie from Human Resources. Win sat with his head held high, his back straight, his gaze directly on Arnold. He wouldn't be intimidated. May pulled from his strength to be more confident.

"I suppose you know why we've called you in here," Arnold began.

"No, actually I don't. Why don't you enlighten us." Winston set his hands on the table with his long fingers intertwined.

Arnold cleared his throat first before he continued. "Recent events have caused us to sever your employments here at Crystal Industries."

"Wait a minute," Win began.

May sat stunned as Tillie pushed the forms in front of them. Fired. She'd never been fired from a job in all of her life. She'd never even been reprimanded.

"Let me go. I'll take the brunt of whatever you think happened with the two of us on my shoulders. But Maybelline," he paused and gazed at her, "May has a bright future with this company. Don't get rid of her."

"I'm sorry, Winston. It's out of my hands." Arnold couldn't even look at them.

May glanced at her termination papers and her eyebrows furrowed. She had to read the cause of her dismissal twice.

"You're letting me go because I moonlighted?" she asked. She fully expected to be given the boot for her arrest. What was this reason supposed to mean?

Win glanced at her and decided to view his own form. "Failure to disperse sensitive employee information in a timely fashion?" He glared at Arnold. "These are trumped up excuses and you know it." Arnold looked at May. "Did you work at an establishment outside of Crystal Industries?"

Her face itched from anger and embarrassment. "Yes, I did."

Then Arnold turned his attention to Winston. "And did you fail to give Human Resources Ms. Davenport's educational updates when she gave them to you?"

Win looked at May first, sorry and apology filling his eyes. He turned his attention back to the duo. "Yes, but not in the way that—"

"Then we have grounds," Arnold said, cutting him off. "Those policies are both in the employee handbook. Since we have signed copies stating that you received and read the manuals, I don't see where the charges, as you say, Win, are trumped up." Arnold stood, then Tillie. "Please sign the forms now. Take the bottom copy and leave the remaining ones here. You'll be escorted back to your offices to clear them out and vacate the premises. Good luck in your future endeavors."

Arnold walked out with Tillie fast behind him.

"They can't do that to us," Winston began. "We'll fight this. I'll get Rich to sue the bastards for all they're worth."

May was done fighting. Mainly she didn't want to fight Crystal Industries. She had bigger fish to fry and a life to lead. So she signed the forms and took her copy, the pink one. Her first pink slip.

"Fight if you have to, Win," she said as and stood up. "You're much better than this place. If they don't appreciate you, then fuck them. Go somewhere else." The confident words propelled her stride all the way back to her desk. As she unloaded all of her things, under the watchful eye of a security guard standing outside of the main office door, it hit her. She was more than just an executive assistant.

She didn't lose a job. She gained an opportunity. The more she thought about it, the more her heart swelled. She would be fine, damn fine.

Winston walked into the office, a pink slip in his hand. Before disappearing into his office, he stopped by May's desk.

"I want you to know something. I didn't withhold your degree information out of jealousy or pettiness. I wanted to see us both move up in this company together. I know now that that was wrong. I had no right to control your career. I apologize. I just hope you can find it in your heart to forgive me. I do love you, May. I would do anything for you." Then he disappeared into his office.

May considered his thoughtful words as she packed her box. Although angry at first, she now saw Winston's side of how he saw her. Winston cherished May like no man had before. And now it was time for her to love herself. She started believing in herself the day she turned down working at The Oh Club, that fateful day. However she hadn't made the full transition. Not yet.

Looking at the guard to make sure he wasn't watching, May stood from her desk and crept into Winston's office. With his back to the door, he didn't even notice or stop packing to acknowledge her. She closed his door carefully and locked it. When the tumblers clicked, that's when he turned around. May stood by the door for a moment. She wasn't hesitant to do what she was about to do. She wanted to make sure she had Win's full attention. Knowing that time was limited, May stripped out of her clothes as she walked toward him. She took off her shirt and dropped it to the floor. She slipped out of her pants and tossed them aside. Once she got to the chair at his desk, she was completely naked.

Winston stood in front of her. That same unspoken conversation existed between them. May opened her legs, leaned back and closed her eyes. This time she thought about herself. What did she like? What turned her on?

One hand cupped her breast. She let the weight of it fill her hand as she massaged it and played with her nipple with her thumb. When her other hand made its pilgrimage down her body to between her legs, May couldn't help but sigh. Her shoulders relaxed. Her legs opened wider. This time she felt her clitoris becoming hard under her gentle stroking.

As though on its own, her fingers made motions that May hadn't thought of to give herself pleasure. The slightest touch reverberated waves of ecstasy through her body like lightning. Her fingertips slipped up and down her puffy vulva, tickling and titillating herself at the same time.

Her hand on her breast moved to the other but this time she squeezed her pebbled nipple between her index finger and thumb.

"Oh!" she cried but still kept her eyes closed.

Thinking of him watching her turned her on immensely. He could enjoy her body as she was right now, only after she was done. This was her time.

May's body quivered for more. Circling her middle finger around her pussy, she licked her tongue over her lips before plunging inside. She held her finger inside her, this time enjoying what she was doing to herself, instead of how this would feel to Win, to his cock.

She slid her finger out all the way to the tip and moved it back inside, a little faster this time and slightly harder. It wasn't too long before the motion became repetitive and needed. She wanted to please herself. She needed to do this for her, not for Winston. With no job, a tainted reputation and a questionable relationship, Maybelline Davenport could finally say that she was happy with herself. She loved herself and everything about her, her curves, her lips, her everything. And she only wanted to share herself with one man. Winston.

Arching her back, May stopped fondling her breast to concentrate on her clit while she brought herself closer and closer to her first masturbation orgasm without the use of a vibrator. The intimacy in using her hands made the act more erotic.

She could only imagine what Winston was viewing. She felt sweat covering her skin. Her body contracted and contorted into different positions as she neared her climax. And her legs jiggled and jumped.

Between rubbing her hard nub and plowing her finger inside of her, it took May no time to come. She opened her mouth and let whatever sounds that germinated from her diaphragm to come out. Screams, cries, wails and growls all mixed together as she eased herself down, satisfied and delighted.

When she opened her eyes, she found Win still in his same position, standing in front of her. His arms were crossed over his chest, although the lump in his pants gave away his cool demeanor.

May brought her legs together and back then mustered the strength to stand on them. She slithered her hand behind Win's head and held her juice-covered hand to his mouth. Instead of just letting him taste her, she joined him, licking her hand, occasionally sucking one of her fingers into her mouth as he did the same, hungrily licking her fingers in between kissing her. His hands rested on her waist. He pulled her close.

Winston licked the last of the juice from her hand, propped her up on his desk and moved himself between her legs. Not as hurried as when they were in his house for the first time together, Win methodically pulled down his zipper and undid his pants.

"I still want you as my submissive," he said when his pants hit the floor. "Move in with me."

"My family," May began.

"Let me help you." He held her thighs. "You helped me to find that part of myself I had been hiding all of these years. For that, you need to be rewarded."

"I'll pay you back every cent." May cocked up a smile. "I want you to teach me how to please you."

"Darling, you already know that. I will show you things that will turn us both on." He pulled her close and after a beat said, "And I'll teach you how to be a Domme."

May furrowed her eyebrows. "What?"

Win smiled. "Honey, I saw how you lit up when you had me under your control. As hard as I fought it, I enjoyed you controlling me. For a woman who has never been a Domme before, you're a natural. You're twice the woman I ever thought I wanted. We'll have to come up with a new arrangement for our relationship. Maybe you can top me on certain days or time of day and I'll top you at other times. What do you say?"

May stroked his strong, noble chin with her fingertips. "Yes. I want to continue to explore that side of myself."

He turned his head and kissed the palm of her hand. "Have I thanked you yet for opening my eyes to a side of me I didn't know existed? Have I thanked you for saving my life?"

She smiled even harder. "I think you just did."

"I love you so much, Maybelline Davenport. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you. Nothing."

"Will you allow me to work?"

Rubbing the head of his cock up and down between her folds he replied, "I wouldn't have it any other way. I like my submissives to be independent from me at times. But when I demand attention, I want it. I'm a stern Dominant but a fair one. I expect you to be the same way when you have me under your control. What do you say?'

Before she could answer, he pushed himself inside of her in one swift move and held himself there.

"Yes!" May cried and held onto his shoulders.

He laughed. "Yes to what, May?"

"Yes to everything. You, me, work." She fell back onto her back on the desk but stared at him. "I love you."

"Good. Makes making love to me easier, doesn't it?" he said, commenting on the statement she'd made while as Mistress Mayai. "You are my world."

"And I have an idea about a new business. Something dealing with the BDSM lifestyle but legal." May's smile couldn't be erased and her pounding heart wouldn't be halted as she stared into her man's eyes.

Winston held onto May's hips as he increased his thrusting. "Later, babe."

The banging at his door did little to slow him down. If anything, it spurred Win to keep going. He released his hold on her and placed on hand on her tit.

"Oh shit! May!" He rubbed her clitoris.

With all of those sensations, May couldn't help but come and come hard. She thought masturbating made her holler. Something about having sex in an office building in broad daylight on top of a desk with the man who used to be her boss made the taboo moment even more seductive.

Winston screamed shortly after she did. His hot seed squirted inside of her, warming her insides and calming her exterior. Before pulling out of her, Winston kissed May.

The incessant banging didn't stop when they did.

"Get dressed. They're going to break the door down soon," Winston said with a devilish grin.

"Pity. I kind of like being bad." May let her hands roam her body but didn't rush to get dressed.

"You do? Then let's check out the copy room and see if we can pick up where Genterson and Pollick left off."

She smiled. "Sounds like a plan."

## THE END

Corporate Seduction by Bridget Midway by Bridget Midway

## MIDNIGHT SHOWCASE Brings you exciting new romance, filled with love, adventure and erotic-ahh! Be sure to come by the website and see what is available for your reading pleasure. www.midnightshowcase.com

If you are connected to the Internet, take a moment to rate this eBook by going back to your bookshelf at www.fictionwise.com.