

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

Cris Anson
Discovery

ELLORA'S CAVE *Quickies*
Valentine
Vixens

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Discovery

ISBN # 9781419909429

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Edited by Sue-Ellen Gower.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication: February 2007

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DISCOVERY

Cris Anson



Chapter One



"I'm not sure if I can go through with this."

"Of course you can. It's what you wanted."

"But this...I didn't expect this to be just...a house." Becca's glance took in the brick and timber façade, a sprawling English Tudor in the middle of suburban Philadelphia, with its manicured, estate-quality grounds. "I thought we'd be going to, well, to a Dungeon."

"The effect will be the same." Her friend Glynnis nudged her up the steps, leaving the keys in her Lexus for the valet to move. "Here you will discover your true nature."

Becca opened her mouth to utter one more token of resistance, but the massive front door opened. Her jaw dropped. A giant, for so he seemed to her as she looked up at him from her five-foot-three height, skimmed his gaze over her as if she were nothing and settled on Glynnis, his eyes lighting up in recognition. Without a word he jerked his head in a quick nod then turned.

"Follow him inside," Glynnis hissed as Becca stood rooted to the flagstones of the portico.

"Is he – will he –" She couldn't finish the question. Was this the man who would be her Master for the weekend? A knot of unease lodged in her throat. Although bald, he looked to be in his middle thirties, six-six if he was an inch, with shoulders that had blotted out the interior of the house from his position in the doorway. Black leather gloved his massive thighs, thick-soled boots shod his huge feet, and weight-lifter arms jutted out from a black leather vest that also exposed a bare chest the size of a specimen tree-trunk.

With more than a little trepidation, Becca followed the giant through a spacious foyer furnished with a wooden settee and tranquil landscape paintings on two walls, and into a book-filled room containing a glass-surfaced mahogany desk and club chairs in a red-and-black plaid. He gestured for her to sit at a black leather sofa facing a cheerily burning fireplace while Glynnis joined him at the desk, completing the required paperwork amid the soft murmur of words she couldn't make out.

"Becca."

She jumped at the reverberating sound of his voice. The giant beckoned her to stand alongside Glynnis' chair. She stood uncertainly, gnawing at the inside of her mouth as she endured his long, thorough scrutiny. She knew what he was seeing—almost forty, overweight, dressed in muted colors and shapeless fabrics, her long brown hair pulled back and rolled into a bun at her nape. The only thing Glynnis had insisted she wear was a pair of three-inch heeled sandals, footwear she'd long ago consigned to the back of her closet.

But she was desperate, so she stood with her spine straight, her green-eyed gaze trained on her host, and took a deep breath.

His eyes narrowed as the motion drew his eyes to her bosom. Instinctively she hunched her shoulders to hide her large breasts amid the drape of her loose overblouse.

The giant's mouth twitched then flat-lined. "The rules here are simple," he said, the voice deep and vibrating. "A sub does not look her Master—any Master—in the eye unless invited to do so."

Immediately she lowered her eyes to the floor, seeing from her peripheral vision the satisfied nod of his head.

"You can do nothing without permission. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Master."

"You are in no danger here," he continued. "You will have a safe word. When you speak that word, all activity concerning you will cease and you are free to leave." A smile ticked up one side of his mouth. "Or stay."

Becca felt her eyelashes flutter, as did the moth-wings in her stomach. Of course she would stay. She had to stay.

"Becca?"

Eyes downcast, she whispered, "Yes, Master?"

"You may look at me." When she did, he said, "Your safe word will be 'moonlight'. Is that acceptable?"

Her heart jumped then went back to its normal rhythm. Their favorite song had been "Moonlight" —

"You may speak directly."

"Moonlight. Yes. Thank you," she added hastily.

"Good." He thumped massive palms on the leather blotter and pushed to his feet. "Follow me." He turned on his heel and strode through an archway at the back of the library. Becca glanced at Glynnis, who nodded and made shooing motions with her hands. *Go ahead, her eyes said. Enjoy your weekend, and find what you're looking for.*

Becca hurried her steps around the sofa and through the doorway into a far more Spartan room. Dim recessed lighting barely illuminated polished oak floors, benches with no cushions, bare walls. Two men stood one on each side of a thronelike wooden chair, a gloved hand on the back slat. Immediately she lowered her gaze to the floor, but the sight of them registered vividly in her mind's eye. Both looked to be a shade under six feet tall and in good physical condition. Both wore black leather pants, black long-sleeved turtlenecks.

And black hoods that hid all but mouth and chin.

The giant sat on the chair, which had apparently been built to his specifications, as it accommodated his size and girth with room to spare. "Come stand before me."

She did.

"The first part is always the hardest," he said, his voice surprisingly gentle for a man so huge. "But it must be done. And done quickly. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good. Take off your blouse and skirt."

Her breath caught. Dear Lord, this was the acid test. If she could take the first step, she might be able to recapture —

A crack like a rifle shot sounded in the air around her. Becca dared a glance up. The giant held a long, supple whip in his hand and had apparently just wielded it. "You are to obey your Master without question," he boomed, his deep voice echoing across the bare floors and walls.

With fumbling fingers she reached for the buttons of her beige silk blouse.

"Because you are a novice and this is your first offense, I'll let you off with a warning." The giant leaned forward, arresting her fingers at the second button. "Whenever I issue you an order, you are to acknowledge it."

"Yes, Master. I'm sorry, Master, I didn't know."

"The next offense will incur a punishment."

Becca bit her lip but resolutely nodded while working open the third button.

Without warning the giant jumped to his feet, tucked a massive hand around her jaw, thumb on one side and fingers on the other, and lifted her face to look at him. "You did not," he murmured, "say, 'Yes, Master' that I would know you heard me. I can only assume you want to be punished."

Unbidden, her eyes flared at that outrageous statement then, realizing her mistake, she bit her tongue to stifle any comment. She was an intelligent woman, a lawyer in fact, so she should have been able to follow directions the first time. She wanted to be a sub. She had to obey her Master, not contradict him or argue with him.

She lowered her gaze. "As you wish, Master."

Underneath her lashes she could see his posture relax, as if she had pleased him. Tiny tingles skittered up her spine. Until his next words.

“One of my assistants will be assigned to keep track of your punishment. And who knows? Maybe to dole it out.” He turned. The man to his right took a step forward and nodded, the ghost of a smile just visible in the soft lighting.

“Please continue disrobing,” the giant said, returning to his throne.

You can do it, she urged herself. *For years you’ve dreamed of flaunting yourself before a roomful of men.* She would never have admitted it to anyone, but she admired strippers and go-go dancers, women who displayed their perfect bodies so as to arouse lust in their audience, sexpots who allowed men—and women—to stuff bills in their G-strings, giving them the opportunity to surreptitiously fondle them in public. But Becca’s daydreams had stopped there. She’d never had the body to be really sexy. Never had the guts for it either.

That’s why you’re here, she reminded herself. To see if she could be a sub who fired a Dom to lust.

As she unbuttoned the fourth and fifth buttons, she let her gaze creep up the legs of the assistant who would keep track of her punishment. Was it her imagination, or did it seem his cock had grown to push against the leather at his groin?

At last the blouse was free of its restraints and she slipped it off her shoulders and let it slide down to her feet in a puddle. She could feel her nipples harden beneath her plain white nylon bra, knowing that three pairs of male eyes were watching. Sure, some men might like the abundant top of her—she wore a 38-DD—but her waist and hips also held the same kind of extra padding, making her less than runway-model caliber.

The giant raised the hand holding the whip, its flexible length gripped along with the long thick handle, tail skimming the floor, and flicked the resulting loop of leather up and down over one nipple.

Becca gasped as the sensation shot straight down to the point where her legs met.

“Now the bra. The whip wants to feel bare skin.”

Her throat dry, Becca reached for the front clasp and unhooked it. She could feel her cheeks burning as the cups fell to the sides, exposing her soft skin. Her breasts were full and round, swaying gently as she moved. She slid the straps down her shoulders and let the bra fall on top of the blouse.

True to his word, the giant nudged at her breasts, back and forth from one side to the other, raking the edges of her nipples to hard points with the looped whip.

Both assistants took an interested step closer. The one counting her punishments dared to lift a gloved finger and make a lazy circle around her areola. Becca arched her back, felt her chest swell out to him, thrusting her breast closer to his stroking.

“Go ahead,” the giant said. “Give it a kiss.”

The man made a deep sound in the back of his throat. Becca could see the brown flash of his eyes inside the mask before his head dipped and his tongue gently lapped her hard nipple then closed his mouth around it. Becca shuddered at the feeling. She wanted to cradle his head close to her and keep him there. But all she could do was close her eyes and tremble at the feel of his moist tongue, the inner softness of his mouth as he pulled and suckled at her with other men watching.

“Enough.”

The man stepped back. Becca felt somehow bereft.

“Now the rest of it,” the giant said, impatiently gesturing with the furled whip.

Having seen the glitter of lust in all three men’s eyes, Becca felt a little more sure of herself and her feminine power. She reached behind her, unhooked the waistband, pulled down the zipper, and wiggled the skirt off her hips, her bare breasts swaying and bouncing as she did so. The audible gulp of the Punisher, as she was coming to think of the man counting her offenses, goaded her into making her lips into a slight pout as she stepped out of the skirt.

Oh it was hard, very hard to stand still, arms at her sides and not crossed over her bare breasts or at the crotch of her translucent panties that teased the eye with a shadow of her dark pubic hair, as they scrutinized her.

"One more," said the boss.

Becca let out a harsh breath. "Yes, Master." Before she allowed herself time to second-guess her actions, she looped her thumbs under the elastic, raked the white nylon down her legs then bent down, breasts hanging free and swaying avidly, to pull the garment off one high-heeled foot then the other.

"Give it here." The giant reached for her panties before she had a chance to toss them onto the growing pile.

Her breath stuttered. "As you wish, Master."

The sight of her panties all but engulfed in his huge hand sent a shock-wave of misgiving through Becca, and more so when he lifted them to his nose and inhaled. Was she out of her mind?

"Mmmm. An aroused woman. Good." Tucking her panties into an inner pocket of his vest, the giant sent the other man to scoop up her clothing. "You won't need these for the rest of the weekend."

She stood stoically as the man disappeared with the remnants of her everyday world. Oh God, she was stark naked with three huge, virile-looking men in the house! Perversely, the thought started the juices flowing between her legs. *They'll know*, she thought. There would be no fabric to catch and hide the dribbles.

"Come, my dear. You will serve us dinner." The giant stood, casually touched her shoulder and turned her toward another door. His fingers glided down her backbone in the lightest feather-touch all the way down to the start of her cleft, raising the fine hairs on the back of her neck. She was sublimely conscious that the Punisher walked behind her, she could almost feel his eyes on her plump buttocks as they pulsed and bunched with her stride, as she swayed slightly in the unaccustomed heels. She was also

conscious that the skin of her naked thighs brushed along her feminine juncture, teasing her labia and making her even wetter.

Oh God.

The giant led her to a cozy dining room with a table set for three—gold-rimmed china and etched crystal wineglasses, sparkling silverware, lighted candelabra and a spill of red miniature roses in a silver vase.

As they sat down, she was exquisitely aware of her pink nakedness in contrast to their black-garbed, masculine forms, their matter-of-fact attitude versus the sensual tenterhooks that gripped her. She could smell her own arousal but there was nothing to do about it, her panties were gone.

He gestured to the sideboard, which displayed several covered platters. She lifted the lid of the largest and bit back a smile. Chicken breasts. *What else would it be but breasts?* she thought.

Expertly she placed two on each platter, aware that her own breasts grazed each man's shoulder as she leaned forward. Then came a heavenly smelling mushroom sauce in a gravy boat, which she ladled onto each breast in a slow drizzle. Baby carrots flecked with fresh dill, twice-baked potatoes nestled in their skins and redolent of cheese, artichoke hearts marinated in olive oil and spices.

The giant had poured white wine, she noted as she offered the last dish, a cranberry relish fragrant with citrus peel and orange liqueur.

When all were served she stood by the sideboard, arms at her sides, eyes lowered, waiting for her next directive. Suddenly the rich aromas made her stomach rumble.

Three sets of eyes jerked to her, three mouths tilted up.

"Hungry?"

"Yes, Master," she said, the heat creeping up her throat to her cheeks.

"Would you like something to eat?"

"If it please you, Master."

"Then come. Sit on my lap."

She swallowed. "Yes, Master." And stood at his chair, uncertain how to proceed.

He pushed back his chair a bit and patted his thick thighs. "Right here. Face the table."

"Thank you, Master." Gingerly she lowered herself onto his lap, her knees primly together as she tried to stabilize herself.

"Another lesson without penalty, slave. Whenever you sit, you will spread your legs wide open. Whether you're on a chair, a bed, a lap or whatever. And keep your hands on your knees. Now straddle me."

Becca didn't think her cheeks could get any hotter, but she was sure they were the color of the roses on the table. "As you wish, Master." Perforce, she had to scoot back to keep herself upright, her toes barely touching the floor in her too-high heels. The cleft of her buttocks came to rest at the massive bulge of his cock underneath his leather, and an involuntary shiver slid over her.

Music played in the background, with a soft, sexy blues feel to it. The candle flames danced lazily, lulling her. The giant casually draped his left arm around her waist, his massive hand dropping smack in between her outspread legs. With his other hand he forked up a small chunk of chicken with mushroom slice and brought it to her mouth.

She closed her lips around the fork. The delicious blending of flavors burst in her mouth at the same moment a thick finger pushed its way into her damp slit. "Nice and juicy, huh?" he said, so nonchalantly that he could have been referring to the chicken in her mouth, but she knew, and he knew she knew, that he wasn't.

"Carrot?" This from the man who had hidden her clothing.

"Thank you, Master," she said as she leaned toward him for the tidbit. Too late she realized she had inadvertently invited the giant's finger to plunge farther into her passage, which he did with alacrity. She felt her knees closing instinctively, but they tightened only as far as the immovable thighs on which she sat.

Another piece of chicken coated with excellent sauce, a scoop of potato, and so it went, the three men taking turns in feeding her bit by bit while the giant played with her most private parts, sliding his thick middle finger deep inside then pulling out to circle his wet digit around her clit, driving her slowly higher and higher. She wondered how feminine juices affected leather, for she was almost flooding now – would he have to have it cleaned? Then stifled the urge to laugh. If this was his home, he obviously had money to spare for such mundane chores.

The Punisher bent forward, his brown eyes under the mask boldly watching the giant's fingers plunging and withdrawing from her woman's core, and offered her a forkful of the cranberry compote. By now Becca was so turned on she could barely reach for the morsel. Each time she bent to either of the assistants, the giant did something delectable and unexpected, like pinch her labia or twang her clit with a fingernail or, once, pinch the nipple that brushed his knuckles. She opened her mouth and the Punisher upended the fork into it, spilling tiny chunks of diced cranberry and bits of gelatin on her breast.

The coolness of the spilled salad felt heavenly on her heated skin. She closed her eyes to savor the contrast. They popped open when she felt her skin being drawn upward into the warm cavern of the Punisher's mouth as he sucked and licked the sweet relish off her breast. He moved to her nipple, tonguing it then suckling, strong and rhythmically, as the giant followed his rhythm with his fingers inside her pussy.

"Hey, me too," said the other assistant, and she felt herself being pulled backward as the giant leaned back in the chair, allowing both men equal access to her breasts. In between their sucks she could see how turgid and red her nipples had become, how peaked and hard.

Oh God oh God oh God, she could feel her fingernails digging crescents into her knees as the sensations piled one on top of another, both of her breasts being suckled and teased, three fingers of one hand now inside her while the giant's other hand

circled and pinched her clit, the smell of leather sharp and intoxicating, the melting candlewax, the wine on their breaths, the scent of her arousal surrounding all of them...

She felt herself gathering, rising higher and higher as shards of electricity rocketed to every inch of her, inside and out. She was going to come. She'd never, ever felt like this, she knew the top of her head would blow apart like a volcano in just seconds —

Suddenly she was standing on her wobbly feet, the giant's hands holding her up by the waist. "I did not give you permission to come!"

Dazed, Becca forgot herself and looked dumbly at the Punisher, who was standing only inches away from her. His eyes were glazed with passion. The bulge inside his trousers made it seem as if he'd stuffed it with a pair of heavy sport socks. His scorching gaze held hers, and she licked her lips, her wet tongue slowly rimming her upper lip then the lower.

His eyes snapped to her mouth. She could see how much he wanted to kiss her, how much — she hoped — he wanted to fuck her. God she wanted to be fucked, she was so close, so close! And he'd stopped her, the bastard.

No. Her Master. Not a bastard, he was only teaching her how to be submissive. This was her first experience at it, and she had to try hard to do only what was asked of her.

But, dear Lord, she was horny. Her skin tingled from ears to toes with primitive desire. She could see how rosy her skin was, how aroused. A light sheen of perspiration gave her a glow in the candlelight. The casual bun of her hair was half askew, making her want to rip out all the pins and let the strands fall on her naked shoulders, caressing her the way the men's eyes caressed her.

As if reading her mind, the Punisher raised his hands to her neck.

"Go ahead," said the giant. And the Punisher pulled out pin after pin, setting them on the tablecloth until no more could be found. With the giant's hands still holding her loosely at the waist as if needing to keep her upright, the Punisher ran his fingers through her hair, sifting it until it flowed like warm honey around her. He cupped her

skull in his strong hands and leaned forward. He ran his tongue over her softened mouth and a shiver ran through her body.

Kiss me, she thought.

Instead he withdrew his hands and again she felt bereft.

"I think you've charmed one of my assistants." With a gentle push, the giant moved Becca away from himself and toward the Punisher. "Let's see what she can do with her mouth."

With that he put his massive hands on her shoulders and pushed her to her knees, her eyes level with the Punisher's crotch. Close up she saw that the leather breeches weren't zippered in the center like normal trousers. They had buttons on either side, allowing a six-inch-wide panel to drop down and expose —

Holy Hannah, the size of his cock! The flickering candlelight made the purple head look even darker, with the long, thick shaft standing straight out, beckoning her to...to...

He did it for her. Standing with his feet planted wide apart, the Punisher grabbed her head between his hands and inexorably drew it forward. To keep her balance, Becca slapped her hands on his thighs. Strong, muscular thighs that could easily hold hers apart while he opened her to his onslaught — if he wanted to fuck her. Please, yes, make him want to fuck her!

Tentatively she licked the drop of pre-come that oozed from the very tip of that beautiful male appendage and heard a gratifying intake of breath. Emboldened, she licked all around the rim that flared out from the stem then moved slightly to encase the entire head in her mouth. The heat of him made her gasp, made her want to take all of him, to suck him as he had suckled her breast. She pulled deeply, feeling the tip of his cock touch the back of her throat, and she fought the urge to gag. He tasted and smelled very male, spicy and pungent and musky. And she was extremely aroused, even more so now than she'd been moments ago, with the heady feeling that she was in charge of this man's orgasm.

She thought she could come too, just sucking his cock. And would, by God, since by some cruel depravity they'd stopped her before. The thought galvanized her, raised her arousal another notch. She slipped his cock in and out of her mouth, gripping the base of his shaft in one hand, her other hand reaching behind him to squeeze his buttocks, her breath coming in shorter and shorter pants, and she was on the verge, and so was he, she could feel him pulling tight, his balls gathering up hard against her fist and her juices flowing unimpeded down her thighs, and –

And she was jerked off her knees and to her wobbly feet as his come splattered all over her breast and belly, shooting in wave after wave of sticky substance until his knees buckled and he leaned heavily against the table, gasping like a steam engine.

She was almost too enamored of the power of the orgasm she'd provoked to be pissed that she'd again been deprived of her own.

But she didn't dare be pissed. The giant held her upper arms in pincer-like fashion, almost behind her back, forcing her breasts—her dripping, slippery breasts—closer to him.

As if in slow motion, the Punisher pulled off his gloves, dropped them to the floor then raised his hands to smear his come all over her breasts, her waist and on to her back and buttocks. He kissed her navel, which had been spared his fluid, then moved to nip and pinch a path down her belly with his teeth, until he reached her neatly trimmed pubic hair and buried his face in her crotch. His tongue licked and his teeth nibbled.

It was too much. Her knees buckled and she yanked her arms from the giant's grip and grabbed the Punisher's shoulders to steady herself. She wanted to stay that way forever, with his mouth on her pussy, his come all over her, and her hands cradling him, even if she didn't herself come.

"You'll want a bath now," the giant said, interrupting her warm and fuzzy feeling. "Come."

"Thank you, Master," she said dutifully, although her skin felt as though thousands of butterflies were tiptoeing over it. She was as energized as she'd ever been. She could leap tall buildings, she could stop bullets.

But dammit, she couldn't even come.

Be patient, a part of her whispered. Just think how good it will be when they finally *do* let you come.

Yes. That's what Glynnis had told her. As she followed the giant up a wide, sweeping staircase, she wondered idly if her friend was experiencing similar sensations, if she was a sub or a Domme, or indeed, if she was even still here.

All thought of Glynnis fled her mind when the giant halted her at the top of the steps and one of the assistants came up behind her, still slightly taller than she while standing one step lower, and skimmed his fingers across her hips, down her buttocks and the sensitive backs of her thighs. Then he lifted her heavy hair from her neck and nibbled at the delectable point where neck and shoulder met.

She knew it was the Punisher because she'd already inhaled and memorized his unique scent. And her body already knew the feel of his fingers touching her.

Yes. If she could be his sub, she would be happy.

Chapter Two



The Jacuzzi was sized for a party, set into a luxuriously tiled bathroom off what must surely be the master bedroom, with its bed even larger than king size. She'd been made to sit on a cool, marble-topped stool—legs widespread again, damp palms on her knees—while the other assistant unbuckled the ankle straps holding her shoes to her feet.

While moving from one shoe to the other, he stared at the sight between her legs, her pussy lips swollen and red, aching and throbbing and unfulfilled, her juices still seeping onto the marble. He bent forward and inhaled her sexual essence, making her blush. He lightly ran two fingers across the edges of her swollen lips, making her gasp. Then he moved even closer and lapped his tongue directly into her slit, from where it touched the marble all the way up to her clit, making her eyes close and her body shiver. While she savored the myriad sensations, she felt a hard pinch of her labia and fought not to jump, not to cry out, for fear of reprisal.

But he only soothed the spot he'd pinched then tucked her hair into a towel to keep it dry. He helped her step into the tub and ordered her to sit so a jet pulsed directly onto her wide-open pussy. The constant stimulation was overwhelming. She shuddered and gritted her teeth in an effort not to come.

Shucking his vest and leaning over the tub, the giant took over and washed her, using his huge hands to gently massage her body with a soap that smelled like lilacs and freesia then stood her under a warm showerhead to rinse her off.

Disappointment speared through her to see that it was again the second assistant who held the fluffy blue towel to dry the beads of water off her now even pinker skin.

He sported a slightly less massive bulge under his leathers than she'd noticed on the giant. But what she really wanted was the Punisher. She'd bonded with him.

Still, the giant was her Master and her teacher, and she had to bend to his will.

"One more item before you are dismissed for the night. You haven't received your punishment for your offense." With that he motioned with his arms. The towel assistant sank to the tiled bathroom floor with alacrity, legs spread wide. He ripped open his crotch panel to allow his engorged cock to spring free almost to his navel and tucked the leather under him so that his balls spilled out onto the tile.

"On your knees, slave. Elbows on the floor. Take him in your mouth."

Becca's face flared into heat again. If she did that...she tried to envision what she'd look like, what would be exposed to them, and her face got even hotter.

"That's another offense. I'll say it again. You must obey immediately."

"Yes, Master," she said meekly, not sure how much more difficult any new punishment could be than withholding her orgasms. Slowly she positioned herself as directed, her elbows and palms on the floor in a V with her fingertips coming together where his balls rested tight against his shaft, her ass high in the air, her mouth on the head of his rampant cock. And waited for permission to fellate him. She wouldn't commit another punishable offense.

The giant sat down alongside them in a lotus position, knees out, ankles tucked one under the other near his groin, situated so he could watch her mouth on the man's cock. "Three strokes for each offense," he ordered.

A soft *whoosh* through the air then she yelped as a line of fire striped both globes of her backside. The Punisher! Standing behind her. She felt his booted feet nudge her knees farther apart, knees and elbows almost touching in order to balance herself over the huge cock without sinking over it. Her cheeks flamed as hot as the punishment stripe. The Punisher could see every inch of her most private parts, from the rosebud of

her anus to the plump lips of her pussy and, she was sure, the tiny head of her clit standing straight out from all the stimulation she'd received.

Oh God. It felt wonderful.

A second then a third lash and a fourth, each one harder than before. With each stroke, the force of the pain drove Becca forward, impaling her mouth on the man's stone-hard cock, but she kept her mouth as tight as possible to blunt the impact on the back of her throat. If she couldn't speak the safe word, she just might strangle from her involuntary movements. She could feel the tension in the man's thighs as he held himself still, for her sake she hoped.

"Perpendicular for the last two." The order barked out by the giant evoked a small groan of—rebellion?—from the Punisher. In her peripheral vision Becca could see sweat beading on the giant's brow, a haze of lust over his eyes. Damn him, he was loving it!

Then she realized what the order meant. She tried to clench her buttocks to steel herself against the blows, but her knees were as far apart as they could be without cracking her like a wishbone.

The lash descended directly onto her pussy, wrapping around her cleft from anus to navel, hitting her clit and her inner lips as well. Becca cried out around the engorged cock but kept her mouth firmly attached to it.

The last one burned a flame through her pussy, pain and pleasure mixing, melding, making her juices flow again. She hadn't known she could enjoy pain.

She slumped to the floor and the giant tenderly raised her in his arms.

* * * * *

"Sleep now."

Sleep? Becca wasn't sure she could. Her arms and legs were stretched in an X with wrists and ankles bound to the bedposts with silken ropes, and a tight blindfold had been tied around her eyes. More importantly, her pussy still ached with desperate desire, tingling and aflame.

She waited for the next order, a word, a sound. But many moments later, she still heard only silence. Not even the ticking of a clock. She hadn't heard them leave, as footsteps would have been deadened by the thick carpet. She hadn't heard a door close. No matter how hard she tried to concentrate, she couldn't hear breathing so didn't know if one or all three of them stayed in the room to watch.

Watch? What did they think they'd see? Her masturbating to orgasm? How could she? Did they want to see her squirm and suffer? To watch her seeping juices stain the bedsheet? Perhaps that was all part of being a sub. Of never knowing when, or if, your needs would be met. Or when pleasure and release would come. Perhaps the pleasure was supposed to be in the anticipation.

She dozed fitfully, her sleep never deep enough to dream, her muscles cramping with the tension of her tethers, her unfulfilled longing to be fucked deep and hard until her clit and pussy were raw and satiated.

She rose to a slow consciousness, aware of a tingling on her inner thighs. Someone was in the room with her, in the bed, stroking her skin with soft touches. Fingers, she was sure. Then something else. A feather?

A puff of air directly on her clit made her hips rise. A moist tongue laved one side of her labia, then the other, teasing, whispering. Total darkness greeted her eyes as she tried to open them against the tight blindfold. Nothing, not even a slight hint of light around the edges. She could see nothing, could only feel.

The man—she assumed it was a man by the slight scratch of whiskers against her tender flesh, although some of the whisper-soft touches were very feminine—rose up to lick and bite around her hip, her belly, her waist. *Please, please*, she silently begged, *either my breasts or my clit, but not in between where it only teases more!*

As if in answer to her plea, the body reared up, knees on the mattress between her legs, hands palm down near her upraised arms, and gently dragged what felt like a real live cock between her legs. Hard, hot. And yes, throbbing. It couldn't be a dildo, for if it

was a mechanical throbbing, wouldn't she have heard the motor whir? And would it be so hot?

Please, please, she begged again in her mind.

It was the Punisher! The unique scent of him wafted up to her nostrils as he moved, a dizzying combination of spice and musk and man. Perhaps she could take the chance that he wouldn't punish her if she asked. Beg, if she had to. Hadn't he already shown he wanted her? Hadn't he been reluctant to administer those last hard strokes?

"Please, Master," she squeaked out before she could stop herself.

"Please what?" he growled, his voice a harsh, unrecognizable whisper.

"Please fuck me. Or at least let me come." To emphasize her need, she raised her hips as high off the bed as the tethers allowed.

For a moment he didn't move but stayed rigid above her, every nerve vibrating. Had she done wrong? Did he have his own orders from the giant? Did he really want to fuck her or was he just teasing her according to a set plan?

With a groan he eased down, allowing the full weight of him—gloriously naked!—to rest on her equally naked body. She bucked and rubbed against him, trying to get her clit to rub against his cock, but her pitiful efforts were hampered by the lack of leverage offered by her tied extremities.

"Hush," he whispered, his mouth finding a distended nipple in the dark—although, she thought with a touch of hysteria, maybe he could see her just fine, it was only she who wore the blindfold.

He laved it, worshiped it with his mouth, then tended to the other breast equally well while his cock ground up and down against her clit and the outside of her pussy.

Inside, she almost shouted, I want your cock *inside* me!

Suddenly he raised his hips, and she almost whimpered at the withdrawal. Then, in one harsh thrust, he seated himself deep inside her. With a raw sound of need that she couldn't stifle, her inner walls contracted around him, milking him with greedy spasms.

She wanted to dig her heels into the mattress, to push her hips into his, but her legs remained immobile.

And so did he. Damn him!

"Please," she moaned again.

He withdrew totally and, with a muffled curse, moved off the bed.

This time she couldn't help it. She cried out. "No! Damn you, don't leave me!"

But it did no good. He didn't come back. No one did.

* * * * *

"Did you sleep well?"

Becca roused to the deep voice of the giant. Her throat felt dry and raw, her muscles ached from being stretched, her wrists and ankles ached from being tied. Her pussy, she was chagrined to discover, still throbbed with unfulfilled desire. At the sound of his voice her juices began to flow in wild anticipation of possibly, finally, attaining an orgasm.

"Yes, thank you, Master."

He chuckled deep inside his diaphragm. "Little liar."

Biting her lip, thinking discretion was best, she made no response then felt the mattress dip heavily on one side. As near as her blind senses could judge, he was kneeling on the bed inside the angle made by her splayed right arm and right leg.

Suddenly she felt his breath on her face, his big hands lifting her head to one side. "Let's get rid of this, shall we?"

A moment later Becca blinked at the harsh glare of light as the blindfold fell away. Morning sunlight, she realized, streaming through a row of lace-curtained windows that, last night, had been hidden behind heavy draperies.

The giant was indeed on his knees. Naked. His cock rampant and impossibly huge, rising from between massive thighs and a forbidding thatch of thick, black hair.

Oh God, would she have to service *him*? No, her mind cried out, she wanted the *Punisher* to be her Dom, not this...this hulk of a mountain!

"One more thing a sub must do," he murmured, "and that's trust that her Master will not do anything to hurt her. Remember your safe word and use it if you really, really need to stop."

Becca tried to swallow through her dry throat. He had read her mind, knowing that his huge everything could be—was—frightening. "Th-thank you, Master, for your concern. I-I'll be all right."

"That's a good slave. Now let's take care of your straps." To her great relief, the giant reached up to her right wrist and untied it. "Careful. It will hurt less if you move slowly." As he guided her arm downward toward her side, he began kneading the muscles, from her wrist all the way up to her shoulder and neck. Then he did the same with her right leg, slowly unkinking the tension in her calf, her thigh, the muscles attached to her hip and groin.

Then he climbed over her body, his cock bobbing obscenely close to her face, balls hanging free and massive like a stallion's, and tended to the limbs on her other side.

She sighed deeply and closed her eyes. "Thank you, Master. That felt wonderful."

He settled down next to her, on his side, torso bent at the waist as he leaned on an elbow to look down at her. "You're such a beautiful woman."

Her eyes sprang open to capture his gaze. "Me?"

"That's another offense, you know," he said, chuckling.

"Oh." Immediately she lowered her lids. "I'm sorry for looking at you, Master. It's just..."

"You may speak freely." His fingers trailed idly along her waist to hip, down her outer thigh and back up again.

"I thought we were all supposed to be honest," she said in a small voice.

"I honestly think you're beautiful. Look at how perfect your skin is, how rosy, how delicate." His fingers trailed up to skirt the underside of her breast and she made an involuntary move toward him. "How responsive you are."

She bit her lip.

"And your breasts. They're so perfectly shaped, so heavy in my palm." He matched action to word, cupping one and watching it overflow even his huge hand.

"Your eyes." He bent to kiss one then the other as she fluttered them closed. "So expressive. So green like the finest emerald. You can't see the way the sunlight makes all the shades of your hair glow. Gold and red and bronze and what-all. Don't ever feel you're not beautiful. I forbid it."

He rolled one nipple between thumb and forefinger then tugged it sharply, making her hiss with pleasure. "You have my assistants salivating. They're both panting to do this to you." He bent his head and pulled the nipple deeply into his mouth, giving it a nip with his teeth. "But that's for later."

The thought of what the assistants had already done to her made her ask, "May I speak, Master?"

He took so long to respond that Becca was tempted to look up and see what emotions crossed his face, whether she'd spoken out of turn. But she didn't move.

"You may."

With no small measure of relief that she hadn't committed another offense, she said shyly, "I rather fancy...the one I think of as The Punisher." Heat crept up her face to blaze in her cheeks.

"And you think that a slave has any choice in the matter?"

Sharp tears pricked the backs of her eyes. She shouldn't have spoken! Now he'd punish her by withholding the very Master she wished would dominate her.

Instead, he chuckled. "Punisher, eh? Good name. Does that mean you can tell them apart underneath those leathers and hoods?"

She bit her tongue. Should she tell him she could pick out her man's unique scent without seeing his face? "I think so," she equivocated. "I mean, he's the one who keeps track of my offenses and administers the punishment, right?"

The giant made a noise in his throat. "And what about my other assistant? Have you a name for him as well?"

"Um, well he did pinch my," she blushed to say it, "my lower lips almost to the point of pain, so maybe...Pincher?"

"That's a great name. And me?"

"The Giant, of course," she blurted out.

He threw his head back and roared with laughter. "Surely you can be more inventive than that?"

Was he testing her? Had he something specific in mind that she should say? "Well, I could amend it to say 'Gentle Giant'."

"Thank you." He kissed her on the tip of both breasts then slid his arms underneath her shoulders and knees, lifting her, naked skin to naked skin, changing the subject totally. "Coffee? Tea? Orange juice? Cocoa? What do you favor in the mornings?"

"Whatever you want to give me, Master," she said shyly.

He grunted his satisfaction at her quick learning.

As he walked, he held her just low enough for her to feel the bouncing snap of his engorged cock on her rump with every step. One arm around his massive shoulder, she bit her lip, regarding it as just another tease-punishment.

Since he'd placed her in position to look directly at him, Becca indulged. She realized his bald head had been shaved—she could see the same shadows in his smooth pate as in his jaw. A fairly large diamond shone from one ear and she noted long black lashes surrounding his steel-gray eyes. Oh how she longed to see the features of the Punisher in daylight, without his hood! She remembered the fever in those sexy brown eyes last night and almost whimpered with need.

He stepped into an adjoining room lambent with light from windows on three walls and skylights in the ceiling. Flowers grew riotously in pots scattered in between wicker chaises and sofas and a breakfast table with four chairs. Gently he settled her on one of the chairs.

Becca relaxed into it then remembered the rules. Quickly she pulled her legs wide apart and sat with palms on knees.

"Very good," the giant said from behind her. He kissed the top of her head then poured steaming hot, sinfully fragrant coffee into the cup at her hand. "Please help yourself to anything and eat heartily. I'll be back in a minute."

If she was alone, Becca wondered, did she still have to sit with legs splayed wide? It was an awkward way to eat.

She solved that by pulling the chair close to the table then spreading her legs again. Under a domed cover she found fat slices of French toast and browned breakfast sausages. Warm maple syrup waited in a delicate pitcher. Sliced strawberries added to the decadence of the breakfast. She piled her plate high and began to eat, suddenly ravenous from all the exertions of the previous evening.

That plate held nothing but scraps on it by the time the giant returned, clad once again in the tight black leather pants, boots and open vest.

He stroked her cheek. "Ready for some more fun?"

Becca forced herself not to look into his eyes. "Yes, Master. And thank you for such a delicious breakfast," she added quickly, hoping it wasn't an offense to do so.

"You're most welcome."

As the giant pulled back her chair, she stood, eyes downcast to see only the feet of the two assistants, clad once again in black leather. The giant led her back to the bed, nudged her onto it. "We'll get your punishment out of the way first."

He positioned her near the foot of the bed, on knees and elbows, forehead touching the mattress. "Punisher," he snapped.

Heat flared throughout Becca's body at the voicing of her name for the Master she wanted. She felt his hands settle on her hips then spread her ass cheeks wide open. His tongue rimmed the rosebud of her anus, stroking wide wet swaths until he began to push that tongue into her opening. She felt her sphincter contract, open, contract again as his tongue set up a rhythmic fucking of her anus, forcing his saliva into the opening to lubricate it.

This wasn't punishment, she thought, this was nirvana! She strained to raise her hips to meet his thrusts, squirmed her hips to seat his tongue more firmly.

Suddenly he withdrew tongue and hands. Becca wanted to shout the loss, her pussy quivering with need and her breaths coming hard and fast, but she stayed silent.

A new pressure against her anus tightened her muscles. She heard a soft mechanical sound as the object was inserted a millimeter at a time until it was seated as far as the safety handles allowed. A butt plug. She'd never seen one, but the feel, the sound of its low vibration, were unmistakable. Oh God, she wanted him to move it in and out of her hole, wanted his own cock to supplant it and fuck her that way, she wanted —

Smack! The crack of a hand on her fleshy ass cheek stunned, stung, brought tears to her eyes. "She's moving too much, boss," said the voice of the assistant who had hidden her clothes. She felt the sharp pain of a pinch on her labia then another, and another. "I thought I'd slow her down a bit."

Oh God, she'd pulled the name Pincher out of a hat when the giant had asked her and now he was taking it too much to heart.

Fingers delved into her pussy. "Wet as a lake," Pincher pronounced then shoved an object into the passage his fingers had explored.

A dildo. Also vibrating. Sensations rocketed through her as both butt plug and dildo vibrated with a higher, faster pitch. She needed to feel a body slamming into her, not inanimate objects just teasing!

“Stand up.” The giant lifted her off her knees and set her, barefoot and naked, on the plush carpet. “How do you like your punishment?” he crooned.

“I...it’s...too much,” she managed to blurt out. “I need—” Damn, she wasn’t in any position to *ask* for anything, and she’d best remember that!

He twirled her around to face the room and the two assistants, each of whom held a remote control switch whose wire disappeared into one of toys lodged in her orifices. Both wore smiles on their faces. Both had lust in their eyes, and damn if she wasn’t going to look at them!

One of them stepped forward, knelt before her, nudged her thighs open.

She complied automatically, balancing herself as best she could with both vibrating devices driving her crazy.

Holding his remote so as to leave thumb and forefinger free, the man used both hands to lift the hood of her clitoris. He began to lick it, suck it. He put his teeth around it and bit gently. The Punisher! She could smell him, knew the feel of his tongue on her. *Yes, please*, she wanted to cry out. *Take me, make me come! Devour me!*

With both devices now vibrating loudly, her clit being stimulated almost beyond bearing, she struggled between needing to obey and needing even more to allow this man to bring her to what she desperately craved.

His assault on her clit strengthened. His remote fell to the floor as he grasped her ass cheeks with both hands, pushing her closer to his face. He sucked, plucked, bit. His tongue picked up the vibrations from the dildo and transferred them to her wildly throbbing clit.

“Master, please! Please let me come!” Without conscious volition, her hands grabbed the Punisher’s head and held him to her. Her knees bent as she rocked her hips to and fro into his face. “Master...yessss!”

She could no longer hold back the tsunami. The smell, the feel of him, the exquisite, embarrassing pleasure of so many men watching her sexual need explode into an

unstoppable flood, broke her will and she climaxed again and again and again, the noises in her throat as feral as a wolf's, her juices rolling unchecked down her thighs, until she slumped against the Punisher and he rose to a half-crouch to keep her from sliding, boneless, to the floor.

"Thank you, Master," she whispered, looking directly into the deep, lusty brown eyes of the Punisher behind the hood.

Then everything went black.

* * * * *

Later, much later — or so it felt to Becca — she opened her eyes to discover she lay on the oversize bed she'd been kneeling on earlier. The concerned gaze of the giant touched hers and she instinctively lowered her lashes.

"Are you all right?" he asked, voice subdued.

Becca couldn't help blushing. It had been the most potent, mind-blowing orgasm she'd ever experienced. No wonder she'd fainted. She wondered if her Punisher had climaxed along with her, or if he'd jerked himself off after, or if he was still as hard as that dildo and butt plug, which, she decided as she surreptitiously clenched her inner muscles, had been removed from her person.

A decadent smile broke out on her face as she luxuriated in the feeling of utter satiety. "I'm delicious," she murmured, stretching like a sinuous cat, back arched and arms raised over her head.

The giant's laugh boomed around her. "You certainly are." Then his demeanor changed. "But now it's time to continue your lessons."

Her eyes snapped open. Her arms came down to rest at her sides. She stared at the door on the far wall facing the huge bed, hoping her peripheral vision would pick out the shadowy form of the Punisher in his black leathers.

But they were alone on the bed, the sub and her Dom.

Her giant Dom.

Her heart started beating a faster tattoo against her chest wall. Was this the litmus test? That she would obey whoever called himself Master at any given moment? That wasn't what Glynnis had told her. She wasn't sure she wanted to be a sub, if that's what the rules were. She'd thought she would be able to choose whom she would offer herself to. And she wanted the Punisher. Not the Pincher or the giant.

The mattress tilted as the giant eased himself off onto the carpet and stood so she saw his profile. He bent down and shucked off his boots. Next he pulled his massive arms through the armholes of the vest and discarded that.

Becca swallowed but stayed motionless.

He unsnapped the panel at the front of his pants, eased the leather garment off his ham-hock thighs and kicked it aside. His cock jutted out like a missile awaiting launch, purple and red and laced with veins along its formidable length.

She gulped. "Are we—" *Are we alone*, she wanted to know. *Is the Punisher here*, she wanted to know. Biting back her questions, she said instead, "Master, may I speak?"

"No, you may not." The naked bulk of him sheened lightly with sweat, he climbed back onto the bed. He threw one leg over her torso and knelt straddling her, his cock obscenely huge and intimidating. "You've had your stimulation, your introduction. You've had three men touching you, arousing you, lusting after you. You've learned that holding back your own pleasure, giving up your right to make a decision, can lead to a most rewarding conclusion."

He leaned forward, one arm outstretched to rest his hand on the headboard. The movement placed his cock little more than an inch from her mouth. "You've even snuck in an orgasm without permission. Now it's time to pay the price."

With his free hand he grasped his cock, squeezing it at the base, which made the shaft even thicker. "Open your mouth, slave."

A shudder made Becca's skin feel cool and clammy. No, not him! Not someone so huge! That had never been her fantasy. But still, her rational mind argued, he was

someone that Glynnis had vouched for. And hadn't the giant himself told her that a true Master would never hurt his sub?

On the other hand, if she took all of his huge cock into her mouth, if she gagged, if he rammed it down her throat until it hurt, how could she say the safe word if she needed to?

Another, more positive thought edged into her mind. Maybe he was testing her true desire to be a sub, to make sure she submitted to his every wish, before pronouncing her ready to be turned over to the Punisher. With a small inner sigh, she decided she'd have to play this out.

Hesitantly she let her mouth fall slack then with more determination opened it wide and lifted her head that last millimeter to show him her willingness to obey.

"Lick it."

Obligingly she stuck out her tongue and licked the drops of pre-come oozing from the eye of his penis. Then she rolled her tongue around the edges of the purple head, moistening it with her saliva.

The giant let go of his cock to grab a handful of her hair. He pulled her head closer. "Suck it now. Take it deep."

Not waiting for her to take a preparatory breath, he thrust his hips forward so that her mouth was suddenly filled with hot, pulsating flesh. She could feel the rim of the head slide against the roof of her mouth, pushing deeper and deeper still.

Instinctively she tightened her cheek muscles to keep some semblance of control as to the depth of his thrusts. Above her, the giant groaned, giving her the impetus to continue offering as much friction, as much braking, as much protection to her throat, as she could summon.

With a sudden clarity of purpose she made a fist around the base of his cock, realizing it would limit the depth of his thrusts and still offer him the sensation of coverage. Gradually she relaxed the back of her throat, allowing his cock to penetrate

deeper into this secondary passage, deeper than she'd thought possible, yet not nearly taking the full length of him.

She concentrated on her Punisher, imagining that it was his cock in her mouth, his body straddling her, his hot brown eyes branding her with their lust, and she was able to continue working her head up and down, her mouth and hand varying the pressure on the giant's cock, until she felt the tension in his body ratcheting up several notches. Perhaps the Punisher was watching from some unseen observation point, with his hands sliding along his own hard cock and imagining that he was the recipient of her efforts.

The hand fisting in her hair slackened off, easing the pressure against her skull. He pulled himself slowly upright then sat back on his haunches and ran his fingers from her shoulders to her breasts, brushing the nipples absently. "You're a natural, Becca. You suck cock like a high-priced call girl."

He scooted backward on the bed then maneuvered her knees apart just enough to allow him room to kneel between them. "Now," he murmured, "put your hands under your knees and lift your legs up then spread your thighs as far out as they can go. I want to see every inch of you."

Was this any more threatening than having his gigantic cock in her mouth? What would happen when he wanted to fuck her, to put that huge tool inside her pussy? Or, more worrisome, into her anus?

Was being subservient to him being disloyal to the Punisher? She was close to reaching the line she didn't want to cross. It was all well and good to have them all toying with her, to have them all watch while she sucked their cocks. But to be alone with him, knowing that he was going to fuck her —

"Master," she tried again, "may I speak?"

"In a minute. After you spread your legs the way I ordered you to."

Becca bit the inside of her lip but complied. He couldn't order her not to speak after he'd all but given her permission. Trembling slightly, she lifted her legs as directed, feeling the sweat of her thighs against the sweat of her hips as they came together, felt the deep heat of her shame as she exposed her pussy, her anus, to his view. She squeezed her eyes shut.

"Master?"

The giant crouched down between her legs, lowered his head and began to lick her slit, from back to front, his thick tongue reaching both sides of her labia in one swoop. "Mm-hm," he said.

She assumed his moan meant permission as much as pleasure, and blurted it out before she could consider the consequences. "Will your assistants be joining us?"

It took a moment before he answered, a moment in which he licked and sucked and nibbled. He shoved his tongue inside her pussy and a finger inside her anus. "You're not as juicy as you were before," he murmured. "Why's that?"

"Master?"

He raised his head, peered at her through her splayed legs, his gaze traveling up her belly, to her ample breasts now slightly flattened, up to her face, seeing her teeth worry her bottom lip.

"What?"

"Please, Master, if you would answer my question?"

He fingered her pussy idly, slushing in and out as if his thoughts were elsewhere. "Where's the woman who couldn't wait to come? Where's the sybarite who loved to be sucked and pinched and butt fucked? Do you need an audience?"

With some asperity, she retorted, "Did you hear my question?"

"Yes, I heard your question. I sent both my assistants home." His two fingers slid out of her pussy as he sat up on his haunches. Absently he put his slick fingers into his

mouth and sucked them as though contemplating her juices, or lack thereof. "So you're not really a sub. You're an exhibitionist."

"I—I don't really know what I am, Master. I think you're a very caring person, very gentle. But I have to say it." Becca took a deep breath. "Moonlight."

The giant reared back as if stung by a swarm of wasps. "Your safe word?"

"I'm sorry. I can't do this. Not with you."

After a silent moment during which he was no doubt marshalling his thoughts—or perhaps his pride—the giant slid off the bed again and offered her a hand. "Come. Sit up and I'll arrange for Glynnis to pick you up."

Chapter Three



"Where the *hell* have you been?"

Becca halted in the doorway of her living room and studied her husband of ten years. Tufts of dark hair stood up on his head like a crown of thorns, as though he'd raked his fingers through it too many times. In a pair of tailored, belted black slacks and blue shirt with sleeves rolled to the elbows, he looked too calm, too controlled. Brown eyes, however, flashed daggers at her.

Answering that loaded question depended on whether she'd been right in her assumption. She'd told him she and Glynnis were having a spa weekend and she'd be home on Sunday noonish. But it was Saturday night, four hours after Glynn had picked her up at the giant's home, and Steve looked royally pissed.

"Glynnis—" She cleared her throat. Her voice sounded like a child's. Consciously she pitched it lower. "Glynnis and I had a drink or two after—"

Steve took a step closer. She could see the vein in his temple throbbing. A bad sign.

"Go on. After what?"

She tried a smile as she stripped off her coat and flung it onto the sofa. "After the event. What did you do this weekend?"

"The 'event'." He came even closer, walked around her in a circle, thoroughly inspecting her in her loose overblouse and long skirt. "What did you get at the spa? A facial? A massage? Got your toenails painted? Doesn't look like you got a new hairdo." He raised a hand, filtered strands of her long hair through his fingers.

"Steve." She reached out to touch his arm. "I know that was you."

His brown eyes narrowed. "What do you mean? What was me?"

She met his cold gaze with her own intense one. "You look good in tight black leather. All except the hood."

"Jesus, Becca!" He flung her arm off him, plowed both hands into his hair, rearranging the spikes. "I didn't know whether to kill you or..."

It was admission enough for her. The tight muscles in her stomach relaxed. "Which guy did you know?"

"Both of them," he answered between clenched teeth. "Lucas was one of the partners in that land deal I worked on. Warren was his attorney. But the more pertinent question is, how did *you* know about the Platinum Society?"

"Platinum...what's that?"

"It's an exclusive sex club where anything goes. As you well know."

"I don't know anything about any sex club." She brought her chin up in her characteristic attorney's stance. "Are you a member? Did you bring your *friends* Lucas and Warren there for a treat?"

"Whoa! Wait a minute! I got into this deal because Lucas told me Glynnis suggested he invite me over for something special. He said she told him it was a surprise for you. So of course I went. But I certainly never expected to see my wife naked and getting it on with a bunch of guys!"

Steve spun on his heel, paced away from her, raking his hands through his hair again. Becca's gaze snagged on how good his tight butt looked in those staid, traditionally styled trousers. He stood a moment then turned around to face her, his voice tense and low. "Lucas, that's the bald guy, he 'instructed' me—that's what he called it, 'instructed'—not to be surprised at anything, not to say anything, not to make waves. Just follow his lead, he said."

The look of pain in Steve's eyes almost buckled Becca's knees. Then he said, "When he stuck his finger in your pussy, I had to ball my hands into fists in order not to punch

his lights out." He strode to her, grabbed her by the upper arms, his hands gripping her tight enough that she knew she'd have bruises. "Why did you do that?"

"I did it because...tell me, Steve, what day is today?"

"What?" He looked at her as though she'd asked him a question about Mongolian yaks.

"Today. Saturday. What's the date?"

Bewildered, he released her and looked at his chronograph watch. "The fourteenth. Why?"

"The fourteenth of what?"

"What is this, twenty questions? You're evading the issue."

"All will be clear in a moment."

He sighed, a heavy, put-upon sound. "February fourteenth."

"Yes. And does that give you a hint as to what answer I'm looking for?"

Incredulity replaced bafflement on his face. "I'm asking you why you were so eager to have sex with a crowd of men and you're carrying on about Valentine's Day?"

"You're damn right," she cried. "I wanted to give you something different, something special! Glynnis told me she'd arrange it for me. She said you knew a guy who'd take care of getting you there."

"I certainly didn't expect anything like that. I didn't know they were both Doms until Lucas laid it all out for me. But you came on like—like a wanton! You let three *strangers* see you naked!"

"You oaf!" she said. "There was only one *stranger* I was interested in. Don't you think, after ten years, I'd recognize you even in a costume? That I don't know the shape of your body inside those tight leather pants? That I wouldn't react to the unique smell of you?"

She began pacing. "I knew that our love life was getting stale. I knew both of us were working too hard, that we needed a spark. And good Lord, Steve. The first time I

saw your eyes behind that hood, all chocolatey brown and full of lust, do you think I didn't recognize them? Did you even notice that I came without permission because you had your mouth on my pussy?"

Being the good lawyer she was, she didn't react at seeing the jump of his cock inside his staid woolen trousers as she spoke words she'd never had the nerve to say aloud before.

"But what about between the time Warren and I got ordered out of the mansion and the time you came home, huh? Do you mean to tell me you spent *five hours* in a bar with your friend? Or was that just an alibi and you fucked Lucas to ease your itch?"

Trying to hold on to her own temper, Becca looked him in the eye. "You ask Lucas what happened. Ask him how wet I was when he tried to use his finger to get me hot. Ask him how long it took me to say my safe word when he tried to stick that obscenely big thing inside me." She gave him a poke in the chest with one long finger. "Ask him *why* I said it."

After a long pause, during which Becca watched his jaw muscles work, he asked, "Why?"

She took a deep breath. "Because he told me he'd sent you home, that's why. Because up until then I thought you were watching. I thought he was preparing me to be a real sub, to be sure I'd obey instantly, and then he'd give his prize pupil to the Punisher. To *you*. To scratch my *itch*."

Steve looked inordinately pleased at that, until he glowered at her. "How long did it take you to get to the safe word?"

"About ten seconds after he said you were gone."

"Becca." He fell to his knees in front of her and buried his face in her crotch. "Becca. I was so jealous. I wanted to kill that bald son of a bitch for handling you like that, for sticking his fingers in your pussy when I couldn't, for making you obey him. And when Warren stuck that dildo inside you —"

"Oh God, Steve, Glynnis didn't say anything about having a third guy there. It was just supposed to be you and me and one other guy, the guy who would pretend to be the teacher so I could learn properly. I thought it would be more like play-acting. I didn't know he was a real Dom. And believe me, it disoriented me for a minute, to see that both of you were built the same under cover of all that leather.

"But I'll tell you this." She pulled him to his feet then closed her eyes and buried her face in the crook of his neck, inhaling deeply. "It didn't take long to tell you apart. *This* is the scent I know and love. You're spicy and musky and all male. In my mind I had to think of you as the Punisher so I wouldn't blurt out your name when you were touching me. I wanted you to wonder if I knew who you were under that hood."

"Christ, Becca. When I saw you take off your clothes in front of those two men, I got such a hard-on, I hated myself, wondering how I could be so horny when I knew what they were planning to do to my wife."

A delicious smile crossed Becca's face. "Really? Do you think we could do it again sometime?"

Steve gave her a long look. Then he said, "Take off your clothes. Right now."

"You're kidding. I'm too hungry to play games."

"I said take off your clothes, slave."

After briefly weighing her options, Becca complied. This could be fun, she decided. As she had done the previous evening, she slowly unbuttoned her loose overblouse and let it fall to the floor. She was gratified to hear his gasp when he saw she wasn't wearing a bra.

Nor panties.

Not taking his burning gaze off her, he pulled out a cell phone from his shirt pocket and pushed a series of buttons. She stood, shivering, in the living room in her three-inch heels and nothing else until he growled, "Sit down, slave."

She sat where he indicated, on a padded hassock, her legs splayed wide and her palms resting on her knees, as she'd been taught. He loomed above her, striding around her, arranging her lush, long hair on her shoulders, pulling said shoulders back to thrust her breasts out and up.

A devilish smile spread across his face on hearing a car's engine stop. He walked to the front door, opened it and said, "Come in."

Every nerve cell in Becca's body tingled. Following Steve into the living room was a good-looking man of the same general size and shape as her husband. "Meet Warren," Steve said. "The Pincher. I discovered he lives in the same town. Now get on your hands and knees on the hassock. Now!"

"Yes, Master," Becca said meekly, but her eyes sparkled as she whispered, "Happy Valentine's Day, my darling Master."

About the Author

Cris Anson firmly believes that love is the greatest gift...to give or to receive. In her writing, she lives for the moment when her characters realize they love each other, usually after much antagonism and conflict. And when they express that love physically, Cris keeps a fire extinguisher near the keyboard in case of spontaneous combustion. Multi-published and twice EPPIE-nominated in romantic suspense under another name, she was usually asked to tone down her love scenes. For Ellora's Cave, she's happy to turn the flame as high as it will go – and then some.

After suffering the loss of her real-life hero/husband of twenty-two years, Cris has picked up the pieces of her life and tries to remember only the good times...slow-dancing with him to the Big Band sound of Glenn Miller's music, vacations to scenic national parks in a snug recreational vehicle, his tender and fierce love, his unflagging belief in her ability to write stories that touch the heart as well as the libido. Bits and pieces of his tenacity, optimism, code of honor and lust for life will live on in her imaginary heroes.

Cris welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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