



## TRAIN ME

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# TRAIN ME

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BY

ADRIANNA DANE

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# TRAIN ME

## AN AMBER HEAT BOOK

This book is a work of fiction. All names, characters, locations, and incidents are products of the author's imagination, or have been used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead, locales, or events is entirely coincidental.

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*In memory of my grandfather,  
who spent his life working for the railroad and remembering  
the stories of my childhood.*

*Now leaving on Track 13—  
passengers going somewhere, anywhere,  
away from what was.*

*A journey that will change their lives,  
their dreams, their passions.*

*Who knows what awaits at the end of the line among  
strangers, lovers, and travelers.*

*Dangerous missions, secret rendezvous  
of delicious temptation.*

*Next stop? Seduction.*

# CHAPTER 1

She was alone for the first time since reaching Track 13. Waiting for the arrival of her lover. It would be her first sight of him since embarking on this decadent journey. Oh, she had felt his presence all right, but he had yet to make himself known to her.

There were two cars to the private train. Renovated beauties, just like the historic New York City terminal. She knew he would have overseen each minute detail. He was a perfectionist and, looking around this car, she could see the results of that demanding trait. She would have expected no less of him.

He molded things. Whether it was a building, the car of a train, a company. Or a person. Like her. Like the two gorgeous specimens who had greeted her upon her arrival.

This car was different from the other one. That one was outfitted for carnal play. This one for sultry seduction.

She had already spent several hours in the first. And now she sat in



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the second, dressed in a blush-colored negligee of transparent nylon and creamy satin, awaiting the appearance of her lover, her body still flushed and humming from the attention she had received since her arrival at Track 13 in Grand Central Terminal.

At the culmination of this trip she would either agree to sign the contract or be free to walk away from the relationship with her dominant lover of the last six months.

She looked down at the velvet cuffs. Earlier they had been attached, but now they simply looked like pretty, plush ruby bracelets enclosing each slender wrist. Her back stung slightly from the lashing she received at the hands of the two submissives who'd greeted her earlier. Her buttocks still throbbed from the spanking. They had opened her, made her more pliable, readied her. They had elicited sensations from her that now had her throbbing for release, which they had denied her. Then they had brought her, positioned her on this gold velvet sofa and left her. But as yet she had not been greeted by her lover.

Her muscles ached and she rose from her position of display, impatient as ever. She hated waiting and sitting in such an enforced position grated on her nerves. She had never been in such an elegantly attired railcar. It was extremely luxurious, obviously with no expense spared.

Master Jonas had taught her about railcars and train stations. And tunnels. They were one of his passions, more rightly termed a fetish in his case, and if she were to accept a relationship with him, she would need to understand and become knowledgeable about his passions—in every sense.

This was a private train owned by Master Jonas. Well, one of the businesses he owned. This weekend trip would take them from New York City heading south into Georgia, where he had a house. If she did not wish to accept the terms of the contract, he would provide her with transportation back to New York, no questions asked. He meant to test

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the limits of her devotion on this trip.

From the first, their relationship had been unusual.

She walked over to the antique cherry wood desk to study the papers lying there. She saw her name and knew it was the contract. She turned and strolled toward the marble fireplace. Looking up, she studied the crystal chandelier that swayed with the momentum of the train as it traveled swiftly along the rails. This car was warm and cozy, sensually appealing, making her yearn to curl up on the velvet-covered sofa for a nap. She was feeling rather languorous after the extensive workout in the adjoining car—one with a very different atmosphere from this one.

That car was a playroom of decadence, created with erotic inspiration. The two men who'd greeted her wearing black leather collars around their necks had used the room to fully inspired advantage. Drew was a blond Adonis of a man with sculpted muscles, and Karl was his opposite, with well-toned, satin black skin, and dark velvet brown eyes, looking more like a Nubian prince. The moment she'd stepped onto the Track 13 platform, they had taken her over completely.

Master Jonas had warned her not to question anything that took place once she arrived at Track 13. Of course, she could use her safe word and everything would come to a halt. But if she was not prepared to use that safe word, then she was to do as instructed without question unless offered the opportunity to ask.

When she was met by the two handsome men who looked like bouncers from one of the best nightclubs in town, or masterful bodyguards to the rich at the very least, she had been sorely tempted to turn and run. But just like that first meeting with her lover, that hesitancy was tinged with the desire to learn more. To experience the forbidden.

Her first encounter with Jonas had taken place on a commuter train.

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She had just managed to grab the last one leaving Grand Central, having stayed late for a meeting that wound up extending longer than she had expected. Flopping into a seat, she'd had no time to really look at the man who sat across from her as she tried to get herself situated. They were the only ones at the very back of the last car.

She remembered that ride with searing clarity. Gazing out the window into the darkness of the tunnel, she'd seen only her own reflection staring back. Suddenly the train had come to a shuddering stop, throwing her into the lap of the man across from her and all the lights flickered and then went out.

He smelled of expensive cologne and the faint aroma of earthy tobacco. Something inside her unfolded with the mingled male scents, was drawn to him, making her reluctant to move. She'd felt the hot, moist heat of his breath against her chest, powerful arms tightened around her, and firm, demanding lips fastened over hers, taking her breath away. Immediately her bones had liquefied beneath the onslaught of passion. She should have pulled free, outraged by the familiarity of the stranger, but something kept her there—and a thrill of erotic adventure shot through her.

From a distance, she'd heard an announcement over the loudspeaker. It was something about a short delay because of an electrical problem. Frankly, she hadn't much cared what the problem was as she'd been busy sucking greedily on the tongue of the stranger who held her imprisoned on his lap.

His mouth had demanded her full attention, while one of his hands slipped beneath her skirt to rest on her thigh. The other was already beneath her sweater, clamped possessively over the lace of her bra. Unable to help herself, she wound her arms around his neck, her fingers twining in his thick, silky hair. He tasted and smelled so good, so sexy. So tempting.

Long, knowledgeable fingers had tracked along her thigh, pressing

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her leg outward, destroying the fragile barrier of her pantyhose, as he finally reached the damp cloth of her panties. He'd pressed the material against her slit, sliding his finger along her groove. She'd uttered a soft whimper of need.

His touch had grown more insistent. She'd felt his hard erection against her thigh and began to rub her leg against it. He drove his tongue deeper inside her mouth, forcing her head back, demanding her acquiescence. She'd never once thought of denying him.

Her body had demanded his touch, accepting it without question. Her mind had been a blur, no thought of refusal in her mind. In fact, her one desire had been to strip and fuck him. Cloaked in the darkness, it was as though they were the only ones in the entire world, except she could hear the soft murmuring of voices in the background. Beyond that, magnified in the close silence was her own ragged breathing. She couldn't even remember where she was, or that if she ever followed through with her thoughts, she'd be arrested.

Suddenly the zipper on his trousers was down. She felt his warm flesh, satiny against her, and she needed to be fucked so badly. The hand at her breast left and then a small packet was pressed into her fingers. She didn't need to be told what to do with it.

Time was of the essence. Swiftly she twisted and straddled his lap. Opening the packet, she pulled out the condom, found his stiff, thick penis and sheathed him quickly. He pulled her panty aside, ripping her pantyhose wide open, and she quickly pressed over him. He thrust his hips and was inside her slippery channel quickly.

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She'd known she was close. So, so close and she needed to climax. She didn't know how he did it, but he controlled their movements expertly, kept her climax just out of her reach, forcing her to fight for it, to beg with her body.

His cock grew larger inside her, filling every crevice of her body, expanding her to take him. Then she felt a thick finger at her stiffened clit, pressing, circling and suddenly she was exploding, shattered into tiny pieces. He swallowed her gasp with his lips, drinking her stuttering breaths.

One of his hands twisted inside her panties and the flimsy material was ripped from her body in a fraction of an instant. Then she felt herself lifted and deposited back into her own seat, just before the lights flickered back on. She blinked but couldn't focus, her whole body shattered by what she had just experienced. She tried to lift herself

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upright in the seat, but her arms simply didn't want to work.

She'd shaken her head and tried again. Her skirt was righted by other hands, her purse placed on her lap and a stiff card folded into her palm.

"Meet me at this address tomorrow night at seven o'clock," a gruff voice near her ear had said.

When she'd finally resurfaced, the stranger was gone, along with her drenched panties.

She had no idea why she did it, but she met him the next night, unable to suppress her curiosity about the forceful man who had given her the most earth-shattering orgasm of her life. He intrigued her and she wanted more. From that first orgasm, he had claimed her, taken possession of her soul in ways that could never be reclaimed, and there had never been any other choice.

Every step she took with him seemed like crossing into countries she had never ventured into before. And through his eyes every sight was fascinating and addicting, always drawing her back to experience more. She couldn't help herself. Then came the night that turned the heat a notch higher.

Up until that point he had kept her at the fringe of his world, never allowing her to enter completely. But on that night, tied to the bed, with his cock buried inside her, she had uttered the words she had previously been afraid to voice, once and for all handing her power to him.

"Train me."

"Why should I?" he asked as thrust inside her.

She gasped at the deep penetration. "Because until you do, it will never be right."

"How much do you want?"

"All of it."

"It won't be easy. I will demand your complete and total submission. Do you really think you're ready for that?"

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She arched toward him. "Show me what you want. Train me."

"You're certain."

She arched upward and he buried his cock inside her. She shattered, shuddering with deep pleasure beneath him and then collapsed back onto the bed.

He brushed her hair back from her face. "I am very demanding. When I first saw you on the train, I knew you could rise to my expectations; that you were the one I have waited for. You will give me what I want."

"Yes. I love you, Jonas."

"You love what I do for you, what I make you feel, how I challenge your preconceptions of yourself. How far that goes, we shall see."

She had wanted him to say he loved her. There were times when she thought she understood him and then discovered she knew very little. He kept her off balance. Question after question, he dove deeper into the heart of her, finding out things about her she never knew herself. He revealed her deep, darkest fantasies, things she had shared with no one else, and driven her beyond her own soft boundaries, farther than she had ever thought to go.

And now here she was about to embark upon that last journey that would take her completely into his world, placing her will beneath his dominion.

"I thought you were told to stay on the sofa until I arrived."

She whirled around to face him, surprised she hadn't heard the door open.

"I-I was curious and my muscles ached. I needed to stretch."

"You disobeyed an order. Your impatience is showing. You know what that means."

Yes, that was indeed one lesson she had learned, if nothing else because she seemed to have a habit of disobeying. But then again, sometimes the punishment wasn't really a punishment, or at least it

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didn't seem so to her.

"I'll be punished."

"What do you say?"

She bowed her head and clasped her hands behind her back, shifting her stance to one of deference. "I'm sorry, Master Jonas. It won't happen again."

He motioned to the chair. "Your apology is accepted. Sit."

Quickly she moved to do as he directed, hissing slightly as her ass touched the cushion, still tender from the earlier spanking.

He walked over to a glass cabinet, removed a bottle and returned to hand it to her. "Drink. You must be thirsty after your earlier exercise."

She obediently accepted the bottle and drank the contents down. She was indeed parched. When she finished, she handed it back to him.

"Do you need to use the bathroom?"

She nodded. "That would probably be a good thing."

"To the left of the fireplace. When you return, we will begin. And then you may ask the questions I know you have. The punishment for your indiscretion will take place later. I have yet to decide what form it will take."

Quickly she rose and padded past him. She was more curious at what the punishment would be rather than frightened. She still had her safe word if she needed to use it.



## CHAPTER 2

She stared at herself in the mirror trying to determine what he saw in her. She didn't really recognize the green-eyed sexy woman who looked back. She had always thought of herself as average—no more, no less—carrying a little excess baggage, but not too much. She certainly didn't have the model grace that she yearned for when she looked at younger, much more elegant women. What had he seen in her at that first encounter that she had never recognized in herself? A challenge maybe?

She turned her head to the side. Her hair was longer now than it had been when she first met him. Drew, who was apparently a hair stylist in his other life, had combed it out into the sleek, shimmering style of an earlier period, with a slightly wavy look. It draped just past her shoulders. He had added highlights that made it snap and sparkle beneath the subdued light in the small enclosure. He was also the one who had undressed her and then redressed her in the forties style of

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negligee she now wore. She had never been attended to at any beauty salon in quite the way she had been attended to a short time ago. She had to wonder if Drew offered the same service to all his customers. Somehow she doubted it.

The makeup he had applied, the candy apple red lipstick, the smokey shadow, hid that average woman she was so accustomed to seeing reflected back. Jonas had called her figure lush. In an earlier age she would have been worshiped for her womanly figure. He had a way of making her feel beautiful and sexy and desirable.

And wildly adventurous in ways she never would have attempted with anyone else. Of that she was certain. What an amazing man he was.

The hot sex they'd had on the commuter train had only been the beginning as he introduced her to outrageous, sizzling sex in places and ways she would never have imagined. And although she had at first been hesitant to venture into his world, in the end she couldn't help herself.

Jonas had a quiet strength to him. But she could feel his power. If they had met in any other environment, she might have considered him almost nerdy. Reserved and disliking public demonstrations of any sort, he was more likely to read the Wall Street Journal during a dinner out than conversing with her. He wore gold wire-rimmed glasses, his dark hair neatly parted to the side, not too long, nor too short, very conservative.

He wasn't someone she would have spotted in a crowded room, he wouldn't have stood out any more than she would have. But there had been something beyond that. Or maybe it was just because of the sexual brand he had seared into her during their first encounter that made her see him differently. Respond differently.

When they were alone, in private, he became someone else. Someone she found infinitely appealing and powerful and sexy. Like

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now.

And he made her different as well. He made her want to be sexy and desirable for him. Really, the only outward change had been the length of her hair. Other than that, she was the same as she had always been. Except when she was with him.

She hadn't realized how extremely wealthy he was until he had invited her on this trip. She wasn't sure even now that she knew all that much about it.

But he loved trains—that much she knew. And they served to heighten the sex for him. He enjoyed making passionate love to her on trains—any time. Just like that first time, if not more intense—and sometimes in even more dangerous situations. He never used a car in the city—he liked taking the subways, the commuter trains, and now this. Was it the thrill? The danger?

She remembered one time when they were headed to Little Italy for dinner. He had ducked out of the subway car one stop before theirs and had dragged her down the steps and into the tunnel. It was dark and she was afraid, particularly of what furry and not-so-furry elements might await in the blackness beyond.

He had dragged her behind him, seeming to know where he was going, until finally he had yanked her into a tiny niche with room enough just for the two of them and pushed her, face forward, up against the damp, gritty wall. He lifted her hands and clamped them above her head against the wall. Her cheek was pressed into the biting stone, her breaths rasped out from between her lips. With one hand he wound his hand in her hair and drew her head back and her gaze met his in the darkness. His dark eyes glittered and she saw the raw, lusty passion just before his head descended to imprison her lips.

His tongue drove deep inside, ravaging her moist recesses. At the angle she was at she could do nothing but respond to the searing assault. Her passion had built just that rapidly, just like the oncoming

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train she could feel rumbling beneath her feet. He lifted his head and his gaze bore into her as he released her hands, resting his forehead against hers.

“Lift your skirt and drop your panties,” he’d directed. Then his mouth claimed her again. He bit her lip with his teeth, drawing blood. Then he licked across the surface of her lip, soothing the ache. “Do it.”

She had lowered her hands and quickly done as he asked. No question in her mind of resisting him. She felt the rumble of the train as it drew closer and closer at a fierce rate of speed. Her heart rate sped up. She felt her pussy drip with her juices as the excitement built inside her.

Quickly, he whirled her around and kicked her feet wider. “Take my cock out and get me ready,” he growled.

Again, she did as he asked, eager to answer his demands. His hard tool was already stiff and throbbing, slick with pre-cum. She grasped his thick, hot length, and ran her fingers over the bulging head and down to the root, fingering the pulsing veins.

“Guide me in.”

She centered him at her slick opening, greedy to feel him inside her as the train barreled closer. She knew he could feel it, too. He thrust and immediately was embedded deep inside her. He began to tunnel in and out, widening her, filling her, receding and pushing deep. She met his rhythm with equal enthusiasm. His impressive heat brushed against her stiff, engorged clit, driving her wild with abandon, uncaring that anyone could find them like this. That security could come upon them without any notice at all. She felt her cream thicken, making his passage easier, faster as time after time he drove into her, building a rhythm of hot, fast sex, their scents mingling and swirling around them.

She felt her climax rising. Almost there. Almost.

He lifted her, pivoted around until his back was against the wall, slamming into her and, frantically, she wound her legs around his waist

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ready to ride him for all she was worth. And then she'd screamed as she came, with him not far behind, pulsing, pressing deep as the train passed by them, drowning their passion, his eyes upon the passing cars, he came pulsing inside her hot, greedy vagina.

Not until the train had completely passed by, disappearing down the tunnel, had he slid his softening prick from inside her and lowered her to the ground. She'd leaned down to retrieve her panties, but he had stopped her. "No. Leave them."

She had done as he asked and then attempted to straighten the rest of her clothing as he did for himself. He cupped her face and leaned forward to give her a passionate kiss.

"That was the most amazing sex."

She had leaned back to look up at him. "Us or the train?"

She had seen his smile in the dim light. "Both, of course. Did it scare you?"

"A little, I guess."

"Did you trust me to take care of you?"

"Of course. Or I wouldn't have followed you down here."

"Good." He grabbed her hand and led her back the way they came.

They had then gotten back on the train and gone on to the restaurant. It was then he had invited her on this trip. It was meant to define their relationship and what she truly expected from it. As well as what he expected.

They had spent the next several weeks talking about their expectations. Some of what he proposed frightened her a bit, but it also intrigued her. She knew she had expressed an openness to including others in their sex life, but she had never expected something quite like she had encountered thus far.

He made her feel alive in ways she couldn't quite express. He challenged so many of her pre-conceived thoughts. He enhanced who she was.

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He told her she could leave at any time, it was up to her. She had a safe word to use if she wanted. And she trusted him to keep his word.

Why didn't she just go? She knew she was being drawn deeper and deeper into something she wasn't sure she fully understood. The ache in her back, her shoulders, and her inflamed ass informed her of that if nothing else did.

Karl and Drew had oiled and massaged her—inside and out. Karl had carefully inserted a butt plug, driving her arousal to a point where she almost couldn't control her responses. It would be Master Jonas who removed the plug at his leisure. She felt its presence inside her now, readying her for her lover.

She was embarking on a submissive relationship with her dominant lover. This trip could culminate in her signing the contract of submission wherein she would be transferring control of herself to him for a specified period of time. Putting herself under his control. And she had no idea how far he would take it. Was she ready for it? The time with Drew and Karl was the first test. Had he expected her to use her safe word before they even left the station? She wondered if she had surprised him by accepting everything he had thrown at her thus far. It made her smile triumphantly to think that she might have caught him off guard with her acceptance.

To be honest, she had enjoyed the attentions of two strange men. There had also been the tingling awareness that they were being watched as she submitted to them and she had enjoyed that thought as well.

She focused on the face reflected in the mirror. It was time to find out what came next because she wasn't going anywhere but back into that room to the man she truly did love and would do anything to please.

## CHAPTER 3

She shut the door to the bathroom and walked back into the parlor. He stood next to the fireplace staring into the flames. She must have made a sound because he straightened and turned toward her. Taking her hand and drawing her forward, he scrutinized her.

He was dressed in a dark suit with a white shirt, his clothing immaculate, as always. There were few times she ever saw him less than perfectly groomed.

“Drew has outdone himself. I’ll have to be sure to reward him for his efforts.”

She felt the heat rising into her cheeks. “Do you think so?”

His eyes grew darker. “Yes, my dear, I do.” He led her to the gold sofa. “Please sit. Karl will bring us something to eat shortly.” He leaned back in the chair across from her. “You have held up well so far. I’m very pleased.”

She felt herself blossom beneath his praise. “There were moments

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when I wasn't sure I would. When I first saw Karl and Drew, I must admit that I was a bit fearful."

He nodded. "But we talked about this, didn't we? You were accepting of the terms for this journey."

"Yes, I was. I just never expected—"

"Two strange men to accompany us?"

She shifted uncomfortably. "Well, yes. I thought it would be just the two of us."

His smile was enigmatic. She couldn't tell what he was thinking.

"I thought you would enjoy some...variation, shall we say?" His gaze bore into her. "And did you?"

"I'm not sure what you want me to say."

"The truth, my dear. Nothing more, nothing less."

"Well, to be honest, it was intoxicating. And, yes, arousing. Different. It was like I was dreaming—that it was some fantasy and not real."

"But it is real. What about the flogging? And the spanking? Were those...intoxicating?"

She took a deep breath before answering. "Surprisingly, they were in some ways. I didn't expect it. I expected the pain, but there was some element of arousal."

"They refused you, didn't they?"

She bit her lip, ashamed of the way she had begged them. "Yes, they did."

He nodded, seemingly satisfied by her answer. "Then they followed my orders." His gaze surveyed her, slowly. "I'm sure it took a great deal of self-control on their part." He leaned forward and placed his hands on her knees. Forcing her legs open, he pushed up the hem of the negligee. His gaze rose to meet hers. "Are you in discomfort now?"

Again, she felt herself color. "Not really. They used some type of lotion and it helped to soothe the aches."



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He leaned back and his hands dropped to the arms of the chair. "Excellent." He was silent for a long time. "Would it surprise you to know I watched the whole thing?"

She hesitated a moment before answering him. "No. I felt there were eyes upon us. I felt you watching us."

He smiled. "After all the time we have spent together, I thought you might. Which one of them do you want to fuck?"

The question seemed to come from nowhere and she was caught off guard. "Which one? But—"

"Yes. When we spoke, we agreed on non-exclusivity so that we might experiment with pleasure. They are my submissives and you may have your choice. They are both very taken with you."

She felt there was a test in his question. And then she knew the right answer. She dropped her eyes and folded her hands in her lap. "Your choice, Sir. Whatever pleases you." She waited, her breath held tightly in her chest. Had she guessed correctly?

"Excellent."

She bloomed beneath the praise in his voice. He placed a hand beneath her chin and lifted her head so that she looked at him. "You are learning quickly. By the end of this trip you shall have both of them. And I think they will be very pleased at my decision as well."

"Both?" she swallowed hard.

"Both. But that is for later." He released her and leaned back. "Right now, I want you to tell me, without leaving anything out, exactly what has happened to you from the moment you left your apartment."

"But you know most of it."

"That isn't the point. I want to hear, in your own words, your experiences thus far on our weekend together."

"Some of it will be embarrassing to relate. It's so personal, so intimate."

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“There can be no secrets between us. This is how I will learn what gives you pleasure and what doesn’t. What you enjoy and what you don’t enjoy. I can observe, but I want to hear from you what you feel. Hold nothing back. Then we shall dine.”

“Everything.”

He nodded. “Don’t leave out the minutest detail. What were the things you wished to concentrate on most this weekend?”

“Punctuality.” She had a huge problem with getting anywhere on time. “Patience.” She had a real problem with that, obviously. “And self-control.”

He nodded. “That’s correct. Let’s see what you’ve learned. Have Drew and Karl been of any help thus far?”

“Oh, yes,” she responded fervently, still feeling the throbbing of her ass.

“Then tell me.”

## CHAPTER 4

Like a young girl in school, she sat with her hands folded primly in her lap staring down at them. She felt a finger beneath her chin, lifting her head until she was eye to eye with Jonas.

“I want you to look at me when you speak. There should be no embarrassment between us about anything. Do you understand?”

She attempted to nod her head, but he held her fast. “Yes, I understand.” He dropped his hand away.

“Very well, then. From the moment you left your apartment to come here.”

Nervously, she licked her lips. “I was running late. One of my appointments had taken longer than I expected.”

“Did you have a schedule written down you planned to follow as I suggested?”

She started to nod her head and then stopped. “Yes. I had it with me, in my purse. But it seemed to have been blown to shreds because

## *TRAIN ME*

of the appointment.” She took a deep breath. “I did have everything packed, so that helped. And there were no delays in reaching my apartment.”

“Then already you had learned something as you had everything ready when you arrived at home. Is that a change from what you previously would have done?”

That made her laugh. “Oh, yes. Normally, I would have plunged in packing when I arrived home, throwing this and that into the suitcase. Very last minute, not a list in sight.”

Jonas smiled and nodded approvingly. “That is good.”

“Well, yes, that was fine, but from there it went even further downhill. I managed to get a taxi, but there was an accident and we were delayed. I kept looking at my watch, but I knew we were going to be delayed and I was going to be late. And I knew it would displease you if I was not on time.”

“And what could you have done differently so as not to be late?”

What could she have changed? What did she have control over that she might have moved around in order to meet her timeline? She worried her lower lip. “I had a choice to make. Either move the appointment, knowing that it was a variable and could have run shorter or longer. I should have realized that and planned accordingly. Or I could do as I did and take my chances that I would get to the train on time.”

There was a silence for a time that seemed to stretch between them. “You are a risk taker, aren’t you, my dear?”

“I never thought I was before.”

“But your position with the advertising agency has you in a position where you are always taking chances, doesn’t it? To be better than the next person so that you’ll get the choice assignments?”

Putting together an advertising campaign for a client was always a gamble. Getting the right sense of a company and the person in charge

## *TRAIN ME*

making the decisions. It was a part of the job, but she never thought of it as making her a risk taker by nature.

“Do you like what you do for a living?”

“Well, yes—” she admitted.

“What do you feel like when you start to put a campaign together. When you know you have a shot at presenting a campaign for a new market?” He leaned forward and placed his hand on her legs, just above her knees.

Her stomach began to tighten. The warmth of his hands shot through her. “Like right now,” she whispered. “The adrenalin begins pumping through my veins in anticipation of the challenge.”

“What goes through your mind?”

“How far can I push the envelope? How risqué can I make the campaign before I’ve gone too far?”

His hands slid upward along her thighs. “Have you ever gone too far? Have you ever not been able to reel yourself in on a campaign?”

Her breathing grew more raspy. God, she was beginning to see what he meant. The emotions churning inside her right now were very similar to what she felt when she was charged with a new assignment. Her pussy throbbed and she felt her juices seeping onto her thighs.

“You’re doing this on purpose, aren’t you? You know what it’s doing to me.”

“But do you? You experience your work, but do you really understand your passion for what you do? Where it comes from? Deep inside you?” His hands drifted along her thighs until she could feel the heat of his energy at the crease of her legs. He went no farther, instead drawing shallow circles on her inner thighs, pushing her higher, making her juices flow faster.

“Please, Sir.”

“Please, what? Remember your self-control. You will not come until I allow it.”

## *TRAIN ME*

“I’m so close. I don’t know if I can last much longer.”

With that, he removed his hands and straightened in his chair. She wanted to cry out at the loss of his touch. It was actually a physical pain. He acted as though nothing had taken place.

“So, you made a choice. And you arrived late.”

“Yes. It would have been worse, but with it being so late, there were few people in the station. Luckily, I had studied the map of the station and knew where I needed to go.”

“Again, you were prepared. That is good. So, maybe you made up some time because you had studied the map?”

Her breathing evened out as she realized that was very true. Before this, she wouldn’t have tried to work things out ahead of time, she would have just stopped the nearest person and asked directions until someone had pointed toward the right track. “Yes, I believe I did.”

“So another change from your normal habit?”

“Yes,” she enthusiastically agreed. “It is a change. I didn’t think it was possible, but I guess you’re right. Normally, I just wing it and hope everything turns out all right.” She looked at him intently. “I think you’re changing me.”

“Why is that? Is it something you want, or is it strictly because I have asked it of you? Aren’t you really changing yourself?”

“No, I want to be more organized. I don’t like being thought of as last-minute and disorganized.” She looked at him intently. “But I want to please you as well.”

“You do please me. In many ways.”

“But is it enough? I feel I must always be striving for more.”

“That is your nature. As you reach a goal, you wish to rise to the next. If there is no next, you become bored. I wish to always provide you with a next. The day you become bored with our relationship, I will know.”

Spontaneously, she knelt before him and gripped his thighs. “I don’t

## *TRAIN ME*

think that's possible. You constantly teach me things about myself. From that first moment you pushed me up the path to the peak of the mountain. Yet, I still have far to go. Teach me. Show me more."

He lifted her carefully from the floor and placed her back on the sofa. "I like an enthusiastic pupil. Yet, I can see we have far to go yet. Patience and self-control."

She dropped back against the cushion. She had failed him with her exuberance. Her lashes fluttered and she closed her eyes.

"Look at me."

She opened her eyes to do as he requested. "I don't know that I will ever learn."

"Do you think this is all about sex, about the fucking, as enjoyable as it is?"

"No, of course not," she denied.

"Are you sure?"

"It goes beyond that. I'm not sure I can put it into words. When you push me, suddenly I feel things more intensely. Yes, it's about the sex, but it feels like so much more than that. Being with you is much more than the fucking."

He nodded. "Continue your story. What were your feeling as you raced through the station?"

"I was panicked. I was afraid you would leave without me. My heart was racing like a runaway train until I got to the track and saw the train waiting. I stopped to catch my breath. I almost collapsed with relief. That's when I saw two men waiting, staring at me."

"Were you afraid?"

"At first I was. Then I remembered that you said to come without expectations. And be open to surprises. Something told me you had sent them. I remember glancing down at my wristwatch and I was alarmed to find I was a full five minutes late."

"Then what happened?"

## *TRAIN ME*

“The two men waited for me to walk toward them. They introduced themselves as Drew and Karl, submissives in your household. Drew took my bag and stepped back onto the train. The way Karl looked at me, I had a feeling I was going to be punished. And that he would be the one to do it.”

“And were you correct?”

She nodded. “I was. For long moments that seemed to stretch into an eternity he seemed to study me with hard, dark eyes and a stern expression. I knew immediately I was in trouble.”

“Did you think to turn and leave? To just walk away? Or to use your safe word?”

“Surprisingly, I didn’t. It never even entered my mind to leave. In fact, just the opposite. My whole body began to tingle and the adrenalin began to rush through my system. I *wanted* to find out what he would do.”

“You found him attractive.”

She felt the heat spread into her cheeks. “To be truthful, yes,” she admitted. “And I knew you had sent him. I trusted your judgment.”

“You wanted to walk the edge, to find out how far you would go—how far you could be made to go.”

She nodded. “Yes, I did. Or I wanted to find out how far he would go. I almost wanted to dare him to touch me. I wanted to feel his hands on me. I wanted him to make me accede to whatever he was going to ask me to do. I remember getting very wet from the thought of what he might ask me to do.”

“And?”

“He pointed to the watch on his wrist and said I was late. That he was going to administer a paddling right there. By then, Drew had returned and stood waiting, just watching us. It appeared to me that Karl was the one in charge and there was no appealing to Drew for assistance.”



## TRAIN ME

Jonas nodded. "Yes, Karl has been with me longer and he has some seniority in matters in my house."

"That's what it appeared to me. He told me to remove my panties and then face the train, spread my legs and put my hands on the train to brace myself. I must admit, I was afraid. I remember looking at Drew, but he was expressionless and I knew there was no help there. My gaze dropped to something he held in his hand and that was when I began to have second thoughts. I remember glancing back at Karl and realizing there would be no way I was going to be able to get on that train unless I complied with his orders.

"It felt like an eternity passed before I finally came to a decision and I reached down and pulled off my panties. Karl took them from me and handed them to Drew, who tossed them onto the train. Then I turned and braced myself against the train."

"What thoughts were going through your head?"

"I knew it was part of the plan. I almost thought you anticipated I would be late. In fact, I thought you might be counting on it." She hesitated for a moment in her narrative to look at him, but Jonas remained expressionless, giving nothing away. "You did, didn't you? You knew I'd be late."

"Continue with your story." As usual, he offered no direct answer to her question, no insight into how his mind worked.

She sighed and continued. "I could feel that my pussy was very wet, yet my stomach was tight with tension. You've spanked me before, but you've never used a paddle. Besides that, we were in plain sight of anyone who happened to walk by. The oddest sensation went through me at the thought that someone might witness what was about to happen."

"What did you think?"

"I wasn't afraid of being seen, I *wanted* to be seen. The fear of the chastisement was less than the titillation of being watched." She looked

### *TRAIN ME*

down at her hands, embarrassed by what she revealed to him. “Out of the corner of my eye I saw Drew step down onto the platform and hand Karl the paddle. And then I felt the wash of cold air as he lifted the back of my skirt, exposing my ass. And I did feel extremely vulnerable in that position.”

## CHAPTER 5

She remembered very distinctly being attuned to every little sound, the feel of the cool air against her naked flesh and then he had struck. She had stiffened at the stinging contact.

“Talk to me. What thoughts are running through your mind?” She turned to look at Jonas.

“I felt my senses heighten dramatically knowing what would come. He told me I would receive five hits for the transgression of being late. When he was done my whole body throbbed. When Drew allowed my skirt to fall back into place, it was like being dropped into an oven as the material slid across my warmed ass. Then Drew took my arm and helped me up the steps into the car.”

“Did you wish to leave?”

She focused her gaze on Jonas. “No. I wanted to find out what more awaited. I wanted to see you. It’s hard for me to explain exactly what I felt. I felt...different...after the paddling.”

## *TRAIN ME*

“In what way?”

“It’s difficult for me to say. It was almost like I was transported into a dream state, more amenable to whatever might come next. I wanted to please them. Not just you, but both of these strange men, as well.”

She saw him nod as though understanding what she meant. She took a deep breath before continuing.

“But don’t you know all of this? Didn’t you plan it?”

Again, his expression revealed little to her. She thought he must be a very, very good poker player as he gave nothing away. “Continue.”

“They were very gentle with me after that. Drew took his time divesting me of the remainder of my clothing and jewelry. Even though my ass throbbed painfully, his hand on my shoulders and at my breasts felt soothing and arousing at the same time. Once he was done, he led me over to a massage table and told me to lie on my stomach. I did as he asked and then I felt Karl drizzle something deliciously cool onto my back and down over my rear. Drew pulled my arms up over my head.” She looked down at the cuffs encircling her wrists. “That’s when Drew put the cuffs on as Karl massaged me. It was an amazing feeling. After a time Drew helped me to turn over and that’s when it really became more difficult.”

“In what sense? Was it painful?”

“Oh, no. Far from it. Drew again held my hands above my head as Karl began to massage my breasts, down across my abdomen, to my inner thighs. I felt the sweat break out on my forehead. I wanted them to fuck me. Is that what you want to hear?”

“If it’s true.”

“Well, it is. I spread my legs and Karl teased my clit until I arched up from the table, my body begging for attention. Every nerve inside me came alive. He entered me with his fingers and I remember whimpering with the pleasure I felt at his invasion. But I really wanted to feel his cock inside me.”

## *TRAIN ME*

“Did you tell him so?”

She felt the color flood into her cheeks. “I couldn’t help myself. When I told him what I wanted, he stopped. He said I was ready for the next phase. I wanted to scream.”

“What happened next?”

“Drew helped me up from the table and walked me over to the wall where there were a couple of rings mounted and he fastened my hands about my head. He told me to work on my self-control and not to come. If I was close, I was to tell them. If I wanted it to end, I was to use my safe word.”

“May I say, you looked beautiful. Your skin already had a slightly rosy glow to it. I was very pleased at how you responded to them.”

He had watched her, she had been certain he had been. She licked her lips. “Karl came around and showed me the flogger he planned to use. My attention was on him, when Drew pressed a vibrator into my wet pussy and I was shocked by the intrusion. Karl reminded me that I was not to come unless I was given permission. It was to be part of my lesson in learning self-control.” She remembered Karl had stepped away at that point and the feeling of the vibrator expanding her pussy had begun to consume her thoughts. So many different sensations all enhancing her arousal, driving her higher and higher until she thought she would explode.

“You did very well for your first time. I was quite impressed.”

“But I lost control. It was too much and came onto me so suddenly, I couldn’t stop it.”

He nodded. “Next time you will do better. You’ve encountered a number of sensations you have never experienced before. You will learn to control your responses. Karl and Drew are very expert at eliciting the emotions I wish to see expressed.”

“They seem very expert indeed. I hadn’t thought it would be that easy to respond to two men I didn’t know like that. At first it felt

## *TRAIN ME*

strange and it was as though someone else inhabited my body and it was not me. I was watching the whole thing from a distance. But the more time I spent with them, the less odd it felt.”

“By the end of our journey, you will get to know them much better. That is, if you plan to continue.”

It seemed more of a question than a statement. “I have no plans to call a halt to anything,” she answered the unspoken question firmly. “But tell me something. Why me? What did you see in me in that first moment on the commuter train? I’m nothing special, rather ordinary, in fact.”

“Hardly that. Do you really wish to know what I saw in you? In one moment I knew you were the one. And so far I have not been disappointed.”

## CHAPTER 6

He took her hand and she rose from the sofa to accompany him to the other side of the car. He pointed to a painting hanging on the wall.

“I first saw this woman in a Titian painting hanging in a museum in Florence. She’s striking, isn’t she? If I could have acquired the Titian, I would have done so. It was years before I saw her again in another painting by a lesser known artist, but just as sensually beautiful.”

There was something in his expression as he looked at the painting, almost reverential. The painting was a nude woman reclining on a bed, her long red hair fanned out around her, her gaze focused on something just beyond the viewer’s shoulder.

She was not a modern woman, possibly a courtesan of a time several hundred years past, but timelessly rendered in the painting hanging on the wall before them.

Suddenly Jonas turned to her, his gaze dark and intent as he studied her. “You are my Venus.” He turned and swept a hand around the

room. "You are now here in my world. When I saw you on the train, it was as though I had finally conjured you from my fantasies. Even more perfect than the woman in the painting."

He lifted a hand to stroke her hair and she felt humbled by what he revealed to her. "I'm not sure I can live up to your fantasies. I'm just an ordinary working girl, Sir."

He smiled as he leaned closer, pressing his mouth to hers. "You have already lived up to them," he whispered against her wet lips. "It seems I've searched for you for an eternity. My travels have taken me round the world many times over. I've tried to find out the identity of the woman in this painting to no avail. I've taken many submissives, but none were the one I sought."

Suddenly, he turned away from her and walked over to the fireplace. Reaching over, he stirred the embers in the fire. He then turned his head to look at her. "Have I frightened you? Do you think I'm crazy?"

She rushed over to him. "Of course not. I'm just not sure I can live up to what you think I am."

"Do you think I'm obsessive? Psychotic maybe? Are you now ready to call a halt to this relationship?"

He was right in that it wasn't a decision to take lightly. She looked into his eyes, saw the earnestness, the honesty, the passion. No one had ever made her feel as beautiful as he did. Or as desired. Yes, he had some strange ways about him, but many rich people were rather eccentric—they could afford to be. "I don't want to leave. But I do wonder if you can accept that I am not the woman in the painting. I am real, but very modern. I'm not a courtesan of Italy."

He smiled. "But you have come to me. You practically fell into my lap, if you will remember." His hands gripped her shoulders and drew her closer. "And you begged me to train you."

"I remember," she whispered.



## *TRAIN ME*

He began to peel the negligee from her shoulders, traced her collarbone with his lips. “And you understand my needs as no one else ever has. Even my passion for the rails.” The silky material dropped to the floor. The transparent nightgown followed. He stroked a hand across her cheek and down the length of her neck. “You are my Venus.”

He reached up onto the mantle of the fireplace and lifted down a royal blue velvet jeweler’s box. “For you, if you will accept it.” He handed her the rectangular box imprinted in gold with the name of a well-known jeweler. She opened it and gasped. Quickly, she glanced up at him. His eyes had grown darker, more intense. “If you accept this, you will belong to me. Whenever you wear it, it will be a sign of your acceptance of our relationship.”

Lying on the bed of blue satin was a wide glittering choker of tiny white diamonds. But she knew it was more than a necklace. He meant to collar her on this trip. She knew it might be a part of what was to come. They had discussed it at length—talked of his preferred lifestyle. He had given her books to read. This was a serious step to take. Was she ready for it?

“What exactly will you expect of me?”

“No more than you are willing to give to me. There is always a way out.”

Slowly she knelt before him and reached up to hand him the jeweler’s case which he accepted. He lifted out the glittering necklace and placed the case back onto the mantle. She tilted her head back, a silent acceptance of his dominance.

“I hope I can be all that you wish, Master Jonas.” She clasped her hands behind her back, an offering to him.

“I have no doubt you will be everything I wish, and more. You are the first woman I have ever invited to ride on my train. The first I have ever wished to collar, to keep by my side.”

## *TRAIN ME*

She felt the cold jewels against her skin as he clasped the necklace around her neck. Slowly it warmed. He stepped back to gaze at her as she knelt there in deference and acceptance to his power over her. He turned and walked over to a small table next to the sofa. Lifting a decanter of sparkling amber liquid, he poured it into two crystal goblets. Then he walked back to where she knelt carrying the two glasses. He handed her one of the glasses and lifted his own as he looked down at her.

“To my Venus,” he said as he drained the glass and then lightly tossed it aside where it landed with a soft thud on the carpet near the sofa.

She sipped from her own glass. Here, on this train, she felt different, not like the modern woman she told him she was. Here, wearing only the sparkling diamond collar, she belonged to him, a courtesan of the night, here for his pleasure. This was a different world and she understood a little of his enjoyment of these surroundings as they moved through the night.

She felt the vibrations beneath her knees. Should she be afraid? Probably, but she wasn't. She looked up at him, standing tall, towering above her. She wanted to reach out, to touch him, to feel his strength.

He had possessed her on the commuter train and she had demurred not one bit. Even though they had been strangers, it felt right and she'd felt not the least qualm about fucking a stranger. Not just any stranger, but him. And he had possessed her so completely there had been no room for any thought of denial.

From the moment she met him, there had been no one else; he had replaced every thought in her mind, seeped into every fiber, filling her so completely, possessing every iota of her passion.

He took her glass from her and tossed it away. He gazed down at her as she knelt there. She felt her nipples tighten at the possessive look in his eyes. “Now, what would you like, my dear?”

### *TRAIN ME*

Her pussy dripped with her juices. “I want you to fuck me, Sir. I want to come. I want to touch you and be touched by you. Possessed by you.”

“Then that is what you shall have, my Venus.”

As she watched, he began to shed his clothing and she anticipated what would come next.

## CHAPTER 7

When he came to his black silk trousers, she couldn't contain herself any longer. "Let me," she said as she reached out to release the hook and slide down the zipper. He dropped his hands and acceded to her wishes.

Slowly, she eased his pants down over his hips. His cock sprang out, already stiff, drawing her attention to its engorged length. She knew it would feel like hot silk enclosing rock-hard marble. Quickly, she divested him of his shoes and pants and then returned her attention to his cock. She licked her lips in anticipation, saw the glistening plumed tip which called for her attention.

She leaned forward and swirled her tongue over the shiny surface, tasting him for the first time since arriving at the station. Oh, how she had missed him.

Neither Drew nor Karl had fucked her, or allowed her to service either of them. Their job had been to prepare her for Jonas, to discipline

## *TRAIN ME*

her for any infractions such as arriving late. And they had done their job well. She was so ready to be possessed by Jonas, more than ready.

Finally, she consumed his cock, swirling her tongue over his length, savoring his taste. She felt his hands as they gripped her hair, asserting his dominance. She had waited for this moment. She felt the weight of the collar encircling her neck, the echoes of the earlier paddling and flogging, and the fullness of the plug, expanding her for his pleasure. Her submissiveness surrounded her as she serviced her Master. This she had accepted. This night was one she had waited for, yearned for, begged for.

She reached up to grip his narrow hips as she sucked at his prick, tasted more of his pre-cum, and swirled her tongue over his bulbous head. She had given herself to him, but in the process, he belonged to her as well. Releasing his cock, she leaned down and bathed his balls with her tongue, sucked them into her mouth, swirling her tongue around and between the leathery sacs. Then back up along the tall stalk of his proud length. Her hands on his ass felt the hard muscles contract and release as he thrust into her mouth and she reveled in the feel of him.

He allowed her to savor him for a very long time before he pulled her away and gently pushed her back onto the carpeted floor. He stood above her, staring down, straddling her hips as he stood above her. He fisted his cock with one hand as he stared down at her. "Is this what you want in your pussy? Are you ready to take me?"

She arched up, spreading her legs. "Yes, I'm ready. I'm so wet for you. They made me ready for you, but touching you, sucking you...I need you inside me."

"On your knees," he commanded.

Swiftly, she turned and rose onto her knees, shoulders pressed to the floor in the position she knew was expected. She felt his hands at her ass, stroking over the throbbing cheeks. Slowly, he removed the butt

## *TRAIN ME*

plug and tossed it aside. He pressed his fingers into her, testing her there and she undulated against the presence, dark lust making her hotter still. He removed his fingers. His hand were at her hips, forcing her to her back once again. He spread her legs, folding them up to the sides of her breasts.

He dropped to his knees over her. She felt the heat of his cock between her legs, against her engorged labia lips. He rubbed up and down and she moaned, pressing her slick core against him. "Please," she begged. She knew she would explode if he didn't fuck her soon.

She felt the head of his enormous prick separating her lips, felt him at her entrance. She attempted to arch upward, intent on forcing his invasion. She felt his hard hands on her hips, clamping her to the floor. She looked up at him.

"Self-control, Venus. And patience. This you will learn, won't you? This is at my leisure, for your pleasure. Do you understand?"

Her body was wound tightly, needing release. She had needed it hours ago, when she had been with Drew and Karl. She had come, but it had not been enough—not nearly enough. She needed Jonas inside her.

She tried to ease herself back. She had asked for this, eagerly sought it, and now she must accede to his demands. In wrapping her mind around that fact, her body relaxed as she gave over to him.

He must have seen something in her eyes, because she felt the large flared head of his cock pass inside her, separating her and it was heaven. Yes, she gave herself to him completely, allowing him the control, and he must have understood she had done so.

Inch by slow inch he pressed inside her, expanding her, filling her, stretching her control to the very limits of possibility. Once he was finally seated fully inside her, pressing against the entrance to her womb, he stopped and lowered his head to suckle at her breasts, sucking and nipping, pulling her higher and higher. He released her

## *TRAIN ME*

legs and she arched up pressing deeper into his mouth.

“Yes, oh, yes, please. I’m so close. Please let me come.”

He raised his head to look down at her. “Not yet. You will not come yet.” He exited from her passage, emptying her, and she almost cried out at the loss. Tears of frustration slipped from the corners of her eyes. He licked them away. He slid down her body, licking and stroking as he moved downward, until she felt his breath at her slick, engorged lips.

Then she did cry out when his tongue teased at her sensitive, stiffened clit and a red haze engulfed her vision. He sucked at her pussy, lapping up her juices. He spread her legs wider. “Such a succulent pink morsel. So hot and wet. Your cunt wants my cock, it wants to be possessed, doesn’t it?”

“Yes,” she undulated her hips.

She felt his hands on her lips, folding the outer lips back, exposing her most intimate, flushed core to him. Her arousal grew hotter, brighter, more vibrant as she waited. For long moments she felt him studying her, watching, as she held her breath, waited for his ultimate possession.

He leaned down, swiped his tongue along her sensitive slit, blew a puff of breath across her exposed clit, making her scream at the exquisite sensation, yet still he denied her the orgasm she so eagerly sought. She sobbed with her frustration, tried to hang on to her sanity as the lust ran rampant throughout her body.

He dropped his head. “Come, now,” he said just before sucking her clit into his mouth and driving his fingers inside her. Like a tidal wave it consumed her, ripping her apart as she exploded and ripple after ripple of mind-blowing pleasure claimed her. Her scream echoed through the room, again and again as he nibbled at her hard, little nub, his fingers driving on and on, drawing out the climax, until she collapsed back on the carpet, shuddering in the aftershocks.

## *TRAIN ME*

Before she was able to catch her breath, he rose over her and rammed his cock deep inside her, filling her completely. Her pussy still pulsing from the intense climax, sucked him in, expanding easily, every nerve ending already exposed, she felt the second orgasm ready to explode without warning.

He retreated and drove forward again and again, demanding her response. “Come, for me,” he commanded again and again. Like a mindless being she climaxed, one powerful explosion after another, melding together, answering his demands, until there was nothing but the pleasure, the ecstasy.

The Master.



## CHAPTER 8

Her hands were bound to the massive bed, her breasts pressed against the cold, dewy window as she watched the land pass by at a dizzying pace. The gentle rocking of her body was due less to the movement of the train, than to the man whose cock was deeply embedded inside her greedy pussy.

The sun was just beginning to rise in the distance; the gold, crimson, and burnt orange flares spanned the horizon. She felt the bite of the clamps on her nipples as they pressed into the chilly, wet glass, the heat of her vagina with the friction of the large cock pistoning inside. She shuddered at the intense sensations flooding her body. She reveled in the emotions swirling through her.

“Sunrise,” she gasped.

He slowed his movements to long, deep strokes and she moaned. How many more times could she climax? With each one she thought there could not possibly be another.

## *TRAIN ME*

At some point he had carried her into the bedroom, but there had been little sleep for he again began to stroke and seduce her body without surcease. Not long ago he had pulled out another jeweler's case and this one held the diamond clamps which now adorned her engorged nipples.

There was a knock at the door and she tensed, but Jonas did not retreat from her.

"Come in," he called out as he continued to fuck her without even a stutter to his rhythm.

She forgot about everything as he undulated inside her, driving her arousal higher. She forgot about being embarrassed at being caught in such a revealing position.

"Your breakfast, Sir," she heard from behind her. It was Karl's voice she recognized.

"Set it on the end of the bed." She heard the clink of dishes and a shifting of the bed.

"Will there be anything else, Sir?"

He adjusted her hips and suddenly he drove deeper into her vagina than he had previously been, driving against her cervix, and it was an exquisite ache that elicited a scream of ecstasy from deep inside her. He clamped onto her hips and remained deeply embedded. She fought to breathe, tears falling onto her cheeks as she leaned her forehead against the wet glass.

"Nothing else right now, Karl. We will have need of your services later."

She heard the door close softly. She should be exhausted, but instead she felt invigorated, full of energy and she didn't want it ever to end. She was melded to him, a part of him already, and it was as though there was no world beyond this train.

"The sunrise is beautiful this morning, isn't it?" he said as he began to move inside her once again. Her fingers curled inward as she tried to

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regain control of her body. But it was no use. He maintained the control. "It will be a beautiful day."

His hand curved around her hip and his fingers teased at her very engorged clitoris. Her thighs shuddered at the enforced position. Her panting grew more intense. "When we arrive in Savannah, I'll show you around. I don't get here as often as I would like any more. Have you been to Savannah before?"

"No," she gasped, her mind on other things than cities at the moment.

"I'll show you my world, Venus. Do you still want to be a part of it? Are you still content with my attentions? With your role as my submissive?"

She arched against him, her climax close at hand. "Yes, Sir. More than pleased. Oh, God, I need to come again."

Her slitted gaze was on the rising sun, the beauty of the landscape. His hands reached around and the clamps were gone, and a rush of blood flowed into her nipples as he slammed deep inside her.

She felt his climax slice through her own explosion as the sun burst forth on the horizon. Oh, God, it was stunning. Had she ever experienced anything as intoxicating as this dawn of a new day?

She pressed against the wet glass as shudder after shudder passed through her body. She felt him release her wrists from their imprisonment and lowered them to her sides, stroking and massaging. He pulled her back onto the bed.

"My Venus," he murmured as he reached over for a croissant, ripped off a piece and fed it to her. Nothing had ever tasted sweeter. He stroked a hand down her body, smoothing it over her softly rounded stomach. "So perfect. Training has never been such a pleasure."

She smiled contentedly. "No ride has ever been this satisfying."

He picked up a glass of orange juice and brought it to her lips. "It's only the beginning, my dear. There will be many train rides for you and

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I. Possibly we are souls reborn, rooted in another age; I have found you once again. And we are now as we were always meant to be.”

She leaned back and stretched against the soft, fluffy pillows. She could not fault what he said, for hadn't she felt it that first time when he had fucked her on the commuter train? It was a recognition she certainly hadn't understood at the time, but right now it all made complete sense to her. And she couldn't wait to find out what more he had to teach her.

He had taught her a new appreciation for trains, and a new understanding of herself. He might be eccentric, he was certainly dominating, and she was all his for as long as he wanted her. This was one journey she would never have wanted to miss.

## ADRIANNA DANE

Theresa Gallup uses the pen names of Tess Maynard and Adrianna Dane. Theresa has been writing since the age of 10. A legal secretary for 30 years, she is currently working on another erotic romance, as well as a full-length romantic mystery/suspense. She has been married for 30 years and has three grown children (a daughter and twin sons), and is a new grandmother.

Writing as Tess Maynard, her first published short story appeared in the ezine, *The Whispering Forest*, in January of 2004. Writing as Adrianna Dane, where adding sensual heat to romance is her motto, *Esmerelda's Secret* was her first foray into the erotic romance genre.

Having traveled and lived from the East Coast to the West Coast, Theresa receives inspiration for her stories from a variety of sources, including music and poetry, and her tastes are eclectic.

For more information about current projects, visit Theresa's web sites at [www.tessmaynard.com](http://www.tessmaynard.com) or [www.adriannadane.com](http://www.adriannadane.com).

\* \* \*

***Don't miss No Choice, by Adrianna Dane,  
available at [AmberHeat.com](http://AmberHeat.com)!***

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*But rather than make a choice between them and take a chance on destroying their friendship, she had chosen to leave town.*

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