

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

TORRID TAROT

Elizabeth
Laphorne

Kinkily Ever After

Syneca Ten of Cups



An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Kinkily Ever After

ISBN 9781419909375

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Edited by Sue-Ellen Gower.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication: April 2007

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KINKILY EVER AFTER

Elizabeth Lapthorne

Ten of Cups

A nymph stands in a lush green forest. Semi-naked, her hand is outstretched and a golden rainbow springs forth from her hand and out into the forest. Through the golden, sparkling, multi-colored rainbow the nymph is granting and sharing love and fulfillment of every desire and fantasy with the world that surrounds her.

Meaning: You will find fulfillment on every level, dreams come true and absolutely anything is possible. This is in particular reference to emotional/love dreams and interests. Your love life will flourish, and all your deepest desires will soon be recognized.

The Spiral Tarot deck is what I have taken a small amount of artistic liberty with. It really does show the meaning of the Ten of Cups as fulfillment on every level and your dreams coming true. Most of the other decks I consulted also to some degree or other have the meaning as peace, contentment, feeling fulfilled and completed.

I believe most people wish for contentment and fulfillment in their lives, whether this be a handsome hero to sweep them off their feet, a house and a dozen children around their ankles, or that perfect job, boat or vacation home. Everyone has their perfect ideal goal in their mind that they wish to achieve.

I think to a large degree everyone wants a “happily ever after” ending, just like this card represents—Derek and Amy are lucky enough to have a *Kinkily Ever After* ending especially tailored just for them.

Prologue

Meg Warren shuffled her tarot deck. She had woken this morning, and instead of feeling her ancient bones, the arthritis and osteoporosis steadily gathering in her joints and the structure of her body, she had felt a golden ball of light in her chest.

The cards wanted to speak to her again, wanted her to find the lost soul who searched for its twin.

Meg had grinned as she sat upright in her bed, her aches and worries forgotten. She *loved* it when she initiated a match. When she was given these pokes by the Goddess, or Fate, or whatever label people chose to place on it, she always felt contentment. She always felt the peaceful knowledge that the Universe was far bigger than a handful of imbecilic politicians and their best efforts at creating war and devastation.

Even though the human race seemed determined to kill itself and everything else in its path, something *bigger* than them all held a firm hand in everything. Meg couldn't help smiling in childish delight as she finished shuffling the deck in her gnarled and wrinkled hands as she closed her eyes to better focus her power.

She let her mind drift. She had found through the decades the more she pushed or tried to control the thoughts, the more she tried to force the knowledge into her head, the fainter it became.

Peacefully she let her mind wander.

She wondered whom it would be she would help today.

The image of a man presented itself before her closed eyes.

Brilliant, tall, dark and handsome. Just how I like them, she chuckled to herself. *Young too, a businessman by the looks of him.*

Happily knowing now it had started the rest would roll on, Meg kept her mind focused on the gorgeous hunk of man in her head. Even at her age the picture of the luscious male had her drooling over his physique—she might be ancient but she still had a pulse. Meg cut her tarot deck in half and chose a card randomly.

Sighing, even as the image of the sinfully handsome man wavered, Meg regretfully allowed the vision of the man whom she would help fade from her mind.

“Okay, sonny,” she spoke aloud to herself, “what’s in store for you?”

Meg opened her eyes and looked down at the card, which the Goddess had directed her hand to. A mostly naked nymph stood in the forest, a golden rainbow in her hands.

The ten of cups, she mused, intrigued and jealous at the same time. Some people were simply blessed. Every emotional wish fulfilled, sexual gratification at its best.

Many a time Meg had described the card to an unknowledgeable person as the “happily ever after” card. It symbolized pretty much any emotional or romantic dream the reader wished for. Whether it be a house full of children, a perfect sexual partner, whatever. This card symbolized love and completion in any and all of its forms.

No matter what the reader’s pure desires were, this card promised the fulfillment of them all.

Meg chortled to herself, amused at the workings of the Universe. She wrapped her deck back up in its velvet bag and began the slow process of getting up in the morning. She had no idea who this man was, or when over the next day or two she would bump into him. But it would most certainly be his lucky day.

Chapter One

"You've only known the guy for two months! How the hell can you think Derek's perfect for me?"

Amy Hartner bent forward to grab another cookie. She bit into it hard, uncertain whether to feel annoyed or grateful her best friend Nikki was trying to set her up. Again.

"I just know these things," Nikki replied with a grin and a casual toss of her shoulder-length blonde curls. "Besides, we had a deal. Once your work project was completed and management gave you the green light, you were going to concentrate on your disgusting, nonexistent romantic life."

Amy sighed. As she chewed the decadent double-chocolate fudge cookie, she realized she should have avoided this turn of conversation at least until after she had fully unwound from the hectic last few months.

Her wasteland of a social life was enough to turn her stomach at the best of times, and the decadent cookies before her deserved better attention than the current topic would allow her to give them.

"I only got word everything was satisfactory yesterday," she pointed out piously, not keen to remind her best friend of the fact it had been almost a week since technically her project had concluded. "What's the rush, hon? I know you're blissfully happy with Joel and want the same for all the rest of us poor, single slobs. But you might very well have managed to snare the last decent bloke in the state."

"Don't you dare make this out to be my fault!" Nikki insisted sharply. "I went through more than my fair share of shoddy dates to find a gem like Joel. And you didn't hear *me* complaining when you set me up with some of your work buddies."

Amy looked her best friend up and down. With her pale blue eyes and casual blonde curls Nikki had never lacked for male attention, though she hadn't settled down until she had met Joel Rayner and been swept off her feet.

Amy popped the last of the cookie in her mouth and pulled the elastic from her long hair. She admitted to herself as she unwound the braid she usually kept the blonde waves restrained in that she had seriously neglected her romantic life over the last few months.

Work has just been so hectic, she reminded herself. The project she had been team leader for had carried monumental importance to her company and nothing less than ten-hour days, six days a week had been acceptable to The Powers That Be.

Worse had been the mental anguish that accompanied such huge responsibilities. The price for stuffing it up royally had only been vaguely but threateningly hinted at, and so she had known the consequences would have been severe and exceedingly unwelcome.

If the stress and complications of her job hadn't been bad enough, Amy had also been cramming in her Japanese classes—yet another bright idea from work to better help communications with their new franchise—and she had needed to continue working out hard at the gym as well to try to give herself some physical exertion and minor stress relief.

What little spare time she managed to squeeze in around all of these tasks was spent either on the phone with her more neglected friends or sitting watching DVDs with Nikki and attempting to chill out and not go completely crazy.

Even though Nikki and Joel had been dating for a little over two months, Amy had only run into him a handful of times, and she had never actually run into Derek, the tall, dark and mysterious cousin.

She had seen a couple of photos of the man when she had caught up with Nikki a time or two over at Joel's place, not that it necessarily meant much. A few months

before all hell had broken loose in her career, Amy had dated a few men from the internet.

Surprising how misleading a photo could be. The right light, angle and photographer could leave one with an image not even remotely close to the real deal. Amy had sworn after a short while to never necessarily rely on images instead of flesh and blood, face-to-face meetings.

Recalling the stunning specimen of manhood in those photos of Nikki's, however, was still enough to have her panties becoming damp. Amy had scoffed how no man could really look *that* handsome and still be straight.

Nikki had assured her Derek was perfectly straight and even yummiier in real life. The casual barbeque Amy had attended at Joel's place a fortnight ago had supposedly been the "big setup".

For the first time *ever* Amy had been grateful she arrived late. She had been feeling horrid about her tardiness, and upon her arrival had immediately begun to express her regrets.

Her regrets had vanished the moment Nikki started to bemoan Derek having already headed home for the evening. Only then had Amy realized her friend was determined to set her up, and she hadn't been caught short since.

One of the main reasons she had been deliberately obtuse the few times Nikki had suggested she allow herself to be set up with Derek, had been because stressed out and burnt out as she was, Amy knew she only was interested in a quick fling. Some no-strings-attached sex and then a casual, hassle-free farewell on both sides was what she wanted.

Problem was, she didn't think Nikki's plans were for her and Derek to just have a quick fling. Nikki, Amy knew, had three-inch-thick, rose-colored glasses on and wanted all her friends to be as sickeningly in love as she.

Amy had nothing at all against love, she just didn't have time for it right now. She wanted some good, hard, hot and kinky sex, and then she wanted to be left alone to

enjoy her peace and solitude so she could read her truly enormous “to-be-read” book pile and enjoy the calm before the storm of work blew up again.

“I don’t want to play mind and words games with you tonight, Nikki darling,” Amy explained lightly as she re-braided her almost-waist-length hair. “Level with me, sweetie. Why are you so damn determined to set Derek and me up?”

Nikki pouted but looked carefully at her. Amy kept her face no-nonsense and in her best don’t-fuck-with-me look. After a moment, Nikki sighed.

“I know you only dabble in kink, and I’m fairly certain Derek only dabbles himself,” she started slowly. Amy tied the end of her braid with her elastic and sat forward, her radar for ultra-juicy gossip telling her this would be good.

“Joel might have mentioned in passing Derek was looking to place an ad for a fling...” Amy waited silently, she knew the punch-line was about to come. “The ad would be in the local tri-county paper. In Kinky Delights.”

Amy felt her eyes widen and her mouth gape.

“No!” she breathed, amazed and impressed with the juiciness of such gossip despite herself. “You’re lying! In Kinky Delights? That new bondage personal ads column? Really?!”

About a month ago, one of the smaller run newspapers, much to public disapproval—particularly from every denomination church in a hundred-mile radius—had opened a single column in their personal ads especially designed for singles and couples who wished for a slightly more...*alternative* relationship.

The initiative had been well planned and thought out. Calls were heavily screened, and only genuinely interested people were allowed to place or reply to any given advertisement.

Much speculation had been raised over whether the “three strikes and you’re out” policy would work. If anyone had three legitimate complaints raised against them they could no longer participate.

The assorted news and other media channels had a field day over the story since all the luscious ingredients were present—lonely hearts, average men and women next door, desire, bureaucracy and, best of all, kink.

Consequently what had begun as a single column in the Personals section, after the explosion of controversy and gathering interest, had within a fortnight expanded into a full page of ads.

No one really knew if the column would continue for long or soon collapse, but it had been the talking point around water coolers in most of the area for a while now. The intrigue and general interest had spread so far even Amy had heard word of it around the office gossip. She had toyed once or twice over the last week with the idea of placing her own ad, late at night in the privacy of her own home, but had eventually decided not to.

The chance of meeting a bunch of people she had no real interest in and then not even knowing how to politely tell them “thanks, but no thanks” didn’t appeal as much as promising herself to get out more when work settled down.

Derek, on the other hand, had the balls to go after what he wanted. Jealousy mingled with admiration inside her.

“Wow,” she commented weakly, as she broke the silence between herself and Nikki.

“I know,” Nikki replied. “He’s doing it this week. Joel is trying to talk him out of it, I mean, think of all the weirdos and possibly dangerous people he might hear from!”

Amy snorted and took another double chocolate fudge cookie.

“Nah, he’ll be fine,” she replied. Amy winced as even *she* could hear the jealousy in her tone. “I mean, it’s not like *he* will need protection. It might be different for a woman who placed an ad though.”

Nikki frowned. Amy smiled sweetly.

"Amy," Nikki said, leaning forward earnestly, "if I give you his cell number, could you pretend to answer his ad? Joel said we might be able to stop it getting through since he knows someone at the paper. And you know you don't mind a bit of a dabble."

Amy stared at her best friend in surprise.

"I can't believe you're asking me to lie!" she declared, shocked despite herself. "You! Little Miss Always-Tell-The-Truth. Isn't it you who always preaches how lies will unravel just when you need them to stand up the most?"

"I know," Nikki replied, her cheeks blushing red, "but I really think the two of you might hit it off. And I'd much rather you answer his ad than some sick jail-bait, goth girl with a weird fetish."

Amy laughed and decided not to press the point too hard.

"How about I just call him and we share a few dinners and some kinky sex? Would I have to mention the ad?"

Amy munched on the cookie as Nikki thought.

"I bet we could work around that," she finally conceded. "How about you just call him tomorrow night? Set something up?"

Amy snorted and nodded amicably. Since Nikki seemed genuinely satisfied Amy had no intention of having more than a fling with Derek, she certainly had no qualms about offering some string-free kinky sex.

"Fine by me," Nikki finally replied as she reached for another cookie.

Since Nikki appeared to be still deeply in thought, Amy decided it was past time to change the topic.

"So what movie did you rent? Tell me it's not another cheesy horror," she teased. Nikki frequently found herself enthralled with the latest B-grade horror movie, only to be the one hiding beneath the cushions or leaving the living room to "just make more popcorn" and not returning until *after* all the gory bits.

Amy loved to tease Nikki about it all, and even more regularly they'd find themselves ignoring the movie and gossiping anyway. It was the main thing she utterly loved about their girlie movie nights. It didn't matter what was rented, or what junk food they ate, it was the time when they could relax in their sloppiest clothes, loaf about on the couch or carpet and just chill with each other.

Nikki didn't reply to her teasing, but merely stood up to start the video. When they were both comfortable once again, munching on their chocolate cookies and debating about whether to put salt or butter on the popcorn they would make, Amy finally began to relax and enjoy the companionship of her best friend.

* * * * *

"Nikki's been riding your ass hard again, hasn't she, Joel?" Derek grinned as Joel merely stammered and shuffled his feet. The past hour, as Derek had been repeatedly blitzing his cousin in pool, Joel had continued to bring the subject around to what he privately referred to as "The Stories of Amy".

For a nearly a month now he had been regaled first by Nikki and now by Joel about the wonders of her best friend Amy. Amy loves hiking, Amy does camping, Amy the workaholic who never knows when to quit.

Amy the Hot, he acknowledged to himself as he came to the pool table to line up his last shot. When he had been helping Nikki one night to pour an exceedingly drunk Joel into her apartment, he had caught sight of a photo of the two women on Nikki's mantelpiece.

Nikki was pretty, in a soft and innocent kind of way. Amy, on the other hand, with her long blonde hair and sultry, knowing blue eyes had made his dick hard and given him a host of naughty mental images to play with in the dark hours of the night.

"Ah...well..." Joel hesitated.

Derek set up his shot and smirked as the cue moved smoothly between his fingers and the eight ball sank perfectly into the pocket.

"You owe me a beer," he grinned. Joel nodded, his hazel eyes bright as he obviously tried to manipulate the conversation once again.

"Yeah, but you still haven't answered me, bro," Joel replied.

Derek grabbed the chalk and began to fiddle with his cue stick as he turned to examine his cousin. Even though Derek had an extra eight years on Joel's twenty-eight, the two men had always been as close as brothers, having been raised from the cradle practically in each other's pockets. And knowing his younger cousin so well meant Derek could read Joel like a book. Today was not really any different, but for once he didn't seem to mind his younger cousin poking his nose into his private life.

Derek grinned and ran a hand through his nearly collar-length dark brown hair. Maybe he was just growing soft, he mused. Derek found Nikki so sweet it was hard to be annoyed with her about anything, and he loved Joel like a brother. Maybe he should give the guy a chance and stop ragging on him so much.

"Spit it out, buddy, I'm sure Nikki gave you some spiel to weaken my resistance and butter me up." He grinned. Derek replaced his cue stick and casually draped an arm over his cousin. He led them to the bar and ordered them both the most expensive imported beer.

"I can start us off," Derek continued magnanimously. "Nikki is madly in love with you, and through her pretty rose-colored glasses she wants Amy, her very best friend, as happy and in love as she. I, being not only your cousin and thus a 'trustworthy' male but also being devastatingly good-looking and virile, am the obvious person to try to set Amy up with."

They both laughed heartily at his obviously over-the-top joking. Joel took a sip of his beer and as their laughter died away he became serious once again.

"I don't think I want to know if she finds you so 'devastatingly good-looking', bro, but it's a bit more serious than that. You know Amy has been crazy busy with this stupid project of hers?" Derek nodded as he took a sip of his beer and waited for his

buddy to continue. Joel lowered his voice and leaned forward, "Well, Nikki told me that Amy was looking to place an ad for a fling..."

Derek found himself leaning closer as Joel lowered his voice in the crowded pub even more. Derek could swear Joel was starting to sweat, his eyes darting nervously around them. Derek could feel the tension in the moment rise as Joel swallowed and tried to finish his news.

"Amy promised Nikki to start looking at dating when her project was finished, which it has. I think I mentioned the promise to you a week or more ago. Well...she's told Nikki she's going to place an ad in the local paper. In Kinky Delights."

Derek felt lust, hot and potent, shoot down to his cock, giving him a hard-on almost instantly. A personal ad in Kinky Delights could only mean one thing, and even though he hadn't consciously thought about it, this particular knowledge was like music to his ears.

Amy enjoyed a bit of kink in her sex. Derek couldn't remember the last time he had grown so hard so fast.

The memory of the photo on Nikki's mantelpiece sprang immediately to mind again. The picture had been of Nikki and Amy hugging each other around the waist in bikinis on the beach one recent summer's day.

Amy had been happy, her pretty face lightly tanned, her long, long blonde hair waving in the sea breeze, her body curvy in all the right places, her dark blue eyes sparkling against the clear, pale blue sky.

A thousand times since having that image burned into his brain his darker side had imagined all that hair wrapped around his fist as he took her from behind, hard and fast, or even drawing her head closer to him as she deep-throated his cock. Unwilling to embarrass himself in front of his cousin or Nikki when they stepped into the room, he had made sure Nikki was all right to put his cousin to bed to sleep off the over-indulgence of alcohol and had practically run out into the cool night air.

Since then he had been intrigued by Nikki's friend, but not exactly heartbroken to not meet her, thinking she would not be interested in playing some of his more kinky games. If she was thinking about placing an ad in Kinky Delights, however, maybe Nikki and Joel had been right about their compatibility all along.

"So what, exactly, is it you're wanting me to do here, Joel?" Derek asked, wanting them both to be exactly clear on what would be happening.

"I was just thinking," Joel started but cleared his throat and drank some more of his beer, "maybe you could call Amy. Nikki and I can stop the ad from running, Nikki knows someone at the paper. But if you answer it instead of some sick weirdo taking advantage of her you can...uh...show her some kink and keep her safe."

Derek laughed aloud and took a long drink of his beer. He shook his head, still chortling over the delicate phrasing that had come out of Joel's mouth.

"You old softie, I can see you cringing at the thought of Amy and me involved in some kink. So you basically want me to hook up with darling Nikki's best friend and show her a good time?"

Derek snickered at Joel's pained expression. Deciding he had given his cousin enough ribbing, he clasped a hand around Joel's shoulder and looked seriously into his hazel eyes. Joel sighed as he could read the honesty in Derek's dark brown eyes.

"I'll deal with it," Derek assured his cousin. "I promise to take care of Amy, and take my cues from her. You know you can trust me, Joel. I was just teasing you to get a rise. You tell Nikki to text me Amy's number and I'll get the ball rolling and you can begin to scour all this from your mind."

"Amy really is a nice girl and she is Nikki's best friend," Joel said as he shook his head and drank more of his beer. "I think the two of you could have a lot of kinky fun together, I just don't want mental pictures of you and Amy doing those sorts of things every time I say hi to her. It'd be enough to scar a man."

Derek thought about that and then had to agree.

“Fair point,” he acceded, “I certainly don’t want highlights of the finer points of your and Nikki’s sexscapades. Scour away, buddy, and I will take it from here.”

The two men took long drags on their beer bottles and an easy silence fell between them. They automatically turned behind them to stare at the sports channel on the large TV.

As they idly commented on the absolute thrashing of their baseball team, Derek found half his mind continually wandering back to the vastly appealing thought of Amy and kink. While part of him easily dissected the match he and Joel watched, another part of him started to pick and discard plans on how he would approach Amy and what enticing games they could play to ensure their mutual satisfaction.

Chapter Two

Derek sat on his couch, comfortable in his sweats, and tapped his cell against his thigh as he ran through different ways to approach setting up the date with Amy. He had been half hard the whole day long, thinking about how she wanted to explore what a bondage relationship could do for her.

Never wanting to delve too heavily into the scene, more than happy to dabble more in play than take it seriously, Derek had indulged in a few short-term affairs with luscious submissives. More a hobby than a true calling, he had enjoyed the games then happily walked outside the bedroom with barely a thought of taking such power games into his everyday life.

The mental picture of wrapping Amy Hartner's long, honey-gold hair around his wrists as she sucked him dry, however, had brought him embarrassingly close to the brink of release already a few times throughout the day.

He could hardly wait to get started.

Shaking the decadent images from his head, Derek opened the text Joel had sent him a few hours earlier and called the cell number he had given for Amy.

"Hello?"

Derek grinned. Amy's voice sounded light and happy, with a slightly husky tone to it. He liked her already.

"Hi there," he started, his voice warm and intrigued. "I'm Derek, Joel's cousin."

"Oh hi, Derek!" she laughed and the sound seemed to touch something deep inside him. "How ironic, Nikki gave me your cell number earlier and I was going to call you in an hour or so. How's it going?"

Derek's grin deepened. Amy sounded happy and confident, but something slightly husky in her voice made him think of all the secrets she kept, all the longings and desires hidden away deeply inside her. His cock stirred to attention once again.

"My day has gone pretty smoothly." He stretched his legs out, made himself comfortable. "How about yours, darling?"

"Not too bad at all, I managed to catch up with Nikki last night, so it was a late one. Thankfully a number of the upper management are busy with the results of my last project, so the day moved nicely, relatively peaceful."

Derek laughed. "Yeah, I had heard you wanted a bit of relaxing," he subtly tried to shift the conversation. "Sounds to me like you more than deserve a bit of pampering and a break."

"I heard you were a bit of a workaholic yourself," she parried smoothly. "You could probably do with something to relax the mind and body too."

Derek raised an eyebrow, impressed with her easy counter. Her voice had grown somewhat thick, huskier with the subtlety of the double meaning behind her words. Derek shifted on the couch, his erection now painfully hard.

"Think we could share some of that pampering self-indulgence?" he gently probed.

Deliberately, Derek kept his voice light and pressure free. He in no way wanted Amy to feel boxed in or forced to make a decision. He didn't really have a full understanding yet of just how submissive she was, and he didn't want her to feel obliged to start this delicate dance with him.

"I think we could probably come to an arrangement," she agreed cheerily. Derek silently sighed in relief. She sounded more than in control, not at all coerced or obliged.

"Well then," he drawled, and his voice deepened as his blood thickened in desire. "I don't want you to feel pressured, but I would love to explore and...play...a few mutually intriguing games, if you would like."

Derek felt his heart pound hard in his chest. He could hear tiny, breathless pants coming from Amy down the other end of the line. The knowledge that his words could incite passion in her, make her hot, was akin to a potent shot of vodka and went straight to his head. He didn't need to see her face-to-face to know her pupils would be dilated, her nipples would be beaded, and more than likely her lush pussy would be dripping its cream.

He wondered what she would taste like. Licking his lips, he vowed to find out and taste her as soon as possible.

"Amy?" he drawled deeply again. Knowing it would turn her on, he put a bit of edge in his tone. Enough to make her realize *he* would be the dominant of their sexual explorations, but nowhere near enough to scare her before he could truly read and gage her reactions.

"This time it's your call, darling," he informed her. "Where and when would you like to meet?"

* * * * *

Amy bit off a moan and pressed a hand against the warmth of her pussy. Her clit throbbed, her panties felt tight and restrictive, and she knew she would need a cold shower when she hung up the phone.

On and off over the years she had dabbled for increasingly short periods of time in submissive sex. It made her hot, turned her on unbearably to give her body and desires over to a man's control. Yet too often she found her dominant partners wanted more than she was willing to give.

She had a wonderful albeit demanding job. She loved her life and her career just as it was, but she wanted to *share* it, not turn it completely over to a man. In the bedroom only was she prepared to cave in and follow orders, and far too many men thought simply because she enjoyed surrendering in the bedroom, she was automatically prepared to blindly follow a man everywhere else.

And so she had never taken her desires too far, never allowed a dominant man more than a short fling with the ground rules clearly set out.

Derek, on the other hand, simply by allowing her to choose their first meeting place, was showing her, whether he knew it or not, that he was more than prepared to give her space and some semblance of control. Amy had no idea if this was merely a show of good will, or if he simply was trying to be nice to Nikki's friend.

Does it really matter? her mind whispered to her. Amy grinned.

At this stage she didn't care whether they were "compatible" outside the bedroom or not. The man could make her horny and cream just by talking to her over the phone. She instinctively knew they would burn the bed to a crisp in the bedroom once they finally got started.

"Why don't we have an intimate little dinner at your place tomorrow night?" she suggested huskily as she paused for a moment, waited to see if Derek would understand the subtle invitation she had just given for *him* to be the one in control that evening.

The delicate balance between being too forward and brazen, or too coy and vague had her blood and adrenaline pumping overtime as she gingerly walked the landmine-infested rough ground. She was not in the mood to beat around the bush. They were both mature, single people interested in playing some kinky sexual games. At this point, Amy was so hot she didn't think she could last the usual weeks of getting-to-know-you more ordinary relationships underwent.

"Dinner at my place sounds fantastic. I can easily whip up some pasta," Derek replied. The low, rough tone to his voice, the deep, darkly wicked knowledge his simple words conveyed had her swallowing another moan.

He understood! she gloated to herself. *Finally a man who can understand the subtlety of decadently handing over power in the bedroom but still retaining one's sense of self outside!*

Amy's nipples peaked, rasped against the soft, lacy confines of her bra.

"What should I bring?" she countered, intrigued to what his reply would be.

"How about handcuffs?" came the smooth reply. Amy laughed softly, the casual, almost blasé manner of his remark turning her on even more.

"How about some silk scarves?" she riposted teasingly.

A small part of her wondered how far she could push him. This wasn't the usual bondage-play date or hookup, this was unlike anything else she had ever experienced and thus had no hard-and-fast rules one couldn't break.

Freedom and power surged through her. Without the usual confines of rules and etiquette they could make up the setting as they went along.

Even though she had never personally met Derek in the flesh, neither was he exactly a stranger to her. He was Joel's cousin, and thus fairly "safe" to her mind. The thought of "safe" brought to mind one small matter she really felt necessary to bring up.

"What about a safe word?" she suggested. "I'm not sure how into role-playing you are..."

"Let's play it by ear," he replied gently when her thought trailed off. "I think dinner might be a good way for us to feel each other out a bit, get a bit more comfortable before we jump straight into this."

Amy nodded, his gentlemanly instincts setting the small second of worry at ease.

"That sounds good," she replied. "I suppose the only other thing I need to know now is what time and your address."

Amy jotted down the address to Derek's house as he gave her the details, and they agreed upon seven for dinner. As Amy switched her cell phone off, she sat back with a sigh. As her mind ran over the details of the phone conversation, her body reacted to the knowledge that almost certainly tomorrow night would bring some devastatingly wonderful kinky sex.

I need that shower even more urgently, she thought as her pussy heated unbearably, *and an ice cold one at that.*

Stripping, she made her way over to the bathroom and turned the faucets on for the shower. As the water came to lukewarm, she bent to dig under the sink. After a moment of rummaging through the assorted paraphernalia there, she found what she was looking for.

Pulling the waterproof vibrator out, she grinned.

A quickie would help sate her for now. She knew she'd bought the Mermaid variety for a reason.

Chapter Three

Derek whistled as he walked down the street to his favorite adult toy store. After going over and over everything Joel knew about Amy, Derek had headed back to his apartment to set his own plans in motion. Joel had promised to whisk Nikki away first thing in the morning, on a plane to Scotland of all places, so Derek had a clear run this evening with no chance of either his cousin or Nikki giving their opinions on how to help.

His cock hardening in his jeans, Derek restrained himself from licking his lips in anticipation. He silently reminded himself that he had no solid proof just how interested Amy would be in some of his more risqué games. After their phone conversation, however, and since Joel had sheepishly admitted Nikki *had* once told him Amy had “dabbled” back in college, he had a gut feeling she would certainly enjoy some of his tamer fantasies.

The rest he would just have to play by ear.

Derek rounded the corner, his mind happily sifting through the items he intended to purchase. So deep was his focus he almost tripped over himself as he dodged to the side to avoid colliding into an ancient lady.

She had set up a small card table with a dark blue velvet cloth covering it. Her white hair was braided back with what looked like beads and a few feathers strewn in the plait. “Mystic Meg’s Readings”, a placard stated in gold and silver calligraphy.

“Ah!” The elderly woman grinned as he stopped beside her table. “There you are, young man. Took your time, didn’t you?”

Derek blinked and looked around, certain he would find the old woman talking to someone other than him.

He was, however, the only man on the sidewalk at that time.

"Excuse me?" he hedged, still hoping the old woman was talking to someone else.

"I've been waiting a day and a half for you, young man. I had thought you were going to visit the store yesterday. These things are sometimes vague," she replied cheerily, "or it might just be I'm getting old. Either is possible."

Derek sized up the old lady. There were no bottles strewn around, and she smelled faintly of roses, not alcohol. Derek felt his spirits sink as he realized he couldn't write the woman off as drunk, and she seemed too cheery and sweet to be a con artist.

Derek dug into his pocket for his wallet and was astounded when the old woman waved her hands at him to stop.

"*Please* don't insult me," she insisted. "This one is on the house. I promise not to take up more than a minute or two of your time."

Derek opened his mouth to politely thank her and make his excuses, but she barreled on as if he were six instead of thirty-six.

"Now, now, this will only take a minute and then you can get back to your plans, boy. Here," she held out a deck of cards, "shuffle them until you feel they're ready."

Derek took one last look around the street to make certain the elderly woman wasn't supposed to be talking to someone else, and reached out to take the purple-backed cards from her thin and bony hands.

Feeling like the easiest mark, he shuffled the cards, surprised to note he enjoyed their smooth feel. The backs were all identical and he could neither see nor feel any marks on the cards to aid the woman in picking and choosing the "right" ones. After shuffling the deck a few times he held the cards back out to the woman, but she shook her head and tapped the table top with one crooked finger.

"Place the deck here, young man, and cut it, picking out three cards."

Mentally shrugging, Derek followed her instructions and pulled out three cards, placing them in the positions her fingers pointed to.

The three cards now lined up in a row, Derek waited, curious despite his reservations and cynicism.

The old lady turned over the card on his far left. Derek saw the card had a man at a blacksmith's table, hammering on a large circular object, which held a pentacle on it.

"The eight of pentacles," the woman said, seemingly intrigued. "You've been focusing on your work, working hard, which is good. See all the coins the blacksmith has created?"

Derek nodded, interested, as he counted a total of eight pentacles in the card. Seven of them were in various positions around the man's work area, showing he had indeed been hard at work while the eighth was still on the anvil in progress.

"This is an excellent card, and it signified your past, where you are coming from," the woman continued. Derek lowered himself into the seat opposite her. He found himself enthralled.

"You've been very successful business-wise," the woman continued knowingly. "Things have been going well for you and the future is bright because of it."

Derek agreed, surprised. "Yes, I have been focusing on my business, and it is indeed paying off."

Before he could ask any questions, however, the old woman moved her fingers to flip over the middle card on the table. Derek bent down to get a closer look at the card.

It showed a tall, willowy, slim woman walking through a mist. She appeared to be looking around her, as if she were lost. Seven golden chalices were on either side of her feet, obscured in the thick fog.

"The seven of cups," the woman said. "This is your present, you're at a crossroad. See the woman looking about her, seeking out her chosen path? The cups are beneath the mist, there, but she can't see them because her vision is impaired."

Derek frowned.

"What does that mean?"

The woman shrugged.

“Well, obviously your business matters are fairly settled. I’m betting this means you’re at a crossroad for another part of your life. Let’s look at your future card and see what it says.”

The woman flipped over the card on his far right.

“Ah!” she exclaimed, deep satisfaction in her voice. “Perfect. The ten of cups. I knew it was you.”

Derek frowned, not following her words.

“What does the ten of cups mean?” he inquired.

“The ten of cups, my boy, is the happily-ever-after card. You’re at a crossroad in your love life. You’re seeking something, looking for what you think is the perfect woman. Your future is fantastic. See this nymph? She’s spreading love and fulfillment. This card symbolizes whatever love and emotional attachment you’re seeking, you will get it.”

Derek shook his head, stunned and just a little weirded out.

He looked closer at the card, his eyes drawn to a lush, very obviously female nymph prancing about a forest. While with the other cards the people had been more androgynous, this woman was lush and female, ripe heavy breasts, curves in all the right places.

“As long as your intentions are pure, with no malice, this card pretty much promises all your desires will be fulfilled. It promises that happy ending everyone seeks and so many don’t ever find. I believe the common phrase is ‘this is your lucky day’.”

Derek pulled his eyes away from the card and stared at the old woman.

“Well,” he replied, unsure exactly what to say, “that’s one hell of a fortune. Thank you.”

Once again he dug into his pocket, expecting to pay the woman for her time, but again she waved his money away.

"No, no, I told you, this one is on the house. Here," she offered him the final card, the ten of cups, "this might come in handy sometime later."

Derek hesitated. "You'll need that card for other readings."

"No," she countered, "I'll be heading back home in a few minutes. You take it, son, and remember to go for *all* your fantasies and desires, not just the ones you think are going to be given to you."

Derek reached out and took the card the elderly lady offered.

"Thank you," he repeated as he stood up. He watched as the woman collected her cards and rolled them up in her length of velvet.

"Do you need help with your table?" he asked, still feeling uneasy at not paying the woman.

"Heavens no," she grinned as she withdrew a cell phone from her enormous handbag. "My nephews are in the area and will collect everything else for me. Such charming young men."

Derek waited as she made the phone call and spoke to her nephew. When he was confident everything was under control he waved and headed on toward the adult store. Glancing at the card one last time before he pocketed it in his jeans, he shook his head, amazed at what had just occurred.

Every sexual fantasy, eh? he mused to himself. He wasn't certain he believed in tarot and fortune telling, he wasn't even certain until now he had believed in a happily ever after for himself.

A *kinkily* ever after, now *that* thought intrigued him, especially if he truly was "standing at a crossroad" and this would be the path he took right now. Derek only hoped Amy would be open-minded to the rather risqué play he sometimes desired.

He by no means wished to truly fall in with the lifestyle many interested in bondage and dominance lived, but as an added bit of spice to his evening entertainment he never felt a bit of play went astray.

Humming happily, he turned to wave at Mystic Meg as he reached the entrance to the adult store. Derek paused, as there was no sign at all of Meg's presence, except for the card table standing bare to one side of the footpath.

Derek looked up and down the street, surprised to not see any other indication Meg had been there. Shrugging his shoulders, Derek pushed open the doors and entered the store, his mind busily preparing a list of new toys he wished to purchase.

He wasn't totally certain as yet what exactly he wished to try out first with Amy. Much of that would depend on her and her reactions to his dominance. But he wanted to be prepared for anything and everything.

As Derek looked over the shelves full of exciting new toys, he licked his lips. The possibilities were practically endless.

* * * * *

"Amy, there's a potential client here to see you."

Amy frowned as the intercom message came through for her. She wasn't expecting anyone, and it was after three in the afternoon, late for potential clients to be arriving. Pressing the intercom button down, she replied automatically as she picked her suit jacket up from the back of her chair.

"Thanks, Jan," she replied. "Do we have a meeting room free?"

"I've already put him in Room B," Jan replied. Amy grinned.

"Thanks, Jan, you're the best."

Shrugging into her jacket and running a hand over her braid, Amy took a few seconds to let her professional demeanor fall back into place. She had been daydreaming on and off all day about the delights Derek Rayner might have in store for her, and it had been playing havoc with her system.

It had been years since she'd counted down the hours to a date, especially a first date, but she just couldn't seem to hold back her enthusiasm. Derek Rayner had inspired a deep-seated lust and nothing seemed to be able to shake it from her.

Collecting her leather-bound work diary and notebook, standing to her full five-foot eleven-inches – aided by her two-inch stiletto heels – Amy headed out of her office and stalked toward Meeting Room B.

As she closed the door behind her and began to search for her pen, Amy didn't immediately look at her potential client.

"Good afternoon," she greeted automatically, "I'm Amy Hartner, and I believe –"

Her jaw dropped as she recognized Derek standing there before her. Suave in grey slacks and a matching suit jacket, the crisp white shirt the perfect contrast for his dark, dark brown hair and eyes.

"Derek!" she stammered, momentarily at a loss.

"I hope this doesn't upset you," he started with a wry grin, "but it just felt a bit funny for us to meet face-to-face in my house tonight. I also have been thinking non-stop about how lush your lips look in the photos at Nikki's apartment, and they have been driving me mad."

Amy relaxed as a smile crossed over her face. She slowly stepped toward the table Derek leaned against. When her feet stood just in front of his, she threw her leather case onto the wooden table.

"You know we can't really do much," she started, surprised by just how throaty the words came out. "We could have anyone walk in at any moment."

When Derek merely nodded wordlessly, Amy felt the thrill of power rush through her. Knowing instinctively for this small pocket of time she was totally and utterly in control, she wallowed in the feeling.

Gently she moved in, inch by inch, to give him ample time to stop her if he wished. When her lips pressed against his, they both moaned softly. He snaked an arm around her waist, drew her in to him until their chests pressed tightly together.

Amy tilted her head so her lips pressed more firmly against his, a heated fusion that should have set them both alight. His lips were so soft she wanted to lick them then

gently bite down on them. His mouth pressed hers, opening hers for his tongue. As she dueled with him, she moaned to feel his hand cup her ass and massage its fullness in his palm through the thin suit skirt she wore.

Wanting to take as much as he, she wriggled so both her hands could rest on his hips. Pulling him into alignment with her, she cradled his thick erection, which strained behind his pants, between her legs. Amy couldn't recall the last time she had felt such an eagerness for a partner, and they were both fully clothed!

Tightening her hold on him, she very slightly rubbed herself up and down his length, massaging his cock with her pussy through their clothes. They both panted, worked themselves up toward the point of no return.

Their tongues fought, quick and eager to score points in a fight neither could lose. When he bit down gently on her lower lip she moaned, shocked to feel herself tremble slightly at the passion he could so easily rouse in her.

Quickly, knowing they could be interrupted at any second, Amy tugged the crisp white shirt out from Derek's pants and moaned again as her fingers touched warm, soft skin. His belly was flat and hard and she desperately wanted to bend down and run her tongue over the smooth expanse of flesh.

Instead, she moved her hands upward, reveling in the feel of his chest. His nipples were tight, hard and puckered. For a moment she wished beyond everything she could rip the shirt from his body and look at the reaction his nipples had given to her touch.

She could feel the heat radiate through his pants, knew his cock was long, strong and thick. Amy didn't dare unbuckle his belt, as she knew if they moved that far Derek would lift her onto the table and fuck her where they stood. If anyone came in even now they would both be in monumental trouble, and she couldn't afford to lose her job.

As her fingers traced the warmth of Derek's back, chest and belly, they kissed hotly one last time. Their tongues fought, and Amy gasped as Derek gently nipped down again on her lower lip. Amy had never wanted any man as much as she wanted this one right here and now.

Finally, Derek pulled away gently then pressed both of their foreheads together as they panted to catch their breaths. Intellectually, Amy knew it was the right thing to do, but her body screamed for its release, her pussy damp, her nipples tightly beaded.

Reluctantly, she pulled her hands free and helped him tuck his shirt back into his pants again. Playtime was obviously over.

"I don't know if this is pleasure or torture," she finally said weakly.

"It's a taste," he answered hoarsely. "A wicked taste of what will come tonight."

Amy stood up and stepped back, attempted to straighten her skirt and shirt.

She watched eagerly as Derek also straightened himself up. Amy blew him a teasing kiss.

"I was already looking forward to tonight," she admitted, "but now I am even more eager."

"That makes two of us, darling," he agreed as he crossed to the door where she stood. Amy opened the door, and they shook hands, even that small, chaste exchange sending zings shooting through her body.

"Until tonight," he murmured under his breath. Amy nodded and pointed the way to the door.

"Definitely," she agreed with a smile.

Amy perved unabashedly at Derek's ass as he left the main office area. Any woman would have perved on his ass, or what she could see of it covered with his suit pants and jacket, and so she had no qualms doing it either.

Chapter Four

Derek turned the music down lower, so it was just a faint background noise. When Amy arrived he would turn it off altogether, but for now he needed something to focus on other than his plans for the coming evening.

The pasta and pasta sauce stood in their saucepans on the stove, ready to be heated and cooked. He hadn't been lying or boasting when he told Amy he would take his cues from her. If she arrived worried and nervous, they would eat first, becoming more comfortable in each other's presence.

If she was primed and ready to go, however, as she had been earlier in her office... Derek squashed the thought before he could linger there again. He felt confidence in Amy, in her reaction to him, he just knew they were right for each other and would be able to jump straight into the fun stuff.

Derek grew hard just at the memory of how ready Amy had been. Her nipples had poked him through the thin material of his work shirt, causing friction across his chest to head straight to his cock. He could smell her wet, musky fragrance, creaming her lower lips and preparing her body for his possession.

She had been so primed, so ready to explode into ecstasy Derek had no doubts he could have brought her off there in the middle of her meeting room without either of them needing to shed a stitch of clothing.

He had come home to walk directly into an ice-cold shower. Tempting as it had been, he hadn't jerked off under the water but instead taken a tight rein on his control and promised himself he would sate himself fully on her lush, gorgeous body throughout the night. All through the night if he needed.

Quickly, he ran through his mind one last time his rough plan for the evening. It had been awhile since he had taken a submissive lover. While he loved to indulge in

games of bondage and dominance, he had grown weary of the scene, the repetition of fake smiles and semi-fake cries of fear and passion.

He had craved the intimacy such games gave between lovers but had not wanted the pretense and showmanship the official scene leaned toward. And so he had taken a hiatus — that had stretched into years.

Unlike some of the others he had known previously, Derek could genuinely find his pleasure outside of the games, but he still missed that close bond like a recovering addict fondly recalled the taste of his favorite brew.

Hearing a car pull up out front of his condo, he crossed the room to check out the window. He easily spotted Amy climbing out of a small red car, her outfit almost making him swallow his tongue. Laughing aloud, he padded over to the stereo in his bare feet to switch the music off.

He licked his lips in anticipation of what the coming night would bring.

* * * * *

Amy ran her hand over her short, pleated skirt for what felt like the millionth time. Like some lame teenager she must have tried on half a dozen outfits before finally settling on what she had tried on first.

She blushed, immensely grateful neither Nikki nor Derek had been privy to her growing agitation earlier in her apartment. She would simply die if either of them could see the hurricane-like mess left behind in her bedroom.

Stupidly, she had left dressing until the last minute and then had fallen prey to the female crisis of “does this make my ass look fat”. Everything she tried on looked too innocent, too slutty, too short, too bright, too Eighties, too tight.

And so here she stood breathing deeply as she checked her watch once again. She had three minutes grace to boost her confidence.

Her long blonde hair had been pulled back simply into a ponytail that fell well down her back. She wore only a thin trail of soft, coral pink lipstick and the faintest eye shadow.

Since she sincerely hoped during the course of the evening she'd be sweating and writhing in sexual ecstasy, it had seemed beyond silly to doll herself up in layers of foundation and face powder.

She wore a short, pleated black skirt, which flared when she moved. If she turned a quick circle it would lift to reveal her lacy black thong. An aquamarine halter-top with a matching strapless bra completed the ensemble.

After more than a half hour of dithering about her clothes she had finally decided simple would be best for a first dinner.

Besides, she grinned as she picked up her bag, which held the scarves she had promised to bring tonight, and started down the path leading to Derek's condo, *with any luck your clothes won't stay on for too long anyway*.

Enjoying the crisp sound of her silver, sparkly stilettos clacking on the brick walkway, Amy kept her head high and her posture relaxed as she stopped in front of his front door and rang the bell.

Derek answered the summons almost immediately and Amy felt her heart stutter once again. Damn the man for being so gorgeous!

"Before you enter," he greeted her sexily, "I wanted to let you know that your safe word for tonight is 'cookies'. I promise to take my cues from you through the evening as much as possible, but I still think it's exceedingly important to give you the freedom of doing and saying anything without fear of miscommunication."

Amy nodded, her heart beating so fast in mingled anticipation and excitement she worried she might disgrace herself and pass out from lack of oxygen.

"Are you into role-playing?" she asked as she cleared the slight squeak from her voice.

Derek merely shrugged.

"No more or less than anyone else really," he replied honestly. "I just want you to have the freedom where if you get caught up in the moment and say "stop" but don't really mean it—as we all have done from time to time—I won't need to stop what we're doing and be certain you meant stop, or no, when you said so."

"Thus the safe word," she smiled.

"Exactly," he replied softly. "You utter the word 'cookies' and I will immediately stop, no questions asked."

Amy nibbled nervously on her lower lip, unbearably turned on. She shifted uncomfortably as the heat between her legs made itself known. It had been so long since she'd been able to give up control, relax and enjoy herself and know that she had freedom with her words.

Other lovers froze and grew nervous when she cried out "no" or "wait". Sexual crimes being such serious offenses nowadays, the slightest hint of uncertainty had many a man quaking in their boots.

Frequently a mood had been ruined simply because Amy had wanted to shift their position or moaned something unknowingly, lost in herself and her own reactions, totally destroying the rest of the evening.

The knowledge she could utter anything, *say* anything and *not* have Derek stop midstroke and ask if she were all right, or nervously stop altogether, was uplifting in its freedom.

Her excitement and pleasure must have easily conveyed itself to him in her smile, as he grinned back.

"Refreshing, isn't it?" he asked as he stepped aside to let her enter.

"I can't wait," she replied honestly. "It's been so long since—well...you know."

"I know," he said huskily as he bent to kiss her.

More than ready, Amy drew Derek into her arms as the door slammed shut, a delicious thrill running down her spine as she realized she really was going to do this, right here and now.

As his lips touched hers once again she moaned to confirm the first time had not been some fluke of circumstance or an overreaction on her horny body's part. His lips pressed down on hers, hot and hungry, creating an instant storm of passion to be let loose once again inside her.

So right, she couldn't help but think, thank heavens it wasn't a reaction to the thrill of potentially being caught. This reaction is due to the man, not the situation.

Of their own volition, her hands rose to cup his face, moving slightly so her fingers sank into the thick, silky strands of his almost-shoulder-length dark brown hair. Amy felt relief war with desire as her hunger exploded in her chest and she took over the kiss. She stepped between Derek's legs, pressing her damp pussy into the heated shaft straining his dark blue casual slacks.

Leaning into his body, she writhed, wishing they were already naked on his bed and her skin could touch his. She opened her mouth, tempted his lips open with soft, nibbling kisses from her own. When he finally granted her entrance she rushed in, eager to once again taste and touch all of his deepest places.

All too soon he lifted his head from hers, still an inch taller than her, and even though his arms were wrapped tightly around her body, drawing her close to his heat, she mourned the loss of his mouth on hers.

She opened her mouth, about to insist she wasn't hungry for food, they could eat later, but he beat her to the punch.

"Now that was a warm and welcome greeting," he grinned at her, his voice husky from their passion. "Let's go straight through to the bedroom and our main course."

Silently laughing in agreement with him, Amy stepped back out of his embrace and turned down the hallway he indicated with an outstretched arm.

"Second on the left," he said from behind her. Amy headed down the hall and into the room he indicated. She put an extra little wiggle in her step, hoping he received an eyeful behind her.

The door stood half open and she entered the room with a brazen confidence that made her blood pound in her body. Curious, she cast a quick eye around the obviously masculine bedroom.

An enormous bed she judged to be a king size took up close to a third of the room in the far corner. Dark navy blue coverings were neatly made, and Amy hazarded a guess the sheets had been changed only that afternoon.

A dark mahogany dresser sat opposite the bed, and matching bedside tables flanked the bed. A walk-in wardrobe, with doors thrown open, showed a neat row of pants and shirts, a number of more casual T-shirts, jeans and sweat pants ordered along on hangers.

Amy noticed below these clothes stood a long, large, light pine wooden box that could at one stage have been an enormous child's toy box.

The lid was closed, but since the wardrobe was open, Amy could hazard a decent guess at what "toys" were now housed in the light pine wooden box.

"Stay where you are." The soft, gentle command had her rooted to the spot. A shiver of anticipation washed over her.

It had been years since she had heard that style of masculine command, that deep, husky-from-arousal steel in a man's tone that brooked no argument. Even back in her college days, her lovers' orders hadn't turned her on this much.

Amy idly wondered if it was this man, or simply the fact she had been fantasizing about once again dabbling in sexual games of dominance that added the extra spice in this experience.

She moved her head to watch as Derek calmly walked over to sit on the bed. She noticed he wore neither shoes nor socks, and his pants were almost tented with the huge stand of his erection.

Licking her lips, she wondered what his cock would taste like, if he already had pre-cum coating his tip, and if he'd be musky, or spicy with his salty seed. She could tell from the bulge he would be big, more than a mouthful. She swallowed, wondered if she still could loosen her throat to deep-throat a man like she was taught many a year ago.

"I want to watch you undress," he commanded, not even needing to spell out the order.

Amy grinned, well used to this particular request. She also felt hope in the fact Derek didn't seem to need to snap out commands. By making statements like this one, he could get his point across without actually having to treat her like a doll to command. It proved his dominance without the silly rituals a number of her more youthful dominants felt they needed to stroke their egos.

Casually dropping the bag with her scarves in it to the floor, Amy turned her back to Derek with a swish of her hips. She bent over, knowing her skirt was just barely long enough to hide her thong and only give him the most teasing hint of her ass, as she unbuckled the straps of her stiletto sandals.

Her ears hummed with the rush of blood as she bent over. She shuffled her legs slightly, enjoying the faint breeze from her pleated skirt as it flirted with her ass. Amy unbuckled one, then the other of her stilettos, stepping from them as she stood up and turned around with a raised eyebrow.

By the time she faced him once again, Derek's eyes were on her face, but from the dilated pupils and the faint flush across his cheeks, she knew he had received an eyeful of her ass. She wanted to laugh but restrained herself. She hadn't actually flashed him, but she might as well have.

Neither of them said a word as she lifted her aqua halter-top up over her head, leaving her breasts restrained by the strapless bra. Twisting her arms behind her, making certain to raise and push out her chest at the same time, she fiddled with the button and zipper to her short skirt.

Taking her own sweet time, she fiddled as she pretended a look of concentration on her face. Studying Derek, she felt a thrill of female pride to realize he also took his time to check her out.

His eyes hungrily roved over her bare shoulders, her rounded breasts pushed together and presented almost on a platter from the cut of her bra. Her stomach wasn't exactly flat, but only very slightly rounded with a slight rise no number of sit-ups would get rid of due to her love of chocolate.

Even with her slightly rounded abdomen, Amy knew she could hold her head high with pride over her body. As she slowly lowered the zipper at the back of her skirt, the faint *hiss* accompanying the loosening of the zip, she shimmied her hips from side to side to allow the skirt to pool at her bare feet.

With her eyes holding Derek's dark brown ones, alight with passion, she hooked her thumbs into the edge of her lacy thong and stripped the bottom half of her body bare for him. The hunger, the eager desire she could so easily read in his gaze had her creaming even more for him.

Her darker blonde curls covering her semi-modestly had been clipped shortly. Amy disliked being shorn nude, but she quite enjoyed just a light sprinkling of hair to give her sensation when a lover ate her. She had also never heard a bad word at the spiky contrast her curls gave to her smooth skin.

Noticing Derek's bunched fist in the covering of his bed, Amy grinned wickedly, relishing the power she felt, and as she stepped out of her thong she raised her arms behind her back. Twisting her body to show off, she sighed audibly as she unclasped her bra and freed her breasts from their bondage.

The aqua bra dropped, forgotten, to the floor, Amy palmed her own breasts, massaging them gently to plump them up. Easing some of her own sexual tension, she toyed with her nipples, her eyes involuntarily closing and a moan of desire springing forth.

She heard Derek stand up, and her eyes snapped open. With quick, certain movements he pulled back the coverings of the bed until only the sheets were exposed. He piled a number of the pillows up against the headboard. Amy stood where she was, even though she had a fair idea of what would come next.

Surprisingly, Derek pulled his shirt up over his head and threw it carelessly on the floor. In a quick, economical motion he unzipped his navy blue pants and pulled his cock out, thick and heavy. He settled against the pillows and headboard and canted his knees somewhat.

“Touch yourself for me,” he said huskily, his voice thick with arousal.

Grinning, Amy happily obeyed. She rarely enjoyed voyeurs watching her, but the innate intimacy of sharing this secret pleasure with Derek seemed different. This wasn’t her Dominant making her show off for the pleasure of other Doms in a large room – this was just Derek and her enjoying the thrill of masturbation secretly between the two of them.

Amy tweaked her nipples, her legs shaking slightly with the rush of pleasure the simple action caused. Her breasts had always been ultrasensitive. She toyed with her tits for a few more moments, lifting them up so Derek could see them flush and the pointed, rock-hard nipples that begged for his mouth.

“I wish you could suck them,” she teased him throatily. “I love a man to suck on my nipples when they’re so hard like this.”

“I’ll make a note of it,” he replied breathlessly as his hand caressed the long length of his shaft. Amy trailed one hand slowly down, teasing herself and Derek as his eyes hotly watched the progress of her hand down her abdomen, toying a moment with her short curls, and finally parting her lips to expose her erect clit.

“Go on,” he urged her, not that she needed it, “touch your clit, rub it hard for me.”

Grinning, knowing now, for the moment, she was in control, she gently grazed the pad of her thumb over her clit, eliciting a surprised gasp from her. She had known she was sensitive, but she shocked herself even with that gentle touch.

Regaining her balance, as her legs wobbled slightly, she stepped back a few paces so she could press her back against the wall for extra support. Her legs steady now, Amy spread her legs farther apart and rubbed her clit again, moaning with enjoyment. She tweaked her nipple once again, sad to have to let her breasts go, but her creaming pussy needed her hand more than her breasts currently did.

Spreading herself open so Derek could watch from his vantage point, she easily slid two fingers inside herself. She curled her finger to graze her G-spot, moaning deeply when she reached the ultrasensitive flesh.

Her head fell forward, her body shuddering as she felt her orgasm approach. Even with her eyes closed and her head bent forward she could feel Derek's eyes upon her, and that knowledge pushed her further to the edge.

As she pumped her fingers in and out of her tight pussy, her other hand stroking her clit furiously, she managed to lift her head and watch as Derek stroked himself quickly, his breath coming in quick pants.

She could tell he held himself in a tightly controlled grip, so he wouldn't come before her. Even though she longed to delay their moment of climax, her body betrayed her, screaming for release.

"I'm going to fuck you," Derek softly told her, dark, erotic pleasure seeping from his tone. Amy shivered and stroked herself harder. "Add another finger, Amy. You might as well, since I want all five of my fingers inside you tonight, and mine are larger and thicker than yours, darling."

Amy moaned, his words painting darkly erotic pictures she couldn't help but be tempted by. She added a third finger, whimpering slightly at the full, stretched feel it gave her. She had no idea how he would be able to fit all five of his fingers inside her body, but she knew she would love every delicious moment of it.

"Stroke harder, Amy," he whispered across the room, a black devil tempting her more than she could bear, "because this is the last time tonight you will be able to give yourself pleasure. From now on that will be my job, and I can't wait to start."

"What do you have planned?" she gasped, her pleasure spiking higher at his tone and the words he teased her with.

"I'm going to prepare that luscious ass you were teasing me with," he started. Amy watched as he stroked himself, strain and the effort of keeping himself in check etched over his features. "I'm going to possess your ass, your pussy, I'm going to touch and caress every inch of that skin of yours, and when I'm done, I'll just start it all over again."

With three fingers inside herself, literally dripping with her pleasure, Amy curved a finger to caress her G-spot just as her thumb continued to graze over her clit. Amy felt her body explode, the dual sensation pitching her over the edge. Her legs trembling, she knew she would have fallen down if her back wasn't pressed against the wall to give her the extra support.

She came, felt the quick contractions around her fingers as her body squeezed out its release. The orgasm was strong but brief, her body pushed over the peak physically. Amy opened her eyes as she drew her fingers out of her pussy.

Derek shouted hoarsely as he came too, white jets of his seed shooting up and onto his chest. Her legs shaking, Amy stood still for a moment as they both panted. When Derek once again looked at her, she grinned wickedly and slowly licked one of her fingers.

She felt satisfaction when his eyes lit up once with a quick, natural lust.

"That was a brilliant appetizer," he said deeply. "There's an ensuite just behind you. Go clean up and come straight back," he told her. With a grin she turned and saw the door he meant. She crossed into the bathroom to run the water and clean herself up.

She couldn't wait to see what he had in store for her next.

Chapter Five

Derek took a deep breath as he used a handful of tissues to wipe his own semen from his chest. He chuckled silently to himself as he cleaned his cock and replaced it in his pants.

He hadn't planned the impromptu masturbation session with Amy, but what the hell, plans were made to be broken. Amy had sure seemed to enjoy it as well, and that was all that really mattered here tonight.

Letting out a pant of air, he got a grip on himself. He crossed over to the pine box he kept most of his toys in, and opened the chest to remove what he had originally planned to start with.

He pocketed the heavy silver butt plug after checking the batteries were still fresh, then reached for the thin glass wand of progressively larger anal beads. The lightweight wand was especially made for women, slimmer than the masculine model.

Six months ago he had been flicking through an online catalogue of bondage toys and had impulsively bought the item. He hadn't been able to pass by it, recognizing it for the perfect anal toy it was.

Small beads began at the tip, with consecutively larger beads running down the wand. Until tonight he had simply not been in the right situation to use it. Since the day it had arrived in the mail he had been eager to break it in on a delicious new submissive partner.

A set of nipple clamps and his favorite cock ring went into his other pocket and he crossed back over to the bed. A brown paper bag held one of his new purchases from earlier in the day at the adult store, and he was ready for Amy to return.

He licked his lips, half hard again already for the night he had in store for them.

* * * * *

Amy cleansed her own juices from her thighs as she tried to catch her breath. While her orgasm hadn't been earth-shaking, it had certainly been a step up from the rather benign ones she had been forced to deal with over recent times.

If this was what Derek could give her without even laying a finger on her, she knew tonight would be one of the best and most sexually satisfying of her life. Dampening the washcloth, she cleaned her pussy and spent a moment happily fantasizing what might be to come from Derek Rayner.

Would he give her anal play? He had mentioned her ass, and his desire to do things with it when he had been talking dirty with her. She couldn't imagine him not following through on his words, yet nothing bigger than a butt plug had ever penetrated her ass, and she wasn't sure how much even Derek could do to her in one evening.

Get a grip, girl, she mentally shook herself. *Let's just for once go with the flow and not try to second-guess anything. A brief fling, enjoy yourself and then we shall move on.*

With one last glance in the mirror, Amy pulled her hair tie from her ponytail. The long tresses fell down, and tucking the sides behind her ears, she left the bathroom to go back into the bedroom where Derek waited.

She noticed he had placed her silk scarves on one of the bedside tables, along with a long stick with beads spaced along it and a tube of lubricant. Her eyebrows rose slightly at the visual answer of her earlier anal question.

Derek sat on the edge of the enormous bed, a wicked grin on his face.

"Come here," he began softly, gently patting the mattress with one hand beside where he sat.

Obediently, she crossed the room and sat on the cool sheets beside him. She noticed he wore a glove, or mitten of some sort on his other hand. Made seemingly from black velvet, the glove had tiny dots raised in what seemed like plastic along the inside palm.

Never having seen the like, her pussy tingled when she realized it could well be a spanking mitt, which she had heard of before.

“You’ve been a naughty little girl,” Derek said quietly, his voice strong but with only a slight hint of harshness in it. Amy shivered at the obvious role-playing he had slipped into.

She surprised herself, her mind automatically coming up with half a dozen scenarios where she was the naughty girl and he was the large, dark man who would teach her a lesson. She could be a virginal schoolgirl, caught by her teacher stroking herself, or a budding young lady who had entered a club under false ID.

All the varied fantasies she could apply to his words made her skin prickle hotly and had her creaming her desire.

“Tell me what happens to little girls who are naughty, Amy.”

Amy looked up into Derek’s dark, dark brown eyes. She honestly didn’t know if she could ever call him or any other man “Master” and manage to keep a straight face, but she secretly had to own that with the right moves, he could well master her body, make her do all manner of things to please them both.

She could only read desire and pleasure in his eyes, however, and so with an electric thrill of pleasure, she threw herself into their sexual game.

“Naughty girls get spanked,” she replied, surprised by the husky quality in her tone. She was used to simply being ordered about when playing the sweet submissive, the sexual pleasure and gratification its own reward. Even though in the past it had become dull fairly quickly, she had never fully realized the sort of dynamic relationship she’d been missing out on between a Dominant and his submissive.

Derek pretty much didn’t need to order her to do anything. He led her, showed her with other methods what he wanted and what he expected her to do. The verbal as well as physical interaction growing between them heightened her pleasure in a manner she had never previously experienced.

As Derek guided her across his lap with his bare hand, Amy shivered as she reclined ass-up in the traditional spanking position. With one hand holding her steady at the small of her back, he spent a moment with his gloved hand caressing her bare ass.

The sensation the glove gave her was exquisite. The tiny raised nubs were firm but not harsh. The velvet felt smooth and soft, a delicious contrast to the raised spots. Her legs spread easily as his hand exerted a pressure so gentle she barely felt it.

"Ready for your spanking, little girl?" he asked merely as a formality, since he didn't wait for a response from her.

The first slap on her ass was firm, the sound startling her far more than the contact. With only a slight pause between strokes, Derek began her spanking.

After the first half dozen blows her ass began to feel warm, the tiny sting creating a sensitization she hadn't even recalled missing. She moaned and canted her ass up slightly to meet the strokes better.

"Hell yeah," she heard Derek mutter through the drowning need of her pleasure, "you love it, don't you, hot stuff?"

"Yes," she panted hard, the tiny pain not seeming to be enough, "I had totally forgotten how much I love this."

She arched into his slaps, groaning in approval when he increased the intensity.

"More," she begged unashamedly, "harder, Derek."

"Soon," he promised darkly as he paused to rip off the glove and throw it to the floor, "soon I will have you calling me Master."

She grinned, not answering him as his bare hand slapped down on her ass. While the sting of the open-handed slap was greater than that given by the glove, the answering heat and pleasure also had been increased.

"You can laugh now," he semi-seriously mocked her, "but it will be me laughing when you call me such and don't even realize you do."

As he sped the spanking up, slapping her rapidly warming ass in earnest now, Amy could do nothing but moan her approval. When he paused for a moment, she whimpered at the loss but quickly quieted as he spread her legs farther and dipped a warm hand to her pussy. Since she had been creaming liberally, and her lips were flushed and sensitive, even the gentle probing of his fingers sent pleasurable shocks through her system.

She felt him shift and reach over to the bedside table, but lost in her own pleasure she didn't bother to turn around and look at him. She felt his fingers return to her pussy, scoop up her juices with delicious little caresses of her sensitive flesh.

When she felt something cold and slim press against the bud of her anus, her attention snapped back. Twisting herself to the side even as he held her ass steady, Amy felt her eyes widen as she saw an anal wand in his hand and about to penetrate her ass.

"What—?"

Her question was cut off as a small, berry-sized bead, the tip of the anal wand, entered her ass. She blinked and wriggled to get a decent look at the wand.

It would be about nine or ten inches long excluding the handle, with a number of beads growing in size with the smallest at the tip and the largest being the size of a small peach at the very end.

Amy gulped, uncertain it was physically possible for her ass to accommodate the impressive girth of the final bead, but unwilling to state so just yet.

"Oh it will fit," Derek assured her, her face obviously easy to read, "or you had better hope it will, since I don't know how long I will be able to wait to have my cock stuffed to the hilt in that pretty little ass of yours, and I'm a damn sight thicker."

Amy swallowed hard and unconsciously wriggled her ass. She had a feeling he didn't need to boast, which left him telling the truth about being thicker than the final bead. Instead of worrying about it though, she decided to focus on the small first bead being smoothly, expertly rotated and thrust only inches in and out of her ass.

When the movements were slick and smooth, rhythmic and pleasurable, Amy opened her mouth to request more. Before she could speak, Derek had already begun to insert the second, slightly larger bead up her ass to join its friend.

Instead of commenting she moaned, the pleasurable stretching of her ass far more intense than that of the small butt plugs she had accommodated in the past. As a minute ticked by and her ass stretched around the two beads creating sensual havoc inside her, Amy caught her breath and finally responded.

“I really don’t think –”

Her voice died as a third bead entered her hidden passage, lubed up yet again by her own pussy juice. Amy squirmed, her ass stretched to bursting and her pussy literally weeping for something to fill it up.

“Derek,” she panted, hoping her words would not earn her another bead just yet, “my pussy...”

“Feeling unloved, is it, darling?” he crooned softly. Amy merely nodded and struggled to relax her ass enough to ease the pressure inside it. When Derek brought his spare hand around to stroke her clit gently she gasped, the sizzling pleasure completely overriding the pressure in her ass.

She felt her muscles relax totally, accepting the length of the wand straining her anus, only to have the pressure increase again with a fourth bead, this one the size of a plum to be inserted up her ass. Despite herself, she felt her pussy leak its excitement, a thin trickle of juice down her thigh.

Amy gasped, the pleasure and pain blending perfectly to create a whirlwind inside her body. The full pain in her ass was exquisite, the pleasure of having her clit stroked driving her higher, so she unconsciously pushed slightly back onto the wand, earning herself the fifth bead.

Filled to the brim, certain she had no more room inside her, Amy let herself go, screwing her ass back on the beads as Derek rotated them inside her, thrusting them in and out gently as he would his cock. The thought that this slim wand, even with the big

beads, would soon be Derek's long, thick cock was all she needed to push her over the edge yet again.

Feeling her ass tighten painfully around the beads, the pain playing against the pleasure of having her clit expertly thumbed overwhelmed her and she screamed out her orgasm.

Lightning seemingly struck her clit, zapping directly from her ass, and she felt her inner muscles tighten convulsively around the wand, milking it as if it were indeed her lover's cock. She screamed, dug her hands into the softness of the mattress as her body was racked with the pleasure.

As she came down from her high, Amy hardly noticed the emptiness of having the wand removed from her ass, but the cold, heavy press of a thick and large butt plug brought her attention back.

She frowned, turned her head slightly to see a thick silver butt plug easily inserted and switched on. The faint, light vibration was barely noticeable, almost like background music for her body.

Derek gently helped her sit upright, the cool sheets on the bed once again sensitizing her flushed ass. She sighed gently as he bent in and kissed her lips softly, almost chastely. Hungry for him, she pressed her lips back to his, enjoying the sweet, almost tender exploration of lips and tongue.

"That was delicious," he commented as she watched him stand up. Amy merely grinned, not wanting to swell his ego even further by complimenting him.

Quickly, he unzipped his navy pants and pulled them from his body along with his boxers, leaving them where they fell on the floor. Dipping a hand into the pocket of his slacks, he withdrew a pair of clamps with alligator teeth that had her simultaneously wincing and her nipples perking up to attention, and a cock ring.

Amy grinned, not surprised in the slightest Derek held no qualms about using toys and accessories to help prolong his own pleasure. A man as masculine as he and confident enough to use toys to accentuate *her* pleasure, she figured, would have no

concerns about using other accessories to make his own pleasure last much longer as well.

She watched, deeply intrigued as he loosened and shifted the tight cock ring down around his heavily aroused shaft and also tightened them around his raised balls. He sighed as the ring closed firmly over him, restraining his cock but also easing the pressure of having to hold onto his control.

Amy noticed a tiny switch across the top, partially obscured by his massive erection, but her mind was diverted before she could think to question him about it. With the nipple clamps in hand, Derek walked toward where she sat on the edge of the bed.

Knowing these were for her tits—how she loved to wear nipple clamps!—Amy arched her back to thrust her breasts out at Derek in eager anticipation. Taking her completely by surprise, Derek did indeed fondle her breasts but then lowered himself to his knees on the floor and spread her legs wide.

Angling his head in between her legs, he took her clit between his lips and started licking and sucking her. Arching up, leaning back on her hands to keep her balance, Amy closed her eyes and enjoyed his attention and the way the vibrating in her ass melded with the pleasure in her clit.

She whimpered when she felt him move back, but with her nipples thrust into the air, peaked and desperately craving some attention, she waited impatiently for the clamp.

A tight, almost painful clamp closing over her clit had her shouting out in mingled shock and pleasure.

“What are you doing?” she cried out, her brain ceasing to function with all the messages it received.

“Giving you a clit clamp,” came the laughing reply. Amy blinked and looked down at her clit, which now was held by a shiny, silver alligator clamp. She didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

“But my nipples –”

“Are very luscious,” he answered soberly as he grabbed the silk scarves and threw them up near the pillows. With gentle hands, he then helped her shuffle into the middle of the bed. Amy lay down on her back, her butt pressing down into the mattress. The pressure of her anal passage squeezing against the vibrating butt plug had her legs quivering in melting pleasure.

Derek straddled her waist and bent down to take one nipple in his mouth. Amy cried out in relief as he gently twisted the other nipple between his thumb and forefinger. Her breasts finally receiving the attention they so desperately craved, she arched up into his body, only to jolt back onto the bed as she felt the very slight, faint hum of vibration from his cock ring.

Her eyes widening in surprise, she tried to digest the thought of a vibrating cock ring. Derek expertly flipped them both over, so his head was up and once again resting on the mound of pillows by the headboard.

Without a word, he reached to have her straddle his thighs and began to tie her hands to the headboard with her scarves.

She grinned.

“Why tie me when I get to be on top?” she laughed at him.

“We both know I am dominant here,” he replied easily, almost casually, “I don’t need to be on top for this. Besides, I like a woman on top now and then.”

Amy merely smiled as he tied her hands to the headboard. The bonds were tight enough she wouldn’t forget who was in charge, but the restraint was by no means unbreakable.

When Derek rested both hands on her hips to seat her exactly where he wanted her, he bent down to take a nipple in his mouth again.

“Ride me,” he commanded just before he popped the erect peak into his mouth.

More than happy to oblige, Amy lifted herself, then pressed her pussy down over his cock, sheathing him deeply inside her. She groaned at the thick, full sensation her pussy had been craving ever since they had necked in her office earlier in the day. It felt like days, years she had been craving him and finally she held him inside her ravenous body.

With him sucking at her breasts, creating havoc with her system, she slowly raised and lowered herself, wanting to draw the moment out. When she sat fully on him, her pelvis rubbing with his, the vibration from the cock ring tingled against her clamped clit, driving her mad with desire.

Quickly raising herself again, knowing too much vibration against her clit would make her implode, she instead leaned backward as she pressed down on him again, but this time the vibrating plug up her ass gave her already oversensitized flesh too much to accept.

Panting now, closing her eyes against the twinkling merriment in Derek's, she tried to hold her control together and not shatter into a million pieces.

"It won't work," he teased her, a wet *pop* accompanying his release of her nipple. "You don't have control in this situation, Amy."

She nodded but didn't say a word. She knew this man dominated her far better and far more deeply than any of her previous lovers did, Dominants or not.

"Let me prove it," he caressed her with words, but reached a hand between them.

As he released the clamp around her clit, she screamed at the rush of blood to her engorged nub, the massive pleasure almost overwhelming her, making her dizzy. When Derek grabbed her hips, pulled her down roughly and fully onto his cock, the vibration against her clit assaulted her pleasure zones throughout her body. The sucking, wet sound of flesh releasing made a *pop* as he then removed her butt plug as well.

The ache of empty flesh had her nearly weeping at its loss. Even with his cock filling her pussy, vibrating gently against her engorged clit, she longed for something in her ass.

"My ass," she begged, "please fill my ass."

"Not this time," he ground out, on the edge of climax himself. "Fuck, you're close!"

Almost in tears with her need on the razor edge, Amy held onto the headboard for dear life, thrusting herself up and down Derek's thick cock as she sought her release.

Knowing she was only a breath away, but just out of its reach, she felt tears of frustration and need well in her eyes.

"Derek," she whimpered, totally unconcerned with how she looked or sounded.

Swearing again, Derek reached down and released his cock ring in a single quick motion. The extra inch and more rushed inside her, giving him a deeper penetration and a more satisfying angle inside her.

Amy only half saw him reach under one of the pillows to retrieve something he had obviously stashed there earlier. As he withdrew a long, slim dildo, her mind froze in panic.

"Don't come out of me," she begged him, unashamed to plead if it meant she could keep his cock in her pussy.

"I'm replacing the butt plug," he soothed her gently as he pressed a kiss to her forehead.

Amy nearly wept in relief.

"The dildo isn't as big as me," he warned her, "but I thought you might appreciate the fluid motion of a dildo more than merely the vibration of the plug."

"Yes," she panted, not really giving a shit how he stimulated her as long as he did it hard and *right now*.

Slick with her desire, her ass already well oiled, the dildo made slow but steady progress up her ass. Despite herself, she could feel her ass muscles loosening, accepting the thickness of the dildo as it penetrated her to her core.

When Derek began to pump himself inside her pussy as well as glide the dildo in and out of her ass, the double movements, the sensuality of the full-to-bursting penetration overwhelmed her. The dildo was still only half inside her ass when she felt her breath hitch as she crested her orgasm.

Shouting out blindly, she gripped the headboard hard enough to hurt her palms as she rammed herself harder down on both Derek and the toy. His own ferocity unleashed, Derek pounded right back into her fiercely, fulfilling her every wildest fantasy.

Her ass and pussy full, the double penetration wicked in its potency, she screamed hoarsely as she felt her whole body shake and seize up. Stars exploded behind her eyes as her ears filled with a faint ringing sound and she climaxed harder than she'd ever experienced before.

Dimly, she heard Derek bellow as well, as he shot jet after jet of his seed deep inside her.

Heart pounding, sweat trickling down her back and her breasts flushed a delicate shade of red, she easily slipped her hands out of the loosened scarves and collapsed down to one side of her lover. He automatically curved around her, an arm thrown carelessly around her waist to draw her into his warmth.

Idly, she heard and felt the dildo slide out from her ass.

Her mind spinning dizzily, Amy wondered if she would ever be the same person again.

Chapter Six

Derek lay in bed panting, his cock completely and utterly drained, his heart pounding a hundred miles an hour.

I couldn't possibly ever be the same person again, he mused silently. Sex like that simply can't happen with another person again or it would kill me.

Possessively, he pulled Amy Hartner closer to him and wondered if it was too early in the relationship to get down on one knee and propose.

As the thought crossed his mind, his brain screeched to a halt. Propose? What the hell?

His mind flashed back to Mystic Meg and the ten of cups card she had insisted he take with him. Happily ever after must just be on his mind, he tried to convince himself. Wondering what they could possibly do next to top their last scene, Derek shook his head and gave up. Frankly with his mind and balls in the state they were in he could hardly remember his own name, let alone think of anything with a semblance of coherency.

Sex with Amy quite simply was amazing, and he couldn't wait to get it back up and go for seconds, or even thirds, if you counted the quickie mutual masturbation they'd indulged in. He released his hold on the luscious blonde as she stirred, neither of them saying a word as she climbed from the large bed and padded softly over the carpet and into the ensuite.

As he heard the tap water switch on again, Derek rubbed his hands over his face in a vain attempt to get himself back under control. A moment or two later when Amy returned with a damp washcloth for him, he nodded his thanks and stood up to clean himself.

Realizing there was no condom for him to remove, he froze.

"I can get blood tests to you tomorrow," he stated nervously as he searched her face to see if she was angry or quite justifiably upset with him, "to prove I'm clean. I am clean, I promise. I am so sorry I forgot the condom."

He watched as panic then amusement crossed her features.

"I guess that's why I'm on the Pill," she replied mostly calm. "That didn't even cross my mind. I'm clean too, I can get a recent result from my doctor if you want to view it."

The panic receding, Derek walked over to his wardrobe to pull out a pair of clean boxers and pants.

"I trust you and am happy with whatever you decide. We can meet and do an exchange at lunch if you're free tomorrow," he suggested, "but right now I am starving, and bet you could eat something too, huh?"

Watching as Amy gingerly picked up her strewn clothes, he tossed her an old pair of sweats and a shirt he no longer could fit into.

"Here, darling," he suggested, "I figure we both might as well be comfortable."

When she grinned at him, he felt his heart turn over. Pushing the thought of that damn tarot card from his mind, he quickly pulled on some casual clothes and guided Amy to the kitchen.

* * * * *

Amy munched on a stick of celery as she tried not to stare at Derek's ass. The pot of pasta bubbled away on the stove and he stirred the sauce as it thickened.

"Just a few minutes more," he commented to her and she nodded even though he had his back to her.

She had spent a few minutes setting up their crockery and making the table ready for their meal. When she'd dug through the fridge for the rolls and butter he had told her about, she had pilfered a few celery sticks from the plate also there.

Happy in their silence, she watched as Derek tested the pasta and tasted the sauce, nodding and licking his lips.

“Take a seat, hon,” he told her. “I’ll serve this up into a couple of bowls and we’ll be ready to start.”

Swallowing the rest of the stick, she sat down in the comfortable chair, charmed despite herself as he heaped the steaming food in front of her. Her stomach twisted at the intimate, comfortable familiarity between them. Even though she felt as if she knew him, she never could have guessed such a quick ease could fall between them.

Waiting until he had served himself, she dug into the meal, the spicy sauce exploding in her mouth and making her almost groan with delight.

“You *have* to give me this recipe,” she finally commented after the first few decadent mouthfuls. He merely laughed and they ate heartily together in silence.

As they ate, snippets of their intimacy before sifted through her mind. She felt her face flush as she recalled the forgotten condom. Sure, she was on the Pill, but she had never, *ever* in more than a decade of being sexually active, forgotten protection.

Although she had no intentions of having a child at this point in her life, pregnancy was not the reason she was always so particular about protection. She trusted Derek, since he had told her outright he was clean, she believed him to be so, but not every man was so honest.

So what was it about Derek Rayner that sapped at her brains and made her act in such an unpredictable manner? Sure, he was drop-dead gorgeous, burning hot in bed and a damn fine cook to boot, but it wasn’t exactly like her to lose her head over a pretty face or great lay in the sack.

A twinge in her ass reminded her of his *other* talents as she shifted slightly on the seat.

Okay, she admitted to herself, so maybe I’m getting a little punchy because a bunch of my fantasies and most secret desires are getting fulfilled. There’s no harm in that, right?

Amy sipped her glass of wine as they lingered over their dessert of vanilla bean ice cream and, chatting about general social niceties, they companionably washed the dishes together. As they stacked the dishes away, Amy was surprised to note it was ten p.m.

Where the hell had the time flown to? Thinking back over their luxurious sex play, Amy chuckled to herself. She hadn't been conscious of the time passing, let alone keeping tabs on the clock.

Knowing she had an early start at work the following morning, Amy quickly debated with herself the wisdom of spending the night. While the sex would be potent, and it wouldn't exactly break her heart to snuggle into sleep with Derek, and it would be utter heaven to wake up to kisses, hugs and his gorgeous face the following morning, reality crept in.

All her work clothes were at her place, her makeup, everything she would need to start the day was all still back in her apartment. While she didn't think she would mind sharing the bathroom in the morning with Derek, her whole routine would be off kilter and she hadn't mentally prepared to spend the night either.

Would spending the night somehow change the dynamic of their...was this even a relationship yet?

"I have no idea what you're thinking of," Derek spoke, interrupting her thoughts, "but it seems pretty heavy after such a lovely evening."

Amy laughed and threw off her panicky thoughts. Cupping his face and running her fingers through the dark strands of his hair once again, she kissed him, enjoying the taste of his lips and tongue.

"I'm sorry, momentary insanity and jitters. I'm thinking it's time for me to head back home for the night," she replied, forcing her tone to be light and airy. Her body felt tired even though she still craved more of Derek's touch.

"Much as the thought of chaining you to my bed again and convincing you otherwise appeals, I suppose I could deign to set you free for now."

Laughing, relieved Derek hadn't pressed her or tried to brush her off, Amy followed Derek into the main bedroom as they collected her clothes and placed them in a plastic shopping bag. In a few moments all her gear had been collected and Derek handed her the keys to her car with a laugh.

Ever the gentleman, Derek opened the front door for her and together, side-by-side, they walked down to where she had earlier parked her car.

"Thank you for dinner," she started with a twinkle in her eye, "and for earlier. You'll text me details for lunch tomorrow?"

Derek merely nodded. Throwing caution to the wind, Amy stepped back up to where he stood, wrapped her arms around his lean waist and, drawing him close to her body, kissed him passionately.

She could feel him come alive, the hunger deep inside him grow and struggle for control as he deepened the kiss. Pressing a leg between his, she could feel his erection harden beneath his sweats and they both panted for breath.

Gently, she bit his full lower lip, flicking her tongue out and teasing the fullness tenderly. When he moaned, she released him, pleased with the reaction.

"What was that for?" he asked breathlessly.

"For pleasant dreams," she whispered to him as she pressed a quick, hard kiss to his lips and then stepped back.

He laughed heartily as she opened the driver-side door and blew him a kiss over the top of the car.

"Text me," she called out.

"Tomorrow," he promised with a nod.

Satisfied, she tossed the plastic bag onto the passenger seat, put the keys in the ignition to start the car and switched the car's headlights on. Pulling out onto the road, she beeped her horn and headed back home, a grin on her face the whole way.

Chapter Seven

Amy checked the message and the time on her cell for the tenth time in the last six and a half minutes. Derek's text had arrived just before nine that morning, and never had a day seemed to drag by so slowly.

Even though plenty of work was piled on her desk, her mind simply could not settle on anything for longer than half an hour. Teasing memories of the night before kept her focus broken, and worse were the self-doubts.

The man was supposedly looking for a serious submissive attachment—his wanting to place an ad in Kinky Delights was proof of that. Yet she had decided to jump in and start a fling with the man, indulge in a bit of kinky submissive sex and then walk away without a backward glance.

Not for the first time Amy stared out of her tiny window and tried to concentrate. Amy chewed the end of her pen, turning her thoughts one way then the other, looking for a bit of inspiration. Not for the first time she wished Nikki was not off in Scotland with Joel, likely getting married at Gretna Green like she had sometimes joked about in the past. Thoughts of eloping, weddings and wedding night sex once again brought her thoughts back to Derek and the question of did she want to indulge in a serious bondage relationship or was she just working a bit of kinky sex out of her system.

Jolted when her cell alarm rang, she picked up the small phone and breathed a huge sigh of relief.

Time to head off for lunch, she cheered to herself. None of her thoughts had been resolved, but frankly Amy couldn't see how dwelling on any of it would help her in the slightest. Much easier just to take the whole situation as it came. If Derek decided he wanted someone more into the lifestyle of dominance and submission he could always go back and re-place that ad in the newspaper.

Amy pulled her compact out of her enormous red faux-leather handbag and quickly glanced at her reflection in the mirror. A lightning-quick swipe of lipstick and a check none smeared onto her teeth and she was ready to head out.

Nelsons Café sat in the middle of the business district and made an excellent living from its double tall coffees and toasted sandwiches. Since the café was only a few blocks from the office Amy worked in, she had figured fifteen minutes would be more than enough time to walk the short distance.

Humming to herself to keep her mind from wandering, Amy breathed deeply and thoroughly enjoyed the early summer sunshine as it peeked through the clouds. Nodding to the few regular faces she passed in the busy lunchtime crowd, Amy paused as she came to the entrance of Nelsons.

Casting a quick eye around the people already seated, she didn't spot Derek, and so she quickly maneuvered herself around the rapidly filling tables and snagged a clear table for herself and Derek. She had barely enough time to straighten her knee-length skirt before she saw Derek's tall form in the doorway.

He nodded to her just as she raised an arm to catch his attention. She indulged herself for just a second, eyeballed the impressive physique he cut in a dark suit and bright silver tie as he made his way over to her.

Shivering slightly as he bent down to press a quick kiss to her cheek, she reciprocated and laughed as, hidden from view of the rest of the customers behind the press of his body, he ran a possessive palm over her shirt-covered breasts.

"I don't play in public," she warned him with a genuine laugh.

"Well," she amended truthfully, "I don't anymore."

Her heart stuttered as he merely smiled enigmatically and handed her a menu.

"Anything here is good," he replied, "though the toasted ham, cheese and tomato sandwiches are to die for."

Amy nodded.

"I know," she agreed with an impish grin, "I try to eat here regularly, but I have to keep too close an eye on my waistline to indulge as much as I please."

"I think you can indulge today," he replied. Amy noticed him dip a hand into his pocket and her curiosity peaked.

"I'll give the waitress our orders when she gets here," he continued. "Decide what you'd like, Amy, and then take this into the bathroom."

Intrigued, she reached out a hand to take the small, closed blue box he held out to her. As she was just about to open the lid, he tutted at her.

"Not here, Amy. The bathroom."

Any number of naughty items that could potentially fit into the box flashed through her mind. Her face flushed slightly, her nipples beaded and her pussy tingled with warmth. She nodded her agreement and ran a quick eye down the menu.

"Ham, cheese and tomato toasted sandwich sounds brilliant to me," she replied, shocked to hear the husky, breathy sound of her voice.

"I think I'll just...um..." She cleared her throat, picked up her handbag and pushed her seat back. "I might just duck into the ladies," she finished lamely, amused at the laughter now in Derek's eyes.

Nipple rings, she chanted to herself, *please, Lord, let it be nipple rings*.

Amy hadn't thought about body jewelry in years, but she had always secretly wanted nipple rings. Far too chicken to get the piercings as a rebellious teen, she had always kept her eyes firmly on the loop rings one could wear without the nipple actually being punctured.

But with Derek, she could easily see herself succumbing and indulging in a few discreet piercings. All of her previous worried and stewing thoughts had fled her mind as she pushed open the door to the ladies' toilets. Grateful to see the room currently unoccupied, she dropped her handbag on the bench next to the sink and flipped open the lid to the small box.

Two golden balls, about the size of large cherries, sat encased in the velvet box.

Balls? She probed her mind for answers. Curious, she picked them up and felt them vibrate, a tiny bearing obviously inside each ball, which struck the delicate metal whenever they moved.

Ben Wa balls, she realized.

Her skin prickled with a faint sexual sweat as the picture crystalized.

Derek wants me to wear these during lunch? I'll be spreading myself across the table begging to be fucked before we even finish!

Hearing footsteps come toward the bathroom door, Amy snapped the lid of the box shut and grabbed her handbag. Whirling, she chose the nearest cubicle and raced in as the bathroom door opened and two women entered, chatting amicably.

Grateful for the noise of the friends' chatter to hide behind, Amy locked the cubicle and gingerly lifted a foot up to press against the porcelain of the toilet. Hanging her handbag up on the hook at the back of the door, Amy once again opened the box and withdrew one of the balls.

With her back pressed to the wall for balance, she pulled her lacy panties to the side and easily slipped one of the balls inside her pussy, biting off a cry at the cold metal. Lowering her foot to get a feel for how the ball sat inside her, she stood on the spot as she took the other ball into her hand to warm it and placed the now empty box inside her handbag.

Rubbing the gold ball between her hands, shivering slightly at the tingling sensation the vibrations gave her, she spread her legs once again and pulled her panties to the side.

With hardly any sound at all she placed the second ball inside her pussy, a strangled moan escaping as the two balls rubbed against each other and the sides of her inner walls.

Amy quickly clamped a hand over her mouth, worried the two ladies might have heard her, but they continued to chat away, blithely unaware of her in the cubicle. Amy

breathed a sigh of relief as they washed their hands and exited the bathroom. Grabbing her handbag, she straightened her skirt and exited the cubicle, interested to see if she looked any different with two golden balls vibrating inside her pussy.

Turning backward and forward, she could see absolutely nothing different with her at all. She straightened her skirt and shirt, ran a hand idly over her long braid and winked at herself for luck. As she walked toward the doors, her knees shook slightly as the balls vibrated inside her.

The oddness of the feeling was quickly being replaced by desire, the tingling warmth of her inner walls being stroked by the warm, smooth gold. The tiny vibrations of the inner ball bearings sent thrills shooting up through her pussy.

Her clit throbbed, desperate to be stroked.

Amy wasn't sure how she would last through lunch wearing these, but since Derek had gone to the trouble of bringing them for her, she hated to waste the opportunity.

Her head held high, her stride confident, she exited the bathroom and headed back to their table.

* * * * *

Derek watched as Amy returned from the bathroom. He felt utter confidence no one else would notice the difference in his lady, but he could see the slight stiffness in her body as she crossed the room. A rush of possessiveness and pride seared through him as he thought of those small pleasure balls vibrating and caressing Amy's inner pussy walls.

He congratulated himself on thinking of the pleasure balls. Amy had wanted kinky, had been prepared to date stranger after stranger from the Kinky Delight Personals, he reminded himself.

After only one night his stomach roiled and his chest grew heavy at the thought of her turning to anyone other than *him* to give her pleasure, especially the intensely private, dominant pleasure he could bring her. Besides, no other Dominant would fully

understand how she might want to submit in the bedroom, but he knew she didn't want to behave submissively in other aspects of her life.

He understood that, hell, it was half of her appeal to him that she relished playing the game but still wanted her own space and life. Many other men wanted all or nothing when it came to these games, but not him.

Derek's cock thickened, his blood heated as he noticed the tiny wobble in her legs. Reaction, no doubt, from the erotic torment he caused her without even laying a hand on her. His grin widened.

Oh yeah, she had his pleasure balls up her pussy, and it would drive her mad with tantalizing pleasure.

He mentally saluted Amy for her bravery and relaxed slightly. He had been worried it might be a little too much too soon for her, but if he had held any serious qualms he would never have so casually given the pleasure balls to her in the first place.

He felt his mouth water at the thought of how ripe and ready she would be for him later that evening. A solid six hours of having those pleasure balls vibrate inside her and she would be desperate for his cock and everything he wanted to do with her tonight.

And he had a very, *very* long night planned for them both.

He grinned as she returned to their table, her eyebrows cockily raised, an almost smirk on her luscious lips.

"Ben Wa balls?" she teased him softly, bending in to brush a kiss across his cheek and squeeze his shoulder ever-so slightly. With her body pressed so closely to his, Derek smelled her familiar jasmine scent and breathed it in deeply. He had never been a huge fan of flower fragrances on women, as they usually tended to overpower the naturally musky scent women held, which enchanted him. But somehow the exotic, lush scent suited her to a tee and didn't cover the uniquely musky woman smell of Amy herself.

"Pleasure balls," he countered as he quickly dragged his brain out of his pants. He felt relieved to hear his tone just as cocky as Amy's had been, but made sure to keep his voice also lowered like hers. "Subtle difference."

He had intrigued her, he could tell by the way she looked at him as she sat down.

"What kind of difference?" she questioned.

"Depending on the sort of Ben Wa balls you use it can be anything from the size of the balls themselves to what—if anything—they have inside them. For this set though, the pleasure balls aren't linked, and this set vibrates as well as rubs against each other to cause friction."

He watched as Amy nodded, digested the information he gave to her.

"Well, it will certainly make for an interesting lunch time," she grinned at him.

His grin broadened as he corrected her again.

"Afternoon, darling," he purred. "Those babies don't come out until tonight, when we meet up again."

He could see the initial shock cross her face, followed by yet more curiosity.

"I assume I am unable to...uh..."

He swallowed the laugh that welled up inside him as she sought a delicate way to explain what she so obviously meant in such a public place.

"Complete the task yourself?" he offered with a relatively straight face. "Not this afternoon, no. Though another day it might be interesting to see how a mutual over-the-phone session during working hours could pan out."

They both fell silent as the waitress came toward the table with their sandwiches steaming on her tray. A soda for him and water for Amy was also placed in front of them and they were once again left to their conversation.

Happy to leave the next topic of conversation up to Amy, Derek picked up the first half of his sandwich and took a large bite. When she also began to eat her sandwich, he exchanged a grin with her and dug in.

* * * * *

I'm going to jump his freaking bones the moment he gets here, Amy swore to herself as she paced her living room floor. After a few circuits of the room, however, she had to stop, her legs shaking with the sexual need built up inside her.

Her clit felt ready to explode, her thighs literally drenched in her own juices.

Walking, she had discovered, just made her more horny. Laughing made her horny, hell, anything except for sitting quietly trying to clear her mind made her horny at this point in time.

Amy felt as if she would literally burst if she didn't touch herself intimately and soon.

I swear to heaven I shall make him pay for this, she promised herself. *I'll chain him to my bed, make him fuck me 'til I scream and then I'll make him do it all over again.*

Tantalizing images of having Derek Rayner tied to her bed and at her mercy to do her every whim eased her frustration slightly but did nothing to help cool her rampaging libido. Amy checked the clock yet again and promised herself if Derek was so much as a minute late she was removing the damn balls and getting out her biggest Monster Dong vibrator and taking care of the problem herself.

On the couch.

Where he could watch and envy her once he arrived.

The thought had an evil grin crossing her face. It would serve the man right if that's what she did, just to put him back in his place. The afternoon had stretched unbearably. The meeting she had to sit through had been an exquisite torture, typing up the minutes afterward almost impossible as Amy wasn't used to sitting still. She always jiggled her feet under her desk, crossing and recrossing her legs.

Every time she'd moved, she'd been reminded of the small balls inside her pussy. Every time she'd walked to fetch water, talk to a colleague, answer a question, she'd been reminded of the balls.

She tried not to even think about how close she had come to achieving a screaming orgasm in the middle of the thankfully deserted staff tea room. About to sneeze, Amy had crossed her legs and tightened her inner muscles so the damn balls wouldn't drop out of her pussy, but as she had finally sneezed, the squeezing of her inner muscles had contracted around the balls and nearly blown the top of her head off. Her mind blanked as there was a knock on the door. It was still twenty minutes to six, and Derek wasn't due until six. Frowning, she crossed over to open the door.

Six feet and one inch of tall, dark, handsome dominant male stood outside her apartment. She hadn't even opened her mouth to greet him before he stepped over the threshold, pulling the door out of her grip and pushing it firmly shut behind him. She paid no attention as he dropped his briefcase beside the doorway and stepped close to her.

"I need to see your pussy," he greeted her, his eyes dark, dark brown and filled with raging lust.

Captivated by the hungry lust in his eyes, Amy unzipped her skirt and had it halfway down her legs before she even thought.

What happened to teasing him? her mind asked sardonically. *What happened to the independent woman who would show Derek just who is boss in this relationship?*

Amy pushed the thoughts out of her mind. Something very male and very dominant showed clearly on Derek's face, and it sent a delicious shiver of lust through her. She didn't mind being submissive for him in the bedroom, somehow it made her feel more feminine, more in control than if she simply bitched and refused to follow through.

Besides, she argued with herself, it's not as if you aren't dying to strip and have him fuck you ten ways to Sunday. You're as eager for it as he obviously is. Why fight him when you both want the same thing?

Amy dropped her slim skirt to the floor and stood out of the crumpled cloth. She had removed her heels first thing, as usual, when she arrived home from work. So she now stood in her living room in a crumpled shirt, a lacy thong and her own wet desire.

Wanting to draw the moment out just a little longer, she slowly began to unbutton her shirt, knowing it would drive Derek wild. He had to be able to see the thin juices trickling along the inside of her thighs, yet instead of spreading herself wider for him, or removing the tiny thong she wore and giving him full access to her craving pussy, she delayed that moment for just a small time longer.

She slowly pulled her creased shirt over one shoulder, and then the other, exposing the lacy white bra she wore beneath. When the shirt fell to the floor, just like the skirt, Amy ran a ringer over her plump breasts, pleased for once at their lush fullness.

Most of the time huge breasts were a pain in the ass, but right at this moment, with the heat of hunger in Derek's eyes as he gazed upon her large bust, she felt pleased with her appearance.

Feeling decadent and naughty, Amy hooked her thumbs in either side of her thong, and very, very slowly pulled it down over her hips, shimmying her legs and ass, grinning widely as she teased Derek as he had been teasing her all afternoon.

As the seconds ticked by he groaned, a frustrated noise, which indicated he had reached the peak of his patience. He crossed to her in a few quick steps and, grabbing one arm with his, tore the thong with his other hand and brought her flush against his body, crushing her lips with his.

Amy felt her body blossom under the eager touch of his hands—her nipples peaked and her leg wrapped around his waist. When one warm hand touched the lips of her pussy, she cried out—ultrasensitive even to the simplest of tender caresses.

She moaned as Derek merely slicked his finger around the opening of her portal and then gently pressed the lips closed.

"Just a little while longer," he pleaded with her. "I want to eat you first, to take the edge off. The smell of your musk is driving me mad."

Compliant for now, Amy led him through to her bedroom. The casserole she had been cooking would take awhile longer, and she had already set the oven on a low heat. She had anticipated they would need time together before other appetites would need to be assuaged.

Amy climbed onto her bed and spread her legs wide, her hands provocatively crossed above her head.

“You said something about eating me?” she teased. A moan slipped out as Derek dived next to her.

In quick succession he lifted one of her legs over his shoulder to better open her to his needs. Then without any preliminaries he dove down to lick and suck her copiously creaming pussy.

Amy had been eaten out many a time, but never with a hunger that appeared to border craving, as Derek did now. He lapped at her folds as if he had never tasted a woman before, his tongue caressed her clit as if he had just discovered a new flavor of lollipop.

When she shifted, the pleasure became painful in its intensity, but Derek merely held her still with a hand to her hip and continued to bombard her with more and more pleasure.

In minutes she was screaming her climax, the pleasure tearing through her system and making her eyes water with the strength of her physical release.

Breathing heavily, Amy fell back against her pillows panting, assuming Derek would pull back, give her a moment to recuperate and then they would fuck. But he remained between her legs, lapping continuously at her.

“Derek,” she queried, her voice soft and breathless as her body seemed to immediately climb back to the painful edge once again. When two large, thick fingers entered her she gasped, too stunned to even form a coherent thought.

His fingers jostled the pleasure balls, and the tender caress of his digits inside her body merely added to her excitement. When the balls vibrated directly against her inner walls she moaned, pressing her head back into the bed in the attempt to not come.

When his fingers pressed the pleasure balls back against her G-spot, the slick movement of his fingers caused the balls to vibrate against the sensitive nub. Amy screamed, thrown over the brink of climax. She closed her eyes against the intensity of the pleasure, the exquisite sensations rocking her system so fiercely it felt on the razor edge of pain.

Panting hard, unable to even speak to ask him to slow down, Amy gasped to catch her breath. Weak and utterly without resistance, she didn't move as Derek carefully reached around behind her to remove her bra.

Amy watched, a dreamy smile on her face, as Derek quickly shucked his clothes, leaving them carelessly crumpled where they fell on the floor.

"One day we'll not be in such a hurry," she promised him weakly, "and I will undress you slowly."

"Now there is a pleasure I look forward to," he replied with a sexy smile. "But hold that thought just a moment. I want to rush out and grab something from my briefcase."

Amy merely nodded, lying on the bed in an odd state somewhere between unbearable excitement and lavish satiation. Less than a minute passed as she heard the locks snapping on Derek's briefcase, and then he rustled about collecting something.

Before she could even gather the energy to sit up he'd returned, a bottle of lube and a Pocket Rocket in his hands.

Amy blinked, wondered idly what wicked new plan had entered his mind.

"Turn over and grab the headboard," he commanded her, that I-am-in-charge tone of voice returned, "and keep the pleasure balls inside you."

Amy paused a moment then mentally shrugged to herself. She could always tell him to take a cold shower and cool off if he pushed her too far, or cry out “cookies” if he took the dominance thing too seriously.

Besides, it wasn’t as if he hadn’t managed to make her come twice in mere minutes, and fully clothed to boot! He deserved a bit of trust.

Amy turned herself over and then sat up on her knees. Shuffling forward, she took a hold of the headboard and wrapped her fingers around the bars of the bed frame. Clearing her throat, she looked back over her shoulder, about to ask Derek what he had planned, but her eyes widened as she watched him flip open the bottle of lube and begin to grease up his cock.

“Uh,” she managed to say before her throat closed up again. She shifted uneasily on her knees, her breath catching again as the pleasure balls rolled and vibrated inside her pussy.

“Lost for words, Amy?” Derek grinned widely at her, his dark brown eyes filled with laughter. “That must be almost a first!”

Amy nodded, cleared her throat again.

“This *will* be a first, Derek,” she pointed out, eyeing the thick, long length of his staff warily. “I never let the guy who occasionally topped me back at collage screw me up the ass. It somehow seemed a little too intimate.”

Despite her attempt at lightheartedness, Amy could tell the words soaked into Derek’s mind. His hands stroked the lube over his length slower, more an idle caress than the hungry, purposeful strokes he had been doing previously.

“You really haven’t had any anal play?” he confirmed as he watched her carefully. Amy shook her head, her eyes still fixated on his huge cock.

“Really,” she affirmed.

“Well then,” he purred softly, wiping his hands on a cloth she had kept on the dresser. “I think it’s time I initiated you, an extra pleasure for me.”

Amy swallowed hard as Derek picked up the Pocket Rocket from where he had placed it next to the lube and crossed the room to climb back up onto the bed. Excitement warred with hesitation. She hadn't even managed to clear her mind when he switched the Pocket Rocket on.

The slight humming noise had her pussy creaming, the thought playing out in her head of just how much that vibration against her clit would interact with the pleasure balls already inside her.

As he gently pressed the side of the Rocket against her clit, the vibration hummed through her, sending a thrill directly into her pussy and causing the balls to vibrate in tandem. Amy unconsciously arched her back, sought more of the pleasure.

"Now that's what I love to see," Derek murmured darkly from behind her, "an anal virgin, on her hands and knees before me, arching and desperately seeking a thick cock up her ass."

Amy shivered, whether from the cool air or the darkly erotic words she didn't know. She bit down on her lip nervously as she felt Derek position himself behind her, the slick heat of his cock pressed right against the tightly furled bud of her anus.

He splayed one large hand on her hip to angle her how he liked, the other working diligently with the Pocket Rocket at her clit, pushing her closer and closer to the erotic edge she sought.

"And now, my darling," he purred tenderly in her ear, "be prepared to be split wide and reamed until you beg for mercy. I've been thinking about this all afternoon!"

He didn't seem to expect an answer from her, which was a good thing, she decided. Amy had never been so hot, so close to the edge for a third time in mere minutes, and so nervous about her first anal reaming. She wouldn't have known what to say even if he had given her time to reply.

She cried out in mingled pleasure and painful shock as he pressed the enormous head of his cock past the initial resistance of her anus. Amy knew enough from her recollections of parties years ago, and reading, to breathe steadily and relax her

sphincter muscles. The reality, however, was far different from watching other subs have their asses penetrated until the Dominant's balls slapped against their butt cheeks, or reading and fantasizing about it. The immense feeling of fullness, the sharp pain heavily underscored by dark, erotic pleasure sent confusing messages throughout her body. She now understood how other subs she'd talked to had described the feeling as both devastatingly erotic and darkly painful, the ideal blend of pleasure and pain.

As Derek paused for her, only the tip of his enormous shaft penetrating her, Amy felt her muscles quickly adjust and crave more. With a deep breath, she felt a feminine power only a submissive could ever discover.

"More," she called out, her voice sure and confident. She pressed her ass back, loath to lose the direct contact from the Pocket Rocket, but knowing Derek would continue the intense stimulation on her clit. "I need more."

Amy could feel the surprise ripple through Derek and she grinned. She hadn't lied, she wanted as much as she could bear of this intoxicatingly new sensation of having her butt fucked.

"Hell, you're tight," Derek ground out. Amy could tell his legendary control had begun to slip. "So tight, and so hot, damn, you're on fire and taking me with you!"

Amy gasped as he pressed deeper inside her, a slick, hot, painfully tight journey she loved exploring. The friction inside her ass was more than she had ever experienced, and when his thick cock ran up against the thin wall next to where one of her pleasure balls rested, she cried out.

"Oh yeah," he moaned as he rubbed his cock against that spot inside her. "I can feel the ball inside you, feel its vibration. Damn that's so hot."

Amy merely made a noise, unable to form a word or thought. As Derek pressed himself farther inside her, touched her more deeply than anyone ever had previously, she knew this night would forever change her and the way she would look at intimacy.

Finally, Derek paused, the skin of his hips pressed closely against the back of her ass, his body half covering hers.

"In to the balls," he panted, "and not a moment too soon. If I had to dive much farther into you I might have been swallowed whole."

Amy merely panted, tried to catch her breath. When Derek pulled himself slightly out of her again, his cock grazed the thin wall where the balls rested, and she cried out, knew she was too close to the edge to last much longer.

"Come for me," he whispered against her ear. Amy made a strangled sound, and when he turned the Pocket Rocket to rest directly over her clit, the combination of the vibration, the balls in her pussy and the thick, heavy erection up her ass caused the detonation inside her.

Amy felt her ass close around Derek's cock, felt the squeezing contractions as her body milked his in its climax. On and on her body rolled through the waves of pleasure, unsure where one climax began and the other left off. Amy clung to the headboard, her hands clenched tightly around the thin bars of the frame.

Gingerly, she tried to squeeze her ass tighter, tried to force Derek over the edge of his climax, as she could only hear him panting hard, trying his hardest not to come himself.

Clenching her ass muscles, she continued to milk him until he cried out.

"Dammit!" he screamed, and then he pulled out and thrust deeply back into her ass. In and out he pumped a half dozen times until he roared, and she felt his cock erupt.

Jet after jet of hot seed shot inside her, and Amy smiled to herself. The heavy thrusts were not too painful in her already ravaged ass, particularly after she felt so open from all her own climaxes. As Derek slowed his thrusts and finally stopped, she felt warmth creep through her body as he pulled her close to him in the classic spoon fashion.

Exhausted, they both lay down on her bed, spooned comfortably together. Amy closed her eyes and let her mind drift. She winced slightly and spread her legs as Derek

turned off the Pocket Rocket and gently eased his fingers inside her to scoop out the pleasure balls.

“I was just getting rather fond of those,” she murmured quietly, amused as Derek chuckled.

“I’m not surprised,” he responded softly, dropping the balls next to the Pocket Rocket on the large bed and wrapping an arm around her waist. “Marvelous toys one can order online nowadays.”

Amy snuggled back into Derek’s arms and let herself relax as they enjoyed the tender aftermath.

Chapter Eight

Amy laughed as Derek tried to squeeze his way into her tiny shower cubicle with her.

"There is no way there's enough room for us both in here!" she shouted over the noisy clunking in her pipes and the sound of the spray itself. "Besides, dinner will be burnt to a crisp by the time you've finished with me!"

"I don't see a problem with ordering pizza in," Derek countered with a smile, but Amy still gently slapped his hands away from her.

Finally giving up, she stepped out of the cubicle and left Derek alone with the washcloth.

"Not this time, sexy," she chided him. "Maybe next time in your shower, where we won't be stepping on top of each other."

She laughed as he merely shrugged and began to make the water temperature hotter. Amy wrapped a towel around herself and placed a clean towel for Derek on the edge of the sink. Humming happily, she entered her bedroom and changed into tracksuit pants and an oversized T-shirt. Digging in her clothes hamper, she found the sweats she had borrowed the evening before from Derek and laid them out on the bed for him to put on when he left the bathroom.

On her way out of the bedroom, she passed Derek's suit and shirt crumpled on the floor. Pausing, Amy picked up the shirt and pants, shook them out, folded them neatly and placed them next to the sweats. Bending down again, she picked up the jacket he had been wearing and shook it out also to get rid of any creases it might have sustained in a heap on the floor.

A card fell out of the jacket pocket and Amy paused, stared at it in surprise. It had fallen face down, the purple back filled with stars, a sun and the crescent moon.

That looks almost like a tarot card, Amy thought, confused.

She picked the card up and turned it over in her hand. A picture of a practically naked nymph, blonde hair barely covering her breasts and upper body, pranced through a forest scene. A golden rainbow shot out from her hand, and ten cups surrounded her on the grass of the glade she danced through.

Amy knew what tarot cards were, but she had never really studied them or paid much attention to them. Somehow finding a tarot card in Derek's pocket came as an utter surprise, since if anyone had asked, she would have laughed herself sick at the thought of Derek paying attention to such whimsical things.

Burning with curiosity but not wanting to pry, Amy shook her head and moved to replace the tarot card in his suit pocket.

"I know this isn't what it looks like," Derek spoke casually from the doorway. Amy jumped in surprise and instant guilt, even though she knew she had done nothing wrong. "Tell me you aren't some secret jewel thief or CIA hit-woman."

Amy laughed nervously.

"I wish. Talk about a glamorous job, seducing desperate criminals and then killing them. No," she rushed on, "I was just picking up your clothes and getting the crinkles out on my way out into the kitchen, and this card fell out of your pocket. I was curious, that's all."

Amy swallowed and tilted her head defiantly as she waved the card at him and then replaced it in his suit pocket. This was her apartment, dammit, and he wouldn't make her feel guilty for cleaning up after him.

"Oh," Derek replied with a smile. Amy moved out of his way as he crossed over to the bed to pick up his sweatpants. "I had totally forgotten about Mystic Meg and that card. I made an impromptu visit to the adult store the other day after Joel told me about your ad and on my way there I came across this fortune teller. I wanted to pick up a few toys to use with you, and she stopped me and read my fortune."

Amy blinked, too many new thoughts bombarding her mind to digest at once.

“That’s supposedly the ‘happy ever after’ card, which I was informed would be my future. Happily ever after like a storybook, I presume,” he continued blithely, not knowing the enormity of what he was saying to her. “Meg told me to take the card and so I did. I put it in my jeans but then transferred it into my suit pocket when I needed my wallet, and then promptly forgot about it.”

Still struggling to work out what ad Joel could have talked to him about, Amy frowned and instead asked a different question.

“What ad that Joel told you about?” The fortune teller story intrigued her, but not as much as the burning question of what the hell was this about her placing an ad?

For the first time ever, Amy saw Derek mentally stumble over what should have been a simple answer.

“Uh,” he hesitated. Amy felt suspicion settle deep in her stomach. For a man whom she had trusted to pop her anal cherry, to tie her up and give her unspeakable pleasure, she suddenly felt extremely cynical and wary.

She watched silently as Derek dressed himself in his boxers and sweats.

“Joel might have mentioned to me once how you were interested in bondage,” he finally said with his back still to her. “Since you were going to place an ad in Kinky Delights and all –”

“I was going to put an ad in Kinky Delights?” she parroted in shock. “Since when? Nikki told me *you* –”

Amy bit down gently on her lower lip and cut herself off as Derek’s back stiffened. Her muscles were still warm and soft from their lovemaking, her body fresh and smelling clean from the shower they had shared.

She really, *really* didn’t want to botch this up. No matter the reason she might have taken the plunge to call Derek, they were sharing delicious sex and were enjoying each other’s company. Amy decided she wanted time to think before she possibly ruined the first wonderful relationship she had embarked on in longer than she cared to think about.

"Dinner should be almost finished," she said softly. Derek turned to look her in the eye, and without any words needed they both communicated they would shelve that particular conversation for now.

However, as she walked out into the kitchen to switch on the oven light and check on the casserole she had been baking, a niggling thought took root in the back of her mind and would not let loose.

"That smells good," Derek complimented her as he entered the kitchen and hugged her from behind.

Let it rest for now, she chided herself, there's no sense in ruining a perfectly good evening with a fight when you're probably just letting that wild imagination run away with you.

Amy turned around, planted a wet and sloppy kiss on Derek's lips, grinned at his faintly baffled expression and pulled on the oven mitts.

"Dinner looks ready to me," she grinned at him as she winked cheekily.

"Sounds brilliant," he murmured huskily.

Amy laughed as she began to serve their meal.

* * * * *

"Tell me this isn't another one of your lame setups," Amy demanded as soon as Nikki picked up her cell phone. "Tell me you didn't run off to Gretna Green so when I discovered you're trying to set me up, *again*, that I wouldn't beat your ass like I swore I would if you did this to me again."

"Uh, hi there, Amy," Nikki replied cautiously. Amy swore and reminded herself it was the middle of the night over there in Scotland. Even though it was only ten in the evening, the dishes had been washed with companionable ease, and she and Derek had shared many laughs and stories over both dinner and dessert.

Although the air between them had not been strained, they had both been conscious of an unspoken conversation between them. They had agreed to spend the

night apart again, so they could both have their own space to think through the next step they would take.

Much like the previous evening, except for an intriguing role reversal, Derek had kissed her goodbye fondly and lavishly but then taken himself off back to his house, leaving her alone with her doubts and cynical worries. Finally unable to question him or herself any longer, she had decided to break into Nikki's romantic escape and outright ask her friend what the hell was going on.

Taking a deep breath, Amy counted to five before letting it out, ordering herself to get a grip.

"I've been having scream-until-you-die-from-ecstasy sex with Derek Rayner," Amy started more calmly, "and I would bet my life's savings he at no stage planned on placing an ad in Kinky Delights for a submissive partner. Worse, the man seems to be under the impression somehow from Joel that *I* might have been planning to place such an ad. Now how do *you* think such a miscommunication could have occurred? I swear I can smell your attempt at setting us up a mile away."

Amy didn't need to be physically present to feel Nikki squirming on the other end of the line.

"Oh Lord, you really did set this up," Amy wailed. "How many times have I told you not to do this?"

"Amy!" Nikki barked back, surprising her, "don't you dare jinx this! I'm serious. You and Derek are *made* for each other. And I *didn't* set you up, or not exactly. I merely put a few thoughts into your head—"

"I don't understand," Amy interrupted. "If he wasn't interested in being dominant in the bedroom then why have we... Oh shit, I was confused before but now I'm second-guessing everything!"

"Come on, Amy," Nikki replied, "it sounds to me like you've been having some kick-ass sex and things are going fine. Try to not make this more difficult than it is. You

and Derek are getting along like a house on fire, and I *told* you that you'd be perfect for each other. What's the matter here?"

Amy sank her head into her hands, collapsing against the pillows of her freshly made bed.

"I'm going to die," Amy replied dramatically, struggling to bend her mind around the notion of being set up again. In her heart she knew it didn't make a difference toward her feelings for Derek, but the whole notion of being set up made her feel like a loser—desperate and pathetic.

"I merely pointed a few things out to you and gave you a nudge," Nikki replied firmly, her voice brooking no argument. "Anything relating to kinky sex and following your heart can be rested at *your* door and likely springs from genuine feelings. You *needed* a nudge, Amy, you know that. Besides, I couldn't have the two of you jumping all over each other at the post-wedding party when Joel and I get back. You'd have both missed all the fun."

Amy chuckled, her anger at her best friend never lasting more than a few minutes.

"Yeah," Amy agreed, "though if we keep going at it like this chances are we won't last long at that reception of yours anyway."

"I really gotta go," Nikki replied. "Joel has just got off the phone himself. Now I know you're back to your usual dramatic and impulsive self, we're going to be switching our cells off until we get back, okay? Leave a text if it's urgent."

"I will, darling," Amy replied. "You enjoy that romantic getaway of yours. And congrats on the elopement, by the way. That was the *worst* kept secret *ever*. I'll speak to you when you get back."

"Bye, hon," Nikki laughed. Amy said her goodbyes and hung up her cell. Stripping as she entered the bathroom, she switched the shower on and stepped into the stall to think and clean herself more thoroughly.

She had a lot of planning to do.

* * * * *

"Tell me this isn't some lame setup."

Derek swore at the silence from the other end of the line. "Dammit, Joel, was that really necessary? Amy is hot as a firecracker. I would have gone after her myself without any pushing from you. Now I just feel like a dickhead."

"I dunno, man, what can I say? It seemed like a good idea at the time."

Derek laughed.

"Sure it did, bro," he replied, "and I'm grateful for the heads-up about Amy and my...compatibility in some respects. But shit, she was pissed when I think she cottoned on."

Derek laughed as Joel sighed. Derek heard another ring in the background but couldn't hear anything else.

"Don't do me any favors in the future, huh?" Derek teased his cousin, "I have a feeling it will take some quick talking to explain to Amy it doesn't matter *how* we got together, the important thing is that we *are* an item."

"She's that pissy, huh?" Joel replied uneasily. Derek laughed but decided not to tease his cousin any more.

"Not monumentally pissed, but she sure didn't seem happy either. I think it's more the embarrassment of being set up. If this had turned out any other way I'd be pissed as hell myself, but it seems like I'm going to owe you one."

"Yeah, well just treat Amy right. I shudder to think of the earful Nikki will give me if you break her best friend's heart."

Derek snorted.

"Not going to happen. I doubt I'll get to the stage of being pussy-whipped like you, but I have a feeling my days of drunken orgies are over."

"Hey!" Joel shouted. "Why was I never invited to those drunken orgies?"

"Stay safe, cousin," Derek teased. "I'll chat when you get back."

Laughing, Derek hung up on his best friend and cousin.

Pacing his living room floor, he began to plan his final seduction of Amy Hartner.

Chapter Nine

Derek once again swallowed his pride and surprise as he composed himself in his car outside Amy's apartment. His day had been long and felt dragged out. He had woken up in the morning, full of plans of seduction, sweet words and a hot desire to break in the sex swing he had been dying to use.

Late into the night, or early in the morning, to be accurate, he had hit upon the notion not only to break in his latest toy but to christen it with the only woman he wanted in his life.

But yet again, Amy had shocked the hell out of him. His cell had been flashing to indicate it had received a new message.

My place, 7p.m. tonight. Pot roast. It's my turn.

Derek had spent the whole morning turning the text over and over in his mind, looking at it from every angle to try to work out exactly what that final "It's my turn" meant. While he did not need his life to revolve around the dominance games he so thoroughly enjoyed in his private life, he had never experienced the tables being turned.

Yet last night, the more he'd thought about a life without Amy in it, the more he realized just how much she had come to mean to him in such a short period of time.

He had even bandied about the dreaded "L" word to himself.

Love. Not lust, or a passing attraction, or even a good friend who also happened to be a fuck-buddy. But love. Vows and promises, monogamy and forever after. Hell, he was even open to the possibility of kids, down the track.

And so he swallowed his pride and sat outside Amy's apartment, not worried as such, but certainly slightly nervous about whatever plans she held. Hell, for all he knew she was going to break their—were they even in a relationship yet?—and call an end to their extraordinarily good time together.

Deciding it would be cheesy to knock on her front door with his backpack, he left his change of clothes in the passenger seat. He had packed the bag earlier in the day, in the faint hope he might spend the night this time around.

The first evening he had wanted to give Amy space to think about what they had discovered together. He had needed to give her space and time to sort through her feelings. Last night, even though they had spoken together companionably on dozens of topics, he had been able to sense Amy's underlying tension.

While he doubted she would have minded him spending the night, once again he had found himself insisting to himself she needed time and space. This time, however, the ball from the beginning seemed to be clearly in Amy's court.

Derek didn't want to appear overeager or stepping over the still murky bounds of their relationship, yet neither did he want to be unprepared.

"Stop being such a dork," he chided to himself as he opened the door to his car. "Let's see what Amy has in store for us."

Derek locked the door to his car and closed it. With a deep breath, he headed up the driveway.

* * * * *

Amy stepped back from the sheer curtains over her front window. She had heard Derek's car pull up, and although he had hesitated a moment, he now walked up her driveway.

She ran a hand over her jeans to smooth imaginary crinkles out. She had planned this down to the last detail, she just hoped beyond bearing she wouldn't hit a snag and fall apart at the seams.

The luscious smell of roasted beef permeated the living room from the kitchen. A number of times throughout the late afternoon she had hesitated, wanted to change her mind and cook something else. Something about the pot roast screamed little woman and the quintessential Fifties stay-at-home wife.

But then she would recall she had already told Derek she was cooking pot roast and she felt unable to change her mind. While she doubted Derek couldn't care less what she actually fed him, Amy had wanted some space to sort everything out in her own mind first before speaking again to Derek.

Yet the time had now come.

Derek knocked on her door, and after taking a deep, calming breath, Amy crossed over to the door to open it for him. She smiled brightly and greeted him.

"Have a good day?"

She winced at the inanity, but she perked up her flagging spirit. She had known initially this would be and feel awkward.

"Decent enough day," Derek replied with a smile and a kiss of greeting pecked on her cheek. "Had a lot to think about though."

Amy nodded and waved him through to the dining table.

"I know," she replied. "I've been thinking a lot too. I've never been in this situation before, so it's not really clear-cut to me, but let me just serve up dinner first and I'll explain a bit."

"Sounds ominous."

Amy threw a grin over her shoulder as she headed into the kitchen to serve their meal.

"Not too ominous, I hope," she countered. "Make yourself at home, I'll just be a moment."

Working quickly, she carved the beef onto a heated plate and scooped the steamed vegetables into ceramic pots. Hurrying so the meal didn't grow cold, she began to set the dishes on the table.

Catching sight of Derek browsing her bookshelf, she grinned.

"A lot of embarrassingly cheesy romance," she admitted freely, "though there are a number of mystery and thriller series there too. I can't deny I'm a book ho, I'll read practically anything if I'm desperate enough."

Snagging a bottle of wine, she finished with the plates and cutlery as Derek came over to the table. Amy waved him to sit at the table as she sat herself.

Nibbling on her lip as they filled their plates, she wondered where she could start and not sound like a drama queen. After tasting a mouthful of the beef, pleased to note it had turned out tender and still full of flavor, she decided it would be easier to bite the bullet.

"I'm not sure if you've worked it out yet, but Nikki seems to have tried to set me up with you."

Derek laughed and reached over to pour them both a glass of wine.

"Odd," he commented still lightly, "I thought it was Joel playing matchmaker, but I feel that is a moot point."

Amy cocked her head to the side, surprised Derek felt at ease with the situation.

"You're not uneasy that being set up like this would change the circumstances of our...uh..."

Amy blushed as Derek laughed harder.

"It's truly not that hard to say the word, Amy," he teased her gently. "Come on, say it with me, we're in a *relationship*."

Amy laughed, felt as if a heavy weight that had been pressing down on her had been lifted.

"Okay, so I'm a bit gun shy," she agreed, still feeling her tongue knot at the solidness of the word "relationship", "but if you had *seen* some of Nikki's friends she'd tried to set me up with you might understand my hesitation. I've been more than a bit confused."

She paused as Derek lifted a hand.

"I do not need to hear about other men Nikki has tried to set you up with," he started with a smile, "but think of it like this...does the fact we've been clearly orchestrated together change your feelings for me?"

Amy shook her head. "No, it doesn't change my feelings," she admitted. "That's one thing that gave me some strength and stopped my brain exploding from all the thoughts running around them. I tend to overreact sometimes. It's one of the biggest hassles with dealing with me."

She exchanged a huge grin with Derek.

"I'll make a note about it," he promised. "So, other than having your head explode from finding we've both been expertly manipulated by our supposed best friends, what else has been stressing your gorgeous head?"

Amy blushed again and ran a hand through her ponytail.

"Nothing quite as dramatic as the whole setup thing," she assured him, "though I did give Nikki an earful when I worked it all out."

Derek nearly choked on the mouthful he'd taken as he laughed and laughed. Amy frowned.

"What?" she queried.

"You called her an hour or so after I left?" he checked. She nodded, remaining silent.

"That's hysterical," he continued. "I think I heard Nikki's cell ring. I was on the phone to Joel."

Amy felt her eyebrows rise. "That is funny. Nikki told me when Joel was off the phone and we hung up soon after.

"Anyway," she started to eat her dinner, much of the awkwardness between them dispelled by the laughter, "Nikki just casually mentioned you were going to place an ad for a submissive lover in Kinky Delights, which as you know now is right up my alley, so I decided to get your number and give you a call." She paused as Derek snorted.

"I got an almost identical story from Joel. Damn, simplicity at its finest. Scary how ridiculously easy it must have been for them."

Amy thought about it then nodded, finally able to see the truly humorous side of it all.

"Yeah, I should have known she was up to something, especially since she's spent the past two months singing your praises to me. Ugh, I feel like an idiot."

"Well, I for one am grateful to them," Derek replied. Amy chewed thoughtfully a moment but then couldn't see it.

"Explain," she asked.

"Well, think about it. Assume we met up at their post wedding reception, like we would have," he started.

She nodded. "Agreed, what about it?"

"Well," he continued, "it's not like we could have grabbed each other and made a run for the nearest bed, or private room. We'd have gone through weeks if not months of that silly posturing and dancing while we figured each other out. And it would likely have been months before we both admitted to liking a bit of kink in our sex every now and then for some flavor."

Amy laughed, took a sip of her wine to try to smother the giggles.

"I'll give you that," she admitted. "Gee, think we owe Nikki and Joel a present or something?"

"Nah," he grinned and set his cutlery down, his plate clean. "I'm not feeling *that* grateful. They might have sped things along, but I most certainly would not have let you go after meeting you, kink or no kink."

"Speaking of kink," she grinned naughtily, "I have a pretty easy game set up for tonight. Whoever calls 'uncle' first loses."

She grinned wider as Derek merely raised an eyebrow at her.

"I hear a 'but' coming," he noted.

“Well,” she drawled, coy for the moment. “Follow me and I’ll show you.”

Amy stood and held her hand out to him. With a shrug, he stood and took her hand, allowing her to lead him to the bedroom.

“Firstly,” she asserted, “I am finally going to undress you myself. Each time to date you’ve had me naked and screaming before you even take your socks off. This time I’m going to get you naked first.”

As she began pulling his shirt over his head he laughed.

“Sounds fair to me.”

Enjoying the novel sensation of stripping him, Amy carefully pulled Derek’s shirt off as he toed his feet out of his shoes and pulled his socks off. His pants were easily unbuckled and slipped over his hips. Finally his boxers were stripped and his half-hard cock waved at her attention.

“Onto the bed,” she commanded in what she hoped was a strong voice. Derek raised an eyebrow at her but didn’t say anything. When he lay spread out on her big bed, Amy took a deep breath.

Climbing on top of him, straddling his hips, she bent down to kiss him. She had rehearsed this moment in her mind a million times over the course of the day, yet now it had come to crunch time, she felt nerves fly in her stomach.

She sincerely hoped this would work.

Brushing her lips over his, she enjoyed his taste for a moment. When his hands came up to cup her face, she held his hands in hers and raised them above her head. Pushing his head back slightly deeper into the pillows, she released one of his hands and fumbled under the pillow for the handcuffs she had so carefully planted there. Quickly, her hands shaking slightly with the depth of her nerves, she locked one of the cuffs over his hand.

“Uh—”

Without waiting for anything, Amy quickly grabbed Derek's other hand and locked his other hand into the cuffs, chaining him to the headboard of her bed.

"I thought we were playing uncle," he protested. A weak tug on the cuffs proved futile.

"We are," she insisted, "but I know you, you know far too much about my body and desires and you'd have me screaming 'uncle' and begging for a climax within ten minutes. I warned you, tonight it's my turn."

Amy nibbled on her lower lip. This was important to her. She loved how Derek could take control of her body, of her desires, and wring her dry, but she needed to know she would reciprocate the desire with him.

Amy had no idea what he saw in her eyes, but whatever it was must have indicated to him just how important this was to her. Derek relaxed and grinned.

"Do your best, baby," he teased her warmly, "make me scream 'uncle' and beg for your hot little body."

Laughing, Amy bent down to kiss him again.

The war had begun.

Chapter Ten

Derek didn't know when he had realized he truly loved this woman, but nothing could have expressed it more clearly than allowing Amy to handcuff him to her bed and have her wicked way with him.

Despite a number of scorned women claiming so, he was not a control freak. Derek had no issue with letting his lover take control for an evening's entertainment. True, he had never found himself in *quite* this situation either...but there was a first time for everything.

Shrugging to himself, he relaxed back and decided to enjoy this for all it was worth. He chuckled as Amy kissed him passionately, licked his lip, and enjoyed the unique taste he would always know as hers.

She slowly kissed her way down his chest and seemed amused as she found his nipples sensitive. She flicked them gently with the tip of her finger and he could practically see her head swell with the power she held over his body.

This mightn't be as easy as I assumed, he mused to himself. When her palm cupped the sac of his balls, he moaned. *I might be crying 'uncle' a hell of a lot faster than I thought.*

Derek laughed at the monster he had freed to roam over his body.

Amy had never been so enthralled with a man's body before. The handcuffs were a quick release toy she knew Derek would figure out sooner or later, but much like the silken scarves she had worn the first night, she knew it was the meaning, not the restraints themselves, that was of importance.

Derek had given her free reign over his body, and the power had gone straight to her head. She discovered his nipples were particularly sensitive, the middle line down his chest was also fraught with nerves.

When she cupped his sac, he nearly swallowed his tongue and she chortled like a kid who had been given a bag full of candy. Slow nibbling kisses as she worked her way down his body, heading in a straight line toward the now impressively erect cock.

The underside of her chin brushed against the sensitive tip, and she had a hard time not laughing at the choked gasp that escaped from Derek.

"That can't be you calling 'uncle' just yet," she teased, "I've hardly begun!"

"Ooh, you'll pay for that," he bantered easily with her. "Just you wait 'til it's my turn later."

Amy chuckled.

"I'll just have to make sure you have no juice left when I'm done with you," she baited him easily, "which, considering how hungry I am, won't be an issue."

"You've just eaten," he pointed out saucily.

"Always room for dessert," she promised him. "Always."

Amy tilted her head down, opened her lips and swallowed the tip of his erection, moved her head down to swallow more of his length. She heard him groan but was too busy tonguing him to care.

Her hands moved around to cup the rest of his staff eagerly, enjoying the smooth texture of his skin covering the hard length of him. She stroked him, more to feel him and become intimately acquainted with his cock, though the added bonus of giving Derek pleasure was a plus.

Slowly she traced her fingers down to his root, probing the soft skin at his base. He moaned, a strangled sound escaping from the depths of his chest. Amy continued to lick him and taste the whole of the head with her tongue, but her fingers were busy at his base.

The sensitive skin underneath his cock, leading back to his tight, heavy sac, seemed especially soft and tender. Being careful to keep her fingers light and gentle, she continued to explore.

She rolled the balls in his sac, amazed at the simplicities of the differences between man and woman. As her fingers explored, one hand traced back behind his sac and found the path to his anus.

Curious, not knowing just how far she could push Derek, she gently traced her index finger against the small, tightly closed passage that led into his ass. A choked noise, followed by reverent swearing had her attempting to grin around the mouthful of cock she had.

Lifting her head ever-so slightly, she looked up the long length of Derek's body, noting the faint sheen of sweat dotted along his forehead and the dark red flush over his cheeks and upper chest.

She paused a moment, not wanting to push him too far, but eager and very, very curious.

"What the hell," he finally choked out, falling back, "go for it, lady."

Pleased with the faith and trust Derek had just handed to her on a silver platter, she quickly lifted a finger to her mouth. Pulling back up slightly away from his cock, she moistened a single finger and quickly sucked back down on his iron hard shaft.

Gently stroking his balls with her other hand, she pressed the tip of her slim finger against the tight opening. Rubbing her own moisture around the ring, she coaxed a slim opening and gently began to massage entrance for her finger.

Derek moaned, his legs shifting restlessly and his hips canting to thrust his cock farther down her throat. Sucking harder on him, toying with the sensitive tip with her tongue, she gave him as much pleasure as she could.

With the tip of her finger now inside his ass, she stroked his inner walls, looking for the small gland she had read about. Working her way deeper inside him slowly and carefully, she finally found a small nub.

When the pad of her finger gently rubbed him, his hips shifted forward, thrusting him deeper down her throat. Stroking his sac, gently pressing her finger harder inside

his ass, Amy tried to balance between the pleasure and pain as he had so expertly strummed her body.

“Shit,” he cried out, “I’m going to come, Amy, watch out!”

Humming happily, she sucked harder, ready for his cum. Her finger once again rubbed his tender inner walls and he yelled. She could feel his cock shudder in her mouth, the movement as his balls raised and he spurted his seed deep down her throat.

Amy swallowed, enjoyed the lightly salty but otherwise flavorless taste of him. His hips bucked wildly, his cries turned into moans as he came. Finally, his cock deflated and Amy gently removed her finger and sat up.

Licking her lips, feeling exceedingly pleased with herself, she sat back on her curled legs and watched her lover recover. Pressing a quick kiss to his lips, she climbed from the bed and ducked into the bathroom to wash her hands.

When she returned she found Derek sitting up on her bed, rubbing his wrists. Frowning, she rushed over to him to look at the red circles.

“Oh no,” she apologized, feeling terribly guilty, “are you okay?”

“I’m fine,” he replied with a laugh, “but I’m afraid I won’t be much use to you for a while, I haven’t come that hard in ages.”

Amy laughed, relieved. She stripped quickly and without thought.

“You’re not the only one who can visit an adult store, you know,” she teased him, “I found a few toys myself I won’t mind trying out with you.”

Crossing over to her bedside table, she opened the top drawer and removed a small plastic bullet with remote. Holding her hand out, she showed him.

They grinned at each other.

“Pity we’re not at my place,” he commented, “I bet after we’ve tested those bullets I’d be more than ready for a christening of my sex swing.”

Amy laughed.

"I thought we were going to have a night without the kink," she baited him as she cupped her breasts, holding them high and firm as if in offering to him.

She watched as Derek licked his lips.

"I've just had your finger up my ass, darling," he pointed out. "I'm not sure either of us are capable of no kink just yet, maybe in a year or so."

Amy grinned.

"I don't mind a bit of kink in my sex," she pointed out. "I don't think that card was a happily ever after for us, maybe a kinky ever after."

Derek shook his head and held out his hand to Amy.

"Nah, babe, happily ever after for us is the same thing as kinky."

Amy laughed and rested a foot on the edge of her bed. Slowly, enjoying the intense hunger in Derek's dark brown eyes as she spread her pussy lips open, she placed the bullet gently inside her pussy.

"I must have had a hell of a horoscope that day you met the fortune teller," she commented. "Tall, dark and handsome seems to be right up my alley at this moment and it sounds just cheesy enough to have been in the horoscope column."

Derek grinned widely at her and she laughed. Her laugh turned to a gasp as he switched the bullet on to the first level of vibration.

"We'll have to thank Nikki and Joel," he pointed out. Amy merely nodded, her legs beginning to wobble.

"I'll make a note of it," she promised as she crawled onto the bed.

"Think we should join them in Gretna?" he whispered as he came over to cover her body with his.

Amy looked deeply into Derek's serious, handsome face.

"Is that a proposal?" she asked, her mind spinning with the intense pleasure from the bullet but also racing madly to keep a handle on their conversation.

"I think it was," Derek replied with a grin. "I'm sure it would shock the hell out of Nikki and Joel, and it would serve them right to have to cope with us since this is all their fault to begin with."

Amy laughed.

"Then when we come home we'll christen the swing?" she checked, her curiosity piqued by both the thought of the swing and joining her best friend and Joel in Gretna.

"That's a promise," Derek agreed. Amy smiled.

"Let's do it," she laughed. Amy felt almost drunk from pleasure and acting on the spur of the moment.

"First things first," Derek grinned, turning the bullet onto the next vibration notch. Amy gasped.

"A man who knows his priorities," she panted. "I love it."

She bathed in the warmth of the kiss he pressed onto her lips.

"I love you too," he replied, teasing, love and laughter in his tone and eyes.

Amy grinned and pulled him closer, holding him close to her heart.

She could see their happily ever after stretching in front of them both, clear as day.

About the Author

Elizabeth Laphorne is an Aussie girl, born, bred and living in Melbourne, Victoria. She graduated with a Bachelor of Science from Melbourne University and wrote her first story while looking for a job. Two and a half years later, with a Research position in a lovely company and seven published works, Elizabeth is still slightly dazed at how everything fell into place.

She had written a well-received series about the Rutledge Werewolves, and is often amused at fans/reviewers commenting on how “popular” her series is. Very recently she started to tell people about her writing career and even confessed to her parents (though she did chicken out with the explanation of what “Romantica”® is). She still finds it incredibly strange to be able to order paperbacks written by herself, and is shaking with nerves at what the hell she’ll write when finally asked for her first autograph.

Elizabeth is completely addicted to Tim Tams and chocolate, and barely ever goes a day without one or the other. She loves email, is a self confessed bookaholic, and has been known to buy books instead of food for herself, much to the teasing of her brothers and good friends.

She was astonished recently to be asked to do an interview...and spent a long time chewing over her responses. She loves people and adores going out for a girl’s night for nachos and margaritas (unless she’s designated driver, and then she eats chocolate mousse for dessert instead).

Elizabeth 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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