

ELLORA'S CAVE EXOTIKA

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McKENNA

*Private
Daydreams*

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Private Daydreams

ISBN # 9781419910296

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Edited by Mary Moran.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication: April 2007

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PRIVATE DAYDREAMS

J.W. McKenna

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Chapter One

The Leprechaun

The girls were having too much wine and too much fun. Yes, that's what they called themselves—"girls". Not women and certainly not ladies. They were four girls in the prime of their lives, real-life versions of *Sex and the City*, living and loving in Manhattan. Two were single, two were divorced, but all were veterans of failed relationships. They weren't afraid to speak their minds about men, relationships, bosses and life in general.

Now, after two bottles of wine, the women were zeroing in on their favorite topic—sex. It was Monday night, their regular time to get together and rehash the previous week. They were in Suzanne's living room instead of a restaurant so they felt free to let loose even more than usual.

"Six years!" Wendy Delano was complaining, her voice slurring a bit from the wine. She was the youngest member at twenty-nine and perhaps the most naïve. A petite woman with a short dark hairstyle, she had long given up on trying not to be "the perky one". "Six years we were married and Frank never once gave me the Big O! Was it me?"

It was a common complaint and the others commiserated with her.

"He obviously didn't do it right," said Carol Hopwell, an editor at a publishing firm who was still single at age thirty-three. She was an attractive brunette in a gangly sort of way.

"The mind has to be engaged as well as the body—maybe that was your problem," Suzanne Diggs noted, the unofficial "brain" of the quartet. She was a tall redhead who dressed impeccably thanks to her rich ex-husband's alimony payments and her regular

job as a legal secretary. "You had issues with Frank and they extended into the bedroom."

"So you're saying sex is all in your mind?" Wendy asked.

"Well, sure," put in Diane Leshner, the oldest at thirty-five and the group's corporate-ladder-climbing career woman. She had beautiful ash blonde hair that framed a pretty face, but she claimed she never used her looks to get to the top. "We all have our fantasies. Maybe Frank just didn't measure up to yours."

They all hooted at the double entendre.

"Come on, Wen. Tell us your secret fantasy," Carol said.

"Uh-uh. You go first."

The other women laughed and called her chicken.

"No, it's all right if she's shy," Carol said. "Hey, I'm not shy. You should see some of the books that come my way every day. Whoo-ie! Did you know female erotica is the new 'chick lit'? Gives one a lot to think about. You want to know what turns me on?"

All eyes swiveled to hers. "Yes! Yes!" came the chorus.

Carol tipped her head. "It's not very politically correct."

"Ohhh now you have my full attention," cackled Diane. "Come on, girl, spill it."

"Okay. But remember, it's just a fantasy." She took a deep breath. "I have this fantasy—sometimes I even dream about it—of being dominated. Forced to submit. Maybe be spanked, you know, to soften me up? I'm not talkin' about rape. It's more about being under the control of a sensitive but demanding alpha male, you know?"

"Wow. I think I need to buy one of your publisher's new romance novels," Diane said, laughing.

"That's a very common fantasy actually," Suzanne said. "I read it in *Cosmo*. You're a closet submissive."

"Really? It seems to go against the grain of the modern feminist," Wendy said.

"It's our inner cavewoman," Diane said. "We can't escape it."

"Inner cavewoman? Is that real? Are we all just products of our ancient hormones?" Wendy marveled. "'Cause I like to think we've advanced a little bit since then."

"Come on," Carol said. "I told you my fantasy, now you all tell me yours."

"Oh gosh," Wendy demurred. "Please, someone else go before me."

"Okay," Suzanne said at once. "I'm game." She took a deep breath and gave her red hair a little shake. "I fantasize about having a one-night stand with a perfect stranger. Anonymous sex."

"Really? That sounds disappointing in a way," Diane said.

"Why?"

"Well, because if he's a lot of fun, you don't get to see him again!"

"I think that's just the point—it's something about the elusiveness of it. You know it won't last going in. You can be a completely different person just for the night and let your inhibitions fly to the wind. You see?"

"Ohh yeah, I can see that," Wendy said.

"Come on, Wen. It's your turn," Carol pressed.

Wendy looked around to see all eyes on her. "All right, all right. But you'll laugh."

"No, no! This is secret stuff. It goes no further than this room."

"Of course not," said Diane. "We're all friends here."

"Well..." Her face reddened. "I can't believe I'm telling you this..."

"Come on—you tell me yours and I'll tell you mine, okay?" Diane said. "Everyone else has already confessed."

"Okay—I fantasize about being a prostitute."

The other women's mouths opened in surprise then quickly closed so as not to hurt Wendy's feelings.

"Tell us more—I mean, you can't want to walk the streets in those ugly little outfits, can you?" Suzanne asked.

"You would think only of the outfits," Diane said.

"No, no. Not like that. I imagine myself being an exclusive call girl who caters only to rich businessmen and world leaders. But the sexy part comes when I must do whatever they want because they've paid me, see? I don't know – it makes me feel all dirty and naughty and sexy at the same time."

"I can actually see the turn on there," Suzanne said. "It's not all that dissimilar from mine, only in mine, the man doesn't pay me for the one-night stand. And I want him as much as he wants me."

"Or mine," Carol noted. "You have to do whatever the man said because he paid you, whereas I have to because he's so strong and virile and he just takes what he wants!"

They all had a laugh and poured more wine.

"Hey, now it's your turn," Wendy told Diane. "You promised."

"Yeah," the others put in.

"All right, all right. You'll probably think mine is the strangest of all."

"Ohhh now you have our full attention," Carol giggled.

"I fantasize that I'm on display somehow – you know, having sex in public. It could be a dark alley with a man taking me up against a wall, with the risk of people walking by, or it could be I'm making love in front of a class of first-year medical students while a doctor describes my performance. Just the idea that strangers might be watching us gives me a thrill." Diane took a deep breath. "There, now all our confessions are out there."

"That was a good one, Di. I've even lived that one!" Suzanne said.

"Which part?"

"The sex in the alleyway part. Except it wasn't an alleyway – it was a dark spot behind some bushes outside my college dorm room. My boyfriend just had to have me

and I couldn't invite him up. So he fucked me up against the wall. It was kinda quick, if you know what I mean."

"Ohhh that's so sexy!" Diane said. "It should've happened to me!"

"I'm sure it sounds sexier than it was. But it certainly was naughty! My mother would've shit a brick if she'd ever found out!"

A moment of silence descended on the group as each thought about the others' fantasies.

"Well," Suzanne said. "Now that we've gotten sex out of the way..."

"Oh you think that's all we'll say about it tonight?" Diane said, and everyone had a good chuckle about it. Sex was always on their minds. And men.

"Ohhh yeah. I'm going to have to try Suzanne's trick one of these days," Diane promised. "All I need now is a boyfriend!"

The women nodded in commiseration and there was another odd silence. Almost as one, they all laughed at themselves and the spell was broken.

Diane took a deep breath. "For a complete change of subject, let me show you the new shoes I bought today," she said, and the others nodded, happy to put their strange little confessions behind them for now. She rose and fetched the bags she had stashed in the corner.

"Just a little 'retail therapy'," Diane said. "I'm still getting over Jimmy."

"That would've never worked. You can't get serious about a forty-eight-year-old man named Jimmy," Suzanne said.

"Yeah, that was funny. I tried to call him James or Jim, but he didn't like it. He was a Jimmy, like in Jimmy Carter."

Diane showed off her new black and white pumps with the two-inch heels and everyone said how pretty they were. She slipped one on and they admired her foot, turning it this way and that.

"Come on, what else did you buy?" Wendy said, eyeing the remaining packages.

"Well, if you insist." She laughed and dug out another box. "This is a silk blouse from Bloomingdale's. I just couldn't resist. And a Donna Karan skirt that matches."

She held up both so the women could see how they went together. The others made appreciative noises.

"How about this last box?" Wendy said, peering into the bag, not willing for the fun to be over.

"That...um, that's nothing. Just an eccentric ceramic. An impulse buy. I think I'll take it back tomorrow. It's kinda weird really."

"Let's see it," Carol said. "I love ceramics."

"Well, I don't know. You'll think I've lost my mind."

"No any more than the rest of us," Suzanne said, "especially after our confessions!" She hooted and the others joined in.

"All right." She pulled a small rectangular box from the bottom of a bag and held it up. "I was walking along 69th Street near the park and I saw this little antique shop. Sometimes you can find real bargains in places like that so I went in. There really wasn't much of interest, except for this strange piece of sculpture. It seemed to call to me somehow. So I bought it before I even thought about it. Now I'm having second thoughts."

"Enough stalling! Show us!"

"Okay." She opened the top and pulled out a small green leprechaun. He had his arms up as if gesturing and a big grin on his face as though he had a joke to share. It *was* a bit weird but it was also...strangely compelling. The three other women all stared at it for a minute before speaking.

"How old is it, do you know?"

"Where did it come from?"

"Can I hold it?"

"One at a time, girls, one at a time," Diane laughed. "Let's see. I don't know how old it is, but the shopkeeper—who by the way was *quite* handsome—said it was nineteenth century, which means—what?—1800s? Of course, he could've been lying. And he said it came from Ireland of course. I mean, look at it. He said he'd been meaning to have it appraised. It came in on consignment or something." She hefted it in her hands. "And yes, Carol, you can hold it."

She passed it over. Carol took it gently, as if it were a rare artifact, not a strange piece of ceramic. Then she jerked slightly, her eyes glazing over just for a second.

"Whoa! What was that?" joked Suzanne.

"Sorry, I just felt a sudden charge, like static electricity," Carol said. "It's nothing."

"Let me see it," Wendy said.

When she held it in her hands, she nodded to the others. "Yeah, I can feel it. It's like it's kind of alive or something."

"Oh come on," Suzanne said. "That's silly."

"Try it." Wendy passed it over.

Suzanne took it tentatively. "Wow. You're right. It seems hot or...maybe cool. I don't know."

"Really? It didn't do that in the store. I'm really not sure why I bought it." She took it from Suzanne and had a tiny spasm herself. "Jeez! You're right! It feels completely different now. I wonder why that is?"

"Maybe it's haunted with the ghost of its former owner," deadpanned Suzanne.

"Stop it! That's not funny. You'll make me nervous. I probably won't get any sleep tonight."

"So you'll take it back?" Carol said, looking wistfully at it. "Can I ask how much you paid for it?"

"I'm too embarrassed to say. It was too much, I can tell you that."

Diane put the object back in the box and packed up the rest of her purchases.

They moved on to other topics, talking over their hopes and fears and the dearth of good men. After another half-hour, Diane looked at her watch.

“Well, this has been a lot of fun,” she said, rising and gathering up her bags, “but I have a big meeting in the morning and I’d better not show up looking haggard and hung over.”

The gathering broke for the evening. The women collected their things and left as Suzanne stood at the door. “Bye, thanks for coming. We’ll do this again soon.”

She closed the door and leaned against it. She sighed, thinking how much she loved those friends. If her ex-husband had been a friend like that, they would never have gotten divorced.

She also wondered if she should go visit that little shop to see if they had any more strange items like Diane had found.

Chapter Two

Diane – Public sex

Diane woke the next morning stiff and out of sorts. She'd had many strange dreams of being naked in public, which she chalked up to her embarrassing "confession" the night before. What was she thinking, telling them that? She should've kept it to herself. Now her friends would probably think she's weird.

She shook off her lethargy and jumped into the shower. Later, as she was rushing out the door, her mind was preoccupied with the meeting she had scheduled at ten. It was an important presentation and the company CEO would be there. She mentally went over the points she wanted to make.

At the office, she grabbed a cup of coffee and reread her notes. There would be a PowerPoint presentation of course, but she wanted to keep the static graphics to a minimum and explain her report in words. Before she knew it, it was ten o'clock and time to gather.

Diane picked up her laptop and her sheaf of notes, heading for the conference room. She met Richard Duncan, her boss, in the hallway. He was an athletic man in his mid-forties and even though he was happily married, he enjoyed flirting with her a little. To Diane, it was innocent fun. She would never try to steal Richard away from his wife.

"Hey, beautiful," he said, keeping his voice low. "You're looking good."

"Well, hello yourself. Thanks."

"Listen, Paul's going to be a few minutes late, so do you mind if we start off with Kathy's report first?"

"Oh no, not at all," she said, pleased he wanted her to wait. Let Kathy be the warm-up act.

They filed in. Besides Diane, Richard and Kathy, there were four other junior staffers there, eager to soak up knowledge and observe the power plays that would be occurring. And Diane knew she was to be the star of the show.

As Kathy droned through her report, Diane went over her notes one last time. Her laptop had already been plugged into the A/V system so it was just a matter of waiting for Richard's boss.

The words on the page in front of her blurred and she found herself daydreaming. She imagined Richard's hand on her knee underneath the table. She wouldn't shake it off for fear it might cause a scene, but it was more than that—Diane found the idea arousing. Emboldened, he would move his hand up under her skirt. She had worn pantyhose that morning but wondered what it would be like if she had on stockings and a garter belt—and nothing else. Then her imaginary self could feel his hand on her naked thigh, close to the hot core of her.

"Are you all right?" Richard whispered from her right. She came out of her reverie with a start, feeling embarrassed. The daydream had seemed so real she dropped a hand to her thigh to make sure Richard's hand wasn't really there.

"Yes," she responded. "Just a twinge."

God, stop that! she told herself. She struggled to pay attention to Kathy. She was embarrassed to realize her fantasy had made her wet.

At that moment Paul Dartling walked in and apologized for being late. The CEO was a handsome, confident man with a barrel chest and a full head of gray hair. He was divorced and was rumored to have a girlfriend somewhere in the building, but no one could ever find out if it were true. If so, it would certainly be against company rules—ones he no doubt helped create.

Kathy quickly wrapped up and everyone settled in to see Diane's presentation. She stood and nervously brought up the first slide. She began to speak, finding her nerves calmed as she went through the facts, requesting backing for the new project.

Paul nodded several times during her talk, encouraging her. At one point, he asked a pointed question and she fielded it like a pro. He smiled and nodded his approval. When she finished, she sat down and Richard applauded, causing the junior members to join in.

"Thank you, that was very concise and to the point. I appreciate it," Paul said.

"Yes," Richard echoed. "Very effective presentation."

Diane smiled and nodded shyly. Suddenly another image thrust itself into her mind. She was lying on her back on the edge of the table, her legs spread, her pantyhose and panties gone. Paul was standing between them, his pants down around his knees, his fingers like talons on her hips as he pulled her to him. His hard cock speared her and it seemed so real she could almost feel him as he slid into her wetness. The others in the room were staring transfixed, but instead of being horrified, they were turned on by the scene. Kathy's hand was under her skirt and Richard was unbuttoning the blouse of a junior exec named Susie so he could grab her breasts.

The image was so sudden and so powerful, Diane gasped with the impact of it.

"Are you all right, Diane?" Paul asked.

"No, I mean, yes, I'm fine. I just...a cough got stuck in my throat."

He poured her a glass of water from the metal pitcher on the table. "Here. Wouldn't want to lose you now!" he joked, and everyone chuckled along with him.

She drank the water, grateful she could cover her gaffe. What was going on? Why would she think about that now? She had never imagined herself as the boss's girlfriend before. Why now?

The meeting broke and they filed out. Paul pulled her aside. "Are you sure you're all right?" he asked, stepping close to her.

She knew he was flirting with her and she couldn't deny that she liked the attention, even if it was wrong. Her eyes dropped as she demurred and she could swear

she saw his pants bulge with his erection. She had a sudden urge to touch it, right here in the hallway.

My god!

"Uh, yeah. I'm fine." It took all of her effort to raise her eyes to his face.

"Well," he said, trying to prolong the moment, "if you need anything, just let me know." With some effort he stepped back, but he made no attempt to disguise his hard-on. She glanced at it again and she knew he caught her doing so.

"Uh, yes, sure. Thanks, Mr. Dartling." She fled down the hall, shocked at what had just happened.

Richard caught her as she moved down the hall, her mind in turmoil, and asked to stop by for a debriefing.

"Diane, are you all right?" he asked when he had closed the door behind them.

Not you too! she thought. "Yes, sure. It was just a cough."

"Well, you looked pale and flustered there for a moment. I just wanted to make sure you aren't coming down with anything." He came over and touched her shoulder out of concern and Diane found the gesture pleasurable.

"No, really, I'm okay." Had she really made a scene in there in front of the CEO? She didn't understand what was going on in her mind.

She realized Richard was still holding her upper arm and she took a step back. This wasn't right. He was married! He was her boss! But another part of her said — *Yeah, do it! Right here in his office!*

He dropped his arm immediately when she resisted. She made an excuse and fled, heading immediately to the restroom near her office. Once inside, she was relieved to find it empty. She went to a stall and locked the door. Pulling her dress up, she looked down at herself. Her panties were soaked! She wiggled her pantyhose and panties down to her thighs and stared at the mess. God! This had never happened to her before! Diane grabbed several wads of tissue and began to sop up.

The touch of the tissue to her clit made her shake. She couldn't stand it anymore. Diane sat down suddenly on the toilet and pushed her pantyhose down past her knees, splaying them apart. Then she used her right hand to rub her clit. She was so turned on, she expected to explode at once but it was strangely unsatisfying. She didn't know why – all she wanted was a quick orgasm then she could get back to normal.

Almost by itself, her shaking left hand reached out and slid the deadbolt back, causing the door to come ajar. Even as her mind rebelled at the notion she was risking exposure, her mouth dropped open and she felt the rush of an approaching orgasm.

God!

Her left hand yanked the door open more until it banged against her knee and her right hand friggd her clit furiously until she came hard, her eyes rolling back in her head. She heard the bathroom door squeak open and she quickly slammed the stall door, throwing the bolt even as her other fingers were held tight to her sloppy clit, the waves of pleasure causing her to bite her lip to keep from crying out.

She stayed there for a minute and listened as the other woman entered a stall next to hers and peed noisily. Diane didn't dare move. She waited until the other woman left the stall and washed her hands. Finally she exited and Diane could breathe a sigh of relief.

What the hell had just happened to her? She had risked her very career here! Why had she opened the stall door? It didn't make sense.

She dried herself and adjusted her clothing. She came out and caught a glimpse of her reflection in the mirror – hair slightly disheveled, eyes wide, lipstick smeared. Diane quickly cleaned herself and left, her body shaking.

She stayed in her office the rest of the day, not even going out for lunch. She made excuses, telling people she had a lot of work to catch up on, and tried to concentrate on her next report.

At five, she got up and left with the streaming throng of employees, smiling and chatting as if nothing had happened but her mind was elsewhere. She went down the

steps to the subway and stood on the crowded platform, waiting for her train. Diane purposely kept her mind blank, humming a tune and thinking of her friends. What would they say about her now?

When the train arrived, she pushed her way on with dozens of others. She caught a strap and stood there, swaying with the rocking motion of the train. She spotted a young man in a sport coat sitting near the window, reading a newspaper. He was an attractive man, she mused. Too bad he's married—she had spotted his gold ring right away.

Then another image forced its way into her brain—she was sitting on his lap, her legs on either side of him. He had his pants down and she had lost her underwear again. His erection rubbed against her clit and she reached down, pressing it hard against her.

"Fuck me, slut," he said, and she looked around to see the other passengers staring at her. A few even cheered her on. The sound electrified her and she rose up, feeling the head right at her entrance. She wasn't ready to end the show just yet, so she rubbed herself back and forth, exaggerating the motion of her hips as the crowd whistled and egged her on.

When she finally pressed down, forcing his engorged cock into her hot wetness, she had the most powerful orgasm she had ever experienced in her life.

Diane felt hands on her and she came to. Nearby riders looked at her with concern.

"Are you all right, ma'am?" a young woman asked her, gripping her elbow to keep her upright. "You seemed to have fainted."

She looked around horrified. Another rider held her shoulders from behind and she could feel herself leaning against his strong chest. She realized she had climaxed and passed out momentarily. She pulled herself upright on the strap and stammered, "Uh, yeah, thanks. I'm fine. I guess I just got a little hot in here."

The woman nodded but her eyes told Diane the truth—*I know what you just did.*

"I'm all right now really." She turned and nodded to the man behind her, who released her at once. "Thanks."

The rest of the ride was uneventful unless she counted her damp, hot pussy that throbbed like a drumbeat in her ears.

Chapter Three

Suzanne – Anonymous sex

Suzanne stood at the bar, sipping a martini and checking her watch. She was supposed to meet an old friend from work at seven, so why did she feel the urge to arrive at six-twenty? Did she want to get sloshed before she showed up?

She looked around, eyeing the man candy present. For some reason, they all seemed particularly attractive to her tonight. Especially the rugged-looking fellow with the fashionable three-day growth of beard and the shaggy brown head of hair. Was there some connection between the thickness of a man's hair and his penis size? she wondered. She laughed at herself. That would be a good question to pose to the girls.

The man caught her eye and Suzanne immediately flashed him a smile. *My but I'm being bold today*, she thought. He picked up his drink and came over at once.

"Hello," he said in a slightly foreign accent she couldn't quite place. Perhaps Greek? "You look lovely tonight."

"Well, thank you. You look pretty good yourself." Had she just said that? Her pussy seemed to be doing all the talking tonight. Men aren't the only ones who sometimes let their sex think for them!

"I don't think I've seen you in here before."

"No. My girlfriend and I heard about this place and thought we'd try it out."

He looked around. "Girlfriend?"

"She isn't here yet. In fact, she might've stood me up." That lie had come out of nowhere. It puzzled her. She squeezed her legs together as if to punish her talkative sex.

"Ohhh too bad. Well, I'd be happy to buy you a drink. My name is—"

She held up her hand. "No! No names. There will be no names tonight."

The grin started small and expanded until it filled his face. "What a wonderful idea!" he said.

They chatted over the next drink, which wasn't easy, for Suzanne didn't want to know what he did for a living or if he was married, engaged or dating someone regularly. She really had only one question. "Do you live alone?"

He did.

She checked her watch. It was ten to seven. Time to go or she'd have some explaining to do. She grabbed her purse. "Is it nearby?"

They left arm in arm. He hailed a cab and they got in. Once inside, he was all over her, his fingers caressing her breasts, her thighs, his lips planting hot kisses on her neck, cheeks and lips. She loved the way his soft beard rubbed her skin and the manly smell of him.

Suzanne was on fire herself. This was exactly what she needed, she thought. Since her divorce, she had lived like a monk, waiting for Mr. Right. Her mysterious Greek lover may not be Mr. Right but he certainly was Mr. Right Now.

The cab came to a stop and Suzanne pulled her clothes together, following the dark stranger out onto the curb. They were in a neighborhood of brownstones. She wasn't even sure where she was and she didn't care.

He led her inside and they went up two flights of stairs. Pausing outside a door, Suzanne could see 314 in gold numbers and immediately looked away, as if even that was too much personal information.

Once inside, he was on her and she was eager to comply. Her clothes were practically ripped from her body and she didn't care. When she was completely naked, he swept her up in his powerful arms and carried her to the bedroom. He threw her on the bed and undressed quickly. She watched, her legs slightly apart, as his clothes came off, exposing his well-developed chest. *Man candy*, she mused, her mouth coming open slightly when he slipped off his boxer shorts. His cock was just the right size and at full attention. Suzanne thought she could hear trumpets.

"Oh my," she whispered.

He crawled over her and began kissing her neck, upper chest and breasts. Suzanne swooned. God this man was making her hot!

They writhed together on the bed like desperate lovers. He bit her breasts and shoulders and she growled to encourage him. When his hand dropped down to her pussy, she knew she was well lubricated for him.

"My god, you are so wet," he commented.

"Just for you, baby, just for you."

He grabbed a condom from his nightstand as she spread herself open for him. She had never felt so alive, so responsive. When he was ready and the tip touched her, she could feel the orgasm building already. No other man had affected her this way, not even her ex. It surprised her.

"Yes, yes," she gasped, and he thrust into her in one stroke, as if he had to have her immediately—his overwhelming desire drove her to new heights. The lights seemed to explode in her head. She threw her head back, her mouth open in a comical "O", and felt the shockwaves of her climax wash through her.

"Oh god! Oh GOD! OH GOD!" Her hips thrust back at him as she felt his cock piston within her. He was just warming up. Sex had never felt so good. She had no time to think about it.

She came again and again, each one as powerful as the first. Her mind had come loose from her head and floated somewhere above her. She could look down and see her sweaty body clinging to this strong man, riding him for all she was worth.

When the stranger finally stiffened and erupted, Suzanne climaxed yet again, feeling each throb of his cock inside her. Then she passed into a blissful twilight.

When she awoke, it was morning. *Wow*, she thought, *I've never been knocked out like that before!* She lay in the damp sheets, her pussy delightfully sore. She heard the shower running. Her mystery lover was up already. A sudden urge overtook her. Without

another thought, she grabbed her clothes and put them on. All except for her panties. Those she laid carefully on his pillow then tiptoed out of his apartment and into the new dawn.

Suzanne hailed a cab and went straight home. She knew she had to call her friend and make excuses as to why she hadn't shown. As the cab made its way uptown, Suzanne could feel her satisfied pussy practically purring.

Chapter Four

Wendy – Call girl

Wendy couldn't explain the twinges she felt. Ever since her confession to the others, her mind seemed to be preoccupied with sex! And not just any sex—the risky, prohibited sex she had fantasized about—being a whore. She imagined being handed a wad of cash by some mysterious man and ordered to fuck him or do things she had never done before. She chalked it up to their shared fantasies and wondered if the others were having similar thoughts.

Because Wendy was a “good girl”, she didn't act on her fantasies. But at home Tuesday night, she did look online for *prostitution + New York City* and read several stories about arrests, convictions and the problem areas of town. That wasn't what she wanted, she decided. So she tried *call girls + New York City* and received several interesting hits. One in-depth story in the *Times* described the lifestyle and how “degrading” it was for the women involved. To Wendy, it sounded exotic and exciting for reasons she couldn't explain.

“Claire”, the woman in the story—although that wasn't her real name—had agreed to talk to the reporter after her arrest, perhaps as some sort of warning to others. She had come to New York at age twenty to become an actress and, like many others, had taken a part-time job to make ends meet. But she had lost her job and no auditions had come through. She was too embarrassed to ask her family for help—her parents had told her when she left she was on a fool's errand and would soon come home, her tail between her legs.

In desperation, she had pleaded with the landlord to give her a break. His counter-proposal had startled her. If she would make love to him on six separate occasions, he would let her slide on one month's rent—twelve hundred dollars. Though at first

shocked, it had seemed like a good deal to Claire—in a month, she could easily land another job, she reasoned.

The landlord wasn't an ogre either—he was a harmless little man in his late forties with a slight pot belly who had lost his wife to cancer three years before. Claire actually felt sorry for him. So she agreed. She made him wear a condom each time and didn't let him kiss her. Claire told herself she wasn't selling her body for money. This was a special arrangement, she told herself. A one-time deal.

However, the month passed and Claire still hadn't found work. Not only didn't she have the rent, she had no money for groceries or the utilities either. And she had to have a phone or how else would casting agents find her?

This time she approached the landlord with another proposal. She would “take care of him” as often as he wanted if he would cover those costs as well. The landlord agreed. In many ways it was like having a sugar daddy. The month went by quickly and Claire had somehow managed to compartmentalize her almost daily trysts with the landlord. He would come by, often at inconvenient times, and she would have to drop everything to satisfy him. Once he had followed her in after she had bought some groceries and fucked her over the arm of the couch, her pants yanked down and her groceries forgotten on the kitchen counter. A pint of ice cream had been ruined.

Still, Claire thought everything would be fine in the short term, just as soon as she found a job or secured a part. Another month went by. The landlord began to complain. Her expenses totaled eighteen hundred a month—even if he fucked her every day, which he didn't, he was still paying a lot to keep her. He began to put pressure on her to get a job or get new “clients”. At first she hadn't understood, but she had quickly gotten it. It shocked her that she had in fact become a whore.

The landlord told Claire from now on, he would knock just one hundred dollars off her rent for every “session”. If it didn't add up by the end of the month, too bad. It was up to her to bring in the extra money to cover her expenses.

As Wendy read this story, her hand was between her legs, pressing hard against her clit. Her clothes were in the way so she quickly stripped them off and sat naked in the chair in front of the computer, her hand rubbing herself. But it wasn't easy for her to come for some reason. She kept reading.

As the month wore on, the landlord visited Claire less and less. Perhaps he was growing tired of her. During the last ten days, she realized she had earned just nine hundred dollars in credit from him. Despite going on many auditions and sending out several applications, she hadn't been hired for any of the jobs.

Claire didn't know what else to do. How could she make up nearly one thousand dollars in ten days? So she had contacted a few escort agencies, just to test the waters. She found an ally in a service run by a woman—Sally—who was named in the story because she had recently been busted as well. She sent Claire to a hotel where she had met her first real john.

Wendy rubbed and rubbed herself as she read but couldn't climax. It was very frustrating. She finally abandoned the story, went to the bedroom and got out her trusty vibrator, which always worked. But she found that once she was away from the story about Claire, her ardor had cooled. Her clit felt oddly numb.

So she brought the vibrator out to the desk and sat there, reading the story as she held the vibrating tip against her. She succeeded in achieving a few little climaxes but the big one eluded her.

Claire had been very nervous. The man claimed to be a businessman from out of town but he could've been an undercover officer for all she knew. That would in fact occur later, but this time the man had been what he had claimed to be. He had paid her three hundred, which she had to split with Sally. After she accepted the money, he wanted to spank her. Spank her! Claire had been shocked but had gone along with it. After he reddened her ass, he put on a condom and plunged into her. He came within minutes and it was all over. All in all, she decided, it hadn't been too bad.

That was the beginning of her career as a whore. She went from a starving actress, not able to make her rent, to a wealthy independent call girl, earning eight to ten thousand dollars a month.

Wendy scanned the rest of the story and found it dealt with Claire's downfall—her arrest and realization of how low she had fallen. Therapy, recriminations...blah, blah, blah. She skipped it. To Wendy, the thrill was in her rise to the top of her profession.

The story made Wendy so hot she couldn't stand it. She wanted to be Claire and be forced to do things she didn't want to do, all because some man had paid her. It was the sanitized version of being a whore—no abusive pimps or dangerous johns. More like the *Pretty Woman* ideal, where every client was as handsome and polite as Richard Gere. The vibrator buzzed against her and she felt on the edge yet couldn't cross over.

She found herself dialing the number of her ex-husband Frank.

"Well, this is an unexpected surprise," he said. "What gives? Don't tell me you need money."

"No, Frank, that's not why I'm calling." She felt odd being on the phone with her ex totally naked. And especially since he had never given her the Big O she had needed. But she had no one else to turn to.

"I need, um, kind of a favor."

"But it doesn't involve money, does it?"

"No, not exactly."

"Whoa. What do you mean, 'not exactly'?"

"Oh Frank, don't embarrass me. I need... I haven't..." She couldn't say it.

"Wait a minute? Are you suggesting what I think you're suggesting?"

"Yeah, I am."

He cackled into the phone. "So you kinda miss me, huh?"

"Not all of you," she said, trying to flatter him but at the same time letting him know she didn't want to rekindle the relationship. "This is just a one-time deal, okay?"

"Sure, okay, sweetie. I guess I could help out my ex-wife in the sex department. Jeez, I figured you'd have two or three boyfriends by now."

"I'm not that kind..." her voice trailed off. "I mean, I haven't met anyone."

"Sure. I understand. So when do you want to do this?"

"Can you come over now?"

"Now? Wow, you must really be desperate! Well, sure, I'm not doing anything tonight. I guess I could."

Wendy suspected Frank hadn't had a date since their divorce, but she wouldn't say anything now. She needed him.

They hung up and Wendy dressed. It would be a bit too obvious to answer the door naked. She paced, waiting for him. She knew once he arrived she would have trouble climaxing if they simply had routine sex. But she suspected she might be able to reach her goal if she could convince him to pretend she was a call girl. Now how does an ex-wife broach that subject gently?

The doorbell rang and she ran to answer it, slowing to catch her breath just before she opened it. She didn't even use the peephole first.

Frank stood there, just as she had remembered him all those years they were married. It would be unfair to say they divorced because he couldn't give her regular orgasms but that certainly played into the mix.

"Hi, Frank."

"Well, hello, babe. Guess you just had to have me, huh?"

"Yeah. Uh, listen, I was wondering if you'd mind playing a little game with me." She was thinking fast, trying to come up with a plausible reason for her odd request.

"Yeah?"

"Well, the girls and I went out to a movie..."

"Yeah, what was it?"

"Uh, some art film. In French with subtitles." She almost smiled as she saw his eyes glaze over. "Anyway, there was a scene in it that was really hot. And I've been thinking about it."

"Yeah?" His interest perked. He probably imagined the film was X-rated.

"Yeah. The story was about a girl, I mean woman, who comes to, uh, Paris to find her fortune and falls on hard times..."

She went on to explain a lot of Claire's story using a French counterpart "Jacqueline". Frank seemed impressed, especially at how the landlord managed to get lots of sex from a hot young Frenchwoman. He seemed to gloss over the part about how expensive she was.

"So what is it you want to do?" he said when she finished.

"I want to pretend..."

"You mean..."

"Yeah. I want to be Jacqueline, just for tonight."

Frank gave her a big grin. "Well, okay." He took control. "Why don't you leave and this will be my hotel room, all right?"

"Yeah," she breathed, already feeling the sensations working through her. Her pussy began to grow wet just thinking of the scene about to unfold. "Yeah, and you act like the businessman from out of town."

He waved his hand. "Don't worry, I know what to do."

She left, standing out in the hall, trying to pretend she was in some fancy hotel. She knocked on the door. Frank opened it. "Well, hello there, little girl. Come on in."

His cheesy acting didn't help matters but Wendy went along with it. She came in. He tried to kiss her right away, even before he had the door closed. She held up a hand.

"Wait. We have to get the, uh, negotiations out of the way first."

He pulled back. "Huh?"

"You know. The money."

"Ohhh!" he said, understanding dawning on his face. "Sure." He pulled out his wallet and pretended to hand her some money. "Will that do?"

Wendy felt the sensations that had been building in her evaporate. "Uh, no, mister. You have to really pay me."

"Hey, I thought this wasn't going to be about money!" His face darkened. "Is this just some cheap scam to get extra cash out of me? 'Cause if it is, it ain't gonna work!"

"No! It's just that we have to make it real!"

"Yeah? And do I get my money back at the end?"

Wendy hadn't thought that through. "Uh, well, actually..." She was trying to figure out if she could pretend to really take it and give it back after she had climaxed, but her hesitation gave Frank the wrong idea.

"Forget it!" he bellowed. "You think I came all the way over here so I could be shaken down by my ex-wife? What kind of fool do you take me for?" He stormed out the door, slamming it behind him.

Wendy ran to her bedroom, threw herself on the bed and wept. What was wrong with her? Why was she doing this?

Chapter Five

Carol – Submission

For Carol it started with a dream. A dream unlike any she had ever had before. In it, she was in the company of a tall, good-looking man. She could tell from the way he carried himself that he was strong and very much in control. He wasn't cruel, in fact she found herself drawn to him. He made her wet.

He was fully dressed and she was in her nightgown. She felt embarrassed to be wearing such a scanty outfit and she tried to cover herself. He came forward, tsking.

"No," he told her. "Don't hide."

His hands roamed over her body and she shivered with desire. Everywhere his fingers touched grew hot. The nightgown was just in the way. It tore under his hands and she didn't care.

"You're beautiful," he whispered. "I can't wait to spank that soft, round ass."

"What?" She felt him pinch her nipple and it aroused her further. "God."

"You've been very bad. Here. Get over my knee."

She obeyed, unable to resist. Why was she doing this? The answer came immediately – because she needed it. Because she was naughty. The why didn't matter.

Her ass was up, waiting for his hand. Her pussy trembled.

Slap!

"Ohhh god." How could this be so good? Yes, it hurt at first but then faded into a fresh heat that made her push her bottom up to meet successive blows.

Slap! Slap!

"You need this. You've been disobedient."

"I have?"

"Call me 'Master'."

"Yes, Master," she found herself saying. Even the word thrilled her.

What had she done wrong? The questions evaporated with the next strikes, heating her and making her cry out. All she could think about was her reddening ass and his calloused hand. She would be good, she told herself. She would obey.

Slap! Carol thought she might climax right there. His hand began to stroke her, soothing her hot skin.

"There, there," he said. "That's enough. I like to see your little ass grow pink under my hand."

"Yes, sir, whatever you want."

"Here. Get up."

She rose and stood before him. He was still seated. He drew her to him until she was straddling his knees, her legs forced apart. His fingers brushed her wetness and she swooned.

"Oh god!" Her orgasm approached and she surrendered to it.

He pinched a nipple, bringing her back from the edge.

"Don't come until I tell you," he said. "You know the rules."

Rules? There were rules? It didn't matter. She would follow them. Anything to keep this overpowering feeling alive. She wasn't a career woman or a feminist at this moment—she was an obedient young woman, a purely sexual being, all in the thrall of this powerful man. It didn't seem wrong—in fact it felt exactly how it should be. He would protect her. All she had to do was obey him.

"Maybe I'll put in a ring here and here," he said, tugging at both her nipples gently.

Her knees nearly buckled. "Yes, Sir."

"And this will have to go," he said, tugging at the downy fleece between her legs.

"Really?" She looked down, proud of the hair that marked her as a woman.

"Yes. It's untidy. I prefer it bare."

She nodded, feeling the heat grow in her loins. "Whatever you say, Master." She shivered.

"See, that's the idea. Let go. Submit to me. I promise to take good care of you."

"Ohhh." She closed her eyes. Where had this man been all her life? She could see the other men she had dated. They were nice guys – polite, respectful. All very modern. But no one had swept her off her feet. Could it be they were all too nice? Dare she say wimpy? Had the women's movement ruined men? Where were all the big strong men today? The kind of man who would grab her and crush her against his chest. Or be so turned on by her that he couldn't stand it. A man to take her breath away. A man who was strong but not cruel, who was masculine and yet sensitive.

Did such men even exist anymore?

Her dream lover pulled her to him and kissed her breast. Carol wanted him. She could almost feel his hard cock entering her. She looked down and saw the bulge in his pants and smiled to herself, knowing that her nakedness caused it. She was desirable. She was needed.

She understood now how they fit together. She needed his strength and he needed her submission. It wasn't wrong. Instead it was beautiful. The yin and yang of the sexes. Rather than fight for power and position and try to beat men at their own game, she would find true happiness by letting go. She would get what she wanted by giving him what he wanted.

"Yes," she whispered. "I'm yours."

He eased her back and stood. Bending down, he picked her up as if she weighed nothing. She felt safe in his arms. He carried her into the bedroom and lay her down gently on the bed. In an instant his clothes were gone and she saw his naked body for the first time. His chiseled chest tapered down to narrow hips. Dark hair couldn't hide his hard cock that thrust out toward her. She reached out to stroke it.

He playfully slapped her hand. "No, you wait."

She nodded. Where had this man been all her life?

He climbed over her and brought his mouth down to hers. She lost herself in his kisses. She could feel his hard cock brush against her leg and she wanted him inside her. But that wasn't up to her. She must be patient, let him control the pace of their lovemaking. It was somehow freeing, allowing him to take over. She trusted him, that was the key, she realized.

He pulled her hands up over her head and suddenly her hands were tied to the frame of the bed. "Ohhh," she said. "You naughty man." Now she was helpless, unable to stop him from doing anything he wanted to her.

He brought his kisses down to her neck, causing her to shiver. Her breasts were next and her mouth came open with the sensation of his soft lips on her nipples. Her pussy quivered in anticipation.

Just fuck me! she wanted to shout.

But the man was deliciously deliberate. His kisses trailed down her stomach and Carol spread her legs for him, grateful they weren't tied as well. When his tongue touched her clit, she climaxed and saw spots in front of her eyes. She wanted to take a minute to recover, but her mystery man wouldn't have any of that. His tongue was insistent and she came again.

"Oh god," she murmured.

Finally, he climbed up over her and she felt his hard cock touch her hot core. She knew she would come again and didn't know if her body could take it.

His cock slid in effortlessly, the shaft teasing her clit. When he bottomed out, she climaxed for the third or fourth time—she had lost count. He began to move and Carol became lost in the sensations. Orgasms crashed in on her, rocking her body and short-circuiting her brain.

No one had ever affected her like this before.

"I want you to be my submissive," he whispered in her ear.

She nodded. *Of course, sir.*

Carol woke in a sweat, immediately disappointed. It had all been a dream! She looked down at her naked body and found the shreds of her nightgown all around her on the bed. Her pussy and nipples were sore. She realized she had torn her own nightgown from her body and had been rubbing herself in her sleep. Her pussy was weeping and Carol knew she had come more than once. There was an odd taste on her tongue—it took a minute to realize she had been sucking her own fingers after they had plunged into her grasping hole.

“Oh god, that was incredible,” she whispered, wondering why she had dreamed with such intensity.

She got up and showered. The morning routine couldn’t erase the images in her mind. Why couldn’t she find a man like that in real life? Was her dream trying to tell her something?

Later at work, she sat in her office trying to proofread a novel onscreen and found her mind wandering. She clicked over to the Internet and brought up Google. With shaking fingers, she typed in *submissives* and hit enter.

The number of responses startled her. She found a definition and brought it up—

In human sexual behavior, a submissive is one who enjoys having any of a variety of BDSM practices performed upon them by a “Dominant”; or one who holds a submissive position within a relationship based upon dominance and submission – Ds or D/s. This enjoyment can spring from a simple desire for submission or an enjoyment of the interplay of wills involved in such a scenario.

Carol felt a rush of emotions and pressed her legs together until the feelings passed. She clicked off quickly and looked around, afraid she might be caught. There was no one else around of course. She was being silly.

Is that what I am? she wondered. There was no denying the thrill it gave her. *When did I become a submissive?*

Chapter Six

Comparing notes

Monday night. Another meeting of the girls, this time at Carol's place. She still felt deeply aroused by her dreams. They had come every night, sometimes featuring the same man, sometimes with others. In her last dream, there had been three men and they all had spanked her, made love to her. She could do nothing but obey. In each case she woke panting and horny, her breasts and clit rubbed red.

She didn't think she should tell the others about her disturbing dreams. Perhaps it would be better to find a competent psychiatrist and get it all worked out. The girls might think she'd flipped out.

The doorbell rang and she answered it, trying to act normally. Wendy and Diane came in, handing her two bottles of wine they had purchased.

"Hi, it's good to see you," Carol said, a little breathlessly.

They exchanged hugs and Carol asked about Suzanne.

"I dunno," Diane said. "She said she would be here. But I haven't seen her all week so I don't know what she's up to."

"Really? I haven't either," Wendy said, and then asked Carol, "Did she call you?"

"Uh, no. I guess she's just been busy. I'm sure she'll show."

They went into the kitchen where Carol had prepared canapés. They opened both bottles of wine, grabbed glasses and plates and returned to the living room. They sat on the couch and gossiped about their lives. As the wine flowed, the women all felt more relaxed, yet no one volunteered to discuss their strange behaviors. They all believed they were alone in their dreams and waking fantasies. It would be too embarrassing to just come right out and say it. Each thought the others would think they were nuts.

The doorbell rang and they all exclaimed, "There's Suzanne!" Carol ran to the door. Suzanne entered, carrying another bottle of wine. She had a big smile on her face that somehow seemed out of place.

"Hello, hello!" They air-kissed and sat down.

"It's about time," Wendy said.

"Boy, Suzanne, you look distracted," Diane remarked. "What have you been up to?"

"Oh nothing," she said without conviction. Her smile widened into plastic territory.

"Come on, spill it!"

"Nothing happened!" She tried not to sound testy.

"Sounds like man trouble," Diane said. "So you might as well tell us who he is."

Suzanne looked away, tears forming at the edges of her eyes.

"Come on, this is us here, girl. You can trust us," Carol said, pouring her a glass of wine.

Suzanne took a healthy sip and said, "I'm not sure you would approve."

"Why wouldn't we? I'm just jealous, that's all," Diane said.

Wendy had a sudden urge to confess her own little secret just to make Suzanne feel better. "Hey, whatever happened to you can't be any worse than what happened to me. I got so horny, I called my ex-husband!"

The girls laughed and teased her, breaking the spell. More wine was poured. Suzanne finally relaxed a little.

"It's okay, you don't have to tell us if it's really bothering you that much," Wendy said, putting a hand on her forearm.

"No, I probably should. Because I don't quite understand it myself."

They waited. No one wanted to try to force information out of her. They knew she would tell them when she was ready.

"Okay, here it is. I slept with a man Tuesday night."

"That's it? B.F.D.," Carol said. She was thinking about her own dreams of being "forced" to submit and felt a little shiver of desire run through her.

"Well, that's not it. I slept with another man Thursday night."

"A different man?" Wendy asked.

"Yes." She took a deep breath and had another slug of wine. "And Saturday night I slept with another man."

"Three different men in a week!? Wooo-hooo!" Diane said, fist pumping the air. "Who says women can't be equal to men!"

"Yeah, but men are considered worldly when they sleep around, women are called sluts," Suzanne pointed out.

"So who are these guys? You think you'll date them again? And by that I mean, not all at once," Carol said, trying to make a joke. But Suzanne wasn't laughing.

"The reason I'm late tonight is because I stopped off and met another man at a bar earlier." Suddenly she burst into tears.

The other girls sat, shocked. They had never seen Suzanne behave this way before.

"What's going on?" Diane asked. "What's gotten into you all of a sudden? This isn't like you."

"I know!" She grabbed a tissue out of her purse and dabbed her eyes then blew her nose. In a quiet voice, she said, "And that's not the worst of it."

The other women looked at each other. What could be worse than sleeping with four men in less than a week?

"I don't know any of their names..." she said, her voice trailing off to a whisper.

The girls sat shocked. How could that be? Wendy finally vocalized what they were thinking. "You didn't get any of their names? How did that happen?"

"No. I...I didn't want to know."

"Oh my god," Diane said. She put a hand to her forehead. "Oh my god."

"Don't make me feel worse than I already do!" Suzanne said, and cried anew.

"No, I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking of you. I was thinking about something that happened to me." She told them about the visions that had come to her during her meeting last week and how in the days since she couldn't stop thinking about having sex in front of others. "And let me tell you, these aren't run-of-the-mill daydreams. I was rocked by them."

"Oh shit," Carol said. "I've had strange dreams too." She told them about the dream where the handsome man and others had dominated her in such a wonderful and loving way.

All eyes swiveled to Wendy. "How about you?" Suzanne asked, still blotting her wet eyes.

"Uh. Well. Yeah. I've had, uh, urges too."

"Let me guess," Diane said. "You got turned on when you thought about being a prostitute."

Wendy nodded wordlessly.

"That's why you called your husband," Carol said quietly.

"Yeah," Wendy responded, her voice low. "Except he wouldn't play along."

For several seconds, the four women sat and stared at each other, each lost in her own thoughts. Finally Suzanne broke the tension.

"This is just like our fantasies. I mean, they're coming true."

"Come on," Carol said, desperate to come up with another explanation. "I mean, why now? We've all had these fantasies for years, right? Why all of a sudden would they manifest themselves?"

As one, all eyes slid over to Diane.

"The little leprechaun," Suzanne said.

"No way! That old thing? That's ridiculous."

"Do you still have it?" Wendy asked, holding her breath.

"No, like I said, I returned it the next day. It really wasn't me."

Suzanne and Carol jumped up. "We've got to get that back!"

"I can't believe it! You guys are going off the deep end," Diane said, shocked.

"Then please explain to me how else this could be happening," Carol said. "Everything we said during our little confessional last week has come true. I am having very powerful dreams about being, well, a submissive. Wendy is having call-girl dreams. Suzanne is having a series of one-night stands and can't seem to stop. And you, you are imagining fucking your boss in the conference room in front of everyone, just like in your fantasy!"

Diane had no response. It sounded crazy. Could it be true?

"Remember the little electric shocks we got?" Wendy said.

"Yeah, like static electricity," Suzanne added.

"My god. What if we can't find it?" Carol said. But inside a voice said, *Would it be so bad?*

"I'll be known as the biggest slut in New York City," wailed Suzanne.

"At least you won't get arrested," Wendy put in. "Or get beaten up by a pimp."

"Yeah. I wonder how my boss would react if I were caught fucking some guy in front of everyone? I think my career would take a nosedive. I wonder what time that little shop closes?" Diane asked, checking her watch. It was almost eight. "It could still be open."

"Let's go. Maybe we can get there in time." Suzanne grabbed her purse and led the group out into the hallway.

"What are we supposed to tell him? And what are we supposed to do once we get it back?" Diane asked.

"I don't know. But maybe we can reverse it somehow. The key is, we have to have that fucking leprechaun."

The girls hailed a cab and Diane gave him the address. They arrived at eight-thirty only to find the store closed.

"Shit! It says it closes at seven-thirty, Monday through Friday." Diane squinted at the placard in the window.

"What about tomorrow?"

"Ten a.m."

"All right, there's nothing to be done. We'll just have to meet here at ten tomorrow."

"But what about...you know."

"Nothing's going to happen," Suzanne said. "Just lock yourselves in your apartments and take sleeping pills."

"Easy for you to say," Wendy pointed out. "You've already gotten your stranger out of the way tonight."

Suzanne glared at her. "Hey, do you think I like it? I can't help it if my secret fantasy is legal. It still makes me a slut."

Wendy hung her head. "I know. I'm sorry. That crack was unnecessary."

"It's all right, we're all on edge," Carol said.

"Okay," said Suzanne, taking charge. "Let's all call in sick, at least for the morning. We'll meet here at ten and hopefully, we'll be back to normal by noon."

They agreed it was really the only solution.

Chapter Seven

The shopkeeper

Promptly at ten, the four women met on the corner near the store. It was still not open so they stood and compared notes. Suzanne had slept pretty well but the others all had increasingly erotic dreams about their chosen fantasies and appeared haggard, worried.

Diane had arrived wearing a skirt with no panties, just a garter belt and stockings. She hadn't been able to stop herself. She rationalized it by telling herself no one would know, but why then did she have the urge to let her skirt fly up in the morning wind, showing her bare pussy to the strangers walking by? Just the thought of that made her so wet she could barely stand it.

Wendy had actually called an escort service that morning and inquired about jobs there. This came after she awoke in a sweat, her mind filled with images of strange men in anonymous hotel rooms. Fortunately, the service suspected trouble and hung up on her.

Carol awoke with her trusty dildo in her hand, thrusting it deep into her wet pussy, moaning with desire as she dreamt her mystery man was forcing her to entertain him and two friends.

They were all nervous as cats as they waited. Little was said for they could tell at a glance each woman was on edge.

Finally, the door was unlocked and they all hurried in. The proprietor was a tall, handsome man in his early fifties with a full head of black hair speckled with gray. He seemed surprised to find four good-looking women in his store first thing.

"Well, what can I do for you lovely ladies," he said, returning to his post behind the glass counter.

"That leprechaun sculpture I bought and returned. Do you still have it?" Diane said in a rush. She stood close so she could press her clit right up against the low counter. She hoped her friends wouldn't notice.

"Whoa. Wait a minute. What sculpture?"

"The green one. It looked like he was laughing? It was kinda weird-looking?"

"Oh yes, I remember that one! I was disappointed to see you bring it back. I really thought you liked it."

"Yeah, yeah—do you still have it?"

"Uh, no, I'm sorry. That particular piece was on consignment. When you returned it, I let the owner know. He came in the next day and picked it up. He seemed rather put out."

An anguished cry went up from the women. The storekeeper was taken aback. "Well, if you felt that strongly about it, why did you return it?"

"It was a mistake," Diane said. "My friends, uh, convinced me it was right for me." She had a sudden desire to flip up her skirt and press her bare mound against the edge, watching the eyes of the proprietor as she did. She bit her lip.

"Well, I'm sorry, but we have many fine pieces—"

"NO!" the entire group said at once.

"Can you tell me who owns it? We'd be willing to buy it back." Diane pushed up on her toes, increasing the pressure to her sex.

"Oh I'm sorry, my consignment customers are confidential. You wouldn't want someone rummaging around in your private business, would you?"

"Yes, but we're willing to give the owner more money for it," Suzanne put in. "Can you at least call him and let him know? Maybe he'll talk to us."

"Normally, I might, considering just how desperate you ladies seem to be. But this client said it was no longer for sale."

A collective groan went up from the group.

"But I'm the original buyer!" Diane pleaded. "And I want it back!"

"That is unusual. But he was quite insistent."

Diane stepped back with great reluctance and dug into her purse. She handed him her business card. "Listen, this is urgent. I can't express just how important this is. Please tell the owner to call me at this number anytime." She wrote her home number on the back. "We just want to talk."

As she handed him the card, she felt a surge of emotions when their fingers touched and glanced into his eyes. He smiled.

"Well, I don't know... I'll have to think about it." His words held weight and she felt drawn to him. Diane was suddenly hot. She stepped back and followed the women outside.

"Now what?" Wendy asked.

"I don't know," Suzanne said. "Can you girls hold out okay?"

"God, I don't know," Carol said, a sentiment echoed by Diane.

"Well, you can always do what your urge tells you to do in a controlled environment, can't you? Like Wendy tried to do with her husband."

Wendy blushed. "That didn't exactly work out like I had planned." She explained how Frank had gotten angry when she wanted him to pay for the right to have sex with her.

The women nodded—they completely understood. They knew how powerful their urges had become.

"I probably could've given it back afterward," she said.

"I doubt it," Carol put in.

"Well, it's worth a thought," Suzanne said. "Let's get together tonight and see what we can come up with. Can we meet at my house? Say seven?"

They agreed and split up, the worry beginning to line their faces. Two of the women were going uptown, one downtown. They offered to share cabs but Diane said

she had some errands to run before she went back to work. All three women eyed her carefully.

"Don't get into any trouble," Suzanne warned.

Diane felt as if her friend somehow knew she was naked underneath her skirt. "I'll be okay," she quickly assured her.

When the women left, Diane waited a bit then returned to the shop. The shopkeeper smiled when he saw her again, as if he had expected her.

"You're back."

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Uh, Ray. Why do you —"

Without another word, she flipped up her skirt, exposing her wet pussy to him. His mouth came open and then closed suddenly. Diane found herself moving toward him, almost as if she were in a dream. "I really need to talk to the owner," she cooed, her pussy on fire.

He recovered quickly. A smile came to his eyes. "I don't know," he said coyly.

"Would you like to touch it?"

He nodded and stepped from behind the counter.

Diane came close and reached down for his hand. She brought it to her hot core and breathed out when he touched her as if a great weight had been lifted from her shoulders.

"You're all wet," he whispered.

"Yes. And I'll let you rub it until I come if you'll give me his phone number." It was all a game—they both knew she would let him do it anyway for nothing. He could see the lust in her eyes.

Still, he played out their little charade. "He'll be mad. He might not bring me anything else to sell."

"Trust me, he's waiting for my phone call, I can assure you."

His fingers began moving in small circles around her clit. Diane nearly came right then. With effort, she stilled his hand. "The name and phone number," she insisted.

The man grinned and made her heart melt. "I'd like to do more."

She glanced down and saw the bulge in his pants. Diane almost whimpered with desire. "Okay, but I control how it's done, all right?"

He nodded.

The man went back behind the counter and found a tin index card box. He rummaged through it until he came up with a card. "Peter O'Grady." He rattled off the phone number. Diane wrote it down on one of her business cards.

"Okay. Your turn."

"Come here, sit down on this chair." She pointed to a folding chair sitting next to the display case. She turned it so the back was to the front door, not fifteen feet away.

He looked puzzled. "But what if someone comes in?"

Diane shivered with delight. "Yes, that would be horrible, wouldn't it? Come. Sit. Do you have a condom?"

He shook his head.

"Wait. I think I do." She rummaged through her purse and found one, lost among the debris on the bottom.

"Come." He sat and she reached down to unbuckle his pants. His cock was invitingly hard. She unwrapped the condom and slipped it over his erection, her hands shaking. Spreading her legs, she straddled him and pulled her skirt out of the way. He stared at her damp, hot pussy. She used her fingers to spread herself open for him, giving him a good show, then eased herself down on his cock. Her wet pussy made the passage easy. When she was fully seated, she could look outside through the glass door and see people walking by. Her fingers went to her blouse and unbuttoned it, exposing her bra. If they only knew just inside the door, a semi-naked woman was riding a man's cock. She rocked up and down, rubbing his shaft hard against her clit.

"Oh god!" she cried. The sensation was wild! She'd never felt this good before. Diane increased her speed and felt the man responding beneath her.

Suddenly through the door, she watched as an older woman in a wide-brimmed hat turned out of the sidewalk traffic and entered the shop. The bell above the door jingled.

The man gasped when he heard it and tried to rise. Diane gripped the back of the chair, holding him in place. She never stopped moving up and down on his shaft. At first the woman didn't see them then her eyes focused on the bawdy scene in front of her and she cried out in surprise.

"We'll be with you in a moment," Diane gasped and came in a rush, made all the more powerful because a stranger was watching her.

The woman turned and fled.

The shopkeeper with his back to the stranger was still able to maintain his erection and he came a few seconds later. Diane could feel his cock throb, triggering another orgasm. She suddenly felt quite satiated. She stood and felt his cock plop free.

"Thank you so much," she breathed. "For the number."

"Uh, you're welcome." The man stood, stripped off the damp condom, pulled his pants into position and looked nervously around the shop. "Who was that?"

"Some woman. She didn't see your face."

"Yeah, but I own this place. It's not like she wouldn't recognize me!" He shook his head slowly. "You're crazy." The way he said it sounded more like a compliment.

"Yes, I suppose I am." Diane winked at him, shook her skirt back into place. On the way out the door, the man called to her. She turned.

"Come back anytime," he said.

She nodded and flashed him a big smile. As she stepped outside, carrying the number tightly in one hand, she realized her pussy felt satiated for the first time in days.

Chapter Eight

The noose tightens

When the girls gathered that evening at Suzanne's, they were met with a big surprise. Well, it was a surprise to everyone except Diane. The three of them had arrived in two taxis, one right after the other. They met on the sidewalk and exchanged meaningful looks. No words were exchanged. Carol rang upstairs to be buzzed in. At first nothing happened. Frowning at the others, she tried again. Suzanne's breathless voice came through the tinny speaker.

"Oh is that you, guys?"

"Yes," they all shouted.

"Okay, give me a sec then I'll buzz you in."

They stood on the stoop and waited.

"You don't suppose..." Wendy said.

"Nah, she wouldn't do that, would she? I mean, she knew we were coming at seven," Carol responded.

Only Diane kept her mouth shut.

The door buzzed and they marched through. They took the elevator up to five and as they were coming out, they spotted a man, still tucking in his shirt, his pants unbuttoned, being pushed out the door of Suzanne's apartment. He smiled weakly at the girls and caught the elevator.

Suzanne stuck her head and a bare shoulder out the door. "One second!" She disappeared inside.

"Oh this is getting bad," Wendy said.

"How about you?" Carol asked. "How are you holding up?"

"Just okay. I've called six escort services. No one will talk to me much on the phone so it seems to work out as a good delaying tactic. But I'm going to have to start visiting places soon, I can tell. How about you?"

"I must be putting out pheromones or something. I swear I'm being ogled by every alpha male in the city! It scares me and makes me horny at the same time."

Carol and Wendy turned to Diane. "And you?" Wendy asked.

"I'm, uh, okay." She flashed a thin smile.

Suzanne came back to the door, wearing a loose dress she clearly just threw on. "Come in, come in! Sorry about that."

"Your urges get the better of you?"

"I don't know what gets into me! I knew you guys were coming, but I just had to make a quick stop at the local bar and find a guy. I'm horrible!"

"Don't say that. We're all struggling with it," Carol said. "Well, except for Diane here. She looks like the cat that swallowed the canary."

Suzanne, now that she was satiated herself, could see that same look in Diane's eyes. "Well, well, what did you do today?"

"Oh nothing much." She smiled.

"Come on, we're all in the same boat here," Wendy said. "I've been telling you all about my whorish urges. Don't hold out on us."

Diane reached into her purse and pulled out the paper. "I got the ceramic guy's name and phone number."

For a moment no one spoke then they all jumped in at once.

"How did you do that?"

"Don't tell me you fucked that shopkeeper!"

"Not in public, I hope!"

Diane gave them a brief rundown of her adventure, including being interrupted by the woman in the wide-brimmed hat. "You should've seen the expression on her face!"

They laughed then caught themselves.

"You should be careful!" Carol said. "You could've been arrested."

"Or beaten up!" put in Wendy.

"No, he was very nice." She felt a tiny shiver run through her as she remembered the feeling, riding his cock as that woman came in. "But it *was* risky nevertheless. So let's call this O'Grady guy and ask him how to break the spell that thing has on us."

With shaking fingers, Diane dialed the number and listened. "One ring. Two. Three – Oh hello? Is this Peter O'Grady? Oh is he there?"

Suzanne mimed that she should put it on speaker. Diane nodded and pressed the button then replaced the receiver.

After a few seconds a gruff voice with a distinct Irish accent barked, "Aye, this is O'Grady. Who is this?"

"I'm Diane Leshner and I bought that cute little leprechaun ceramic you had at the antique shop on 69th Street?"

"Oh you're the one. Ray said you changed your mind and demanded your money back."

"Yes, well, I was hasty. I want to buy it back."

"Oh really? And why would that be now?"

Diane didn't know if she should explain its seeming powers or if O'Grady already knew about them.

"Uh, well, I just decided I really liked it after all. But the shopkeeper said you came and retrieved it."

"Yes, I did. I'm not going to have me country's work insulted."

"So it did come from Ireland?"

"Aye. It's very special."

"Well, yes, I've become quite, uh, fond of it. Would you be willing to sell it back to me?"

"Maybe. Why don't you come by and we'll talk about it?" His voice sounded like a leer.

"All right. But I want to bring some friends with me."

"Oh? In case I try some funny business?"

"No, no, they're just some girlfriends for moral support."

"Girlfriends, hmm? Okay. Why don't you come by tomorrow morning, say eleven o'clock?" He gave the address.

"Wait! Can't we come by tonight?" Carol jumped in.

"Who was that?"

"Oh that was just one of my friends. She, uh, really liked the piece too and thought I was crazy to return it."

"Yeah, well, it's too late tonight. Tomorrow, eleven a.m." He hung up.

Diane closed the phone. "Another night of dreams," she said.

"God, can we survive it?" Wendy asked.

"We'll have to."

* * * * *

Only Diane and Suzanne slept well that night. They both had dreams as before, but because they had satisfied the leprechaun's alleged curse, they weren't as intense as they might've been. In her dream, Diane was fucking Paul Dartling at a basketball game, not caring that people around them were jeering. At one point, they were displayed on the giant scoreboard screen and the audience cheered. Even the game came to a halt as the players watched them. She had an orgasm in her sleep that was so strong it woke her.

Suzanne dreamed of another bar, another stranger. She would make love to him then return to the bar to select a new man. Her body didn't seem sore—in fact, she had one delicious orgasm after another.

Carol, both attracted and repelled by the inherent dangers of her fantasy, didn't go out for fear she'd succumb to her carnal desires and wind up under the control of a dominant man. She wasn't sure how she was supposed to have her fantasy and yet control the risk. She tried to masturbate, thinking of strong, hard men, but her orgasm wouldn't come. When she did finally drift off into a restless sleep, she dreamt of the same strong man who both thrilled and scared her. She'd wake, feeling restless and horny, and the process would start all over again.

Over at Wendy's house, it was a different story. The young woman couldn't sleep at all—the itch was too strong. She went into her bathroom to splash cold water on her face and found herself toying with the razor there. Before she knew it, she was in the shower, shaving her legs, underarms and finally all the hair on her buzzing pussy. She bent down to make sure she removed every stray strand as far back as she could reach.

After she dried, she strode naked to her closet and picked out the tightest, shortest skirt she had—a black miniskirt she hadn't worn in years. Frank had bought it for her on a lark and she had worn it just one time for him outside their home. It had been scandalous. Wendy had no idea why she had kept it.

It was a little tight—she had to wiggle her hips to get it on. Of course, she didn't bother with underwear or stockings. Once it was on, she turned this way and that, looking at herself. The hem came down to just below the globes of her ass and it excited her to think about men trying to get a peek underneath. Her bare breasts were still firm and perky at her age and she cupped them in her hands, pointing them at the mirror like twin six guns. Her fingers pinched her nipples, causing her to squeal in delight. She squeezed them again and watched as they stood erect.

Wendy found a purple tank top and slipped it on. It too was tight. But it sure made her breasts stand out! Her nipples threatened to poke someone in the eye. She walked around the apartment pretending she was a streetwalker. She wondered why she was doing this—hadn't she wanted to be an expensive call girl? No respectable hotel would allow her across the lobby in his outfit!

Not that she had any intention of leaving her apartment! No, this was just for dress-up, to ease the itch in her pussy that made her wiggle her ass and pinch her nipples. She tried to convince herself she was just about to take off the slutty clothes and go to bed! But the urge wouldn't let her. Wendy checked her watch—nearly one. Dammit! She was supposed to be at work at eight-thirty. Now how was she going to get up and look alert if this itch kept up all night!

Deep down, she knew what she had to do if she wanted to sleep. That damn leprechaun wanted his pound of flesh. Diane and Suzanne had succumbed to its power—only she and Carol had managed to hold out. But both of their fantasies were so dangerous! How could she ever have thought sex with strangers for money was a good fantasy to have? Not that she had any real control over it!

Even as she thought it, her pussy contracted. It seemed like a very good idea right now. Wendy walked around the small apartment again, like a caged animal. She stopped to look at herself in every mirror, seeing a slut on parade, just begging for it.

“Come, sailor, I fuck you long time,” she said in a singsong Thai whore accent. She reached underneath her short skirt—which was embarrassingly easy considering how short it was—and rubbed her hot pussy. It felt numb somehow, like before. She knew she would not be allowed to bring herself off so easily.

She paced again. Suddenly she snapped her fingers. Mr. Townbridge! The older man lived alone three doors down from her. Every time he passed her in the hall, he smiled at her and often told her how pretty she looked. She knew he was interested in her. He seemed like such a nice gentleman. Of course he was a little too old for her, probably close to fifty! But maybe...

She shook her head. What was she thinking? *Good god, woman. You would ruin your reputation pulling a stunt like that. Sure, he probably would jump at the chance to fuck you like a common street whore, but you could never face him again! Especially once this damn curse was lifted. No, forget it.*

Wendy went into the bedroom and lay down. She tried to sleep but her thoughts were too jumbled. She got up again and resumed pacing. Her urge drove her actions. She went to the nightstand and pulled open the drawer, rummaging around until her fingers found what she was looking for—a condom. She held up the small square package, pleased with herself.

Now you can be a whore and not risk anything, her mind told her, as if it made perfect sense. She already knew Mr. Townbridge was harmless. Wendy found her black shoes with the stiletto heels and strapped them on. She stood, admiring herself in the mirror.

She grabbed her key and tucked it into the tiny pocket in the front of her miniskirt then left before she really thought about what she was doing. She strode down to Mr. Townbridge's apartment and knocked. Wendy stood there a long time knocking before a sleepy voice said, "What? Is the building on fire?"

"Mr. Townbridge? It's Wendy, from down the hall. Can I talk to you for a minute?" She heard the locks disengage and the door cracked open. His sleepy face peered out, his brown hair tousled. His eyes widened when he saw her outfit.

"Wen-Wendy? Is that really you?" The door came open wider and he looked up and down the hallway, as if he were afraid someone might see her. "Come in. Come in! Why are you dressed like this?" He was wearing pajamas and had a rash of stubble.

"It's kind of an initiation. I'm trying to join this select club and I'm supposed to pretend I'm a streetwalker," she lied glibly.

"Really? Which club?"

"Oh I can't say. But what I have to do is get at least one customer so to speak."

"One...customer?" One eyebrow threatened to take off.

"Yes. It would be dangerous for me to go out dressed like this. So I thought of you. I know you kinda like me."

"Well, sure, I like you. But...but..."

"Oh it's just for tonight! After this, we can both pretend it never happened, okay?"

"What never happened?"

She held up the condom. "This."

Now both eyebrows shot up. "You mean..."

"Well, only if you pay me for it."

"Pay you?" His eyes narrowed and for a minute Wendy thought he might react like Frank did.

"Yes. What do you think this is worth?" she said quickly, lifting up the edge of her dress to show her cleanly shaven pussy. His mouth dropped open.

"Uh, uh, uh..."

"I think fifty bucks would be a real bargain, don't you, Mr. Townbridge?"

"Please, call me Bob. You want me to pay you fifty bucks...and then you'll let me...?"

"Fuck me? Well, yes, that's what hookers do, don't they?" She smiled sweetly at him.

"And this club wants you to do this as part of an initiation?"

"Yes. Something like that."

He seemed suspicious, as if this were far too good to be true. "I've never heard of a club like this before."

"Does it really matter, Bob? I've seen you look at me when we pass in the hall. This may be your only chance to make love to me. Do you want to pass it up?"

"Nooo," he breathed. "Let me get my wallet."

He counted out fifty dollars, two twenties and a ten, then led her into the bedroom. Wendy realized she hadn't brought a purse and the tiny pocket on the front of her skirt was too small. *Something to remember for next time*, she told herself. For now, she placed the money on the floor next to his bed and stripped off her skirt and top. She left her shoes on.

She jumped onto the bed and watched while Bob yanked off his pajamas and crawled in next to her. They kissed and hugged for a minute then Wendy pushed him back impatiently. "Come on, let's get to it."

He crawled over her, his cock a hard spear. "Tut, tut," she said, holding up the condom.

Bob looked at it then at her lovely, firm young body laid out beneath him. "I'll give you another fifty if you let me do it bare."

She smiled and tossed the packet across the bed. "Deal."

He entered her in one smooth thrust and her breath was nearly knocked from her body. She realized that was the leprechaun's treat for her. Now that she finally did what he demanded, he was providing her reward. *I'm being paid one hundred dollars to fuck this man*, she thought and her pussy contracted, sending new waves of pleasure throughout her body. She came once then again in quick succession before she felt Bob's cock erupt inside her. Wendy grabbed him and hung on, feeling another powerful shockwave rock her.

And then it was over. He rolled off her and seemed ready to fall asleep. She got up and dressed quickly. She poked him and held up the money.

"Get another fifty out of my wallet on your way out," he said. "Oh and thanks so very much, my dear. You made my year." He drifted off to sleep, a slight smile on his lips.

Wendy found his pants and fished out his wallet. There was close to two hundred in there, she noticed. If she were a crooked whore, she could take it all. But she felt satiated for the first time in days and didn't want to punish her first paying customer. She took another fifty and tossed the wallet back on top of his pants.

She felt his seed seeping out of her and she reached down, scooped up some on her fingers and tasted it. Wendy experienced a pang of disappointment that she didn't get to suck him off and the thought startled her.

I'm sorry because I didn't get to blow him too...?

She shook her head to get rid of that stray thought. No more! But she had to admit, it had been so easy! She had worried over nothing! She let herself out and returned to her apartment. In minutes, she was sleeping dreamlessly.

Chapter Nine

Peter O'Grady

At eleven the next morning, the women exited a cab in front of the address Peter had given them. Of the four, only Carol appeared haggard and weary. The other three were almost cheerful. *Just give the little man what he wanted*, Wendy thought. *Or was that what we wanted?* She shook her head—it was so confusing.

The address turned out to be an expensive, newly remodeled townhouse in an upscale neighborhood. Diane rang the bell and they waited nervously. A formal, white-haired man dressed in a black suit answered the door.

"Yes?"

"Um, we're here to see Mr. O'Grady?"

"Your name?"

"Oh I'm Diane Leshner..."

"One moment please." The door shut in their faces.

"Well, he's not very nice," Suzanne harrumphed.

"Peter must really like his privacy," Diane suggested.

The door opened and the butler stepped aside. "Please come in. Mr. O'Grady is expecting you in the library."

They followed him through an ornate foyer into a small room filled with floor-to-ceiling bookshelves. Behind a desk in the corner sat a small man dressed in an expensive gray suit, his tie knotted tightly at his throat. He appeared to be somewhere between sixty and seventy years old, although it was hard to tell. His gray hair was still thick and neatly combed over his head. He had a snifter of brandy before him.

But what really caught the women's attention was the little green ceramic leprechaun that seemed to laugh and dance on the desk in front of him.

"There it is!" Diane exclaimed at once. "How much do you want for it?"

The man ignored her and waved the butler away. The door closed softly behind him. "Wow, four of you," he said. "I'm impressed. I daresay that's a first." His Irish accent was strong. He stood and came around. The women could see he was only about five-six in height. "I'm Peter O'Grady, at your service."

"Yes, it's very nice to meet you, now about the statue..." Diane started in.

Peter held up his hand. "Not yet. First we talk." He gestured to the couch and two wingback chairs around a coffee table. Reluctantly, the women sat, three on the couch and Suzanne on one of the chairs. Peter took the other. They introduced themselves and he nodded in turn.

"Now tell me why you want this little statue so badly," he said then sat back and waited.

The women looked at each other. Finally Diane said, "You must know about the, uh..." She didn't want to say it.

"What? You mean the power to make your dreams come true?" O'Grady flashed a smile.

"Well, we were thinking it was more of a curse," offered Suzanne. "But yes."

"So tell me, did all of you ladies experience this, uh, curse?" He looked around and saw them all reluctantly nod. "Excellent. Really. I have never seen this before."

"Please, you've got to remove it!" begged Carol, twisting her hands in her lap.

"First, tell me what you wished for."

"We didn't wish for anything!" Diane said. "We were just talking and we passed it around..."

"Don't waste my time. You don't have any to waste." His eyes bore into Diane's. "Let's start with you. What happened? What were you talking about?"

"Oh god, do I have to? It's embarrassing."

"Yes, you have to. Or you can all get up and walk out right now."

Diane and Suzanne eyed the statue, both thinking the same thing. *I'll bet we could grab it and be out of here before that little man could catch us.*

"Tut," Peter said, catching their expressions. "The statue won't do you any good without the secret incantation to remove the, uh, power. Do you want to remain as you are...forever?"

"No!" Diane took a deep breath. "We were talking about our...secret fantasies," she said, her face coloring. "You know. Girl talk. Innocent fun. Then afterward, just by coincidence, we all passed that strange little ceramic around..."

"And what was your secret fantasy?"

"You little pervert," Suzanne put in.

"Fine. Go. And good luck to ya."

"No!" Diane said. She turned to Suzanne. "Don't." Her friend reluctantly nodded.

Diane faced the Irishman. "Mine was, uh, that I have...sex in public."

"And what have you done about that in the last week?"

She stared at him for a long few seconds but he remained firm. The others knew their turn was soon to come. "I've had visions, dreams about...having sex with my bosses, uh, in front of others. And two days ago, when I went to the shop to get your number, the shopkeeper was reluctant to give it. He said you valued your privacy. So I, uh..." She looked over at the other women, embarrassed to relive it in front of this nasty little man.

"Go on."

She sighed. "I made love to him in his store in exchange for your number. And while we were doing it, a woman walked in. It was...strangely satisfying." She hid her head in shame.

Peter smiled. "Sex in public. That's a good one." He turned to Suzanne in direct challenge. "How about you, Suzanne?"

She held her head up high. "I mentioned right before I handled the damn thing that I had a fantasy about having an anonymous one-night stand. Since then I've had several different lovers – and I never wanted to know any of their names."

"And you can't stop yourself, can you?"

She shook her head silently.

"Amazing." He turned to Wendy. "And you, my dear?"

"Oh god, I'm so embarrassed!" She put her head into her hands.

"Nonsense, Wendy. The others have talked about theirs, now it's time to hear yours."

She looked at the floor as she said in a monotone, "Uh, my fantasy was to become a call girl, a whore. Being paid by men and forced to do things I wouldn't normally do."

"And what have you done about it?"

"Nothing really," she lied. "I mean, I called some escort services but I haven't gotten around to actually going there."

The room fell silent. Peter studied her carefully. Then he stood abruptly and plucked the small ceramic figure from the desk. "What do you think, leprechaun? Do you think she's telling the truth?"

He put the statue back. "He says you're not telling us everything. So I guess you don't mind staying the way you are..."

"No! I mean, how would you know what I did or didn't do?"

"I can tell. For one, you're calmer than she is." He pointed to Carol. "If you hadn't done anything, you'd be just as nervous right now."

Wendy put her head in her hands. "Oh please, don't make me tell!"

The other women perked up – clearly Wendy had been holding out on them!

"Come on, Wen," Diane said. "I told you about my encounter with the shopkeeper!"

"All right. But it isn't me, you understand."

"This isn't any of us," Suzanne pointed out. She turned to Peter, "Although I'm not sure why you insist we tell you the lurid details."

"Consider it part of the reclaiming process. I have to understand what happened in order to help you." He paused. "Because right now I'm a little surprised at the intensity of your experiences." He looked pointedly at Wendy.

"All right!" She took a deep breath. "Last night, I was so antsy, I went down the hall and played being a hooker for one of my neighbors."

Carol gasped in surprise. "You did?"

Wendy nodded. "Yeah. Mr. Townbridge. I made him pay me fifty bucks." She decided not to share the last bit of information.

Peter nodded. "And did you feel relief afterward?"

"Oh yes. I slept very soundly after I came home."

"Good. Right. Now, Carol, it's your turn. I can see you've been resisting your fantasy."

"Yes. Because mine is too dangerous. I don't know what I was thinking having a fantasy like that! I...I imagine I'm being forced to, er, submit. Like being under the control of a strong man. An 'alpha male' type."

"Ah," O'Grady said. "A dominate/submissive scenario. Part of a BDSM fantasy."

"It's a common fantasy," Suzanne assured her. "I'm sure many women share it."

"Yeah, but what if I became attracted to the wrong man? In my fantasy, it's like they are more in control or experienced, you understand? In real life, I could be murdered! Or held as some kind of sex slave!"

Suzanne and the others nodded sympathetically. Then they all turned to the Irishman.

"Okay, you've had your jollies," Diane said. "Now can you remove the curse?"

"Like I said, I needed to understand what was happening in order to help you. It's not supposed to work like that."

The women appeared puzzled and frankly worried.

"You see, this ceramic has a long and ancient history. It's much older than nineteenth century actually. It, um, encourages the owner to achieve their innermost desires. Say for example, Diane, if you had a secret desire to visit Paris in the springtime. That idea would stay with you. Over time, you'd find a way to make it happen. You would fulfill your dream."

"But it's much more powerful than a mere suggestion," Diane said. "It's making us crazy."

"Yes, that's the part that puzzles me. But I assume it's because you spoke your innermost thoughts out loud before you touched it. Normally, it's much more subtle."

"There's nothing subtle about this," Suzanne said. "Now how can you stop it?"

"Wait a minute, Suz," Diane put in. Something was bothering her. She pointed at O'Grady. "If it's so valuable, why did you put it up for sale at that shop?"

He smiled. "I do that from time to time. The sculpture always comes back to me. It amuses me to know that somewhere out there, a man or woman is achieving their secret desire."

"That's despicable!" Wendy said.

"It's supposed to be a good thing," he said, shrugging.

"What gives you the right to play with people like that?" Diane asked.

"Because I'm the last of the leprechauns," he said, eyes twinkling. "It's what we do."

"Bah," Diane said dismissively. "There's no such thing!"

"Who do you take us for, fools?" Suzanne snapped.

"Then how do you explain what's happened to you?"

They had no good answer for that.

"If you're really a leprechaun, why aren't you back in Ireland then, sitting on a pot of gold or something?" Wendy asked.

"I travel around," he said simply.

"All right, putting aside who or what you are, can you help us? I mean you've got to do something. You've just about ruined us!" Suzanne said.

"Yes, you have to remove it," Carol said. "I'm desperate here."

"Yes, well, that could be a bit of a problem."

He had the women's full attention now.

"Because the statue is only supposed to suggest action, I'm not sure how to undo what's been done."

"What about the secret incantation?" Suzanne asked.

"Well, I might've fibbed about that. I didn't want you to try to grab it and run out of here. That would only make your desires intensify. Trust me, the last thing you want to do is to hang on to that ceramic."

Any thoughts the women had of stealing the ugly little statue evaporated.

"You have to do something," Carol begged. "Please."

"I could try to modify it..."

"Yes!" they all said at once.

"I'm not sure it would work..."

"Anything's better than this!" Wendy said.

"Very well. Unfortunately, I can't do anything yet." He faced Carol. "You have not yet fulfilled your fantasy as the others have. You'll have to do that first. You're all linked now, you see. You started this journey together, you have to walk it together."

"Oh god!" Carol wailed. "I could be killed!"

"No you won't," Suzanne said. "We'll simply do it in a controlled environment."

"Yeah, we can hire some guys to play like dominants," Wendy said.

"You think that would work?" Suzanne asked O'Grady.

"It might. As long as it satisfies her itch. She'll know. But you have to take that step before I can attempt to modify its power. If I can at all."

"Don't say that! Of course you can!" Diane said, casting a wary eye at Carol.

"Okay," Suzanne said, standing up. "We'll run out and get Carol taken care of then we'll come back here a little later, all right?"

"Yes, that would be fine. Say five o'clock?" O'Grady stood. All of the women were taller with the exception of petite Wendy.

"We'll be back," Suzanne warned. "Don't try to pull a fast one on us."

"I feel a certain responsibility here. I'm not an evil man."

"Yeah, whatever," Diane said. She still didn't believe in such fairy tales.

They left, gathering on the sidewalk outside to map their strategy.

"God, I was supposed to go back to work," Carol cried. "Now I have to go be someone's sex slave!" She shivered, but it wasn't from fear—it was desire.

"Oh stop. We'll control everything. You'll be fine." Suzanne was always the rational one.

"Where are we supposed to find some Dom who won't go too far?" Diane asked.

"Give me a minute to think."

* * * * *

Inside the town home, Peter sat back in his chair and laughed out loud. His voice echoed across the walls and down the hall. The butler heard him and shook his head. He was well aware of his master's mischievous ways.

Chapter Ten

Carol takes the stage

It was all set. While Wendy took Carol home to watch over and protect her, Diane and Suzanne went down to the theater district. It took a bit of doing, but they found a tall, handsome actor in his mid-thirties waiting tables at an off-Broadway café who agreed to listen to their request that he “dominate” their friend.

“Come on,” the man said. He had introduced himself as Dirk—a stage name if there ever was one. “This is a gag, isn’t it?” He looked around as if trying to spot a hidden camera.

“No, this is legit,” Suzanne said. “It’s, uh, part of her secret fantasy.”

“Yeah,” Diane put in. “It’s coming up on her birthday and we thought that would be the best gift.”

He eyed them. “I don’t know...”

“Hey, if you don’t want to, I’m sure I can find some other out-of-work actor who could use a hundred dollars...” Suzanne said, gathering up her purse.

“No! Wait! A hundred dollars? For how long?”

“An hour to an hour and a half. But you’d have to be convincing. You’d have to act the part of a Dominant, you understand?”

“How far would you want me to go?”

Suzanne looked at Diane. Her friend nodded.

“Sex might come into it,” she admitted. “But you’d have to wear a condom!”

Dirk raised an eyebrow. “Sure. But this sounds like a setup.”

“In what way? We’re offering you the opportunity to make love to a beautiful woman,” snapped Suzanne.

"It just sounds too good to be true. In order to protect myself, I'd feel more comfortable bringing along a friend." He jerked his thumb at another waiter, a shorter but solidly built man talking to a nearby customer. "That way she can't cry rape halfway through."

Diane and Suzanne huddled privately to discuss this wrinkle. They didn't like it but they could understand Dirk's reluctance.

"What do you think?" Diane asked.

Suzanne looked over her shoulder at the two men. "I don't know. She did say she had dreams about more than one man. It might be all right."

Diane nodded and shrugged.

"All right," Suzanne told Dirk. "But no real rough stuff."

Dirk agreed. He introduced them to his friend Sam, who stood about five-nine but had a thick chest and arms that could only come from continuous weight training. He listened to the proposal with a startled expression and said, "Hell yes!" when they were done. He high-fived his friend Dirk.

They all took a taxi to Carol's apartment where they huddled outside with Diane while Suzanne went in to explain the rules to Carol. Wendy just sat in the corner, her eyes wide, listening in.

"You think this will work?" Carol asked.

"Of course it will. This will be your fantasy, just as you want it. These men really won't hurt you – they'll behave just like the men in your dreams," Suzanne assured her. She found two condoms in the nightstand and placed them on top.

"There's two men?"

"Yes, he insisted that he bring his friend. Is that all right?"

Carol nodded, thinking about being under the control of two dominants. A frisson of desire ran through her body. "Okay. What do I do?"

"In a few minutes, you're going to leave and go down to the store and buy a newspaper or something. When you return, the play will begin. All right?"

She nodded again. "And they won't really hurt me?"

"Of course not! You think we'd allow that? We'll be right outside anyway, just in case."

"Outside the apartment or outside the bedroom?"

"Which would you like?"

"I'd prefer that at least one of you was in the apartment—just stay out of sight unless I need you."

Suzanne nodded. "All right. But don't worry. Now wait here for a few minutes before you leave. Give me your spare key. Wendy, you come with me."

The women left and met the group in the hall. "Okay, we're all set. Let's go upstairs until she leaves then you two go in and pretend to be someone she knows—her dominant lovers. You understand?"

The two men nodded. They all trooped upstairs and listened in the stairwell. They heard Carol leave and lock the door, her footsteps echoing down the hall. When she had gone downstairs, the group returned to the apartment and Suzanne unlocked the door.

"Okay, you guys hide and 'surprise' her. Just remember, don't hurt her! I'll be hiding in the spare room so don't go in there."

"We've got it," Dirk said. He and Sam went in. Suzanne turned to Diane and Wendy. "I guess you guys should hide somewhere. Or maybe go get a cup of coffee."

"We'll get coffee," Diane said. "We'll come back in about a half hour."

"You sure we should?" asked Wendy.

"Yeah, she'll be fine. We have to give them a little time. I don't want to stand around in the hall while they're playing their games."

The women left. Suzanne went in and nodded at the two men then disappeared into the spare room.

Carol came home ten minutes later. The two men heard the key in the lock. She came in with a small sack and pretended not to be nervous but her heart was pounding.

Dirk was standing in her kitchen, a cruel smile on his lips. Carol sucked in her breath, suddenly afraid.

"Hello, my little slave."

Sam stepped forward out of the shadows, took the sack from her and placed it on the counter. Dirk grabbed her upper body and snarled, "You've been very bad! You need to be punished!"

Despite her friends' assurance, Carol felt almost out of control with fear. "No!"

"Grab her feet!" he ordered Sam.

"Wait!" He ran to the bag and looked in.

"What are you doing?"

He pulled out a quart of milk. "Don't want this to spoil." He put it in the refrigerator.

He returned and picked up her feet as she struggled. They carried her into the bedroom and threw her on the bed.

"You're ours now, slave," Dirk said in his tough-guy demeanor. "You need to learn the rules."

"Yeah, babe," Sam put in. Dirk gave him a funny look.

They jumped on both sides of her and Dirk began unbuttoning her blouse, careful not to rip it while at the same time trying to appear menacing. For Carol, the experience had an otherworldly impact on her. Her fears began to evaporate. These men were clearly acting—not at all like the men in her dreams. Those men were deadly serious. These men were...clowns.

Stop, she thought. Give it a chance.

They managed to get her blouse off and began working on her skirt. Sam had some trouble with the zipper and finally had to ask Carol to get it started for him. She then

lay back and tried to rekindle the feeling of helplessness she needed for her fantasy to be fulfilled.

The men got her stockings off—no snags or rips!—and Sam carefully folded each one, placing them on the nightstand. Soon they had her naked on the bed. She just lay there limply.

“Aren’t you supposed to fight or something?”

“Yeah,” Sam said.

“Oh sorry.” She tried to sit up and Dirk pushed her back down. That sent a little shiver of fear through her. It was strangely delightful. He turned her over, exposing her ass.

He slapped her cute round ass and she jerked. Her mouth came open. *Yes*, she thought. *Oh god, yes*.

Dirk spanked her again. The blows weren’t hard and she wanted—no, needed—them to be. She wanted to be really punished. For what, she didn’t know. It was difficult to get into her role—these men were about as far from the men in her dreams as one could get.

Dirk stopped after a few swats. He climbed up over her and unbuckled his pants. She saw his cock spring out and gave a little scream but not out of fear—he was rushing things. He slapped her face as if he were patting her with powder, using just the tips of his fingers. It wasn’t Dom-like at all.

“Shut up, slut!” It sounded as if he were reading from a bad script.

He steered his hard cock toward her and she screamed, “Condoms!”

“Oh sorry,” he said, and grabbed one off the nightstand.

As he was trying to fit the condom over his erect cock, Carol couldn’t help herself. She began to laugh and rolled to her side, covering her face with her hands.

“Hey!” Sam said. “That’s not nice!”

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry!” She rolled back. “Okay, where were we?”

Dirk's cock deflated and he tried to coax it back upright with his fingers to no avail. He snapped off the condom and turned to Sam. "Help me out here, wouldja?"

Sam leaned over and began sucking on Dirk's limp cock. Carol scooted up against the headboard and grabbed the sheet to cover her. "You guys are *gay*?"

Dirk looked up, surprised and a little hurt. "Does it really matter?"

Sam pulled away. "You don't have some sort of prejudice here, do you?"

"No, no! It's just that..." She began to laugh again.

"Hey, now you're hurting my feelings," Dirk said.

"I'm sorry! But I just never expected Suzanne would hire *gay* dominants for me!" Her laughter burst out.

"For the record, I'm bisexual. Sam is *gay*."

She turned to Sam. "And were you going to have sex with me too?"

"Well, I figured Dirk would handle that," Sam said. "I saw myself in more of a supporting role."

"Suzanne!" she bellowed, her sides hurting from the hilarity of the situation.

Suzanne burst into the room. "What? What's wrong?"

She saw Carol, naked and giggling, holding the sheet up to cover her body. The two men squatted next to her on the bed with perplexed expressions on their faces. Dirk had tucked his cock back into his pants.

"What the hell is going on here?"

"You hired *gay* dominants," she cackled.

"Oh god," Suzanne said.

"They were so polite! He put away the *milk*! I thought they'd iron my clothes as they removed them."

"I'm *bisexual*," Dirk repeated. "I can play this part."

"No, no. You're a fine actor," Carol said. "But it's just not *right*, you understand? It's all too fake."

The men climbed off the bed and faced Suzanne. "What now? Do we get our money or not?"

"Clearly this isn't working out. Let's say fifty bucks apiece for your trouble."

"Yeah, we're going to *go in another direction*," cracked Carol, still holding herself. "We're looking for sort of a Brad Pitt meets Christopher Walken." She buried her face in the pillow. Suzanne could see her sides moving with mirth.

The men accepted their pay and left. Diane and Wendy came by a few minutes later and rang the buzzer. Suzanne let them in while Carol dressed, still chuckling and shaking her head.

"Gay dominants?" Wendy said incredulously when Suzanne explained what had happened.

"What were we thinking?" Diane said. "I never thought to ask them."

"Well, duh. I hear there are a few gays in the theater," Wendy said, starting to laugh.

"Hey, this isn't funny!" Suzanne snapped. "We still have Carol's problem to figure out or none of us will be getting rid of this curse."

That put a damper on Wendy's giggles. She sobered and realized how much trouble they were really in. During their coffee, Diane had confessed that the urge to have sex in public was growing again. Wendy had nodded in understanding—her need to find another trick was building within her as well.

"You mean we have to do this all over again—this time with straight actors?" Diane asked.

"I don't know. I guess we do—we don't really have a choice, do we?" Suzanne began, but was interrupted by Carol's appearance. She was fully dressed now.

"What don't we have a choice about?" she asked.

"About how to get your fantasy fulfilled without any risk," Diane said.

"Yeah, well, about that. I realized something when I was in there. It won't work."

"What? Of course it will, if we hire the right guys—"

"No, you don't understand. The feeling wasn't there." She turned to Wendy. "Remember how you told us you felt numb when you tried to, uh, masturbate your itch away? And, you, Diane, couldn't really climax until that woman saw you with the shopkeeper? Well, that's how I felt. I knew deep down that it was all an act. So the leprechaun wasn't satisfied."

"Shit," Diane said.

"But it's too dangerous..." Suzanne began.

"I know! But it can't be helped. It has to be real."

"No way," Diane said. "We're not going to risk you."

"What choice do we have? You heard O'Grady. We have to go back as a unit, all having satisfied our fantasies at least once. You all have done it, only I remain. And I have to do it soon."

"All right, give me a minute to figure something out," Suzanne said.

"No," Carol told her. "You three go back to work. I'll take care of this."

"How?"

"Leave that to me."

"No way! You could get hurt!"

"It's a risk I'll have to take. Besides, look at the risks you're all taking! Wendy went to a neighbor's for sex, Diane fucked a man in a public shop and Suzanne, you've had countless one-night stands. It's all risky behavior."

"What will you do?" Suzanne pressed.

"I have a plan. You'll have to trust me."

"Is it a safe plan?" Suzanne asked.

"I think so, yes."

"But you won't tell us about it?"

"No. I really feel I have to handle this on my own, just as you did."

A silence fell as all four women were momentarily lost in thought.

"When would you be, uh, done?" Diane asked.

"I don't know. It could be as late as tomorrow morning sometime."

"Oh no, another night?" wailed Wendy. She began thinking about Bob again.

"Yeah, I may have to flash someone," Diane added, trying to make a joke out of it, although she wasn't joking.

"Stop it! There's nothing to be done about it," Suzanne snapped. But already she felt the urge growing. She knew by late afternoon the desire to pick up a stranger would be overpowering.

"Easy for you to say," Wendy muttered.

"Come on, let's not fight among ourselves," Carol said. "We're all in this together."

"All right. I'll call O'Grady and set up something for tomorrow morning," Diane said.

They hugged and the three other women left. When Carol was alone, she immediately called work and told them she wouldn't be returning. Then she headed for her computer.

Chapter Eleven

Diane thwarted

Diane returned to work and tried to concentrate on her reports. The fact she wasn't wearing panties again made her mind wander. Her pussy was wet and needy, framed by her garter belt and stockings. Just a public quickie would satisfy her, she knew, but how to do it? She wondered if she could find someone to sneak out with for a few minutes. Just up against the wall of an alley – one, two, three and she would be fine. But who could she ask in the office? The gossip would ruin her, not to mention she'd suddenly have a moony-eyed boyfriend she didn't need.

She realized that last part wasn't really true. She wouldn't mind having a boyfriend who loved risky sex, but she didn't want to start picking up random guys for it. *Leave that to Suzanne*, she thought. *Dammit, I picked a fine time to be between boyfriends!*

She gritted her teeth and tried to concentrate. She was startled when her intercom buzzed.

"Yes?"

"Diane? This is Paul Dartling. Have I caught you at a bad time?"

Her hand immediately went underneath her skirt and pressed against her damp clit. "Uh, no, not at all."

"I, uh, was wondering if we could discuss the presentation you gave the other day. I have some follow-up ideas I'd like to run by you."

The CEO wanted her input? For a moment she forgot about her need. "Oh sure, Mr. Dartling! When would you like to do this?"

"Well, how about right now?"

Diane checked her watch. It was one-thirty. Her next meeting wasn't until three. "Sure, I'll, uh, be right up."

She stopped at the restroom and dried herself as best she could. She didn't want to come into his office smelling like a woman in heat! Then she washed her hands, fixed her makeup and took the elevator upstairs.

Dartling's secretary greeted her and sent her right in. She smoothed her skirt and put on a happy face then opened the door and walked in. The CEO's office was immense with large picture windows covering two walls that looked out over the city. He was seated behind his massive desk but he came right around to greet her, shaking her hand warmly and putting his other hand on top of it. It all seemed so innocent until she happened to glance down and see the bulge growing in his pants.

Oh so it's like that, huh? She wondered if she dared to have sex with the CEO. Almost immediately, she realized that wouldn't be enough. Did she dare to have sex with the CEO *in public*?

"Please sit down." He gestured to the couch.

She sat. He sat in a chair opposite, adjusting his pants as he did. "Can I get you anything?"

"No, I'm fine." She could hardly keep her eyes away from his cock. She glanced up at the huge windows and pictured herself naked, spread-eagle, against it while he fucked her from behind. The office workers across the street would have a magnificent view.

"...all right?"

"Huh?" She shook herself. "I'm sorry?"

"You seem distracted. Are you all right?"

"Oh yes, sure. I'm fine." She could feel the blush spreading up from her chest to her face. Her pussy wept with need.

"Let me get you a sip of brandy. You really don't look well." He stood and she could tell his erection had grown. It threatened to burst out of his pants. She stood and went to him, unable to control herself.

He paused, not sure what she wanted. She didn't know how to take the next step either. They stared at each other for a long moment, lust evident in their eyes, then she reached out and touched the outline of his cock in his pants.

He grabbed her and crushed her in his arms. She swooned, knowing this was wrong but not caring. His lips found hers and she returned his kisses. She felt his hand on her breasts and ached for him to expose her.

He began fumbling with the buttons. "I've wanted you for a long time," he gasped.

The heat she felt began to ebb and she knew what she needed. "Please," she whispered, "let's get closer to the window."

"What?" He pulled back and looked at her face.

Her blouse was half-opened. She thrust her chin at the windows. "It's always been my secret fantasy to make love in a high-rise building near the windows," she said. It was mostly true. But she didn't want to be near the window, she wanted to be up against it, naked and on display.

He smiled and nodded. "Okay, but we have to be discreet."

Nooo! she thought, but said nothing. They moved near the window but not close enough for her. He unbuttoned the last buttons and murmured, "This is against all company rules, you understand. We can't tell anyone."

He kissed the top of her breasts and Diane felt the heat rise in her. Encouraged, he slipped her blouse from her shoulders and continued kissing her shoulder, neck and the upper curve of her breasts. She reached back and unsnapped her bra, shrugging it off.

"Come, let's go back to the couch," he said, trying to move her.

"No!" She realized how that must sound. "I mean I like it here by the window. Don't you ever have a fantasy about having sex...when someone is watching?"

His gaze told her he didn't. Sex to him was a private affair, especially when it involves coworkers, she realized. She felt this opportunity was slipping through her fingers.

She stepped back and walked around him toward the large window facing the office building across the street. She unzipped her skirt as she went and allowed it to puddle down as she stepped out of it. Behind her, she could hear Paul gasp when he saw she was naked except for garter belt and stockings. She walked right up to the window, giving the workers across the street a good show then turned to face the CEO.

"If you want me, you're going to have to fuck me right here," she said. "From behind while I face the other building."

He seemed torn. His erection was massive but his conscience clearly bothered him. "What...what's up with you, anyway? Are you some kind of exhibitionist?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I am." She could feel the power of the leprechaun coursing through her and knew being on display like this was pleasing the little statue—but it wasn't enough. He wanted her to have sex as well.

She leaned back against the window and spread her legs. Reaching down, she began to rub her clit in circular motions and crooked the finger of her other hand. "If you want me, come and get me."

He came toward her and she thought she had him. She could almost hear the leprechaun laugh. On the way, he stooped down to pick up her bra, blouse and then skirt. He handed them to her and said, "Get dressed and get out. I'm not going to lose my job over a cheap tart like you. I really thought you had more class."

A wave of disappointment rocked her. "No!" she gasped.

"Get out or I'll have a security guard escort you out," he said, moving toward his desk.

Defeated, she put on her clothes and headed toward the door.

"Oh and Ms. Leshar?"

She turned, her body shaking with shame and disappointment.

"If I were you, I'd start looking for another job."

Her mouth dropped open. "You can't fire me!"

"I'm not firing you. But from now on, your opportunities are limited in my company. I won't have blatant exhibitionists working here, trying to ruin our reputation."

"You were willing to have sex with me in private but not in public, is that it?"

"I was willing to have sex with you before I realized what a nutjob you were," he said. "And if you are thinking about filing some sort of sexual harassment claim, I wouldn't. You won't be believed. Now get out."

She was in tears as she fled the office.

Chapter Twelve

Wendy feeds the beast

Wendy knew the urge would build in her all day and night until she couldn't stand it. To head off the inevitable, she decided to follow through with her plan to visit escort services. She called in sick the rest of the day then went to her closet. She found a longer miniskirt this time—no point in making it too obvious—and a blouse that was a bit tight. Underneath she wore her best lacy underwear.

She took a cab down to the area just south of Times Square where many of the services were based. The first three places rejected her outright, saying they didn't need anyone. Wendy suspected they thought she might be an undercover cop. But on the fourth stop, she got lucky. A Vietnamese woman who was shorter than Wendy ran the place. They met in her cramped office. She looked at Wendy a long time before she responded to her inquiry.

"You want chob?" Under her dark hair, tied up in a bun, her eyes were steel, giving her a menacing appearance.

"Yes. I want to be an escort."

"You been escort before?"

"Um, not professionally. But as an amateur."

"You know what escort does?"

"Well, they go out with people who can't find a date and, um, other things as necessary."

"You a cop?"

"A cop? No, of course not."

"We have cop in here alla time, trying to bust us. We run clean operation."

"I'm not a cop."

"How I know? Cop lie."

"If you run a clean operation, why would it matter if a cop comes by?"

She scowled. "Before I hire you, you have to prove you not cop."

"I'm not sure how to do that."

"Take off clothes."

The request startled her but under the circumstances, it didn't seem outrageous. She stood and unbuttoned the tight blouse, laying it on the desk. The skirt soon followed. The woman came forward and examined her underwear carefully, running her fingers along the edges. Wendy shivered.

"You wear wire?"

"No, I'm not."

Seemingly satisfied, she returned to her desk. "As escort, how much service you willing to provide?"

Wendy sat down, feeling exposed. "I don't know. I've never done this before, I mean, not like this."

"You like to fuck men?"

Wendy colored. "Yes."

"Women?"

"I've never done that. I don't think I'd be interested."

The woman nodded. "You clean?"

"Clean? Oh you mean..."

"Yes. All whores tested, every month. Wear condoms alla time."

"That's, uh, fine with me." Actually it was a relief.

"One final part of chob application," the woman said, moving things around on her desk to clear an area.

"What's that?"

"You fuck my man here. We see if you really whore."

Wendy wanted to protest but she felt the urge take over her emotions. "Yes, okay."

"Take off underwear."

Wendy slipped off her bra and panties and piled them on her other clothes.

"Now lean over desk. Ass up."

Oh it's like that, she thought, and did as she was told.

"Spread leg." Wendy moved her legs apart and knew the older woman could see how wet she was.

"You must make man happy. You unnerstand?"

"Yes, I understand."

"Not about you. You don't come, too bad."

"I understand." She had no problem coming.

The woman went to the door. "Roger!" she shouted.

Wendy couldn't see but she felt very aroused by how she was being treated—like meat, like a whore. She shivered in delight.

She heard a man's voice but didn't turn her head to see who it was. "Yeah? Oh! Hey!"

"New girl. You fuck. Here condom. Make sure she not cop or faker."

"Sure, Mrs. Tueh, sure."

Now she turned to see a powerfully built man with an undersized black T-shirt stretched over his chest standing close behind her. He was probably the bouncer, she thought. *I'm about to be fucked by a stranger!*

She turned away and laid her face sideways on the desk. She heard him unzip his pants and prepared herself for his cock. Wendy felt his big hands on her small ass and wondered how well endowed he was. She jumped when the tip of his cock spread her wet labia. She sighed and tried to settle down.

But something was wrong! The itch wasn't being scratched! She tried to get up. The man held her down.

"What wrong?" The woman's sharp voice pierced her thoughts.

"He has to pay me! It doesn't matter how much. Just something! Otherwise, it's no good."

There followed a shocked silence. Then Mrs. Tueh barked, "Give her dollar."

The man fumbled for his wallet and Wendy felt a dollar bill being thrust into her hand. The relief was palpable.

"Good," she sighed. "Good."

He entered her smoothly and Wendy was transported to a high she'd never experienced before. Her mouth dropped open and she sucked in a breath. "Oh god, that's good," she moaned. She climaxed almost at once. Nothing in her life had prepared her for the intensity of this moment. It was as if she could feel every vein on his cock.

"Oh yes, fuck me, fuck me," she panted. "Put it in deep. Fuck me, baby."

She was out of her mind and she didn't care. She just wanted to stay in the moment for as long as she could. The bouncer pumped into her and she had two more orgasms before she felt his cock twitch deep within her. She wished he wasn't wearing a condom—she had a sudden urge to feel his hot sperm splash into her warm and welcoming cunt like it had with Bob. They stayed together for a long moment, Wendy trying hard to cling to the sensation. She was a slut, a whore, a cheap tart.

He pulled out and Wendy immediately felt let down. She wanted another cock, another payment. She lay there unmoving as Roger buckled up and left.

"You hire. You start tonight. You name Brandy. We call, you go to man's place. You charge one-fifty for blowjob, two-fifty for fuck. We get sixty percent, you forty. They want any funny stuff, charge more. You stop by here to give money every night. No try to cheat!"

"I won't," she said. With some effort she pulled herself up and began to dress. Now that she had been a whore, did she really need to show up for work tonight? After all, tomorrow the mysterious O'Grady would remove their spells, wouldn't he? She decided to worry about that later. For now, she finally felt the relief she had urgently sought.

For most of the rest of the afternoon, Wendy felt good, great even. She shopped, went to the library for some new books and enjoyed playing hooky from work.

By late afternoon however, Wendy felt those old urges returning. She knew if she didn't go meet a man, she would be pacing around all night, unable to sleep. For a short time, she entertained the notion of visiting Mr. Townbridge again but the idea paled next to what she might experience at the hands of Mrs. Tueh's customers. The leprechaun was pushing her.

The first phone call came at six-thirty. It was Mrs. Tueh. "You go to Hotel Diablo. Room 356. Meet man. He want you one hour. Regular fuck. Get two-fifty first."

Wendy dressed in a new miniskirt she had purchased just that day and wore a scoop-necked pullover over it. She had on a bra but didn't bother with panties. She slipped some condoms into her small purse and left, catching a taxi to the hotel.

Once there, she felt a pang of nervousness as she walked across the lobby. Not because she was going to whore herself out but because she might be stopped by the desk clerk. He ignored her. She rode the elevator up to the third floor.

She knocked on room 356 and it was opened at once by a fat man wearing a large, unbuttoned white dress shirt. His slacks were tight over his ample belly.

"Come in! You must be Brandy!"

"Yes." She felt the power of the leprechaun within her and it eased her fear.

The fat man tried to kiss her and Wendy turned her head. "Let's take care of business first, okay?"

"Oh sure." He reached into his pants pocket and pulled out a wallet. "Let's see, it was two hundred, right?"

"No," she said at once. "Two-fifty an hour. How many hours you want?"

"Just one." He slipped her the bills. She counted them carefully and put them in her purse.

"Okay." She smiled. "How do you want it?"

"First get me hard then we'll go from there."

She unbuckled his pants and eased down his voluminous boxer shorts. His cock was tiny amid all the flab. *God, is this what whores do?* she wondered. *Fuck ugly fat men?* She realized, yes, this is exactly what they do. It gave her a little thrill.

She began to suck on his small cock, which barely budged. At least he didn't smell too bad, she thought.

"Wait," he said. "It'll be better if you get naked."

Of course! She's not being a very experienced whore! Wendy quickly stripped off her clothes and bent down to try again. His cock stirred and she encouraged it, like a starving woman trying to start a fire in a rainstorm. She kissed and sucked and teased him until his cock speared out at her.

"You want to fuck now?"

"Not yet. I want to spank you."

Spank? Was that a special service? Wendy didn't know. She decided not to push it. "Okay."

He sat on the bed and she lay over his lap, careful not to hurt his cock. She could feel it next to her hip. He began to spank her, the sound loud in the room. It hurt! She wiggled her ass, trying to avoid the blows, but his meaty hand was all over her. As much as it hurt however, her inner leprechaun was delighted.

At last he finished and picked her up, tossing her on the bed. She rolled over onto her back, spreading her legs, even as she winced from the pain in her ass. "Come, big guy," she said. "Fuck me."

He loomed over her. She realized almost too late that he would crush her. "Wait! Go easy!" His mass enveloped her and she couldn't breathe. She hit him with her fists, trying to suck in some air. His cock stabbed at her and she shouted, "Condom! You have to wear a condom!"

The fat man cursed and rolled off her. He grabbed the condom and slipped it on. Wendy felt better but a part of her was disappointed, remembering how good it had been with Mr. Townbridge. Then her thoughts were blotted out when his bulk returned, nearly crushing her. She felt his cock at her slit. He pressed it in.

The man was quick once he was inside her. He pumped a few times and Wendy felt his cock twitch as he emptied himself. Despite the impossible circumstances, she had a powerful orgasm and briefly saw spots before her eyes. The fat man finally rolled off her and she gasped for air.

The room was silent for a time.

"Well, I'd better go." She started to rise.

He grabbed her. "Oh no, we've got a half-hour left. Come, sit on me."

In the back of her mind, she could hear the leprechaun laugh.

* * * * *

Wendy dragged herself back home at one-thirty in the morning. She was exhausted and sore. She had fucked four men during her inaugural stint as a call girl and it didn't have nearly the glamour she had fantasized about. After the fat man, there had been the Arab businessman who paid her to dance naked for him for a half-hour before he fucked her. He had paid her five hundred dollars for about ninety minutes work. Then there was the bachelor who was getting married in a week. Why he needed to fuck a

whore, she didn't understand. That was the best gig of the evening, for he paid her full price for regular sex, no funny stuff.

The last call had been the toughest one. She had gone to another hotel room where she was supposed to meet a businessman from Toronto. Instead, she found herself in a room with two very large black men. She had no prejudices about blacks but she did object to being lied to. When she tried to leave, they easily overpowered her. They made her suck them off and ejaculated on her face and breasts. Then they spanked her with their massive hands on her already sore bottom. Finally, they fucked her, their huge cocks spreading her tender pussy to the breaking point. Wendy had the presence of mind to convince them to use condoms by shouting, "Remember what happened to Magic Johnson!"

After two hours they let her go and handed her a fistful of money to keep quiet about it. She counted out six hundred dollars. All in all, she had made sixteen hundred dollars total, of which she got to keep more than six hundred. As she turned over the wads of cash to Mrs. Tueh, the Vietnamese woman smiled broadly at her and said, "You good whore. You make lotta money."

Wendy didn't have the heart to tell her she was quitting after tomorrow.

Chapter Thirteen

Carol submits

Carol sat at her computer, her fingers hovering above the keyboard as if it were a hot iron. She rubbed them against her palms and started again. It hadn't been hard to figure out what she must do. She knew what sites to look for. She had even visited a few out of curiosity, just to give herself a little thrill.

This time however, it would be different.

She called up a popular BDSM website and began to scroll through it. In just a few minutes, she had identified a Dom who regularly responded to people's questions. He called himself "Master K". Steeling herself, she emailed him a quick note, asking for his help in finding a trustworthy Dom in the New York City area. She briefly outlined her desire to "explore" this lifestyle. It felt odd for she was of two minds about it. She imagined that's just how the others felt before they gave in to their secret desires.

Within an hour he had responded. He wanted to know more. What was she into? Spankings? Bondage? Nipple play? Piercings? Water sports?

Carol wasn't even sure what some of those meant. She wrote back, saying she was just curious and wanted to go slow. She would work out those issues with the Dom, providing he was gentle and understanding. *Dammit*, she was thinking, *just give me a name and stop asking questions!*

He responded almost immediately this time. *Try Blue Dom – he's in NYC. He has links to this site.*

Carol looked up Blue Dom's email and wrote to him, asking for some information. She hoped he would be understanding.

Apparently Master K had alerted him for Blue Dom responded quickly. He gave her his Instant Message address and she contacted him right away.

Yes, I believe I can help you. I frequently work with "newbies", he wrote. I would only go as far as you needed until you learned what gave you the most pleasure. However my services are not free. He outlined a fee arrangement.

Carol felt vaguely insulted, although his fee was remarkably reasonable. It galled her she'd have to pay to get the leprechaun off her back. She wrote back and agreed. She felt as if she were moving too fast, yet she knew the other women were relying on her. In fact, she was moving too slow, she realized.

Blue Dom told her he could meet her that weekend – three days away.

No! She wrote back at once. Can't it be today?

Blue Dom: You are in a hurry. Is this part of some sting operation?

Carol: No, of course not.

Blue Dom: Then what's the rush?

How could she tell him? It could ruin everything. He might object when he realized this would be a one-time event. She planned to be cured by tomorrow.

My husband's out of town, she lied. And my son's staying with grandparents. I'm alone now but by Friday, both will be back. I've been thinking about this for a long time and if I'm going to try it, it would have to be today.

She smiled at her quick thinking. This would explain both her rush and the need for it to be a one-time deal.

Blue Dom: Very well. Meet me in two hours.

He gave an address on the Lower West side. She knew the neighborhood. It was a decent area, full of working-class people. It cheered her a little knowing he didn't live in Harlem. Idly, she wondered if he was black or white or something else.

Then again, did it matter?

Carol knew her friends would want her to call them so one or more could accompany her and make sure she was safe. But she didn't. She wasn't sure why. Perhaps each had to experience their inner desire alone. Suzanne didn't ask for anyone

to come to the bars with her when she picked up men. And Diane had fucked that shopkeeper by herself. No, she would have to straighten her spine and do it, despite her fears.

But she couldn't deny the secret thrill it gave her.

She took a taxi to the address and found it to be a brownstone in a recently revitalized area. She was early so she waited in a coffee shop across the street, her eyes on the door. No one entered or left during the half-hour she sat and sipped her hot drink.

Steeling herself, she walked across the street, raised the heavy knocker on the door. It opened almost at once, as if he had been watching her approach. Carol stepped back, ready to run. The man who appeared in the doorway was just an inch or two taller than she was, probably five-ten. But he was solidly built with a thick chest and powerful arms that filled the sleeves of the dress shirt he wore. She guessed him to be about thirty-five, close to her age.

"Carol?" He had a slight accent, possibly European.

"Y-yes." She wondered if it had been wise to give him her real name.

"I'm Barry. Known as the Blue Dom online. Please come in."

He seemed surprisingly calm and, well, nice, she noted. He didn't act like a Dom. She stepped through the portal and watched as he closed the door behind them. Was she trapped now? She struggled to make small talk to calm her nerves. She looked around. They were in the living room.

"You have a nice place."

"Thank you. I inherited it from my parents. Come, I'll show you around." They went from room to room downstairs and Barry acted the perfect host. When he showed her his office, Carol suddenly realized how he had come up with that odd screen name. A large painting adorned one wall—a reproduction of one of Picasso's paintings during his famous "blue period". She smiled, visualizing him sitting there, his eyes on that painting. She felt a little more at ease.

They moved on, passing through the clean, well-appointed kitchen and dining room. Carol noted however, that he didn't show her the upstairs.

They returned to the living room and he asked her to sit. "Coffee?"

"Uh, no, no thanks. I had some a little while ago."

"You came early." It was a statement, not a question.

"Y-yes. How could you tell?"

"Well, someone who contacts me and wants immediate action would probably show up early to check out the place, correct?"

"Uh, yes."

"So tell me, Carol. What is the rush? Why act now?"

"Uh, well, like I said, I've had these feelings for a long time and my husband doesn't—"

"Please don't lie to me. You aren't married."

Her mouth gaped open. How did he know?

"You're not wearing any rings on your left hand."

"I-I could've removed them," she pointed out.

Barry shook his head. "You have no tan line on your finger, which tells me you don't normally wear rings there. Now why don't you tell me what's really going on?"

"I-I can't. You wouldn't believe me."

"Then I suggest you find another Dom. I'd prefer not to get involved in something I don't understand."

"No!" The idea she'd have to start over frightened her. She liked this man, even trusted him a bit, if that was possible in her situation.

"All right," she said. "But you're not going to believe me and you'll probably think I'm crazy."

"Give me the benefit of the doubt," he said.

Carol took a deep breath and began telling him the strange story of the leprechaun sculpture and its effect on her and her friends, watching his face for signs of derision. To his credit, he listened with rapt attention, eyes registering understanding and a certain amount of disbelief at the same time.

"That's your story?" he said when she was finished.

"Yes. It's the truth. I told you, you wouldn't believe me."

"Strangely enough, I want to believe you, although it's an impossible story."

"I know. It's impossible for me to believe too. For all of us."

"Give me the phone number of this Suzanne you mentioned."

That startled her but she gave it to him. Barry rose and went into his office. She could hear the murmur of his voice. He returned in a few minutes and sat down across from her, nodding his head. "She backs you up. Hard to imagine..."

"I wish it weren't so. I'd give anything to go back to the way we all were."

"She also said I'd better take good care of you or I'll have the wrath of your three friends down on me." He smiled.

She laughed. "Yeah, that's them. They're very protective of me."

"And this O'Grady character, he says you have to act out your fantasy in order to have this curse lifted?"

"Yes."

"So this is a one-time deal then, right?"

She lowered her eyes. "I hope so." Would he refuse to help her?

"Very well. I appreciate your honesty. I assume you brought your checkbook?"

Carol looked up, eyes alight. "Yes! Oh thank you!"

He held up a hand. "Don't thank me yet. I believe if this is going to work, you'll probably need the full-on treatment, albeit abbreviated."

"Yes, that would be good," she said, her stomach fluttering in anticipation. She wrote him a check on the spot, her hand shaking. He took it from her and pocketed it.

"Stand up."

She did, her nervousness almost causing her to faint.

"Relax." He stepped close. "You're perfectly safe. You know that, don't you?"

"Y-yes, I think so."

"Good. Remove your clothes."

She gaped at him. "Just like that?"

"Just like that."

Her fingers fumbled with her buttons. His eyes never left her—he seemed to be enjoying her discomfort.

"Come on, I don't have all day." He reached out and casually slapped her hip.

Carol jumped and began to peel off her clothes more quickly. Her body tingled all over. He stepped back and watched as they came off. It felt strange, being under his control. Intellectually she rebelled but emotionally this was just what she needed.

She paused when she was down to her bra and panties, but when Barry signaled her, she stripped them off as well. She stood there covering herself, embarrassed.

"Come, come, my little submissive, don't be shy."

Her hands came away and she felt her skin heat under his gaze. "God," she breathed. "This is so unlike me."

"That may be true, but it's what you need. I can tell."

She nodded. Was that really what she needed for herself or just to satisfy the leprechaun? Then again, it really didn't matter. She needed to stop thinking, she told herself.

Barry walked around her, taking in her beauty. Carol watched him, wishing she could cover herself. She felt like a gangly kid, unworthy of his attention.

"Do you understand the nature of the dominant/submissive roles?"

"Yes, sir." The formal address just came naturally to her.

“And do you see yourself as a submissive?”

“No,” she said at once. Then — “Well, today I do.”

“Ahh, you see, that’s your problem. I believe you’ve always been a submissive — otherwise that would not have been your secret fantasy. But you’ve repressed it to the point that you deny it, even as you stand here naked.”

She could only nod.

“You have to give yourself permission to let go.” He reached out and took her hand. “I realize this is sudden but you set the timetable. Normally we would go slower. Come, I will help you.”

He led her to the stairs. Carol looked up warily, afraid. What lay in store for her up there? A dungeon? Or would he simply take her to his bed and rape her? She tried to resist and he caught her forearm.

“Trust. It’s a difficult concept in this situation, I know. But think of it this way — you paid for the service. What kind of businessman would I be if I harmed my customers?”

She smiled. “Okay. I’m just afraid.”

“Don’t be. I plan on asking you to give a recommendation on my website.” He slipped her a sly grin.

She laughed and allowed him to guide her up the stairs. Her fears abated. He opened a door at the top of the stairs and eased her through it. Carol stopped and stared.

“Oh my god, it *is* a dungeon!” The room contained whips, chains, restraints and other strange devices that seemed medieval to her. She started to back out.

“Whoa. Relax. You are the most nervous sub I’ve encountered.” He waved his hand at the room. “About ninety percent of this stuff you can ignore. It’s not for you.”

For some reason, Carol felt a frisson of disappointment. Very strange.

“Here,” he said. “Let’s put these on you.” He held padded leather cuffs and began fastening them to her wrists.

Another wave of pleasure and fear ran through her. But she stood still while he buckled them in place then bent to put similar cuffs on her ankles.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to free your inner sub." He led her to a thick wooden post in the middle of the room. There were rings hanging from the sides, near the top and bottom. He pressed her up against the smooth wood and clicked her cuffs to the rings above her head. He bent down and used short lengths of chain to fasten her ankles to the post. She could move her feet about six inches, no more.

"What are you going to do?" she asked again.

He moved out of her vision and she could hear something being taken down from the wall. *Oh god, she thought, he's going to whip me!*

"No! You can't!"

He came close and showed her what he held in his hand. "Relax, my little sub. This is a suede cat o'nine tails, my softest whip." He rubbed it against her shoulder. It *was* soft, but she shivered regardless.

"You can't," she whispered.

"Of course I can. Consider it part of your training."

He stepped back and she heard the whisk of the whip in the air then it struck her. She jumped, although she could tell he hadn't put much force into it.

"See? It's merely for focusing the mind." He struck her again, harder.

The whip warmed her skin and made beads of perspiration appear. She shook her body and the rings rattled. Carol was trapped, helpless.

Slash! The whip cut across her rump. It stung and then made her hot. Her clit swelled and she could smell her own arousal. How could this be?

"Oh god," she whimpered. She couldn't describe her emotions. They swirled and churned within her. But for some reason, she felt a sense of trust with Barry. He

certainly seemed to know what he was doing. Her fears were pushed back and she decided to let go a little and see where this took her.

He began to strike her again and again – not too hard, but hard enough to sting her flesh and raise her temperature. She trembled. Hot tears ran down her cheeks. Her whole body felt as if it were on fire.

She found herself moving out of her body. She was looking down, seeing this shapely woman being whipped, her skin red and pink. Barry looked so masculine and in control, standing behind her with the whip. Carol watched as the woman began to thrust her ass back to meet the blows. Then she was tipping her hips, trying to expose more of her pussy to him. *Fuck her*, she told him. *She wants it*.

Barry stopped suddenly and dropped the whip. She came rushing back into her body, feeling the desire overwhelm her. He grasped her shoulders with both hands. "Tell me," he gasped. "Tell me what you want."

"Fuck me," she gasped through her clenched teeth. "Fuck me."

"Now you're beginning to understand why women enjoy being the sub," he said. She heard him behind her, unzipping his pants. She couldn't wait and pushed her hips out to make it easier for him. He took a few extra seconds to put on a condom and Carol was impatient.

"Just do it!"

He slapped her rump. "You don't give the orders, remember?"

"Oh god, please." She waited until he was ready. The tip of his cock touched her wetness and slid inside. An instant tremor rocked her, a mini-orgasm. Carol hung by the cuffs, wishing she were free so she could bend over more and spread her legs in order to feel the full effects of his hard cock.

"Please," she said.

He slapped her ass again and she shut up, letting him have his way. She wasn't sure she could come this way, not as if she wanted to. Carol realized this was for his pleasure, not hers. Was that the sub's duty? Not to be pleased, only to please?

She had much to learn.

He sped up and she whimpered. His body pressed her against the wood, her breasts and clit felt ignored. She wanted to be pinched and slapped and rubbed until she came—it wouldn't take much.

Suddenly she felt his cock erupt within her and she cried out in frustration. Another mini-orgasm shuddered through her and she found herself begging.

"Touch my clit! Please touch my clit!"

"No." He held her close. "You're not ready."

He pulled out and she could feel her wetness leak out. Barry pulled off his condom and tossed it in a nearby trash can.

"Please," she said again.

He came close. "Subs have to learn. Orgasms have to be earned."

"Oh god."

He freed her and she was so weak she could barely stand. Her body felt lightweight and sweaty. He wrapped an arm around her and helped her to a bench.

"Rest here for a minute. Then we'll start again."

"Oh my god." All she could think about was an orgasm. Suddenly, she realized, the leprechaun was gone. For the first time in days, her mind was clear.

Chapter Fourteen

Another visit with Peter O'Grady

Carol tried to walk normally as she met Wendy, Suzanne and Diane outside O'Grady's townhouse at ten o'clock the next morning. After her amazing experience, she still felt aroused, several hours later. Her back and ass still felt warm from the whip and her clit was teased by her underwear, reminding her of her extraordinary experience. There was a red scrape on her cheek from the post that she couldn't quite cover with makeup.

But she had never felt more alive in her life.

"My god," said Suzanne. "Look at you! I was so worried—I'm glad you had him call me last night."

"Who called? What happened?" Wendy butted in.

Suzanne turned to her. "Carol met with a BDSM guy last night."

"Oh my god!" She put her hand over her mouth. Her eyes gave away her curiosity. "Um, how was it?"

Carol gave her a sly smile. "Pretty good. He was the real thing, that's for sure," Carol said, gingerly touching her cheekbone.

"Wow. Did he hurt you?" said Wendy.

"No, I would have to say he didn't," she responded, her body still tingling.

"How did you find him?" she asked.

"Online of course. You know, there's quite a society of Doms and subs in New York."

"Did he...?" Diane trailed off. Her expression told Carol she thought her question indelicate.

Carol decided to let her off the hook. "Fuck me? Oh yeah," she said.

"Was it horrible?" Suzanne asked. She knew it was a stupid question as soon as the words left her lips. But Carol's answer surprised her.

"Actually, it was just what the doctor ordered." She didn't want to tell them how she had begged Barry for it and how she wanted more. It wouldn't sound right to her modern, feminist friends.

"Well, at least you're all right," Diane said.

"Yes, and the leprechaun was satisfied. I feel almost normal today. How about the rest of you?"

The others averted her looks. "Uh-oh. That can only mean one thing."

"Yeah," admitted Wendy. "But it doesn't mean we're still not in sync. I mean, we've all succumbed to the wishes of the leprechaun's curse. So we're even, right?"

"I hope so," Carol said. "I'm not sure I want to do this again." That was a lie. She knew she could see Barry again and give her body completely to him. It thrilled her to think of what demands he might require for her orgasms.

"Well, come on, let's get rid of this curse," Suzanne said, and knocked on the door. The same butler opened the door. "Ah, ladies. Mr. O'Grady is expecting you."

They came in, hope in their hearts, and were led to the library. Peter, as before, waited for them behind his desk.

"Ladies!" he said cheerfully. "Top o' the morning to ya."

"Knock it off, O'Grady," Suzanne said. "We've come to get rid of the curse."

"Please sit down. Tell me what's happened since yesterday. Especially you, my dear girl," he said to Carol.

"Oh no, not again," Diane said. "Can't we just get on with it? You said we all had to have experienced some of what the leprechaun demanded. Well, we have. So if you don't mind, we'd like to cut to the chase."

"That's not the way it works," he said evenly, cutting off argument. "Carol, let's start with you. Do you believe you fulfilled your secret fantasy?"

"Oh yes," she said. Carol briefly outlined her visit to Barry's dungeon.

"Hmm. All right. Diane, you seem reluctant to talk. What's happened since your last visit?"

"Dammit. I don't like this True Confessions crap."

"Come on, Diane, let's just get this over with," urged Suzanne. "I know O'Grady is getting his rocks off listening to it, but if that's the price we have to pay to get rid of this curse, so be it."

"Easy for you to say. All you did was pick up another anonymous fuck. I lost my job yesterday."

There came a chorus of sympathetic voices. Diane explained as quickly as she could the disaster that occurred when her CEO made advances toward her.

"But you didn't actually lose your job," pointed out Wendy.

"No, but the clock is ticking," she said. "I destroyed my career. Or should I say, that *thing* destroyed it." She pointed with a shaking finger to the ugly little statue on Peter's desk.

"Wendy, your turn."

"Oh god. I gave in. I went to an escort service and they sent me on four tricks last night."

She endured another round of shocked responses, followed by much sympathy. She just nodded and folded her arms over her chest. O'Grady, the bastard, made her describe her encounters. She tried to be brief as possible.

"Now you've heard our sad stories. Can you fix it before we all die?" Diane demanded.

"I will do my best," he promised. "I called back to the home country and talked to some of my relatives. They too were surprised by the little guy's power. They chalked it

up to an unusual confluence of events.” He began ticking them off on his fingers. “One, it was a full moon that night, two, you all confessed your deepest, darkest secrets out loud to each other and three, you’re all clearly very close friends. So you all got a double or triple dose of your wishes.”

“Fine, so stop it. Please,” Suzanne said.

“Very well. They told me what I need to do. It’s a little unusual, I admit. But my relatives swear it’s the only way.”

They waited, eyes wary.

“Are you willing to do exactly what I say?”

Four women nodded.

“First, you must all remove every stitch of clothing and put them in a three-foot circle here on the rug.”

“What!? No way!”

“I’m not doing that!”

Peter simply waited them out. “You’re wasting time.”

The friends realized they had little choice, even if the idea seemed crazy. Slowly they began peeling off their clothes, making a crude circle. Bras, blouses, skirts and panties soon littered the floor. They bent over and adjusted the clothes into the desired shape as directed by Peter.

“Good,” he said at last. “Now, get into the circle and face inward, putting your arms around each other. Yes, do it tightly like that.” He was rewarded with a view of four delicious asses, pointing in all directions. He moved around the circle, helping them to adjust arms and feet, making sure they were all even.

“Now let me get my book of incantations.” He went to the shelf and pulled down an old dusty volume. He found the page he needed and approached the women.

“Now close your eyes,” he said, and he began to read in Gaelic.

Tha mi fo ch~ram a dhiu ro eileadh
Tha mi fo ch~ram's fo mhoran tursa.
'S mo cheist air c~irteir a' bhrollaich ghlE-ghil.
Tha mi fo ch~ram a dhiu ro eileadh.
Tha mi fo ghruaimean
'S gur fhad o'n uair sin
Mo ghaol a' bhuachail
'S cha chual e fhE-in e.

When he was finished, he was silent for two long minutes. The women stayed huddled in their nakedness, eyes closed, waiting for their ordeal to end.

"Very well. The curse is almost lifted."

"Almost?!" exclaimed Suzanne. "What now?"

"No, I'm sorry, I misspoke. Please, you may all get dressed now. I'll explain more fully in a minute."

They all scrambled into their clothes. When they were seated on the couch and chair again, their eyes burned holes into Peter as they waited.

"Please," he said, holding up a hand. "Relax. The power of the 'curse', as you call it, has been greatly diminished. Now it's back to where it's supposed to be, just a mere suggestion. Like something you'd all like to do one day."

"I think we've done quite enough, thank you," Carol said.

"Yeah, I never want to have any more fantasies about being a call girl," noted Wendy.

"Or an exhibitionist."

"Or a slut." They all laughed nervously at Suzanne's crude description of her escapades.

"So then we won't have these strong desires anymore? You promise?" Carol wanted to be sure.

"Not according to my clan, who are experts in this. They say such a thing should have never happened. It has never happened before."

"Yeah, we should sue," said Diane. "I'm going to be losing my job over this."

"Maybe not. You could go back to your boss and explain that you were hypnotized or something."

"Well, I'm just glad it's over," Wendy said. "Now I want to go back to my regular life."

"What will you do when your escort service calls?" Diane asked.

"I'll tell them I retired. Effective immediately."

"At least you made six hundred bucks," Carol said wryly. "I had to pay the man to whip me."

"I lost my dignity," Diane said. "I'll trade you."

Suzanne stood. "Well, if that's it then we'll be going." She turned to the Irishman. "But if anything else happens, can you fix it?"

"I can redo the incantation again if necessary. But I doubt it will be. Consider yourself cured."

The women nodded and left, much relieved. Outside, they stood on the sidewalk and chatted for a few minutes.

"That little scene in there was weird," Diane said. "I mean I'm the exhibitionist so I kinda liked it, but it was weird, wasn't it?"

"Yeah, it almost seemed like some practical joke or something. I mean if it wasn't so serious," added Wendy.

"But how do you feel? Do you feel different?" Carol looked around anxiously.

"Yes, I do actually," Suzanne said. "I don't feel like picking up any more men, that's for sure. Maybe I'll become a hermit."

"And I'm glad I have my clothes on," Diane added.

"Good. Then I can sleep easy tonight," Carol said, trying to hide her disappointment in not needing Barry's services any longer. "Thank god."

"Don't you feel better too?"

"I guess. But I think it's so fresh in my mind. I mean it was a powerful experience."

"Of course," Suzanne said, patting her arm. "Just give it time."

"Well, I'd better get back to work. Anyone going uptown?" Wendy flagged down a cab.

"I will," Carol said, and they jumped in it together.

"You going downtown? I can get us a cab," Diane said.

"Yeah." But Suzanne stood there, looking pensive.

"What's wrong?"

She shook her head. "I don't know. Nothing. It's just this whole thing has me rattled."

"That's the understatement of the year. Come on, I'd better get back to work while I still have a job."

* * * * *

The butler returned to the library and approached Peter's desk. He picked up the dusty volume and read the cover. "Gaelic poetry, sir?"

"Were you listening?"

"To some of it. I used to know that poem in English. It goes something like —

I will climb no more

To the wilds of the moorlands;

I will climb no more.

I received a letter from Edinburgh

Saying I must not go to the moorland...

"I can't remember the rest."

"That's very good, Emmon. You have an excellent memory."

"What about the ladies?"

Peter laughed. "You know, I've never gotten four at once like that. That's as rare as a four-leaf clover, don't you think?"

"Yes, sir. But you really think it was wise, leading them on like that?"

He shrugged. "Probably not. But it was fun, getting them starkers and all. That little bit of nonsense should keep them for a while. The power of suggestion, you see."

"And then what, sir?"

Peter looked around his favorite room. "I think we might've worn out our welcome here in New York. What do you say we pack up and try France for a while? I'd love to snare a lovely young Frenchwoman. I hear they're very passionate."

Emmon smiled. "Very good, sir. I'll make the arrangements."

Chapter Fifteen

Tendrils

For the women, the week crept by in blessed peace, disturbed only by occasional dreams that served to remind them of their individual fantasies. They chalked it up to the “suggestion” left by the curse and moved on to repair the damage in their lives.

Diane reached out to Dartling by sending him a note to tell him she had been hypnotized at a party recently and was made to think she was an exhibitionist. *I fear in my nervousness in meeting with you in your office, I may have regressed into my hypnotized state and acted inappropriately*, she wrote.

He called her back up to his office the next day.

When she was in his presence again, Diane tried to pretend that she had little memory of their previous encounter. Dartling remained skeptical.

“This story sounds farfetched,” he told her. “I saw you with my own two eyes. You wanted to stand naked in front of that window and have sex!” He pointed with emphasis at the large window facing across the street.

Diane followed his finger and found a sudden pang of desire. It shocked her. She covered it well. “Oh my god!” She hid her face in her hands. “I am so sorry! I don’t remember everything that day. I can’t believe I did that!”

“What do you remember?”

“Well, I remember you were very nice to me. We were talking and you asked if I needed a brandy. And I remember touching your, uh...” She trailed off. Her boss looked away, embarrassed. “Then...my memory is hazy after that.”

He softened, but only a little. “This sounds like ‘damage control’. I never knew hypnosis could make one do something they wouldn’t normally do in real life.”

She looked up. "Sir, I think I know where this came from." She didn't have to act during this part—she could feel the blush rise in her face. Taking a deep breath, she described her "secret fantasy", just as she had done for her friends earlier. He looked shocked.

"That's something I never told anyone before because it's so embarrassing. But I believe this explains why I was able to be hypnotized in that way."

"That's...that's incredible. So at this party, did the hypnotist make you, uh, do things like that?"

"Yes, although I don't remember. He told me he made me cluck like a chicken and other routine things, but I suspected that more took place. The others at the party seemed quite amused by me. It was only after I confided in a friend who was also at the party that she mentioned that the hypnotist made me flash the crowd. It was nothing more than unbuttoning my blouse, she told me. It was actually quite innocent, but I think it caused something to be tripped in my mind. That was why I was so strange that day."

She saw his surprised expression and quickly added, "I'm not really crazy. I feel I was pushed into it. But I'm better now."

He nodded. "Very well. I'll give you the benefit of the doubt—but only because Richard spoke up in your defense. You may return to your office. You've given me a lot to think about."

She stood and thanked him for his time. She noticed with some secret pleasure that his cock had again grown hard in his pants.

* * * * *

When Wendy's service called that night, she told Mrs. Tueh she was quitting.

"What? You just start! You make good money!"

"I know, but it's just not me. I thought it was," she said. "Turns out I'm not a whore after all."

And that was it. She was furious and cursed her out in Vietnamese and Wendy simply hung up on her. In an exaggerated motion, she dusted off her hands and tried to put the ugly incident behind her.

It wasn't easy. She met Bob in the hallway often and always turned bright red when she remembered how she had fucked him. And that was the proper word—not "make love" or "have sex". She had fucked him like a hooker.

"Hi there, Wendy," he would say, giving her a nod or a wink, and she'd blush and turn away.

One evening, not long after the incantation, Bob stopped her in the hall and asked her if she had been accepted into that club.

"What club?" she asked foolishly before she realized what he meant. "Oh that club! I, uh, decided not to join after all."

"Really? You seemed willing to do anything to get in before. I was hoping your initiation might be repeated." He tipped his head knowingly.

"No! I mean, no, I don't think so. It was kind of an aberration. Please, can't we just forget about it?"

He nodded sadly. "Ah well. I suppose it was too good to be true. But I want you to know that you made my night—hell, my year—and if you ever change your mind, I'll be around."

She thanked him and scooted away. Surprisingly, she felt guilty. He could've become a very good customer, she thought. A little pang of desire thrummed in her.

* * * * *

Suzanne stayed away from bars—and men—for several days. She went to work, came home and went out only for groceries. She didn't even contact her best friends, nor did they contact her. It was as if they all wanted to forget everything and just looking at each other would remind them. She hoped their friendship wasn't ruined forever.

Friday afternoon, a coworker invited her to join a small group for drinks at the bar down the street. She almost said no then decided it was silly for her to continue to deny herself fun. "Sure," she said. "Just for a little while."

She met two other women in her department in the lobby downstairs and they headed off to the bar to complain about their bosses and discuss projects. It was an enjoyable evening. Suzanne even caught sight of a man she'd like to meet but resisted the urge.

One of the other women—Alice—caught her roving eye and told her she should go for it. "Come on," she urged. "Pam and I will be fine. He's a hunk and he only has eyes for you."

"No, I don't think so," she said, turning her back to the man. "I'm not in a place to meet guys right now."

"Oh really? When does that ever happen for women?" She meant it playfully but it struck a nerve.

"What? You think I'm just out to pick up men all the time?" She regretted her words instantly and apologized. "I'm just a little on edge. I broke up with a guy recently..." She waved off any further details.

Even as she spoke, she felt that familiar heat in her loins and realized she missed having a man around. When the stranger sent over a round of drinks to the table, she turned with the others to raise their glasses in thanks and she saw the other women were right—he only had eyes for her.

He came over. Pam and Alice nearly squealed with excitement. Suzanne steeled herself.

"Hi," he said, smiling with even white teeth. He was ruggedly handsome and dressed in an expensive suit. He would look at home chopping wood at a mountain cabin or in a boardroom. "My name is..."

Suzanne found herself gripping the edge of the table so hard her fingers turned white.

“Ben. Ben Samuelson.”

She smiled. The world didn’t end because he told her his name. The curse must really be gone, she decided.

“Hi,” she said. “I’m Suzanne. This is Pam and Alice.”

* * * * *

Carol wrestled with her conscience over the next few days. She knew she was cured yet she wanted to see Barry again. The idea of submitting to the strong, handsome man sent shivers down her spine. Why was that? Perhaps it wasn’t the leprechaun but her own needs coming to the surface.

She almost called him a couple of times but stopped each time. She also didn’t like the idea of having to pay him. That wasn’t right. If she was going to find someone with whom she could explore this D/s relationship, she damn sure wasn’t going to pay for it! She had more pride than that!

But it was right, the way it had gone. By paying, she had become the customer. It was a business arrangement. She smiled to herself as she rode the subway home and caught the eye of the man across the seat. He smiled back, thinking she was flirting with him. Carol averted her eyes.

At home, she allowed her curiosity to get the better of her and sat down at the computer. She called up various bondage and D/s websites. She looked at pictures and read some stories. They excited her and she removed her skirt and pantyhose. Her hand was busy between her legs. Carol brought herself to three orgasms before she finally tore herself away and went to bed.

Lying there, she could recall the home page of one of the sites, a personal favorite. There to the left had been a list of links she had tried hard to ignore. But now, in her mind’s eye, she could see the link to *BDSM Chat* and wondered if she would have the nerve—or the need—to explore this lifestyle further.

Chapter Sixteen

Realization

Monday night, the weekly bull session of the girls almost didn't happen. But Suzanne called and insisted they come to her house to talk over everything. She had her doubts about what had happened at O'Grady's townhouse and wanted to hear what the others thought.

They trooped in at seven, looking tired and anxious. Looking at them, it would be hard to imagine the cheerful, funny, bitchy women who had filed in to Suzanne's just two weeks ago.

"Anyone want a drink?"

There came a chorus of affirmatives. Suzanne poured everyone wine. For several minutes they sat and drank without speaking a word. Then Suzanne broke the ice.

"I know no one really wants to be here. Trust me, I felt the same. Not that I don't love you girls to death, but I just wanted to be alone with my own thoughts and see if this curse was truly lifted. Since we're all in this together, I wanted to discuss it with you."

The other three nodded. This was like a trip to the dentist—painful but necessary.

Suzanne went on to describe how much better she felt and how she hadn't had the urge to pick up men...except for that odd little incident when she met the man on Friday and had to grab the table in panic when he told her his name.

"I just thought that was strange for a woman who's 'cured'. Did anyone have any similar experiences?"

Diane described her attempts to make amends with her boss. "It seemed to go pretty well but I'm not sure he's convinced."

"Yes, but did you feel any urges? You know..." Suzanne pressed.

"Well, there was a twinge I felt when I saw his big picture window again. But I chalked that up to the fact the leprechaun still is 'suggesting' things to us. It seems controllable..."

"Wendy? How about you?"

"I quit the escort service of course. The only thing now is I'm embarrassed to see Mr. Townbridge in the hall."

"Well, that's good news," Suzanne said. "That's really good news."

"Yeah, except that..."

The others leaned forward, their faces tense.

"Well, he was really nice to me. Mr. Townbridge. He was what I would've called a 'good customer'. I still have that feeling about him."

"Oh shit," Carol said.

"Did you feel something too?"

"Yeah. I mean mostly I felt this, uh, curiosity. But I haven't acted on it...yet."

"Yet?" Diane asked.

"It's hard to explain. Barry—the Dom I visited that one time—was really nice. So I've been doing a little research into the subject. And I have been having some dreams again."

"Shit," Suzanne said. "We've got to call O'Grady. We might have to have another incantation." She got up and went to the phone. Standing there, she could see the worry on her friends' faces and hoped another session would do the trick. The phone rang and rang.

"Dammit! There's no answer. And no answering machine."

"Well, he's probably out, doing whatever it is leprechauns do," Wendy said. "Try again later."

The four women tried to talk about other things—work, relationships, mothers—but soon the conversation trailed off. Suzanne tried to call O’Grady again and got nowhere.

“Tell you what,” she said. “I’ll stop by there tomorrow and talk to him or his weird butler and let you guys know what’s up.”

They all agreed. Looking at each other, they realized they had nothing more to say. They made their goodbyes and left. Suzanne looked at her watch—seven-forty-five. Normally, the girls would’ve stayed until nine-thirty or ten.

The next day, Suzanne took a taxi to O’Grady’s during her lunch hour and stepped out, determined to get to the bottom of all this. She froze immediately. There in front of the building was a Realtor’s sign.

“Oh no,” she whispered, and ran up the steps. She pounded on the door. There was no answer. “Oh no,” she said again, and hurried to a window. Peering inside, using her hand as a shield, she could see only an empty room.

“Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit!”

Grabbing her cell phone, she dialed the Realtor’s number.

“Hello? Yes, I’m inquiring about the property on Lancaster? The townhouse?”

“Oh yes, isn’t it lovely?” the smooth voice of the Realtor said. “Just came on the market first of this week. I’m sure it’s going to go fast. Would you like to see it?”

“I’m really more interested in the former tenant. A Peter O’Grady. He left rather suddenly and I need to get in touch with him.”

“Oh I’m sorry. He said he was going back to Europe and that he’d be contacting me later, after the house has sold. He left me the name of his attorney in Dublin, if that would help.”

“Oh yes!” She wrote it down, thanked him and hung up.

She checked her watch. Let’s see, they were about five hours ahead so she might just catch him in his office. Suzanne dialed the international number.

"Hello? Mr. Patrick O'Malley?"

"Yes, this is he," came the melodious Irish voice.

"Thank god! I'm calling from America—New York City. I'm Suzanne Diggs. It's imperative that I get in touch with Peter O'Grady..."

"Peter O'Grady, you say?"

"Yes! It's very important!"

"Well, he has no set address yet. He'll be callin' me when he's settled in, wherever that it."

"You don't know where he is?"

"No, Peter roams around. He's a regular gadfly, he is."

"Please, can you get a message to him as soon as he checks in? It's urgent."

Suzanne gave him her name and number, and O'Malley promised he'd get it to Peter as soon as he called in. She hung up, feeling the terrible weight of dread pressing on her.

* * * * *

The women met again Tuesday night in Suzanne's apartment. She told them about O'Grady's sudden move and that all she could do was leave a message with his lawyer.

"Oh no," Carol said. "Why would he suddenly leave?"

"I don't know. But it seems very odd," Diane said. "But let's not panic now. We all feel better, right?"

One look around the room and that hopeful notion was quickly put to rest. All four seemed drawn with worry.

"We had the incantation, we'll be fine!" Wendy said with false cheeriness.

"Yeah, about that," Suzanne said. "I've been thinking about it."

"Yeah?" Diane frowned.

"Something O'Grady said bothered me. I didn't think it through at the time but now, in light of the fact that he left so suddenly, it came back to me."

"What? What?"

"He was talking about calling his relatives, who he said gave him the incantation. Then he said, 'They say such a thing should have never happened. It has never happened before.' My question is, if it has never happened before, how did they know what incantation would work?"

A terrible silence filled the room.

"You don't think..." Diane began.

"I'm not sure," Suzanne responded. "We do feel better, right? I'm just wondering...did he make all that up? Was the incantation a hoax?"

"It did seem very strange to have us all get naked like that," Carol said.

"Yeah, if I hadn't been so anxious for it to work, I would've thought he was getting his jollies or something," Wendy put in.

Everyone nodded.

"Shit. Does that mean...?"

"What? That the curse isn't lifted? No, that's nonsense," Suzanne quickly said. "It just seems strange, that's all."

There was really nothing more to be said. Each realized she would have to face her demons on her own. After some dispirited goodbyes, they left, each deep in their own thoughts.

Epilogue

Six months later

Suzanne spotted the man across the room and did her best to ignore him. She felt that familiar thrum in her loins as she stood at the bar, ordering a glass of wine.

As she turned away and raised the glass to her lips, she caught sight of him staring at her with unabashed lust and she had to look away for fear she'd climax right on the spot. There was something about him. He was a handsome man, over six feet tall with dark shaggy hair and piercing brown eyes. She knew if he approached her, she would be helpless to stop herself. Already her pussy began to lubricate in anticipation.

Stop it! she told herself. *I can't go on doing this!*

She turned away, fighting her emotions. She scanned the other side of the room, looking for a friend or coworker to distract herself from the man's eyes.

"Can I buy you a drink?"

She turned, startled to see him standing at her elbow, and knew she was lost in that moment. Up close he was even more handsome, if that was possible, and she could see the muscles pressing against his shirt. And he smelled wonderful! A scent of aftershave mixed with a musky, manly odor, as if he had worked outdoors all day and had jumped into the shower just before coming to the bar.

She had to get this man into a bed.

"Sure," she said, trying to keep her voice cool, although she felt anything but that.

He ordered her another glass then turned back to face her. "I should introduce myself. I'm—"

She held up a hand. "No names."

He looked puzzled. "No names?"

"No. Humor me, okay?"

He gave a half nod. "All right, Miss X. We'll play it your way."

"Good. You'll find it's better that way."

"Am I to assume that you don't want to know anything about me? Where I work or what my dreams are?"

She thought about that and gave him a smile. "Work, okay—but be generic." Suzanne was curious about what he did that kept him in such good shape.

"I'm a steelworker."

Suzanne had a sudden image of him pounding rivets, sweat pouring off his dirt-stained body and had to grip the bar for support.

"Are you all right?"

"No. I mean, yes, I'm fine. Just a little dizzy there for a second."

"Well, okay then. Can I ask what you do—generically of course."

"Legal secretary."

He grinned. "So we have Beauty and the Beast, brains and the brawn."

"Something like that."

"Looks like we've just about run out of conversation though. That is, unless you want to know more about me."

Yeah, like what do you look like with your clothes off? "You're right. We do seem to be at an impasse."

"Well, this goes against everything I've been taught about women—you know, about taking it slow and getting to know each other. But if we can't talk, we might as well go to my place and fuck."

Another wave of pleasure coursed through her. She put her half-empty glass on the bar. "I thought you'd never ask."

She took his arm and they caught a cab outside. They rode the eight blocks in silence. Suzanne never let go of his arm, feeling the bicep press against her breast. Her pussy was wet with her need.

They got out and her mystery man paid the driver. She looked up at the apartment building and nodded. It was typical of what a construction worker could afford—not too fancy but certainly safe and clean. They rode up in the elevator, the silence stretching out between them.

Once he unlocked the door, Suzanne felt the dam burst within her. She didn't protest when he turned and grabbed her, kicking the door shut with his foot and pressing her up against the wall. He kissed her and she kissed him back hard. She loved the feel of his arms around her, crushing her to his powerful chest. He made her feel small and weak and helpless.

They kissed again and again. They were animals, unable to control themselves. She felt his hand on her breast and wanted those damn clothes out of the way. She needed to feel his fingers on her flesh.

Her fingers went to her blouse and unbuttoned it as quickly as she could. He helped her and soon her blouse was open and his hand went into the cups of her bra. Her skin felt hot.

She didn't stop him as he yanked her blouse from her shoulders then unhooked her bra. Her breasts spilled free and he immediately took a nipple into his mouth. Suzanne's mouth came open and her knees grew weak. Only the wall was holding her up. The wall and the man's powerful arms.

As he alternated between her nipples, his fingers dropped to her skirt and he found the catch, releasing it. The garment puddled around her feet. Suzanne cursed her pantyhose for there was no sexy way to get them off. Her pussy cried out for release.

"Wait, wait," she said, pushing him away. "Let me get these off."

He stepped back and she peeled her pantyhose down off her legs and threw them across the room. She reached for her lace panties but the man caught her arm.

"No, leave them for now. They look sexy on you."

Whatever you say, mister. Her pussy grew even hotter.

He bent down and picked her up easily, as if she weighed hardly anything. Suzanne, who was the tallest of her three friends, loved the sensation that she was petite compared to him.

He carried her to his bedroom. For the first time, she got a look at his apartment and found it clean and neat. Could this man be any more perfect? His bedroom was also organized, the bed made. He laid her down on the covers. She tried to act demure, fighting the urge to spread her legs wide and crook a finger at him.

She watched as he stripped, like seeing the wrapping being pulled off a long-desired present. As his shirt came open, she marveled at his physique. Well-defined chest and six-pack abs made her swoon. Her legs came apart on their own accord.

He pulled off his pants and she smiled when she saw the penguins on his boxer shorts. He looked down at himself and smiled back. "A gift from an old girlfriend," he said.

"I like them." What idiot let you go?

But she liked the bulge underneath more. God, he was well hung! His cock made a tent of the material. He had to pull the waistband out wide to ease it over his turgid member. Suzanne's mouth came open when she saw it—she couldn't help herself.

She got to all fours and crawled to the edge of the bed. Grabbing his hips, she pulled him close and took his cock into her mouth.

"Oh god," he moaned.

She had learned how to please a man well over the years—her ex-husband had been a particular fan—and her recent experience with strangers only improved her technique. She sucked and licked and played with his balls until she could tell he was about to come. Then she pulled away and shook her head at his dismayed expression.

"Uh-huh. Don't want to waste it."

"Hell no." He pushed her back and crawled over her. Thankfully he didn't thrust into her right away, although Suzanne was in no position to delay. He bent down and

sucked on her nipples and she threw her head back, marveling at this wonderful man. He seemed to know just what to do.

He kissed her again and again until Suzanne's mouth ached. Their hands clutched at each other. She opened her legs for him and reached down to feel his tumescence. She didn't think she could stand to be without it another minute.

"Please," she begged.

"Well, if you insist," he said, and pressed the tip to her hot wetness.

"Oh god," she whispered. "Oh god."

Though his cock was large, it slid in smoothly. It was as if she had been made for him. Sparks went off in her head and she clung to him as he pressed it all the way in. The heat, the size, the power, of it made her not want to let him go.

But when he began to thrust within her, Suzanne thought she could very well die right there and be perfectly happy. All the other men in her life—including sadly her ex—seemed inadequate in comparison. His cock touched all the right spots. And he knew how to use it.

They rode together and she had one climax on top of another. He was indefatigable! Her pussy was the center of her universe and the rest of her body seemed to be sucked into it, like an exploding star.

After her fifth or six climax, when she thought she couldn't stand it anymore, she felt him stiffen and erupt within her, triggering her last orgasm. She cried out and her mind short-circuited for several seconds as the pleasure washed through her.

Suzanne was barely aware when he pulled out. Just a sensation of sadness, mixed with her exhaustion. She felt him pulling the covers down from underneath her and she could barely help him move—her body felt light yet she couldn't seem to find the controls. He crawled in next to her and pulled up the covers. She snuggled up against him. Her last conscious thought was how great he smelled.

She woke the next morning and looked over at the man. He slept easily. She admired him for several minutes until he stirred and opened one eye.

She put a hand on his cheek. "Thanks, Ben. That was wonderful."

"Oh you're back to normal now?"

"Yes. At least until next time."

"I still don't quite understand it all, Suz. But I have to admit, the game's a lot of fun."

She smiled. She could never expect Ben to really believe she'd been cursed. He was too down-to-earth.

"Yes, it is fun, isn't it?" She pulled back the covers, suddenly ravenous. "Come on, I'll fix you breakfast."

* * * * *

Carol knelt on the rug, naked, her knees apart, her head down, hands at her sides. She could hear the whisper of Barry's clothes as he approached her.

"How is my pet today?"

"Good, Master."

"Tell me about your day."

"I got home from work an hour ago. I cleaned the kitchen as you asked, and I answered some of your emails."

"Any prospects?"

"Yes, sir. A couple in Albany want you to train the wife. I called them and got them both on the phone. She's been hiding her submissive desires for years and now that it's out in the open, her husband is curious to explore them."

"Very good. Did they express curiosity about you?"

"Oh yes. The wife asked me many questions."

"Were you honest with them?"

"Yes, Master," she blushed, remembering how intimate the questions had become once they realized she had been ordered to answer all their questions honestly.

"Tell me some of their questions."

Carol knew that was coming and she felt the blush spread from her neck to her face. It pleased him to embarrass her by making her describe intimate details.

"Um, she asked if you whipped me regularly, and I told her yes, you did. She asked if that hurt and I said it did, but then the sex afterward was so good you forgot about the pain. That seemed to really excite both of them."

"How could you tell?"

"She kinda gasped and her husband chuckled."

"What else?"

"Well, she asked if I was marked and I told her I was."

"Be specific."

"Sorry, sir. I told her I had a ring in my clit hood that bounces against my clit all day long, keeping me aroused. Oh—I told her I'm not allowed to wear panties too. And I told her about the tattoo on my ass that looks like a swirling design but that it has your initials inside."

"Good. What else did she want to know?"

"She wanted to know if you ever made me fuck other men."

"And?"

"I told her that was an individual choice. You prefer to keep me to yourself but that they might decide otherwise."

"Anything else?"

"Well, he asked if you, uh, showed me off and I told him you did and how embarrassed I got."

"But you know you love it."

"Yes, sir."

He came close and put his fingers under her chin to lift her eyes to his. "I'm very pleased with you. You've become a great help to me."

"Thank you, sir."

"I shall reward you. Come."

Carol rose at once, her body on fire, and followed him upstairs. He took her to her favorite machine, the Sybian, a saddle-like device with many amazing attachments. This was their newest model with an extended front. He let her pick out the dildo she preferred, the six-inch model with the ribbed edges. Already she found herself becoming wet and her fingers fumbled to attach the dildo. Once in place, she climbed on, centered herself over the rubber cock and eased down. It filled her nicely, not too big and not too small.

He tapped her rump and she raised herself up, placing her hands well forward. This caused her clit to be pressed harder against the rise of the saddle and brought her ass into target range. Her hands rested on wooden dowels that stuck out from the sides. Barry tied them in place with rawhide laces—not too tight, but tight enough so she couldn't release her grip. She waited while Barry buckled the straps around her thighs and ankles, trapping her. She looked as if she were riding a horse, bent forward, striving for the finish line.

He picked up the remote. He would be in charge of her pleasure—and pain. She watched as he went to the wall and breathed a sigh of relief when he took down the suede cat o'nine tails, her favorite.

He caught her expression and smiled. "See how wonderful life can be when you please me?"

She nodded, impatient for him to begin. He thumbed a switch on the remote. Carol felt the cock inside her come alive, a low vibration sending waves of pleasure through her.

He reared back and slashed the suede whip against her ass. She rocked forward, her pleasure evaporating as the pain crashed through her. The straps allowed her some

movement but only forward, to press her clit harder against the leather and to expose more of her ass to the whip. While she was in that position, he struck her again, lower this time.

Carol soon found her rhythm, rocking forward and back, getting a sharp jolt, followed by a wave of pleasure. He upped the vibrations and she soon found herself saying, "Oh god, oh god, oh god," like a mantra. The cock seemed alive in her, sending out waves of pleasure that at first alternated with the pain then began to counteract it.

She knew this was the beginning of a massive orgasm. It built upon itself, each time rising higher until she found she needed the whip to prolong it. She was riding now, her body coated with sweat, her mouth open, hair hanging in her eyes.

Everything was concentrated on her pussy and ass. *Whack!* Ohhhh! *Whack!* Ohhhh! Each time she climbed higher.

Her vocalizations rose with her emotions and her words ran together. "OhmygodohmygodohmygodOHMYGODOHMYGODOHMYGOD!"

She screamed aloud and pressed her clit hard against the saddle as the orgasm rocked her. It was like being in the middle of an avalanche. She was swept away and she collapsed down on the Sybian.

Barry stopped it at once and left her there a few minutes to calm down. He rubbed her back and told her how much he loved her.

"Oh my god, that was incredible," Carol said when she finally came to her senses.

"Maybe we'll show that to our new customers when they come down for training," he said.

She groaned, knowing how that would embarrass her, yet she knew deep down it was what she needed. She couldn't deny her desires and Barry knew just how to play her.

* * * * *

Diane kept her eyes on a handsome older man at the front of the stage, ignoring the rest of the droolers and the drunks as she gyrated to the loud music. Tom was fifteen years older than she was, but he was the nicest of the men who came to watch her perform.

The club was packed tonight and she spotted Morty, the manager, standing by the bar, smiling at her. They both knew many in the crowd had come to see her. They loved to watch her strip and she could only imagine that it was because she enjoyed it so.

She unclasped her brassiere among the hoots of the crowd and tossed it to the stage, exposing her breasts, covered now only with pasties, complete with tiny tassels. She shook her torso, rotating the tassels in opposite directions.

Tom Stedman seemed pleased. He was fifty with thick dark hair speckled with gray. He wore wireless glasses and had an open, friendly face. As usual, he was impeccably dressed in a designer suit.

Diane had met him shortly after she had come to work at Club Femme, not long after she had been fired from her job. When the urges had returned, she was caught having sex with Richard in his office. He was demoted but she was canned.

Dancing at the club satisfied part of her needs but not all of them. She needed the looks of the men as she stripped, their eyes helped feed the leprechaun. As she danced, Diane wished she could pick a man out of the crowd, bring him up on stage and fuck his brains out. Preferably Tom. Now *that* would be public sex! Not that Tom would go for it.

She turned and wiggled her ass at the crowd, enjoying the hoots. Her fingers slipped into her short-shorts and she teased them for a little while before she eased them down, exposing her thong. Too bad she was required by law to keep it on, she mused. The thought of dancing completely naked made her wet with desire.

Fortunately, Johnny Law didn't seem to mind if she flashed the crowd a little. It also might explain why the audience had grown in the two months she'd been a featured dancer.

She had met Tom a month ago and they had chatted several times during her breaks. She had found him to be charming, generous and sexy, despite their age difference. And he seemed completely smitten by her.

Of course he wanted to “take her away from all this”, not knowing that she needed it. She doubted he would be able to handle her libido now that it had been ramped up by that damned leprechaun. All she wanted was a safe way to satisfy her urges. Dancing semi-nude at a club brought her almost all the way there.

She turned back to the group of cheering men and yanked one of her pasties loose. It always stung but she covered it well with an open smile and a broad wink. The crowd went nuts when they saw her exposed nipple. Diane danced for a few more minutes, hearing in the music the approach of the end of her set and removed the other pasty. Now her breasts were free and she shook them at the crowd. Men flashed dollar bills at her and she allowed them to thrust them into the top of her thong. Whenever she spotted someone with a ten or a twenty, she would pull aside her thong for a quick glimpse of her shaved pussy. It was dangerous but the law hadn’t busted her yet.

The music ended and she turned at once and left the stage. It was always best to leave them begging for more. She came back out for a brief bow and collected more money.

“Isn’t she great?” boomed the manager who doubled as the emcee. He stepped out on stage, signaling Diane it was time to leave. She nodded at him and he flashed her a big smile. She turned and winked at Tom as she exited, stage right.

Backstage, she slipped on her silk robe, collapsed into her chair in front of the mirror and began repairing her makeup. Dancing always took its toll on her. At thirty-five, she was a good ten to fifteen years older than the other girls. She didn’t know how much longer she could keep it up.

She hoped someone like Tom might steal her away as long as he understood her needs and how to satisfy them. The jury was still out on that however. Fact was, she hadn’t yet told him of her secret. She meant to but the opportunity just hadn’t come up.

She knew it would have to be soon or else she'd have to find another sugar daddy, one with looser morals. Problem was, she *liked* Tom.

The music started for the next dancer and Diane smiled to herself, knowing that would be Brenda, who was just twenty-one and terrified to be showing her body. But the money was so good, it paid her way through college so she did it anyway then came backstage crying almost every night. Diane just wanted to slap her. *Get a job at a pizza parlor if you feel that way about it!*

Ruby, the fifty-something stage mistress with the big wig of platinum blonde hair, came back to hand Diane a single red rose. She winked at her, for they both knew the rose had come from Tom. He'd been giving her one every time he came to see her dance.

"You gonna marry that man?" Ruby teased.

"Ah, he'd never have me. I'm just a stripper," she said, self-deprecatingly.

"Hah! That's what Anna Nicole Smith said and look at what she accomplished!" she cackled, and left to round up the next act.

Diane looked at her watch. Ten-forty. She had one more set to do that night before she could go home and masturbate, and think about all the men who had seen her naked. She would have to pretend her dildo was one of them.

She tied the robe tight around her and went out to have a quick drink with Tom as was their ritual. She spotted him at his regular booth, near the back. It was one of the few places in the joint where one could actually hear conversation over the music.

She slid in next to him and pursed her lips for a kiss. He was a good kisser and it gave her a thrill. Diane had an image of them standing and kissing, his hard cock thrusting into her, and pushed it out of her mind.

"Hi, Tom."

"Diane, you look lovely as always."

"Oh you're so kind."

"When are you going to give up this life? It's not really you, is it?"

"We've talked about this before. I need the money." *And I need the exposure*, she thought.

"I'm sure a smart woman like you could find another job in marketing. I mean that was your career, wasn't it?"

Diane had danced around the topic so to speak for many weeks. She decided to let him in on her little secret. If it scared him off, so be it. She was tired of living a lie.

"Tom, about that. I didn't tell you why I changed careers so suddenly. I know you've been curious."

He leaned forward, all ears.

"Well, I've been repressing a secret desire, you see." She wasn't sure how to go about explaining it without sounding crazy. But she had started so she plunged ahead. "Every since I was a teenager, I've had this strange need to, well, expose myself. Isn't that weird?"

"No, no," he said at once, as if that were the most normal thing in the world. "Actually, it's kind of exciting."

"Yeah, well, I ignored it for years. But after I lost my job due to downsizing," she wasn't going to confess why she'd been fired, "it just seemed a natural way to kill two birds with one stone."

"I'm surprised, if you felt that way, why you didn't get into this line of work when you were in your twenties."

Diane sensed Tom was thinking she was too old for this and he was right.

"I was too focused on my career then," she said. "But it was only much later that I became disillusioned with the field."

"Hmm. So how is it? Do you get what you wanted out of it?"

She paused, not sure how to continue. "Well, yes and no." She reached out and put her hands over his. "I'm kinda, um, oversexed, I guess."

Tom picked up on it right away. "So what you're saying is the dancing isn't enough for you. You'd like to do more."

"Uh, yeah. But I don't want to get arrested!"

"No, of course not." He smiled and it grew bigger and bigger on his face. "I think we can work something out."

"Really? You aren't shocked?"

"No. Not in the least. I find it very exciting. But just how far do you want to take it?"

"I'm basically a one-man woman, you see, so if you're thinking that I'd like to pull a train or something, forget it. I just get a thrill out of sex in semi-public places, that's all." She added quickly, "Safe, semi-public places."

"That's quite a fetish," he said. "Where do you suppose that came from?"

"I don't know," she lied. Trying to explain the leprechaun story would label her a loon. She leaned forward. "So you don't think I'm crazy?"

"No, I think you're a dream come true." He looked at his watch. "What time is your next set?"

"Uh, eleven-forty. I should be all done by twelve-thirty."

He nodded. "Okay. Loosen your robe."

"What?" That familiar thrill ran through her.

"You heard me. Loosen your robe."

Diane's fingers fumbled to obey. Her pussy felt hot and her nipples tingled.

"Now scoot over here close to me."

She did, keeping the edges of her robe tight in front of her.

"No, no, you've got it all wrong," he said, pulling the edges apart. Diane gasped when a breast popped into view.

"Tom! What are you doing?" But it was the pre-leprechaun Diane talking just then. An automatic response to the shock of being exposed so suddenly. She pulled the robe together, covering herself, and felt a pang of disappointment.

"No, leave it loose. Just a little bit, okay?" The robe came open again, exposing the soft valley between her breasts all the way down to her hot wet thong.

"I—I could get arrested." Diane swooned with desire. Her legs came apart a little more.

"I'll protect you." She felt better hearing that.

Diane looked around. So far no one seemed to have noticed her.

"Now slip off your thong and put it on the table."

"What?"

"Come on, this is what you want and you know it. So get busy."

She raised her ass up off the cushion and eased her thong off and down her legs. She canted to one side to free it from her feet and handed it to Tom.

"No, on the table."

Diane dropped it and stared at it as if it were a snake. Deep down, she thought she could hear the leprechaun laugh.

She startled when she felt Tom's hand on her thigh.

"Relax," he said. "Just watch the dancer."

She raised her eyes to see Brenda, that shy, cute little college student, gyrating like a pro to the hoots of the men along the stage. Diane's mouth came open and her eyes glazed as she watched. She felt Tom's fingers move to her hot core and she allowed her legs to come apart to encourage him.

The robe came open a bit more, exposing part of one nipple. Diane kept her eyes on the stage, pretending she was up there, dancing, even as she felt his middle finger slide down her very wet pussy. She took in a breath and let it out slowly. She made no move to stop him.

His finger slipped up and down and Diane was lost to the sensations spreading through her. She didn't notice when Tom used his free hand to pull the robe apart, exposing both breasts.

Now some of the men began to notice the little show and they gathered quickly, forming a semicircle around the booth. One reached in for her breasts, but Tom barked, "No touching! Just watch or go away."

They nodded in unison and left her alone. Diane's legs were well apart now, exposing Tom's hand busy between them, rubbing, rubbing, rubbing.

"Oh god," she breathed, and the men smiled at her, knowing she was close.

The orgasm crashed over her suddenly and she cried out, falling backward against the padded back of the booth. Her legs came together, trapping Tom's hand. She rolled to the side, pulling the robe over her as she was rocked by the waves of pleasure. The men cheered. Diane couldn't move. She sat limply on the seat.

The show was over now and the men began to drift away. The manager came by, a frown on his face. "What's all this now?"

Diane managed to sit up. "Uh, nothing, Morty," she said. "I was just doing a table dance for Tom here."

Morty eyed him, knowing he was a good customer but not believing for a minute her story. "Well, don't shout out so. This place is probably crawling with undercover officers just dying to bust us." He left.

Diane took a deep breath. Tom took her hands into his. "Diane, this could be the start of a beautiful friendship."

* * * * *

Wendy knocked on Bob Townbridge's door, wearing her little black dress and high-heeled strappy shoes. And nothing else. "Hi, Bob," she said when she saw his smiling face. "You got something for me?"

"Yes, yes, I do, Wendy. Come in."

She entered and spotted another man inside. He was about Bob's age, late forties, and seemed nice enough. He was dressed in a white shirt, blue tie and dark slacks. He wore wire-rimmed glasses. He smiled nervously at her.

"I'd like you to meet my friend Steve," Bob said. "Steve, this is Wendy."

"Uh, hi." He thrust out a hand.

Wendy came over to him, took his outstretched hand and placed it on her hip. "Hi, Steve. Nice to meet you."

"Uh, yeah, me too."

"Oh you're not nervous because of me, I hope," she said coyly.

"Well, I've never done anything like this before."

"I can tell. But don't let that worry you. You'll know what to do when the time comes."

He smiled and nodded. Wendy half turned toward Bob. "Now did Bob explain the rules?"

Steve nodded. "Oh yes. One hundred dollars for forty minutes and I have to wear a condom. Right?"

"Right. And we pay up front."

She stepped back as he fumbled for his wallet, counting out five twenties. He placed them in her hand. The touch of the money nearly gave her an orgasm on the spot.

She turned and handed the money to Bob. "Now Bob here is going to keep this for me. He's going to watch some TV and leave us alone, okay? He's only here to protect me—not that I need any protection from a nice guy like you! We can go back into the bedroom and have some fun."

Wendy led the nervous man down the hallway while Bob sat on the couch and turned on the television.

Once inside the bedroom, she checked the clock. Eight-ten. Good. She reached down and pulled her loose dress up over her head in one smooth motion.

Steve gasped and his mouth came open. "You're...beautiful."

"Thank you." She came to him and felt his hard cock. "You're pretty beautiful yourself, big guy."

He blushed and she began unbuttoning his shirt. He let her, running his free hands over her breasts. Her hands went to his belt buckle.

"Ohhh that feels good," she cooed, quickly getting him out of his clothes. When he was down to his boxer shorts, she eased down and played with it through the material.

"What do we have here?"

She pulled the waistband down, making sure not to scrape it against his turgid cock. Wendy leaned in and kissed it as she allowed his shorts to slip down his legs. She felt in complete control and she loved it. She may be a whore, but she was good at her job. She took more of his cock into her mouth. Thankfully he bathed regularly.

"Ohhh," Steve said. "Careful!"

Ahh, she thought, a preemie. *I'll have to make sure he doesn't lose it before we get to the main event.*

"What do you like, Steve? Do you like sucking or fucking?"

"Well, uh, both. But you have me so turned on, we'd better get to it or else..."

"Sure." She rose and led him to the bed. Wendy found a condom in the drawer and opened it. "Allow me." She knelt down and slipped it over his cock. "How's that?"

"G-good. Real good."

"Now don't be afraid. Wendy's going to take good care of you."

He nodded as she pulled him onto her and lay on the bed. She spread her legs. "I'm so hot right now. I can't stand it."

He grinned and reached down to steer his cock toward her wetness. The leprechaun helped her get wet so she wasn't faking it. She felt the tip touch her and she shivered with delight. "Oh that feels good," she whispered. "You have such a nice cock."

Steve pressed it in and she settled, letting him take the lead now. He pumped vigorously a few times and stiffened, shooting his load. Wendy could feel his cock pulsating within her. She hugged him tightly. As she did, she glanced at the clock. Eight-twenty-one. Ha!

They hugged for several minutes until Steve calmed down from his release. Then she kissed him and told him what a great lover he was and how she hoped she could see him again. By the time she had him dressed and out the door, less than a half-hour had passed.

She sat on the couch next to Bob and collected sixty dollars from him. Forty was his for bringing her the client.

"That was quick," he commented.

"Yep. I'm good, didn't you know that?"

"Oh yeah. I remember."

"We got anyone else tonight?"

"No, that was it. Sorry."

"It's okay. I'm glad you're being careful. I don't want to risk any more than I have to." *Just enough to satisfy the leprechaun*, she mused.

"Good, because I'm not the most effective pimp. If I had my way, I'd keep you all to myself."

"Yeah, well, you can't afford me."

"Got that right. But I do like the benefits."

She turned to him. "Yeah? Why? You feeling a bit frisky?"

"I could go for a quickie."

"Come on," she said, rolling her eyes as if in exasperation, though they both knew she was kidding. "If I have to, I have to." She took his hand and tugged him to his feet.

"Hey, it's all part of doing business." As per their agreement, he handed her a dollar before they went into the bedroom. Wendy felt the little thrill she always got when a man paid her for sex.

She paused and took his face in both hands. "You know I really appreciate what you're doing for me, right?"

"Of course. I know that leprechaun can be a real bastard sometimes."

She nodded and pulled her dress off over her head. "I'm all yours. You've earned it."

* * * * *

Halfway around the world, in a small antique shop in the Paris suburb of Saint Denis, a small ceramic sculpture attracted the attention of Bridget D'Arbo, an attractive blonde in her late twenties. It was an odd little thing, she thought, but it had a certain charm. She picked it up and noticed how the little leprechaun appeared to be laughing at her, as if he had some kind of joke to share. She felt drawn to it.

"How much for this?" the Frenchwoman asked the shopkeeper.

"Oh that's very rare. Nineteenth century, I've been told." He quoted a price that seemed quite reasonable to her.

"I'll take it," she said impulsively. "I'm not sure if it will fit into my décor but I feel it belongs somehow."

"I'm sure you'll know just what to do with it," the shopkeeper said. "I'm told it will bring luck to whoever owns it."

"Really? That's funny. I'm sure my roommate will be pleased to hear that, she could use a little luck—with men, that is!" She laughed. "In fact, we both could." She handed over her credit card.

She watched as the shopkeeper wrapped the ceramic in paper and put it into her bag. For some reason, it gave her a little thrill, like a jolt of static electricity.

About the Author

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

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

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