

Mardi Gras Publishing Presents...

Secrets Inc.
whip me

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Secrets Inc.

Whip Me

By

Justine Paper

Chapter One

Tina watched the whip pop against the white flesh with a resounding crack, leaving a red mark and causing the woman in front of her to buck against her restraints. The woman was well endowed, nothing covering her breasts, just as her master preferred it. Her nipples were hard, dark brown, hanging down as she knelt with her ass in the air. Her master petted those breasts just before striking her ass again with the leather. Red streaks covered her ass and back, but she never asked for him to stop, in fact, she begged for more in a husky voice that said she meant it. Another hard slap of the whip struck her, followed by another. Finally, the woman on the screen began calling out, her body shuddering in full orgasm.

"I don't know how you can watch this stuff." Tina forced herself to turn away from the screen. "It's garbage."

"Please, I saw you watching it. You women are horn balls." Mark muted the volume and looked at her.

"Really?"

"Really. Look at the flyer a guy left today." He slid it towards her. "He said to make sure you saw it." Mark moved his eyebrows up and down as if he discovered something juicy. "Now, why would he do that?"

Tina picked up the pink paper with large black type. Since she'd taken the evening job in the local adult store, she'd seen people selling everything from porn to actual

women. This one was different though. Something about the paper felt strange as she held it in her hand and read it.

‘Live out your fantasy. Call Secrets Inc. today and get the fantasy of your choice. We cater to everything including kidnapping scenarios, BDSM, and gender switching. Contact us. We know who you really are.’ There was no number or address listed at the bottom, not a great way to gain business.

She put the flyer on the counter. So much smut. She hated working in this place. Unfortunately, she was stuck here until graduation. Three more months of watching greasy guys come and go.

“Admit it, you’ve got some messed up fantasy, don’t you? You were watching that movie pretty closely and then that guy leaves you a flyer like this.” Mark motioned over to a man standing in the back of the store. “Fess up. You’re a closet perv.”

“Sure, I have a kinky fantasy. I dream of a man who doesn’t talk.” She reached out and punched Mark in the arm. “Silence might bring me to climax faster than any of this junk.”

Just then, she noticed the dark haired man in the back of the store turn and look at her. For once, the clientele did not appear like a recent prison inmate. He was quite handsome, and eyed her from behind a rack of dildos. Something about his gaze made her stomach flutter. He had ventured inside the store before and they had flirted, but nothing serious. Tonight seemed different. His eyes held hunger and for a brief moment she could actually see them together in a tangle of limbs and sheets. She grew lightheaded and grabbed the edge of the counter. A rack of sample creams spilled. She looked and for a moment they seemed to flutter above the counter, before dropping and skittering to a stand still.

“What the...” She stopped talking and held her hand over the mess. One single tube rose then fell back into place.

“What’s wrong with you?” Mark asked from behind her and obviously hadn’t noticed anything peculiar.

“Nothing.”

Tina looked at the back of the store again, hoping, wishing, the stranger would return her gaze once more. Something about him made her ache inside. His very presence created strange feelings she never experienced until now. He did not look her way but kept his attention on the toys. From the way he looked over the dildos, he was more interested in them.

Gay. The cute ones were always gay.

She sulked against the glass counter and found moisture building in her eyes. Stress. All this had to be coming from stress. She could not want this man's attention so badly. She would never want a guy who frequented these places. She wanted a man who could do it all, without the necessity of bringing in vibrators. There had to be a man, a real man, who could make a woman orgasm without electronics.

Tina glanced again, finding him staring at her. She did not know why she bothered. Her current behavior reminded her more of a silly schoolgirl, not a woman. She would not waste her time on him, no matter how much she longed to. Instead of watching him, she looked at the half-full trashcan. She needed some fresh air so it seemed like a good time to do a chore.

"I'll be back. I'm taking this to the dumpster."

She pulled up the plastic bag, spun it once, and started to the rear of the store. She would let Mr. Bi-sexual shop until his heart was content. She walked out the back door, hearing the metal click as it shut while the cool night air engulfed her. She strolled there, noticing the empty lot. In another hour, they'd close. She would be free to sleep and dream of a good job with nice normal guys.

"So what's your fantasy?"

Tina whirled around and a pang of fear crept into her, quickly being replaced by a jolt of electricity going straight to her core. The man from the store approached, looking predatory. His hair blew from his chiseled features. The look in his eyes made her knees weak. No, this was not a feminine man. He was a dangerous alpha and again she envisioned him naked and lying on top of her. Looking at him created tingles in places she had not thought about all night, despite being surrounded by sex toys.

"You didn't answer me."

"I guess I don't have any." She tried to sound calm, cool, and collected even if she was the farthest thing from it.

"Liar." Something in his voice screamed sex, naughty fun sex.

He came closer and she lost the ability to speak. All at once she could not move. Little fear remained, only want surfaced in her mind. She desired the man approaching. She had never believed in love at first sight, but she certainly had lust covered.

"Let me touch you."

His flesh made contact with hers and she noticed the lid to the trashcan bang open then shut. The metal clanged, startling her. Whatever strangeness was happening, he was the cause.

No, came a stray thought from somewhere deep within her mind. *We are the cause.*

His hand trailed down her cheek, to her shoulder, and arm. She tried to pull away but he held her with those dark eyes, penetrating her mind, maybe her soul. When he reached for her hand, she could not deny him. Even the strange spark that passed between them when his skin found hers was alluring.

"I see your fantasy now. You want to be swept off your feet, taken to a place where I will fulfill all your needs." A strange look crept over his handsome features. "I see. I see what you want little lady. I can do that. I would enjoy doing that to you."

Uncertainty surged through her, not from any true danger, but from the fact that she suspected he had seen into her deepest darkest desires. No one could read minds, much less dig into secrets she had rarely admitted to herself. Yet, she wondered if he had managed just that.

It's like he's magic.

She closed her eyes, feeling a bit dizzy, then he released her hand. When she reopened her eyes, no one was there. She looked around the parking lot, but there was no sign of him. She wanted to see him again.

I'm losing my mind. No one can move that fast.

Tina went to the dumpster and dropped her bag inside. She returned to the store, checking the lot as she went. No one there. He had vanished. A pang of regret cut through her heart, but the loss seemed too great for their brief encounter.

"That guy that was in here, did he buy anything?" She suddenly needed to know who he was.

"Dark hair, big guy?"

"The last customer, yes."

"Let's see." Mark opened the top of the register and looked at the receipt copy that ran in a spool for audit purposes. "He bought four black silk scarves, a short whip, and collar with chain attached. Nice and kinky, just like we like them."

"How did he pay?"

"Cash, why?"

"No reason."

She had hoped to find out his name on a credit card or check. It mattered little. He was just another weirdo, albeit a delicious one. She had to admit that there was something special about him, something that made her heart beat a little faster. Maybe they had met before. She smiled a little, wondering if destiny could exist and if she'd just touched hers.

Another oddity struck her. The perverted pink flyer was gone. It seemed like a weird thing to take. Maybe her mystery fellow had a few perversions to work out and required some assistance. In the place of that flyer was a bit of golden dust. Tina swept her finger through the glittery bits. It tingled before vanishing from her finger.

"Did you toss that stupid flyer?"

"No. That guy took it. Odd though. He's the one that brought it."

Tina looked out the window, but no one lurked there. She could not help wondering if maybe he was out there. She sort of hoped he was. She wanted to speak with him again.

The last hour drifted by with her wondering if it were possible for him to know her desires, that maybe he was a man she would fantasize about for many nights to come.

He could not give her what she wanted though. She longed for a man's man. Someone who could make her succumb, even though she denied him.

"Finally, closing time."

Mark started counting down the drawer while she cut off the lights. There in the dim secondary lights, she restocked a few items that had sold. By the time Mark had the night's tally finished, Tina had the store in order and ready to open tomorrow.

"Are you working tomorrow night?"

"No." Tina regained that weird feeling from earlier when the man had been in the store. It was like she was being watched. "I'm off for the next two days."

"See you Monday then."

She headed out the front door with Mark. He never waited, letting her lock the door while he got in his car. She saw his headlights pull away as she took the key out of the lock.

"Come with me," she heard the silky masculine voice behind her. She knew immediately that it was the man from the store.

"I can't. I don't know who you are." Her voice held no strength despite her protests.

He pulled her into his arms, not gently either. His hand crept into her hair, forcing her head back as his mouth pressed against hers. She tried to deny the kiss, but his lips felt so good, making her knees weak and forcing her lips to open, granting access to her mouth. His tongue dipped inside, touching, caressing the soft places until her mouth reacted. She liked this, liked him. Not once had she been kissed with so much primal need and the act sent tingles to her core, making her cream.

When their kiss broke, he whispered lightly into her ear. "I am Jacob. I have come for you."

Chapter Two

One minute Tina was in his arms in the parking lot and the next she was in a mansion. She had no idea how she had arrived. Jacob was there, still holding her against him as she surveyed the room.

"How did we get here?"

"Shhh." His mouth found hers, and like some sinful drug, she forgot what she was saying. "I want to win you," he whispered against her lips.

This had to be some dream. None of this could be real. She did not feel like she was dreaming. All at once, she knew that she had to stop this. Good girls never behaved like this.

"I have to leave."

"No." He touched her breasts through her shirt. "You may say one thing, but I know what you desire." He grinned wickedly and she grew hot all over. "Undress for me."

"That would be wrong."

"There's only you and me. Wouldn't it feel good to do wrong for once?"

Looking at him she felt almost hypnotized. It *would* feel good to do whatever she desired. Tina reached for the first buttons of her shirt. She'd only had one boyfriend before and he was dreary. This man, he brought sinful desires to light and she wanted him. Surely for once in her life, she could have what she wanted. Besides, none of this could be real. This had to be a dream.

"That's right. Think of this anyway you need to, but be sure that I will tame you this weekend. I promise you that."

He couldn't have heard her thoughts, yet he seemed to. What did it matter? This could not be real; she slipped the first buttons and pulled the shirt over her head, tossing it to the floor.

"Now the pants."

Again, she hesitated.

"Do it or I will rip them off your body."

Tina knew that he meant it. Still she hesitated, even as he came forward pulling her to the floor and ripping the cloth from her body. Jacob was powerful, demanding, and as she heard seams rip apart, she grew wet for him.

His fingers dug into her thighs as he spread her wide, lapping at her pussy. She never had a man do that and it felt so good. As her clit swelled, he attacked it with those talented lips. He sucked that part of her, nibbled, and she squirmed out of control beneath him. When climax grew close, he stopped, leaning up with glistening lips.

"Let's take this upstairs."

Jacob remained dressed, carrying her like a prize through his home and up the winding stairs. He stepped through wide French doors and she saw what he had in store for her. A four-post bed had black scarves tied to each post. The whip he had purchased lay on the nightstand.

"We shouldn't do this. I don't even know you."

"Too late."

He tossed her onto the satin comforter, then rolled her onto her stomach. The cool fabric felt good against her flesh, too good, and she rubbed her breasts against it. Her nipples grew hard. She had always fantasized about this, being pulled into a seducer's home and submitting to his will, but it had only been a fantasy.

She felt a hand on her ass. At first, he caressed her, lightly tickling the flesh. She liked it but wanted more. He did not disappoint. She heard his belt come away, then he gave her a swat with his belt, leather hitting bare flesh. The sound, the sensation was

divine. The belt did not hit her hard, not as hard as she wanted. She longed to be like the girl in the porno, begging, writhing for a man's desires.

"What are you going to do with that whip over there?"

Behind her, he laughed. She did not look but she felt the bed move as he reached to his nightstand. Tina closed her eyes, wondering what it would feel like, how much it would sting.

"You should know what I'm going to do with this whip. I'm fulfilling your fantasies."

She looked at him. His shirt was gone, displaying the most perfect muscled chest she'd ever seen. He looked luscious, six-pack abs, but the pants were still on. She really wanted him naked.

"Not yet." Again, he seemed to read her mind. "Your nakedness makes you more vulnerable, more submissive. I like that."

He guided the whip across her ass and back. The soft leather had a sensuous feel as he went over her again. Without warning, he snapped the whip on her left cheek, causing her to buck, only to raise her ass again.

"Harder or softer? Let's make this interesting."

She heard his zipper, then he moved in front of her. His cock was huge, engorged, and pointed at her face. She wanted to taste it, run her tongue across the head, but she did not know how to ask.

"Suck my cock. If you do it right, I'll whip you softer, wrong and I'll turn that yummy ass red."

Tina opened her mouth, licking the top. At once the whip came, hard across her back. She liked it. The sensation went straight to her clit, making her hips move involuntarily.

"Don't lick the head. Put it in your mouth."

She obeyed, sucking the large head into her mouth then running her tongue over it. This time the whip came softer. She continued sucking, moving her head back and forth, trying to take the huge cock as far as she could into her throat. Another soft flick

of the whip and she found herself oddly dissatisfied. Perhaps the secret to pleasure was knowing when to disobey. She let go of his cock and started licking it again.

“You like being bad, huh?”

The whip came again, hard against her ass. It stung, but the pain brought an amazing pleasure rising in her. This was what she had wanted. This was what she had longed for when watching those dirty movies. She moved her tongue down to his balls, lapping at the silky sack.

Another crack of the whip, and Jacob groaned. She liked the sound of both, and licked more, hoping for that leather again. He did not disappoint. His strikes came harder, faster, never hitting the same spot twice, covering her in wicked pleasures mixed with stinging pain.

Then he stopped. She looked at the light sheen covering his body. He liked this, he really enjoyed doing this to her. His hand went over her ass, touching the flesh. He reached between her legs, tracing her sex with his fingers.

“You’re so wet. You are the perfect mate.” He slipped a finger along her slit, and then rubbed her clit. “And so swollen.”

He flicked her clit with his finger, hard, sending her body into shudders. Before she could recover from the near climax, he struck her with the whip again. It was the hardest impact yet, causing real pain that flowed into her pussy in sweet waves. At first, she thought it was too hard, but found herself raising her ass for more. He kept at it. Again and again, his whip struck her flesh. Her clit pulsed and she reached for it but he grabbed her hand, forcing her flat on the bed. More of the leather, more sweet pain and then she tumbled over that place into the hardest orgasm. Her butt clenched, thighs trembled.

“Jacob,” she cried out, unable to control herself.

“Good girl.”

She lay flat on the bed and felt Jacob’s hot, wet mouth kissing her burning ass cheeks. His mouth was gentle, soft, and exactly what she craved. She had always

longed to be taken brutally, then tenderly. It made little sense and maybe she was screwed up for enjoying it but she did.

"Tina, I'm going to tell you something." She heard him open a drawer to the side. Soon he rubbed oil over her ass that warmed instantly when it touched her skin. "You and I are meant to be. I've searched for you for two years now. You don't know this, but there's magic in your veins, as in mine. It binds us. Of course, the only way to win a woman like you is to tame her."

He flipped her over and tied her wrists to the scarves attached to the bed. He repeated the process with her legs, making sure she couldn't close them. She was too aroused to question the strange things he was saying, especially after that orgasm. Besides, she wanted him to have his way with her.

Jacob kissed her lips, tangling with her tongue. She loved his kisses and watched him slip down her body to her breasts. He licked one, suckled until her nipple grew sore from being taut, and then he put a small clip on it.

"This keeps your nipples sensitive. I will enjoy toying with them all weekend."

Tina couldn't imagine an entire weekend of such games. This was amazing. She did not care how she had arrived here or how long she had known Jacob. All she wanted was more of this.

His mouth went to the other breast and repeated the procedure. With the clips in place, he exhaled hot breath over her peaks and she arched her back. He gently bit the underside of her breasts, sucking the flesh into his mouth, but he did not stop there. He kept going lower, nibbling to her stomach.

With splayed fingers, he ran his hands over her ribs, her stomach, then down to her hips. Her thighs were stretched wide and he did not miss out on the opportunity. His hungry mouth attacked her wet pussy, lapping the folds, then sucking her clit into his mouth. He worked his tongue in and out, and then pressed that slippery seducer against her clit. There was no way to prepare herself for the explosion she felt as her second climax shot through her, making her pull against her restraints. Even as she quivered, she saw him, then felt his cock press into her.

He was so large, stretching her. If she had not already climaxed, she doubted she could have handled so much at once. He pumped his body into hers, hard, fast, and unrelenting. She tried to scoot back, slow his body, but the binds held her. Her body started pulsing, enjoying the sweet torture.

"I can't take it."

Jacob kept going, sheathing himself with more intensity into her body. This time she feared the climax, wondered if she could handle another orgasm. It struck her at once, and she called out, unable to stop the way he made her body move. Stars filled her vision and for a moment, she felt more than his cock slamming into her, more than his balls bouncing against her ass. They were one, then his hot seed filled her.

"My sweet, Tina."

She thought he would collapse on her. His breathing came in short bursts, but instead of falling to the bed, he untied her. With her arms and ankles free, he caressed her, holding her only a moment before turning her back to her stomach.

"We're close my sweet, but I'm not finished with you yet."

Tina watched him rub his cock with the same oil he had used on her ass. She realized where he intended to put that big cock this time. It had been part of her fantasy, to be fucked until she could not walk, but she was unsure if she could take any more.

"Jacob?"

"Shh. We're creating something beautiful. This time it might hurt a little, but I promise the orgasm will be amazing."

She had already endured three amazing orgasms. "I don't know if I can take it."

"You're going to take it my dear, right up that red ass of yours." He spoke in a husky voice and she was not surprised to see that his fat erection had returned.

Part of her wanted to deny him, to protest where he intended to put that, but that darker side she had indulged thus far ruled. She raised her ass in the air and he spread her cheeks with his hands.

"Have you ever been fucked this way?"

"No."

"I'm going to slap your ass until it's a little numb, then I'm going inside. Don't fight it and it will be fine. It might feel a little strange at first, but indulge me and I promise it will be worth it."

His hand smacked against her ass. It stung, not as pleasantly as the whip but she wanted to experience everything this man had to offer. His hand struck her harder, faster, then, without warning that big cock pressed against her asshole.

"Jacob?"

That was all she could say as he pushed his way into her body. It hurt and was uncomfortable, and then he moved back and forth. At first, he went slowly letting that oil of his coat her. As she became thoroughly lubricated, his thrusts became harder and she found another orgasm building. In, the pressure built, out relief, more in, harder. She squealed, but he held her hips in place.

"It's part of the spell."

That was all she heard. She could not think with so many sensations filling her. Her nipples began to pulse as he rocked her back and forth, brushing her breasts against the comforter. Her ass hurt but felt good at the same time. Jacob reached around her, slipping a finger into her slit.

"That clit is so swollen. You like me. You even like this."

He pumped harder, filling her. This time his balls swung against her pussy and she even liked that. He flicked her taut nipples and when she fought against the coming orgasm, he again reached to her soaked pussy.

"Get ready."

She did not understand until he pinched her clit while slamming into her ass. Her orgasm started, hard, painful, amazing. He slipped his fingers into her pussy, pumping her while his cock rammed into her ass. She could not take anymore and feared passing out as the climax rocked her. Pleasure greater than any she had imagined racked her body, then Jacob joined her in climax.

Tina closed her eyes and again light filled her vision. This time something came with it and as her body slowed its maddening pleasures, she saw herself with Jacob. Below were their bodies, entwined in their carnal acts.

In the distance, like stars in the sky, she saw lights and dim lines flickering between them. Those were people holding magic. She had no idea how she knew but she did. Others were being pulled together for some greater purpose just as they had been. If those lines went out, something wonderful would die.

"I told you. We're magic. The lines were corrupted centuries ago, but some of us are after our mates to breed so we can bring the magic lines back into the world."

The cosmos seemed open to them, streaking by in color and light. She had not listened to his crazy talk during their lovemaking, but now she was overwhelmed by it. Jacob seemed to glow, his hair blowing back.

"Is this real?"

"You're coming into your magic. A few more nights of this and you'll discover your true power." He laughed and the shine around his body grew brighter. "Don't worry. We have all the time in the world to get to know each other. You are my mate."

For a brief instance vertigo set in and she opened her eyes, finding herself back on the bed in her body. She felt Jacob pull out of her, collapsing on the bed. His hair was mussed and the scent of sex filled the room.

"Was that real?" she asked.

"Yes, love. You belong to me now."

"And you belong to me."

She would enjoy getting to know Jacob. This was the first man who truly knew what she wanted and as crazy as it seemed, he might actually be her mate.

"Magic, huh?"

"Yes."

"Really?"

"Yes. Now sleep. I'm too tired to spank you."

Tina giggled and curled up next to him. Everything about him had seemed unreal, yet it wasn't. She thought she had been indulging in a one-night stand with a stranger. Now she was glad she had given into temptation.

She closed her eyes and thought of him. At once, his thoughts were hers. She heard his voice in her mind, felt their eternal connection. She found his memories. The club he worked at was called Secrets Inc. and it held many secrets. She saw him at a desk, trying to decipher family trees from once great wizards that had died a century before. She gleaned bits of information about other couples and the magic they possessed. It amazed her and left her in awe.

"Quit pilfering my thoughts. Let me rest." His voice wasn't cross, only fatigued.

"Of course, my love."