



SIMON SAYS

By

Veronica Chase

© copyright September 2004 by Veronica Chase
Cover Art by Kat Richards, © copyright September 2004
New Concepts Publishing
Lake Park, GA 31636
www.newconceptspublishing.com

This is a work of fiction. All characters, events, and places are of the author's imagination and not to be confused with fact. Any resemblance to living persons or events is merely coincidence.

Chapter One

Roxanne didn't know how it was that her friend, Deborah, always managed to talk her into doing the most insane things, but here she stood on a stage, participating in a charity slave auction for BDSM enthusiasts. She was glad she couldn't actually see the audience because of the blindfold covering most of her face.

Unfortunately, she'd gotten a really good look at them before she was masked and led down the main aisle of the auditorium and up onto the stage. She'd never seen so much black leather.

If Deborah had steered her wrong, she was going to get a good dose of BDSM, because Roxanne was going to choke the life out of her.

She was jolted from her fearful reflections when her number was called. The "slave master" grasped the chain that led to her manacles and tugged her to the front of the stage. She was displayed and received a flattering/terrifying number of cat calls and whistles. She would've been more flattered if she had been wearing more clothes from the neck down and less from the neck up.

"This lovely young slave has offered herself up for sale at tonight's charity. As you can see, she is not only lusciously formed, but she is

unbroken, which should be of tremendous interest to all the gentlemen in the audience. We will start the bid at two hundred dollars. Do I have two hundred anyone?"

Roxanne felt a shiver skate down her spine. What in the devil did they mean by unbroken? She didn't like the sound of that at all. This was for charity, for god's sake! They were only supposed to *pretend* to be slaves for the night.

"Two hundred," said a deep male voice. It sounded far away, as if it might be in the back of the room.

"I have two hundred. Do I have two fifty?" asked the auctioneer.

Someone called two fifty. This one sounded closer. The bidding was fast and furious after that. She was walked up and down the stage every time it slowed down just a bit.

She didn't know whether to be more flattered or more frightened when the bid reached five hundred dollars. It sounded like an awful lot of money just for a pretend date, even if it was for charity.

"Five fifty? Do I have five fifty?"

Roxanne was just trying to decide whether she was more relieved to have it over with or more nervous to meet the person who had just paid five hundred dollars, when she heard a deep voice interrupt the proceedings.

"One thousand."

Roxanne felt a little faint.

"One thousand! The gentleman in the back wearing the black mask

has bid one thousand. Do I have one thousand fifty?”

There was a prolonged silence.

“Sold to the gentleman in the back. Sir, you may collect your slave.”

Roxanne felt weak-kneed as she was led from the stage and guided carefully down the three steps to the main floor. She heard the rustle of clothing as someone new stopped close by her. The scent of Drakkar wafted past her nostrils, sending a shiver of warmth through her.

“What are you called, slave?” It was the same deep voice that she’d heard offer a thousand dollars for her services for the night.

It took her several moments to find her voice. “Roxanne,” she said weakly.

“Remove your mask, Roxanne, so that I may examine my slave.”

Disconcerted, Roxanne merely gaped.

“Now slave.”

She jumped, reaching up instinctively at the sharp command and pushing the blindfold off of her eyes and up her forehead. Her vision was blurred from having worn the blindfold for so long, and it was dim in this area of the auditorium, but when her vision finally cleared, she was almost sorry. The auctioneer had said ‘the gentleman in the black mask’, but she certainly hadn’t expected the vision that greeted her gaze. He was wearing a black hood. All that she could see of his face was a pair of piercing blue eyes, so pale, she felt as if they were ice crystals cutting through her.

He studied her intently for several moments. Finally, apparently

satisfied with his purchase, he took hold of the chain and led her toward the cashier. “Wait here,” he said, releasing the chain and moving to the table. Extracting a wallet, he pulled out ten crisp bills, dropped them on the table, and placed his wallet in his pocket.

A representative of the auction returned with him to where she’d been left waiting. “Just a reminder. These are the rules of the auction. You cannot leave the building with your slave. We have rooms set up for your enjoyment. There is to be no genital contact or sexual intercourse while on the premises. If at any time you are uncomfortable and don’t wish to continue, you will have a safety word for surcease, but it is only to be used in that instance. It cannot be used to leave. You will remain in possession of your master until he grants you permission to leave this building or until midnight. Do you both understand?”

Her “owner” nodded. Roxanne managed to say yes.

The rules made her feel better about her decision to come tonight. As long as she wouldn’t be hurt and wasn’t expected to have sex, she could handle it. It would benefit her favorite cause and, whatever she was expected to do, it would be worth it.

That thought produced a little upsurge of pleasure and pride. It felt good to know that she was acting, not just talking about doing something. By coming, she’d helped to raise a thousand dollars.

Those thoughts buoyed her spirits all the way to the private room.

The moment he opened the door and led her inside by the chain

around her throat, her stomach tied itself into a hard knot of sheer terror. She couldn't even *remember* the rules, let alone remind herself that this was a game and had rules.

There was a medieval looking torture devise standing in the center of the room.

Without a word, he led her to the thing, grasped one of her wrists and secured it, then the other. His cold blue, emotionless eyes studied her face for several moments. "I am your master and I am known as Simon. You do not speak unless I give you permission to speak. You do not do anything at all without my leave. Do you understand?"

Roxanne stared up at him blankly, trying to figure out how she was supposed to ask for permission to speak if she wasn't allowed to speak to start with. And, if she wasn't supposed to speak without permission, was she supposed to answer him? And what about the safety word? Had he given her the safety word? She frowned, remembering that he had said something to her right after the man had told her about it, but she couldn't remember to save her life what he'd said.

"Uh ... how am I supposed to....?"

"I did not give you permission to speak, slave!"

Roxanne's jaw dropped. "But...."

His eyes narrowed. "If you continue to defy me, I will be forced to punish you."

Roxanne felt her eyes widen, but he seemed so absolutely serious

about it, so threatening, she couldn't find her voice even to attempt to speak again.

Nodding at her silence, he knelt and secured her ankles to the post, then moved away from her to a table that held a number of objects. She had only noticed it peripherally, however, as he led her into the room. Most of her attention had been focused on the post he led her to, and she couldn't remember to save her life what was on the table.

She couldn't remember the damned safety word either.

She forgot all about trying to remember the safety word when he turned from the table with a whip looking thing in his hands, studying her, idly pulling it through his fingers.

She stared at the thing--at him--in horror as he advanced on her. When he swung it at her, she flinched all over, squeezing her eyes shut. To her surprise and relief, pain did not instantly explode inside of her. In fact, she barely felt it at all.

He moved around her, thrashing her with the thing, her buttocks, her belly, her breasts. Her skin began to warm as he continued, began to tingle with heightened sensation.

Blood engorged her nipples, making them stand erect and throb with the beat of her pulse. Blood engorged her genitals, making her sex begin to ache with the pressure. The warmth of budding desire curled inside her belly. Try though she might to regulate her breathing, she began to struggle to catch her breath.

He ceased to thrash her, moved closer, so close she could feel the heat of his body, hear his own ragged breathing. His broad hand skated lightly over her, down her back and over her buttocks, down her thighs and calves. When he moved around her and began the journey upward, her heart seemed to leap from her chest and lodge itself in her throat. He paused when he reached the tops of her thighs. She held her breath, not because she feared he would touch her, but because she was hoping he would.

Disappointment filled her when he lifted his hands and placed them on her lower belly, just above her mound. Her belly quivered, jerked reflexively as he moved his hands up her body. She held her breath again when he reached her breasts, but this time he didn't hesitate. He skated his palms over her lightly, brushing the distended tips and setting off harder waves of pleasure and desire.

She gasped, squeezing her eyes closed, hoping he would do more. Instead, he moved away and began thrashing her once more. Her skin had cooled with the light brush of his hand, the blood receding from the surface, but it surged back almost instantaneously as he began again.

She lost track of time. She began to feel as if she was on fire. Her body ached all over, wanting his touch, needing it, screaming for it. She began to moan almost incessantly with the desire coursing through her, too delirious with need even to feel self-conscious about her state or to attempt to hide it any longer.

Vaguely, she recalled that genital contact or intercourse was

forbidden, but she was no longer comforted by the thought. She wanted more than what he had given her.

When he stopped thrashing her and began to skate his hands lightly over her again, she felt like she was going to die if he didn't touch her. Without any thought in her mind but that, as he reached the tops of her thighs again, hesitating, she licked her lips. "Please."

He looked up at her. As he lifted his hands to her belly, his thumb just grazed her pubic mound, so lightly it might almost have been an accident, and yet it sent an excruciating jolt of pleasure through her. He moved closer as he finished his caress of her body, so close that their labored breaths made their bodies brush lightly. His lips hovered a hair's breadth from hers. "Did I give you permission to speak, slave?"

Roxanne licked her lips, feeling them tingle with the nearness of his, desperately wanting him to close the gap and kiss her.

"Did I?" he prompted.

The heat of his body, the waves of unrequited desire coiling through her, his scent--all combined to turn her brain to pure mush. She shook her head slowly, not because she remembered she wasn't supposed to speak, but because her mouth and throat were so dry she couldn't.

From somewhere, the sound of a gong reached them.

He stiffened. After a moment, almost reluctantly, he stepped away from her, knelt to release her ankles and then stood again, releasing her wrists one at the time. "You are free, slave."

Roxanne stared at him in disbelief. He studied her for several moments, his gaze flickering over her parted lips and lingering for so long she sucked in her breath hopefully. Finally, he turned without another word and strode from the room.

Chapter Two

“Have fun?”

Roxanne glared at Deborah, whose work area was directly across from hers. “Not especially.”

Deborah looked at her in surprise. “That bad?”

Roxanne felt her face heating in a blush and instantly regretted saying anything at all. “No. Not really. I just....” She shrugged, mentally kicking herself. They were very good friends and had been for a long time, but she was reluctant to tell Deborah that the guy had turned her on so much that she’d been too worked up to sleep afterwards, not because they never discussed intimate things, but because she knew Deborah would tease her unmercifully. “I don’t think I could really get ‘in’ to the BDSM thing.”

Deborah shrugged. “Different strokes for different folks. It isn’t for everyone, but it really gets my engines revving.”

Roxanne’s cheeks flamed at the comment. It had gotten her engines revved too, and she was more than a little disturbed about it. She’d always considered herself a very traditional sort of person. ‘Kink’, she’d thought, was for weirdoes and those who’d ‘done it’ so much they’d become jaded on

more traditional fare. She wasn't particularly happy to discover she had leanings toward 'kink'.

She jumped when their supervisor leaned in at the door and slapped her hand against the wall to get their attention. "Less bustle and more hustle, ladies," she said chidingly. "Mr. Satterfield and Miz Satterfield are leaving on their business trip tomorrow. They need those reports to take with them."

When Delaney had left, Deborah made a face at her retreating back.

Roxanne bit her lip at the juvenile reaction.

"I can't help it. It irks me to have a snot nosed kid as my supervisor."

Roxanne shrugged. "It's the degree. She can have it with my blessing. I'd rather not have her headaches, even if the money is better. Why do you suppose she always says Mr. Satterfield and Miz Satterfield like that? Wouldn't it be easier just to say Mr. and Mrs.?"

"She's probably scared Miz Satterfield will hear about it if she doesn't and chew her up and spit her out for not giving her her due. She *is* co-owner, after all. I guess I could see her point."

"That's another reason I'd as soon not be in a position of responsibility around here. Everybody says she's more of a hardass even than Mr. Satterfield."

Deborah sighed. "Et tu, brute? Women ought to stick together. Men certainly do."

Roxanne gave her an indignant look. "What do you mean by that?"

“It means there shouldn’t be a double standard ... *any* double standard at all. If there wasn’t, women wouldn’t feel like they had to be nasty just to get a little respect.”

It was an unjust accusation and Roxanne felt real anger. She concentrated on her work after that, mentally debating the conversation. By lunch time, she’d begun to think that maybe Deborah was right. Maybe, unconsciously, she really hadn’t considered that Mrs. Satterfield was her husband/partner’s equal and therefore had no business being so bossy. She supposed it was because she figured Mr. Satterfield had made her his partner and co-owner of the business, but it didn’t necessarily follow that it had happened that way. Maybe *she* had started the business and taken him on as partner.

Deborah was right. She had automatically assumed that Mr. Satterfield was the ‘real’ boss.

Between her distraction and her lack of a restful night, she was still working on finishing her report when it came time to knock off. Deborah straightened her desk and rose, stretching. “You’re not done yet?”

“Almost,” Roxanne muttered.

“You want me to wait and walk you down?”

Roxanne shook her head, trying not to show her impatience. “It shouldn’t take me more than ten or fifteen minutes. I’ll be fine.”

It was hard to concentrate, though, when she could hear the other office personnel filing out, laughing, talking, rushing home.

Finally, the crowd thinned and silence reigned once more. Letting out an impatient sigh, Roxanne concentrated on her work once more.

She didn't notice the folded piece of paper on the floor by the door until she'd hit the print key and gotten up to go retrieve her report. She stared down at it for several moments, but it didn't look like trash. Finally, she bent to pick it up and opened it to look at it.

There was a note scrawled on it in bold hand.

Take off your panties.

Simon

A shiver skated through her. Her belly clenched. Feeling a little breathless, Roxanne opened the door and looked up and down the corridor, but there was no one in sight.

It occurred to her, briefly, to wonder if it was a prank Deborah was pulling on her, but it certainly wasn't Deborah's handwriting. It looked like a man's scrawl, bold, careless, imperious in its wording.

She stared at the note again, feeling everything she'd felt the night before rushing through her until her body was humming. After a moment, she wadded the note up. She'd already tossed it in the trash can when it occurred to her that someone might pick it up and read it.

It seemed a paranoid thought, spawned no doubt by her guilty conscience, but she couldn't banish it. Finally, she scooped the note from

her waste basket and stuffed it into her purse.

Shouldering her purse, she switched off the light in the office and walked down the hall to the printer, acutely conscious of the brush of her thighs as she walked and the pulse of blood in her pussy.

Why, she wondered, hadn't it occurred to her that Simon might be one of her co-workers? She and Deborah both worked here and had participated in the charity event. There was no telling how many other people from the office had gone.

He must be a co-worker. There was no other way he could've delivered that note.

But who?

She stood staring at the paper flowing out of the printer, her mind mentally sorting through every male in the office and discarding them as possibilities one by one. None of them seemed the right height or build or weight.

Maybe he didn't work on this floor?

If he didn't, then he would at least have to be someone who had access and reason to move from one floor to another.

Besides, he'd laid out a thousand bucks.

He must be somebody pretty high on the ladder.

Unfortunately, she wasn't in a position that allowed her a lot of freedom of movement. The only people in the office she knew on sight were those who worked in her general area.

She realized the printer had stopped and finally scooped up the report, stacked it neatly and looked around for a stapler.

As she headed for her supervisor's office to drop the report off, she thought about the note again.

She had the insane urge to do it.

What would it matter, anyway? She was off work now. For that matter, everybody had already cleared out. Even if they hadn't, nobody would know but her.

She didn't honestly know what made her do it, but she stopped by the restroom and removed her panties, stuffing them into her purse.

The sensation of walking without them was strangely exciting. By the time she'd reached the elevator and punched the button that would take her to her level of the parking garage, she was hot, damp, and her nipples were hard and achy.

The parking level was virtually deserted. Here and there, she saw a car, but she didn't see a single soul. Walking briskly now, she headed for her car. She'd just unlocked it when she heard the scrape of a shoe nearby. Her heart leapt into her throat.

"Don't turn around," he said as he moved up behind her.

She recognized his voice instantly and the weakness of relief flooded through her, followed almost instantly by renewed tension as she felt him brush against her. "Did you do what I told you to do?"

Roxanne swallowed with an effort, her throat dry. Slowly, she

nodded.

“Put your hands on the roof of the car.”

Like a robot, she obeyed.

She felt his heated breath on her neck as he slid an arm around her and pulled her tightly against his body. His erection dug into her buttocks and she caught her breath. Slipping his hand down her belly, he cupped her sex through her skirt, sending a jolt of pleasure through her.

Bunching the fabric in his hand, he lifted her skirt with agonizing slowness and finally slipped his hand over her bare skin and between her legs. “Spread your legs,” he murmured against her ear.

His words, the heat of his breath along her sensitive skin, made warmth flood her sex. She shifted, spreading her legs, gasping as he parted her nether lips and dragged his finger along her cleft.

He slid his other arm around her, unfastening the buttons of her blouse and then slipping his hand inside one cup of her bra and pinching her distended nipple between two fingers. She gasped at the keen sensation that went through her like tentacles of electric current. Her entire body tensed.

Her body began to shake as he found her clit, began to massage it with his finger, winding the tension tighter and tighter inside of her.

“Does it feel good?”

She nodded, vaguely recalling that she wasn't to speak unless she was told she could, too deeply enmeshed in a haze of desire in any case to think with any clarity.

“You were good last night. I think I should reward you.”

Roxanne swallowed, hoping he meant to reward her by pushing that very large cock that was digging into her buttocks into her throbbing pussy.

He ceased to tease her clit and moved to the mouth of her sex, pushing his finger inside of her.

She gasped. Her neck suddenly felt too weak to hold her head upright and she dropped her head forward, leaning her forehead against the cold metal of the roof of her car, swaying.

He slipped his finger along her passage, thrusting and retreating, finger fucking her until she began to moan deliriously, feeling her body rushing toward release.

“Would you like my cock here instead?”

She uttered a low groan. “Yes.”

He hesitated. Slowly, he withdrew his finger. “I didn’t tell you that you could speak.”

Roxanne bit her lip, wondering a little wildly if he was going to withdraw altogether. She held her breath, waiting anxiously.

He slipped his hand along her cleft and rubbed her clit. Her belly clenched, the muscles along her passage quaking on the verge of climax. She whimpered, desperately wanting to beg him to give her release, afraid that if she said anything at all he would pull away.

He pinched her nipple, hard, sending a stabbing shaft of pleasure through her, and began massaging her clit, harder, faster. Her climax hit her

so hard and so abruptly, that she cried out. The sound echoed across the empty garage like the keening cry of a bird.

She leaned weakly against her car when he withdrew, gasping hoarsely, her heart thundering in her ears deafeningly, her whole body throbbing with the release. It took an effort of concentration to keep from wilting to the pavement beside her car.

When she'd finally regained enough strength to push away from the car and look around, she discovered that he was gone.

Chapter Three

The experience left her shaken. Surprisingly, she slept far better that night than the previous night. Release, after having been teased for hours the night before and not allowed it, felt wonderful, and yet there was also a sense of dissatisfaction, a sense of incompleteness. As wonderful as it had felt, she was extremely dissatisfied that he had done no more than get her off. She'd desperately wanted to feel his cock inside of her.

She still did.

That disturbed her. She hadn't even seen his face. She didn't know anything about him except that his name was Simon, he was tall, well built, had blue eyes. His voice made her feel warm and wet. He'd been carefully screened by the 'society', and he had a lot of money to throw around.

All things considered, that wasn't much.

His name might not even be Simon. In fact, she very much doubted it. It seemed just a little farfetched that she'd been playing Simon Says with Simon.

What disturbed her almost as much as not knowing nearly enough about him was the fact that she was almost reluctant to learn more.

Deep down, she felt safe. The society that had put on the charity function screened its members scrupulously. She'd had to go through the entire screening process even to be accepted as an honorary, temporary member for the charity function.

But there was a sense of danger in not really knowing who he was, or when he might show up, or what he might do, or expect her to do that kept her keyed up, excited. She was almost as horny now as she had been before he'd made her cum.

For the first time since she'd started working at Satterfield Enterprises almost a year before, Roxanne was both nervous and excited when she went to work the following day.

Her excitement spiked when she reached her desk and found a gift box lying in her chair when she pulled it out. Her heart leapt even before she pulled the note from the top of the box with shaking fingers and opened it.

Use this tonight. Leave your bedroom drapes open.

Simon

Surreptitiously, she slipped the box into her purse and headed for the restroom, ignoring the curious look Deborah sent her as she left the room abruptly. Once she'd locked herself into a stall, she opened the box with shaking hands.

She blinked in surprise when she saw that it was a dildo.

Her heart fluttered. He wanted to watch her use it.

He knew where she lived.

He *must* be someone high up in the office if he'd found out where she lived.

The thought should have terrified her, she was sure. She was just as certain that she wasn't terrified at all. She was excited, jittery, hot and horny.

She was distracted through out the day. Deborah kept sending her curious looks.

When she asked Roxanne point blank at lunch what was in the box, Roxanne had merely smiled. "Something special from someone special."

Deborah gaped at her. "Who?"

Roxanne smiled a secret smile. "I'm not tell-ing," she said in a singsong voice.

"Well, what then?"

Roxanne laughed. "Something."

She could see that Deborah was dying of curiosity, but she wasn't about to tell her. This was special. It wasn't something to be shared, even with a close friend.

Besides, she didn't especially want Deborah to know that she was enjoying a wildly inappropriate sexual flirtation with a complete stranger. Even as kinky as Deborah was, she'd probably disapprove and it might ruin

some of her enjoyment.

As soon as she got home that evening, she went into her bedroom and opened the drapes wide. Pulling the gift box from her purse, she took the dildo out and set it on her bedside table.

She couldn't get her mind off of it as she went about her evening routine. Her mind kept supplying her with images of Simon watching, of herself lying naked on the bed, using the dildo.

A sense of nervousness filled her, too. What if he wasn't there? What if she went to bed too early and he missed 'the show'? What if she went to bed too late?

She wished he'd told her a time.

When the time for bed finally arrived, she found herself primping as if she was expecting a lover, taking her time over her bath, smoothing lotion over herself, examining her legs carefully to make certain they were perfectly smooth all over.

Her body was already humming with anticipation when she left the bathroom and went into her room. She suffered more doubt once she'd reached it. Should she leave the light on? Turn it off?

She didn't want it too dark, just in case he was watching. She didn't want all the lights on either. The moment she lay down she realized the glaringly bright lights were just too distracting. She decided on muted lighting and tried leaving the bathroom light on and the door ajar.

Finally, remembering she had candles, she gathered them all up and

placed them around the room, lighting them. A warm, yellow glow filled the room, along with the scent of the burning candles.

There was just enough light, she decided, that he could watch her, but still enough shadow to lend an intimate, mysterious air to the scene.

Lying down on the bed at last, she took the dildo and examined it. She'd never used one, but it didn't take a rocket scientist to figure it out. Closing her eyes, she placed the dildo between her thighs so that her body would warm it, trying to imagine that it was Simon's cock.

She skated her hands over her body, lightly. Cupping her breasts, she massaged them, plucking at her nipples, imagining in her mind that Simon was plucking at them, imagining that he was watching her, getting hard.

Slowly, warmth and tension began to coil inside of her. She spread her thighs, tracing her cleft, imagining that Simon could see the pink petals of flesh as she separated them, teased her clit with her finger.

Breathing deeply, she remembered his scent. The Drakkar he wore, mixed with his own spicy scent, had acted on her like a drug. Remembering it, her body responded heatedly. Her mind focused on the sensations she was drawing from her body as she continued to alternately pluck at her nipples and stroke her clit.

She felt herself growing wet, growing needy.

Taking hold of the dildo, she spread her legs wide and pushed the rounded tip into her opening. The mouth of her pussy closed around it, as if sucking at it, trying to draw it in. Gasping for breath now, she eased it

slowly inside, feeling the muscles of her passage yielding slowly to the size of it. It stretched her, filled her with an aching fullness.

Teasing her nipples with one hand, she began to move the dildo in and out of herself, slowly, searching for just the right angle of penetration, the right tempo.

It felt good. It felt so good! Still she found herself struggling to reach orgasm, felt moisture bead her skin as she worked the dildo harder and faster. Her body clenched around it, shuddered.

She began arching up to meet each thrust, plunging it in and out almost roughly, until it bordered on pain. She moved the hand she'd been teasing her nipples with down her belly and began to massage her clit. Suddenly, her body seized, every muscle seeming to clench. Her rhythm faltered. It took an effort to continue, to thrust the dildo in and out, but the moment she did her climax hit her like a clap of thunder, rolling over her in a red tide that made the world go black.

She groaned, cried out, gasping as the waves seemed to wash through her endlessly.

Every ounce of strength seemed to evaporate from her body as the echoes of her release slowly died away. She left the dildo buried deeply inside of her, reluctant to remove it, enjoying the way her muscles continued to clench around it long after she felt nothing more than a wonderful glow of completion.

She fell asleep with it tucked inside of her, dreamily imagining that

Simon was with her, not just watching, and it was Simon's cock that filled her.

Chapter Four

She felt as giddy as a teenager when she got to work the following day, excited, restless, expectant. She was a little disappointed that she didn't find a note when she arrived at work, but then she chided herself for being too impatient. Later, perhaps while she was out at lunch, he would slip a note to her.

He didn't leave a note, but she refused to allow that little set back to dull her enjoyment of the game she was playing.

Even the daily grind didn't dampen her enthusiasm.

When it came time to go home, however, and no note and no gift appeared, her bubble burst. She spent most of the trip home trying to figure out if she hadn't done something she ought to have, or if she had done something she shouldn't have.

Those questions plagued her entire evening. By the time she'd eaten and finished scrubbing the kitchen floor--something that hadn't needed doing that she'd decided to do anyway because she was so keyed up--it occurred to her to wonder if he'd grown tired of the game.

That thought was far worse than the possibility that she'd displeased

him somehow.

She lay staring at the ceiling when she finally crawled into her bed, contemplating the disheartening possibility. After a while, she got the dildo out of the drawer of her night stand, but she didn't really have much enthusiasm for it.

Finally, after tossing and turning until well after midnight, she fell asleep.

By the time she arrived at work the following day, she'd decided that Simon was probably just 'punishing' her. He didn't want her to get too accustomed to hearing from him every day. He wanted to keep her guessing, keep her on tender hooks.

She didn't get a note that day either, and she was really depressed when she headed home, so depressed she stopped by the corner market and bought a quart of ice cream.

Two more days passed in absolute misery and then, just when she'd decided she absolutely had to quit moping about the guy, she found a note lying on her desk when she returned from lunch. The moment her gaze fell upon it, her heart seemed to stand still in her chest. Her hand was shaking when she picked the note up and read it.

Go to the restroom. Last stall.

Simon

“Are you okay?” Deborah asked.

“What?” Roxanne responded, crumpling the note in her hand and looking up quickly at her friend.

Deborah frowned. “You turned white as a sheet and then red. It isn’t bad news, is it?”

“What?” Roxanne said blankly.

“The note.”

“Oh ... uh ... no. It’s nothing. To tell you the truth my lunch isn’t sitting just right. I’m just going to dash down to the restroom. Cover for me if you-know-who comes by.”

She took the note with her. She didn’t *think* that Deborah would snoop, but she wasn’t taking any chances. She’d reached the door to the restroom before it occurred to her that she’d taken off as if her pants were on fire.

She hadn’t even stopped to consider whether she *wanted* to obey or not!

But then, did she really have to? She wouldn’t be standing at the door of the restroom if she hadn’t been ready to obey his slightest call.

Feeling a mixture of irritation with herself, nerves, and, yes, rising excitement, she went into the restroom, looked around and moved toward the last stall, the one set aside for the handicapped, which was almost twice the size of the others.

When she’d closed the door behind her, she saw that there was a

small package lying on the tiny shelf along one wall. Her name was scrawled on it in that hand writing she knew so well.

Her fingers shook as she tore it open. Inside was a narrow length of black silk and another note.

Remove your panties, then put the blindfold on and wait.

Simon

The moment she read it her body flushed with anticipation. Slipping out of her panties, she stuffed them into her purse and hung the purse on the hooky on the door. Then, she took the blindfold and tied it around her eyes.

Breathlessly, she waited, counting the thudding heartbeats as they rattled against her eardrums, listening for someone to come in.

The door to the restroom opened. She heard someone cross the restroom. He stopped just outside the stall where she waited and she held her breath.

“Open the door, Roxanne.”

Groping her way blindly to the door, she fumbled with the latch and finally managed to get it open and moved back.

She heard the rustle of movement as he stepped inside and latched the door behind him.

He caught hold of her shoulders, guiding her toward the back of the stall. “Were you a good little slave while I was gone?”

He'd been gone? Relief flooded her. He must have been out sick or had to go on a trip. She nodded.

"Did you use the present I left you while I was gone?"

She hesitated, wondering if he would be angry with her if she said no. Finally, she shook her head.

"No?"

She shook her head again, although she was beginning to worry that, maybe, she was supposed to have said yes.

She felt his hand stroke her cheek. "You are a good little slave. You always do exactly as you're told."

Roxanne swallowed with an effort, feeling strangely elated by his praise.

"Get down on your knees."

Feeling around for the wall to balance herself, Roxanne placed a hand against it and carefully got down on her knees. She heard the sound of a zipper, sensed when he moved closer to her. "Suck my cock," he murmured, nudging her lips. "If you please me, if you are very thorough and suck me dry, I'll reward you."

Roxanne felt as if her heart was going to beat through her chest. Moisture flooded her pussy. Her mouth went dry.

She reached for him, closing her hand around his hard cock and guiding it into her mouth. The taste of his flesh sent a heady rush through her. She sucked the rounded tip, licked it, then opened her mouth as wide as

she could and slipped his cock inside. It was huge. Try though she might, she could get no more than half of it into her mouth and her jaw began to ache almost immediately from trying to open her mouth so wide.

Ignoring the discomfort, she held the root of his shaft tightly in her hand and worked his engorged cock in and out of her mouth, sucking him, licking him. She felt him shudder, gasp harshly. The sound of his pleasure encouraged her, made her own desire burgeon. The muscles in her pussy began to clench and unclench as if it could feel his shaft moving in and out.

Dizzy with the desire flowing through her, she mouth fucked him with enthusiasm, moving faster as the tension of passion wound tighter and tighter inside of her. Abruptly, he let out a harsh gasp. His cock jerked. An upsurge of desire swept through her with the realization that he was about to come. Releasing her hold on his cock, she gripped his buttocks, pushing his cock deeply into her mouth and sucking him hard, milking him of his seed greedily and gulping it until his cock ceased to jerk with his climax.

“Good slave,” he said on a gasping, ragged breath as he eased his cock from her mouth and adjusted his pants. “You did a pretty good job. You may stand up now.”

She rose with an effort, weak and shaking with the desire pumping through her blood stream. Catching her arms, he walked her backwards until she came up against the handrail sticking out from the wall.

He leaned toward her, his mouth close to her ear. “Because you were good and obeyed me, I’m going to give you a small reward. But you are not

allowed to make a sound. If you do, I stop. Understand?”

She nodded.

She heard the rustle of his clothing and then his hands slipped beneath her skirt, pushing it up to her waist. He nudged her legs. “Spread your legs.”

She shifted, moving her legs slightly apart.

“More. Wider.”

Catching hold of the safety bar behind her, she spread her legs as wide as she could.

She jumped when she felt his fingers parting the folds of flesh around her sex, holding it wide. Something hot and moist and faintly rough was dragged along her cleft--his tongue. Exquisite pleasure shot through her. She sucked in her breath, held it as she remembered she wasn't to make a sound.

His mouth closed over her clit, sucking.

Fire swarmed over her flesh, invaded her pores, swept through her bloodstream, congregating in her brain and churning it into a chaos of heat and blackness that threatened to consume her completely. She managed a few panting breaths to keep the darkness swirling through her mind at bay. The hot waves of pleasure that pounded through her were nearly uncontainable as he alternated between teasing the sensitive bud with his tongue and sucking on it and it took every effort of concentration she could manage to keep it from overflowing from her in a moan, a whimper, a sharp

cry.

The outer door to the restroom opened. Roxanne flinched all over at the sound, holding her breath, knowing that she would certainly have no more if she gave away their game in the last stall.

As if prompted by their presence, however, Simon became more demanding, dipping his tongue into her passage and tongue fucking her, teasing her to such a state of mindlessness she released her death grip on the bar and covered her mouth with one hand to stifle the desperate need to cry out. She breathed desperate puffs of air through her nose, feeling darkness swarming closer and closer. She couldn't seem to draw enough air into her lungs fast enough. She lost all awareness of her surroundings, of everything except the wonderfully tortuous caress of Simon's mouth and tongue on her clit and inside of her.

A stall door down the room slammed as her body began to quake with the first tremors of release. She muffled a groan, feeling as if she had been caught her in an electric current as it sizzled over her never endings, frying brain cells.

As the outer door finally closed behind the visitor, the climax she'd been trying desperately to keep at bay burst over her like an exploding dam and she could contain the eruption of ecstasy no longer. A gasping groan of rapture was wrenched from her.

She slumped weakly against the bar when he ceased to torment her and rose to stand before her, feeling as if she would slip into complete

unconsciousness at any second. He leaned toward her, speaking low near her ear. “*Almost* perfect, but you did make a sound,” he chided her.

Roxanne thought she detected a thread of amusement in his voice, or perhaps satisfaction? Maybe both? She wasn’t in any state at the moment to analyze it.

“A tiny infraction. The punishment will be light. You may remove the blindfold and return to your workstation when I leave.”

She was still trying to catch her breath when she heard him leave the stall. A few moments later the outer door opened and closed.

Groaning, Roxanne pulled the blindfold off and straightened. Her body was still pounding from the explosiveness of her climax, and her pussy pounding harder than all else. She cupped her hand over her pussy, but instead of easing the pounding pressure her touch only seemed to set off more shock waves. It took her several minutes even to pull herself together enough to realize that she was still at work, and playing hooky in the bathroom.

She had to sit down on the toilet to pull her panties on again. Her legs were so weak she could barely stand on two, let alone one. Finally, she managed to straighten her clothing and left the stall. She was splashing cold water on her face when Deborah poked her head in the door.

“Boy, that salad really did a number on you! Remind me not to eat the salads.”

Roxanne blushed. She’d been in such a state after she’d gotten the

note she'd forgotten that all she'd had for lunch was a salad. "It was probably the dressing. I noticed it tasted a little off. Or maybe I'm just coming down with something?"

"You should tell them you're sick and go home."

Roxanne's eyes widened. "Oh! I couldn't do that. I'm sure I'll be okay now!"

She wasn't exactly okay, though. She had a very hard time concentrating on her work because her body continued to throb and twitch with echoes of spent passion for much of the remainder of the day.

It wasn't entirely that, however, that kept her body in a state of readiness. Simon's promise to punish her made her heart flutter and her belly clench in anticipation every time she remembered it.

Chapter Five

Simon let her stew over his promise/threat for days. On Friday, when she'd begun to fear he would make her wait until the following week, she found a note in the outside pocket of her purse when she retrieved it to head home for the weekend. Her body responded to the sight of the note as if she'd just been caressed, clenching with excitement and anticipation. With shaking hands, she picked it up and opened it to read.

Tonight. Your place. At precisely ten o'clock, unlock your front door and go upstairs. Turn the light off in your room, remove all of your clothing, and lie face down on your bed to await your punishment.

Simon

It was as well that he hadn't told her earlier. She was in a state of mindless chaos from the moment she read the note and could think of nothing except her dismay that she had hours and hours to wait. She did her best to stick to her routine once she arrived at home, taking care of all the daily things that had to be done to maintain her home and a modicum of

comfort.

She spent an hour trying to decide what to eat for her supper, but even when she'd finally made up her mind, she discovered she couldn't eat more than a few bites. Deciding finally that a bath would help her to relax at least a little, she went to her bathroom and ran a hot bath, soaking until her skin began to prune. She was relaxed when she got out, but more than a little dismayed to see that she still had an hour to wait.

She spent the time grooming and staring at the clock.

At a quarter till ten, she was seated in a chair, glancing from the clock to the door and back again. At precisely ten, she unlocked the door with shaking fingers and went to her room. She hadn't dressed after her bath. She'd been too fearful it would take her longer than he expected to undress. Pulling off the robe she'd been wearing, she dropped it beside the bed and lay face down, waiting, listening.

She heard her door open and the tread she'd learned to recognize coming down the hallway. Her heart stuttered, began to pound erratically as he came into her room and stopped for several agonizing moments beside the bed, merely watching her.

"Don't move," he said finally.

She dragged in a shuddering breath as she felt the bed dip. He straddled her back.

"Lift your head."

She complied, holding perfectly still as he placed a blindfold over her

eyes and secured it behind her head. When he'd finished, she dropped her head to the bed, panting. He got off of her and the bed moved as he got off of it. She listened, detecting movement, the whisper of clothing being removed, the sound of a zipper opening, shoes dropping to the floor.

She tensed, almost faint with the realization that this time he meant to give her his cock.

He must.

He grasped one of her wrists, securing something around it. The object felt soft, but not yielding, as if it had been padded. He stretched her arm out straight and she heard the clink of metal. Moving down the bed, he attached something similar to her ankle, pulled her leg toward the edge of the bed and again she heard the faint clink. Moving around the bed, he repeated the process and she discovered that she'd been bound spread eagle on the bed.

She tested the restraints when he moved away from her and discovered that she couldn't move more than a hair in any direction.

She waited.

"I will not require absolute silence, but you are not to utter a word until I give you permission to do so. Do you understand?"

Roxanne nodded.

After a few moments, she felt the bed dip again. Something icy touched her skin, some sort of lotion, she supposed. Beginning at her feet, he began to work the lotion into her skin. As he rubbed it into her flesh, her

skin began to tingle with warmth. He worked his way up slowly and methodically from her feet to her calves, the backs of her knees and finally her thighs. She tensed as he worked the lotion along her inner thighs, brushing her nether lips from time to time, but lightly, almost teasingly.

She held her breath, hoping he would stroke her there, part the flesh and move his fingers along her sensitive cleft.

Instead, he moved to her buttocks, massaging the oils into the firm flesh, teasing her by grazing her cleft, parting the flesh, but skimming the outer edges only.

Straddling her, his bare buttocks brushing hers, his engorged cock lying heavily against her spine, he worked his way up her back, her shoulders, her arms, until every inch of her skin throbbed with heat and need, or want of it, and she was panting for breath. Lying down on her, he slipped his cock in the cleft of her ass and pushed his hands beneath her, cupping a breast in each palm, pinching her nipples until they pulsed with sensation.

He moved off of her then, got off the bed and Roxanne tensed as the moments passed, fearing he would leave her wracked with need and unfulfilled. That possibility seemed to be borne up when he loosened the chains holding her legs wide.

“On your knees.”

Relieved, burgeoning with anticipation, she struggled to get her knees beneath her. He climbed on the bed once more, positioning her to his

satisfaction, pushing her legs wide and kneeling between them. She felt his hand skate over her ass, parting the cheeks, felt his fingers tracing her cleft. He inserted one finger inside of her.

“You’re wet for me, slave,” he murmured huskily.

Swallowing with an effort, Roxanne nodded, hoping he wouldn’t decide to punish her by abruptly withdrawing.

“Do you accept me as your lord and master?”

She nodded.

“Speak.”

“Yes,” she gasped.

“Do you want your master’s cock shoved in your tight little pussy?”

“Yes.”

He leaned over her. “I’m not convinced.”

“Please.”

He sucked on her ear, traced the swirls with his tongue. Heat shot through her.

“Please,” she murmured again.

“Please what, slave?”

“Fuck me.”

He rose up then and she felt his hands on her buttocks once more, spreading the cheeks of her ass. Something thin probed her rectum. She gasped, panting as it was slowly moved deeper inside of her.

“Here?”

She uttered a moan as currents of pleasure washed through her. Her pussy clenched mournfully, needing to be filled. He withdrew slightly. “Yes,” she gasped in a choked voice.

He withdrew until only the slim, hard head remained inside of her.

She felt his fingers tracing her cleft, spreading the petals of flesh that surrounded her pussy. Something hard and round pushed into the mouth of her sex. She groaned in pleasure, her heart pounding with need.

Gripping her hips to hold her, he thrust with steady pressure until he’d penetrated both orifices. She was near mindless by the time he’d filled her, fighting to catch her breath, struggling to hold the rapturous torture inside of her, to hold her release at bay.

He paused fractionally when he’d possessed her completely.

He leaned over her, bracing an arm on either side of her. “You’re my slave.”

“Yes.”

“You want me to use you as I please.”

She groaned. “Yes ... please.”

Wrapping one arm around her, he reached for her clit, rubbing it as he began to thrust in and out of her with measured strokes. She groaned as her body convulsed in a quick climax, disappointment filling her briefly.

Instead of a release of tension, however, her body instantly tensed one more, began to climb toward culmination as he continued to plunge deeply inside of her, teasing her clit with his finger.

Passion coiled inside of her again, tightened, licked at her nerves. Within minutes, she felt her body skating the edge of another release. She cried out as it washed over her, making her body quake and convulse harder than before, seizing her far longer.

As the rapture of release began to diminish, he increased his pace, thrusting into her harder and faster until he was pounding into her almost painfully, forcing her body up the scale of passion once more until she began to feel as if she would shatter when the force of it caught her in its grip. She screamed as her third climax hit her so hard she almost blacked out from it, her body contracting tightly around his convulsing body and wringing his seed from him.

His body shook with the weakness of his release. Finally, he pushed himself upright and disengaged his body from hers. The bed dipped as he lay down, gasping hoarsely, trying to gather his strength to move. Roxanne collapsed, barely conscious, struggling to catch her breath.

After a time, she became aware that he'd moved to the edge of the bed.

As if he sensed her stirring, he got up. She heard the rustle of his clothing as he dressed, his movements as he moved around the bed, removing her cuffs, releasing her.

His hand skated over her back lightly, cupped her buttocks.

"You are a good slave and I'd like nothing more than to keep you forever." He paused. "But this is becoming a dangerous obsession for me,

one I can't afford. I release you, slave."

Roxanne tensed, but her brain was still so sluggish, she had difficulty understanding him, or perhaps, it was only that she didn't want to understand what he was saying. "Are you ... married?"

He hesitated for so long she thought he wouldn't answer her at all.

"No. I'm not." He paused again. "When I'm gone, I give you permission to remove the blindfold."

She wanted to remove it on the instant, to look at him, to beg him to tell her he didn't really mean it. Instead, she did just as she was told.

Chapter Six

There were times when Roxanne found it hard to believe that she'd ever been content with her life. She spent the first two weeks after Simon had released her in denial. Every day she went to work hoping that she would find a note from Simon and each day she was disappointed.

Anger set in on the third week. He'd abandoned her. He'd introduced her to something she'd never know before, mind altering, all consuming passion. He'd trained her body to expect it, and then he'd taken it away from her.

By the time a month had passed, she'd lost her anger and descended into deep mourning.

Her work suffered, naturally, but she couldn't seem to summon the energy to care.

"What is your problem?" Deborah finally demanded, angry because she'd been pushing and prodding at Roxanne for weeks and couldn't get her out of her slump.

Roxanne looked at her glumly, but she realized she needed to talk. "Remember the auction?"

“Yeah, what about it?”

“Well ... I lied about not liking it. I *really* liked it and the guy that bought me seemed to like it too. Those notes I wouldn't tell you about, they were from him. We met over and over ... and it was the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me in my life.”

“And?” Deborah prompted when she stopped.

“He released me. I haven't seen him in a month and I miss him desperately. You can't imagine how desperately.”

“You mean you miss the sex,” Deborah said dryly. “Well don't get so worked up about it. I could always introduce you to a new master.”

Roxanne shook her head. “I couldn't. You don't understand. It wasn't just the game. It was him. He made me feel more alive than I've ever felt in my life. He made me feel beautiful, desirable, really special for the first time in my life.

“I'll admit I thought it was just the sex at first, but it wasn't just that. It was a *lot* more than that. I think I'm in love with him. I know it's crazy. I've never even actually seen him. He always made me wear a blindfold unless he was wearing his mask. I don't even know for sure that his name was Simon. In fact, I'm pretty sure it isn't.”

Deborah studied her for several moments when she stopped. There was sympathy in her eyes but concern also. “You've never even seen his face? He must be a freak if he won't even let you look at him. I think you're just obsessed with the game. And that ain't love, sweetie, whatever

you might think.”

Roxanne felt like crying. “That’s what he said,” she muttered hollowly. “When he released me. He said I was becoming a ‘dangerous obsession’ and he had to let me go. And I don’t care what he looks like. It wouldn’t change the way I feel, or the way he makes me feel. It’s not like I’m a great beauty myself!”

“Well, it seems to me that he’s got it figured out, even if you don’t!”

Roxanne had already opened her mouth to deny that her feelings were questionable, to point out that his words could easily be construed as a declaration of his love for her, when the supervisor stuck her head in their door.

She gave Roxanne a disapproving look and shook her head. “Three warnings, Roxanne, and you’re still goofing off.” She dropped a thick report on Roxanne’s desk. “Take this up to Mr. Satterfield’s office. He wants to talk to you about your poor performance these last few weeks.”

Roxanne felt the blood leave her face, but she knew she deserved to get the boot. Delaney was right. She’d allowed herself to get into such a slump, she was virtually useless, even to herself.

Deborah gave her a pitying look as she stood up and picked the report up.

“See you in a few minutes,” Roxanne muttered, straightening her spine and heading out of the office.

Despite her determination to appear cool and calm, Roxanne was

terrified. It would've been bad enough if she'd been sent to personnel for a dressing down. But the big boss? She must have *really* screwed something up if he wanted to talk to her.

His receptionist was on the phone when she presented herself.

"I'm Roxanne Harlowe. My supervisor said Mr. Satterfield wanted to see me."

The receptionist covered the mouth piece of the phone and pointed to a door on the other side of the reception area.

Gulping, Roxanne turned to stare at the door. She'd expected to be told to wait. She didn't know if it was better that she wouldn't have to, or worse. Her knees felt weak as she crossed the thick carpet. She hesitated at the door, wondering if she should knock, and turned to look at the receptionist. The woman made a shooing motion at her.

Turning the knob, she entered the office.

It was enormous, big enough to contain a wall of shelves, a huge desk, and even a couch and a couple of chairs without seeming the least bit crowded.

Mr. Satterfield was not seated behind his desk, however. Disconcerted, Roxanne looked around.

"Mr. Satterfield?" she called in a voice that quavered with fear. "I have those reports...."

She heard a splash of water and her gaze was drawn to a narrow door that stood partly ajar.

“Just put them on the desk.”

A cold wave of shock washed over Roxanne when she heard his voice. She froze in place like a statue, unable to move, hardly breathing. He stepped from the bathroom and into his office, his gaze moving over her.

His piercing blue eyes sent another jolt through her. He was so handsome it made her belly clench painfully. Black hair feathered back from his forehead and off his ears, and though he was clean shaven, he had so much testosterone in his system his jaw was shadowed with a crisp line of beard stubble beneath the skin’s surface. His thin, sensual lips compressed in a tight line, making the muscles of his square jaw stand out, as if seeing her displeased him somehow. His gaze held her entranced, not icy cold but with the heat of intense longing.

She licked her dry lips. Her mouth worked, but she couldn’t seem to emit so much as a squeak of sound.

Frowning, he strode past her. She heard the click as he locked the door, heard his tread as he moved up behind her, felt the heat of his body slowly penetrating the ice that encased her.

Gently, he pried the report from her hands and dropped it on the top of his desk.

The sound made her flinch.

“Lean forward and place your palms on the edge of the desk.”

Like a robot, she obeyed, stiffly.

He leaned over her, placing a hand on either side of hers.

“Your safety word is stop. Do you understand?”

Roxanne nodded.

“If, at any time, you wish to be released, you need only say stop.”

Roxanne nodded again.

He straightened, drew away from her and moved around to the front of his desk. Depressing the button on his intercom, he spoke into it, although his gaze remained locked with Roxanne’s. “Maggie, hold my calls. I don’t want to be disturbed ... for any reason.”

“Yes, sir.”

Releasing the button, he rounded the desk and resumed his position of before. Brushing her hair from her neck, he lowered his mouth, sucking at the patch of skin he’d exposed.

Heat washed through her. Roxanne closed her eyes, wanting desperately to savor it. “You said you weren’t married,” she croaked hoarsely.

He covered her ear with his mouth, traced the swirls, sending shivers of desire rushing through her.

“I’m not,” he said, his hot breath eliciting shivers.

“But ... Mrs. Satterfield?”

“*Ms.* Satterfield is my sister,” he murmured, his voice threaded with amusement. “Be silent, slave.”

Roxanne bit her lip as he skated his hands down over her breasts, cupped them through the fabric of her blouse, teased her nipples as they

hardened and thrust against the fabric.

After a moment, he unbuttoned her blouse to the waist of her skirt. Slipping his hands into the cups of her bra, he caught her distended nipples between his fingers, pinching them lightly. Dizziness washed over her as he plucked at the ultra sensitive flesh, and full fledged desire scoured her with the heat of a flash fire.

She bit her lip, trying to contain the moan of pleasure that threatened to escape.

He ceased to tease her nipples after a moment, slipping his hands down to her waist, following the curve of her hips. Sliding his hands beneath her skirt, he caught hold of her panties and peeled the down to her ankles. Lifting one foot, he removed the panties and set her foot on the floor again in a wide stance before he lifted her other foot and moved that leg outward as well. She shifted her weight as he straightened and leaned over her.

“Do you accept me as your master?”

She nodded, listening in fevered anticipation as she heard his zipper lowered, the rustle of his clothing. He nudged her buttocks with the head of his cock, slipped it along the cleft.

“Speak.”

“Yes,” she said breathlessly.

He leaned over her, his mouth near her ear. “Do you want my cock inside of you, slave?”

“Yes,” she gasped. *Anywhere!* Her mind screamed. *Just give it to me.* She was wet for him, quaking with need.

He spread her flesh with his fingers and pushed the head of his cock into her vagina. She gasped, shuddered, leaning forward to give him better access, panting as he worked his cock slowly into her resisting flesh.

He leaned over her, gasping hoarsely. “Is that enough, slave? Or do you want more?”

Roxanne groaned. “More. Please.”

“Tell me what you want.”

“Fuck me, Simon, please,” she said, whimpering with need.

“If I give you what you want, will you promise to be a good little slave and be quiet?”

She gasped, uncertain of whether she could control the urge to cry out, but finally nodded.

He found her clit with his fingers, rubbing it as he began to thrust his cock along her passage. She bit her lip, whimpering as her first, tiny climax hit her moments later. As if it was a signal he’d been awaiting, he began to thrust faster and harder until he was pounding into her. Still reeling from her first release, Roxanne groaned as her body surged upward toward another, feeling as if she would die if she had to hold it inside of her. When she began to whimper with the first quakes, he caught her face, twisting her head toward him and covering her mouth with his own. She gasped, her cries of release muffled by his mouth.

He groaned, shuttering as his own body reached culmination, releasing her mouth and sucking a love bite on her shoulder.

They leaned weakly against the desk in the aftermath, shaking. Finally, reluctantly, he withdrew and straightened. Catching her shoulders, he turned her to face him and covered her mouth with his, kissing her possessively, hungrily, as if he had not just taken ultimate satisfaction from her body. When he pulled away at last, he caught her hand and led her into the bathroom. A shower took up one whole end of the bathroom. Without a word, he stripped her clothes off, lay them carefully aside and pushed her toward the shower. Still more than a little shaken and disoriented, Roxanne turned the water on and stepped inside. A few moments later, he joined her.

Grasping her around the waist, he lifted her up and pushed her against the back wall of the shower, thrusting his cock inside of her. Roxanne gasped, wrapping her arms and legs around him. He kissed her then, caressing her mouth with his tongue, caressing her throat with his mouth as if he wanted to eat every inch of her. By the time he'd thoroughly teased both nipples, Roxanne was already trembling on the verge of culmination. Wrapping his arms tightly around her, he set a wicked, pounding rhythm that tore her restraint from her. She bit his neck to keep from screaming as her body convulsed in mind shattering rapture.

He slammed into her, uttering a guttural cry as he reached his own peak and ecstasy tore through him.

He kept glancing at her speculatively as they dried off and dressed

afterwards.

Roxanne smiled at him shyly, so sated with bliss her entire body felt as if it would melt into a puddle of mellow warmth.

He checked her with a critical eye once she'd toweled her hair dry and combed the tangles from it.

"You still look like you've been well fucked," he muttered with a mixture of amusement and satisfaction, drawing her into his arms. "It's that look in your eyes."

Roxanne bowed her head, uncertain, despite the way he'd said it, if it was criticism or not.

He placed a finger beneath her chin, tipping her head up. "There's only one satisfactory solution to this situation as far as I can see," he murmured.

Roxanne felt a sinking of dread. "You're not ... please don't release me again."

He shook his head, smiling faintly. "I don't think I could manage that twice. I was thinking more along the lines of making it permanent."

Roxanne felt a tentative leap of happiness. "You'll keep me?"

He sobered, his gaze skating over her face. "Only if you'll consent to make it legally binding."

Roxanne frowned. "How would we do that?"

He shook his head, smiling at her lovingly. "You'll have to marry me."

The End