

Welcome
to the **Fetish**
Club



Shelby Morgen

Changeling Press

C.H.A.S.E. 3: Welcome to the Fetish Club

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C.H.A.S.E. 3: Welcome to the Fetish Club

Shelby Morgen

"I'm not sure this is such a good idea."

"Trust me, this'll be a blast."

"Last time you said that I ended up with worm guts between my teeth."

Ani's stressed. She really needs to forget her asshole boss, Richard (Richard Marten, owner of Brasden-Marten). She also needs to get laid. (The two dilemmas are *soooo* not related.)

Crystal's got a membership at The Fetish Club. Two girlfriends. One bottle of tequila. And a charity auction... How bad can it get?

Crystal wants Ani. Ani wants revenge. Richard -- you remember Richard? -- Richard has... the Victoria's Secret underwear?

Warning: C.H.A.S.E. 3 contains elements of BDSM play known as "Risk Aware Consensual Kink" which can be dangerous if not done properly. Seek training from a competent professional before attempting to recreate any of these scenes.

For Crystal and Ani and all the members of the League who've listened to me bemoan the trials and tribulations of coaxing this plot out on stage. Like Ricky, it was shy... thanks for holding my hand!

9:10 PM, Saturday, 10 February 2007

The Fetish Club

A remodeled warehouse in the garment district of lower Manhattan

"Come on, ladies, don't quit now. Just look at this beauty. Nine hundred dollars, what a steal. Nine hundred, I've got nine hundred. Do I hear one thousand?"

My oh my. Crystal's mouth watered just watching the sub strut down the runway and back. Tall, trim, elegant, bold, and yet charmingly shy, the stunning brunette -- Ricky, according to the program -- pirouetted gracefully, no easy task on three-inch spiked heels -- the ankle length red satin dress parting to reveal a flash of long, lean, perfectly waxed leg. Cool, slippery fabric over warm, silky skin. And beneath that skin, all the tone and muscle of a man's strength, submitting to her will. The contrast -- satin on steel -- a woman's looks, a man's strength -- always made her hot.

Crystal raised her placard and nodded her chin.

"One thousand. Do I hear --"

"Ten-fifty!"

"Eleven hundred."

"Eleven hundred, I need twelve, twelve hundred for this gorgeous sub here, who'll give me twelve? Come on, ladies, it's for a good cause!"

Marteeka turned away, feigning disinterest. Crystal knew better. She'd never seen this sub before. No one had. Which was exactly what was driving the price up. The sub had "fresh meat" written all over him. Breaking this one in would be a Domme's wet dream... tearing him down, finding out what made him tick, building him back up again... Marteeka wanted him all right, but this prime piece of beef was out of her price range.

Ani, on the other hand...

"Looks like it's down to you and me. Unless you want to bow out now."

Crystal shook her head. "Not this time, Ani. He's mine."

Ani smiled and raised her fingers. "Eleven-fifty!"

"Eleven-fifty, eleven-fifty, give me twelve hundred."

"You know you can't outbid me."

"Wanna bet?"

Crystal twitched her head a fraction of an inch.

"Twelve, I have twelve, give me thirteen. Thirteen hundred dollars, ladies! How bad do you want this pretty little sub?"

Little? Crystal almost laughed. Red satin gown and heels aside, the "little" sub might well be gorgeous, but he was close to six feet tall. And it was beginning to look like Ani wanted him *very* badly. Time to up the ante. "Fourteen hundred."

"Fifteen!"

"Seventeen-fifty."

"Bitch."

Crystal loved being right. Now to make her friend admit the truth. "Do you *want* him, or do you just want to win?"

"You said I was ready." Ani waved her placard at the auctioneer. "Eighteen-fifty!"

"For a sub of your own, yes. But not to break in fresh meat."

"I want *this* sub."

"I *can* outbid you. You know that."

"But *will* you? How bad do *you* want him?"

"Eighteen-fifty going once..."

Crystal shrugged. "I like to win." She raised one finger. "Two thousand dollars."

"We could share." Ani sounded almost desperate.

"We could." Crystal eyed her speculatively. "Why do you want him so badly? There are plenty of subs to choose from tonight. No reason to risk so much."

Ani tapped her placard against her palm, chewing her lip, as if trying to decide how much to reveal. Always a telling sign.

"Two thousand going once..."

"I know him," Ani admitted at last, desperation showing in the set of her shoulders.

"Twice..."

Interesting. "My place?"

"Deal."

"Sold!" The gavel banged on the wooden podium, echoing through the room like a gunshot. "To bidder #43. Remember, ladies and gentlemen, it's for a good cause. All proceeds go directly to the Foundation for Aids Research."

Crystal let her gaze travel across the room to where the gorgeous brunette in a long red satin fuck-me dress was being led from the stage. "So, who is he?"

"My boss. Richard-the-asshole."

4:15 PM, Friday, 13 January 2006

(Thirteen months ago)

Brasden-Marten Agency

Midtown Manhattan

Richard slouched lower in his chair, staring down the hall. What the hell? There she was again, his secretary -- Ani, this one's name was -- dressed in a stylishly cut man's suit. She looked damned hot in it, too. Talk about double standards. Just let him walk in to work in a designer dress, and there'd be hell to pay. He shifted uneasily in his chair again, adjusting the satin panties so they didn't ride over the burn on his tender skin.

To add insult to injury, that witch -- the one who'd dumped the pot of coffee all over his freshly waxed skin -- had not only burnt the insides of his thighs, she'd also ruined a brand new pair of Victoria's Secret satin panties. There was no way he'd ever get the stains out of them. Not once they'd set. He couldn't exactly run to the ladies room and wash them out while the stain was still fresh, either.

The men's room would have been worse. Oh, yeah. He could see it now. Stripping down to his poor scalded skin in front of the prying eyes of a dozen male models. Not a straight one in the bunch.

Not that it mattered. They were models. Clients. They could do and say -- and wear -- whatever they wanted. Not him. He was the president of the firm. There were proprieties to be observed. Clients to impress. Rules.

Always, always, there were rules. The rules started from the time he learned to walk. *Act like a gentleman, Richard. Say thank you, Richard. Excuse yourself, Richard. A gentleman doesn't do that, Richard. You can't wear that, Richard. What would people think?*

Oh, no, you can't date her, Richard. She's not one of us. Of course you're going to law school, Richard. Your father's alma mater. It's all been arranged. You can't do that, Richard. We must keep up appearances.

Why? Fuck them. Fuck them all. Them and anyone else who expected him to do the *right* thing. He'd tried to play by their rules, and what had it gotten him? Forty-five years old, divorced, and miserable. True, the firm was doing well, but not by his parents' standards. What's more, they expected him to remarry -- an *appropriate* woman, from their social circles, this time -- give up this foolish idea of running a modeling agency, join the family firm, and produce the prerequisite heirs to the family fortune.

Maybe tomorrow he'd ditch the Armani suit and come in wearing three-inch spiked heels and a raw silk dress split clear up to his perfectly waxed thigh. That ought to send a few whispers of shock rippling through Mother's social circles.

He'd be the only one in the office wearing a dress, too. And he'd like to see any of the women around here try wearing spiked heels. He was tired of hiding, damn it. He wanted more. So much more than forbidden underthings hidden beneath his perfectly tailored Armani suit.

Richard opened his desk drawer and pulled out the invitation once more.

*You are cordially invited to attend the 19th Annual
Fetish Club New Year's Eve Bash.
The gala event of the season.
Please RSVP to reserve your table today.*

The Fetish Club. Totally inappropriate. He couldn't be seen in a place like that. Why hadn't he thrown the invitation away? The party'd been nearly two weeks ago. He didn't have any idea why he'd gotten the invitation in the first place. Or why he'd kept it. He started to shut the drawer.

Hell. What did it matter who sent it, or why? He knew why he'd kept it. If he was ever going to find someone who'd accept him for what he was, it was time to make a move. Maybe The Fetish Club was the place to start.

7:00 PM, Saturday, 10 February 2007

The Fetish Club

Loud, strident, angry. The music penetrated every orifice, whether you wanted it to or not, like an uncaring lover. The place was packed, the dance floor writhing with near naked bodies, clad only in bits and pieces of black leather.

Fetish Club indeed. This was definitely not her kind of kink. These people were over the top. Too noisy. Too out of control. Too... too *young*.

"Please, Mistress, let me suck your toes."

Crystal grimaced in distaste. "Go away." She didn't need to watch some handsome young stud wearing nothing more than a black leather G-string and a studded black collar get down on his hands and knees and crawl to the bar to fetch a drink for his Mistress. She'd always preferred a less ostentatious lifestyle. She liked structure. Order.

"I'm not sure this is such a good idea," Ani mumbled for the twentieth time.

"You can do this, Ani. Trust me. You're ready."

"Last time you said 'trust me' I woke up with worm guts between my teeth the next morning."

"I also warned you to stay away from the tequila," Crystal reminded her. "You've got to learn to do things in moderation." It wasn't advice she took herself, of course. She'd never done things halfway. Which was exactly why she'd ended up here. With Ani. Waiting for the 5th annual Valentine's Charity Sub Auction to begin.

Because Ani wanted to be here. And, well, because Crystal just couldn't risk letting Ani attend alone. God knew what she'd bring home.

It had started out innocently enough. An invitation to the famed Fetish Club for their 20th Annual New Year's Eve party. The invitation said she could bring a guest,

and naturally, the first person she'd thought of was Ani, the Domme she'd been mentoring for the last year and a half.

Then, while they were sipping drinks and watching subs perform anatomically amazing feats, Ani had spotted a flyer on the events board. "Hey! They're having an auction!"

"Whatever thought just popped into your head, Ani, douse it. Remember last time, the male dancers at the strip club, the tequila?"

"It's a charity sub auction to raise money for AIDS research. For Valentine's Week. 24/7 Power Exchange." Ani brought a copy of the flyer back to their table. "I want one of these. I'm going."

Crystal could have pointed out that the same subs could be had by simply joining the club and letting it be known she was in the market. She didn't. She could see too many possibilities in this. Because while Ani was indeed going to make a fine Domme, Crystal knew Ani better than Ani knew herself. And in her heart, Ani would always be a sub.

Crystal's sub.

Maybe it was time she reminded Ani of just how well they worked together. She hid her grin in a melodramatic sigh. "I'm going to regret letting you talk me into this, aren't I?"

"Hey, don't blame me. I'm not talking you into anything. All I said was that I'm going to go buy me a toy-boy."

"Well, then, someone has to keep you out of trouble."

Ani raised one delicately sculptured eyebrow. "Right..."

9:00 PM, Saturday, 10 February 2007

The Fetish Club

"I can't go through with this."

"Ricky? Baby? What's wrong?"

Half a dozen long-legged, broad-shouldered gurls swarmed around Ricky, their faces frowning in concern.

"I can't go out there. I can't."

Chandra put an arm around his shoulders. "Everybody gets stage fright the first time, Ricky, baby. You're going to be nervous, gurl. That's all right. You'll do just fine."

"About as fine as three-day-old leftovers." Richard fisted his hands in the satin, fighting the urge to rip off the stupid dress and go hide in his office in the politically correct Armani suit he wore like armor to protect himself from ever having to face a day like this.

He smoothed the red satin down carefully, making sure his fists hadn't left marks in the fabric. He'd spent a small fortune on it, just for tonight. *Not the dress's fault.* These were his friends, the "gurls" he'd rehearsed with for months, and they cared about him. Or leastwise they cared about Ricky. He'd found a home here. Family. More of a family than he'd ever known. And this was what they did. This annual fundraiser was about so much more than raising money for AIDS. It was about holding on to the dream that somewhere, somehow, there was a partner who was meant to find them. Meant to love them, just as they were.

He had to do this. Ricky had to do this, for all of them. He took a deep breath and did his best to pull himself back together. "What if someone I know's out there?"

"That could happen, baby, but you got to remember, any Domme who sees you here tonight, well, she's got to be a member, too. And there's a lot kinkier stuff goes on

at this club than anything we do. You're going to raise a lot of money tonight, and it's for a good cause. Now you go enjoy yourself for a week and don't you worry about a thing."

"Entry number nineteen, Ricky Valley!"

"Go on, gurl! You can do this!"

Richard couldn't. He knew he couldn't. But Ricky could. Ricky gave a final tug to the deep red satin dress and twitched her hips, clicking her three-inch stiletto heels together once. "Wish me luck!"

"Break a leg, baby, break a leg."

"Ladies and gentlemen, a big round of applause for Ricky Valley!"

The crowd whistled and cheered. Ricky held her head up and shook her mane of carefully arranged curls back over one shoulder, cocking one hip as she turned to head down the runway. Yeah. Oh yeah. Ricky could do this.

"We'll start the bidding at five hundred dollars. Five hundred. Five hundred. Give me five hundred for this gorgeous sub..."

The voice faded into the background as the stage lights warmed her skin to a feverish glow. Ricky had been born to do this. No matter what happened, even if no one offered a bid, she'd had this night, this chance to be Ricky. Whatever the cost, it was worth it. Richard might hide in the shadows beneath that perfectly tailored Armani suit, but Ricky would never have to wonder what it would be like to fly free. Never again.

9:25 PM, Saturday, 10 February 2007

The Fetish Club

"I'm not going anywhere with *her*."

Crystal held up a hand to stem Ani's angry retort, wishing for the thirtieth time in ten minutes she'd asked *why* Ani was bidding so insistently on this particular sub. She called on every bit of presence she'd learned from eight years as an MP and another half dozen as a Mistress to pull the situation under control. "Quiet. Both of you."

God, blessed silence. Ricky crossed his arms over his chest, green eyes shooting daggers at Ani, while she scowled back at him, but they both held their tongues.

For the moment.

Calm. Crystal needed to project an aura of calm power and control. "Ricky, you entered this agreement of your own free will, and you agreed to the contract terms."

"I did *not* agree to --"

"Silence! There are only two words I want to hear from you, and you will say them, now."

Ricky snapped his mouth shut, though his frown couldn't have dropped any deeper. Finally, his jaw muscles straining with the effort, his lips moved.

"Try that again. I didn't hear you."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Thank you." Crystal turned her traffic cop hand toward Ani. "Ani, you agreed to the same contract terms when you signed up for this event. I brought you here. I sponsored you. You will act like the Domme I trained you to be, or Ricky and I will go home alone."

Ani closed her eyes and took a long, deep breath. She straightened, rolled her shoulders once, and managed to recapture most of her poise. "You're right, as always, Mistress Crystal. I apologize."

Crystal nodded, then turned her attention back to Ricky. "Assume the position, slave." For a moment she thought he'd refuse. Slowly, still glaring, he pulled up the gown's skirt far enough to allow him to kneel. Even more slowly he folded his hands behind his back and lowered his forehead to the floor. "Good. Now make your vow."

One second. Two. "Thank you for accepting me as your slave, Mistress. I acknowledge that as long as I am in your service I have no rights other than those you choose to give me. I promise to obey you without question. My only purpose is to please you, Mistress."

Crystal smiled, her tension easing just a little. "Nicely said, slave. When you address me you will always refer to me as Mistress. You will treat me with respect at all times, and you will never again raise your voice to me. Do you understand my rules?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"You may sit up." She buckled her collar around his neck, carefully lifting the sweep of long, dark curls out of the way. Gorgeous hair. It wasn't a wig, either. "This is my collar, not yours. It is a symbol of my ownership. You wear it with my permission, and you will wear it at all times, as long as you are in my service. This is my leash. I will give it to whomever I wish, whenever I wish, and you will obey whoever I give it to as if their orders were my orders."

"Yes, Mistress."

"There are two kinds of pain. Erotic pain and punishment. You will do everything in your power to keep me from having to punish you. Punishment is not for your sexual enjoyment, and I assure you, you will not find my punishment enjoyable. Do you understand me?"

He shivered slightly, though she suspected it was not from cold.

"Pardon me? I don't believe I heard you."

"Yes, Mistress. I apologize. You will not have to ask me to speak up again, Mistress."

"Good." She handed Ricky's leash to Ani. "Would you please help Ricky get her bags? I'll call for my car and meet the two of you out front in three minutes."

Ricky looked alarmed -- and not about the hand holding his leash this time. "Mistress, I'll need a few minutes to change back to my street clothes."

Crystal let her gaze come to rest on Ricky's deep red-bronze lips. The most important part of being a Mistress was reading the sub, knowing what they wanted before they knew themselves. What would make a man like Richard Marten, a well-known contract attorney and head of a prestigious talent agency, put himself out on display as one of the "gurls" at a place like The Fetish Club? That was taking quite a risk...

Risk. That was the key to unwrapping Ricky. "Did I ask you to change clothes?"

"No, Mistress."

"Why would I want you to change? I just paid a good deal of money for you, slave, just as you are. I want exactly what I paid for. You look gorgeous. As a matter of fact, the three of us look far too good to go straight home. I think we deserve a night on the town. I'm thinking *La Escuelita*."

"*La Escuelita*? I've never been there." Ricky looked both excited and terrified, but he didn't say he didn't want to go. "Thank you, Mistress," he added as an afterthought. Good. He was learning.

Ani just looked surprised. Which was fine. If they were going to enjoy this week together -- and Crystal certainly planned on enjoying herself -- she'd have to help Ani forget Richard-the-Asshole and focus on Ricky, the sub.

What happened when the week was over and they went back to the real world was up to them, but this week was hers. Lots of hot, sweaty dancing, followed by lots of hot, equally sweaty sex -- one way or another she'd keep them both too exhausted to find time to fight.

2:00 AM, Sunday, 11 February 2007

Charter Limo

Midtown Manhattan

Ricky flopped onto the limo's soft leather seat. Laughing, Crystal dropped next to him, spilling comfortably against his shoulder, while Ani started to slip into the seat on the far side. Instead Crystal pulled her down onto their laps, where Ani sprawled bonelessly.

They were all more than a little tipsy. Ani turned her head enough to realize where she'd landed. Had he not been carefully tucked and taped, her mouth would have been very close to his cock. She giggled, but she didn't reposition herself.

Had anyone dared to ask Richard before today what color his secretary's eyes were, he'd have been clueless. Now he knew they were a vivid, shimmering blue. And her hair was a bright strawberry blonde, all the way to the roots, a fiery contrast to Crystal's golden brown. Both of them were incredibly hot -- and even hotter together. He hadn't quite figured out the dynamics between the two, but he was sure of one thing. He'd never had a better time in his life. True, *La Escuelita* was a gay club, but it was also home to just about anything goes. Especially on Friday nights. He didn't know if he'd have the nerve to go there alone, as Richard or as Ricky, but with Crystal and Ani... the night couldn't have been more perfect.

Except that now they were headed home. To Crystal's home. And he had a contract to fulfill. He was still, as they said, fresh meat. He'd never done anything outside The Fetish Club, where everything was carefully scripted and the atmosphere was carefully controlled. Things were... different. Outside. He knew the contract he'd signed specified that the auction was for the purposes of Bondage and Discipline only,

no sexual intent either suggested or implied, but as a lawyer he also knew the language had been carefully worded to avoid potential charges of soliciting. As far as he knew, no one on either side of the stage had any expectations of celibacy.

The way Ani and Crystal had been touching each other -- and him -- while they danced certainly didn't lead him to believe they expected their relationship to be celibate. Hell, he couldn't ever remember being so incredibly aware of his body. He might be dressed like a woman -- and that itself was an incredible turn-on -- but beneath the shimmering red satin and the push-up cincher that netted him his B-cup tits beat the heart of a man who desperately wanted to have sex with these two beautiful women.

"Just look where you landed," Crystal teased Ani. "You expect me to believe that was an accident?"

Ani turned her head again and nipped at Ricky's crotch. "Wasn't. But Ricky did too good a job. Can't find anything to play with."

"You want to play, do you?"

Ricky stifled a groan as Crystal bent down to kiss Ani's scarlet lips. His cock, already more than a little aroused, struggled to break free from his careful taping job. He wanted desperately to touch, to join in the sensual play. Throwing caution to the wind, he slid his hand down Crystal's arm, over her shoulder, and down to her lovely ass.

Crystal sat up abruptly. "What do you think you're doing, slave?"

"I -- I -- nothing, Mistress. Forgive me."

"If you weren't doing anything, what is there to forgive? I think we just added lying to your list of transgressions."

Oh, shit. "Forgive me, Mistress. I was -- I was..."

"The term you're looking for is copping a feel."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Did you ask my permission?"

"No, Mistress."

Crystal looked at Ani. "I think the slave needs to be punished."

Ani smiled wickedly. "I agree, Mistress Crystal."

Before he could voice an objection -- or even decide if he wanted to -- Crystal's hand was on his forgotten leash, yanking his head down to her lap. "On your knees, slave."

He was too off balance to even consider objecting, though slithering out from under Ani wasn't exactly easy. Or graceful. What if someone saw him like this? The windows were heavily tinted, but still... Gathering the red silk up around his knees, he knelt on the floor of the limo, hands clasped behind his back, head bowed submissively, body trembling slightly, both from fear and desire.

As if he'd been nothing more than in the way, Crystal went back to kissing Ani, one hand in her hair, the other pushing her sequined gown to expose a pair of gorgeous legs and thighs. Crystal's hand blocked his view as her fingers slipped inside Ani's tiny thong, setting his poor trapped cock on fire. "You're wet," Crystal teased. "I think your pussy needs attention."

"I think you're right." Ani scrunched the skirt up further and worked the thong down those beautifully curving legs. No wonder she'd hidden that body in a man-cut suit.

"Umm. Gorgeous pussy, don't you agree, Ricky?"

He was allowed to look? Ricky swallowed hard as Ani spread her legs wide, revealing a nest of strawberry blond curls just slightly darker than the hair on her head. He swallowed again, trying to find his voice. "Yes, Mistress."

"Ani's pussy needs to be serviced. If you do a very good job, I may forgive your transgression."

Serviced? There was no way he could un-tape his cock without getting undressed, first. Surely she knew -- *ohhh*. Understanding hit. His cock didn't have any part in Crystal's command. Now might not be the best time to admit he'd never preformed oral sex. Richard might have objected that such acts weren't proper. Ricky didn't give a damn. Couldn't see beyond the red gold curls Ani spread open with

delicate fingers to reveal the swollen lips of her sex. Ricky positioned himself between Ani's knees, spreading his legs as wide as he dared, both for stability and to ease his aching cock.

"Keep your hands behind your back."

Ricky shivered, wondering what would happen if he disobeyed that command. Carefully shaking his hair back over his shoulders, he leaned in, inhaling the fresh, salty sweet smell of Ani's musk. What would a woman like? What would she want? Would her clit be as sensitive to his tongue as his cock was to a woman's touch?

Experimentally, he traced the opening to her slit, bottom to top, tasting the heady tang of her juices as he made his way to her clit. It was full and engorged, the little head jumping to meet his tongue. He circled it with the tip of his tongue, then sucked it into his mouth. It quivered and pulsed, dancing between his lips as he swirled his tongue around and around.

"Sweet Jesus!" Ani exclaimed.

Ricky wanted to laugh in pleasant surprise. Apparently he was doing this right! He'd always been careful during sex, afraid to lose control. What would it be like to make Ani lose control? He let go of her clit and licked her slit again, then the lips of her labia, nipping gently there where apparently she wasn't quite so sensitive. She jumped, but didn't pull away, only slid down in the seat a little more, spreading herself open even wider. He took that as an invitation, then thought better of it. "Mistress, please. May I fuck you with my tongue?"

"Oh, God, yes!" Ani exclaimed, forgetting the proprieties of their relationship.

Ricky put his hands on her knees, spreading them wider, and licked the length of her slit once more before slowly slipping his tongue into her hot, wet pussy.

Before he could register a protest, Crystal was off her seat, her knee in the small of his back, forcing him hard against Ani's pussy as she yanked his right arm back behind him the way he'd seen cops do in TV shows. He heard the sound of Velcro ripping apart. Ani pushed her cunt toward him, moaning in evident pleasure, as

Crystal fastened a soft velvet cuff around his wrist. "What did I tell you about your hands, slave?"

He tried to apologize, but it was difficult to speak with his tongue buried in a thrusting cunt. Crystal yanked his other wrist back to strap it to the first, pushing him even deeper into Ani's pussy.

Crystal's hand fisted in his hair, yanking his head back. "Answer me."

His cock swelled impossibly harder. "I'm sorry, Mistress."

"What are you apologizing for?"

"I apologize for disobeying you and moving my hands, Mistress." Though if he'd known she had wrist cuffs about, he might have done it sooner. This was a lot more comfortable than trying to hold his hands behind his back. Now that she'd stopped torturing his shoulder, anyway.

"I don't think you're sorry at all."

OK. He'd give her that one. "I like the cuffs, Mistress. But I didn't mean to disobey you. I got caught up in the moment. For that I apologize."

With his head bent back, he could just see Ani, left to her own devices, rubbing her fingers over her clit. "Give him back," she moaned.

"Ask me nicely."

Ani's fingers stilled and her gaze focused over his shoulder on Crystal. "I thought we were sharing him."

"We never got around to the specific terms of that agreement."

"What do you want?"

He felt Crystal's hand on his arm tighten slightly. "Everything."

Ani's lips slowly spread into a smile. "I thought you'd never ask. Mistress."

Crystal let go of his hair and pushed him gently forward toward Ani's waiting pussy. As he thrust his tongue deep into her he caught a glimpse of fingers descending to work her swollen clit. Ani's fingers, Crystal's fingers, he couldn't be sure. Crystal's body pressed against the back of his head as she leaned forward. It didn't take much

imagination to picture them kissing above him. Or perhaps their mouths aimed lower... and if those were Crystal's fingers, where were Ani's?

Fighting for breath in the suddenly crowded space, tongue fucking Ani as hard and fast as he could, hearing the women's moans above him, he wondered absently if it was possible for his cock to get any harder. One thing was certain. This was about as far from his orderly, perfectly boring life as he was ever going to get. Even if he never got to fuck either of them -- even if all they really wanted was to fuck one another -- he never wanted to go back. And he'd surely never look at his secretary in quite the same way.

With a moan and a cry, Ani came, hot juices washing over his face. Ricky smiled. His perfect makeup was definitely a thing of the past, but perfect just didn't seem all that important any more.

Someone's hand slipped down over his ass, stroking gently as he made a last few swipes over Ani's pussy with his tongue. "My turn," Crystal announced.

Ricky wasn't sure who was trading places with whom, but one thing he was sure of. His cock would never be the same again.

2:30 AM, Sunday, 11 February 2007

Charter Limo

Midtown Manhattan

Shifting his weight carefully, Ricky inched his way between Crystal's knees. Ani now had Crystal's gown shoved out of the way and the side opening zipper peeled down enough to give her access to Crystal's breast. Moaning in pleasure, Crystal pushed her breast against Ani's lips. At the same time she spread her lower lips open for Ricky's tongue, fingering her clit with hard, rapid swipes.

A small purple stud pierced the hood of her clit, bobbing in rapid time to the sweep of her fingers.

Fuck.

At this rate she was going to come without him. Ricky dove in hard, licking and sucking the lips of her cunt before he speared his tongue deep inside her. Once, twice, three times he licked the walls of her channel, but he wanted more. Bumping her fingers out of the way, he sucked her clit into his mouth, toying with the small metal barbell's studded ends, flicking them back and forth with the tip of his tongue.

Her hands fisted in his hair, pushing him against her wet pussy. He rubbed his chin against her slit, wishing he had his hands free to thrust his fingers deep inside her. Leaving her clit for a moment, he tongue-fucked her pussy long and deep again.

Ani moved from Crystal's side to slip to the floor next to him. He thought for a moment she was going to release his hands, but instead she straddled his legs to slide her arms around his shoulders. Her hands found his nipples where they strained against the fabric, kneading the already hard points through the thin satin.

He cried out, his voice vibrating over Crystal's hot, wet pussy, his tongue thrusting harder, faster, in time to Ani's pumping fingers. His cock bounced and jerked against the confining, restraining tape, straining hard to free itself from its prison. He could feel his hips thrusting mindlessly in rhythm to his tongue, but it was no use. His cock was taped too securely to escape.

Ani rose up on her knees, shifting so that her left hand crossed over his chest to his right nipple, both supporting him and holding him firmly in place as her right hand slid down his ass. He raised up as much as he could, praying she was reaching for his tortured cock. Instead she circled his virgin anus with the tip of one questing finger.

Her hands withdrew, leaving him alone and off balance, falling face forward into Crystal's waiting pussy. Then Ani was back, her arm around his chest again. Oh, God. Oh fuck. She pulled his skirt up and cold lube hit his asshole. "Let me in. Let me fuck you," Ani whispered against his ear. "You know you want me."

No. He wanted his cock buried deep in her pussy. He wanted... it didn't matter. He was bound and helpless and completely unable to stop her as her lubricated finger teased him with long, slow circles.

Beneath his thrusting tongue Crystal raised her hips, thrusting back at him with growing momentum. Wanton cries ripped through the night. Despite the privacy screen, the limo driver had to hear them. He'd gotten a brief glimpse of the driver as he opened the car door for them. A huge Viking of a man, radiating raw power and strength. His predator roots were poorly disguised by the immaculate driver's uniform. The thought of this stranger listening to them getting off made Ricky even harder.

Ani's finger pushed past his sphincter and into his channel in one slow thrust. He screamed, though the sound had nowhere to go, clenching tightly against the unwanted invasion. Never before had Richard made noise during sex. It simply wasn't proper. Waves of fear mixed with desire washed over him. He squirmed, whether to get away or to urge her on, he wasn't sure.

Then her finger found the hard bump of his prostate, sending long, searing waves of agonizing pleasure straight to his bound cock. Ani pinched his nipple, and he

twisted, forgetting Crystal's pussy for the moment as the agonizing need to come shot through him. "Fuck me! Please, fuck me!" he begged. "Please, Mistress!"

Instead Crystal yanked him back to her pussy. "We're almost home," she promised. "And I'm almost there. Make me come!"

Come? He'd make her come, all right. He'd make her pay for the pain she caused him. He tugged on the stud piercing her clit, worrying it with his teeth and his tongue before he sucked her clit back into his mouth once more. Pain, pleasure, the lines blurred until he could no longer tell the difference.

He could feel Ani humping her fist as she ground her thumb into his ass now, sending painful spikes of pleasure rippling through him. Beneath him Crystal writhed and moaned, shuddering on the brink of release. The limo pulled to a halt just as the women came together, their cries shattering him as they collapsed in a pile.

Moments later the car door swung open. Apparently unfazed, the driver offered Mistress Ani his hand.

Something near panic hit Ricky. His dress was scrunched up around his knees, his makeup had to be a disaster by now, his hair was a wreck, and he was in handcuffs. Well, wrist restraints. Something. And he was supposed to walk across the sidewalk and through the lobby of her condo, past the doorman and residents and people on the street looking like he'd just had his face buried in pussy?

"Ricky."

He snapped his head around toward the voice. Mistress Crystal. A firm hand gripped his chin, and a wet wipe descended on his face. "There. That's better." From nowhere she produced a compact and dabbed the sponge briefly over his nose and chin. "Charlie, could you help Ricky out, please?"

The amazing Charlie set him on his feet next to the limo in one smooth, swift move. Ani reached down to twitch the wrinkles from their gowns and scoop up his leash. Charlie set his shoes on the sidewalk and steadied him as he slid his feet back into them.

Well. That was a bit better.

And then Crystal appeared, looking perfect, not a hair out of place, her tiny bag tucked neatly under her arm. The thing had to have magical properties, he thought rather abstractly. Wrist restraints, wet wipes, and a compact? In a bag that size?

Charlie reappeared with Ricky's suitcases, escorting them not only to the door, but all the way to the elevator. He waited while Mistress Crystal pulled her elevator key from her amazing purse. Key. Only the penthouse would require an elevator key. Ricky nearly giggled.

"Come on. Share."

He blinked like a deranged owl. "I apologize, Mistress. I'm not sure what you mean."

"Something struck you as funny. Share the thought."

Ricky allowed himself a smile. "My mother. She's always complained that I don't date women from the proper social circles. I was thinking she'd approve of your address."

Crystal and Ani both laughed. "She doesn't like the women you date?"

"I don't date. But no, she hated my first wife. Candy's a brilliant attorney, mind you, but she had to earn her degree. Remarkable ACTs, perfect 4.0 transcripts, scholarship, student loans, that sort of thing. But her parents are of the wrong social class, and she graduated from the wrong college."

"We should invite her over," Crystal laughed.

"My ex-wife?"

"Your mother. That would be so much fun! Send Charlie to fetch her, arrange a very proper tea, give her a tour of the condo -- all except the dungeon of course. And she'd never know what you had on under your respectable Armani suit. It is an Armani, isn't it?"

"Usually, yes, Mistress. But I didn't pack a suit this trip."

"Another time, then. But it would be fun."

Another time. Did that mean there would be other times? Was this more than just the week he'd signed his common sense away for? And what was that about a dungeon? She had a dungeon -- in a penthouse condo?

He waited in the middle of the living room, not sure which way to turn, as Crystal handed Charlie an obscenely large pile of cash. "Thank you, Mistress Crystal."

It struck Ricky as odd that Charlie called Mistress Crystal "Mistress." Did he...

"You're very welcome, Charlie. Care to stay and play with us?"

Charlie looked Ricky over, smiling. "Thank you for the invitation, Mistress, but I can't tonight. Got to go to church with Molly in the morning. But when I'm down on my knees in a few hours there's one thing I'm gonna be prayin' for, and that's a sweet ass like that all my own."

Oh Lord. It was *his* ass Charlie was admiring!

3:00 AM, Sunday, 11 February 2007

Crystal's Penthouse Apartment

Midtown Manhattan

"Mistress..." Ricky flushed with embarrassment.

"Yes?"

"I think I should tell you -- that is -- I'm straight."

Crystal glanced at the elevator doors. "Does that frighten you? The idea of Charlie's cock in your ass?"

Fuck. He'd known he ought to keep his mouth shut.

This was, in a sense, a contract negotiation. What he did for a living. He could do this. Give and take. All he had to give was the truth -- maybe more of it than he'd intended. "The idea of anything in my ass frightens me, Mistress. But Ani's touch also turned me on. The thought of Charlie admiring my ass doesn't excite me at all. I don't find him attractive."

"Ani's touch turns you on? What about me?"

"Everything about you excites me, Mistress."

"And if I gave you a choice -- my cock or Charlie's dick in your ass -- which would you choose?"

Her... Oh. A strap-on. As contract negotiations went, he was pretty sure he'd been outclassed. "If you were to offer me such a choice, I'd much rather you touch me, in any way you please, Mistress."

Crystal's smile turned feral. "But it doesn't matter, does it, slave. I'm not likely to offer you such a choice. And the thought of watching Charlie slide that big, thick dick of his into your ass turns *me* on. It's a shame he didn't have time to stay and play." She

handed his leash to Ani. "It's late and we all need some sleep. Show the slave to the blue room, please."

"Yes, Mistress."

Ricky tried not to let his disappointment show. He'd assumed, after the limo, that they'd all be sleeping together. He wasn't sure he wanted to be alone with Ani, either. But before he could muster the nerve to voice an objection, Ani stepped behind him to rip off his wrist restraints. The Velcro made a harsh tear in the quiet of the entryway. He scooped up his bags and followed Ani down the hall.

And into a sea of blue. The room was opulent, luxurious, and very feminine. From the blue satin comforter on the four poster bed to the shimmering blue satin drapes and swags, all the fabrics in the room were shades of blue, no two the same. Even the carpet was a deep royal blue. He stopped just inside the doorway, feeling slightly lost.

"Unpack. I want to see what you've got in there. You may use the closet, and the highboy." Ani's voice sounded amused, but no longer malicious.

With the efficiency born of many years on the road, Ricky quickly emptied his suitcases, shaking out wrinkles as he deposited his wardrobe onto hangers and into drawers.

"Leave that one out." *That one* being a white satin fly-away baby-doll set. "Strip for me."

Strip? Not just undress. He'd never done anything that blatantly sexy for a woman in his life. His cock, which had finally calmed down, immediately jumped back to life. Turning to face her, he tilted his head down and glanced at Ani from under his lashes, just to be sure she meant what he thought she did.

She looked flushed, excited, almost hungry. His pulse raced as he reached behind him to unzip the red silk gown. Was she cherishing the thought of torturing him? Or was she really that excited about seeing his naked body? That would be a first.

How the hell did women get out of these things on their own, anyway?

"Turn around. I'll get the zipper." Her hands lingered in his hair for a moment longer than necessary, then scooped it over his shoulder. She took her time drawing the zipper open, slowly allowing the dress to fall open. "I love silk. So smooth and sexy. Never knew it would be such a turn-on on a man."

Ricky let the gown fall to the floor, then bent slowly to pick it up, still not quite ready to turn around again.

"Strip for me." Her voice was softer this time, huskier.

Still bent, he stepped carefully to either side of the puddled fabric, letting the gown trail over his inner thighs as he straightened. Turning to face her, he slid a finger along the edge of each of the cincher's removable cups, slowly peeling the Velcro apart. The Victoria's Secret thong came next, its silken triangle damp with the pre-cum that had managed to leak from his tortured cock. He shimmied it down his legs and let it fall to the floor beside the cincher's cups.

Strip. One would suppose that meant down to the skin, but...

"Leave the cincher on. I want to play with your tits."

"Yes, Mistress. Whatever Mistress wants."

"What do *you* want, Ricky?"

"Whatever Mistress wishes."

She ran one red taloned fingernail across his lips, over his chin, and down his sternum. "What do you want, Ricky? Say it."

"I want you to touch me, Mistress."

She made a quick slash with her fingernail. "That's a touch. Is that what you want?"

White-hot pain laced his vision. "Yes, Mistress," he moaned.

"Interesting." One sharp nail flicked his nipple. "What else do you want?"

Every sense of self-preservation he had left warned him not to tell her, but she was a Mistress. His Mistress. Even if it was just for this week. "Anything that pleases Mistress pleases me."

She pinched his nipple, twisting it sharply, and his hips bucked toward her so hard he nearly lost his balance.

To hell with self-preservation. "Please, Mistress. Suck my nipples. Lick them. Bite them. Anything." *Just touch me.* But he didn't say that out loud. Not yet.

She smiled, and he got a flash of small, perfect white teeth before she attacked. He tried to prepare himself for pain, but instead she undid him with a gentle kiss and a lick. The real pain came when the hand he hadn't seen coming reached between his legs and ripped loose the strip of medical tape.

Freed, his cock sprang to full attention, and only the fact that the blood flow had been restricted kept him from coming instantly as the pain washed over him. "Fuck!" he screeched. "You could give a guy a little warning."

"Like Band-Aids. Fast is better." She stroked his cock, as if in apology. "Besides. You like pain."

He wanted to argue with her. Real men didn't enjoy pain -- it simply wasn't proper. But the way his cock was behaving she'd never believe him, so he kept his mouth shut.

She rewarded his silence with a quick nip to his nipple.

His cock thumped against his belly, pre-cum leaking down its tip. It was all he could do to suppress the moan of pleasure that bubbled up into his throat.

"So careful. So controlled. I want you out of control, slave. I will break you. You will scream. You will moan. You will beg me to fuck you."

"Yes, Mistress," he agreed. What was the point in arguing? She knew his secret now. It was simply a matter of time. And pain.

3:15 AM, Sunday, 11 February 2007

Crystal's Penthouse

"I want to see you in the baby-doll set."

"Whatever pleases you, Mistress Ani." He pulled on the slinky white satin, relishing the tease of the fabric over his rigid nipples. Tying the ribbon bow that held the baby-doll closed, he accidentally brushed the tight little spikes with his thumbs, sending electric shock waves through his gut. "I'll need a moment to tape up."

"Don't bother. I assume Mistress will have her own restraints in mind."

His cock jumped again at the thought. He pulled the G-string on, though it tented out awkwardly over his flushed, swollen cock head. He could feel his balls drawing up. One more of those and he was going to come, hard and fast. He tied the string over his hip, trying hard to think about budgets and billing and anything but his raging erection.

"Turn around."

He spun obediently, giving Ani a good look at the shimmering satin fly-away.

"Face the wall."

Before he could turn fully she'd captured his wrist and wrenched it up behind his back. The tearing sound of Velcro hit his ears moments before the restraints fastened around his wrists again.

Ani's hand trailed down the line of his G-string. "You have a great ass. Armani should be held liable for the way your suits fit. Talk about distracting."

Ricky blinked in confusion. "I didn't know you paid any attention to my ass."

"We always watch your ass."

"We? I thought you all hated me."

"Eight women. Forty-five gorgeous and totally unavailable gay guys, one straight man, and he treats women like shit. Of course we hate you. That doesn't mean we don't admire your ass."

His former excitement melted. He swallowed hard, hiding his disappointment. Really. What had he expected? Ani wasn't going to lie to him and tell him his staff loved him. He wouldn't have believed her anyway. "I guess I should be flattered."

"You aren't, are you?"

That was Crystal's voice. *Mistress* Crystal. The one woman he really didn't want to think badly of him. Still, he couldn't lie to her. "No, Mistress."

"You'd like them to like you."

He shook his head, afraid to speak. His voice was going to crack, and that was so undignified. Though why he should worry about his dignity standing in his Victoria's Secret baby-doll set and a cincher that granted him a decent B-cup bust line, with his cock showing clearly behind the skimpy triangle of satin that covered his genitals, he didn't know. But no matter what his wardrobe, he was still a man, and men didn't cry. Especially not over something as inconsequential as office dynamics.

"Ricky?"

He took a deep breath, trying to calm his nerves. He was just tired. It had been a long, long day.

"Richard."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Tell me about Brasden-Marten."

Brasden-Marten? Why would she... It didn't matter why. Wasn't his place to ask. He blanked his mind and drifted to auto-pilot. "Brasden-Marten is an International Intellectual Property Rights law firm. Contract negotiations. We represent male models to the advertising market worldwide. Very lucrative."

"And your staff?"

"One office manager, four junior attorneys, four legal aides, and my administrative assistant."

"All female?"

Why did Crystal want to know that? "Eight women. Two men."

"Why do you think they hate you?"

"I *know* they hate me. They call me Richard the asshole." He shrugged, trying hard to keep the bitterness out of his voice. "We represent some of the most glamorous male models in the world to a clientele made up of some of the richest businessmen in the world. I have one simple rule. No screwing the clients. You'd think I asked these guys to cut off their balls. Any time we send a model out on an assignment that turns out to be a cover for a sexual liaison we all run the risk of being brought up on charges of soliciting clients for prostitution. And true or not, that would be the end of Braden-Marten."

"So that makes it OK to be a dick to your office staff?" Ani made no attempt to keep the emotion out of her voice.

So much for leaving the workplace out of this week. "It's not easy to maintain a professional environment, but I try. If that makes me a dick, so be it."

"No, Richard. Asking your administrative assistant to fetch your coffee, never bothering to speak to anyone unless it's to issue an order, *that* makes you a dick. Half the time you don't even remember my name."

"I *know* your name."

"What?"

"I know your name, Ani. I know everyone's names. I know your date of birth, your home address... I know you take your coffee black, one sugar. And if I was nice to you every woman -- scratch that, the gay guys are worse gossips than the women -- everyone in the office would assume I was hitting on you. I do my best to keep a professional distance."

"You're saying it's all an *act*?"

"I didn't say that. I just don't get close to my staff. It's not professional."

"Then why are you unhappy?"

That was Crystal. Somehow he thought she might understand. "It's not enough anymore. I want..."

"Turn around." When he did, she picked his chin up and forced him to meet her gaze. "Why are you unhappy, Ricky?"

"No one gives a rat's ass about the company. I'm tired. I could close the doors tomorrow and no one would care about anything but their missed paychecks."

"I'd care." Ani's voice softened. "I'd miss watching your gorgeous ass as you storm down the hallway looking like sin waiting to happen."

"We can work on Richard's interpersonal skills later." Crystal handed his leash to Ani, changing moods so fast she made him dizzy. "Take the slave to the dungeon and prepare him. I'll join you shortly."

Ani tilted her head down slightly, her only sign of subservience. "Yes, Mistress."

A few minutes ago he'd have been excited, but the grim reminder of the workplace he had to return to had definitely kicked him out of the mood.

3:25 AM, Sunday, 11 February 2007

**The Dungeon
Crystal's Penthouse**

Ani led him down the hall to a locked door. She had to stretch to reach the top of the doorframe, where the key was kept. She wasn't precisely small, though she was trim, almost thin. It was more that the bulky Victorian style doors had thick headers. She unlocked the door to reveal a scene out of medieval legends. Three of the walls were painted to look like stone block. Heavy velvet drapes covered a booth in one corner and most of the fourth wall. Mysterious pieces of exercise equipment -- or torture devices -- or perhaps they were both -- filled every nook. The sight of a rack full of whips, floggers, and assorted leather gear was almost enough to make him hard again.

Almost.

Ani turned a crank on the wall and a heavy steel bar lowered from the ceiling. She unhooked one end and stepped behind him. Before he could register a complaint -- or even decide if he wanted too -- she slid the bar under his elbows. With the far end hooked back to the chain, she slowly ratcheted it back up.

The bar slid high under his arms, forcing his shoulders back and his chest out until his nipples stood out in sharp relief against the straining satin. He knew better than to argue. Not with Ani. This was personal. If she thought it was uncomfortable she'd just raise it higher. But if she didn't quit soon it was really going to hurt.

"Spread your legs."

He spread them as wide as he could, but apparently that wasn't wide enough. The toe of her short spiked heel nudged his feet out farther. When he was standing just the way she wanted him, she cuffed a spreader bar between his ankles.

Oh, shit. He wasn't sure exactly what that was for, but he was pretty sure he wasn't going to like it. He stretched to his toes, trying to take the strain off his arms.

"Very nice."

Crystal's voice. From behind him. He was helpless to turn and face her. He heard a small click and the heavy velvet drapes began to open. They had to be on a remote. Neither of the women were anywhere near them.

Oh, God. The entire wall was one huge glass window. Anyone with a view of this side of the building could see in. Could see him hanging here, helpless, dressed in nothing but a scrap or two of white satin.

And then his awareness of a possible audience faded as he caught Crystal's reflection in the glass. Honey brown hair tumbled down to meet the tightly laced black leather corset. But that wasn't what caught his attention. It was the large black dick she'd sprouted that had his gaze riveted on her pussy as she approached him from behind. So riveted, in fact, that he barely noticed the chains dangling from her fingers.

Until she stepped in front of him.

"I brought you presents."

Ricky raised his focus enough to stare at the ring Mistress Crystal held in the flat of her palm. It looked like a coiled serpent.

The other hand reached down to stroke over the small satin triangle covering his cock. She pulled the small bow loose and the G-string fluttered to the floor. Office politics fled his brain, along with every other coherent thought. He looked down to watch Crystal slip the ring around his penis, just below the head. His cock sprang to full attention. The bronze ring didn't hurt, but its weight commanded his attention, a continuing presence he couldn't forget.

Crystal slipped a leather lasso around the base of his cock, drawing it so tight he'd never be able to come unless she released it. Next she loosened the tie on the baby-doll. He screamed in exquisite pain when the nipple clamp bit into his tender flesh.

"Do you want me to stop?"

The voice seemed to come from far away. He tried to block out the noise like rushing water that filled his ears. He needed to focus.

"Ricky. Do you want me to stop?"

Stop? Hell no. He wanted... "Please, Mistress."

"Please what?"

"Please, may I have the other clamp, Mistress?"

Behind him he felt cold lube hit his ass. Ani -- it had to be Ani, right? Ani's finger rimmed his tight hole, slowly pushing past his tight sphincter. He moaned helplessly as she violated his anus, pushing her finger in until she found the bump of his prostate. Crystal chose that moment to add the second nipple clamp.

"He's ready for you, Mistress."

The two women swapped places. Crystal's hands stroked over the smooth satin, rubbing the fabric against his skin. "I love the feel of satin. Almost as much as I love the feel of your skin. Smooth, soft fabric over hard male muscle."

"Touch me. Anywhere. Everywhere."

"Was that an order?"

"Yes!" Oh, shit. "No, Mistress. A plea. Please, Mistress. Touch me."

"I think it was an order. I think you need to be punished for such insolence."

She smacked his ass with the flat of her hand. Lovely, excruciating pain shot through him. "Thank you, Mistress! May I have another? Please."

Crystal's hand came down hard on his ass, again and again. His cock jutted straight up, so hard he thought he might come at each blow. But of course the lasso wouldn't allow that. Meanwhile Ani had become fascinated with his nipple clamps, and decided to lick her way around them in ever shrinking circles. "Please, Mistress, may I fuck the slave?" she whimpered.

His cock fully approved of that plan.

"Not yet. There's something missing."

What could possibly... "Yes, Mistress." Ani turned away, only to return with a condom. Placing it in her mouth, she knelt in front of him, unrolling it over his cock with her tongue and teeth.

Crystal's crack on his ass shoved his cock deep in Ani's throat. Moaning helplessly, he thrust into her mouth. "Please, Mistress. Fuck me. Let me fuck Ani. Please."

"I thought you'd never ask."

Ani pulled away, leaving his cock alone and bereft, but only for the time it took her to regain her feet. Despite their height disparity -- Ani had to be at least five inches shorter than he was -- the spreader bar had lowered him to the perfect height. With one swift move she impaled herself on his throbbing cock.

Crystal moved much more slowly than Ani had, carefully pushing past his reluctant sphincter with her thick jellied strap-on, sliding gently into his tight channel. "Fuck!" he moaned. "Oh, fuck that feels good." He didn't know whether he meant his cock in Ani's hot, pulsing cunt or Crystal's dick buried deep in his ass. He shuddered, moaning again as the women began to move.

Ani thrummed the clamp on his left nipple with her tongue, sending jolts of pleasure/pain tearing through his shattered nerves. He screamed mindlessly, thrusting his nipple and his cock into her as hard as he could. Behind him Crystal pulled back, nearly pulling the heavily lubed dong from his ass. Looking down he could see Crystal's hands on Ani's hips, while Ani clutched his.

They set up a rhythm, forward and back, Ani riding down hard on his cock while Crystal withdrew, Crystal thrusting in deep while Ani rode almost to the tip of his cock before she plunged back.

His knees would have buckled without the bar to support him. "Fuck me!" he screamed, near delirious with the pleasure and pain. "Please, Mistresses, fuck me!"

As if they'd only been teasing him before, they slammed down harder, pounding him back and forth between them till he thought his shoulders would pull out of their sockets before they allowed him to come.

Ani shrieked as she came around him, writhing convulsively over his flaming cock. He felt Crystal's punishing rhythm break as she shuddered against him, could almost feel her orgasm rip through from the other end of the dildo. He needed desperately to come, but he couldn't stop. Ani broke over him again as he thrust mindlessly into her, pushing himself back on the length of Crystal's strap-on with each stroke. Faster. Harder. He had to come. Had to...

He screamed out his release as Crystal's hand flashed between the press of their bodies to release the lasso, shooting wave after wave of release into the condom. When he thought he was nearly spent, Ani pulled the clips from his nipples, sending waves of agony through him as the blood flowed back, another wave of cum pulsing through the ring that restricted his cock head.

Ani fisted her hand in his hair, yanking his head down for a kiss that shattered him. Exhausted, boneless, powerless to hold himself upright, he collapsed into her, tears streaming down his face as she claimed him with her lips.

Crystal released some hidden catch on the bar and the three of them tumbled to the thick padded carpet.

Tomorrow. Tomorrow he'd try to sort out all the mixed emotions tumbling wildly through him. Tomorrow.

Hell. It was tomorrow. Had been for hours.

Later then. For now, there were two sets of arms holding him, two sets of hands stroking him, two sets of lips kissing him -- and each other. Someone released his wrist and ankle restraints, pushing the metal bars off to the side, out of the way. Someone else pulled him closer, his face pillowed against soft breasts as together they tumbled into the sweet abyss of sleep.

* * *

Some time in the night -- minutes? hours? later -- he awoke with enough presence of mind to scout out the bathroom and then locate the master bedroom. One after the other he scooped up the two women and carried them back to Crystal's king-sized bed, carefully divesting them of their outfits. He knew from experience none of their clothes were the sort one should fall asleep in. When he'd have gone back to his room, Crystal opened her eyes enough to smile up at him. Sliding over, she patted the empty space beside her.

That was one decision he didn't have to think twice about.

9:45 AM, Sunday, 11 February 2007

Crystal's Penthouse Apartment

Midtown Manhattan

Crystal stretched languidly, savoring the feel of over-used muscles and the lingering scent of sex. Each hand brushed a warm body. Hmmm. That was interesting. Who...

The auction at The Fetish Club slowly came back. Then *La Escuelita*. Then the champagne. My, oh my. Champagne had been the perfect choice. Enough to loosen her two darlings up. And the action in the limo... priceless.

Ani lay next to her, curled into the hollow of her side. She looked so adorable in her sleep. Soft and vulnerable. Crystal smiled. Ani'd hate getting caught with that look on her face. On her right Richard lay facing away from her, his naked back one long, delicious sheet of muscle. Damn. The man put an awful lot of effort into maintaining that body, she could tell. He could be one of his own models.

The three of them made quite a picture. The auction would prove to be a great investment.

She crawled over Ani and made her way to the bathroom. Brushing her teeth, she grimaced into the mirror. OK. Maybe she wasn't so photogenic at the moment. A quick shower and some coffee would help. And maybe a Tylenol or two. She wasn't getting any younger. One of these days she was going to have to give some thought to the future.

Eventually the week would end, and her toys would leave her. They'd all go back to their vanilla lives. Or find another Mistress.

For some reason that made her sad.

Dominance was a voyage of discovery. Ani she knew well. While Ani could play the Domme, she liked things to go smoothly. When she gave orders she didn't want them questioned. She'd been more than willing to let Crystal be the one in control this time. Crystal suspected she'd had her fill of responsibility. What she really wanted was for someone to take care of her for a change.

As for Richard, he'd yet to really argue with a single command she'd given him. Oh, he'd made a few feeble protests, but mostly for show. He'd loved everything they'd done to him. All that physical strength -- all that lean, hard muscle -- and he hadn't even tried to fight her when she'd cuffed him. In the vanilla world, he'd never dream of doing anything that wasn't proper. But when she took responsibility, he was more than happy to follow her orders.

How far would he go to follow her orders? He had to have limits. Every sub had limits. She had five days to find them, and push him just a little bit farther.

Somehow she didn't think it would take her that long.

* * *

Richard came awake with a start, a sound like a gunshot echoing in his head. The body next to him -- a smaller, female body -- jumped as well. Instinctively he grabbed the woman and pulled her close, shielding her with his arms.

In the moment it took him to orient himself he realized his bed partner had to be Ani, because Crystal was standing at the foot of the bed, dressed once again in her black leather corset, holding a wicked looking crop in her hand. Its pop had brought him awake.

"Do you have any idea what time it is?"

"No, Mistress. I apologize for sleeping so late."

"Not nearly late enough," Ani grumbled.

"Silence! You have twenty minutes to get breakfast together and served."

"You know I don't cook!" Ani squealed.

"Then you better pray your partner can, or your ass is in big trouble."

Richard said a silent prayer of thanks for the Internet and two years of single, divorced male status. "What would Mistress like for breakfast?"

Crystal looked over her shoulder as she headed for the door. "Surprise me. But it better include coffee, and fast."

"Man, is she in a foul mood or what?" Ani grouched as Crystal disappeared.

"I don't really want to find out how bad, or why." Richard glanced at the clock. Damn. He never slept this late. It was ten after ten. "You can have this bathroom. I'll take the one in my room."

Ani blinked at him, looking surprised. "Thanks."

Four minutes later she stuck her head in his room, holding a red silk bustier around her middle, its ties flapping in her wake. "Can you lace me into this? I can do it but it'll take way too long."

"Sure." Richard smiled. He'd loved helping the other "gurls" with their wardrobes at The Fetish Club. It took him mere seconds to flash the laces through their grommets.

"Tighter."

Surprised, he pulled the laces tighter, then tighter again, hoping Ani didn't pass out from lack of breath.

"Oh yeah." Ani pirouetted so he could see the finished product. His hands would span her waist. "Does this look OK?"

Her nipples were doing their best to shove their rigid points through the lace bustier. She was barely dressed and already his cock was painfully hard. "You look good enough to eat," he assured her. "We should serve you for breakfast. Maybe with a little whipped cream and a cherry."

Ani giggled as she belted a matching thigh length red silk kimono over the bustier. "Maybe for dessert. I sure hope you're better in the kitchen than I am or our asses are fried."

"I can manage. Can you give me a hand with this?" He held up his cincher and a sweet little maid's costume he'd picked up just for fun.

"Yummy!" She laced him in tighter than he usually did, giving his tits a shadow of cleavage, then helped him pin his hair up in a fast French twist and attach the silly little cap. "Make sure you bend over a few times. Shame to waste that neckline."

"I wish I had time to do my makeup."

Ani laughed. "You think women have time for full makeup every day? Powder base, lipstick, and a dust of blush takes thirty seconds." She ran her fingertips over his cheek. "You shaved already?"

"Waxed. I'll be good for another two weeks."

"Ouch!"

"Worth it not to have stubble under my makeup." A quick dive into his makeup case netted her arsenal. It was fast and light -- little more than a dusting of color -- but she was right. He felt immensely better for the effort. "We're out of time. Show me the kitchen."

And what a kitchen it was. Double wide industrial size stainless steel fridge, gourmand stainless cook stove with a built in grill, and granite countertops everywhere. Coffee was the first priority. Ani knew where the filters and beans were hidden, and she started the coffeemaker while he pulled out bacon and started it frying on the grill. Fortunately the freezer held readymade delicacies he was well familiar with. "Drop four of those waffles in the toaster would you please? And make sure it's set to light pastry."

"OK. I can do that. Anything else?"

"Top a handful of strawberries and cut them in half." He demonstrated by topping one with the point of a paring knife so when it was sliced it looked like a little heart. By that time the bacon was ready to flip and the toaster had popped out the waffles. He found a water glass and showed Ani how to use it to cut small round waffles out of the larger squares while he buttered the grill and fried up six perfect over light eggs, then decorated the plates with waffle rounds topped with whipped cream hearts with strawberry centers.

By the time he'd added the bacon Ani had the coffee poured and had located a serving tray and silverware. At exactly ten-thirty they arranged breakfast on the formal dining room table. Richard caught Crystal's quizzical smile for a brief flash before she wiped the look from her face.

Remembering Ani's advice, he bent forward a little farther than necessary as he served Mistress her breakfast. Ani set the table, adding delicate three-tined forks laid out on artfully folded linen napkins and orange juice served in frosted glasses. When he turned to place the empty tray on the sidebar, Crystal caught him by surprise with a swift pinch. "Ani's right. You have a great ass."

That surprised him more than the pinch had. "Thank you, Mistress."

"I'm guessing you cooked this. Nice job."

"We both did." He caught Ani's look of surprise and flashed her a quick smile.

Crystal was silent for a few minutes, munching happily. "After breakfast we're going to play a game."

"What game?" they both asked.

Crystal grinned, as if pleased with herself. Somehow he found that a bit unsettling. "Come to the dungeon as soon as the kitchen's presentable again and you'll find out."

"Yes, Mistress."

Whatever she was up to, there wasn't a damn thing he could do about it. The notion made him shiver with anticipation. "Do you think we should change outfits?"

"We better not take the time. She said as soon as we were done, not after we dressed."

"Might be worth it." He looked down at the once pristine maid's costume with regret. "I've got spots."

"It's just water. It'll dry. Trust me. We don't want to be late."

"Right," he agreed. "You'll have to tell me about that some time."

Ani shook her head. "Let's just say it's a lesson that doesn't need to be repeated."

11:15 AM, Sunday, 11 February 2007

Crystal's Dungeon

The heavy drapes were closed, now, blocking out the New York skyline and casting the room into shadows. The only light came from dozens of electric wall sconces bathing the room in artificial candlelight. He didn't remember seeing them before. The curtains in the corner were open, revealing a computer console and a camera.

Fear laced through him at the sight of the camera. If she had a live Internet feed...

A leather-covered bench built a bit like a gymnast's "horse" stood a few feet away from the camera. To the right of it sat a small table with an assortment of restraints, straps, whips, paddles, and chains. In her right hand Mistress Crystal held the riding crop with the leather popper she'd woken them up with, and in her left, a remote. "There you are, my pretties. Are you ready to play my game?"

"Yes, Mistress," Ani answered.

He knew what she was thinking. This camera was here, out in the open. Now. Had it been running last night? Where else were there cameras mounted? "I -- I..." He stuttered in his effort to reply, staring at the camera.

He'd wanted this, and there wasn't much he wouldn't do for his Mistress. But privacy was supposed to be part of the bargain. The camera wasn't. The Internet could be bad. Very, very bad.

"What's the matter, Ricky? Worried about your reputation?"

"Yes, Mistress."

Mistress came closer, her body between him and the camera, trailing the end of the popper over the low V neck of the maid's costume. "It isn't proper, is it, Ricky. You

don't want to be seen dressed like this in public. And make no mistake, my dungeon may be limited access, but it's viewed by thousands of people."

Fear coursed through him, warring with excitement. Limited access. Pay-per-view. So that's how she afforded a penthouse and a private chauffeur. If he really was a chauffeur... "Mistress, I can't." His protest sounded feeble even to him. Damn it, it was exciting as hell, but it could ruin his career. And his reputation.

"Did I ask your permission?"

What would she do if he argued? "No, Mistress. I apologize."

"You have one choice. You may wear either a hood or a mask to protect your privacy if you choose."

He let out his breath in a sigh of relief. "The mask, please, Mistress." A hood might cover more of his features, but it would be hot, and it would make his hair look like hell.

Mistress Crystal nodded to Ani. "Do you wish to wear a mask as well, slave?"

He looked up for a fleeting second, surprised. He hadn't really thought of Ani as another sub. Though, in retrospect, Crystal had treated her more like a sub than another Domme. If so, she was obviously the Alpha sub. Ani's gaze darted to the camera. "Yes, please, Mistress."

"Get them."

"Yes, Mistress." Ani extracted a pair of smooth black leather face masks from the rack along the wall, along with several straps and cuffs. She moved to stand behind him, slipping the mask over his face and lacing it snugly in place, then handing hers to him. He laced it tightly, so it wouldn't accidentally shift during the scene to come. For he was sure it would be a full-fledged scene, designed for the camera. His cock was on high alert.

"Assume the position," Crystal ordered.

He dropped to his knees, folding his hands behind his back, forehead as close to the floor as he could bend. Beside him Ani did the same. A ping sounded, and Mistress

Crystal turned toward the camera, hitting a button on the remote. The red light on the camera blinked, then turned green.

He watched out of the corner of his eye as Crystal cracked the crop against her thigh, the noise echoing in the large cavern of a room. "Welcome to Mistress Crystal's Dungeon. I do hope you're not late. I expect all my slaves to be prompt."

With a smile that was far from comforting, Crystal turned her lovely backside to the camera and strolled the few steps it took to reach his side before turning three-quarter profile. "We're going to play my favorite game today. I call this game 'The Inquisition'."

Another pop of the whip. He flinched, almost expecting it to connect with his skin. That it didn't was of little comfort. Never had he felt so exposed. So vulnerable.

"One slave will be the prisoner. The other will play the part of the torturer." She trailed the lash of her whip over his exposed ass. "Do you wish to be prisoner or punisher, slave?"

Despite himself, he shifted slightly, almost making the mistake of raising his head. He was to be given a choice? What fool would willingly choose to be beaten? And yet... to lay a whip into Ani's soft, tender flesh? He swallowed hard. "I would be the prisoner, if it pleases you, Mistress."

She smiled, as if she'd known all along that would be his choice. "Let the games begin."

"Have you got some sort of martyr complex?" Ani hissed. She looked positively wicked in her shimmering red kimono and the black leather mask. "Don't think for one minute I'm going to be easy on you."

He did his best to hide his smile, sure now that he'd made the right choice. "Thank you, Mistress."

Smothering a laugh, Ani pulled his hands behind his back and cuffed them firmly into wide, padded leather restraints, connected so that his hands had to lie side by side. His shoulders pulled back sharply, making his tits strain against the thin fabric of his black satin uniform.

"The prisoner will be masked during the interrogation, to protect his identity, should he decide to cooperate," Crystal announced. "We will call this little sissy gurl Scott."

Ani flinched, then, smiling, cracked her whip for the camera.

Was the camera real? Or part of the game?

Crystal had donned a black barrister's robe, which swung open as she moved to reveal an overly large black dick, complete with dangling balls, protruding from her strap-on harness. Dear God that thing was fat. Surely she didn't think that would fit in his ass.

"I am the Grand Inquisitor, Bishop Stuart. My implement of punishment today will be Mistress Ani. I know from your letters how much you enjoy her work. Mistress Ani will now chain the prisoner to the interrogation bench."

Letters? He shuddered to think what sort of letter she might receive from the sick bastards who'd watch this on the Internet. Ani led him to the "horse" and kicked the point of her high-heeled shoe between his feet, nudging his thighs apart with her knee. Obediently he spread his legs wide, knowing what was coming. She secured each ankle to the horse's legs with more wide leather cuffs. His weight rode firmly on the balls of his feet, pinching his toes in the points of the slinky heels he'd chosen this morning. Had he known they were going to play a game like this... hell. He couldn't lie to himself. He'd still have worn them. They made his legs look damn good.

Next Ani added cuffs to his arms, just below the elbows. These she belted together, pulling his forearms as close to one another as possible without dislocating his shoulders. The last leather strap hooked to the horse on one side and across his back, toppling him onto his stomach over the hard leather bench. Ani swept his hair out of his face, grabbing a handful to lift his head so that he could meet Crystal's gaze.

Could she tell how excited he was? His cock was already leaking drops of pre-cum against the soft satin G-string. His nipples stood out so stiffly they had to show even through the frilly lace that adorned his bodice.

"Where were you last night, prisoner?" Crystal demanded.

Last night? Was this a trick question? "I enjoyed an evening out on the town, Bishop Stuart."

"Doing what, Mr. Scott?"

He felt himself flush, remembering. "Dancing, Bishop Stuart."

"That isn't all you were doing, was it?"

"No, Mis -- Bishop Stuart."

"You consumed large amounts of spirits."

"I did. I confess, Bishop Stuart."

"So you admit your debauchery?"

Wasn't he supposed to? "Yes, Bishop."

"Dancing and alcohol are a sign of the devil. Is the devil in you, prisoner?"

He was dressed in a French Maid's costume, spread eagle and cuffed over a horse, his cock swollen and stiff between his legs, like a cherry ripe for the picking. Too late to argue now. "Yes, Bishop. I have consorted with the devil. I have practiced deviant sexual behavior. I deserve to be punished."

Mistress Crystal moved close enough to run her hand over his ass and give his aching cock a squeeze. "Oh, look. The gurlly girl has a dick. Before we begin the punishment we shall have to restrain your randy cock, prisoner."

Restrain? He swallowed hard as she plucked what he now recognized as a black rubber Gates of Hell set off the table. This was going to be good. So very, very good.

11:25 AM, Sunday, 11 February 2007

The Grande Inquisition

Bishop Stuart's Dungeon

His cock securely fastened into the Gates of Hell, Ricky hung face down over the horse, his long black hair obscuring his vision. He might as well have been wearing a blindfold as a mask.

The click of her heels told him Mistress Crystal had moved to his side. "Tell me who led you into this wicked behavior, deviant. Who corrupted your innocence and led you to do the devil's work?"

Ahh. So that was the way it worked. Well, truthfully, he probably shouldn't have confessed so easily. She needed a reason to interrogate him, after all. "No one, Bishop. I swear it on my honor. I was alone in my wickedness."

"Oh your honor, peasant? You have no honor. Twenty lashes."

"Gladly, Bishop." He heard Ani pick up one of the whips from the table. What had she grabbed? He couldn't see, damn it!

"Are you ready, Mister Scott?"

"No, Mistress Ani. Please be gentle." Like he thought there was any chance of that. From the tone of her voice when she'd called him Scott --

Crack!

Heated ribbons of pain sliced through him. Not hard enough or sharp enough to slice the skin, but exquisitely hot, like an electrical charge running straight to his balls. Oh fuck. Yeah. Scott was not someone she was fond of.

"You will count the lashes, Mr. Scott."

Ritual counting, at that, he supposed. "One, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress. May I please have another?"

Crack!

What the hell had she grabbed? No way he would make it to ten, let alone twenty. "Two, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress. May I please have another?"

Crack!

But he did. She changed sides at five, and again at ten, though his backside already burned with the heat of the stinging lash. Mistress Ani was a true artist with the whip, laying each stripe onto his exposed bottom right next to the last, like a painter laying out a field of grass. She changed cheeks again at fifteen... "Twenty, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress."

A hand fisted in his hair, wrenching his head up sharply so he could meet the gaze of an irate Bishop. "Who consorted with you, prisoner? Who else was privy to this debauchery?"

"No one, Bishop. I was alone in my wickedness."

"Confess, and I may yet be convinced to spare you further punishment."

Confess? He'd already pled guilty.

"Tell me their names, prisoner. Tell me their names."

Names? The pleasure/pain had taken him too high to think up even a remotely good lie. Besides. He deserved to be punished. He was the deviant, the sexual misfit, the man in a dress... the...

"Ten cracks with the paddle."

Dear God. He'd seen that. It was a long, narrow leather paddle with a snapper at the end. He'd be sleeping on his stomach for the rest of the week. "No, Bishop. Please." He did his best to sound cowed, though his cock had never been so hard.

"You will count the strokes."

Pop!

"One, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress. May I please have another..." The pain laced with pleasure that was sharper than anything he'd ever known. *May I please have*

another, Mistress. Make it stop. Don't stop. May I have another. Please, Mistress. I've been a bad boy. I've worn women's clothing. I've had deviant thoughts as long as I can remember. I want to touch you. Be you. Fuck you. Two, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress. May I please have another. Harder, Mistress. More. Please. More. Never stop. More...

"Who was party to your wickedness, prisoner?"

"None, Mistress. There was only me."

Hands cupped his breasts, whose hands he didn't know or care, tweaking and pinching his distended nipples. He moaned even as his cock jerked against its restraint.

"Names, prisoner."

"I don't know, Mistress. Bishop."

"You lie, prisoner. Do you know what the punishment is for lying to me?"

He wasn't sure he could take another twenty lashes. "No, Bishop."

"Torture. Days of slow, methodical torture."

Days? He was to spend his week in this room, exploring various pieces of equipment, until finally, at long last, his cock fell off from being so hard for so long? Some rational part of his brain reminded him that it was just a scene, that scenes didn't last forever, but then cold lube hit his ass, stinging his sensitized skin, and he forgot everything but the feel of Mistress's fingers circling his anus, parting him, stretching him, pushing in hard, harder... and then Ani stood before him, her hand pulling his head by the hair, guiding his mouth to her waiting pussy.

The taste of her was as exquisite as the pain that wracked him when Mistress pressed her dong into his ass, pain that no lube could have prepared him for. His stinging flesh ground against her thighs. His neck arched and his back arched and his cock wanted nothing more than to explode, shooting cum all over them both, while he sucked and they fucked and he lay chained between them, helpless to do more than ride the wave and pray they wouldn't move away.

Mistress's fingers reached beneath him, unsnapping the loop around the base of his cock, pumping him slowly up and down in time to her thrusts into his straining ass. Almost instantly he felt the burn of cum pushing, straining, as the climax rolled through

him, slowly, so slowly, the rings of the Gates of Hell still stretched around the length of his straining dick, constraining him. Pain shot through him at every thrust of Mistress's cock. Need filled him as he licked and sucked Mistress's cunt. Pleasure forced its way toward release in slow, excruciating waves.

"Please, Mistress," he managed as Ani fell back on her knees, gasping, too spent to stand any longer. "Please, Mistress, may I have another."

Mistress jerked and shuddered against him, her rhythm broken, the cadence of the march no more. She cried out in climax, her plastic dong slipping from his ass. Ani crawled over to unbuckle the straps that held him, sliding a condom over his straining cock as he tumbled to the floor. He cried out, too, as she rolled him to his ass, the pain rocketing through him from his blistered backside. Still he had the presence of mind to grasp her hips, pulling her cunt down hard onto his aching cunt. Cock. Whatever.

His hips hit the floor under her weight and he rocketed up, desperate to relieve the pain in his beaten ass, plunging into her hard and deep. He came down hard again, deliberately, riding the pain, transcending, glorying in the feel of the waves of agony rippling through his every nerve. Ani's climax came so hard the waves washed over him, her hot juices dripping down to sear his wounded flesh. He jerked into her helplessly, his cum bursting through the restraining Gates of Hell in slow, agonizing crests.

Ani's hot, dripping cunt milked him dry. Finally she folded over his belly, her head on his chest. He couldn't summon so much as a groan of protest as her weight forced his hips onto the rough carpet.

"Assume the position."

Slowly Ani crawled from his body, reaching back to tug at his hand, forcing him to focus his muddled brain on the sound of Mistress's voice.

"Assume the position, prisoner."

He crawled to her feet and slowly, slowly bent himself to her will. Beside him Ani's body trembled visibly, the red kimono shivering as if there were a stiff breeze in the room.

"I want a name, slave. Who was with you?"

"I was alone, Bishop."

"We will continue this interrogation tomorrow."

Crystal turned away, the remote once again in her hand, slowly stalking the camera. "Who among you is worthy? Who would be my next slave? Which of you pathetic worms has the balls to approach me? Are you willing to pay the ultimate price? Are you able to withstand the ultimate pain? Send your whining, sniveling excuse for petition to Mistress Crystal. I might let you kiss my foot, if you're a very, very good boy or gurl."

Mistress clicked the remote, and the green light went red again, then faded away.

Or maybe the whole room was fading away.

"Crystal?" he heard Ani's voice as if from a great distance. "... sub-drop..."

Sub-drop. That was bad, wasn't it. Who...

"Grab the blankets."

A long, rippling chill stole over his skin. Then there were blankets and hands and bodies pressed close. Apparently *who* was him. And then the room went black.

2:00 PM, Sunday, 11 February, 2007

Crystal's Dungeon

There might, possibly, have been a better way to wake up than sandwiched between soft, warm bodies, cocooned in plush blankets, the smell of sex thick in the air, but Richard couldn't think of any alternatives at the moment. "Mmmm," he purred sleepily, snuggling closer to the body in front of him.

The head tucked under his chin curled against him, warm lips pressing against his chest. "Welcome back."

"Was I out long?"

"Long enough." Ani's voice, behind him. She kissed his shoulder blade, the tenderness of her touch almost frightening. "You gave us quite a scare."

Naked truth hung in the air. Her lips against his skin told him as much as her words did. She cared. They cared. About him. Not just the sub Ricky, not just the part he played. Something in him wanted to bolt for the door, run, to where he didn't know, but somewhere, anywhere safe.

No. It was just a game. That's all it was. "I apologize, Mistress."

"Ricky, look at me."

That was Mistress Crystal. And he couldn't. She could punish him if she felt the need. It didn't matter. He couldn't let her see the tears in his eyes.

"Ricky."

Long, sharp nails raked slowly over his scalp, sending shivers of pleasure running through him. Soft lips kissed his eyelids, wicking away the trace of dampness they found there, tearing a sob from his throat.

"Richard."

"I apologize, Mistress. I ruined your scene. Please forgive me."

“Richard, look at me.”

And he did, because she demanded it of him, blinking rapidly to push back tears no man was allowed to shed. It was hard trying *not* to look directly at her, anyway. Her face was only inches from his.

“You didn’t ruin anything, Richard. The scene went perfectly. But now the camera’s turned off. What we’ve been doing’s been pretty intense. Now it’s time for some fun.” She leaned in, closer still, and she kissed him. Not Mistress. Just Crystal. The woman. He froze for a moment, too stunned to respond. Then his mind shut down, and his body took over. He kissed her the way he’d wanted too, from the first moment he’d seen her eyes on him, smiling, but not laughing at the picture he made, just smiling. And looking hotter than any woman had a right to.

Combing his fingers through her hair, he cupped her head and plundered her mouth with his tongue. She tasted like cool sweet tea on a hot summer’s day, so good, so right, he couldn’t get enough. He could wake up next to her every day for the rest of his life and he knew it would never be enough.

But then there was Ani, behind him, beautiful, tempting Ani, kissing his shoulder, his neck, her hands stroking, sweeping over and around him till she found his cock. Her touch made him so hard he wondered if he could come just from the feel of skin on skin. How could he ever see her as his secretary, knowing the mysteries that her man-cut suit disguised?

How could he give either of them up?

“You’re thinking again, Ricky. You shouldn’t do that.”

“Mmmm,” Crystal agreed, pulling away from his kiss. “You think entirely too much.” She pushed him to his back, which should have rolled him on top of Ani, but somehow didn’t. Probably because Ani was now kneeling beside them, slipping a condom down over his cock.

Some dim analytical part of his brain wondered why his ass wasn’t on fire, scorched like the nine hells as it was, instead of merely burning with a dull ache, but whatever the thought had been escaped him as Crystal straddled his hips and lowered

her tight, wet pussy onto his cock. "Oh, fuck," was the most coherent thing he could utter.

Smiling, Crystal held out her hand, guiding Ani to straddle his chest. Crystal wrapped her arms around Ani, hugging her, while they kissed for a moment over Ani's shoulder. Then Crystal's clever fingers found Ani's nipples.

Dear God. He'd never seen anything so blatantly erotic. Ricky lifted Ani, urging her to sit up higher over him, teasing her clit with the tip of his tongue. She obliged, falling forward over him doggy style while Crystal's fingers worked her nipples. Pulling Ani down, Ricky licked her slowly from the bottom of her labia to the tip of her clit. He flicked his tongue over her clit, teasing, then pulled her down hard, thrusting his tongue as deep into her hot, wet cunt as he could reach.

Moaning with need, Crystal slid up the length of his shaft and came back down hard, taking him balls deep as she ground against his pelvis. He slid a hand between Ani's ass and Crystal's thigh, working Crystal's clit as she rode him harder. Her tight, wet cunt gripped him hard, milking him as she came. Ani screamed as she bounced harder on his tongue, her hips driving wildly against him. He licked and sucked, meeting her thrust for erratic thrust as she came over his mouth.

The weight of the two of them slammed into him, scraping his burning ass into the carpet over and over again. Had he really thought the damaged skin didn't hurt by now? He was so wrong, on so many levels. He wanted to scream as the icy-hot erotic burn seeped through him, searing his raw nerves with exquisite pain.

Just when he thought he couldn't hold out any longer, Crystal rolled to the floor, her fist closing over his cock to strip off the condom she'd coated with her juices. Ani slid on a new one before she moved to kneel on all fours over Crystal's weeping pussy. Ani swept her hair back out of the way, giving him an unobstructed view as she sucked Crystal's clit between her lips.

That left him naked and alone, and hard as Crystal's plastic dong, with Ani's ass in the perfect position. Surely they hadn't meant for him to waste this condom. He knelt

behind Ani, his poor abused buns finally free of the stinging carpet, reaching beneath Ani to guide his cock into her waiting pussy.

"Fuck, yes!" Ani screamed.

Crystal moaned, her nails biting deep into his hips. She pulled him down hard, as if his cock were thrusting through Ani right into her waiting cunt.

His balls pulled up, slapping against Ani in time to her thrusts into Crystal's waiting pussy with her tongue. His hands found Crystal's tits and milked them in rhythm to his thrusts. He should have come by now, had never lasted this long, but then he hadn't come so many times in so few hours since he'd been a teenager watching forbidden porn flicks in time to his own clumsy hand jobs.

Ani broke around him again, screaming in release as she came. He could feel her muscles working as she turned fingers and tongue to her best use against Crystal's exposed flesh. He wanted nothing more than to come, collapsing over the two sated women in blissful agony, before they had no further need of him and tossed him aside, but the harder he worked the farther away his own release seemed.

And then the women shifted again, this time with Ani on the bottom, sixty-nine to Crystal's pussy. That left Crystal's ass facing him. Ani handed him yet another condom, and the ever-present tube of lube.

Dear God in heaven. His balls felt like they might explode at the mere thought of his dick in Crystal's tight ass. He worked her carefully with his fingers and the lube, knowing better than to thrust in before she was ready. She opened to him willingly, her tight sphincter relaxing at his touch, moaning in pleasure at something, his fingers, Ani's tongue, what he couldn't be sure.

This weekend had been littered with firsts, and this was no exception. Never before had he felt the tight fist of a woman's anus sheathing his cock. "Oh, fuck, that's good," he moaned as he slowly slid in.

Below him Ani's lips captured his balls, sucking them one after the other into the warm cavern of her mouth. He jerked hard, burying himself to the hilt with one final

push. Then Ani's hands were on his hips, urging him in and out in rapid jerks that matched her own undulating hips.

Crystal screamed -- he hoped it was from pleasure -- and he could feel the strength of her orgasm milking his cock in strong, insistent pulls. "Now!" Crystal ordered.

Whether she meant him or Ani didn't matter. His body reacted as if given the permission he'd needed. Long, hot gushes of cum pounded unrestricted from the base of his balls through the length of his cock. He roared out his release, thrusting wildly into Crystal's tight channel. Ani's nails dug into his tender ass and he screamed, shooting spurt after spurt into the condom.

Ani's hips bucked hard off the floor and Crystal came with her, holding her tightly as she lapped at her pussy. Ricky could smell the hot juices that spilled from both women. Slipping from her ass as he finally went soft, he pushed Crystal aside to lick Ani clean. Crystal pulled the condom off and ran a soft cloth over him, then pulled him back down between them. "Feeling better?" she laughed, pushing the hair back from his face.

"Yeah," he agreed.

"Definitely," Ani answered as well.

"Good." Crystal yawned and stretched. "Let's go get some lunch."

6:00 PM, Sunday, 11 February 2007

Charter Limo

"Park in the garage, Charlie."

In the garage? Not at the front door? Why?

"Yes, Mistress."

Was there a note of anticipation in the big chauffeur's voice? Ricky shuddered, remembering the way Charlie had eyed his backside. He hadn't given a lot of thought as to why Crystal had called for the limo at the time. Not when it meant full dress just to go riding through Central Park in search of a Coney Island Dog vender who hadn't already closed up shop for the day. They'd all been having too much fun.

Now, though, the thrill of being out in public faded. Crystal's plastic dong up his ass was one thing. She was the Mistress. Sharing him with Ani had its benefits, too. But Charlie...

Did he dare protest? All Mistress had done was ask Charlie -- tell Charlie -- to park in the garage. Perhaps there was nothing to worry about.

Before he could decide, Charlie pulled the limo into an extra large space that might very well have been lined off just for it. The big man held the door for them, then escorted them to the rear entrance and through the lobby. The doorman gave the women a too-friendly smile, then looked at Ricky a little more closely. "Evening, ladies," he offered politely.

"Evening, Gregory," the ladies responded. Ricky merely waved. He was too nervous to be sure his voice wouldn't crack like a twelve-year-old's.

"I was disappointed that you couldn't join us this morning, Charlie."

Charlie squirmed uncomfortably. "I go to church with Molly every Sunday morning, Mistress."

Crystal studied the Viking, her slow perusal far from flattering. "I don't think you went to church this morning, Charlie. I think you watched fuck flicks till four AM and slept in till I called for you."

"No, Mistress."

"Molly answered the phone when I called earlier. You were still asleep. You lied to me, Charlie. That's a transgression that must be punished."

There are two kinds of pain. Erotic pain and punishment. You will do everything in your power to keep me from having to punish you. Punishment is not for your sexual enjoyment, and I assure you, you will not find my punishment enjoyable. Do you understand me?

Ricky could see he wasn't the only one who remembered that warning. Charlie dropped his gaze to the carpet. A fine bead of sweat stood out on the big man's forehead. "I apologize, Mistress. I overslept."

"What was the last instruction I gave you, Charlie?"

Charlie bit his bottom lip, as if to still its trembling. "Not to touch myself, Mistress."

Oh, good God. He'd been under an order prohibiting masturbation while he was driving the limo home last night? Amazing his dick hadn't fallen off.

"I tried, Mistress," Charlie whimpered. "Honest, I tried."

"We both know why Mistress Molly sent you to me, Charlie."

"Yes, Mistress."

"I'd hate to have to report to her that you failed. I'd feel like I failed, Charlie. And I don't like to fail."

"It is an honor and a privilege to serve you, Mistress Crystal, and I regret that I have disobeyed you. It will not happen again."

Who the hell was Mistress Molly and why had she sent this man to Crystal? Did Dommies regularly farm out their undisciplined subs? What sort of punishment would a Mistress like Crystal bestow on a man who'd both broken his vow against masturbation and then lied to her? One thing was for certain. Ricky was damn glad he wasn't the one who'd made such a blunder.

"Are you still wearing your cage?"

"Yes, Mistress. Mistress Molly will not allow me to take it off."

Oh God. She'd put a chastity cage on him? And then that ride with them in the limo last night? Somehow Ricky wasn't nearly as worried about Charlie and the direction of his gaze any more. Seemed like he was a whole lot better off than Charlie.

The elevator opened with its characteristic whoosh and Crystal waved her hand. "Wait for us in the dungeon, Charlie."

"Yes, Mistress." He sounded worried. Well, he had damn good reason to be worried...

"Ricky."

His attention snapped to Crystal. "Yes, Mistress!" Charlie be damned. He'd best look after his own hide.

"I want you to go to the leather room with Ani and change into something special for tonight."

Something special? Ricky blinked in surprise, but he knew better than to argue. "Yes, Mistress," he croaked out.

"Come to the dungeon as soon as you're dressed." With that she disappeared.

Did she mean for him to play the Inquisitor? Could he do that? Could he take a lash to Ani's tender backside?

Funny. Had anyone asked him a month ago what the worst outcome he could think of for this week was, he'd have said having someone he knew showing up at the auction. But then, he hadn't really known Ani a week ago.

He had to run to catch up with Ani as she hurried down the hall. "Ani, wait!" he called, keeping his voice pitched low so it wouldn't carry.

She looked over her shoulder, one eyebrow slightly raised.

"I don't think I can do this. I don't want to hurt you."

Ani laughed. "Not me. Charlie."

"Charlie?" he squeaked.

"Charlie is in really deep shit. Mistress Molly sent him to Crystal because she caught him cheating on her with his clients. Rather than making him give up the business -- I take it the limo service pays very well -- Molly loaned Charlie out to Crystal. Now he's broken the rules. Again."

"Oh, shit. Dumb bastard. What the fuck was he thinking?"

Ani laughed again. "Thinking is not one of the things Charlie is best at."

No shit. "Ani?"

She glanced back again.

"Who's Scott?"

"My bastard ex-husband. He ran off with a bubble-headed bimbo with big tits."

"Idiot," Ricky snorted. "Give me a smart woman any day over one with big tits. Your tits are perfect."

Ani stopped in her tracks, wrapped her arms around him and kissed him full on the mouth. She tasted like ketchup and mustard and possibilities. He closed his eyes for a moment and dared to hope.

"You're one special man, Richard. When I saw you up on that stage, all I could think about was making you miserable. Now all I can think about is making you mine."

He opened his eyes and gently nipped her lower lip. "When this week's over it's going to kill me to go home."

Ani bit him back. Harder. "Somehow I don't think either of us will be leaving at the end of the week. But that's for Crystal to say." She swatted his ass. "Stop distracting me. We have a man to flog."

It was not, Ricky decided, a good day to be Charlie.

6:30 PM, Sunday, 11 February 2007

The Grande Inquisition

Bishop Stuart's Dungeon

A sharp crack rent the still of the dungeon. Charlie, who knelt naked at Crystal's feet, jumped as if she'd struck him. But then, from that position, he hadn't seen the whip Crystal popped against the calf of her leather boot. "Welcome to Mistress Crystal's Dungeon. I do hope you're not foolish enough to be late." Crystal turned a chilling smile to the camera.

"I am the Grand Inquisitor, Bishop Stuart. As you should remember, our prisoner, Mr. Scott, has confessed to heinous and foul acts of sexual perversion. Unfortunately for him, Mr. Scott has not yet revealed the identities of his accomplices. Mistress Ani, please secure the prisoner to the rack."

Ricky risked raising his head enough to see what was going on. In a weird déjà vu, Ani led the masked but otherwise naked Mr. Scott to a large wooden cross shaped like an X in brackets and set in a pivoting suspension base. Devious piece of furniture. The way it pivoted through the reinforced center it would offer full access to the prisoner's ass or pussy as well as his or her head once it was flipped horizontal. Or you could flip it till he hung upside down, or any other angle... like a spider's victim, caught in a swaying web.

Ani secured the prisoner by his ankles, then unlocked the frame and lowered the head end so she could reach his wrists, stretching him out spread eagle. Pivoting him flat, she locked the frame in place again. She circled the cross, inspecting her work. When she was sure he passed inspection, Ani took a moment to lick the prisoner's left nipple, sucking it until it poked out in a hard peak. With no warning she snapped a

small butterfly clamp over the protruding bud. Charlie bucked so hard the cross shook in its frame. She draped the chain attached to the clamp low across his belly. With a slow, deliberate stride designed, he was sure, to drive the poor victim mad with anticipation, Ani circled the rack. She threaded the chain through the ring in Charlie's cock cage and measured it for a close fit before she approached the other nipple. It was ready for her, stabbing out as far as the first one had, despite her lack of attention. Still, Ani took a moment to suck the delicate flesh, making a show of her teeth on his skin for the camera.

Despite the show designed to draw his attention upward, Ricky found his gaze drawn to the prisoner's prick. Chastity device indeed. The poor man's cock was stuffed in an acrylic cage, held in place by an acrylic ring that snapped shut behind his balls and secured at the tip by a Prince Albert piercing.

Not only was there absolutely no way he could masturbate, but Ricky wasn't even sure the man could pee. At least not standing up. A small plastic security tag held it shut. Even without a lock it would have been hard to remove. Locked, the thing wasn't going anywhere. And the tag, though possibly breakable, was printed with a visible serial number.

That ought to teach the bastard to keep his dick in his pants. Any man who was stupid enough to screw around on his Mistress deserved whatever punishment she could think up.

On the other hand, maybe Charlie was into punishment. Maybe he wanted to get caught. But even if he was into pain and punishment, he couldn't have known Mistress Molly would turn him over to Crystal to be featured on Internet pay-per-view.

Charlie screeched in agony. Ricky glanced back in time to see Ani twisting the nipple clamp. Oh God. That had to hurt like hell. His cock leaped to full attention.

Signaling Ricky to stay where he was, Bishop Stuart circled the cross, inspecting Ani's work. "Who were your accomplices, Mr. Scott?" She carried a single taper candle in a pewter bowl with a handle on one side. Ricky eyed the thing suspiciously, but for the moment, at least, it appeared she meant only to use it as a period prop.

"I acted alone, Mistress," Charlie answered. "Bishop. I regret my transgressions, and wish to atone for my actions."

Ricky snorted. Dumb bastard. He had yet to learn the meaning of regret. "What is the prisoner's sentence, Bishop?" Ani asked.

"The prisoner is to be tested by the trial of three. Start with the cane. Ten lashes."

Ten lashes? He'd gotten three times that last session. His ass still stung when the rough leather chaps rubbed him the wrong way. And what was the trial of three?

Ani retrieved a length of bamboo about three feet long from the seemingly limitless collection of toys and implements on the wall. "I don't believe you're at all repentant, Mr. Scott. I think if we let you go you would continue your perversions unchecked. I intend to see to it that you'll remember this punishment, and learn from your transgressions." She cracked her cane over the sole of the prisoner's right foot.

Ricky could see him biting his lip, trying to hold in the pain. "Count the strokes," Crystal ordered, and Ricky grinned, surprised to find he felt more than a little malice toward the man.

"Yes, Bishop. One, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress, may I have --"

Ani struck again before he'd finished his request, this time to the left.

Charlie screamed. Ani waited patiently. Ricky felt his cock getting so hard he wondered if he might come just from watching a man get beaten. Damn. He must be some kind of sick pervert.

Charlie's tortured little prick was so hard inside its plastic cage that the bars made deep dents in his swollen flesh. And each time it jumped, it pulled on the nipple clamps. "Two, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress, may I have another."

Crack!

Charlie's hips bucked up off of the table. "Three, Mistress..."

Richard tuned them out to watch Mistress Crystal. She stood just out of the camera shot now. Her black barrister's robes had fallen open and her finger stroked over her clit. He could see her nipples calling out for attention.

"Mistress?" he whispered.

Crystal reached out a hand to him, pulling him gently to his feet. Moving to stand behind her, Richard reached around with both hands to stroke her breasts, pulling her back against his chest. She spread her legs slightly, riding his cock without letting him penetrate her. "Please, Mistress," he whispered, too low for the mike to pick up, "may I have another."

She ground her ass against the root of his cock, moaning softly when he pinched her nipples. "You like watching as much as he likes the pain, don't you, Mistress."

Crystal laughed. "Maybe."

Ani applied the final swat with her cane. The soles of Charlie's feet had turned a bright, blistering red. Stalking back on set, Crystal stopped next to Ani and pulled her in for a kiss, hard and heavy and directly in the prisoner's line of sight. "Your penance has just begun," she announced. She nodded her head to Ricky. "The second trial will be ice."

Ricky hurried to bring her the ice bucket Ani had had him fill and carry down. He'd wondered if Crystal was planning to serve champagne, but now he suspected she was up to something far more devious. Crystal took the antique ice bucket and tapped the floor with her toe. "Assume the position."

Ricky dropped to his knees, his ass exposed as he lowered his forehead, hands clasped behind his back. His cock was so hard he had to spread his knees more than he should have, but Mistress didn't seem to mind.

The chunks were half moon shaped, long and thin, ideal for... exactly what Ani must have envisioned them for -- rimming the prisoner's tight little asshole with the tip. As the first drops of frigid water started to drip down Charlie's cheeks, Crystal pushed the thin chunk through the tight hole until it disappeared. The prisoner's hips jerked wildly in a parody of what might have been a fight for sexual release, his cries muffled against Ani's pussy. Crystal took another ice cube in each hand and ran them slowly over his ball sac.

Ricky moaned at the sight, having totally forgotten he was supposed to have his head tucked to the floor. His cock ached so badly it was all he could do not to seek some form of relief.

“Executioner.”

Executioner? She meant him. Ricky’s gaze jerked from the tortured prisoner to Crystal’s face, mortified that he’d been caught watching.

Crystal didn’t look pissed. In fact her smile looked so devious he was even more worried than if she’d been angry with him. She handed him a condom. For a moment he thought she was going to let him fuck her. Or even Charlie. But apparently she had something else in mind. “Do you enjoy watching us torture the prisoner?”

“Yes, Mistress,” he admitted. Whether he should have been watching or not was not the point. Lying to his Mistress was far worse than watching her work.

“Stand up, Executioner. I want you to show the prisoner what he’s missing. What he’s going to be missing until his Mistress decides to remove his cage.”

Ricky scrambled to his feet. Show... Masturbate? She wanted him to masturbate, on camera? With Charlie watching? Could he?

Ani knelt before Crystal, spread her nether lips wide, and began licking her pussy. Ricky swallowed a groan.

“Please, Mistress,” Charlie moaned. “I need relief!”

Ricky smiled, unrolling the condom over his rigid cock. Yeah. He could do this. Especially with Charlie watching.

With slow, measured strokes he pumped his hand over his cock, rocking his hips as the pleasure began to build. This was going to be good. So good. With his free hand he cupped his balls, rolling them slowly, with just the right pressure. Charlie’s moan kept time to his rocking hips.

Pushing Ani’s head down, Crystal picked up the burning taper from the side table. “Trial by fire.” With deliberate care she poured the hot wax from its dish in a thin line from the prisoner’s sternum to his crotch.

Charlie twisted madly, testing the strength of his restraints, but they refused to give. Every movement tugged on the nipple chains that now seesawed back and forth across the hot wax. Ricky squeezed his cock hard at the base, trying to delay an orgasm that threatened with every jerk of the prisoner's cock.

"Executioner."

Oh God. If she asked him to stop now...

Ani was lapping Crystal's pussy again. Ricky squeezed harder, trying to maintain control.

"Executioner, you will fuck the prisoner's ass."

Who was he to argue with his Mistress? Crystal's side table provided the necessary lube. Ricky took his time slicking his cock and Charlie's ass, no longer caring about the camera that might or might not really be on. Better if it was. Maybe some other poor bastard would learn to keep his dick in his pants.

"Oh, God," Charlie moaned. "Fuck me! Please, Master!"

And he did. With little ceremony, Ricky sheathed his cock in Charlie's tight ass. He'd been too hard for too long to care much about finesse. He rammed in, stroke after stroke, burying himself until his balls slapped against flesh, pistoning his hips madly in an aching need for release.

"Oh God. Harder. Fuck me harder!" Charlie moaned. His hips lifted rhythmically, reaching for a release the cock cage would not allow.

Tight, hot flesh licked his cock. Crystal's cries of release filled the room. Ani's cries soon joined her. With a roar, Ricky emptied his balls into the condom in wave after wave of blazing release.

"Please, help me, I can't come," Charlie sobbed, jerking his hips desperately.

"There are two kinds of pain," Ricky repeated. "Erotic pain and punishment. Punishment is not for your sexual enjoyment. You will learn to do everything in your power to keep your Mistress from having to punish you."

"Please, Master. I swear never to violate my Mistress's trust again."

"You'd fuck anyone in this room if we let you, wouldn't you, Mr. Scott," Crystal accused. "With or without your Mistress's permission."

"Yes, Mistress," Charlie sobbed. "I am unworthy. I deserve to be punished."

Crystal eyed the blubbering fool with a sneer of disgust. "You have failed your test, Mr. Scott. I shall remand you to Mistress Molly's custody, to deal with as she sees fit."

The curtain around the corner booth opened, and a woman who looked a great deal like Crystal, a bit shorter, perhaps, with man-cropped sable hair, stepped out, popping a leather bat against her boot. "Thank you, Bishop. I assure you, the prisoner will repent."

Pieces fell together. Starting with the pile of cash Crystal had passed to the limo driver that first night. Molly's share of the revenue, or a sister's way of helping out, it really didn't matter. Molly was family.

Which meant Charlie was, too.

Molly had probably had a hand in orchestrating the entire scene.

"Mistress," Charlie sobbed. "Forgive me, Mistress. I will not disobey you again."

Molly's smile was not a pretty thing to behold. "You're so right, Mr. Scott."

Her back to the camera, Crystal wiggled the remote. Molly shook her head slightly, no more than a twitch of her chin. "I'm sure our audience will enjoy watching Mr. Scott suffer." She unlocked the cross and flipped him upside down. "Your punishment has only just begun, Mr. Scott."

Crystal slipped Molly the remote and led her merry band to the door.

A loud thwack sounded behind them. Charlie's voice faded away as they left the dungeon. "One, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress. May I have another?"

3:50 PM, Wednesday, 30 May 2007

(Four months later)

Brasden-Marten Agency

Midtown Manhattan

Richard looked up as Ani stuck her head in the office door. She was dressed in a finely tailored man-cut suit, and looking as hot as ever. His breath caught at the sight of her, remembering her naked and spread before him like a human buffet. He swallowed the wave of lust she always called forth, keeping his tone professional, businesslike. "Yes, Ani?"

She smiled, just a little, as if reading his mind. "Crystal just called. We're having a cook out on the roof tomorrow night. Gave me a shopping list. I called for the limo to pick us up at 4:30."

Oh God. He had such a hard time keeping a straight face around Charlie. "Thank you," Richard managed aloud.

"Dinner for nine. We're having company."

Nine? Oh shit. Richard shifted his legs a little, making room for the erection that hit whenever Crystal thought of a new adventure.

"Don't get too excited. Her sister Molly's coming over, with Charlie, of course, and their parents."

"That's seven. Who..." Shit. He knew who. So much for enjoyment. Torture time.

"Your parents," Ani confirmed, doing her best to hide her smirk. "Crystal says you get to give them the tour of the condo."

Shit, piss, fuck. He'd known this was coming, ever since they'd moved in. How on earth was he going to explain that locked door?

That room? Oh, I don't go in there. That's Crystal's... office. She works out of the house. Computer stuff. I don't know all that much about it. But apparently it pays well...

Shelby Morgen

Shelby Morgen must be insane. What else would have led her to start her own business -- as a growing online publishing company? Shelby shares her belief in electronic publishing with her longtime friend and partner, Bill, her husband of twenty-four -- or is that twenty-five -- years. Perhaps the insanity is contagious.

Shelby loves writing off-beat tales that defy as many rules as possible. She likes chocolate with her peanut butter, suspense with her romance, and kink with her sex. She's always had a hard time keeping science fiction, fantasy, and paranormal from mixing with her kink. Fortunately for Shelby, electronic publishing has opened many new doors for cross-genre authors and artists.

Visit Shelby's websites -- www.MargaretRiley.com to see what she's been up to as an editor, and www.ShelbyMorgen.com for her latest releases. You're welcome to join her Yahoo! group at <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/ShelbyMorgen/join>.

When you can catch her awake and not buried up to her eyebrows in work, Shelby will assure you this is the best job in the world -- she's the keeper of dreams.