

Bedtime Stories

An erotic anthology by

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eBook ISBN 1-59426-503-8

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Phaze is an imprint of Mundania Press, LLC.

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Pastoral

After a metallic rasp, came a sound like a long sigh, and Abbie's car nose-dived into the ditch as trees came up to meet her. She leaned forward, white-knuckled hands clutching the steering wheel, branches scraping and twigs snapping until the car stopped moving. Rain beat down on the roof overhead. A large branch was flattened against her windshield, another blocked the driver's door and the seat belt cut into her shoulder. A great way to start the weekend!

Why couldn't Rob live in a town like any civilized lover? They could be flirting over tapas or sushi or queuing for tickets for the newest Art House movie. But no, he was snug in his decommissioned country pub toasting the health of long-departed patrons and she was in a ditch.

Unsnapping her seat belt, Abbie crawled over the passenger seat and forced the door open. After climbing up and over, she landed knee-deep in cold water. Not that it made much difference, the pouring rain soaked her to the skin. She clambered up the bank on hands and knees, finally standing on not-particularly-dry land and looking at her car lying askew, like a drunken dowager, in the ditch. She wasn't wasting brain space on her car. Right now she needed a warm drink, a steaming bath, and some nice hot loving.

She was well past the village so Rob's place couldn't be more than half a mile or so. She set off, trying to ignore the rain slashing down in torrents.

Abbie reached the crest of the incline and looked down at The Green Man. Lights by the front door and the unshuttered windows cast a welcoming glow. The original carved and painted sign still hung over the door, as it must have for hundreds of weary travelers, who no doubt praised the gods at sighting the old inn at the cross roads. She almost ran the last fifty yards, pausing only to look up at The Green Man who did rather leer down at her in the night.

"Rob," she called, opening the door, "I'm here but my car's in the ditch down the lane!" Her voice echoed back at her. A warm fire crackled behind the guard. A fresh pot of coffee waited on the counter top but Rob was nowhere to be seen. Abbie poured herself a much-needed mug of java, adding a generous tot of rum along with the milk and sugar to warm herself up.

Getting her damp clothes off could only help. Abbie dropped them in a sodden heap on Rob's bedroom floor. A nice hot bath would ease the shivers and Rob had an immense Victorian one, which they'd shared on more than one occasion. Abbie rifled through the cabinets for bath oil or salts, as the shiny brass taps sent a steaming torrent into the vast tub. Soon the room was filled with steam and the scent of mosses and ferns and green woods in summer.

She was darn glad to be out of the green woods! The wind seemed to amplify as it buffeted the walls, and the roof echoed every drop of rain. Glimpsing herself in the mirror, she looked as wild as the storm, hair plastered to her head and a bruise coloring up nicely over one eye. At least she could get clean before Rob returned. Balancing her coffee mug in one hand, Abbie stepped in. Her feet throbbed in the heat but soon settled down to an ache, as she eased herself down in the scented water.

Relaxed in the warmth, Abbie listened to the thrum of rain

overhead, sipped her coffee and decided maybe she'd been a bit too generous with the rum but what the heck? She drained the last of the mug, and letting it sink in the water, closed her eyes and prepared to dream of warm sheets and hot sex.

Strong hands rested on her shoulders. "Ah, Rob." Abbie lay still, glad of his touch. He had a new aftershave, woody and fresh. "Oh that feels wonderful. Where've you been? My car..."

"Shh." His breath came warm on her shoulder as his hands stroked and eased out the tension of the evening. "Relax," he said. "Close your eyes and forget the rain and the crash and your aches. You're safe from the fury of the storm."

As if on cue, wind buffeted the outside walls and rain beat hard on the roof overhead but Abbie relaxed under his touch. She let out a slow, contented sigh and eased a little lower into the warm water.

He stroked slowly across her chest, cupping her breasts and gently caressing them until they felt heavy and swollen. He lifted them, bouncing them lightly until ripples of water lapped her chin. Abbie lay still, enjoying the growing sensations in her body, anticipating more. She opened her eyes to watch his long fingers moving through the green water, or was it green fingers in clear water? Did it matter? Not while he touched her like this. She let out a little sigh of contentment and the lights went out.

He chuckled at her cry of surprise. "Not to worry, the fire's inside you." His hands slid down her belly towards her pussy and a sweet itch rose in her cunt. "Kneel up," Rob whispered, "I'm getting in with you."

The water rippled as he settled behind her. The rough hair on his legs caressed the soft skin of her thighs and his cock pressed hard against the small of her back. She leaned into him, rocking to stroke his erection along her spine. His hands steadied her hips. "Keep still. The storm is easing. Listen."

He was right. The wind was scarcely noticeable and the rain beat gently overhead. "I'll have you with the storm," he said. "When the winds blows easy I'll caress you and taste the beauty of your skin." He paused to run his tongue up her neck from between her shoulder blade. "When the storm rages harder, I'll fuck you, and as the thunder claps and the lightening flashes across the heavens, you'll scream your satisfaction."

Her mind tried to shape the argument that there was no thunder, just rain and wind. How important was that while he kissed and nipped his way down her shoulder? She wanted to turn and face him, to rub her breasts against the rough hair on his chest and press his erect cock into her belly, but he held her steady. As he reached for the soap and slowly lathered up her breasts, she thought of nothing else. Never before had Rob caressed her with such infinite and teasing slowness. As he opened her pussy, and set waves of scented water breaking against her clit, she leaned back against his chest and moaned.

"You like that." She'd be a liar and a fool to deny it - if she could find the words. All her mind registered were his hands on her breasts and his fingers working her nipples hard, while his lips fluttered over the shoulders and neck. She dropped her head forward and his mouth kissed a trail up the side of her neck. He nipped the lobe, holding her fast as she jerked with shock. "Easy, I'll kiss it better." He suckled her earlobe until trails of desire skittered over her skin. How did he...?

He took a washcloth and squeezed water over her breasts and belly so rivulets ran down towards her pussy. She was throbbing and he'd yet to touch her cunt with his fingers. She needed Rob's strong fingers, opening her and penetrating her slick cunt in preparation for his cock. Instead, he splashed and teased her with scented water. She angled her hips to send more water against her aroused pussy.

Rain hit the roof in a wild tattoo. A loud gust of wind against the window panes was followed by a great crack and a thud. Abbie jumped but his arms wrapped her close. "Be calm, it's just an old tree falling to the power of the wind." Power indeed she felt around her, the force of the storm and the strength and might in the arms that held her. She paused, inhaling the green scent around her, and rubbing her breasts against the rough hair on his arms. She wanted more. Needed more. She rocked against his erection.

"The storm increases. Stand up." She obeyed without thinking, his hands steadying her. She expected to shiver as cool air hit her damp skin but the air around seemed warmed by the heat between them. He pressed her hands flat on the cool tiled wall. "Brace yourself."

She balanced, shin-deep in water, as her heat inside burned with a building need. His hands marked her body as his. He stroked and caressed, pulling her nipples between two fingers, tracing wild circles on her belly, teasing trails up and down her back, cupping the aching heat of her pussy, tugging at her pussy lips and teasing her clit with soft flicks. It wasn't enough. She wanted his fingers penetrating her and his cock deeper but he made her wait, running wild kisses across her shoulders in a rhythm that matched the wild beat of rain against the panes. He rubbed his cock between her thighs, rubbing back and forth until she moaned for penetration.

He paused but only long enough to gather handfuls of water and trickle warm trails down her back and breasts. She groaned. Was he going to make her wait forever? His slick touch on her thighs and ass meant he'd soaped his hands again. Or had he? It didn't feel like soap. She tried to look but in the dark she felt, rather than saw, his fingers open her pussy, while his other hand stroked her ass. Now he had two hands on her ass, caressing and

gently massaging and parting her ass-cheeks as his fingers skimmed between them.

"Trying something new, Rob?" Abbie asked.

He replied with a slow kiss on the side of her neck and gentle pressure of one finger against her puckered ass hole. She took several slow, deep breaths. She was tight but his steady pressure opened her until she felt the easy intrusion of his fingertip. He waited. His free hand stroked up and down her spine, soothing her, settling her apprehension as she was stretched and filled. He didn't move until her muscles relaxed a little, gently moving his finger back and forth until she sighed and rocked in rhythm. Her tightness eased as her passion soared, the rain came in harder gusts and lightening flashed as he pressed deep. She stood there, hands splayed on the tiled wall, body presented for his intrusion, as she let out a soft moan, halfway between ache and need.

"Soon," he promised and withdrew.

"More," she gasped, bereft and ready to cry out at the loss.

His deep, husky laugh sent warm ripples down her spine. One arm snaked around her waist as his free hand parted her ass cheeks. His hand rubbed along her crack, easing something smooth and cool into her now not-quite-so-tight ass hole. His cock pressed between her crack as he fluttered soft kisses across her shoulders. She gave a little sigh of pleasure as the head of his cock pressed against her opening. He rocked gently, just enough to stimulate but not stretch. Another lightening flash and he pressed, easily and insistently as her muscle slowly opened and her body surrendered her last virginity. Her moan was lost in the thunder. He paused. Waiting as his fingers stroked her breast and his other hand crossed her belly to cup her pussy. She sighed as his fingers nestled between her curls and opened her. Wet and soaking as the world beyond this steamy room, she yearned for

his deep penetration. She rocked her hips but he moved with her, keeping the head of his cock just inside her.

"Wait," he whispered as his finger softly tapped her clit.

She would go wild with waiting. Another flash of thunder and he drove in deep, her shout masked by the thunder. He was vast and filled her with his strength and male power. She was stretched and invaded and possessed by wildness as he moved in cadence with the driving rain.

Sighs of pleasure became moans of need as her passion mounted, and his grunts of power echoed in the small room. It was as if they were locked together and one with the storm outside. His fingers still played her clit but now her cries rose above his. Like two animals locked in a primal embrace, they pushed each other towards the brink. His thrusts came fast and furious with the rising wind. Her cries came louder and keener as thunder came immediately after lightening. His finger gave one final flick and sent her over the edge. As she climaxed, he drove even deeper as he pumped his jism into her depths. Her legs wobbled as her climax spent. Only his cock and his arms kept her from falling.

As he withdrew, he lifted her out of the tub. Her toes sank into the deep pile rug as he wrapped a towel around her. The dark didn't slow him as he dried her and carried her into the bedroom. Light-headed and spent, she felt his hands smooth and tuck in the covers. She sensed rather than felt a kiss on her forehead and she sank into exhausted sleep.

* * *

She woke to sunlight, clear blue skies and raised voices outside. Rob was already up, his side of the bed smoothed and his pillow plumped up. He had to be outside with whoever was wielding a chain saw. Her clothes were still a sodden heap on the bathroom floor. She stood up, still relishing the sweet sensations

deep in her body and took Rob's robe off the back of the door. Knotting the belt, she went to the front door and opened it.

A team of men were removing the tree she'd heard fall last night. Rob was helping, his car parked on the far side of the tree. That didn't make sense. How did it get there? Abbie went back inside and put on the coffee maker. She obviously needed caffeine to unfog her brain. She borrowed sweat pants and a shirt from Rob's closet and carried out a tray of mugs, just as the tractor moved the first part of the trunk.

"Sorry about the mess up," Rob said. "I just slipped out to get some wine and got caught in the storm. Took me forever to get through the village and then that damn tree was blocking the road. Sorry you were alone all night. Weren't scared or anything were you?"

"No. Rob, I wasn't scared." Nor was she alone and it was definitely not without incident. Not that she'd be complaining. She had a weekend ahead, the storm was over, the sky was blue, the old pub was bathed in sunlight, and the Green Man over the door seemed to wink in the sunshine.

At Long Last

This was it.

As the train slowed, I snapped my novel shut and pulled my suitcase from between the seats. In a few minutes we'd be face to face after thirty years. Was it curiosity or obsession that had me haring up to Scotland to see the man who'd shattered my twenty-two-year-old heart when he married my cousin, Penelope?

Why was I here? To see how the years had treated Alec? Did I hope he sported a massive beer gut? Sagging jowls? Perhaps recovering from a triple bypass and double hip replacements? Sitting in a wheelchair pushed around by his brand new trophy wife?

If he looked the same as he had at twenty-five, I would rail against the injustice in the world. He didn't. But he wasn't the one who recognized me.

"Jasmine Waters! May I call you Jasmine?"

It was Emily, wife number two. One of my faithful readers. "Of course you may. It's my name."

"But it seems so... You being so famous and..."

"You must call me Jasmine. Alec does." She all but blushed. How deliciously English and young she was, like a fat ripe plum ready to drop off the branch into my hand.

"He calls you Jazzikins."

He would. He had. Couldn't call me Jazz or Jasmine the way everyone else did. He had to make up a special name that still had the power to tweak my soul. Standing beside her was

my old heartache himself. "Hi, Alec."

A man who left his wife with an autistic teenager and a senile mother-in-law had no right to thrive on it. But heaven help us all, he was still gorgeous. His dark hair was halfway gray, but it looked good on him. And as for his laughter lines, where had they come from? From smiling to himself as he walked away from his responsibilities?

"Jazzikins!" His smile was so sincere, I wanted to spit. "Fantastic to see you!"

I held out my hand before he had a chance to even think about hugging me. "Alec. It's good to see you." That wasn't a lie. I was satisfying my curiosity and, to be truthful, he was as easy on the eyes as ever. He still had a smile to invoke impure thoughts in virgins' minds. It had in mine. He'd just never delivered.

"Jazzikins..."

I restrained a wince.

"After all these years." He grabbed my hand and pulled me into a hug before I could evade, planting a great smacky kiss on my left cheek. While I took a deep, cleansing breath, he stepped back, looking me up and down as if contemplating purchase. "I still can't believe it! You're here, and all because of Emmsy. Who'd have thought it?"

Thought what? That I could write? That his wife could read? That he was incapable of using anyone's full name? I made a point of not snarling. "How could I not come? Invited to Scotland by a loyal and ardent reader?" He'd better not think I'd spent all day in a train for him. But he did.

"Alec," Emily put a hand on his shoulder. Marking her territory, perhaps? "Let's head for the car. I bet Jasmine wants to kick off her shoes and have a drink."

I decided I might like her, even if she had supplanted my

cousin, and hoped her idea of a 'drink' entailed something more than a cup of tea. I couldn't help wondering what Alec had told her about me. Was I his ex-wife's cousin, the sister of a school friend, an old lost love? Most likely none of the above. Maybe he never remembered breaking my heart.

His dark green Jaguar was an improvement on the Deux Chevaux he owned the last time I'd ridden with him. His transport might have changed but his laugh hadn't, neither had his voice, or the way he drove too fast, and slid through lights as they changed. He made a very Alec crack and Emily laughed, throwing her head back a little, shaking her long, chestnut-colored hair and showing the vulnerable expanse of the long, pale neck. I'd always longed for a long neck. Still, I had bigger boobs but she had Alec.

Did I honestly care now? Come to that, had I ever really been in the running? I'd fallen for him like a felled oak. And got over him, or so I always told myself. I wasn't the type to do unrequited love. But I'd hurt. Standing as bridesmaid at Penelope's wedding was an agony I hoped never to repeat. Now was payback time! Alec owed for breaking my virgin heart, leaving a gaping hole in my cousin's life, and for the handicapped son he'd abandoned. Penelope wouldn't seek revenge. She was far too kind and up to her eyes with providing care. Simon missed his father desperately, Alec's mother was too senile to realize he'd gone and poor Penelope was aging daily.

But I was here and willing, and as we settled in living room, overlooking the garden, I prepared to settle the score. One way or another.

Trouble was, I liked Emily. I could hardly fault her for falling for Alec, I'd done the same when I hadn't been that much younger. And she was a fan. She had every one of my books in hardback and all but kissed my hands when I gave her an

advanced copy of the new one. Hard to hate a woman who admires your work and mixes a mean G and T.

By halfway through dinner, I seriously thought about smashing Alec's face into his tiramisu as he pontificated about local politics, the virtues of his new car, and the tremendous responsibilities of his job. How many more 'Jazzikins' and 'Emmsies' and 'old things' was I prepared to endure? It was the last that got to me the worst. He had two years on me and I didn't have gray hair. Thanks to science.

Emily was far more tolerant than I. That's what love does to you. But I caught the occasional spark of irritation, and the glances of female complicity she shot my way.

I grinned back as her dark, gray eyes flashed amusement and when she hugged me for helping load the dishwasher, I squeezed back. Her body was warm and soft and her breasts pressed nicely against mine. She was my height, her body firmer and her breasts higher but we fit together, the old and new loves of Alec Carpenter.

"How's the coffee coming along, girls?" he called from the sitting room. Emily looked ready to give him hot coffee where it hurt.

It was an odd after-dinner conversation. Emily wanted to talk about my books. I was more than happy to oblige. Alec didn't exactly sneer at mysteries but he came darn close. Then he committed the cardinal sin: "How much do you make on a book?"

"Tell me what you earned last year, and I'll tell you what I made."

He declined the invitation with an irritating laugh. "Oh, Jazzikins! You've changed."

In more ways than he could guess.

I broke up the evening by pleading weariness. Emily kissed

me good night with a promise of tea in the morning. Her lips were warm and ripe and young. Hugging her was a joy. I looked forward to my early morning cuppa.

She brought it wearing a short pink robe with satin rosebuds scattered over the yoke. It suited her, bringing out highlights in her dark hair. She blushed deliciously when I told her so. Alec had seldom told me that I looked beautiful either. She sat on the edge of my bed and I watched her firm nipples ride underneath the thin cotton. I'd found my revenge. I just had to find the means.

Alec handed it to me at breakfast.

Emily was annoyed.

I was thrilled.

"Why this weekend? Didn't you tell them you had a visitor?" Emily gave him the closest thing to a pout I'd seen yet.

"Never mind." Time to smooth some amicable oil over the marital waters. "If Alec has a crisis at work, he needs to go."

Emily muttered disagreement.

"I knew Jazzikins would understand." I got Alec's best smile. And heartfelt regrets. He did both really well. "I feel terrible mucking up your weekend when you've come so far."

"You haven't mucked it up. Emily and I will frolic together in the flesh pots of Aberdeen." Emily's face brightened. Alec glowered. No other word for it. I gave him my sweet smile. "She'll look after me, I'm certain." He looked worried. He should. "You go take care of your crisis. Don't bother about us." I sure wasn't going to bother about him, and if I had my way, neither would Emily.

He streaked off in his Jaguar. Emily and I set out in her little Fiesta. Size was of no importance.

"Take me on the tourist tour," I asked. "Show me the sights, and all the book shops. We can stop somewhere for lunch and

somewhere for tea and somewhere for a drink, and if we really feel like it, another somewhere for dinner."

She giggled like a schoolgirl let out of boarding school. We visited the book stores, and had coffee in a dark paneled cafe where we sat close in a corner and she confided in me that Alec worked terribly long hours. His new wife felt neglected. She took me to the rose garden and the maze. We got nicely lost, and held hands muddling our way out.

She drove to the beach. "It's almost deserted," I said looking at the great crescent of golden sand. "No one's swimming."

"Too damn cold. This is the North Sea."

It wouldn't stop me. "I've got to put a toe in after coming this far."

I left my shoes in the car and ran across the beach. Emily hesitated a few seconds before following me. The tide was out. I zig-zagged over the hard sand, glancing over my shoulder. Emily followed, cutting off corners trying to catch up. I let her, just as we neared the water.

"Chicken?" I teased as I jumped in. Emily hadn't been kidding! An icy wash hit my ankles. She stared. I took a step deeper and held up my skirt.

"Never!" She followed me, and gasped. "This is ridiculous!"

I wouldn't argue. We ran along the water's edge, keeping to the firm sand. My toes were tingling with cold as I out-ran Emily again. The girl was no marathoner, that was for sure, so I slowed to take her hand as I made a beeline for the car.

By time we got there, my feet were numb and turning red, and my calves stung from salt water and North Sea wind. Emily was shivering. "Alec will never believe we did that!" Her right eye watered from the cold, but she grinned.

"Why need he know? Do you tell him everything?"

She shook her head. Slowly. "Not everything."

Smart girl.

We wiped our feet on Alec's cricketing sweater. The closely-knit wool warmed our skin as it absorbed the damp and the sand. The sweater was unwearable by the time we were finished. Emily shook her head at it. "He'll throw a wobbly when he sees that."

"Let's save him the worry, then." I took the sand and salt encrusted heap and tossed it toward the beach, the wind caught it momentarily, whipping it higher before it fell, wet and heavy, to the sand.

Emily watched it arc up and fall. I wasn't too sure of the look on her face. Regret? Shock? Worry? Until she smiled. "I doubt he'll miss it until next summer." She shrugged. A wry smile twisted her mouth. She took my hand and squeezed.

I pulled her to me. Slowly. Giving her time to draw back, I wrapped my arms around her and dropped a soft kiss on her forehead. "I'll never tell," I said. She kissed back, a soft whisper of skin on my chilled lips. The warmth of her breath was lost in the wind but the heat of her body wasn't. We stood, arms entwined, warming each other against the wind. It wasn't enough. Emily shivered. "We need to get out of the cold," I said, "Where's the nearest place for a drink?"

The all-but-deserted bar of a vast Victorian hotel.

Dark Lincrusta covered the walls and the rings of generations of damp glasses marred the oak tables. Emily ran her fingers up and down her glass. I raised my drink and savored the best single malt whisky the bald-headed bartender had to offer. Watching Emily over the rim of my glass, I drank. The old codger's best was pretty good. I took another taste, holding the whiskey in my mouth and working it over my tongue before swallowing.

Emily's manicured nails tapped the side of her glass. She

hadn't tasted it beyond a first sip when I'd proposed our mutual health. "Drink up."

"You want to go home?" Her eyes were dark with unspoken wants.

"I think we both need a nice hot bath."

Her full lips parted. Slowly lifting her glass, she tilted it and drank half down with one swallow. I expected her to choke and splutter but she just smiled. "That's good." Her glass made a dull thud on the table as I nodded.

"I never settle for less than the best you can have... or give." Her hand rested on the table, palm down. I covered it with mine. Her skin was still cold. Emily moved her hand so our fingers meshed. There was no mistaking the look on her eyes. She would appreciate what Alec had refused.

She bit her lower lip. "I'm glad Alec is at work."

"So am I." I swigged the last of my whisky almost as fast as Emily did, ignoring the burning as I swallowed.

We were back in the house in minutes and upstairs in seconds. On the landing, with its ornate railings and decorative cornice, I paused. Her room or mine?

She settled that. Sweet, quiet Emily dragged me into the bathroom. Squeezing my hand, she leaned over the claw-footed tub. Steam rose, misting the gilt-framed mirror, as Emily stood upright, and hesitated.

I didn't. I reached out and released her hair from the pale blue scrunchie. As she shook her head and ran her fingers through her hair, I unbuttoned her blouse.

Did she and Alec share this tub? How hard did he get, seeing her firm, creamy skin swelling above her pink lace bra? Did he lust after her young body? Who was I kidding? They were married! They did this every night. Except when he hared off to save the day and leave her alone. But today Emily wasn't

alone and she hankered for me. Her nipples weren't hard from cold this time.

I unsnapped her bra and cupped her breasts. They were round and sweet, just like her. I pushed aside the lace and slipped the straps and her shirt off her shoulders and unsnapped her jeans. She wore a pretty lace thong that matched her bra. They ended up together on the floor. Her legs were long, her thighs smooth and her tummy flat. Her breasts hung high and firm with nipples the color of the inside of a Venus shell. I'd looked like that once, back when Alec had rejected me. Now I had crepe thighs and a belly stretched by three pregnancies, but along with the cellulite I'd gained experience and I knew what pleased women.

I eased my hands down her belly and watched her face. My mouth curled with anticipation. Emily smiled back. I didn't wait any longer. Cupping the back of her head with my hand, I pulled her face to mine. I started soft and slow, just a brush of lips on lips but she opened her mouth and swallowed the kiss and my breath. Her lips were warm, moist and as eager as a virgin's. Hell, she most likely was with a woman. I kissed back, trailing my other hand down to between her shoulder blades and holding her steady in my arms.

As I broke off the kiss, I whispered. "Get in the tub." Like a good child, she obeyed. As she stepped in, I couldn't resist skimming my hand over the curve of her lovely, smooth hip.

"Aren't you coming in?" When I nodded, she reached for a bottle and poured fragrant oil into the bath. The room was now filled with lavender-scented steam. I dropped my clothes on the tiled floor and joined her.

Perfumed water rose to our breasts as I sat down. Brits may not have figured out about ice in cold drinks, but they have hot baths right. As I soaped Emily's breasts with scented foam, she

closed her eyes, sighing as my fingers trailed lower. I soaped her all over like a child, having her kneel up as I washed between her legs and down her thighs.

After I rinsed her with a damp washcloth, she washed me with a touch that left me impatient and ready. Damp and heated, we patted each other dry with warm towels that wrapped us from shoulders to knees.

Emily raised her fingers to my face. "Jasmine," she said, her voice tight and her eyes bright with curiosity and need.

"Come on!" I grabbed her hand and led her down the hallway to the room I'd slept in last night.

She tugged me in the opposite direction.

It took a couple of seconds to register where we were headed. She pulled open the door and pulled me inside. After all these years, I was, at long last, ending up in Alec Carpenter's bed.

I grinned as I yanked back the covers and pulled Emily beside me. She tumbled onto her belly and the smooth expanse of her back and lovely curvy butt inspired me. "Don't move! I'll be back in a minute."

I was down the hall to the bathroom and back with a jar of lavender lotion in less time than it takes to tell.

"What are you doing?" Emily asked, looking over her shoulder as I walked through the doorway.

She hadn't moved.

"Pleasing you." I squeezed out a dobbit of lotion and rubbed my hands together to warm it before easing my palms across her shoulders and down her back to the curve of her waist. She sighed with pleasure so I reached for the lotion again. I anointed her. Kissing her neck and shoulders as I stroked lotion into her back and arms. Fluttering my tongue on the soft pale skin behind her knees as I massaged her thighs and butt. She

went limp and relaxed under my touch. Lovely. But I didn't want her too loose. I needed her sweating with want as her body arched under me and her eyes blazed her need.

I rested a hand on the curve of her hip and nudged. "Roll over."

Emily didn't need asking twice. She flipped onto her back, giving me an uninterrupted view of her delicious, firm breasts. I ran my tongue up from her rib cage to her nipple and felt her excitement as I worked it between my lips. She gasped as I pulled it into my mouth and let out a slow moan of contentment as I worked my lips to her other nipple.

"Don't stop," she whispered as I pulled away.

"I won't," I promised.

I could smell her arousal over the scent of lavender but I took my time, running my fingertips over her curves and tasting her skin. As I rested my hand on her bush, she was whimpering with need. I spread her legs with my shoulders and opened her with my fingertips, reveling in the scent of her sex. Gently I breathed on her moist flesh and ran the tip of my tongue from fore to aft. Her head came off the pillow with a jolt, and the eyes that met mine were wide as her cunt.

"Jasmine!" It came out on the tail of a gasp. "There? No one ever..."

Can't say I was surprised. Alec always was a selfish bastard but... "Shhh," I didn't say anything else. My tongue was busy.

She was sweet and fresh as morning and as ready as sunrise. I'd hoped to take longer but in minutes she climaxed with a series of little cries and frenzied jerks of her hips as frantic hands grasped my hair.

She was still gasping, her breasts rising and falling with each pant as I eased up the bed and took her face in both hands. I kissed her very gently, letting my lips linger before opening her

mouth so she could taste the joy I'd given her. She was halfway to fainting when I let her go. I settled for gathering her close, delighting in her warmth and scent and, I have to be truthful here, thrilled that I'd upstaged Alec.

Nasty of me. Bitchy of me. But in the circumstances...

"Jasmine?"

"Yes." I smiled at her as I ran my hand over her hair.

"You haven't come?"

I shook my head. "Not yet." It could wait. I was enjoying a different satisfaction.

Emily disagreed. Propping herself on one elbow, she bent her head to my breast and carefully worked her way down. When she reached my cunt, she delved in with the enthusiasm and ardor of a convert. I came three times before she finally paused and I insisted we take a nap. She might not need a rest at her age, but I did.

We slept the day and night around, waking as the early sun streamed in through the open curtains.

After a slow morning loving, Emily lent me Alec's toweling robe to eat breakfast in. We sat in the bay window, sipping coffee and spreading creamy butter and tart Seville marmalade on butteries. These were heavy, fatty pastries I'd have disliked in anyone else's company but now they tasted of Emily.

We were debating the wisdom of more coffee or back to bed when Alec walked in, clothes rumpled, hair on end and eyes red from lack of sleep. I was scared he'd smell the sex on us but all he seemed to notice was food. Muttering a couple of sentences about idiot crews who don't maintain equipment properly, he wolfed down the remaining four butteries and the better part of the second pot of coffee nice wife Emily fixed. Apparently Alec had not enjoyed the past twenty four hours as much as his wife and I had and unfortunately he wobbled off to

bed to restore himself so that put paid to an encore for us. But there were other times. I was a patient woman.

"So glad you two get on so well together," Alec said that evening as we walked down the platform to my sleeper. "Some people have been unbelievably snooty. Peter hardly talks to me now."

Can't say I blamed Peter. He was bound to take his sister's part. Heaven help me! Had I really loved this man? He was so self-centered, patronizing and just plain thick! I had, once, when I was young and equally thick but now I was well and truly cured.

"Nice of you to ask Emmsy to your book signing in Edinburgh," Alec went on as I hugged her goodbye.

"It'll be nice to see someone I know." I gave a wave and hopped on the train. "I'll let you know the date." Something good had come out of the hurt of Alec Carpenter. I was going to have to call my publisher and insist they added Edinburgh to my next book tour. They wouldn't need to provide any escort. I could arrange that. I settled back in my seat, thinking. I was a trifle torn between genuine fondness for Emily and our promising affair and the certainty that Penelope would get a kick out of knowing I'd made Alec a cuckold.

Leather Love

"I brought you a present."

"Thanks." Annie couldn't miss Jean-Luc's slow smile.

"What is it?"

"Open it, and you'll find out."

Might as well. He obviously wasn't going to tell her. He had that look in his eyes, as if daring her. Ha!

The box was almost the exact pale blue as the Tiffany's box that held her godmother's graduation gift but, size and shape aside, Annie doubted Jean-Luc had bought gold hoop earrings. Nipple rings were more his line. She shivered at that thought. Untying the white ribbon, she ran her fingers over the smooth gloss of the cardboard, hesitating before opening, wanting to know what Jean-Luc had chosen, and wondering what he expected. She glanced up. His eyes were still, seeming almost expressionless but she knew him well enough by now to know that this calm was a veneer over his suppressed excitement.

What in the name of heaven was in the box?

As she lifted the lid, Annie caught a faint whiff of new leather from the mass of scrunched-up, black tissue paper. Her pulse quickened as she touched the skin-softness of expensive leather and pulled out a metallic-leather corset: soft as heavy satin, with a sheen like polished copper. The supple leather warmed under her fingertips. With a slow shiver of anticipation, she ran her hands over the animal skin and traced the twin lines of stitching that encased narrow strips of whalebone.

"It's beautiful," Annie whispered half to herself. She'd seen corsets before, in the books Jean-Luc loaned her and the videos they watched together. She'd noticed satin and latex corsets worn at the two fetish parties he'd taken her to. But she'd never held a corset in her hands, much less ever seen anything as beautiful, as obviously expensive, and as intimidating as this. It looked tight-fitting and encompassing and her breath quickened as if she were already constricted.

"It will be beautiful with you inside it," Jean-Luc said, a dark light flickering deep in his eyes.

"You want me to wear it?"

"I sure as hell didn't buy it for you to stare at with that shocked smile of yours."

No, he hadn't. He'd bought it to enclose her... Goosebumps skittered down her spine. "When do you want me to wear it?"

"Now." Her mouth went cold and dry as her body responded to his knuckles caressing her cheek. "Right now." He took the corset from her shaking hands. "Go upstairs and strip. I won't keep you waiting." Anxiety disappeared in a wild rush of anticipation as Jean-Luc's mouth curled at the corners. He kissed her on the mouth. Slowly. Opening her lips and pressing deep with his tongue. Just as her body warmed and damp gathered between her legs, he broke the kiss. "Be ready for me." He stepped aside to let her walk upstairs.

Once in her room, Annie slipped out of her sensible pumps and stripped off her clothes, laying her jacket over a chair and leaving her skirt a crumpled circle on the carpet. Her underwear followed fast. She was naked. For Jean-Luc. Naked, stripped, and apprehensive. She tried to calm herself by closing her eyes and breathing slowly, but when she shut her lids, she saw the copper corset in Jean-Luc's hands and smelled the soft, sweet scent of new leather... and her arousal.

She opened her eyes and looked around the pitched roof and dormer windows. It was her familiar room all right. She just felt changed with each heartbeat. She smiled at the polished brass bed with its crochet spread. Soon...

The door opened.

"Jean-Luc!" Her body responded to the sight of him before he uttered a word. Or was it the contents of the blue box in his hands that had her wet and anxious?

"Take it. I want to watch you put it on." He held out the box. "And then I'll tighten it."

The corset still lay in the nest of tissue that rustled as Annie reached inside. She smiled as the leather brushed her skin. "How tight will it be?"

"As tight as your cunt around my cock."

She went cold and hot in quick succession, a heated thrill racing over her skin. Jean-Luc's words hung in the air between them, as Annie lifted the corset from its nest of tissue. The glove-soft leather was lined with matching silk, laces tied at the back, and down the front was a row of tiny brass hooks.

While Jean-Luc sat on the chintz-covered day bed, where he'd fucked her soundly last weekend, Annie wrapped the corset round her waist. Warm as a caress, the leather enveloped her ribs like a lover's arms. Like Jean-Luc's hold on her.

Twelve hooks fastened down the front from between her breasts to just above her pussy. The corset almost met at her waist. It took just a little tug to fasten the first hook. The second closed easily enough but with the next two, one above and one below, the tightness grew like a pair of strong hands gripping her waist. Annie held her breath as she fastened the corset up to her bust, exhaling gently at the last hook. Looking down at her breasts, shaped now into tight globes, she paused a moment, savoring the constriction, the sense of encasement, the feeling of

being surrounded: her ribs enclosed, her waist compressed, her breasts high.

And she had five more hooks to go.

Those were easier. It seemed the manufacturers expected less than skinny hips. Why not? Jean-Luc knew every inch of her body. The leather wrapped as closely as a new skin. She found herself breathing gently at first, then deeper.

"Beautiful!" Jean-Luc stood up. "Now to tighten it."

"It's tight enough already!"

He shook his head. "Now, it is like my finger in your sweet cunt. I want you to understand how it feels to have your soft walls squeezing my cock. His hands cupped her breasts, which felt fuller and heavier than ever before. He brushed her nipples with his fingertips and she felt his touch right down in her groin. Hell! She felt it deep inside. She was as hot and needy as if they'd been fooling on the sofa all evening, or watching one of his hand-picked videos.

Annie let out a little moan and leaned back, pressing her naked bottom against his tropical wool slacks and his most definite erection. She wasn't the only one ready.

"Stand up," he whispered, "chin up, back straight, put your hands on your head and breathe easy."

She obeyed, when what she wanted, needed, was to rock her hips against him and let the rhythm and his fingers take her to climax. But Jean-Luc's fingers were busy between her shoulder blades.

The first pull caused her to catch her breath but her body accepted the constriction. She breathed carefully, lifting her chin and her breasts. Her breasts seemed larger, fuller, and acutely sensitized, as if tightening her body pushed all her nerve endings to her breasts. Her nipples peaked and she gave another gasp as Jean-Luc tightened lower.

He proceeded with infinite care, pulling her in millimeter by millimeter until her diaphragm was constricted and she breathed high in her chest: short shallow pants that seemed to match her racing heartbeat. He paused a while, to let her body adjust to the corset, then with a soft kiss on the side of her neck, began again. When he paused, his hands smoothed the leather that covered her hips and belly. He stroked the whalebone curving down her straightened body. Once, as he paused, his erection brushed her thigh. She wanted to reach for him but, as directed, she kept her hands on her head while he forced her body into warm leather.

As he finished, Jean-Luc tied the two laces in a knot, the loose laces hung down over her naked bottom. One, either by chance or Jean-Luc's design, slipped in her crack, the end brushing between her legs.

"Now," he said, "walk towards the door and back to me. I want to watch you move."

He expected her to walk when she could scarcely breath! Annie pulled her shoulders back and her chin up, the movement lifted her breasts even higher but eased the tightness beneath them. She took her first step tentatively, half-afraid her knees would wobble or her feet refuse to obey. But she took one step, and another. She was walking, head high and heart racing, her body wild with desire and need. At the door, she turned and caught a glimpse of herself in the full-length mirror opposite the foot of the bed. She was encompassed in iridescence. A wide beam of afternoon sun caught the gleam of the leather as she moved. Seemed she stood taller, back straight and shoulders back. With her body constricted, her limbs felt freer than usual. Her legs moved with a ease and confidence that amazed her. Her arms swung comfortably. She raised them slowly and one by one removed the pins that held up her neat French pleat. As the last pin fell to the floor, Annie shook her hair free on her shoulders.

A few strands fell on one breast and she left them there and looked across the room at Jean-Luc.

He smiled and beckoned. "Come over here, Annie." Breath tight, heart racing, she crossed the room with slow steps. Her thighs were shaking as she stood knee to knee with Jean-Luc. He looked up at her and without a word, eased his finger between her pussy lips. And smiled. "You're wet, Annie."

His fingers held her cunt lips apart. His knees brushed hers. She felt the warmth of fine wool as he nudged her thighs apart. His breath was warm on her face. His free arm encompassing her shoulders, he pulled her close as his mouth opened her lips. He kissed with infinite slowness, utter power and complete certainty of her response. She sighed as his tongue pressed hers and she rocked her hips against his hand. His thumb stroked her clit. His mouth possessed hers. Her mind roared with need and desire. His thumb worked her with a steady, slow caress. Once. Twice. With the third stroke she came, her cry swallowed in his mouth.

She clung to him as her knees gave way. Jean-Luc steadied her with his arms as she sagged against him. Slowly her breathing returned to normal, or as close as it could with her ribs encased in leather, and the pounding in her ears eased. As she leaned into his chest she heard his whisper.

"You'll wear this whenever I ask, won't you Annie?"

Our Women Know What To Do

"Is it too much to ask?"

Lying warm and replete after lovemaking, my body still weak from climaxing, I couldn't refuse Ahmet. "No. It's just..."

"Just what?" Ahmet asked, his breath warm against my face.

I couldn't say "Too weird, too kinky." To a Turk, to a Muslim, it was a reasonable request. A cultural requirement, if I had any hope of fitting into his world. "I'm just not sure I can go to the beauty parlor and ask if they'll do my pussy when they wax my legs."

"Of course not!" His chest fluttered under my hand as he chuckled, a low and sexy sound that had the power to make me wet even when I still ached from the last time. "That is not how our women do it."

"How do your women do it?" I leaned up on one elbow, my fingers smoothing the soft pelt on his chest, and grinned.

"Woman!" He growled, rolling me on my back. "They respect their men and obey without question."

Yeah, right! I knew his sister, Leyla. She was my age, a journalist, resolutely single, and as self-assured a woman as I'd ever known. But since he now lay on top of me, I chose not to belabor that point, or rather, I belabored his nipples with my fingers. Besides, curiosity got the better of me. "How *do* your women wax their pubes?"

He raised a dark, beautiful eyebrow. "How should I know? Women know that. I'll call Leyla."

That would be a conversation worth overhearing. I'm close to my brother, but discussing pubic hair removal? I think not.

It wasn't so with Ahmet and Leyla.

He called me the next day at work. "Leyla will expect you Thursday, after lunch." My day off and he knew it. "She will show you what to do, with her cousin Yildiz." Yildiz and who else? I'd never thought of depilation as a social event, but what the hell—life had certainly been different since I'd taken a Turk to my bed. Ahmet was not your average Midwesterner.

"Do I need to bring anything?" Towels? Razor blades? Baby oil? A covered dish?

In the pause, I imagined him raising his head and clicking his tongue, a sexy crease shaping between his eyebrows. "How should I know?" His voiced eased a little. "You will be there? She's making preparations."

"I'll be there." I hung up, scared. What had I agreed to?

On Thursday Leyla greeted me with a hug and offered mint tea in curved glasses. Cousin Yildiz smiled shyly as she handed me rose-flavored wafers and sesame cookies. I nibbled cookies and sipped the fragrant tea, cold, nervous hands cupping the warm glass.

"Ahmet..." I began. Someone had to broach the reason for my visit in the middle of the afternoon.

Leyla dismissed her brother with a shrug. "What does he know?" Her dark eyes met mine, a suggestive smile curving her full mouth. I grinned back. So much for respect and obedience.

Leyla refilled my glass as Yildiz slipped out of the room. A few minutes later I heard water running overhead. "Your bath," Leyla said, "to help you relax and soften your skin. The first time can be worrying." She put her hand on mine and gave a

reassuring squeeze. "Trust me, I have done this since I was fifteen."

I took her word for that as my fingers meshed with hers. "I suppose so. This is very new to me."

"New can be very, very satisfying." Leyla stood up; I followed. We were joined at the palm and sort of rose together. "Come on."

A dark cloth hung over the bathroom window, leaving the room in twilight. Perfumed candles flickered in shallow brass cups, adding warmth to the already steamy bathroom. Scented bubbles came to the rim of the tub.

"Beautiful!" I said, and meant it. I wasn't sure what to say next. I didn't need to worry: Leyla was running the show.

"Get in and soak while we prepare." Leyla wrapped her arms around me. "Don't look so worried. We will take good care of you." She kissed me and swept out the door.

My fingers shook as I unbuttoned my blouse and unzipped my skirt. I was nervous as a virgin. Which, I supposed, was exactly what I was. I eased into the too-warm water and leaned back, chin in the bubbles, inhaling the strong scent of lavender and roses and trying to forget what was coming next. I lay there for ages, languid in the heat and the steam, more than content to spend the afternoon in the tub. In fact, the more I thought about it, I wasn't sure I really *wanted* a bald pussy, not even for Ahmet—although it was perhaps a small price for the best sex I'd ever had.

Either way, I was too relaxed to do much but stand up when Leyla appeared at the door holding a towel the size of a small sheet. If I'd felt lethargic before, I was positively boneless after Leyla's warm hands patted every inch of my skin. I barely had energy to pull the terry robe around me. Was it nervousness that made me trip on the rug by the bedroom door? Leyla caught me

and helped me lie down on the king-size bed.

The curtains were drawn, shutting out the afternoon and the world beyond this warm sequestered room. More scented candles flickered around the room. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Yildiz stirring a small pot.

"Almost ready," she said. "Just let it cool a little."

"What is it?"

"Honey, beeswax and lemon," she replied.

Was I nuts to lie here while a woman I'd never met before spread boiled-up honey on my pussy? Leyla's hands eased along the soft skin inside my thighs, spreading my legs. I'd never felt this vulnerable, or this relaxed.

"Lift up your hips." Leyla slid a pillow into the small of my back, tilting my hips upwards. Before I quite came to terms with that, her hands closed over my ankles and set my feet flat on the bed. My legs spread, my pussy exposed, a tremor of apprehension skittered through me. What next?

"It's okay," Leyla soothed, her hand still lightly holding my ankle. "You're fine."

I wasn't. I was scared. I shut my eyes and wondered if it would hurt as much as leg waxing. It had to and I was nuts—no matter how much confidence Ahmet had in women knowing what to do.

Leyla sensed my growing fear. "Don't worry." She settled behind me on the bed. "Yildiz does this for me. She is experienced." Leyla moved nearer, propping my head and shoulders against her chest. Reassured by her words and her closeness, I relaxed and looked straight down between my spread legs as Yildiz pulled up a small table and set the white enamel pan on a tiled trivet.

I watched, dry-mouthed and fascinated, as she clipped my curls with a small pair of scissors. Her fingers were cool and

confident and I shivered. I'd been touched before, by lovers, doctors, nurses, but never with such gentleness and ease. I relaxed against Leyla's breasts and watched the younger woman between my legs. As she trimmed, Yildiz caught the clippings until her cupped hand was full of golden-brown curls.

"Your hair is the color of orange blossom honey," she said, admiring the heap of curls in her cupped hand before dropping them in a trash can.

I was halfway there—or was I? So far it had been easy, if embarrassing. It couldn't all be this painless. I tried to focus on the perfume of candles and beeswax as Yildiz smoothed rose-scented talc on my cropped pussy. Her touch soothed. It wasn't exactly a caress, more an encouragement.

"Now this will feel warm." She was right. Warm, pleasant, almost relaxing. It took only seconds for her to spread the golden paste on the left side of my pussy, and not much longer to take a strip of cotton fabric, gently press the heel of her hand into my crotch and with a deft twist of her wrist, pull.

I let out a yowl like a crazed animal. My body arched off the bed in pain. I'd have been airborne if Leyla hadn't held my shoulders as Yildiz pressed her warm palm hard into my crotch.

I shivered, shuddered, and muttered a few choice epithets.

"That bit's over. It'll ease quickly," Leyla promised. Even as she spoke, the pain eased. Yildiz continued the pressure, now rocking her hand back and forth. Somehow the movement did ease the pain to a dull sting.

"You might have warned me," I said, relaxing as the sting slackened into an ache.

"It's not so bad, is it?" Yildiz asked, her hand still pulsing my gently throbbing skin.

"Not now," I admitted. A minute ago it hurt; now, under the ache, a strange pleasure stirred.

"It's just a few seconds," Yildiz said. She eased the pressure of her hand and gently rubbed her fingertips over my tingling skin. "That came away beautifully. Your skin is so fine and soft." She looked up and smiled, her dark eyes gleaming. "Rest a minute and I'll get the other side."

"I don't mind waiting." Heck, I wouldn't mind quitting now. Maybe Ahmet would like the halfway look.

"Not too long." Leyla's hands rested over my collarbones like a warm caress, "or the mixture will cool. Then it sticks and hurts."

As if that first bit hadn't! "Let's get it done then." What had I said?

Yildiz repeated the spread, press, yank. This time I was ready and didn't yell to scare the pigeons off the roof. I managed with just a stifled groan and a slow shudder that set my breasts wobbling and my stomach quivering. I was more than ready for Yildiz to press hard on my throbbing flesh, and welcomed Leyla's soothing massage, kneading and stroking my shoulders and chest, her fingers stopping just short of my breasts.

"Let me see," I said as Yildiz slowed her rubbing and the pain eased. I'd had my eyes squeezed shut most of the time, but now a strange fascination had me wanting to look. I was almost bare. Reddened, still-tender skin showed both sides of my slit. A swatch of hair still decorated the top of my pussy and I felt rather than saw the thinner hair between my butt cheeks. "Are you taking it all off?"

"Oh, yes!" Leyla said, her breath warm in my ear. "We do everything."

I leaned back against her, her breasts flattening against my back as Yildiz spread gook across the top of my pussy.

"This may be harder," Yildiz said, setting down the thin brass spatula she used for spreading the warm paste. Harder? I

almost croaked. The other two procedures hadn't exactly been fun. "Here." She took my hands, placing one on each side of the cooling paste. "Pull the skin tight."

I pulled for all I was worth and held my breath for luck. A rip, a flash of pain, and my fingers relaxed as Yildiz eased the throbbing with her hands. I exhaled; the worst had to be over. I closed my eyes and exhaled as Leyla and Yildiz soothed my discomfort with knowing hands.

Leyla's hands were on my breasts. Her gentle touch on my hard nipples had me wanting more. I blinked a minute. Was I nuts? Wanting a woman, even if she was a good friend, caressing my breasts? I gave up. Why not? Leyla was my friend, and a woman I hardly knew had her hands and fingers all over my pussy.

Yildiz plumped up the pillow I'd flattened with my shifting around before her hands spread my legs wider, smoothing my now bare pussy as if admiring her handiwork—or was it my body? I looked down, amazed at the sight of naked pink skin where I'd worn curls since puberty, mesmerized at the sight of golden brown fingers stroking my flushed skin.

Leyla eased back on the bed until I was almost lying flat, my head in her lap, my hips tilted above my head. Talk about exposed! But I was getting accustomed to soft female fingers on private parts. I even welcomed Yildiz's gentle stroking.

Her hands moved away and I braced, ready for the soft touch of her warm concoction and the sudden rip of pain. "Oh, dear." Yildiz tutted her tongue and I heard the pan clink down on the stove. "It's too cold. Let me warm it a little. You don't want it sticking to your skin."

She was right about that! Not that I minded lying there, my cheek against the soft fabric of Leyla's skirt, her hands on my shoulders, fingertips skimming my breasts. I felt groggy,

inhaling the warm air redolent with roses and women. Was this what it and been like in the harems? Heady scents, heated rooms, and women preparing their bodies for sex?

"Steady now." Leyla's hands closed over the tops of my breasts and held me as I felt the warmth of Yildiz's concoction between my thighs and waited for the tug. Was I getting used to it, or was this part of me less sensitive? I still welcomed Yildiz's touch as her hand pressed away the ache, her fingers close to my slit and her breath warm on my thigh. The other side she took care of with equal efficiency, her fingers lingering. I realized I was getting wet. Had to be all the skin contact or... I no longer cared.

They had me on my belly now, lying diagonally across the bed, my head in Leyla's lap. I could smell her through her skirt. Or was that me? Or both of us? Was I getting turned on despite the pain and awkwardness? Was she? And what of it? I didn't do sex with women—or hadn't. I hadn't had my pussy denuded before, either.

I had that and plenty more to think about—but Leyla was placing my hands in position to spread my butt cheeks. Talk about embarrassing! "Is this necessary?" I asked. "Pussy" didn't include this part of me, in my opinion. Seemed it was vital though, I held myself open. Waiting. I knew what to expect by now. Why was I getting my knickers in a twist? Especially since I wasn't wearing any. Wearing anything for that matter. I was naked, prone and holding my bottom open for Yildiz to slather me up. Which she did with confidence and efficiency.

This time it hurt more than before. Why? Embarrassment? Shame at having another woman see my most private place? I'll never know what sent the hot tears running and soaking Leyla's skirt. I sobbed and sniffed. "I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me."

Leyla wiped away my tears with the pad of her finger. "I understand," she said, and kissed me.

What was so special about that? We were friends. She'd kissed me scores of times. But not like this. A gentle brush of her lips and I felt whole, renewed—and horny as hell. My pussy still hummed, my ass throbbed, my breasts ached, and my cunt was wet and wanting. Leyla smiled as she lifted her mouth from mine. I smiled back.

Without a word, Leyla rolled me on my back and stretched out beside me, a hand on my breast, her lips in my hair. This was nutty, crazy, and absolutely wonderful. As Leyla's lips met mine, I sighed and opened my mouth. Her fingers strummed my nipples, rippling arousal right through me. I quit thinking, abandoned myself over to sensation, and kissed her back. I forgot there was another woman in the room, until I felt Yildiz's fingers, spreading sweet oil on my pussy and between my thighs. It seemed only natural that those same fingers entered me, stretching and filling me as I groaned and raised my hips to bring her deeper. A mouth closed on one breast, fingers on another, and my entire body began the slow spiral climb. Between Leyla's teasing and Yildiz's touch, I was sighing and whimpering.

What was I doing? Feeling wonderful! Climbing! Wanting! Yildiz bent between my legs. The soft damp touch of her tongue on my wet clit wrung a moan from me. I shuddered. My jaw wobbled. My stomach quivered. My knees shook. Yildiz touched me again, a soft, impudent dart of her tongue. I felt it through to my core. I groaned louder, my whole body arching off the bed. That soft tongue stabbed me once more. That was all I needed. I took off, yelling in the quiet room, leaping over the moon, soaring into the heavens, and landing a boneless mass in the middle of the big bed.

Panting, gasping with satisfaction, I opened my eyes and

met Yildiz's grin. "Incredible!" I managed to gasp out.

"Worth it?" Leyla asked in my ear.

Was she kidding! "Ahmet said you knew what to do."

They both laughed, high, lighthearted peals of female joy.

"My brother," Leyla said with a slow, secretive smile, "doesn't know as much as he thinks he does."

She was right, but so was Ahmet. These women did know what to do.

The Bondage Bed

The bed fascinated Marie the first time she saw it in Auntie Fluff's pastel pink boudoir. Auntie Fluff was as old as God but her bed was a heavenly creation of pink satin, lace hangings, and a brass headboard with rails and chains and more knobs and finials than four-year-old Marie knew how to count.

"It's an Italian bed," Auntie Fluff once said, flattered at Marie's blatant fascination. "Mr. Lapointe had it shipped over as a wedding present for me."

Just the thought of that bed on a boat floating across the Atlantic sparked Marie's imagination. She wanted to lie under those snowy white sheets and float over the waves while she rubbed her face against the smooth satin covers and felt the bumpy lace between her fingers.

The foot of the bed was as wide as the back of a sofa and covered with pink satin. Once, when no one looking, seven-year-old Marie sneaked in and sat astride the satin padding pretending she rode a magic bed.

Marie was in her sophomore year of college when Auntie Fluff died. Her jewelry was meticulously divided between her great nieces. Her impressive stock portfolio and house were sold, the proceeds split between her many surviving nieces and nephews. Marie's married cousins laid claim to the silverware, crystal and china.

No one wanted the bed. Except Marie.

"That old thing!"

"A bit big for a dorm room isn't it?"

"You can't be serious!"

She was. Completely. Her summer earnings paid the rental for a storage lock up when her mother refused to have the bed in the house.

Marie often thought about the bed while lying naked with Mike or Josh or Alan. She no longer believed the bed magic but sensed it held secrets and memories she wanted to make her own. She longed to be taken to the heights on satin, surrounded by lace and polished brass.

Once gainfully employed, Marie spent a good chunk of plastic money, restoring and reupholstering it, and installed it in her apartment.

Auntie Fluff's bed got attention, raised eyebrows, smiles and slow whistles, to say nothing of some enthusiastic lovemaking. But as time went by, Marie wondered if her expectations and dreams were as unrealistic and implausible as her childhood conviction that her bed was enchanted.

Then she met Luke, handsome and bedworthy with dark eyes that hinted of knowledge and a mouth that smiled promises. He asked her out for a drink the first day they met. They talked for hours, over wine, nachos and coffee. Marie was ready to be conquered but Luke seduced slowly, over long conversations, walks by the river, Friday evening gallery hops, and phone calls that lasted into the night. He would not be hurried, seeming to want to possess her mind before he took her body. She had to content herself with wild kisses and heated touches. Sometimes Marie played the seductress, willing him into her bed and her body. Other times she wondered who was tempting whom as he slowly lured her into secret places in his mind.

Until the night he stayed.

"Good Lord!" Luke stopped, pulling Marie against him as

he stared into her bedroom. "You never told me."

"Told you what?" Warm hands cupped her breasts, sending a slow tremor snaking down between her legs. He was hard and she felt randy. What else need be said?

"That you sleep in a bed like this." His lips fluttered along the base of her neck easing up to her jaw. Insistent fingers unbuttoned her silk blouse before slipping inside to capture her soft breast. She shivered as his fingers tightened on her nipple. "You like this, don't you Marie?"

She'd have answered if she could. She did manage a little groan as both his hands scooped inside her bra. This was nuts! She hadn't even got her shoes off and she was shaking. It had obviously been far too long since she'd... He stopped kissing and her breast felt cold as he removed his hands. Marie blinked in shock. "No! Don't stop!" That sounded desperate. "Luke, I was enjoying that." Definitely better.

"I know." Smug wasn't the word. And as for that grin... "I wanted you to." His eyes shone dark at the prospect. He looked across at Auntie Fluff's bed.

"You like my bed?" Marie asked, hoping to get him in it. Soon.

"My dear," Luke ran his hand over the newly reupholstered satin foot. "I like what you'll let me do on this bed." He moved to the head of the bed and ran his fingers down the brass rail. "I never dreamed you were offering me this."

"Is the attraction me, or my bed?" Heck, had she'd never heard of a furniture fetish but who knew...

"It's what we'll do on this bed."

She stepped closer. "You approve?"

"Approve!" He chuckled, slow, sexy, and from deep within his belly. "I am delighted. Why didn't you drop a hint?"

"That I had an antique bed?"

His eyes widened as he looked from the bed to Marie. He seemed to think a moment, then a slow smile turned up the corners of his beautiful mouth. "You don't know what this is, do you? To you it's just an antique." He paused as if considering his next move. "Come here."

"I'm here." Marie rested the flat of her hands on his shirt front, feeling the heat of his skin through the navy silk.

"I'm going to show you what your bed is intended for." Luke's lips came down on hers. Marie pressed against him as her mouth opened. Lips, tongues, and mouths met in a wild frenzy. Marie heard a moan she recognized as her own, then forgot everything but the taste of his mouth and his hand easing her blouse off her shoulders. Maybe it fell to the floor, perhaps it vaporized. All that mattered was the thrust of his tongue and his fingers, easing down her zipper and holding her steady as she kicked off her shoes and stepped out of her skirt.

Her bra disappeared. On the floor? In the air? As if she cared with his fingers teasing her nipples and his arms around her. She was now on her back, sliding on the satin sheets. His mouth closed on her breast and she felt his kiss right down to her groin. A slow shudder accompanied the movement of his hand over her belly.

"So hot. So ready," Luke whispered between her breasts.

Why argue with the obvious? Marie ran her fingers through his dark hair and held him close. "Kiss me again."

"Of course." He planted a slow kiss on her navel. It wasn't where she had in mind, but heck, would she complain? Not with wild desire heating up inside.

His fingers played the warm flesh above her stockings. Marie spread her legs. Or rather they spread themselves. She sighed as he touched the inside of her thigh. Shivered as she felt his fingertips brush her pussy. She closed her eyes, letting her

body melt into the sensation of his touch and whimpered in disappointment as his hand moved away.

"Don't stop. I want more." She muttered.

"You'll get a whole lot more. I promise. But first..." Against her inclination, he helped her to sit up. "Let me show you something."

He reached over and pulled one of the brass chains toward her. "Look, bondage chains." A smile curved his mouth as he swung the end to and fro, watching her reaction.

"You're kidding!" Shocked and excited, she watched his slow smile. "It isn't. This bed belonged to my great aunt!"

"And no doubt she enjoyed herself in it."

Marie thought back to the long lost photo of Auntie Fluff and the tall, almost legendary Mr. Lapointe. *Surely not!*

Luke went on. "These chains once held satin or velvet manacles. The rails are for attaching straps or scarves. And as for that beautifully restored padded foot, it's perfect for disciplining an unruly lover."

Had she got herself a pervert? Marie shivered, trying to ignore the wetness gathering between her legs. "You're imagining things!"

Luke shook his head. "No way! Unless I'm imagining your interest and arousal as well." His hand felt her mound through the lace of her panties. Smug wasn't the word for the look on his face as he moved his hand away. "You're wet." He licked his fingers. "And horny... for what I can give you."

Maybe. But she wasn't desperate. Was she? Heavens she needed him, wanted his touch again. "What are you planning on giving me?"

His eyes darkened. "Pleasure," he whispered. "If you'll let me."

How could she refuse? Not when his mouth played her

nipples until she moaned and begged for more.

"Soon," he promised as he paused to remove her stockings. His fingers barely touched her skin as he rolled down the fine mesh nylon. He kissed the inside of her bare ankle and she felt his lips right up to her groin.

"What are you doing to me?" Marie gasped, her chest heaving and her body getting wetter by the second.

"Just getting you ready," Luke replied, easing her other stocking off. She waited for the same sweet kiss on her ankle but this time he lifted her leg and kissed behind the knee. It almost had her in orbit.

"We really should use this old bed as it's intended," Luke said, holding her wrist. "Agreed?"

"What?" Luke had her stocking half round her wrist. "You're not trying me up!"

"I won't." He paused in what he was doing. "Just one stocking round one wrist. That's the only knot I'll tie. Promise." He kissed the soft skin above the knotted hose. "Now lie down."

She was nuts, or horny beyond reason but settled back on the pillow as Luke brushed the hair from her forehead, stroked the curve of her cheek down to her jaw and trailed his fingers down her neck to her shoulder. His mouth closed over her nipple and nipped. She jumped and realized he had her arm over her head.

"Easy," Luke whispered, holding her arm steady. "I've threaded your stocking through the rails. Here's the other end. Hold it." Marie's right hand closed over the end of the stocking. She pulled and felt the pressure on her left arm. She relaxed and her other arm went slack. "See. Only one knot. Hold onto the other end. Let go when you want to be free. You're in control."

Was she? Did it matter? Not when his hands cupped her breast, jiggling and squeezing them as if testing their weight. She

was hot and desperate and he hadn't even got her panties off. Would she last? Yes... she'd last forever if she could feel the slow tease of his fingers between her breasts and his warm kisses on her belly... and lower.

"I want you inside," she muttered.

"Soon, Marie, soon. You're not yet ready." Luke eased up the mattress towards her. "Close your eyes." His hand brushed over her forehead and his thumb and a finger lowered her lids shut. "Good. You'll feel more if you can't see."

She had to be crazy! Lying here in the dark, grasping the end of her stocking for all she was worth waiting for his next touch.... on her toes. He was kissing them, one by one with slow deliberate precision. Talk about toe curling! She'd have giggled but he changed from kissing to sucking and she couldn't think too well with his mouth clamped on her big toe.

Something soft and smooth trailed up the inside of her leg then down the other, carefully skirting where she wanted it most. "What's that?"

"Keep your eyes closed and I'll do it again."

She screwed her lids shut. This was wonderful but... she felt a soft fluttering across her breast and belly, like the movement of bird's' wings or the softest summer breeze.

"Like that?" he asked. God yes! She nodded, her throat too tight to speak. "Good. You like the sensations in the dark don't you?"

Why try to deny it? His hands eased her panties down. She was naked and at her last glimpse he'd been completely clothed. She saw the image clear in her mind's eye. She was nude and lewdly spread and he was dressed. The image was as arousing as heck and Marie grew wetter by the second.

"Yow!" Her shoulders came off the bed as he pinched her arm. "That hurt!"

"Just a little." He kissed where his nails had nipped and soothed the pinpoint of pain. "Better?" She nodded in the darkness and then jerked again as he now pinched her thigh. He continued pacing his pinches to her yelps and then caressing the hurt away with his lips and tongue. Her free hand tightened on the stocking as she braced herself for the next nip... and felt his hand on her mound, cupping gently until her hips arched. She whimpered as he parted her labia and held the soft folds open as he... did nothing. Was he still there? Yes, she could feel his fingers holding her open but nothing else... no kiss, no touch. She was twisting up inside with need. She jerked her hips, hoping he'd take the hint.

"Patience!" he half-growled.

"I want you inside. I need you, Luke." She was halfway to begging and didn't care.

"I know you do, my love. You're wet and glistening and I've never seen a cunt as red and horny as yours."

Her face had to be red to match it. She hated blushing but no one had ever spoken that bluntly to her before and now... he wasn't even touching her... He was gone. "Luke!"

His voice soothed her panic. "I'm not going anywhere, baby. I can't fuck you with my pants on."

Marie relaxed, listening in the dark to the soft clink of his belt buckle and the quiet rasp of his zipper. Fabric rustled and she sensed movement as if he stepped out of his pants. There was a rustle of movement and the mattress shifted under his weight.

"Raise your hips," he said in her ear and pushed a pillow under her as she obeyed. "Good girl." He kissed her belly. "Now I can see you better than ever. I love a cunt like yours."

And then he touched her.

She almost screamed with relief but it wasn't nearly enough,

just a brush of his finger. But he persisted, slowly feeding her need until her hips moved in rhythm. She was close to coming but wanted him inside first. She needed him. She was desperate for him. Panting with need and longing... And he moved away.

Bereft, she clenched her hands as her neck tightened and she all but ground her teeth in frustration. "Why did you stop?" she wailed this time.

"You're not ready yet."

"I am! I am!"

"Patience."

Marie wanted to spit. To scream. This was killing her! Gradually the tension in her body eased and her breathing slowed. Just when she relaxed, still aching but feeling calmer, he started again, this time sending a trail of kisses up the inside of her thigh, stopping close enough to her clit that she could feel his breath but nothing else.

"What do you want next?" Luke asked

"Suck me!"

"Where?"

Couldn't he figure that out? Marie groaned, turning her head on the pillow and arching her hips.

"Tell me where you want my lips," Luke persisted, "and I'll kiss you there."

"On my clit and in my cunt." Her cheeks burned as heat flooded her face, but...

"Of pleasure, my dear."

And pleasure her he did. His fingers opened her. Wide. His breath came warm where she needed him and then his tongue touched her. He lapped her, the full flat of his tongue covering her. Slow, teasing all-covering licks from her ass to her clit. Each one took minutes and turned her mind to mush. But who needed to think? All she wanted was to feel. She was covered,

consumed, devoured. No wonder men called it eating pussy.

She was moaning and hanging onto the stocking for all she was worth when he paused. Before she gathered enough breath to object. His tongue plunged deep inside her. Slow, stabbing movements that sent her head back and her hips up. In and out he went, mimicking the movement of a cock... his cock. That was what she really needed. Sweat ran between her breasts and her right wrist ached. It could drop off for all she cared.

"Come into me. Fuck me!" It was begging but no longer cared.

"Like this?"

His fingers penetrated her. She was filled. Stretched. It wasn't what she really wanted but she was no longer empty. Marie shuddered with satisfaction as his fingers moved in and out. Sweet friction driving her closer to coming as his thumb worked her clit slowly up and down,

This was wonderful, incredible, fantastic. Her mind switched off as her instincts took over. She was climbing, nearing the edge, heart and breathing racing but nothing hurried Luke. The same steady movements pulled her higher and higher, like an eagle about to spread its wings, a rocket about to fire. Panting now, she arched her back and her hips rocked. She was climbing, spiraling up and up. She screamed. Her mind took off and her body soared and she came... again and again until she was a shaking heap on the bed. The stocking fell out of her hand, or was it pulled? Luke's arms surrounded her and she tasted herself on his lips.

"You haven't come." She said between gasps.

"Not yet. I will."

Marie opened her eyes and blinked in the light.

He was smiling. "So you want me to fuck you?"

She doubted she could take any more. Her body still rippled

from her orgasm, but how could she refuse after what she'd just had? "Yes."

"Here I come." Had he chuckled? Why not? She felt like whooping. Luke entered her fast and hard, drilling her with his power and raw male sex, working his need inside her and pulling her back with him. It wasn't possible but it was happening. She was coming again... and again ... like short staccato bursts of repeating fire. In the haze of what used to be her brain, she was vaguely aware of his groans and heat inside her as he climaxed. She was limp and warm but still she came until she went light-headed and boneless under him.

"You were superb," he whispered and tugged her left hand, untying the stocking and gently massaging her wrist. "You held this too damn tight."

"Did I?" So what? Her hand could have dropped off and she wouldn't have noticed.

"Stockings are no damn good. Next time I'll bring proper restraints."

"Next time?"

"Of course. There's a lot more you need to learn about this old bed."

A String of Pearls

"For you."

When Robert speaks, in his slow, deep, 'I've got a surprise for you' voice, he gets my undivided attention. Chicken with Holy Basil can't compete.

This was our wedding anniversary and I expected a surprise. But what? A bright, red butt plug with a green ribbon round the base? A pale-as-the-inside-of-an-oystershell, vibrating egg? Quilted purple silk restraints? That had covered Christmas and Easter and my birthday.

Our first wedding anniversary could be anything.

He set a black, velvet jewelers' box on the table. Had Robert turned conventional? Buying me a string of pearls or perhaps an add-a-bead necklace? Possible but highly improbable.

He nudged the box closer to my wine glass. "Open it."

I had it opened just enough to glimpse the white satin lining in the lid when our waiter reappeared. All he wanted was reassurance our meal was perfect but I almost slammed the lid on my finger. Maybe it was matinee length pearls but you can't be too cautious in public. Not when you're married to Robert Kelly.

Checking to make sure no solicitous waiter or maitre d' loitered, I snapped open the velvet lid. It was pearls, all right, but I'd never wear these to the opera—I hoped.

Nestling against the velvet padding and almost reflected in the gleaming satin lining of the lid, were six large pearls: strung

on a fine twisted cord, one end sporting a polished metal ring, plenty big enough for hooking and tugging with a strong middle finger.

I did an involuntary kegel exercise imagining how they'd feel pushed one by one up my asshole. Knowing how the butt plug stretched and stimulated as Robert pulled it out, my stomach churned jasmine rice and holy basil imagining six round beads exiting my tight opening one by painful one.

I was so wet thinking about it, I was scared I'd leave a damp patch on the upholstered seat. Wearing no panties didn't help in the least. I should be used to that by now, but I wasn't. I never crossed the street without thinking about my mother's warnings in case I got run over.

Sitting in the Thai Pavilion, smelling my own arousal while Robert smiled promises at me across the pink linen tablecloth, I wanted to shove back my chair, grab my husband's hand and drag him home to bed. But Robert ordered mango mousse, which I ate one tiny bronze spoonful at a time and never tasted a thing.

By the time he'd sipped the last of his decaffeinated espresso and finished signing the credit card slip, I could feel myself soaking though my skirt and I was the next best thing to panting as I settled on the spot leather upholstery of Robert's Mercedes. Only ten minutes drive, fifteen max if every light was against us, and we'd be home.

I was ready and willing for whatever Robert had in mind, even six gleaming pearls up my asshole.

What Robert had in mind was having me strip in the garage. I half-expected him to fuck me over the hood of the car, but no, while I was stepping out of my shoes and getting ready to roll my lace-top stockings down, he grabbed me by the waist and tossed me over his shoulder.

Head hanging half-way down his back, face rubbing against

his tussore silk jacket, while he held my ankles in one hand and stroked my butt with the other, I was tempted to wriggle and complain, but with my ass literally under his hand, decided against it. That part of me was going to get enough attention tonight, no point in getting it reddened as well. Besides, I was more worried about one of the neighbors seeing as Robert carried me across the breezeway into the house.

Once inside, Robert eased me down his body. Every inch, from my shins and knees to my boobs and my face, rubbed the warm, rough surface of his jacket as he lowered me until my feet touched the cool, tiled kitchen floor.

"Happy anniversary," he said and kissed me.

Lord! This fucker of mine can kiss! Slow and sure, with the unhurried confidence of an expert, he pressed my lips apart and caressed then with his tongue until I let out a little sigh. He delved right in. His tongue poked, pushed, stroked, pressed and teased until I tried to push away. He's made me come with kissing before now and I wanted to last.

"No," Robert muttered into my mouth and continued with enthusiasm. I wrapped my arms round his neck, mashed my body against his and gave as good as I got. Now, he was the one moaning. He'd been hard when we started, now his cock felt like an iron pipe inside his tropical wool slacks.

"I'm almost coming," I managed to get out between groans.

"Good," Robert replied, bringing his hand to my breast.

I gave up thinking, forgot speech. His fingers tweaked and pulled and rolled one nipple then the other until he stirred me into a frenzy of need and wanting and... his mouth clamped down on mine as he gave my nipple one hard twist and I came with a shout that resounded in my head, echoing like the spasms of heat that radiated from my cunt. I'd have collapsed on the Mexican tile floor if two strong arms hadn't held me. As it was

my cries sent the dog off in a yapping frenzy.

"He's upset because he isn't getting any," Robert said, holding me with one arm, as he reached for a doggie treat to keep the mutt quiet. While Hercules chewed on his milk bone, Robert dipped into his pocket and brought out my anniversary pearls, his finger through the loop as they dangled right in my line of vision. "Hold them," he said and dropped them in my hand, "while I carry you." He scooped me up in his arms, head against his chest instead of down his back this time and carried me across the house to our bedroom.

"Don't go anywhere," he said as he plonked me on the bed.

As if I would when I had the chance to watch the best striptease in town. Robert played soccer in college and he still moved with the almost balletic grace of a world-class player. Even mundane things like hanging his jacket up or unbuttoning his shirt he performs with grace, and as for unbuckling his belt or sliding down his zipper with a slow scritch—riveting might be a good word. But the ultimate exhibition is what I wait for, his wonderful, hard cock jutting out for me to hang my hopes on. Looks are great but taste is better and I was licking my lips as Robert came towards me. I needed to taste that beautiful cock, my beautiful cock, and feel it between my lips.

Robert paused by the nightstand for a tube of jelly, (should have expected that, given what I was still clutching in my hot, little hand) and a bottle of massage oil. "You're looking tense," he said. "Roll over and I'll help you relax."

After that climax I was about as tense as a marshmallow. But who'd turn down an offer like that? I rolled onto my belly and closed my eyes as Robert poured warm oil between my shoulder blades.

It trickled down my spine in a slow stream and he was pouring more. It ran down the side of my waist and pooled in the

hollow of my back. Then my husband got busy. Hands flat, he spread that spicy scented oil all over me, anointing me from my shoulders to my thighs. His practiced fingers found tension in my shoulders and the top of my neck where it met my skull. He gently stroked and smoothed until all I wanted was to spend the rest of my life in bed under Robert's expert hands.

Then he blew on me! He'd used the Kama Sutra oil! Heated trails flowed over my skin in the wake of his breath. Was it possible to be utterly relaxed *and* aroused? You bet! I swear he huffed and puffed over every square centimeter from the back of my knees to the nape of my neck and while my skin still glowed, his hands began again.

Fingertips at first, five on each butt cheek, tracing ever-widening circles on my ass. Soothing and stimulating at one and the same time. His hands gently flattened, pressing and opening my cheeks apart. His fingers stroked my crack and then dipped between my legs.

"You're sopping wet," he whispered against my skin, starting another warm shiver with his breath. "Now, what am I going to do about that?"

"You could fuck me," I suggested. "Fill me up with your lovely, hard cock." Saying it aloud had me soaking,

"Oh, I will, my love, later. Right now..." he paused and I gave a little gasp as cool lubricant oozed between my ass cheeks.

It didn't warm as he breathed, but as he rubbed it into my asshole my body accepted the cool. He held my cheeks apart, opening me wider. The metal tip of the tube kissed my opening as a rush of gel surged inside. Robert's finger followed, gently pushing, circling, stretching and opening until my sphincter relaxed. I was passive, anticipating the intrusion, while my mind whirled. Would it hurt? How tight would it feel? Would it, heck, they, stretch more than the Christmas butt plug or Robert's cock?

Would it...

One soft gasp as my butt hole stretched and I felt... not much different but one pearl nestled inside me. I exhaled.

"How's that feel?" Robert asked.

"Okay." I'd barely spoken when the second slipped inside.

I hardly felt it once it was in. It was pushing past the muscle that wrought wild sensations. The third seemed bigger, tighter. They were nestling inside me, and the fourth nudged them deeper. How big was I in there? How far would they go? What if they got stuck?

"Easy, easy," Robert's hands stroked my head and shoulders. "It's okay. We're half way. I wish I had a camera handy. If you could see these beads disappearing up your ass." With that another popped inside.

Robert ran kisses up and down my spine, awakening the last traces of heat in the oil drying on my skin. As I murmured my contentment, the last two pushed inside. I knew they were there. Stretching, filling, pushing.. warming. The cool of the gel faded and all I felt was heat that sent my cunt flowing and little soft groans rising from deep in my belly.

Robert rolled me on my back and reminded me what a great mouth he had. He licked from fore to aft with tantalizing slowness until my hips moved of their own accord and little groans became big ones.

He stopped, damn him! Sitting back on his heels and grinning. "Okay, love, now it's my turn to lie back and enjoy it."

Turn about is fair play, and heck, sucking Robert's cock isn't my idea of hardship... hardness ...but not hardship. He leaned back, a pillow behind his back and I went to it between his legs, softly circling the smooth head of his cock with the tip of my tongue. Taking him between my lips, fluttering his hard muscle with my tongue until he ran his hands through my hair, pushing

me lower. I took most of him in, running my tongue up and down the warm skin at the side of his cock. Lifting back a little to flicker round his ridge again and again until he groaned. I let up a little—but not much. Down and up I went in a smooth rhythm, enjoying the taste of him and the magnificent scent of aroused male. Nothing like knowing your own power.

"Easy!" he said at last and pulled my head away. "Let's fuck!"

I grinned up at him. "Brilliant idea." I didn't wait to be asked twice. Shifting to kneeling, I scooted up the bed until I was squatting over his thighs. As Robert's hands on my waist steadied me, I impaled myself on his wondrous erection.

And gasped. I'd married a big cock but not this big! I was stuffed, packed tight with solid erection and hard round beads. As I rocked gently, I felt Robert press inside until he rubbed the beads through my cunt walls. I took a deep breath and rocked again.. and again... Incredible! Wonderful! I gave up thinking adjectives and concentrated on sensation as I worked my cunt up and down Robert's cock.

I watched him. Saw the pleasure soften his face and the heat glimmering deep in his eyes. I wasn't the only one spiraling to the outer galaxy. I leaned forward so my clit felt more of the pressure and rocked up and down until Robert moaned. I was close to coming now, breathing hard as sensation built and grew and...

"Nearly there?" Robert gasped.

I nodded. Groaning as passion turned my brain chemicals to boiling pitch. I let out a long, slow moan as the nerve endings in my cunt drew up for the leap into joy. The first waves of orgasm rippled through me as Robert pulled out the first bead. A wild yell of delight burst in my chest. My whole body roared and the next one came, and the next. My body awash, my mind

drowning, I shouted and groaned and sang the wildness that flooded me. I lost balance, collapsing on Robert just as he came, his heated spunk bursting into me as my last vibrations slowed and calmed.

I lay on top of him, as his warm jism oozed out of my cunt and the last sweet spasms of pleasure faded to gentle ripples. I rolled off him, nestling beside him, my head on his chest. The beads in his hand glistened with lubricant and I still throbbed deep inside.

Robert opened his eyes and grinned. "Happy anniversary."
I can't wait for Halloween.

The Kiss of the Blade

"You're not sure about this are you?"

Alicia all but glared at Pete. "You're damn right!"

He gave her a hard kiss, before she swore again. "No sweat, love. You call the shots on this." Resisting the temptation to nudge her along, he wanted her to need this as much as he did. "Mind bringing out the salad? Dinner's almost ready."

She walked into the house and Pete turned the lamb chops one last time, wishing he could season them with some magic herb to induce compliance. He made do with rosemary and garlic. If the food tasted half as good as it smelled, he'd win her over. Women had a tendency to weaken when faced with a man who cooked, and Alicia hadn't refused outright. His last two girlfriends had disappeared over the horizon when he'd asked to shave their pussies.

"Dinner smells great!" Alicia stood beside him. Over the aromas of grilled meat and seared rosemary, he caught the floral scent she always wore. "I put the salad on the table."

"Why not pour us another glass of wine?"

He watched her firm arse as she crossed to the table. Her graceful hands grasped the bottle half-way down and her arm muscles flexed as she tilted the wine and refilled their glasses. Pete took the bottle. That made two glasses for her and he wanted her sober when she agreed. If she agreed. *Please God*, he thought before realizing what he was asking. Should he invoke Providence over this?

The summer sunset faded into twilight. The lamb finished, Pete produced a slice of dark chocolate raspberry torte. Just one slice, which they shared. A whole slice and Pete knew she'd obsess about calories and he didn't want her fixating on anything but him. Alicia ate one slow mouthful after another, savoring each spoonful, her eyes sparkling with pleasure. She approached eating with the same gusto she approached sex. As Pete hoped she'd approach shaving. He wanted to tell her she'd love the sensation of his breath caressing her bare quim, explain how a hairless pussy would enhance her pleasure, let her know the thrill he'd have at the thought of her walking about town with her silk underwear brushing her smooth, shaved skin.

She was watching him as she licked the last traces of chocolate off the spoon. "That was wonderful!"

"Want to watch a video tonight?"

Her brows creased as she set the spoon on the almost-clean plate. "I don't think so," she said. "I've been thinking about what you said earlier."

Thinking wasn't agreement but... Pete's throat tightened. "And?" Forget suave and calm, his heart was thumping with hope.

"You do mean shaving, not waxing, right?"

"Alicia, I'm not out to hurt you. This will increase your pleasure. I promise."

She swallowed. "Okay then."

It took Pete several seconds to process that, but once her words penetrated his brain, he grabbed her hand and all but ran upstairs and into the bathroom, turning on the bathtub taps full blast and pouring in lavender oil, then undressing Alicia as the room filled with steam and the scent of a summer garden.

She shivered as he ran his hands across her shoulders and down her arms. "Don't worry. Just soak in the warm water and

think how wonderful your smooth pussy will feel rubbing against silken underwear."

"I don't own any silk underwear!"

"You will." Pete walked out and left her to her thoughts. He wanted her to worry just a smidgen. A little anxiety would only heighten her arousal.

He gave her ten minutes. Time to soften her skin and hair—he was determined to give her a very close shave—and long enough to lay out a pile of thick towels, light a row of lavender-scented candles, put a fresh blade in the razor... and anticipate. The image of Alicia, naked and spread, sweating just a wee bit from nerves, flared in his mind's eye.

The reality was a hundred times more arousing.

It took almost everything he had not to whisk her up and toss her on the bed for a fast fuck but what was the hurry? Alicia wasn't going anywhere any time soon. She looked up with worried eyes, biting her lower lip, and sweet beads of sweat gathering on her upper lip. "Comfortable?" Pete asked. "Want some more towels under your head? Need your hips propping up a bit more?"

"No!" The words came out sharp with tension. "Get on with it, please!"

It wasn't quite pleading, but close enough. Flat on her back, hips raised, legs spread, she looked—and no doubt felt—deliciously vulnerable. "Almost ready." But Pete couldn't resist an eyeful of her tanned thighs and flushed cunt, and her breasts rising and falling with her slow breathing. She tightened her leg muscles as he closed a hand over her right ankle. "Relax," he advised, knowing that was impossible. He lifted her ankle and placed her foot flat on the towels. She said nothing so he immediately positioned her other leg. Pete had Alicia open and spread... and worried.

His right hand cupped her pussy, before fingers tangled in her tight curls. He loved the feel of her soft hair. Why did he want to denude her of this gorgeous bush? Because he could. Because she would let him. And because he longed for the thrill of knowing his woman was bare as the day she was born under her panties.

"Everything okay?" He reached for the shaving cream.

"Yes."

A lie, but forgivable. What was a little white lie beside submission and acceptance like this? His fingertips ran over her pussy and caught her scent. She was aroused. Acceptance was one thing, but this was turning Alicia on. Disappoint her he couldn't.

The first touch of cold foam made her shiver, but she relaxed as he spread it over her crotch. She wouldn't be so composed later when he slathered her with whipped cream and licked it off.

Enough!

Time to concentrate on the job at hand. Pete reached for the safety razor.

Slowly he cleared a narrow swathe from the top of her pussy, down the right hand edge of her slit. Swishing the razor in clean water, he admired her skin, pale as the inside of a seashell. Soon it would redden from the razor but fade to its natural rosiness after the application of cream and tender ministrations. While Alicia waited, close to motionless, Pete removed the hair from the left side of her slit. If he'd started from the outside, he could have left her with a pubic Mohawk but it was too late for that now. And wasn't total bare the goal?

Spreading the remaining shaving foam, Pete dragged the razor to remove the few remaining hairs and stubble and went to work on the curls on either side.

He took his time, savoring the scent of aroused woman as he sheared her curls with the kiss of a sharp blade. It was over too soon. Alicia seemed equally surprised or relieved? finding herself 'done' in minutes rather than the slow torture she'd braced herself for.

"You look lovely," Pete said as she looked up, both worried and relieved. "Now, roll over." He gave her hip an encouraging nudge until she obliged. "Just got to check round your arse hole. Gotta make sure we get everything off. Shaved means shaved."

He had no idea if the last sentence even made sense but it sent a delicious shudder down Alicia's back.

"Hold your arse cheeks apart."

With only a brief, startled glance over her shoulder, Alicia reached back with her manicured hands and held herself open. While he had her prone and revealed, Pete ran his fingertips along her crack, watching her quiver of excitement as he brushed her puckered arse hole, and the sigh of pleasure as he pressed a fingertip against the tight opening and eased in up to the knuckle, until her hips rocked and she let out a little sigh of anticipation and need. Then he withdrew his finger and stood.

"All done!"

Rolling on her back, Alicia looked up at him, flushed with shame and arousal.

Pete helped her to her feet, running his hands over her breasts. "I bet you could use a stiff drink after that."

"Yes!"

"Come on, downstairs to my living room." She'd earned that drink but there was no way Pete was letting her get dressed. Having her naked was too much fun. Besides, the leather wing back chair would stimulate her warm skin while he sat back and admired his handiwork. Alicia was a woman worth having in every way. In a little while, he nipped back into the kitchen for the whipped cream.

Ready

His alarm woke her. Not the shrill jangle of the rising bell she remembered from school, or the pipping bleep of her own digital alarm clock. Jean Luc apparently woke to a carillon, the bells fading, after the initial peal, to a perfectly pitched coda, the last notes hanging like an echo on the edge of her drowsiness. What a way to wake! Why be surprised? So far, nothing about Jean Luc had been ordinary or commonplace. Wasn't that what attracted her to him and brought her here at his invitation? The certain assurance of excitement, pleasure, and a stretching of her limits and horizons?

Jean Luc had been more than right. The nap cleared the last traces of jet lag, leaving her refreshed and more than ready for whatever he had planned. Annie raised her head off the linen pillows and looked around Jean Luc's bedroom. The afternoon sun cast slashes of light on the bedclothes, the floor, and the dress spread on the gilt chair. She swung her legs out of bed and stood up, the terra cotta tiles cold under her feet.

Time to get ready.

A red dress and a pair of lace-topped stockings were all he had left out for her to wear. Getting dressed wouldn't take long, once she got up the nerve. The prospect of meeting a bunch of new people wearing nothing but a few yards of silk and half an ounce of super-sheer nylon made her nervous as hell, but she had no doubt she'd do it.

Soon.

First she'd take a shower.

The perfumed soap was heady with a rose scent that grew stronger, not fainter, under the hot water. In the steamy heat of the shower, Annie imagined herself in an old rose garden in high summer, perhaps cutting dark, scented blooms to arrange in the silver bowl on the hall table, or gathering petals from full blown roses to dry for pot pourri. Annie rubbed herself gently with the loofah, spreading the perfumed bubbles all over her body. She even shampooed with them, letting the foam sit on her hair a minute before standing under the stream of water to send rose-scented suds running off her shoulders and legs, until she stood clean and refreshed, and shivering a little as she stepped onto the deep pile mat.

Jean Luc's towels were sized to wrap around like a blanket and thick and heavy enough to dry in moments. Annie toweled her hair, then ruffled it with her fingers. Short as she kept it, it would dry quickly in the air. She couldn't miss the jar of body lotion of the same heady perfume. She slathered herself with it, rubbing the lotion into her legs, smoothing it over her breasts, and spreading it gently on her hips and belly, avoiding her naked pussy that still tingled a little from shaving last night.

Annie's face shone from the heat and the steam. Pity she couldn't use a little powder, but Jean Luc's directions had been clear enough. *'Just what I put out for you, no jewelry, no make up, no extras of your own.'* She really would feel naked without lipstick.

Putting stockings on legs damp from the shower and slick with lotion was a pain and if she wasn't careful, she'd shove a finger through the sheer nylon. Annie didn't fancy going out to dinner with a whacking great ladder up her leg. Gingerly she eased one over her ankle and calf, smoothing the fine mesh over her knee and up her thigh so the band of lace elastic circled her

leg, leaving a couple of inches of pale skin. The second one rolled up more easily, or maybe she was getting the knack.

Fingering the heavy silk of her dress she wondered if he'd chosen it knowing red was her favorite color, or perhaps to deck her out as a 'scarlet woman'. No, she doubted his English was good enough to understand the idiom. She pulled the dress over her head and smoothed it over her body. Jean Luc's choice of attire left nothing to the imagination; the bias cut silk clung to her breasts, showing clearly her peaked nipples and every curve she owned. Thank heavens the skirt was full, swirling to her calves and rustling as she moved. But... Annie turned, watching her reflection in the gilt pier glass. Where had he bought this dress? The skirt had two separate gathered panels, overlapping at the waist front and back so nothing gaped as she walked, but if she bent over they fell apart, exposing her nakedness. He hadn't found this in Laura Ashley! Last were the shoes, matching red leather with four-inch stiletto heels. Annie stood up tall, getting her balance and just hoped she wouldn't stumble and spoil the effect.

She was ready. Annie glanced at the clock. Even a few minutes to spare. Jean Luc had to be pleased. A last comb through her hair, a final glimpse in the mirror, a slow, deep breath to calm her stuttering heart, and Annie turned the ormolu doorknob. Stepping into the marble-floored hallway, she walked across the apartment to wait for Jean Luc in his study.

As expected, the room was empty. She'd half-hoped Jean-Luc had returned while she was in the shower but welcomed the chance to calm herself and prepare for what would follow. Except she had no idea what was coming next. Jean-Luc was a master at the surprise, an expert at the unexpected.

Closing the door behind her, Annie looked around the now-familiar room, at the shelves of elegant leather-bound erotica, the

antique armoire with painted doors that concealed a VCR and the drawers holding Jean-Luc's toys, the soft *kilim* covering the waxed parquet, and the wide, brick fireplace, now filled with a beaten brass urn of dried eucalyptus that scented the room with the perfume of a tropical night.

The shutters stood wide open, giving Annie a view of the building across the street. The late afternoon sun spread a warm apricot glow across the room, shining on Jean-Luc's mahogany desk and highlighting the dark green leather that had felt warm and smooth against her cheek when she'd darkened it with her tears.

Balancing as best she could on her spiky heels, Annie stepped across the deep red and gold geometrics on the rug, pausing a second by the velvet upholstered fainting couch, where she'd first tasted the wild passion that comes with total surrender. Her body remembered in a flash of need. She wanted Jean-Luc here. Now. But he'd come in his own time and anticipation served only to heighten her yearning

She resisted the temptation to touch the articles set precisely on the desktop, but she looked. Closely. There was no mistaking the leather manacles, red to match her dress. Her body softened and ached. She knew how the warm leather tightened around her wrists. She'd worn a white set all night a few weeks ago. But what sent her pulse racing was the velvet jeweler's box, not much bigger than a small paperback. The black velvet lid lay open, revealing the satin lining and a gold herringbone chain, wide and heavy looking but short enough to fit her neck as a choker. Annie's mouth went dry with apprehension. Would Jean-Luc? Tonight? Or was it a test? She'd practice the patience her grandmother used to preach.

With every effort to be graceful, she walked to a spot in front of the brass fender and knelt on the soft rug, settling back

on her calves, as she focused her mind on Jean-Luc.

As always, his timing was impeccable. Minutes after she'd taken up position, she heard his key in the lock and footsteps crossing the marble foyer and pausing outside the study door. She willed her eyes to stay down as she sensed the knob turning and felt the floor vibrate with each approaching step. A pair of hand-stitched cordovan wingtips came into her line of vision. She exhaled slowly.

"My love," Jean-Luc's voice sent a warm thrill through her waiting body, "Look at me."

Madeleine Oh is legendary in the world of erotica.

She has sold short erotica to magazines and anthologies in the US, the UK and Australia, including Best Women's Erotica, Best Lesbian Erotica, Herotica 7, Wicked Words 6, Best New Erotica, For Women, Eroticus, and Siren. Madeleine has a novel and two novellas published with Elloras Cave and a third novella due out this fall and a short novella with Changeling Press. She's also also sold to Amatory Ink and Renaissance Ebooks.

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