

The background of the entire image is a close-up photograph of a person's bare back, showing well-defined muscles. The lighting is warm, highlighting the contours of the skin and muscle.

ELLORA'S CAVE
Quickies

Diana Hunter
*Learning
Curve*

LEARNING CURVE

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LEARNING CURVE

Diana Hunter

Chapter 1

At eleven years old, Samantha wrote her first chapter story. The protagonists were detectives; two young girls who were tied up and put in a cage in the process of their investigation. Samantha was proud of her story and showed it to one of her classmates. The girl read only half the story before handing it back to Sam as if it were a disgusting dead rat.

“Ewww! What kind of a mind would put girls in a cage?”

And so Sam learned that tying girls up and putting them in a cage was not “right.” She quietly put away the manuscript, wondering what was inside her that had caused her to write a story her classmate had found so twisted. She never showed it to anyone else and she never, ever wrote anything like that ever again.

Samantha grew, becoming a respectable, self-assured young lady. Over the years, her eleven-year-old tomboy figure blossomed into that of a full-bodied young woman. She liked to wear her auburn-brown hair at shoulder length in a straight style she called a “wash and walk.” Rarely did she wear makeup—she never had time for it. But the reality was, she didn’t need it. While she would be the first to tell anyone she was not a “looker,” she still garnered her share of second glances. But her schoolwork came first. In high school and then in college, she excelled, the very picture of a well-behaved and well-liked, if quiet, young woman.

But as her outward respectability grew, the fantasies she savored in her private dreams turned more and more sexual. When lost in her daydreams, Sam lived in a different society—maybe in the future, maybe on another planet—the details were unimportant. In fact, society as a whole had only one major difference: a change in roles of women. On every street corner, in every public place, women were on display for sexual use.

Oh, some women were free and roamed around, but not many of them. Those women in her fantasies were minor characters. No, she pictured herself among the majority—the women chained outside where their sex was presented to any passing man. Women who were naked. Open.

Sometimes Sam imagined her naked body pulled along the length of a single pole, her arms suspended above her; sometimes her arms were tied to the back of the pole, her breasts pushed out advertising her availability; sometimes her body was stretched between two poles in a strict bondage that did not allow movement, her outstretched arms matching her outstretched legs. That was the important part. In every daydream, in every position, her slender legs were open; her most private areas spread in a wide vee for any passing stranger to use. She was a sexual object—nothing more. Men came up and touched her, caressed her, exploited her body with no regard to her own thoughts or desires. She existed for one reason only—for the men to use. The dreams excited her at the same time she was ashamed of them.

But secret dreams they stayed. Throughout college, she dated many types of men and daydreamed about them afterward. With the public face that she presented, she knew she might as well have a sign hanging around her neck that said “good girl.” And as everyone knows, good girls—don’t. As a result, the outcome of every date was the same. Her date might kiss her at the door, but rarely pushed any further.

Only one guy in college had pressed her—only for one man had she let down her defenses a bit, although she never could bring herself to tell him her fantasies. Three wonderful months of what her mother would have called “petting” ensued. But then he broke her heart. She was still a virgin, and her dreams of being treated as a sexual commodity intensified.

Grad school began and Sam concentrated on her studies. A new fall semester lay ahead of her—her last one. With any luck, by December she’d be done with her class work and could write her thesis. Most of her classes were during the day, but one was offered only on Wednesday nights. Taking a seat close to the middle of the room, as

was her custom, Sam took out her notebook and ran a critical eye over the other students. She had a habit of labeling each person that entered and chose a seat: serious, not-serious. The “not-serious” types fell into two categories: generally just wasting Daddy’s money, or looking for a husband. Sam knew where she, herself, belonged – and that was why she picked a seat second from the front, in the middle of the room. She was here to learn, not waste money or flirt.

While she was in the process of neatly writing the date for her notes in her book, a sudden change in the atmosphere of the room caused her to look up. For a moment, the electric hum in the air puzzled her, then she saw the reason – the most drop-dead gorgeous, brown-eyed, tanned, self-assured man she had ever seen. She heard the gasp from several of the husband-lookers in the back of the room and for once her own opinion agreed. Whoever wrote those romance novels and made all the men tall, dark and handsome obviously had this guy in mind. Wavy black hair curled over his ears and just touched the top of his collar. A fine nose hinted at an aristocratic bloodline; high, sharp cheekbones confirmed it. His clean-shaven jaw line showed not a hint of five o’clock shadow on his tanned skin. The man stood tall, not stooped over like so many tall men surrounded by their shorter counterparts. Sam didn’t care if this guy was serious or not-serious. He was a work of art and it didn’t matter. In spite of herself, stomach butterflies flew into her throat as she watched his graceful saunter into the room.

The room was only about half full – there were lots of empty desks yet. Sam could hear the primping and jockeying in the rows behind her. With a barely hidden, disgusted glance in their direction, Sam turned to face the front of the room, pretending to ignore the gorgeous hunk, while still watching him out of the corner of her eye. She was secretly delighted when he sat in the row next to her – right beside her seat.

Now it was okay to give him a friendly smile – one that said, “I-see-you-are-a-serious-student-and-so-am-I-so-don’t-get-any-ideas.” She turned, that smile already on

her face, and fell deep into such beautiful dark brown eyes that her smile turned uncertain.

"I'm Peter," he introduced himself, putting out his hand.

"Sam...er, Samantha," she stammered, taking his hand in hers, absently noting the long, slender fingers and the firm handshake as her heart pounded to the beat of her sudden arousal.

Further conversation was cut off by the arrival of the professor, an old-school type who believed only in lecture. If you had questions, they were to wait till the end. With a great deal of difficulty, Sam put Peter's presence out of her mind and concentrated on getting down all the notes.

The professor left immediately following his lecture; several students trailed after him to ask the inane questions they hadn't gotten to ask in class. The husband-lookers from the back of the room converged on Peter – Sam quietly gathered up her materials and prepared to leave.

She couldn't help but linger over the task, however. Was this the type of guy who ate up this type of feminine attention? Or would he politely, but firmly put them in their place? Then she heard the words she dreaded, "Sorry, ladies—I have a girl already."

She was out the door before her disappointment could show on her face.

The semester progressed quickly. Peter chose to sit beside her each Wednesday night and by the end of the first few classes, the two had become friends. Student-friends, anyway. Their conversations rarely strayed from the class at hand. He had a girlfriend and Sam was not about to interfere. That was not true for the husband-lookers, however. Each week several of them positioned themselves near him, smiling and dropping things on the floor so they'd have to bend over—waaay over—to pick them up. Their low-cut tops and short skirts left little to the imagination. Sam just rolled her eyes, but Peter was always polite to them, sometimes even retrieving the dropped

object for them, returning it with a smile that had Sam considering dropping something herself.

This Wednesday night the professor returned a set of papers they'd turned in the week previous. He always handed them out face down; Sam turned hers over—a big, fat “B.” Her shoulders slumped. Peter flipped his over—an “A” —again. What was she doing wrong? Why didn't this professor like her papers?

“What's wrong?” Peter asked her at the end of class.

“My paper. I just can't seem to write to what he wants. He's given me a 'B' on every one I've written!”

“Let me see it.” There was a no-nonsense tone in his usually jocular voice and Sam handed Peter the paper without thinking. He read it through and turned to her, a questioning look in his eye. “Are you hungry? What do you say we go get a pizza and I can help you with your paper.”

Sam couldn't believe it. She had gotten, without even trying, what those floozies in the back of the room had been angling for all semester—a date with Peter. She shrugged her shoulders, feigning nonchalance even as her stomach did a small flip. “Sure.”

She followed him in her car as he drove to a small, out-of-the-way pizzeria on the edge of town. Inside, the place was cozy; they chose a booth in the back, ordered, and he pulled out her paper. A soft light overhead cast a romantic glow over his patrician features and Sam's stomach did another one of those flips. They were becoming annoying.

Peter handed her his paper, the red “A” prominent on the front. “Read this,” he told her and again she complied without question. What was it about that tone of his? It was commanding yet inviting; authoritative in a nice way that made her want to just do what he said.

She read through it, her heart dropping. It was informative, but dry as dust. The facts were there, but there was no sense of style, no heart. Smiling weakly, she handed it back to him when she was done.

“What difference did you notice between my paper and yours?”

Sam hesitated. She didn’t want to tell him his writing was boring and uninteresting. “Well, you covered the material—all your facts were there. But I had all the facts right, too.”

“Yes...he prompted. “But...”

“But you wrote yours like a textbook and I put more spirit in mine.” It was as tactful as she could manage.

He laughed out loud and Sam noted how the corners of his eyes crinkled into charming little crow’s feet. “You mean like a boring, old textbook, don’t you?”

She smiled in relief. “Yes, a *dusty*, boring old textbook.”

“I write these papers that way because that’s what the professor wants. This one isn’t interested in style and form—he wants the facts. Period. I get the ‘A’s’ because I don’t clutter the paper with elaborate sentence structure and fancy words.”

She wasn’t sure if she’d just been insulted or not. The waiter brought them their drinks, so she was saved from an immediate response. Once he’d gone, Peter continued.

“Now, don’t get me wrong. I liked your paper—and would much rather read that than the drivel I wrote. But I’m not giving you a grade, the professor is.”

Sam nodded, she had been in college long enough to know that most grades were achieved simply by guessing what the professors wanted and giving it to them. “I can do that. I can write dry and dusty. I won’t like it, but I can do it.” She sighed dramatically for emphasis and grinned at him.

He smiled at her and she noted how dark his eyes were in the dim light. Like dark pools one could just fall into...No. She brought herself up with a start. He had a girlfriend; she wasn’t going to walk down that road. This was simply two people sharing a bite to eat and discussing their class work.

"Your writing shows you have a wonderfully free sense of style—you create pictures with your facts that raises the information to a much more interesting level—a sensuous level," Peter told her.

She practically spit her soda. "Sensuous? Me? I mean, my writing? You've got to be kidding!"

"I'm not." His tone was dead serious. "Your grace with the language belies the studious woman who's been sitting next to me in class, intent on taking notes. In fact, show me the notes you take."

Looking at him doubtfully, she pulled out her notebook and opened it to the evening's pages. He got out his and put the two side-by-side. His hand brushed against hers and his fingers nipped playfully at the back of her hand. Sam's heart beat a little harder and when his hand closed around hers, she had to force herself to remain calm and keep a cool exterior image no matter how much she felt like melting and staring up at him with those doe eyes the flirts always used.

She stole a glance at him, but his attention was on the notebooks.

"Now, looking just at these two pages and pretending you know nothing about the people who wrote the notes, what would you think?"

Constantly aware that he was holding her hand, Sam had to admit that her handwriting was florid, with graceful curves and arcs that flowed across each line. His letters were more regimented, standing straight up as if at attention. Where her thoughts blended together as she connected ideas as she wrote, his were in a bulleted list, lined up along the side like troops on dress parade.

She smiled shyly. "Well, so my handwriting is fancier than yours. Most women have fancier writing than men."

He shook his head as he released her hand and put away his book. "Most women write with that silly over-round style and put hearts instead of dots over the 'i's.' Your style is older, one that brings to mind a quieter time, and still waters that run deep, Samantha." He held her gaze and those deeply guarded fantasies leapt into her mind.

For a moment, an image of her body spread between two poles on a busy street corner flashed through her mind. A man came up to use her, his strong fingers closing over her breasts—and he had Peter’s face. Flustered, she broke his look, struggling to rebuild the walls around her by turning to put her own notebook back on her seat.

“You know, most people just call me Sam,” she told him as she took a drink of her soda to cover her momentary unease.

“Do you mind if I don’t? Samantha is a much more fitting name for a woman. It’s too beautiful a name for too beautiful a person to shorten in such a way.”

She blushed. Why did he make her feel like a giggly schoolgirl? “That’s fine, I mean, if you want to call me Samantha, that’s okay,” she stammered. “I’ve heard some of the others in the class calling you ‘Pete,’ but I have to admit, you’re more a ‘Peter’ to me.”

“I am.” He nodded and Sam thought she saw a flash of anger in his eyes, quickly smothered. “I do not care for people who shorten my name without bothering to find out if I care or not. And those who do inquire, generally wouldn’t do so unless they know me. But by the time they know me, they know I prefer...” his hesitation was momentary, but Sam noticed it. “...Peter.”

The pizza came and they spent several moments getting slices off the tray and onto their plates.

“So, Samantha,” he cut into his pizza, it being too hot to hold just yet, “ may I venture a personal question?”

“Sure, go ahead.”

“Are you seeing someone?”

She almost choked on her pizza. He’d asked it casually, but looking into those depths she could not fathom, she heard the implication. Clearing her throat and steadying her nerves, she replied, “No. I’m not.”

“So then if I asked you for a date, a real date, you might say yes?”

As her heart jumped into her throat, she pushed it back where it belonged. "I couldn't—and you can't ask me. As I recall, you have a girlfriend."

For a moment he looked puzzled. Then his face cleared. "Ahh, the husband-catchers from the first day. No, I don't own anyone at the moment—I just told them that to dissuade them."

If she thought his phrasing odd, she ignored it. He was available and asking her out! Her heart soared.

"Well, *if* you asked me out, then I guess I'd say yes." She smiled coyly at him.

"A yes, or a no, Samantha. Would you let me take you on a date?"

His voice was stern with a lack of mirth in his eyes that surprised her a bit. "Very well, yes."

"Good."

He insisted on paying for the meal, even though she told him she wanted to pay him back for the free advice about her papers. "If you paid, then the advice wouldn't be free, now would it?" She acquiesced at that point.

Their cars were parked side-by-side, but he still walked her to her car door. There was the awkward moment once she unlocked her door, but hadn't yet said goodbye. It wasn't a date, she reminded herself; there would be no kiss, even though she wanted one. Out of long habit, the term "good girl" was broadcasting itself over all her speakers. He shut her door once she was inside and leaned on the open window.

"Friday night, 6:00. Be ready and I'll pick you up."

She grinned. "Be prompt!"

With a smile, he thumped her door and sauntered around to the other side of his own car. Sam waited till his engine turned over, then pulled out. She was halfway home before she realized she hadn't told him where she lived.

* * * * *

After spending a fruitless Thursday trying to find an address for him, she gave up. Peter was not listed in any directory she could find and the college treated that information as confidential. Sam really wanted this date. In spite of her intentions to remain entanglement-free until after graduation, she had really fallen for this guy. He was everything a girl could want – witty, charming, gorgeous, and above all, sexy. On the off chance that *he* would somehow find out where *she* lived, she was ready at 5:45, trying not to peek out her apartment window every other minute.

Peter hadn't told her where he was taking her, so Sam dressed in good, but not dressy slacks with a cream-colored turtleneck and scarlet knit sweater. Red definitely was her color and brought out the healthy glow of her complexion. Briefly she considered donning makeup, and just as she decided she would the ring of the doorbell startled her. Hurrying to the little window in her steel door she peeked through to see Peter's face distorted by the tiny glass. Suddenly nervous, she opened the door.

The first snowfall of the season had yet to fall, but the nights were definitely getting colder. Peter stood before her looking every inch like a magazine model in dark pants and a crisp, white shirt that accentuated his dark hair and those wonderful eyes. No tie graced his neck, but he did wear an unbuttoned black wool coat. Her breath caught and she tried not to stare.

"Good evening, my lady," he bowed before her and she laughed. Locking the door, she turned and dropped a flawless curtsy learned in years of ballet.

"Good evening, fair sir," she replied.

"Mmm...I like that you call me 'sir.' It sounds quite right coming from you."

She laughed again, thinking he was teasing her. He did not tell her otherwise, instead gesturing to the car at the curb. "This isn't your car!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, it is...Oh! You mean the car I had the other night? That's my winter rat. This one goes into storage this weekend – but I thought we might get one last run in it before spring."

The bright red MGB gleamed in the streetlights. The top was down and he handed her a scarf for her hair. She tied it around her chin like she'd seen the women do in the old 60's movies and they started off.

What a glorious ride! Never before had she ridden in such a tiny car—or so close to the road's surface. Once she realized they were not going to scrape bottom, but rather glide over the road's surface, she relaxed, letting his ease in traffic soothe her anxiousness.

The noise of the road precluded her asking where they were going. He pulled the sports car into a spot near one of the art house movie theatres and she felt again as if she had stepped back in time. The marquee read "*Gaslight*. Starring Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman and Joseph Cotton."

"I love the old movies and this place shows them the way they were meant to be seen—on the big screen," he explained as he led the way to the old-fashioned ticket booth.

Sam often had enjoyed the old black and white films, but had never seen this one. She knew the plot of course; everyone did. They munched on popcorn and watched as Charles Boyer drew his evil net closer and closer around Ingrid Bergman. Even as she applauded Joseph Cotton as he entered in the nick of time to save the luckless woman from her maniacal husband, there was a stirring deep inside her; to be so completely dominated by a man—a man she could trust—excited her in a very primal way. She felt Ingrid Berman's fear, but inside herself, it was mixed with a shameful excitement. Sam was grateful Peter did not get up to leave as soon as the words appeared at the end of the film; she needed a moment to regain her composure and hide away those shameful thoughts.

Heading out of the theatre, Peter suggested they go for a walk before returning to the car. It wasn't late and many of the businesses were still open. The street, known for its offbeat boutiques, stretched for several blocks. Peter took Sam's hand as the two of them meandered along, peering into the windows of an antique shop, a bicycle shop,

and a head shop before coming to a leather goods store. A customer was just leaving as they approached and the wonderful scent of leather came out to greet them. Sam took a deep, appreciative breath.

"You like leather?" Peter asked her.

"Oh, yes," she answered, a blush coming to her cheek. "My gloves are of leather, my boots, too. I've looked at the leather coats, but haven't bought one...yet."

"Why not?" he asked, and held the door open for her to enter.

"Haven't had the nerve, I guess. The type I like aren't exactly 'proper.'" She couldn't believe she just admitted that to him. What was wrong with her?

"Show me—I'm sure they have your 'type'. They have a good selection of leather goods here."

It didn't take long to find the style she wished she had the courage to wear. It wasn't really a coat—and that's what held her back. A coat was socially acceptable. But the leather bustier she now fingered was not. She ran her fingers over the soft, supple leather, knowing she would feel so sexy in it. His hand closed over hers, his fingers entwining the laces between their clasped hands and Sam's heart beat faster.

"I would love to see you in this," he murmured in her ear.

"Really? You wouldn't think me...," she couldn't bring herself to say the word.

He supplied it for her. "Slutty? No. You are a beautiful woman who has denied her sexuality for far too long, Samantha. You have a long way to go before you would deserve such a term."

The way he spoke, it was almost as if "slut" were a term of honor. Still, the leather called and she made up her mind. "All right," she said defiantly. "I'll get it." She pulled it off the rack and took it to the counter. Paid for, the clerk was about to put it in a bag when Peter stopped her.

"Samantha, I want you to wear this tonight. Put it on for me?"

It was funny how he asked her as if it were a question, yet she understood it was not a request he expected to be denied. Her cheeks blushed a deep red as the salesclerk indicated the fitting rooms in the back.

She stripped off her turtleneck and sweater while Peter waited out in the shop. Her bra would have to go as well. It took her several moments to lace the bustier, but the soft leather was sensuous indeed. Bare armed, her breasts confined only in the thin leather, she felt weak in the knees and rested her head on the wall a moment to recover. Gathering her courage, she folded her clothes and stepped out into the glaring light of the store.

He whistled and she had to grin. Pirouetting for him, she turned so he could see all sides. Of average build, her clothing size was a perfect 10 and her breasts filled out the top of the bustier showing just enough of her cleavage to make her a little nervous.

“Definitely a piece for you to wear,” he told her, his eyes not leaving her. “But you cannot go outside without your sweater—it’s too cold. Put on the turtleneck and sweater again, but leave the bustier on underneath.”

He held her sweater as she slipped the turtleneck over her head and arms. Again, she didn’t question his orders, but simply did as he instructed. What was wrong with her? Purchasing a sexy garment with a man in tow, and then parading it around so everyone could see her? The tightness of the lacing constricted her and she smoothed the turtleneck, tucking it into her jeans. She brushed her fingers over the bumps of the bustier that were definitely different than the bumps made by her bra. The feel of the leather caressing her skin made her feel all naughty underneath. Her panties were getting damp with her arousal, and blushing a bright red, she grabbed the sweater from his hands and pulled it on. Now the offending garment was hidden under two layers. Only the clerk, Peter and she knew it was there.

Flustered, she took his arm as they left the store, and let him lead her back to the car. A mist had formed and she helped him raise the cover of the MGB. Stretching to

bring it up and around, she felt the constriction of leather beneath her clothing. It was their secret and more and more she liked how wayward it made her feel.

They got inside and he started the car, warming it up. But he did not drive. Instead he turned to her, his eyes intent and serious.

“Samantha, I am a man of few words; I say what I mean and while I can be flowery about it at times, when it comes to speaking my heart, I am plainspoken.”

She nodded, unsure as to where he was going with this.

“You are a very beautiful woman. I have told you that several times and I think you’re beginning to believe me. You also have a sexual side you’ve denied exists – what you’re wearing now is proof of that.” He paused and took her hand.

“Samantha, I want to make love to you – passionate love. But I can’t abide coyness and girls who do not say what they mean. If you want me to make love to you, tell me. Be honest. If you’d rather I simply took you home, I can do that, too.”

“Peter, you’ve never even kissed me.” Her heart was beating wildly and she leaned forward, hoping he would catch her meaning.

His hand caressed her cheek and he leaned in until his lips almost touched hers. “Be careful, Samantha. I do not play games.” His nose brushed against hers and her breath caught. “There is an animal inside you. Do you wish for it to be awakened?”

“Peter,” she whispered, “ kiss me. Please. Let me see this animal inside me so I know if it should awake.”

His lips closed over hers and she breathed in his scent; odors of musk and pizza and leather clung to his skin and she felt something stir in the core of her being. His tongue pushed against her lips and she opened for him, opening the door of the cage inside her as she tasted him.

But the animal inside was a woman, chained to a post and used. Sam’s heart beat harder and she couldn’t breathe. “No!”

She pulled away, gasping for breath and fighting the tears.

"I felt the real you, Sam—the person you have trapped inside. You have spent years denying her existence, but she's there, isn't she? Let me help you, Sam. Let me help her."

Unsteadily, Sam looked across the tiny space, but could not meet his eyes. Her fingers twisted on her lap. "And if I say 'no' tonight—will I ever see you as anything other than the guy who sits next to me in class?"

"Yes." His hand caressed her cheek, the soft light of understanding and compassion in his eyes. "I will not push you, the decision will always be yours. If the answer is no tonight, it might be yes tomorrow, or the day after. You are the one I want, and I will seduce you with all my powers, Samantha. You will submit to me and you will let what's inside of you surface."

Part of her wanted to tell him just where he could put his seduction, part of her was intrigued enough to admit it was working. The flippant side of her rose up and she bit her tongue. He didn't like coy and she had to admit, it was only a defense she used when men got too close to her fantasies. And Peter was dangerously close.

"Yes," she heard herself tell him. "Perhaps someday soon I will." What was she doing? She should be digging a hole to bury that fantasy in and running away from this guy full tilt. Why she was telling him she would someday sleep with him?

He took her to her apartment then, walking her to her door as a perfect gentleman should. There was an awkward moment after she unlocked the door. Sam wanted him to kiss her again, and yet was afraid of what might happen if he did. Peter stood close beside her and she finally could not avoid it any longer. She looked up at him, meeting his gaze. Mesmerized, she watched him bend toward her, her lips parting as his face came closer. But again he stopped, his parted lips just a breath away from her. "I will not kiss you again, Samantha, until you submit to me."

She almost weakened right there. He was so close. All she had to do was lean just a bit closer...

But the wall slammed up between them of its own accord. She couldn't. She might want sex with him with every fiber of her being, but the good girl morals and the fear of him discovering her fantasy were too ingrained. She pulled back.

"I need more time, Peter." She could not meet his eyes.

"Then time you shall have, Samantha." He straightened, a knowing smile on his face. "See you Wednesday night. Now let me hear the lock click home so that I know you are all set and I will be off."

His command was her action. Sam switched on the inside light and closed the door, locking it even as she peeked through the little peephole at his now-distorted figure. She watched him turn and walk away while tears streamed down her face. He said he would be patient, but why did she feel as if she had made a big mistake?

* * * * *

The time until her Wednesday night class dragged. Sam knew she should be bothered by Peter's arrogance. Telling her she'd 'submit' to him. Fat chance. But then she would remember their kiss in his car and knew she just might do it. The days passed in a blur of mixed emotions.

Time was against her Wednesday and she ended up being late to class. One of the husband-lookers had taken her seat and smirked at her as she entered. Sam didn't care. The professor rambled on, barely looking up from his notes. Her late arrival didn't matter to him. Getting the information was her responsibility. She pulled out her notebooks and started scribbling furiously, her curlicues and beautifully formed letters blurring as she attempted to catch up.

But even her determination to get down every note did not stop her eye from wandering every once in a while in Peter's direction. He was dressed in jeans as usual...well, so was she. Where he wore a neat, light blue denim shirt, she wore a dark burgundy blouse, one that buttoned all the way to the collar. Surreptitiously, her hand

stole to her neck and unfastened a button. Feeling suddenly daring, her hand reached to unbutton a second one just at the moment the professor looked in her direction. Her hand froze in position. Only once he had looked away could she force her hand down and focus again on her notes.

At 9:00, the professor finished speaking and left as Sam flexed her very sore fingers. Little Ms. husband-catcher was making eyes at Peter, who ignored her and sauntered over to Sam's desk. "Come on, let's get you caught up on the notes."

Tempted though she was, Sam did not throw a victorious look towards the center of the room, though she felt the daggers in her back.

He had his winter rat again tonight. "Put the MGB away for the winter on Sunday," he told her, a regretful wistfulness in his voice. "Why don't you leave your car here? We'll take mine, then I'll bring you back to pick yours up."

It made sense to her and he drove the two of them out to the same pizza place they'd eaten the week before. She laughed when they pulled into the tiny parking lot. "They're going to think we're having a weekly tryst!"

"We are," Peter winked at her. "Or have you forgotten I have ulterior motives?"

"No," she smiled, the shyness coming back. "I haven't forgotten."

They ordered and he set his notebook where she could copy from it, explaining the parts she missed. It didn't take long and by the time the waiter brought the pizza to their table, she was caught up.

"So how did you feel wearing your leather bustier all through class tonight?" He sipped nonchalantly from his glass as her mouth fell open.

"How did you know? It's what made me late—I couldn't get the thing laced up fast enough."

He grinned and said nothing.

She looked around to see if anyone had heard her outburst and lowered her voice. "Come on, Peter, how did you know I'd worn it tonight?"

"How could you not? You liked wearing it the other night—and in spite of what your mind tells you, your body wants to submit to me."

"That's the second time you've used that word with me, 'Master Peter.' Just what do you mean?"

"There are several terms you've used in jest that give you away, Samantha." He leaned forward to put a slice of pizza onto her plate. "Sir, Master...these are words that come naturally to your lips—have you noticed?"

"But only in jest, Peter." He didn't think she'd actually call him that for real...did he? A new image flashed into her mind—not her tied to a pole, but her kneeling before him, her hands clasped willingly behind her back, her head bowed in submission. Sam's heart raced at the picture in her mind and she felt a sudden gush soak her panties. Did he really mean it? And more to the point, did she want him to mean it?

He waited to give his answer until she could look at him. "Samantha, I want to let that side out that you've kept buried for so long. How old were you when you realized you were different from the other girls? When you realized you liked leather and being tied up?"

Her face burned. How did he know? "Eleven," she whispered.

"You have a beautifully sensuous, sexy side of you that you've never let anyone see."

"I did let someone see—she called it dirty." Unshed tears collected in the corners of her eyes.

"But it isn't dirty, Samantha—it's wonderful. You want someone strong to take you in his arms and live out the fairy tale—and there's nothing wrong with that."

She sniffed back the tears. "But fairy tales aren't real. They don't come true."

"Do dreams come true, Samantha?" His voice was soft, probing at the deepest parts of her being. The pizza sat uneaten.

"Yes," she finally answered. "With hard work, dreams do come true."

His face broke into a grin as he sat back in the booth. "Yes, with hard work, dreams do come true," he repeated and she understood he was applying it to her desires. "I will not lie to you and say it will be easy. Nor will I try to 'gaslight' you, if that's your concern."

She smiled at him uneasily – those were exactly the lines along which her thoughts had taken her. The final scenes of the movie flashed through her memory.

Peter leaned forward again, his elbows on the table, his clasped hands resting on his chin. "Samantha, I am what's called a Dominant – the exchange of power between a man and a woman excites me a great deal. I would very much like for you to give me power over your body – over your being. In exchange, I can take you to heights you've never even dreamed of. Samantha, you are far too sensuous a woman to waste your life denying who you are. I want to show you a different life – will you let me?"

The old urges and fantasies surged to the fore. It made little difference now how he knew her secrets – he knew them, and he could make her dreams come true. She wanted to give into them – she wanted to make her fantasies real. But did she have the courage? "Yes," she whispered, her hands trembled as she clasped them in her lap. "Yes, I want you to," she whispered again, longing in her voice.

There was no look of triumph on his face, no gloating; only tenderness and support. He knew what she did not – the road she was about to set foot on was one full of dangers to her and her sensibilities. Once begun, she would never again be the same woman who sat here right now. She might choose to go back to where she was, but she would not return as the same person.

Neither of them were hungry now and Peter called to have the pizza boxed up. Outside the restaurant, he folded her in his arms and she clung to him as if her world had suddenly tipped sideways. Where was he going to take her? What would she find out about herself? He kissed her and she felt the good girl side of her yield to her own desires – she trusted him and knew if she stayed by his side, whatever she learned would only bring them closer.

“Will you stay with me tonight, Samantha?” he asked her, his arms holding her close.

“Yes, Peter, I will stay with you.”

He kissed her again, a kiss that started soft, until she yielded, her lips parting as his mouth sought more. Their tongues entwined, folded over one another, sought a depth neither could reach, and Sam leaned into his warmth and domination. She gave herself up to his desires, letting her own blend in, complimenting his and building new desires in each of them as he pulled her upper lip into his mouth, sucking it hungrily. A whimper rose in her throat and he swallowed it down, covering her mouth with his and melting her resistance.

When he finally let her go, her balance was unsteady, yet her heart was firm and beating hard. Ignoring the clarion of her good-girl side, Sam gave her will to Peter.

Chapter 2

Later, her virgin body tied down and spread wide on Peter's bed; her skin on fire from the heat of Peter's tongue, Sam wondered if her childhood friend had perhaps been right. There must be something drastically wrong with her to not only enjoy what Peter was doing to her, but to want more of it. Deep in her belly, there was an ache that grew under his hands—an ache that made her cry out her desire for possession.

The two of them had gone from the restaurant straight back to his place, leaving her car where it was in the college parking lot. His deep kisses and the sure touch of his hands on her convinced her that tonight was the night. For the moment, she'd managed to turn off the ever-present goody-two-shoes sign and let herself believe she was ready to be a bad girl.

He was polite, in a no-nonsense sort of way when they arrived at his place. She'd expected an apartment, but he pulled up to a regular, two-story, single family home.

"It's mine," he explained at her look of surprise. "When my grandparents died, they left me quite a bit of money. I've used it to put myself through school and to buy a house as an investment."

Ever the gentleman, he came around and opened her door for her, handing her out as if she were a great lady. Sam was so nervous she trembled as she took his hand, still not quite believing that she would go through with it. *No coyness, no coyness*, ran through her head like a mantra. *You want this, Sam. You want him to be the one to do it.* But the passion in the parking lot had cooled and the sane, shy side of her threatened to take over again. Still, she followed him inside.

The house was sparsely furnished. They stood in the hall—a stove light in the kitchen ahead was the only light on as they entered, but it gave enough light to show there was no table in the dining room to their left and only a few pieces of furniture in

the living room on their right. "The money went only so far," he grinned and shrugged. "But I bought what I wanted to." And with that enigmatic comment, he pulled Sam to him in the hall, his strong arms holding her close as he covered her mouth again with his kiss.

She resisted a moment, then let him kiss her while her stomach did flip flops inside her. Knowing he could feel her tenseness, she tried to relax into his lips the same way she had in the parking lot, but the good-girl thoughts were crowding her again.

As if he could feel them, Peter pulled away. "Samantha, if you'd rather not, I understand. There is no need to rush this. You said in the car that are a virgin—that you are even considering giving that to me is a tremendous honor and I value it highly. If you'd rather, I can take you home now."

She knew he would. All she had to do was say the word, and he'd pack her back up and take her back to her car. And he would continue to seduce her...but for how long? At what point would he get tired of waiting for her? She had never met a man like Peter—a man who was so confident in his manner, who knew exactly what he wanted, who came up with a plan to get it and then did it. No wishy-washy attitude, no games. Peter had told her he wanted her—and that he wanted power over her. It was what she wanted, too. No games, no playing. She took a deep breath.

"I'd like to stay, please."

"You have a lot of inhibitions that have built up over the years and they will not come down in one night, Samantha." He did not approach her, but rather stayed an arm's length away—giving her the space she needed to think.

"Any dream worth making come true, takes a lot of hard work." Sam's chin came up as her confidence came back. He had told her it wouldn't be easy back in the restaurant.

"I will make it a little easier for you—at least for tonight." He held out his hand and she put her slender fingers in his, still trembling inside, but not quite as frightened. Peter led her into the darkened living room where the streetlight streamed through the

wide picture window that stood framed by heavy drapes not yet pulled against the night. In the dimness she saw his tall figure bend down; a lamp spread a small aurora of light as his fingers found the switch. Peter pulled her around to sit on the small loveseat that had been placed before the window and moved to close the drapes.

It was certainly a male room, she noted, smiling at her own stereotyping. The walls were beige, the curtains were a slightly darker shade of beige, and the hardwood floor was covered with a large beige rug that matched the curtains. The loveseat she sat on was beige and brown checked. Her smile deepened as her body responded to the masculinity of the room, her heart beginning a wild thumping.

He saw her smile and sat beside her, again taking her hand. His eyes, dark with passion, gentled as he explained the safe-words he was giving her. "I want you to think of a traffic light. When I ask you how you're feeling, you are to answer one of three ways. If you say 'green,' I know it's all right to proceed, that you are doing just fine. If you say 'yellow,' I know you need to pause for a moment. At that point, we'll stop what we're doing and talk it through. If you say 'red,' we stop completely. 'Red' means you've reached your limit and cannot continue. You can use these words any time. Even if I don't ask you, you can call one of them out, especially 'yellow' and definitely 'red.' Does that make sense to you?"

She nodded. "Yes, you are giving me back some of my control, aren't you?"

His face relaxed into a wide grin. "Yes, Samantha, I am. This is an exchange of power tonight, but you need to understand that, in many ways, you still retain all the control you ever had."

"Thank you, Peter...or should I call you Master?" She was feeling much calmer now, although the thought of calling out colors in the midst of sex seemed a little absurd. Lovers never did that in the movies.

'Course they never had sex like she fantasized about in the movies either. Her head swam for just a moment as she thought of herself spread as she was in her dreams,

completely open to Peter's desires. She swallowed hard and forced herself to look at him.

"You may call me Peter," he told her gently. "You will call me Master when you are ready – the term will come from within you, not because I ask it, but because you need it."

Again she nodded, although the ground under her was anything but stable. The step she took tonight was irreversible...and she was ready. But what did she do now? Would he undress her? Or did he expect her to undress him? With a critical eye she glanced at the buttons on his denim shirt. Just how hard was it to unbutton a shirt where the buttons were on the wrong side? She knew full well that "tab A" fit into "slot B" but how on earth did they get to that part?

"Come with me, Samantha." Peter stood, not letting go of her hand.

With her heart pounding in her ears, Sam tried not to hang back as Peter led the way upstairs. A small nightlight burned in the bath just off the top of the stairs, but otherwise the house up here was dark. The corridor turned and Sam realized the house was bigger than it looked as Peter paused at a darker patch in the wall. In the darkness, she felt him turn toward her and knew his face was but inches from her own.

Their breaths intermingled as his lips barely touched her in a tender kiss so filled with gentleness she could not help but lean forward, drinking in more. And then his lips pulled away, the soft kiss lingering on her lips when he left her standing there to enter the darkness. Sam leaned on the doorjamb to keep her bearings until a match flared and Peter lit a candle. A wondrous sight, revealed by the small light, made her heart quicken again.

She stood in the doorway of what was obviously the master bedroom – the wide sweep of the room and the huge queen sized, mahogany four-poster in the center took her breath away. Her eyes drank in the sight as Peter lit several more candles and each new flame threw more light onto the bed. Pillows and bolsters ran amok at its head; the

comforter had already been thrown back to let the red satin sheets shimmer in the growing light.

“Peter, it’s beautiful!” Dimly the other pieces of furniture registered in her mind: two matching nightstands, a highboy, a small roll top desk. The walls glowed warmly in the candlelight, the dark richness of the scarlet walls reflecting her own sudden desires. Her attention, however, was fixed on the bed. The Victorian atmosphere was a fitting place to seduce a woman.

“I’m glad you like it.” Peter unbuttoned his denim shirt as he crossed the room to set down the matches. Keeping his back to her, he removed the shirt in one swift motion and tossed it into a basket against the wall. The candlelight shimmered on the rolling ripples of his muscular back and the controlled tension of his passionate need. Sam’s knees weakened as he turned and approached her, his steps cat-like; measured and slow.

A jumble of emotions ripped through her—torn between wanting to feel his soft kiss on her lips again while running her hands along his naked body—and knowing she should fly away and save her principles while she still could. At each step he took, her good girl side screamed, ‘*Get out.*’ Her breath quickened and her chest felt tight.

Then his strong hands slid around her waist and he covered her mouth with the kiss she so desperately wanted. He penetrated her willing lips, but as their tongues touched, Sam’s body sagged and her traitor knees gave way. Peter’s strong arms caught her up and carried her as if he carried her away from danger. Her head swam as Peter crossed the few paces to the bed and set her down beside him, letting her lean on him and revel in his strength. When his skilled fingers unbuttoned each button of her blouse, she did not protest.

Why did it feel like her head was wrapped in cotton? Almost as if she were detached from the events, Sam watched as Peter’s sensitive hands pushed the dark garment off her shoulders, revealing the leather bustier she had worn just for him. She hadn’t been entirely truthful about why she was late to class earlier—it wasn’t that the

lacing had given her trouble, it was the fantasy she had spun for herself as she put on the soft leather and pulled the laces tight. A fantasy that now was coming true. As Peter skimmed his finger along the top rim of the leather, her mind came back to the present and she was acutely aware of how her breasts bulged under its confines.

"Mmmm, I think we'll leave this on for a while," Peter murmured in her ear. The leather is very sexy on you." His hand idly toyed with the laces for a moment before moving purposely to her waist. With a deft flick of his fingers, her jeans opened and he slid the zipper down. She whimpered a bit as his warm hand slid between her panties and the jeans. In spite of herself, Samantha pushed his hand away.

"No, please." She didn't mean it, but the words came out of her anyway.

"Remember, you have a code to use, Samantha."

It was difficult to breathe with him so close. "Green." She meant to say it calmly and with certainty. It came out as a bare whisper.

With a considerate smile, Peter helped her to stand. Her eyes were level with his nipples standing at attention in the night air. While she had an urge to lean forward and lick one of them just to see what they tasted like, she could not quite bring herself to be so forward. His hand brushed against her face and she looked into his dark eyes that smoldered with command and domination. No games, he had told her. Obviously, he meant it.

"I'm a patient man, Samantha. I want to have you tonight and I will. And it will be because you have begged me to take you. You will want this as much as I. I will have you no other way." With that glint of calm authority in his eye, he brushed her hair out of her face. "But your hands are too conditioned by years of upbringing. Let's take care of those first so they stop getting in our way."

Gently he turned her now so that she faced the bed with its shining scarlet sheets. His hands ran down her arms, pulling them behind her; she did not resist. Too late she felt the cold metal around her wrist and heard the 'snick' as the handcuffs locked. In

surprise, Sam tried to pull her arms around to the front; first one way, then the other as she twisted around, trying to see the device that inhibited her movement.

Peter stepped around her, watching her explore her binding as he sat down on the bed, one hand resting gently on her waist to steady her, the other resting casually on his lap. Her eye caught the glimmer of keys dangling from his fingers and she stilled. Candlelight flickered in his eyes; Sam saw her fears reflected in their darkness.

"Peter..." She hesitated. Just what was she going to object to? From the moment he kissed her in the parking lot, she intended to lose her virginity tonight. Was she now going to balk because he was getting so close to the fantasy she held all her life? A smile crept over her mouth, twisting it into a wry shape. "Green." Her voice was steady this time, stronger.

"Then let's get you undressed all the way, shall we?" Peter's hands slipped under her jeans again, this time keeping contact with her skin as he pulled down her pants and panties at the same time. Her cheeks hot with a mixture of eagerness and shame, she allowed him to remove her clothing. Kneeling on the floor to help her untangle her feet from the two garments, he gently pushed her over and she fell onto the bed wearing nothing but her leather bustier and a pair of handcuffs.

There was no denying the wetness between her legs. Her scent was so strong even she could smell it. Cheeks flaring in embarrassment, she tried to apologize. "I'm sorry...I can go wash..."

"Why?" The look he gave her was one of puzzlement. "Each person has a distinct odor—it is nothing to be ashamed of. In time, you will come to appreciate your own scent." As if to prove to her he was not offended, his fingers now trailed along her mound and dipped between her lips to gently touch her clit.

No man had ever touched her there before. Warmth spread through her at his stroke. Acting on pure instinct, Samantha gasped and spread her legs wider, knowing it made her look like a hussy, but not really caring as his soft caress pummeled the last of

her good girl walls to dust. Unbidden, the image of a street corner came into her mind, her bound body spread between two poles, ready for use.

“Samantha, have you ever had an orgasm?”

His question shocked her back to reality. What a thing to ask! The coy, independent side of her leaped to the forefront with a sharp retort. “What difference does it make?”

He withdrew his hand and gave her one of those patient looks. Tears forming in her eyes at her own embarrassment, she nodded. “Yes, I have had a few small orgasms. But nothing like what I have read about in the romance books. I also know I have a small...” She couldn’t look at him. Staring at the deep red of the ceiling, she forced herself to finish her sentence. “I have a small clit, so I guess big orgasms aren’t going to happen for me.”

His laugh was rich and deep and rolled around the room like far away thunder over the mountains. “Oh, Samantha! Your climax has nothing to do with the size of your clit and everything to do with the skill of the one who manipulates it.” He smiled kindly down on her. “Tonight you will have one to rival the romance books.

“Let’s get you more comfortable, shall we?” Peter’s deft hands rolled her over onto her stomach and the silkiness of the satin sheets brushed against her cheek. For a moment, Sam wished he had taken off her bustier so she could feel their slippery softness on her breasts as well. The handcuffs released under his key and she sat up, rubbing her wrists more out of nervousness than need. With great willpower, she kept her hands from delving downward to cover her nakedness. Self-conscious again, she kept her legs shut tight and watched as he opened a drawer to put away the handcuffs and pull out something else. Something long, and red, and silky.

“Come on, back down on the bed,” he instructed her. “Arms up.”

In spite of the romantic atmosphere of the Victorian four-poster, the candles and the red satin sheets, Sam felt far from romantic. Unsure, scared, excited—yes. Romantic—no. Still, she did as Peter commanded, reminded by his tone that she was giving him control.

With a quick efficiency, Peter knotted the silk scarf around her right wrist, then pulled it up to tie around the bedpost. All the while he kept up a small patter, keeping her mind occupied and her emotions calm. Satisfied she was firmly bound, he sauntered around the end of the bed on his way to fasten her other wrist with a second, matching silk scarf.

He never took his eyes off her the entire way around the bed, appreciating the curves of the woman who lay before him. "You have a beautiful body, Samantha. With the weather turning colder, I know you want to favor turtlenecks and sweaters, but there's no reason you should stick with plain cotton underwear."

"I haven't had anyone to show myself off to." He was wrapping her other wrist in the soft silk and her voice quavered a bit. Peter was tying her open, just as she had always wanted. The dim voice of her upbringing urged her to tug on her bindings—to fight what Peter was doing to her. Instead, she smiled to let him know she was fine.

"You have me to show off for now. I like your body very much, Samantha." Peter finished securing her wrist to the bedpost and moved a few pillows to make it comfortable for her to rest her arms. Satisfied, he sat beside her and entwined his fingers in the laces of her bustier again. "Yes, I like your body—it's soft and giving—you take good care of yourself, I can tell. I like the heaviness of your breasts..." Peter paused to run his finger over the rim of the bustier, his touch sending a small shiver along Sam's spine. He chuckled. "I like how my touch affects you and your body. In fact, I am ready to see the rest of you now."

With a quick pull on the bow, the suede laces came undone. Sam's breath caught in her throat and she tried not to breathe as Peter slowly pulled the laces through, lest her rising and falling breasts betray her arousal. Unhurried, deliberate, Peter bared her body bit-by-bit to his sight. With each pull, more of her breast popped over the edge until the leather gave way and the bustier lay completely open on the bed. Desperately wanting to cover herself, her arms pulled down of their own accord, but the scarves

held her firmly in place. Sam forced herself to remain still and not squirm as Peter's slender fingers closed over first one breast, and then the other.

Squeezing their ample fullness in his hands, Peter kneaded her soft flesh and Sam arched her back, pushing them up to him. When he leaned forward and his lips encircled one of her nipples, his tongue gently brushing the very tip, Sam gasped and heard herself plead wordlessly for more.

The virtuosity of a concert pianist, the deft fingers of a classical harpist, and the trained hands of a surgeon all get the proper respect they deserve. But held against Peter's hands as he manipulated her body, those skilled artisans were no more than amateurs. Rolling each nipple in his fingers, the nubs hardened to tight little buds of fire. For a moment, the warmth of his tongue covered them, and when he moved down along her body, her wet nipples tingled in the night air.

She squirmed on the bed as his tongue circled her navel. Stopping, he looked up at her, mischief in his eyes. With a sudden dive, he wet his lips and blew a raspberry into her belly button. She shrieked, jerking her knees up more in reflex than a desire to stop him, then giggled as he blew another one.

"Oh, Peter!" She gasped for breath. "Last time I got zerbled, I was in grade school!"

"High time you got another one, then!" He dove for her throat this time, and planted a wet, sloppy raspberry right at the base of her throat and at the exact same moment, slipped his hand between the folds of her pussy. The incongruous mixture of playful fun and sudden arousal activated every nerve ending; her back arched and she cried out in a confusion of elation and longing.

With barely a pause, Peter slid down the bed and pulled her leg aside, climbing over it. He started a dive toward her mound, but what few 'good girl' instincts she still had rebelled, slamming her legs toward each other. "Oh, Peter, no—please. You can't!" He wasn't really going to put his mouth down there, was he?

"Samantha, I can and I want to." All frivolity disappeared as Peter climbed off the bed and pulled two more silk scarves out of the bureau drawer. At the foot of the bed

he paused, running them through his hands. She knew he waited for her signal. He would not wrest control from her; she had to give it up willingly.

She understood why. If she voluntarily gave up control to him, it was for their mutual pleasure. It was the exchange of power he'd spoken of earlier. But if he forced the issue and tied her to the bed without her assent, then the sex wasn't consensual—it was rape.

Clearing her throat and not looking away, she slowly, shyly opened her legs for him. "Green." Her voice was sure and firm.

The smile on his face made her consent all the more pleasurable. In the candlelight, dimples showed in his cheeks, casting small shadows that served to highlight his cheekbones. With a few deft ties, he knotted the scarves around each ankle and tied them to the bedposts. Sam was where she always had wanted to be—spread-eagled and available. Just as she had always fantasized.

Open.

Exposed.

Helpless.

Of its own accord, her body writhed on the bed. Not fighting the bindings, but reveling in them. She twisted and pulled, testing and enjoying the wonderful feeling of helplessness that spread through her. It was a feeling she longed for, had dreamed of in endless nights of frustration. What wasn't expected was the freedom. With her body bound, she now could pretend she had no choices whatsoever. She could pretend that what was about to happen to her was out of her hands.

But she didn't want to pretend. For too many years she had lived with the pretense and hidden her desires. Tonight, Peter was turning her into the object she always wanted to be. The thought of what he might do to her—what he could do to her—made her whimper as her pussy flooded with her arousal, the white cream oozing between her lips, readying her body for his use.

When she finally settled, her cheeks were flushed and a fine sheen coated her body, making it glimmer in the candlelight. The nipples on her breast, hard as two little pebbles, had grown dark with desire. She wanted them touched...kissed...tasted. Panting, her eyes sought Peter's as she smiled her resigned-yet-excited acceptance of her position.

Although he had removed his shirt, Peter still wore his jeans. The eroticism of her position, naked and spread on the bed, while he remained dressed and in control above her, made her breath quicken in anticipation. Trembling, she watched him kick off his shoes and lean forward to take off his socks. She knew he watched her as he undressed; his eyes focused on her, soaking in the sight of her naked body. But she could not meet his eyes; each movement he made brought her closer to the moment when he would take her. She held her breath as his hands undid the belt at his waist; she could not take her eyes from his long fingers as he unzipped his jeans. Sam could already see the bulge of his arousal and she squirmed on the bed, whimpering in her awakening.

Peter took his time, drawing out the moment and his teasing had the desired effect. Sam's fear and arousal grew stronger with passing moment. When he stepped out of his pants and faced her wearing only a pair of tight jockeys, he knelt on the bed beside her where she would have a very good view of what was in store for her.

Reaching down, he cupped his cock and uncovered himself, pushing the jockeys down to his thighs so she could see. Already hard from watching her helplessness, his cock throbbed with life. Sam whimpered again at the sight of his size. Of course she had seen pictures in magazines, and Peter was as well endowed as any of those models. But the images on paper did not capture the beauty of the purple-blue veins that pulsed just beneath the surface, or the wonderful musky scent of a man's sex. Nor could a photo capture the softness of his cock's velvety tip when he brushed it along her breast. Her body responded and she arched in her bindings, wanting to touch him, to taste him—to feel him inside her even as she feared the unknown.

Once more Peter knelt between her bound legs and this time Sam willed her body to be still, making no effort to stop him. For a moment, he lightly traced her stomach with his fingers before coming down to brush them against her mound as he shifted position to stretch his length between her legs. Deftly, his fingers separated the folds of her pussy, one finger gently tracing wet lines among the valleys. His head disappeared from her view and she lay back on the pillows, her muscles involuntarily trying to close her legs. But once she felt his breath on her nether lips, Sam sighed and gave in to the sensations that threatened to overwhelm her. She did not want to fight them any longer – her fantasy became her reality: she was tied and helpless and was an object for him to use however he pleased.

Peter's strong fingers held her lips apart so that his warm, soothing tongue sliding between them, licked up the juices pooled there. So wet, so soft, so gentle...at first she almost didn't realize his tongue created the juices he so eagerly swallowed. Letting go of reason, Sam felt the last of the good girl switches flick off for good. Releasing the tension inside, she let herself float just like she floated on the pond when she was little, when she would lie peacefully watching the trees above her.

But on the pond she didn't have the little tension growing between her thighs. At first, Peter's soft tongue just licked and filled her with the serenity that comes to a woman who simply accepts her position. But as smoothness of his tongue focused her world on her clit, her body responded, arching upward to meet him. While she did not understand her body's workings, Peter did and knew she was his to play with now. When he replaced his tongue with the wonderful suction of his lips as he pulled her clit into his mouth, the colors of her perception changed.

The cool greens of the pond gave way to the deep red of the satin sheets she lay upon. He sucked harder and the reds turned to oranges and flames of yellow behind her closed eyes. His tongue flicked out over her clit, pressing hard on it, sweeping across and around her bud with a relentless pressure. She writhed on the bed, trying to get away from his tongue...his touch. But she lay bound. Helpless. There was no escape

from the force of his assault. His tongue kept up the merciless agony until she cried out and the world turned white behind eyes she held tightly shut watching rainbow fragments burst inside her body and mind. Over and over the colors swirled as her blood pulsed its pleasure throughout her—colors that exploded from her focused center to the tips of her tingling fingers, that radiated past her weakened knees to her far-away toes, and rushed up through her heart to burst out of her body through her voice as her cries filled the darkness of the room with their color.

And then, slow as the fading of a rainbow, the colors faded into darkness as Peter pulled away and allowed her body to still.

Several moments later, she opened her eyes to the gentleness of the candlelight. Peter now knelt between her legs, his smile one of satisfaction.

“One for the romance books?” he asked, his eyes twinkling in the candlelight.

“Yes, sir,” she answered, her breathing still ragged, but her eyes finally focusing on his face. “Thank you. That was...incredible.”

“Good, because I’m afraid this next part might hurt a little.”

“I’m ready.” And she was. Boys were not the only ones to talk in locker rooms. Sam knew when her virginity was taken that it would hurt. Staring at the ceiling, she tensed, preparing for the pain that would come.

Gently Peter eased his finger into her, rubbing along her clit as he did so. The warm green feelings bubbled up inside her once more and she relaxed a bit. “Good,” he told her. “Don’t tense up; just let the emotions carry you along. Feel my hand on you and know I will not hurt you.”

Two fingers now dipped inside her, stretching her and she eased herself in her bindings. When a third finger slipped inside there was a snapping pressure and she gasped as the pain shocked her. Like a dart, the sharpness stabbed into her and she arched her back and squirmed to try to get away from the fingers that invaded her. Peter did not let up, however, his movements slow and gentle as he rubbed his fingers in and out of her virgin pussy. In only moments, she forgot the pain as it subsided and

pleasure mounted again. There was a soothing rhythm to his fingers and Sam's heated body responded, now pushing against his hand as far as her bindings would let her.

And when he changed positions, taking his hand away to replace it with his cock, he paused. His dark eyes smoldered with desire as he gazed down on her helpless body, the candlelight reflecting off the curves and arches of her body as he awoke the woman chained inside her soul.

"Samantha, do you want this? Do you want me to take you like this, spread on the bed, open to my whim? Tell me, Samantha, is this what you want?"

And so there she was, her body on fire from the heat of his tongue, spread for use as she always had fantasized, and wanting it. Wanting his possession of her, wanting him to claim her.

"Yes, Peter!" Sam knew she was begging just as he said she would, but couldn't help it. Her nipples stood to the ceiling, the perspiration gleaming as her body poised on the edge of another orgasm. "Please, Sir, please take me!"

She felt the tip of his cock push against her and for a moment, her body resisted. Arching her back to give him better access, she willed herself to ignore the discomfort—and then she was past it as his long, thick cock slid in and filled her tight virginity.

Slowly at first, then with more insistence, he thrust his long cock into her. Each thrust pulled her further open and forced her further into her fantasy. She was tied open—and a man used her body for his own pleasure. The tension between her legs grew again as the rainbow of colors reformed in her mind.

"Open you eyes, Samantha. Look at me."

Peter's words were her command and she obeyed. She saw his muscles straining in his neck...the furrow of his brow as his eyes bored into hers. The tempo of their movements increased.

"Let go, Samantha. Let go and look into my eyes. Come for me; give me your climax."

With a feral cry, the world turned white as the saturated colors burst inside her. She felt her muscles contract around his cock as it invaded her...goaded her...possessed her. Staring into his eyes as she went over the edge, she saw an answering passion in his eyes.

Her body beginning its descent, Sam watched as Peter pulled out of her with a satisfied groan to gush his white seed on her belly. The warmth of his come spread over her skin and she rose to accept it. Never had she been so fulfilled, so peaceful, so content. The expectations built up by years of dreaming were met, crested and exceeded by the reality of Peter's domination.

For several moments time suspended as they labored to catch their breaths. Finally, Peter eased himself over her legs, climbing off the bed to untie her wrists. He handed her several tissues so she could wipe her stomach while he undid her ankles, massaging her legs to keep them from cramping. Satisfied that she would be all right, he pulled the comforter up over her nakedness. Perhaps someday she would have the courage to taste him, but not tonight—Sam had gone as far as she could for one evening. Sliding in beside her, he spooned her into his arms—his warmth soothing her, reassuring.

"You are a beautiful woman, Samantha," he murmured in her ear. "You do not need a man to tell you what to do in your life, but you do need direction in the bedroom."

"I was awfully...easy tonight," Sam answered, the pre-conditioned emotional control in her psyche trying to switch back on. Would he respect her in the morning? Did all men only want one thing? Did she care? She did. Very much.

Peter chuckled. "No, Samantha, you were not easy. Believe me, I worked very hard to give you a pleasant experience tonight. Do you know why?"

She shook her head.

"Because I have fallen in love with you."

Her heart skipped a beat and she turned around to face him. "You have?"

"Yes. Is that so surprising?"

“Oh, Peter, I love you, too. I fell in love with you that very first night we went for pizza! I never could have come here tonight if I hadn’t and...”

He stopped her rambling with a kiss so soft and gentle that Samantha had no trouble turning off the switches again, letting herself merge with the woman in the cage. For the first time in her life, she felt whole. Peter saw the chained woman inside her soul and loved her in spite of it. Or maybe because of it. Sighing, she pressed against him, letting the kiss deepen, letting his tongue possess her; knowing she had found, literally, the man of her dreams.

And deep inside her soul, an eleven-year-old girl smiled to see the woman she had become.

About the author:

For many years, Diana Hunter confined herself to mainstream writings. Her interest in the world of dominance and submission, dormant for years, bloomed when she met a man who was willing to let her explore the submissive side of her personality. In her academic approach to learning about the lifestyle, she discovered hundreds of short stories that existed on the topic, but none of them seemed to express her view of a d/s relationship. Challenged by a friend to write a better one, she wrote her first BDSM novel, *Secret Submission*, published by Ellora's Cave Publishing.

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Also by Diana Hunter:

Secret Submission



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