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YVETTE HINES
SPEED DATING

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A PHAZE FETISH HEATSHEET BY

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SPEED DATING

Also by Yvette Hines

Santa's Helper

One

"Place order? Yes." Jenna hit the enter button on her keyboard and waited for the confirmation of her order.

Diiiiing-dong.

Like Pavlov's dog, Jenna's heart accelerated at the sound of the doorbell. Grabbing her mouse, she maneuvered the cursor down the screen until her desktop toolbar popped up, allowing her to see the time in the corner. The time reflected her exact speculation.

"Always on time." She rose from her desk and walked across her living room toward the front door. Stopping next to the Montello console table, she eyed the plain woman reflecting back at her. She quickly fluffed and fingered the wild natural curls in her hair then snatched off her glasses. Immediately, her eyes began to squint so she put them back on. Blind as an earthworm without them, she didn't want to make a mistake and reach for the *wrong* package.

Giving up, she opened the door, pasting on what she hoped was a sassy smile on her face, and not one showing the silly giddy emotions fluttering in her stomach.

A brown and tan delivery uniform never looked so good. Malcolm's six-foot frame encased in the khaki material made her mouth water. He was a bittersweet chocolate like an authentic candy bar and probably just as delicious. With Valentine's Day coming up she would love to have a sample of him. *Now, how can I get that ordered from Amazon?* Swallowing, so she wouldn't drool, she greeted him, "Hi, Mr. Douglas."

The ever-familiar lopsided grin played with a single corner of his mouth. "Ms. Taylor, everyday for the last three months I've been telling you to call me Malcolm."

She laughed, attempting to make it sound lighthearted and whimsical. Not in her nature to be carefree and flirtatious, but Malcolm posed the best opportunity for her to practice it daily. "As your customer, I'm ordering you to call me Jenna."

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The verbal dance started their encounter every evening, but like always there was something in Malcolm's eyes each time she said the final line. She couldn't call it a sparkle or twinkle, because the slight twitch of one of his eyebrows made the look indescribable. Jenna always felt as if he were attempting to give her a message, but maybe his professional integrity declared he uphold some honor system.

He gave her a sexy smile, erasing the earlier look. "I couldn't do that."

Sighing, she moved into the next phase of their conversation. "So what do you have for me today?"

Pulling both a small box and his electronic clipboard from under his arm, he held them out to her. "I've never asked you before, but what kind of business do you own?" Malcolm pulled out the stylus from the top of the clipboard and passed it to her.

After the first month, Malcolm stopped giving her the formality speech about where to sign. Everyday for the last three months, except Sunday, made it redundant.

Their fingers brushed as she reached to take the pen-like object from him causing her skin to tingle as if a million fuzzy caterpillars were crawling up her arms. Her breathing laborious, her mouth went dry and on impulse, her tongue darted out of her mouth, sliding along her bottom lip, barely moistening it. Malcolm's eyes followed the movement of her tongue with what she could only hope was interest. It took every ounce of her strength not to step onto her porch and throw herself into his arms.

Her fingers poised above the mini signature window, she gazed into his hazel eyes when they once again met hers. Squeezing the stylus, to hide the slight tremble of her hands, she asked, "Why do you think I own a business?"

Malcolm shrugged. "Most people I deliver to daily own a business they run from home." Tapping the top corner of the box, he continued, "Another tip, all your packages come from the same place."

She could feel her shoulders sink as understanding dawned on her fully. To Malcolm she was just another frequent flier customer. If she were her best friend Natalie, she would have been saucy and flippant, telling him she was ordering dildos in various sizes for an orgasm experiment. But, she was Jenna. "I don't have a business. They're just books."

The tilt of his head appeared both sexy and curious. "Books? You know you can order them shipped in one package?"

Jenna laughed again. It sounded weak and flat to her own ears. She didn't want to even consider how it may have appeared to Malcolm. "I'm impatient and don't want to wait. I do a lot of pre-ordering."

"Hey, I don't mind. You're one of my favorite customers. I like seeing you each day."

Malcolm's words made her sure the depression she now felt was evident to him. *Man, that just made me feel more pathetic.*

"Thanks." For once, she couldn't wait to get out of Malcolm's presence. Stepping deeper into her house, she ended the encounter. "I need to get back to something...I was doing." She made a flapping gesture over her shoulder toward the general direction of her living room.

"Well, I'm sure I'll see you tomorrow." He told her confidently as he smiled, displaying an even set of pearl white teeth contrasting his dark skin.

Remaining silent, Jenna gave him a small nod then closed the door, refusing to allow herself the pleasure of watching his sexy swagger toward his truck. She always loved Malcolm's walk. His type of walk gave women wet dreams and titillating fantasies. Because of it and Malcolm himself, she frequently found herself masturbating on her couch minutes after his departure. Not today.

Today, she pressed her back against the hard, cold door feeling like a fool. Banging her head against the hard wood, she called herself and idiot repeatedly.

Her ringing phone stopped her self-abusive sadistic behavior.

Dejected, she walked over to the couch and sat down before answering the phone. "Hello."

"Man, Jenna, you sound like your best friend has been abducted by aliens and changed into a pod. This is not true, because I can attest to the fact I am here, whole and sexy."

"Great." Jenna tucked her feet under her hips, dragging a finger up and down the sharp crease in her slacks. She never changed out of her work clothes until after Malcolm left. The outfits she wore to work were not sexy or daring; they were business casual, appropriate for a legal secretary. They easily beat her normal lounge-around-house grunge, consisting of sweatpants and extra large T-shirt.

"Earth to Jenna!" Natalie yelled into the phone. "Maybe you're the one who has been abducted. I thought you'd be halfway through your second orgasm by now. What happened, lover boy didn't show up today?"

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Gazing up toward the window, Jenna stared through the sheer curtains to her front yard. "Yeah, he showed. Just like always."

"Okay, girl." Bold authority entered Natalie's voice. "You're going to tell me what has upset you, or I'm coming over *now*."

There was no doubt in Jenna's mind Natalie would be over to her house in a flash if she didn't spill the news. "Fine, if you want to hear how foolish your friend is, then I'll tell you."

"Don't skip any of the details either." Natalie ordered.

Jenna filled her friend in on the conversation between her and Malcolm. "Now, I know, there's no chance for Malcolm and I."

Jenna heard her friend exhale loudly into the phone.

"Please don't tell me you're back at the black and white song and dance again."

Shocked, Jenna exclaimed, "What? No. I was talking about the fact Malcolm has never thought of me in any way except as a customer."

"Chin up, Jenna. You don't know for sure."

A humorless laugh erupted from Jenna. "Yes, I do."

"Jenna, I've told you for months to be straight forward with Malcolm. You wouldn't be moping if you would've just told the man you wanted to fuck him until his dick was raw."

There wasn't a shy, subtle bone in Natalie's mocha-colored body.

"Damn it, Nat. I'm not like you."

"What can I say? Some people are Doms and others subs."

"Oh, hell, Nat, why don't you just tell me I'm a gutless wimp?"

"Don't *'Hell, Nat'* me. I don't have gutless wimps as friends." Natalie's voice softened. "I'm calling my client tonight and canceling on him."

"You don't have to do that. I'll be fine as soon as I get up and cancel the order I made for tomorrow. The last thing I need is to bring myself esteem down any further by seeing Malcolm again. Knowing it's all for nothing." Jenna slumped into the couch cushions, resting her head on the back.

"I know I don't have to. It's what I'm *going* to do. Sit tight, I'll see you soon."

Hanging up the phone, Jenna walked with purposeful strides to her computer. She uncharacteristically plopped into her desk chair and rolled closer to the keyboard. After a few clicks, she'd cancelled her order. "No more torturing myself with Malcolm." Closing out of the Internet, she

stood and headed to her room to change. "For now on, I'm strictly doing all of my shopping in the mall."

* * * *

Holding up two martini glasses in one hand, a carafe of green liquid in the other and a plastic container tucked under her arm, Natalie stood in the middle of Jenna's living room and announced, "I thought the occasion called for appletinis."

"Oh, you do know how to woo a girl." Jenna took an empty glass from her friend.

Natalie filled both of their glasses with the alcoholic beverage. "You must have been speaking to my clients." Setting the container on the table, she opened it, removed two apple slices, and dropped them into their drinks, causing liquid to slosh and spill over the edge, dripping on their hands. "With the right recommendation, I could find a slot for you in my schedule." Natalie punctuated her words with a wink as she took her seat on the couch.

Jenna laughed out loud as she sat down on her love seat across from Natalie. "Nat, I'm not a fool. My pay as a legal secretary doesn't allow for extravagant spending." Leaning back against the cushions, she drank liberally and sighed, closing her eyes. After a moment, she opened them. "Besides, sweetling, you're lacking in a particular item I've been fond of for years."

Mimicking her position, Natalie began to sip her drink. "You'll be amazed what can be strapped on."

"Not with you I wouldn't." Jenna tapped the fruit slice, watching it bob up and down in the green liquid.

Finishing the remainder of her drink, Natalie pulled out the apple and pointed it at her. "You know me too well."

This game was old hat for them. Jenna had no illusion in her mind. She knew her friend didn't want to have sex with her. She was not Natalie's type. Natalie liked men and women with very high-powered jobs: people who gave orders that others jumped to follow. Natalie got off on making them bow to her will and desires.

Jenna lived vicariously through Natalie, allowing fear to keep her from living out her own fantasies. Grabbing the carafe, Jenna refilled both glasses. "Oh, I really shouldn't be getting drunk. I have to work tomorrow."

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"Drink up, Jenna. It's Valentine's week. You're either supposed to look like crap from drinking your loneliness away or glowing from getting fucked royally every night."

"Valentine's week?" Jenna mumbled around an apple slice in her mouth, as she intermittently sucked the fruit juice and vodka mix from it. Biting half of it, she asked, "When did it become a week?" She chewed and washed it down with the appletini. "I'll have a hard enough time getting through Wednesday. Shit, a whole week would kill me."

"It's because you see yourself moping around for the day; watching everyone else get flowers, candy, and all other kinds of sappy things. But, I have the fix for your blues."

Putting her feet up on the corner of her coffee table, Jenna groaned. "Do I want to hear this?"

"Yes, you do." A wicked glow lit Natalie's eyes.

"I'm starting to feel nervous, and you haven't even said anything yet." A single corner of Jenna's bottom lip found itself seized between her teeth.

"I'm getting you a date for Valentine's Day. We're going out."

"Where?" Jenna watched her friend swirl the fruit in her drink in circles.

"You'll find out tomorrow. I'll be here at six to pick you up. You'll need to dress sexy."

Locking her gaze on her friend, she pondered what adventures Natalie was planning. "I don't think I want to go out. I'd rather stay here."

"I'm not allowing you to weasel out of this." Natalie eyed her across the coffee table.

"Nat, I'm not—" Jenna tried to plead her case.

"You're going," Natalie ordered.

Jenna fell silent immediately. Something in her friend's tone and gaze let Jenna know there would not be a debate. "Fine." Jenna responded. "I'm going to need more to drink." She stood, picking up the empty carafe and headed toward the kitchen.

"The Smirnoff and schnapps are on the counter, and the juice is in the refrigerator." Natalie's voice followed Jenna.

Jenna mixed the drink in silence. However, her mind worked overtime wondering why she allowed herself to give in to Natalie. *Do I really want to go? No, but another Valentine's Day alone is not appealing. It screams pathetic.*

By the time, Jenna finished making the drinks she became resolved to the idea of going. Exiting the kitchen, she saw Natalie crank up the volume of her CD player as she began to sway to the music. She admired her friend's graceful, confident movements. In burgundy leather pants and a black vest top, Natalie resembled a regal sex goddess: smooth brown skin, full thick lips and man loving hips. Her friend worked it all to her benefit.

"What, Nat, was I boring you?"

"Never that." Natalie smiled at her over her shoulder wagging their two empty glasses in her hand. "Bring the liquor. Before we get good and plastered, removing our ability to see straight, we're going to think of something to order that will make your Mr. Mailman raise more than his eyebrows wondering what's in the box. Something from an adult toy store."

Jenna sat down and refilled both the glasses with appletini. "So, I get a mysterious box. Big deal. Most of those places use a generic name so their customer's shopping is anonymous."

A lascivious grin broadened the width of Natalie's lips. "Not if we order from *Elite Erogena*. Their packages come in bright pink packages with their name stamped directly above the return address, including the web address across the bottom."

"Are you serious?" Shocked, Jenna felt her eyelids stretching.

"Yup. *Elite Erogena* is for people with bold erotic tastes. I love them because their package just dares people to ask." Natalie laughed and sipped her drink.

"Oh, hell." Jenna rolled her eyes. "It will be just my luck to have Ms. Hanover two doors down get this package by mistake." Tipsy, Jenna giggled at the thought and drank more.

"It would serve her nosey ass right." Natalie declared.

Two

"Nat, what is this place?" Whispering, Jenna scanned the room, attempting to be inconspicuous and not stare. Warning bells had been going off in her head since her friend arrived at her house demanding she change out of what Natalie called a nun's habit. Originally, she had been dressed in her best work outfit, a gray silk skirt and a white cotton blouse with Victorian cuff.

"It's a coffee shop. The owner of the Coffee Den opens the place up for a select few at night after the place closes. One night a week, he sets it up for speed dating, usually Friday. He changed the day because of the holiday. It's always anonymous as well." Natalie responded self-assured as she faced her, daringly dressed in a black latex rubber boy-legged cut jumper and stocking boots. Stepping over to a small table by the door, Natalie picked up a clipboard and paper. "Aren't you glad you decided to change?"

Decided? When Natalie asked her what in the hell she was wearing then marched her to her bedroom and practically stripped her bare and forced her into a white latex dress and elaborate Mardi Gras mask, Jenna would call that anything but a willing choice. Natalie even made her remove her glasses and stick contacts in her eyes. Changing the subject she asked, "What if you like the person you meet?"

"If you have a connection, then you and that person make arrangement to meet outside of here."

Tugging on the hem of the rubbery outfit, Jenna's heart raced with trepidation. "Nat, I'm not sure this is a good idea. The last time I allowed you to talk me into speed dating, I didn't even find a match. Let alone a date."

"You will tonight."

Following close on her friend's heels, Natalie led Jenna through a door and down a dimly lit set of stairs until they reached the bottom.

Jenna scanned her new surroundings. She was amazed at the difference in the two floors. Upstairs there were tables and chairs

scattered around the room and computer monitors for internet surfing. The smell and décor of the floor above screamed caffeine haven with lots of brown and cream colors splashed across the walls and countertops. Downstairs, the scene held the same style tables and chairs, except their color was red and black marble. The atmosphere pulsed with dark secrets. Jenna didn't know if it was from the interior design or the people. Approximately twenty people in the room already, they were all dressed in various rubber or leather apparel—some extremely revealing. Everyone wore masks.

It took everything in her power to keep her chin from dropping in shock. *Where have I let Natalie take me?*

"Here fill this out." Natalie handed her the clipboard. "Rate your interests from one to four. One being something you have done. Two is done it and liked it. Three being something you're interested in, and four is something you don't think you ever want to do."

Taking the things, she noted and wondered why Natalie wore a thick black band on her left wrist. Afraid of her friend's answer if she asked about the purpose for the single band, Jenna concentrated on reading the list of items inside of the columns. She quickly took hold of Natalie's arm and stepped to the side away from any of the other speed daters milling around the room.

"This is supposed to be Valentine's Day, not April Fool's." Tilting the list toward her friend she asked, "Are these questions serious? Do I like abrasions, spanking, edge play, pain or mummification? Asphyxiation, Nat!"

Natalie didn't bat an eyelash, giving her an intense look. "It's very serious."

Jenna stared at Natalie, taking in her outfit and all. Understanding dawned on her. This was Natalie's world: the clients she always spoke about and the controlling manner that was a part of her friend. Jenna may not understand many things on the list, but she was sure Natalie was what people referred to as a Dominatrix. "Nat, why did you bring me here?"

"You were in desperate need of a date."

Glancing around at the men, Jenna said, "So, dress me up like some Thanksgiving bird to be someone's submissive slave?"

Jenna watched the tilt of her friend's head as Natalie looked back at her, offense evident in Natalie's face. Jenna almost wanted to take back her words. "Nat—"

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"Look, Jenna, I know this may not be your scene, but give it a chance." She glanced away, looking around. When her eyes returned to Jenna, she continued, "For the last few months, you've been ordering mail in hopes some guy would make the first move. He never did. I think you're looking for something. Who knows? You just might find it here, so give it a chance. If, at the end of the speed dating hour, you don't make a match, I'll take you home."

Nervous, awkward, and unsure of herself, Jenna bit down on her lip. Looking around at the men and women mingling around the room Jenna considered Natalie's words. Was she looking for something? Was that something or someone here? Her mind screamed *no*, but another part of her located in the depths of her belly seemed to be sighing *yes*.

"How does all this work?" Jenna dropped her eyes back to the list.

"Good girl. Soon, Daria or the Mistress of the Night as she calls herself, will ring a bell signaling everyone to take a seat. Until then we munch and get to know people. She'll also give us the safe-word for the night. Then—"

"Safe word?" Jenna cut her off. She could feel the tightness of her own face as she tried to make sense of her friend's terminology.

Natalie laughed, opening up the bag on her shoulder she pulled out a small thin book. "Here, use this tonight. It should keep you out of trouble."

Taking the book, Jenna scanned the cover. "BDSM Dictionary of Words and Phrases." Flipping through the book to the S's she located the definition for safe word.

"Yes. If someone tells you they're interested in something or want to do something to you, look it up before you agree. You don't want to get yourself in a bind you can't get out of...all puns intended."

Tension tightened around Jenna's spine and her sex leaped in response. The thought of her being restrained and unable to move aroused her. She took a cleansing deep breath to keep her voice even. "What do I do if I'm interested in someone?"

"If you look around the room you will see doors around the walls. You and your partner or partners select one of the available rooms, and you all share the evening however, you see fit. I will caution you, if you see VV on a door, it's for *voyeur viewing*. Usually it's adjacent to a room marked ES for *exhibition stage*. So, if you are not ready to watch or be watched, keep an eye on the doors."

Nodding, Jenna confirmed. "Got it. VV, ES, and use the dictionary."

At that moment, the self-proclaimed Mistress of the Night stood in the center of the room. Beside her, a man who towered over her by a good two feet and wearing a thick dog collar rang a bell.

All the daters began to head toward the tables and chairs in response to the sound.

"No turning back now." Jenna muttered to herself as she and Natalie went to the table to claim the last two seats.

"One last thing, Jenna." Natalie's voice stopped her.

"What?" Jenna's mind already felt as if it were spinning, she didn't know if she could take any new information.

"If you don't remember anything else tonight, *don't* forget the safe-word."

* * * *

"So, what's your pleasure?" Jenna asked the prompt question of the man who claimed the seat across from her. Lady Luck must have been with her because she had ended up on the side of the table where she sat stationary and got to ask the questions. So far, she was at her sixth date and no one even sparked her interest. However, all of them made her nervous. Nervous she might find herself alone for Valentine's Day, regardless of Natalie's efforts.

"Odaxelagnia." The man's black hair offset his pale skin and made it appear as if he hadn't ventured into the sunlight in years.

Giving him a small smile, Jenna thumbed through the book and read the definition of the word. Jenna lifted her head from the pages and looked at the man in front of her. "You're aroused by biting people?"

His eyes were intense, in a detached sort of way, shining through the holes in his mask adorned with red feathers, as he said, "I liken myself to a vampire and share in similar delights." He smiled, exhibiting his elongated eyeteeth. Both filed into distinct points. He continued to talk about all the things he would like to do to her if she would agree to be his for the night. The man must have been carried away with his own fantasy as he began to tell her how he wanted to fuck her while several people were biting her.

Red. Her mind screamed the safe-word as it had done eight other times in the last half hour. Jenna found herself just as shocked as the other people made her, when they asked if she were into stapling, shibar, algophilia, handballing and felching. What ever happened to long walks in the rain and sipping wine by the fire?

Saved by the ringing bell—literally.

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"Maybe I'll see you later." The man stood up slowly, his black cape surrounding him.

Jenna made no promises as she thanked him for his time. Leaning back in her chair, she wanted to exhale a loud breath. She was unsure if she could get through one more date. She felt exhausted. Uncertain about whether or not it was from the multiple dates in a short amount of time or because she had yet to find anyone who had even sparked a small flicker of desire inside of her, she was at her limit.

Someone stepped in front of her vacated chair.

Her first view was of narrow hips. As the body lowered into the chair, she noticed a tapered waist, broad chest, strong shoulders, and a set of full lips that made her pussy ache thinking about them on her. Unlike the ghostly man who just left, this man's skin held the deep kiss of the sun. He was the color of midnight. The man's smoke grey top and black leather pants complemented his skin tone. Jenna couldn't help arching her back and pushing her pulsing sex into the seat cushion, feeling it leap with arousal. Crossing her legs, she met the gaze of the man staring back at her. His mask was black with small grey feathers surround the edges.

Sitting quietly, he observed her.

Using the opportunity given to her, she did the same. Noticing his interlocked hands resting on top of the table, it amazed her how someone's hands could appear confident, self-assured. His hands were big, like those of a body builder, a mechanic, or just someone used to working with their hands. Hands that knew how to cup a woman's ass, squeeze it just right, and guide her pussy down hard on his cock.

He made her feel uneasy. Not as the other men and women did, but in a way that made her skin feel like it was on fire knowing that his touch was what she needed to cool her body in every hot place.

Damn, did one of those other dates hypnotize me? Lifting her hand to her face, Jenna fidgeted with one of the large white feathers at the top of her mask. *Get a hold of yourself, girl, he hasn't even said anything yet.*

It dawned on her that the man was awaiting her opening question. Swallowing to moisten her dry mouth, she began, "So, what's your pleasure?"

"Talking."

His voice was thick and smooth, making her imagine tongues swirling over wet flesh. Rotating her hips, she pressed her thighs together a weak attempt to control her raging hormones.

"Talking." Her own voice repeating the word sounded different, husky as if spoken by a stranger. Unashamedly, she jerked the book up scrolling rapidly down the T's. "Talon, tantric, tattooing, tawse, teasing, teledidionics, terror play, tit torture..." Jenna's voice drifted off as her gaze rose away from the pages. Perplexed and frustrated she couldn't find the definition of the word, she said, "I'm sorry, but you're going to have to explain, talking isn't in here."

"Maybe it's because you have the wrong book. You need Webster's," his speech calm, with a hint of teasing evident.

Curious, Jenna asked, "Webster's. Like in Master Webster?"

Chuckling, the man announced, "No, like Merriam-Webster's...which defines talking as to make the subject of conversation or discourse and—"

"To express or exchange ideas by means of spoken words," she finished, before dropping her masked face into her hands. Embarrassed and stupid the two feelings ran rampant through her body.

"Don't worry, it could happen to any newbie," he reassured.

Laughing at her own foolishness, she sat up and gave him a small. "Let me guess, my use of the dictionary gave me away."

"Not as much as your outfit," he declared.

"What's wrong with it?" Anxious, Jenna sank her teeth into her bottom lip. *Oh, shit, was I sending out some deviant signal I didn't know about? That would explain the bazaar request from the earlier dates.*

"Nothing. The color is for those who are new to this lifestyle."

"Oh," relief washed over her like a cool breeze.

"Would you like to continue your education?"

The bell rung.

The man stood, respecting the rules.

Now or never. "Yes," breathless and eager, Jenna called out her answer. There was no doubt in her mind she made the right decision. *If I can't have my chocolate delivery man, this man would do.*

Staring at her, he gave her a sexy smile. "The lady has chosen." He said to the woman moving over to her table, never breaking his eye contact with Jenna.

"And chosen well." The woman's only words as she stepped around him and continued to the next table.

Holding his hand out, he asked, "Shall we begin?"

Slipping her hand into his, Jenna rose. Not asking where he was taking her, she followed. From the corner of her eye, she spotted Natalie

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wave at her as she headed to a room with a white woman in a flesh colored transparent outfit and a man who Jenna remembered asking her if she were into Algophilia. For a brief moment, she wondered who was the pain slut, Natalie or the woman in the clear outfit.

Three

"Here we are." He opened a door and stepped aside for her to enter.

Jenna walked in. Amazement struck her at the warmth of the room. For some reason she always thought bondage rooms would be cold. As she glanced around, she noticed a fireplace with flames high and licking as if dancing. In the center of the room sat a large sleigh style bed with open wooden slats at the head and footboard. For tying, she assumed. Scattered about were chairs, tables and a massive armoire with intricate carvings that covered an entire wall. The room looked spacious and elegant—another shocker. If she'd seen it in a magazine, she would have assumed it was someone's bedroom located in a house, not a fetish den.

"Are you interested in others joining us?" he asked.

She faced him. "No." Jenna watched as he slid a small panel on the door. She had no fear of anyone watching them or them watching someone, because when they stopped at the room she made sure to check for the letters outside. She was already taking one step into the unknown, she wasn't ready for two.

A click sound signified the door's closing.

He stepped in front of her. His scent, masculine and heady, wrapped around her.

"How far do you want to go tonight, my vanilla princess?"

Smooth silk. His voice caressed her skin causing goose bumps to rise on her arms.

"Vanilla as in plain," she was sure she sounded disappointed. She'd hoped that even if she couldn't spark an interest in Malcolm, this man, in this place, might've found her sexy.

The stroke of his finger along her cheek was unexpected, just as the electric shock that stung her at his contact. Jenna flinched. "The carpet."

"Maybe," he said, brushing her bottom lip with his thumb. He paused then dropped his hand. "Vanilla as in new. There is nothing plain about you."

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Laughter bubbled up from inside of her before she could stop it. "I'll allow you your fantasy."

"Hmm. I'll remind you of that later."

His declaration cut her humor short.

"Vanilla princess, you never answered my question. How far do you want to go tonight?"

Shrugging a single shoulder, Jenna responded honestly, "I don't know. I wouldn't even know where to start or what to call you."

"How about, *L'entraîneur*." This time he placed two of his fingers on her mouth, sliding them back and forth.

His focus so sharp, he appeared mesmerized by his own movements.

The gentle touch made her lips tingle.

Brown eyes, met hers as he removed his hand once again.

Licking her lips, she asked, "The trainer. Not *maître*?"

"*La princesse de vanille, sait le français?*"

"No," she giggled. "If you keep going on, I'll really show my ignorance of the language. There's very little I remember from college."

"I like the sound of your laugh." He stepped away from her. "One summer I visited a friend whose family was stationed in Luxembourg. However, to answer your question, not Master. Never Master when one is just beginning. That title is built on trust and security. Only a submissive can make that choice."

Fidgeting, Jenna seized a side of her bottom lip and ran a hand down the slick waves of her hair fingering the uncharacteristic bun. "There so much I don't know."

She thought she heard him groan, but he turned away from her so quickly, Jenna wasn't sure.

"I'll make things simple for you. Only two things are important for you to know tonight."

"They are?" she inquired.

"I'm in charge." He tilted his head to the side as he spoke. "Will that be an issue?"

Viewing his profile, Jenna shook her head then confirmed her action with her words. "No," she responded, ecstatic she didn't mistakenly stumble upon a guy who wanted to be dominated. She would have been clueless.

"Lastly." Strutting toward the armoire, he asked, "Do you remember the safe-word?"

"Red."

"Very good." He opened one of the many cabinets and pulled out a stool. "Read me everything on your list you have rated a two or three, identify the column as well."

Dropping her eyes to the form, Jenna felt beads of sweat pop out on the back of her neck. She'd forgotten she was even holding it. When she'd marked her form earlier she never considered the moment she would have to reveal her hidden desires to someone. "Wouldn't you like to just read it?" Jenna held the clipboard toward him.

"Read the list, vanilla princess," his voice weighted with authority.

Jenna didn't want to start the night off on a bad foot so she pulled the form back and began to read. "Column two. Anal with finger and cock, fellatio, fucking, hand job, handcuffs, licking, massage, masturbation, photography." She paused, her throat felt tight and her hands were shaking.

"Continue," he ordered.

Her temperature was beginning to rise. She didn't know if it was the roaring fire, the rubbery suit, revealing of her secret fantasies, or *L'entraîneur*. Most likely, it was a combination of all four. "Column three. Bondage, cock worship, double penetration, hair pulling, hot wax, immobilization, and spanking...sex toys...vibrators." Breathless, Jenna finished out her list.

When she looked up from the list, he was standing in front of her with a stool at his side.

"Vibrators, vanilla princess? I heard your first list. Your sexual activities weren't traditional?"

"No, they haven't been. I've never been bold enough to order one. Besides, my hand always got the job done."

Freeing her hands, *L'entraîneur* took the clipboard and tossed it on a table. "Remove your heels and sit."

Slipping her feet out of her shoes, Jenna commented, "I thought men found high heels sexy."

Watching her walk to the stool, *L'entraîneur* informed her, "To a considerate dominant, sexy is never as important an issue as safety and comfort, especially if someone is going to be in a position for any length of time."

As she approached the stool she sat, noticing the numerous straps and buckles connected to the supporting bars underneath.

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"From here on out, my vanilla princess, you'll only speak when told to do so. If you speak out of turn, you'll submit to punishment. The only word you can say without prompting is the safe-word. When asked a question you will always respond by beginning and ending with *L'entraîneur*. Understood?" his voice commanding.

No turning back, now, Jenna girl. "L'entraîneur, yes. I understand, L'entraîneur."

"Good. Put your arms behind you."

Jenna obeyed.

She heard the clatter and slapping of leather and buckles, then the grip of the padded cuffs as he placed them around her wrists. Jenna felt wet heat fill her sex at the simple securing action.

He stood directly behind her. She felt the warmth and power he exuded.

As he moved passed her his chest brushed her shoulder with his chest, he asked, "Are you wearing panties?"

At that moment, she wished she'd disregarded Natalie's words about the hilarity of panty lines in a rubber suit, because soon her level of arousal would be apparent to him.

"L'entraîneur, no. I'm not wearing panties, L'entraîneur."

"Prove it to me."

The commanding bite in his words caused more liquid to pool between her thighs, and her clit throbbed. Since he didn't pose a question, there was only one thing she could do. Slowly she parted her legs, revealing a small gap under her skirt.

"Wider."

Pushing her thighs back until she felt the resistance of the rub material, Jenna stopped. Seeing her peach skin splayed, in contrast to the mahogany colored wood seat and knowing he could see her moist cunt heightened her arousal.

"More, vanilla princess."

Unsuccessful at her attempt to press the latex hem wider, Jenna became frustrated, forgetting her role. "I can't."

Instantly, her trainer was before her, disappointment radiating from his eyes inside the mask. Jenna knew she'd made a mistake.

His hand moved between her legs as more than one finger entered her fast and deep causing her to cry out. With amazing skill and dexterity, his fingers curved inside of her, locating the sensitive spot behind her pubic bone.

"I don't remember asking you to speak." His hand didn't move, but the slight pressure his fingers exerted made her want to come.

Jenna wanted to rotate her hips and grind her clit against his palm, but hesitated for fear of further punishment.

"Now, concentrate, little one. Think about how good my hand feels inside of you, against you. How much more you want of it. I can feel you trembling. You want these two fingers to fuck you so hard you come twice."

She didn't need him to tell her what to imagine and think about, it was the only thing her mind could conjure up. Widening her hips, she pushed against the fabric, feeling the rubber dig into her skin.

"Shit, you're becoming more wet. Use your feet to lift some."

Freedom came to mind as Jenna performed his instructions. Raising her hips and the position of legs allowed the hem of her dress to curl and roll, tube-like up her hips. Unashamed, she threw her thighs wide and arched into her trainer's hand. A few more strokes from his fingers and she would reach an orgasm.

"You're quite the sight," he said, his voice echoing approval. "Do you want to come, vanilla princess?"

"*L'entraîneur*, yes. I want to come, *L'entraîneur*," she heard herself beg.

"Think about that before you speak out again." After his declaration, he removed his hand and stepped back.

Capturing her lip, she squeezed her eyes tight and took several sharp breaths through her nose. Shaking, she plopped down onto the flat surf disregarding the loud slap of her ass onto the wood. *Damn*.

The manacles tightening around her ankles alerted her to the next step of her restraint.

"Scoot forward until I say stop."

Knowing better than to complain, Jenna kept her eyes closed as she continued trying to bring her desire back down to a tolerable level. She inched her butt forward until he told her to stop. Then her trainer pulled on something under the stool, tightening her ankle shackles and making it impossible for her to close her legs.

"Open your eyes, princess."

Snapping her eyes open, in a lust-filled haze, she looked down at her trainer who knelt in front of her.

"I can smell your arousal, little one."

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Leaning forward, her trainer's breath made rhythmic patters on the sensitive flesh of her sex.

"I wonder if your pussy tastes as good. Wouldn't you like to know?"

Jenna never considered tasting her own sex juice. Every time her former boyfriends crawled up her body after having licked her, she would always discreetly turn her face, pretending rapture, but giving them a subtle hint that she didn't want to be kissed. But, as her trainer's intense gaze held her own, she wanted to please him. Not because he would punish her if she said the wrong thing, but something else stirred inside of her—another emotion unrevealed as of yet.

"L'entraîneur. I want to know what I taste like for you, L'entraîneur."

One side of his lip curled in a captivating smile. "My luscious vanilla princess, offer yourself to me."

Doing the only thing she could, Jenna leaned her upper body back onto her hands and availed herself to him.

There was nothing hesitant or tentative in his approach. From the first stroke of his tongue, he tasted her with boldness and a proficient skill she'd never experienced before. He parted the lips of her sex with his tongue. Tracing her clit, he flicked the nub repeatedly.

Tilting her head back, she focused on the pure sensual delight and keeping her body still. Not wanting to move, not wanting to give him any reason to end her pleasure.

"Look at me. Watch how your body responds. If you close your eyes, I'll punish you."

She already knew how her body was reacting. She could feel it. Every cell in her body was rushing to her pussy, drawn by his tongue like a magnet.

Adhering to his order, she locked her gaze on him. The sight of his pink tongue complimenting the pink center of her cunt aroused her, but not as much as the contrast between his *noire* lips and her engorged alabaster sex in a true French kiss. That took her over edge. Then directing his attention to her clit, he sucked it into his mouth, giving her head.

Clutching the edge of her stool, Jenna barely registered the cool wood pressing against her palm as heat radiated from her lower abdomen. Every muscle in her body tightened, then released in an explosion of sensuous gratification. She cried out with her completion.

Straining to keep her eyes open through it all, she saw the moment her trainer slipped inside of her and captured her essence. Panting, Jenna watched him rise until he stood in front of her. His lips slightly parted revealing his tongue coated with the pearls of her cum.

With out waiting for any further invitation, she knew what he wanted. As she leaned toward him the spicy strong fragrance of her arousal emitted from his skin and her open thighs, permeating the air. Using the tip of her tongue, she swirled it around the bumpy surface of his, collecting every drop of her cream. Moving on instinct she closed the gap between them and kissed him.

She was encouraged when he gripped her shoulders and pulled her to him instead of pushing her away. The deep and passionate oral connection overwhelmed her. The kiss went on for long moments, and when it ended, they were both winded.

Ending the kiss, he stepped back out of her reach. "Now, inhale."

Obeying, Jenna was amazed at the thick, heady, aromatic flavor of her own juices. It seemed to seep into every moist area of her mouth.

"Delicious, aren't you?"

"*L'entraîneur*. I'm absolutely delicious, *L'entraîneur*." With him standing away from her, his erection was evident. He was aroused, very aroused. Bold and distinct, his cock pressed against the leather, conforming around its length.

Her trainer stepped backward to the armoire. "Now that your juicy little pussy has climaxed once, maybe you'll have a little more patience during our next adventure."

Jenna only could hope she would be able to hold out, but since she'd viewed the imprint of his cock and knew he was just as turned on, she wasn't sure.

Retrieving something from one of the drawers, her trainer sauntered back toward her. In his hand, he held a black wand with a large ball on top. When he flicked a switch on the side, the loud vibrating sound sent a pulsing wave through Jenna's core. She didn't need him to tell her what he was going to do with the relaxation instrument, as she watched the round top rotate in a circular motion, then reverse itself, she knew.

More fluid flooded her sex with anticipation. She'd never been able to orgasm more than once a night, but she was sure by her body's response to just seeing the wand massager, a second orgasm would not be a problem tonight.

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"Here are the rules, vanilla princess." Stepping to her, he brushed the tips of her erect nipples through the latex material still covering them.

She flinched as the wand vibrated against her sensitive nipples.

"A woman with responsive nipples is always a treat." He moved the massager back and forth over her breast as he continued giving her instructions. "The rules are, if you come before I give you permission, you will be punished. If you don't come on command, then you will be punished as well. It is a game of control. If you understand, then give me the rule in one sentence."

Understand it? Yes, she understood it very well. She was about to embark upon pleasurable torture in a completely new realm.

"*L'entraîneur*. I come when you say so, *L'entraîneur*."

He chuckled, "Precisely." Leaning forward, he gave her a kiss on her cheek like a small reward for her understanding. "Now are we ready to begin?"

"*L'entraîneur*. Yes, I am ready, *L'entraîneur*," she said, even though every nerve ending in her body screamed that she was not ready. With the thought of what was about to happen, she was already tittering on the brink.

The vibrations traveled from her breast to her stomach and stopped between her open thighs. It wasn't touching her. Her trainer held it millimeters away from her skin, but the closeness heightened her arousal.

"Don't forget to keep your eyes open. I want you to remember everything about tonight. How you felt and what you looked like getting pleasure."

Jenna glanced at him. His eyes were warm and sincere. Never before did she have a man care for her pleasure the way *L'entraîneur* did tonight. Her previous sexual encounters with men were dismal, at best. She was lucky to get her first orgasm before they came, then rolled over, and started snoring. This was a new experience for her in many ways. In that moment, she understood how submissives fell in love with their Masters. Her heart was already swelling towards this masked man.

He brushed the fingers of his free hand along the side of her face.

It was an endearing touch. One of which Jenna was becoming fond.

"We begin," was all the warning he gave before pressing the vibrator to her aching crotch.

Oh, shit. Jenna's first instinct was to close her eyes and give over to the sensations stirring inside, but she fought against it. It was all she could do as she stared at the rotating head and felt it alternating

directions around her clit. She wanted to prove to *L'entraîneur* she could do this. She wanted to make him proud of her.

As he pressed it firmly against her cunt, causing her lips to swell around the sides of it, as if cupping a lover. She yearned to match the instrument's movements, to buck her hips into it. Instead, she rolled her lips inward, sucking on them hard and trying to restrain herself.

"See how it shines now, vanilla princess? How your wet pussy coats it, marking it as your own?"

Oh, yes. She could see it clearly. The scent of her budding climax reached her nostrils and, because now she knew her own flavor, the spicy nectar of her essence it pushed her hard toward an orgasm. Her legs began to tremble as her core tightened and beads of sweat popped out above her top lip. *No!* She screamed inside. Tears burned behind her eyes. She was going to cry, she was going to come and she was going to disappoint him. *No!*

"Concentrate, little one. You can do this," he encouraged. His free hand began to stroke her back, at the same time he removed the massager.

Thankful, Jenna panted hard and furious, sucking in large amounts of air to the point of all most hyperventilating over the large quantities of oxygen. However, she didn't care if she passed out, as long as she didn't come. Staring at the wall over her trainer's shoulder, she gripped the seat with her bound hands and, pressing her toes into the stools lower rungs, focused her mind on everything from instruction on cleaning drains and gutters to taking out the trash.

She felt like a lunatic, but it worked, staving off the inevitable for a few more minutes.

L'entraîneur moved back in front of her and cupped her chin. "I'm very proud of you, my vanilla princess. I know that was hard, and you're very new to this, but ultimately you controlled your body."

A warm wet sensation crawled down her face at his praise. She did cry, but she neither came nor disappointed him.

"Now for your reward," he announced as he placed the stimulator back on her sex. "Come."

He didn't have to command her twice. Jenna came and came hard.

"Again." He added the rotation of his hand with the wands.

Shaking and quivering, her body tightened and exploded as ordered.

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Over and over again, she climaxed. Bucking against the persistent instrument, she clawed at the wooden seat underneath her and screamed until she became hoarse.

By the time *L'entraîneur* turned off the massager, her juices coated the pleasure tool and his hand.

Switching the device to the other hand, he held up the glistening one between them and presented her with an invitation, "Join me in a succulent delight."

They both licked opposite sides of his hand, feasting on her pussy sap, occasionally their tongues intertwined between his fingers.

"Have you been satisfied this night?"

On so many levels, she couldn't put it into words. "*L'entraîneur*. Yes, *L'entraîneur*."

"I don't want to, but I must release you now. I will not chance injuring your tender body." He stepped behind her, unlocked her cuffs, then loosened her feet.

Bringing her arms back around, she shook them, trying to relax her strained muscles.

Watching her, he asked, "Are you okay?"

"*L'entraîneur*. Yes, I am fine. *L'entraîneur*." Risking another punishment, Jenna continued, "*L'entraîneur*. Forgive me for speaking, but may I thank you for my pleasure, *L'entraîneur*?"

His heated gaze captured hers. There was a hitch in his voice when he responded, "Yes, you may."

"*L'entraîneur*. Thank you, *L'entraîneur*." Slipping off the slick stool top, she didn't bother readjusting her clothes as she kneeled before him on the carpet. Making quick work of the fastening of his leather pants, she couldn't help the slight gasps of excitement escaping her parted lips as she got her first glimpse of his large, hard cock.

It was dark. Different in length and shade compared to the other men she'd been with sexually. Its plum-shaped head held a deep purple hue to it, making it the color of eggplant skin. The tip glistened with precum.

Freeing more of him, she pulled his pants down to the center of his thighs so she could slide her hand under his balls.

He widened his stance at her first touch.

Heavy and tight, his sack was drawn close to his body. Jenna knew from experience he was close to coming. A bubble of excitement fluttered low in her belly. She was happy to know he'd been just as

moved by her pleasure. She pondered for a moment what he might've done if she'd just left and not offered to satisfy him.

Amazed at the unexpected throbbing of her clit as she thought of him masturbating with thoughts of her, smiling, she wrapped her fingers around his erection. His size made her hand appear miniature in comparison.

Delaying no further, she took him into her mouth. Being with men who were only after their own satisfaction made her good at this, and she gave him the full benefit of her talents. Holding him deep in her mouth, she sucked his head and used her tongue to stroke his large vein and sensitive skin behind the head of his cock.

His groan vibrated down the length of his body and into his cock. She mimicked the sound by humming along with him. Up and down her mouth pumped, taking him deep, feeling him against her throat as her hand gripped and rotated along his cock. Her other hand continued to squeeze and tug at his balls, as her middle finger purposely grazed the susceptible skin between his ass and his testicles. Relaxing her mouth and jaw, she allowed herself to receive more of him. His body began to tremble at her expertise as she orally fucked him.

"Shit, little one, I'm about to come." Fisting her hair, he loosened the bun at the back of her head.

Tiny pinpricks of pain danced across her scalp, intensifying her enjoyment along with his.

"Have you ever swallowed for a man?" his voice rough, filled with sexual tension.

Jenna leaned back, licking the luscious tip. Tasting his salty fluid, lifting her eyes to his she spoke, "*L'entraîneur*, no. I've never desired to swallow, *L'entraîneur*."

Swaying his hips, he brushed his cock across her mouth. "Do you desire to now?"

"*L'entraîneur*. Yes, *Mon entraîneur*."

"Then take your desire."

Slightly bending his knees, giving them both better access, he began thrusting in and out of her mouth as she sucked at him, pumping his length with her tight fist.

She watched him grit and bare his teeth as beads of sweat ran down the side of his face, his eyes trained on her mouth.

Soon his thrusts became erratic and inconsistent, as his stare remained steady on her. They stared at each other as he came in thick

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waves against the back of her throat. Responding reflexively, she swallowed, quickly taking his essences into her body, so as not to have her mouth overflow and jeopardize spilling his gift.

As he finished, calm fell over the room. Jenna sucked his slightly softened cock one last time before letting it slip from her mouth. For a moment, she watched it bob and jerk reflexively.

Lowering his body before hers, he brushed his thumb across her tender lips. Kissing them softly, he said, "It is truly a treasure when a woman chooses to swallow for a man—even if only once." Dropping his eyes to her lips again, he whispered, "My trainer." His lips curled up at the ends. "Thank you."

Jenna smiled at him.

"I will leave you to compose yourself." Rising he straightened his clothes and headed toward the door.

Watching his retreating form, she began to feel hollow and empty.

He stopped, his hand on the knob of the door, but didn't turn around. "I'll be here on Friday if you'd like to continue your training."

He exited the room and closed the door before she could speak. Sitting down on the carpet, Jenna wanted to kick herself. She hadn't thought of asking him if they could meet outside of this place. She wanted to know his name, see him without the mask.

This night she changed, she wouldn't have believed it if someone told her when she first walked in. However, it happened. She always believed a dominant-submissive relationship was about power and control of one person over another. *Mon entraîneur* taught her this night that it was about having power and control of oneself and only with *that* could you freely submit.

Four

Finally having power and control over her body and freely submitting was the reason Jenna found herself back at the Coffee Den two nights later, standing before the playroom door.

Natalie didn't seem surprised when Jenna called her, requesting Natalie to take her to a store to buy an outfit. She'd spent all evening with Natalie, telling her about her feeling for the masked man. Her friend took time to guide her in the meaning behind colors. The grey shirt and feathers, her trainer wore were clues to the trained eye that he was heavily into bondage. That knowledge warmed Jenna who'd thoroughly enjoy the experience and found herself reminiscing about it repeatedly.

For once in the last few months, Jenna didn't think about her deliveryman—not since Wednesday night. She couldn't deny he'd captivated her. *Mon entraîneur* took her to another level.

Knocking on the door, she waited. When a long moment passed, she wondered if she was too late and he'd left or worse, joined someone else or another group. All possibilities made her heart sink. Standing there in front of the wooden panels of the door in her mask, a long white latex coat and spiked heels, Jenna was in a quandary. She didn't know whether to leave or knock again.

Before she needed to decide, the door opened. Two feet away from her was the man who touched her body and mind like no other. Once again, he wore black leather pants, but this time his grey shirt was long-sleeved and buttoned-down. Mask in place, bondage colors adorning it.

A small smile slipped onto her lips at seeing him, before she remembered Natalie's instructions and controlled her features. Her friend told her she could not guide her, because every relationship was different, built around the two people in it. Bowing her head, she said, "*Mon entraîneur*. I have come to you, *Mon entraîneur*."

"So you have, my vanilla princess. I wasn't sure you would. I'm more than pleased you have. You're as brave as I believed you to be."

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When he opened the door wider, Jenna entered. The room appeared the same as they left it, with the exception of a chain hanging from the ceiling and a small table moved beside the bed, covered by an array of objects. The sight of them caused her spine to tingle, knowing he prepared for her arrival.

A clicking sound behind her signified the door's closing.

"I like your coat. Remove it and hang it on one of the hooks on the wall."

Quickly, she walked to the wall hook, took off her latex trench, and hung it up.

A loud wolf whistle pierced the air, letting her know he watched her and had spotted the outfit she'd concealed underneath her coat.

"Turn around."

She pivoted. When she faced him, he stood directly in front of her. He'd moved silently across the carpet to reach her.

Facing him, her breasts were free above a white latex waist cincher and a bright pink thong made from the same material.

Tweaking her bare nipples, he asked, "My vanilla princess, is there significance to the color of your panties?"

"*Mon entraîneur*, yes. I believe fuchsia is symbolic for those who like spankings, *Mon entraîneur*."

His even white teeth, winked at her when he smiled. He held her breast and squeezed.

Her budding arousal made her breast feel weighted as anticipation coiled in her lower belly.

"Someone has been studying." He tilted his head, looking at her. "As I recall, spanking was in your third column. Something you've never done, but are interested in trying. Correct?"

"*Mon entraîneur*. Yes, *Mon entraîneur*."

"Good." He removed his hands. "Then you should thoroughly enjoy yourself tonight. The safe-word tonight is coin."

Coin. Jenna repeated the word in her head and hoped she wouldn't need it.

Leading the way, he walked back to the table beside the bed. "Stand in front of the bed and underneath the chain, then place your hands behind your back."

With prompt steps, Jenna followed his instructions.

Grabbing two wide leather cuffs with identical silver rings on them from the table, her trainer then stepped behind her.

The inside pads felt cool as they wrapped around her wrist. She was so hot that she feared even a blazing stove would feel like ice next to her skin. She was on fire with desire. The lips of her pussy were already swollen and pressing against the snug latex causing it to cup her like a lover.

Moving away from her, he retrieved something else off the table. Once again, before her, he assisted her out of her wet panties. "Feet shoulder's width apart, little one."

Kneeling, he placed something she saw in the store, called a leg spreader bar, between her legs. Jenna estimated it to be about two feet in length. Bare feet and standing wide, she tried to calm her enthusiasm as he secured each manacle on the ends of the bar around her ankles. She was sure her trainer could smell how the act of being fastened was turning her on.

When he rose slightly and placed his face over her sex, licking her slowly, Jenna knew he'd discovered her secret.

"Already so excited, and I've not even begun. I do believe I've met my bondage match," he commented.

Jenna wanted to feel warmed by his words, but he hadn't asked to meet with her away from here. Maybe time in this den was all he wanted from her. Shaking off her feelings of melancholy, she set her mind to enjoy the night. One more time she told herself, just one more time. This whole affair was anonymous, and if he didn't offer for her, she could walk away head up and her dignity intact. No one but Natalie would know her humiliation.

He circled her, pulling on the chain, causing the cold metal to slide down the center of her back. Her arms began to rise behind her.

"Bend forward at the waist," he commanded.

When she did, he used the chain to draw her arms high away from her body, her face mere inches from the silk cover gracing the bed and her naked ass displayed center stage. Glancing over to the side, she saw him attach one of the chains links on a hook she'd missed earlier sticking up from the carpet.

"A delectable sight," his words came out slow as if he were in awe. Palming her ass in his hands, he rubbed his stiff cock along her cheeks. "I can feel the heat of your hot wet pussy through my pants. Your sexy ass is begging to be spanked."

Jenna could not stop the moan slipping past her lips.

The open hand smack to her backside caused her breath to catch.

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Air kissed her skin when he moved away from her.

"This is called a whip."

Turning her face toward his voice, she could see a multi-strand leather whip dangling from his hand. She felt the fingers of his other hand dance up her spine, pass her rear end, and slip inside her available cunt. He worked her pussy until she arched her back, pressing herself into his hand. When he slipped a finger into her puckered anus, the unexpected invasion stilled her. As he began to pump in and out of both areas, Jenna couldn't help trying to lean over further and give him more access.

She wanted to cry out *yes*, but bit down on her tongue to restrain herself.

The first sting of the whip happened simultaneously as he slipped his teasing hand out of her.

"The rule is the same as last night. You cannot come until I give you permission. Understood?"

"*Mon entraîneur*. I understand, *Mon entraîneur*." She was breathless, anxious, and turned on at the same time. Already, her fluids had saturated the walls of her sex and were pooling around her clit.

The second sting made her bury her forehead into the mattress. After the third lash of whip, his hand returned inside her, fucking her ass and pussy.

Both of her cheeks throbbed and burned.

By the third fingering, Jenna was screaming and thrashing back against his hand. When he began smacking the wet swollen lips of her cunt with the loose strands, it was almost her undoing. Her knees buckled with need.

Her laborious breathing echoed through the room. Heat and an aching pressure built low in her belly. She wanted to come.

Squatting down, beside her he said, "You've done well. I'll let you come."

"*Mon entraîneur*. Thank you, *Mon entraîneur*," her words came out in a sigh.

"You may have the choice of how your orgasm is brought upon you. Would you like to be spanked until you come or..." He brushed the sweat from her brow with his thumb. "Would you prefer I fucked you into completion?"

She was thankful for the restraints when her knees went weak again from the options he posed to her.

"*Mon entraîneur*. Fuck me, *Mon entraîneur*."

"Here?" A long finger entered her weeping pussy. "Or here?" Slipping out, the wet digit pushed inside her back entrance.

Looking into his brown eyes, Jenna shocked herself with her responds. "*Mon entraîneur*. My ass, *Mon entraîneur*." Even though she'd tried anal sex before with a prior boyfriend and didn't mind it, she had never been the one to volunteer. However, at that moment with her cheeks on fire and throbbing, she couldn't think of anything else except having him pumping into her hypersensitive skin. Now, she wanted to come so bad, she would've allowed three people to fuck her in the ass.

He moved out of her line of sight. Moments later the bar between her legs dropped to the carpet. Shortly after, she could feel his hands massaging a cool slick cream over her heated cheeks, then venturing lower. Guiding his lubed fingers into her tight hole, he took his time priming and stretching her.

The snap of his button and the metal teeth releasing from his zipper alerted Jenna to her trainer freeing himself.

Extracting his fingers, he held her ass, spreading her open. Leaning her head against the silk covering, she braced herself as she began to feel his wicked penetration.

She moaned at the hedonistic invasion and heard his accompanying groan as he pushed his hard cock in and out, heating her passage. Balling her hands into fists, she reveled in the forbidden pleasure. Her clit throbbing, begging to be stroked, Jenna was almost willing to risk punishment to ask him to stroke it. However, she feared if she did, he would stop fucking her, and it felt too good.

When he finally seated the full length of his thick shaft inside of her, his voice was rough as he told her, "Little one, you may speak freely."

"Yes," she called out happy for the freedom to express herself.

Echoing her thoughts, he said, "It feels too good. I don't think I can stop."

"Don't stop." Jenna arched her hips and pressed back against him.

The sensation of him inside of her was so wonderful. It made her toes curl into the carpet. "Don't stop," she encouraged him.

"I won't." Placing a hand in the center of her back, he guided her, instructing her how to match his thrusts.

Whimpering, Jenna expressed her needs. "Stroke my clit, please. I need to come."

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For a brief moment, the trainer became the pupil. Obeying her words, he reached around and fondled the stiff nub.

With the touch of his skilled hands, the restraints holding her, and the sinful delight of his cock entering hard repeatedly caused Jenna to lose control. Every nerve in her body clenched inward, her legs trembled, and then she finally went off the edge into ecstasy. Screaming and shaking, bucking and twisting, she took all her trainer had to give her. Her mind only registered her hands being loose when she began clawing and gripping the spread, pulling it away from the bed.

Only her trainer's firm hold on her hips kept her in position as her ass muscles contracted around him. Her passage was flooded with warmth as he joined her, climaxing inside of her.

They both collapsed on to the bed, one large quivering mass.

Jenna took large gulps of air trying to fill her lungs, the stomach cincher and their sexual exertion made her breathing arduous.

Her trainer disconnected their bodies, held her in his arms for a moment before turning her to face him.

She saw the shock in his eyes.

"What?" she asked, her heart still racing from the sexual experience.

"Your hair is out and your mask is off," his words barely above a whisper.

Raising an anxious hand to her face, she confirmed his words. Acting on impulse, Jenna shoved him away from her and launched herself from the bed. Running to the hook, she grabbed her coat and fled the room.

Behind her, she could hear him calling out, but her cluttered mind filled with thoughts of escape. She continued to move. Minutes before she stepped out into the vacant dark street she remembered to put her coat on.

Five

It was Monday, and she was finally back at home after being at Natalie's house. She only needed to check on the place once a day while her friend was out of town with a client, but Jenna didn't want to be at her own home; too afraid someone she knew might've observed her exiting the coffee shop and would discover what she'd been up to over the past three days. The one night she was supposed to go out and experience something new, possibly get laid, turned into a disaster. Her feelings got involved. If she'd told her trainer, he probably would've laughed at her. She couldn't expect him to feel the same.

Setting her briefcase on the console table by the door, she stepped over to her curtains and pulled them open, allowing the evening sun to flood her living room. Kicking her work heels off, she sank her feet into the welcoming carpet and headed to her kitchen to consider what she wanted for dinner.

Diiiiing-dong.

Almost reaching her destination, Jenna turned and headed back to the door wondering if it were Ms. Hanover coming by to fill her in about the events of the weekend. She didn't doubt the old woman noted her absence.

Pulling the door open, she froze. "Mr. Douglas, what are you doing here?"

Instead of his traditional brown and tan uniform, he stood on her mat in grey slacks and a black Polo shirt. Jenna couldn't deny, even though she'd not been thinking about him over the last few days while her trainer occupied her mind, the sight of him still turned her on. After all the orgasms she'd experienced during those two nights, she wondered how her sex was already beginning to swell.

"Hello, Miss. Taylor. I'm here because I needed to bring you something that belongs to you."

SPEED DATING

Leaning against her doorjamb, she presented him with a sweet smile noticing the yellow envelope he held down by his side. "That was thoughtful of you, but you didn't have to do it on your day off."

"What I have is of a personal nature and best delivered outside of work."

Now he'd piqued her interest. "Oh." Was it possible he would finally ask her out?

Passing the envelope to her, he said, "Open it."

She noticed the directness of Malcolm's voice, *that* more than the sight of him intrigued and aroused her. Jenna could see how being around her trainer started a spark within her now that ignited with the slightest provocation of dominance.

Taking a deep breath, she calmed her raging senses. Obliging Malcolm, she opened the envelope. Seeing something at the bottom of it, she reached inside and withdrew the item. Upon recognition, her hands started to shake.

"Where did you get this?" she whispered.

He took the final step, aligning his body with hers. "You left it with me, my vanilla princess."

"*Mon entraîneur?*" Jenna reached out her hand, to his face and glided her fingers along his chocolate skin.

"Yes, little one. Are you going to let me in or will we add exhibitionist to your number three list?"

Giggling, she stepped back allowing him into her house.

When he kicked the door shut with the heel of his boot, his forcefulness caused her heart to leap.

Dragging her into his arms, he kissed her deep.

Willingly, Jenna opened for him as he slipped his tongue into her mouth. Thrilled by the new discovery she joined him in the oral duel. Gripping the back of his head, she held him against her.

They parted, breathing heavy with mounting passion.

"Did you know it was me all along?"

He shook his head. "No. Even as much as I fantasized that the newbie was you. Since she wasn't you, as much as I liked her, I couldn't bring myself to offer a meeting with her outside of the Den. Although, every time you bit into that sexy bottom lip of yours, it should have clued me in. I didn't know until I saw these wild curls loose and your face," he confessed running his hand through her hair.

"Malcolm, I've wanted you for so long. All those books I ordered were just so I could see you everyday in hopes you would ask me out." She ran her hands over his broad shoulders, enjoying touching him. "But, the last time I saw you and you asked me if I was running a home business. My heart broke."

"It was at that moment my heart opened up. I thought it wasn't possible that you felt the same way about me as I did for you. For months, my boss has been trying to get me to be district manager, but I kept putting him off because I wanted to see you everyday."

"Why didn't you say something?"

Sliding a finger down the side of her face, he continued, "Now, you know my fetish. Imagine if I'd have taken you out on a date and then at the end of it asked if I could tie you up and spank."

Jenna flushed. "I guess you have a point."

"As well as a mean erection." He ground his hard cock into her pelvis.

"*Mon entraîneur*, how would you like me to take care of it? Mouth, ass, hand or—"

He kissed her fiercely, silencing her. Walking her back towards her couch he said, "I want to hold you and see your eyes while I'm inside of you. Therefore, I suggest we utilize the good 'ole missionary position."

"Wait. You didn't give me my safe-word," she informed him.

"Love," he told her as he pulled his shirt over his head, baring his chest to her.

"Love?"

"Yes, little one. It will always keep us safe in each others arms."

"Yes, it will," she concurred reaching under her skirt and removing her grey panties.

He groaned when he saw the color.

The soft cushions of the couch greeted her back as Malcolm laid her down. Wiggling, she pushed her skirt up around her waist.

Malcolm's weight came down on her as she wrapped her legs around his hips.

A sharp intake of breath alerted Jenna to someone standing outside of her window. She and Malcolm turned their heads and spied Ms. Hanover peeping into her house from the sidewalk. There was no doubt the old woman could see them clearly. The older woman had the eyes of an eagle.

SPEED DATING

"Guess we will be adding exhibition to the list." Refocusing on Malcolm, Jenna surrounded his shoulders with her arms. She had no desire to cease what they'd started.

"I hope she enjoys it as much as we do." He reached between, placing his cock at the opening of her pussy.

"That's just not possible, *Mon Maître*." She lifted her hips, pushing him into her wet heat.

Jenna watched Malcolm's eyes light up at her endearment of calling him Master.

YVETTE HINES

About the Author

Yvette Hines loves romance and writing it is one of her greatest pleasures in life outside of her husband and two children. Her belief in happily ever after began when she was sixteen and started reading romance books. Now as an erotic romance author, she tries to show that every woman no matter color, age, shape or size deserves a high level of passion in her life. Residing in Virginia with her family, she is an avid member of Chesapeake Romance Writers. She loves to hear from her readers: sasseyyvettehines@yahoo.com or visit her at <http://SASSE-Yvette-Hines.blogspot.com>.

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