

A close-up photograph of a person's face, partially obscured by a vibrant red, textured mask. The mask has two large, dark, almond-shaped eye cutouts. The person's hair is dark and visible around the edges of the mask. They are wearing a thick, voluminous collar made of many red feathers. The background is a solid, deep red color.

Loose Id

TRIOX

GRACEFUL MISCHIEF

An erotic interlude with the characters of *Graceful Submission*

MELINDA BARRON

GRACEFUL MISCHIEF

A Halloween Trick set in the world of
GRACEFUL SUBMISSION

Trick or Treating's not just for kids this year!

Melinda Barron

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Graceful Mischief

Melinda Barron

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Chapter One

Note to self: They say beauty is skin deep, but truly, beauty is more how you interact with other people. Truly beautiful people can be truly ugly when they open their mouths.

To do list: Finish edits on three chapters

Write M's story on favorite fantasies

Be ready for dinner at seven, sharp!

Grace Shelley stretched her arms above her head and arched her back. A day's worth of writing sometimes meant an aching back, but today she didn't have that problem. Since her first novel had been published two years ago, she'd been busy not only career-wise, but personally, too. She loved it. And today, she was excited about getting some alone time with her Master, her lover, her husband.

A warm glow filled her, despite the chill in the stone walls. She grinned as she toyed with the computer keys. She was in a castle, an honest-to-goodness English castle, with more rooms than she could count, wings that went off in all directions and hallways wide enough to fit a swimming pool.

She wouldn't be here if she wasn't married to one of the most handsome men in all of Hollywood, Toffer Shelley, known to the world as Drake Dawson, and known to Grace as Master, the man who kept her safe and provided her with innumerable pleasures. Most of all, though, he was the man who loved her exactly as she was.

For three and a half years now she'd been his wife, his lover, and his submissive. She'd obeyed his every command and was always hungry for more. It didn't matter to him that he was tall, dark and very, very handsome, and she herself was not so tall, nor so beautiful, and at size eighteen, not anywhere near as svelte as the wives of the other actors they knew. She had learned early in their marriage not to say anything derogatory about her size, because Master didn't like it, and she didn't like the punishments that came from those transgressions.

She'd also learned to ignore the tabloids and the reports on TV entertainment programs showing them on the red carpet, where the commentators made less than flattering remarks. Toffer dealt with it with perfect aplomb. If he heard the comments, or heard of them, he ignored that reporter the next time he saw them at an event, and would stick little comments in interviews about "small-minded people who had to feel better about themselves by cutting other people down."

The reporter would have to make some sort of apology before Toffer would give them the time of day again. Since he was one of Hollywood's leading men, they needed his stories to boost their ratings. Grace hugged herself, then looked at her watch. It was after five. She needed to bathe and then get dressed for dinner.

Toffer had told her he expected her to be ready at seven. Any later and he would construct a punishment fitting the crime. The idea made her smile, and she thought about leaving a button undone, or not having her shoes on when he arrived.

The idea was fun, but the idea of going to London for dinner held more interest for her. Since Toffer had started filming *Days of Grace*, a medieval love story, he'd worked fifteen-hour days. Tonight would be the first evening they'd had to go out together in weeks.

The fact it was Halloween only made things more exciting. This morning, Toffer had said something about going to a party in London, at a BDSM club. She'd smiled her approval, even as her heart had beat just a little bit too fast. They didn't generally go to public places, since there was too much of a chance of someone selling a photo of him inside the club to a tabloid.

But since it was Halloween, they could wear masks and not be recognized. She allowed her thoughts to wander about the pleasures that awaited, then realized with a start it was a quarter to six. She hurried to the bathroom and bathed, making sure everything was properly shaved, then tried to dress in a hurry, which wasn't easy to do considering she was hooking herself into a corset.

Toffer had bought her the bright red satin treat last weekend, saying he wanted her to wear it tonight. It was an over-the-bust style, so it could be worn in public. But once she looked at herself in the mirror, Grace shook her head. Her large breasts were almost overflowing the top and she knew she would be self-conscious, despite the fact she would be wearing a blouse over it.

She wanted to take it off, but Master would be disappointed. She closed her eyes and remembered his words after one program's criticism of her size. "What matters, Lolly-girl is that you're beautiful to me."

He'd gotten back at the reporter as only Toffer could do. He'd told his friends the man was insufferable, and he'd brought Grace to tears. At the next awards program, the confused journalist had been ignored by almost everyone he'd tried to corral for an interview, and had almost lost his job. Almost. Realizing what had happened, he'd apologized, then asked Toffer for an interview. He'd proceeded to do a glowing piece about how love had no boundaries, least of all the boundaries of size.

Grace put on her stockings, taking care to make sure she fastened each of them to the satin hooks hanging from the corset, then pulled on her skirt. She stepped into her high heels, something Toffer loved, and then last, but certainly not least, she changed the slim

leather collar inlaid with diamonds she wore in private for a beautiful black collar with teardrop jewels hanging from it.

She wore a collar everywhere, and Toffer had made sure she had beautiful ones in different colors to match the outfits she wore. She was standing in front of the mirror, hoping her breasts didn't pop out sometime tonight, when the e-mail program on her computer dinged.

A check of her watch showed she had five minutes until Toffer arrived. He'd said he would shower and get ready in his trailer, and then come to pick her up. When his e-mail address showed in her in-box she smiled. She opened the mail and felt her heart lurch in her chest.

"You have five minutes to get to the entrance of the maze. Don't worry about a purse, you won't need it. Just make sure you're there, my Lolly-girl."

A giggle escaped her lips. Obviously, Toffer wanted to play some before dinner, and that was just fine with her. She checked her reflection in the mirror one more time and headed out the door, hoping she remembered where to find the maze and wasn't too late for Toffer's outing.

Chapter Two

It was almost ten minutes after seven when Grace found the entrance to the maze. Toffer was standing there, one leg bent backward, his foot resting on the thick hedge. He looked handsome as ever. His compelling face lit up with anticipation when Grace came into view, and her stomach did flip-flops. No matter how many times she saw him, it was always the same -- her palms would sweat and her heart would beat faster. It was hard to believe that the handsome man was her husband. Right now, he wore his dark hair just past his shoulders for the movie role. And he definitely wasn't dressed for dinner. He was wearing jeans and a pullover.

"Hello, my Grace." His voice was deep as she stopped in front of him. He cupped her cheek and kissed her lightly. "You're late."

"I'm sorry. I couldn't find..."

"No excuses." He stroked her arms, then pushed aside her shirt and traced his fingers over the edge of her breasts. Her nipples hardened in response.

"So beautiful, and all mine." His voice was deep. He gathered her close and caressed her hips, his breath hot against her neck. "Take off all your clothes, except for the corset and stockings, and of course, your shoes."

“Master, I...”

His upraised eyebrows stilled her words. She took off her shirt and dropped it on the bench, her skirt following. When she'd stepped out of her panties, he groaned in appreciation and she shivered. Her gaze darted from side to side to see if anyone was around.

“Don't worry. Everyone's up at the party.” He reached inside of the corset and lifted each of her breasts out, setting them on top of the satiny material.

“I thought we were going to dinner, Master.” His fingers caressed and kneaded her nipples, making her groan softly.

“Well, since it's Halloween I decided a little trick-or-treat was in order. I'm going to give you a three-minute head start, one for each glorious year you've been my wife. Then, I'm coming after you. If I catch you, I top you in the maze. If you make it to the center without being caught, then we go to dinner and play at the club.”

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a silk tie. “Put your wrists together.”

Grace did as she was told. The silk was cool on her wrists as he bound them closely together.

He pulled on the knot to make sure her wrists were secure.

He ran his finger down her belly and probed at the juncture of her thighs.

“Open for me.”

She widened her stance and his finger dipped inside her pussy, wiggling through her wetness until he found her clit.

“Yes, you're very excited.” He lifted his finger to her mouth and she sucked it inside, tasting her juices as he fucked her mouth slowly. When he pulled out and traced her lips, she groaned.

“Master, I...”

“Three minutes.”

“...think we should...”

“Two fifty-nine, two fifty-eight, two fifty-seven.”

Grace took a step back from him and then entered the maze. She could hear him counting as she turned the first corner, wishing she'd paid more attention to their host on the first day when he'd guided them to the middle. She knew there was a long stone table there, with chairs around it, but she had no idea how to find it.

The wind rustled the hedge and she stopped to take a deep breath. What would happen if someone else was already in the maze, playing a different game and they stumbled upon her, basically naked with her wrists tied in front of her?

She knew there were no children here at the house, so she didn't have to worry about that. But there was always the chance someone else was here. Maybe Cedric Davenport, Toffer's uber handsome co-star, who was also a Dom. Would her Master pull him into their game? In recent months they'd talked about him wanting to watch Grace with another man.

The idea excited Grace, too, but not like this. She wasn't prepared, mentally or physically. She stopped to get her bearings. She'd already made several wrong turns that led to dead-ends. It was fully dark outside, but low lamps lit several of the corners.

She'd just eyed a trail that looked vaguely familiar when Toffer's voice reached her ears.

“Ready or not, here I come.”

Had it already been three minutes? Grace tried to slow her breathing as she headed for the path. She wanted to go to London for dinner, and to visit the club. To do that, she had to beat Toffer to the middle. And she wasn't going to do it just standing here.

Chapter Three

The damp earth below her swallowed her heels as she rounded the next corner. She almost lost her balance, placing her bound hands against the shrubbery to steady herself. She glanced to the left and was heartened to see several lights she was sure marked the center of the maze.

A few steps and she would be there, she was sure of it. She'd found the center, which amazed her. Toffer's game had been fun, but it would be treat time instead of trick. She smiled to herself and pulled up her leg, her foot coming out of her shoe, which stayed stuck in the muck.

She bent over to pull the heel out. She'd just stepped into it again when Toffer's low whistle wrapped itself around her.

"Now there's a beautiful sight. If I didn't already have games planned, I'd fuck you right here."

"Master."

"That's right, Grace, it's your Master. And he's come to claim his prize." He ran his hand over her bare behind.

"How did you find me so fast?"

“Because I’m good, Gracie, and because I’m motivated by the thought of fucking you here, where anybody could come up and see us.” He stepped in front and pulled a long, black silk scarf from his pocket. He wound it through her bindings and started to walk toward the center, leading her by her bound wrists.

He took several turns, without missing a beat, before stopping at the entrance to the center. Grace stared at the table. It had indeed been prepared for her, with bindings on the bottom legs, and a cord that ran the length of it.

“Put your ass right on the edge of the table, my love. Then lie back with your legs spread over either edge and raise your arms above your head.”

Grace didn’t argue. Gone was the idea of going to London. She was thrilled with the “trick” her Master was playing on her. She stayed silent as he bound her spread legs to either table leg, and then replaced the black silk scarf with the rope and secured her arms above her head. Her pussy was right on the edge, in a perfect spot for her Master to enter. Her breasts were held in place by the corset. She was firmly on display.

“Remain silent and still, unless I speak to you, do you understand me, Lolly?”

“Yes, Master.”

Her body tingled at his voice, deep and commanding. “No matter what happens, or what is said. I know you can do it, my sweet one.”

“Thank you, Master.”

He leaned over and kissed her, his lips soft against her own. Then he placed the black scarf over her eyes and things went black.

Grace sucked in her breath and bit her lip to keep from crying out. Being blindfolded in their home was one thing, but being blindfolded in the middle of a maze in the English countryside was another. It set her nerves on end. She loved her Master, and she knew he loved her. She also trusted him with her body and soul. She knew he would never do anything to hurt her, but right now she was totally outside her comfort zone.

It was both terribly frightening and thrilling at the same time. She knew he was watching her, waiting for her to become accustomed to her position. Her clit throbbed in anticipation and her nipples grew even tighter.

After what seemed an eternity, but was probably only a few minutes, he traced his fingers over her stomach and down her leg. She felt his presence at the end of the table, her senses heightened by the blindfold.

Toffer tickled the insides of her thighs before moving up to run his finger along her wet slit. He slipped inside and caressed her soft flesh, stopping just short of her clit.

"Yummy," he said softly. When the tip of his tongue flickered across her engorged bud she almost cried out. Almost. Over the last three years she'd learned to be good and to follow her Master's directions.

He replaced his tongue with his thumb, pushing her clit into her flesh, moving the hard nub around before taking the pressure away totally. Grace's body was on fire, her need to come threatening to overtake her discipline in obeying her Master.

When his tongue flicked out again she sighed.

"Bad Lolly," he said, a chuckle in his voice. "Tell me, did you write my stories about your fantasies?"

A rustling in the trees made Grace tense.

"Not yet, Master."

"I know your real work interfered, but I want my stories soon."

The rustling noise intensified. *Was someone there?*

"Of course, you know my fantasy, don't you?"

"Yes, Master. To watch me with another man."

"That's right, Gracie. Explain to me again why the idea makes you so uncomfortable."

Her entire body was tense. There was someone else there. She heard footsteps padding against the soft earth, coming closer to them.

Fears about her size and another person's reaction surfaced. She knew Toffer loved her, and loved her body. She was comfortable with her size around him, but not around others. Now she knew someone was watching, looking at her as she was tied to a table, her legs spread, her nipples hard.

Toffer slapped her pussy. "Answer me, Grace."

"Master, I'm too big for things like that."

Toffer slapped her pussy again, and again. Grace moaned. "And I think you're absolutely beautiful, just the way you are. What do you think, my friend? Am I right, or is she?"

Grace pulled on her bindings as Cedric Davenport's voice rang out.

"She's extraordinary. She looks good enough to eat."

"Doesn't she? She's so very tasty. We've had this discussion for a while now about playing with others. I've deferred to Grace's insecurities about her size, but no more. It's time for my wife to learn she's beautiful in so many ways. I hated to trick her into it, but I knew even tonight, at the club, she would have balked at being naked."

Grace's stomach roiled. He'd never intended to take her to the club, never intended them to have a night in London. This had been his plan all along. She felt a little betrayed, but at the same time, she knew he'd done this because he knew her so well. He'd been right. Even at the club she would have not wanted to be naked, and that would have led to a fight, and a punishment.

Cedric began to slide the silk scarf from her face, tugging it gently at the end so it fell. When it was gone his smiling face came into view. He was truly handsome. An actor known for his action movies who, at the age of forty-two, still had the buff body of a twenty-year-

old. Not only was he known for his movies, but for the fact he dated twenty-something starlets who looked like they'd never put more than a grape in their mouth for a meal.

"Hello, Grace."

"Cedric." Her hands were sweating.

Toffer's hands were on her thighs, gently stroking them up and down, tickling her with his fingertips. Grace looked down at him. He winked at her, and then lowered his head down, his tongue assaulting her clit with new abandon.

Grace tried to lie still, tried not to look at Cedric, who had turned his gaze toward Toffer's head as her husband licked her clit, and then inserted two fingers into her wetness, fucking her with them as his tongue danced around her.

"Come for me, Grace." His voice was muffled. "Come for us. Move around. Be loud. Be my beautiful Lolly."

Toffer's words sent chills up her spine as he continued to lap at her clit. She closed her eyes and concentrated on the sensations. She thought back to when she and Toffer were first together. After their marriage, he still had to coax her into being naked, going so far as to tell her she had to spend entire weekends naked for his pleasure.

He'd complimented her, told her how graceful she was, how tantalizing and delicious. Was she graceful now? Did that change just because Cedric was watching her? She shook her head, knowing that it didn't. She was still beautiful. She still hadn't learned what her Master was trying to teach her. No matter what others thought of her, she was beautiful to him, and that made her gorgeous.

She bucked against his tongue, licking her own lips as if to join his.

"Oh, Master. So good." Toffer's tongue circled her nub, then he sucked it into his mouth, biting it gently, taking it between his teeth and rubbing the edge of his tongue back and forth.

"Master! May I come?"

Toffer nodded, his tongue still working her quivering flesh. Grace flew over the edge, her body quaking in delight at the idea her Master loved her, and someone was watching.

“Master! Master! Oh, Master!” She bucked and pulled against her bonds as wave after wave of bliss washed over her, leaving her weak and content. He pushed harder and Grace came a second time.

“Toffer!”

She continued to yell his name, not caring who heard, or what they would think. She didn’t care that she would receive punishments for using his real name, and not calling him Master. She wanted him to know how much she loved him, and how much pleasure he was bringing her.

“Damn.” Cedric said in awe. “How do you make a woman come like that, Toffer?”

Toffer licked her clit again, then lifted his head. “By loving her.”

Chapter Four

Grace sat on the edge of the table, her Master nestled between her thighs. He rubbed each of her wrists, then kissed them gently.

“Are you feeling all right?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Physically and mentally?”

She gave him a beaming smile. “Yes.”

“Good. I’d hoped you wouldn’t be too angry with me.”

She shook her head. “No, Sir.”

“Promise? Because if I find out you’re just saying that, you know what happens, right?”

Grace nodded. She knew if she lied about her feelings, Toffer always found out. Above all, he wanted honesty between them where feelings were concerned.

“You know my fantasy, don’t you?”

“Yes, Master.”

He kissed the tip of her nose, then stepped back. “Ced, I hope you brought a condom.”

“Several,” Cedric said with a laugh. “Strawberry, or cherry flavored?”

Grace buried her face in her hands, her shoulders shaking with laughter.

“Strawberry,” Toffer said, his gaze focused on Grace. “She loves them.”

Grace shivered when Cedric’s fingers traced her shoulder blades. Toffer stepped away and she wanted to reach out for him, to draw him closer.

“It’s been my fantasy for some time, Cedric, to watch Grace with another man. To watch her get pleasure from him, knowing he found her attractive.”

Cedric kissed her shoulder. “She’s stunning. And the way she gives of herself, with such abandon.” He turned Grace gently, but she kept her gaze on Toffer. When Cedric captured a nipple in his mouth and sucked it in she gasped. Toffer hissed and nodded, his hand going down to stroke his cock.

He undid his pants as Cedric moved to her other nipple. He went back and forth between them as Toffer took his cock out and began to stroke it, his gaze fastened on his wife’s breasts.

“Oh, Master.”

Toffer laughed. “Me? What about Cedric? Let him know you’re enjoying his attentions.”

Grace turned her face to the good-looking star. He lifted his gaze to her and smiled before dropping back to recapture a nipple. He bit it gently and she shivered, running her hands through his hair and then over his naked back.

Her eyes widened when she realized he was naked. When had that happened? She guessed when she was talking with Toffer. She shifted her head so she could see his cock. It stood proud and erect, covered in red latex.

“I want to touch you. Feel you.”

Cedric took a step back and nodded. Grace looked to Toffer for approval before dropping to her knees in front of the man. She stroked his cock, savoring the sighs that came

from both men. She wiggled her tongue against the tip of his erection, then opened her lips and sucked him inside.

“Yes, Grace, suck him.”

She put her hands on his hips, taking him in as far as she could before pulling back and sucking him back inside.

His hands were gentle on her hair and Toffer’s loud “fuck, yes,” sent rockets of satisfaction through her body.

“He wanted you, Grace. We were discussing fantasies, just as you and I have been doing, and when I said I wanted to watch my wife with another man, he volunteered. He said he thought you were scrumptious.”

“I was right,” Cedric said.

Grace moaned around his cock. The strawberry flavor from the condom was delicious, and when she felt Toffer’s hands on her shoulders pulling her back and lifting her to her feet she groaned in disapproval.

“You’ll have him back soon enough, my wife. Besides, we have all night.”

Cedric climbed onto the table, taking the exact position Grace had, except he had no restraints.

“Suck him again.” She bent over and took him in her mouth. He seemed larger this time, his hand on her head as he stroked her hair the same way her lips stroked his cock, back and forth, back and forth.

Toffer’s hands grasped her hips as he positioned her for his entry. He slid inside her in one hard stroke, making Grace squeal with delight around the throbbing cock in her mouth. The rhythm was hard and steady, Cedric sliding into her mouth at the same time Toffer slid out of her pussy, then the reverse happening.

“Play with your clit.” Toffer’s voice was heavy with desire.

Grace's fingers dropped to her aching clit. It pulsed against her fingers as she stroked it, wet with her own juices and with the remnants of Toffer's saliva.

"I'm going to come," Cedric said. Grace panicked for a moment, until she remembered the condom. Then she tightened her lips, sucking him in deeper as Toffer slammed himself into her harder and harder.

"Fuck!" Cedric's cock seemed to expand in her mouth as he shot off. The strawberry flavor was all Grace tasted, and seconds later Toffer muttered the same word, the sounds of their flesh slamming into each other filling the small enclosed space.

When Toffer had stopped thrusting, and Cedric had collapsed onto the table, Toffer's fingers linked with Grace's to rub her nub.

"Did you like that, my love?"

"I did."

"Me, too." Cedric's voice made them all laugh. He sat up and captured Grace's nipples between his thumbs and forefingers.

"Come, my Grace. Show me you enjoyed your little trick."

She could feel it building inside her, the pressure from hands on her breasts and fingers on her clit too much to bear.

"Master!" She came in a rush of power as both men increased their stimulation of her body. When the orgasm stopped pounding through her, she realized her head rested on Cedric's thigh and both men were stroking her back.

"Shall we retire inside," Toffer said. "I think we have a few more treats to explore tonight."

Grace moaned softly. With Toffer, each experience was more memorable than the last. Even when he was being tricky, she seemed to get all the treats. She shivered under their caresses and knew that this would be a Halloween to remember.

 THE END 

Melinda Barron

Melinda Barron loves to explore Egyptian tombs and temples, discover Mayan ruins, play in castles towers, and explore new cities and countries. She generally does it all from the comfort of her home by opening a book.

Melinda is the fourth of five children born to an Army officer and his wife. A longtime newspaper journalist, Melinda has loved to read and write from an early age. Now she lives in the Texas Panhandle with two cats, Amelia and Pippin, and enough books to, according to her brother, open her own library. In addition to reading and writing Melinda enjoys travel, cross-stitching, watching movies and spending time with her friends and family.

To read more about the characters and their world, check out *Graceful Submission* by Melinda Barron:

Plus-sized Grace Kinison leaves a dull life. She's a teacher and aspiring author, who does nothing but work, and then write on her novel. That is until she becomes a cyber submissive.

Grace has agreed to help her childhood friend's husband plan her surprise birthday party. Grace thinks her fellow party planner, Toffer Shelley, is a writer on a TV show. What she doesn't know is that he's the show's sexy star, Drake Dawson. He's a Dom, and he wants to work his magic on her.

When Grace runs into trouble at work her cyber relationship turns into the real thing after she travels to Hollywood to meet Toffer. She's thrilled to be meeting her Master, until she realizes that he's the most gorgeous man in Hollywood.

But Toffer won't let Grace judge him by his looks. He takes her on a sexual journey full of bondage and submission, which give her strength to overcome challenges in her own work.

Publisher's Note: Graceful Submission is a nontraditional love story that contains sexual content that may be offensive to some readers: bondage and submission, spanking, punishment, anal sex and other BDSM practices.

Graceful Submission is now available at Loose Id®

<http://www.loose-id.net/detail.aspx?ID=402>