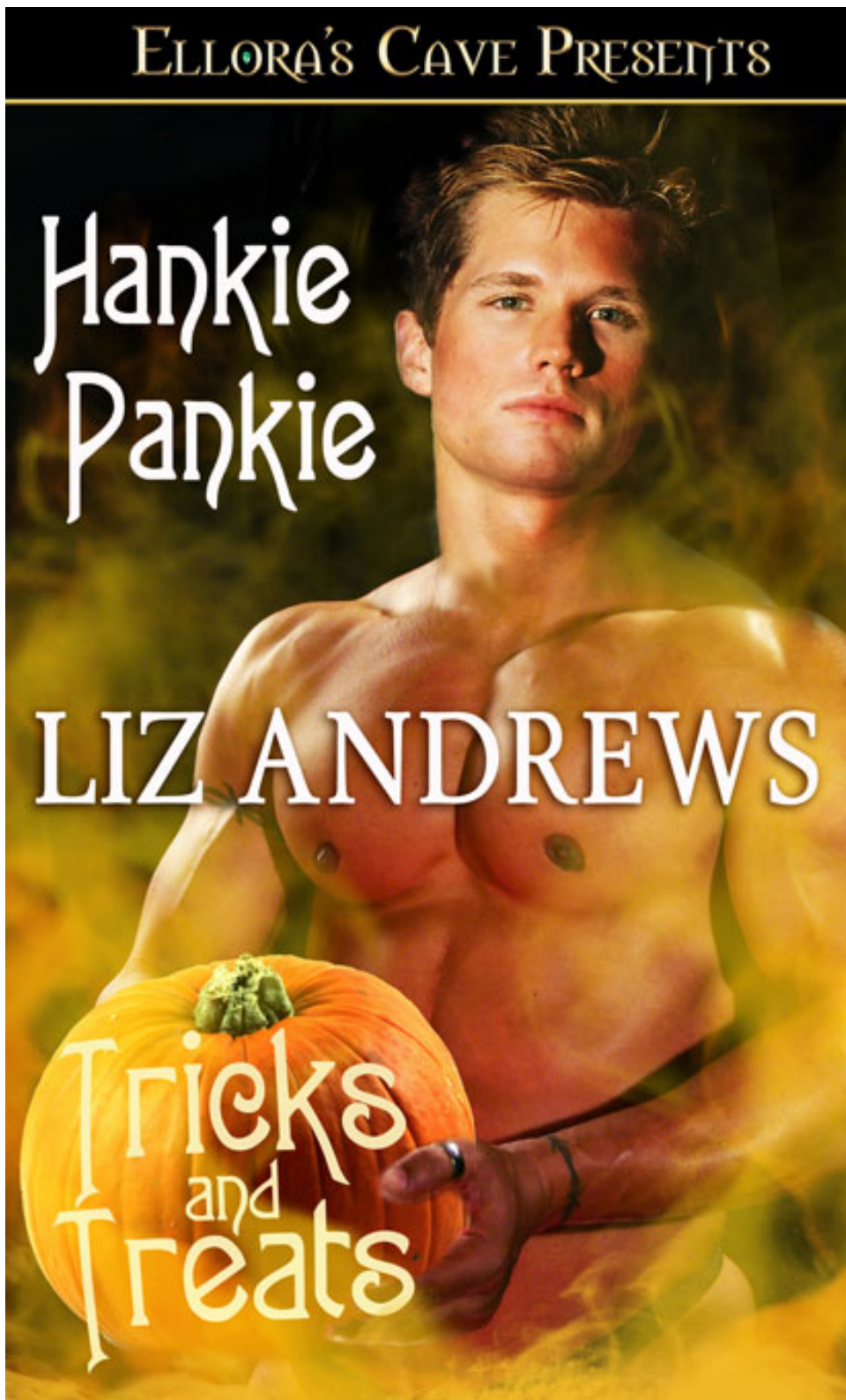


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

Hankie
Pankie

LIZ ANDREWS

Tricks
and
Treats



An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Hankie Pankie

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HANKIE PANKIE

Liz Andrews

Dedication

To Lena, tag, Tag, TAG!

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Chapter One

Halloween was only supposed to be scary to children, not adults. Of course as a child, Amie Taggert never could have imagined one day she'd be surprising her boyfriend by making reservations for the night at a very private, exclusive club.

As Amie sat nervously in the passenger seat of the car, her glance cut across to stare at her boyfriend Eric Hammond once more. His blond hair shone bright in the darkness of the car, but she couldn't see his pale blue eyes. Maybe if she'd been able to look at him straight on, she would have been able to tell what he was thinking.

He'd asked time and time again where they were going and she thought he was just being coy. Hell, she'd found the invitation for this party on his computer. Once she'd given him the directions, Amie thought he would have recognized the location. But now she wondered if she'd made a big mistake, possibly the biggest in her life.

The crackle from the intercom came through the car window. "Clear to proceed." Large iron gates swung open, allowing them to head up the winding driveway.

Amie wiped her palms on the side of her seat, unwilling to muss her Guinevere costume. At the time she picked it, she thought it was cute, especially since Eric was dressed as Sir Lancelot. He looked so elegant in his costume, tall and commanding, just as she imagined a knight would appear. She'd always been a bit of a King Arthur fan and although she rarely had the opportunity, she loved to dress up.

Eric pulled into the circular drop-off of the mansion and a valet came out to take the car. Trembling slightly, Amie licked her lips as Eric took her arm and led her up the wide steps to the sounds of a raucous party inside the stately home.

"So you want to tell me where we are and what we're doing here?"

Amie blinked up at Eric, unwilling to admit what a colossal fool she'd been. Either he had no idea what was going on or she'd blundered into something he didn't want to

reveal to her. Nevertheless, perhaps she could salvage some of her pride and get them out of there before this went any further. "Um, this was a huge mistake. Let's just go."

The large doors swung open revealing a woman dressed in a leather corset and skintight black pants. She looked like Halle Berry in *Catwoman*. "Welcome to the Hankie Pankie Halloween Event." She handed them a small plastic jack-o'-lantern and then sweeping her hands wide, ushered them into the foyer. "Personal Items can be left in the room off to your right and you are welcome to begin exploring any and all rooms. This is a night to make your fantasies come true."

Eric raised his eyebrows slightly but said nothing. Instead, he grasped her hand and tugged her into the coatroom. Fishing around in the jack-o'-lantern, Eric chuckled and Amie's eyes widened as he pulled out a strip of condoms, waving them in front of her face. "I think there must be a story here."

"Do you really have no idea what the party is?" Amie could hear her voice crack as she spoke. The embarrassment of having to explain this was beyond her worst nightmare.

"None, but I'm really interested in why we need condoms and," poking around the plastic pumpkin he pulled out a small bottle, "lickable strawberry lube to make our fantasies come true."

Burying her face in her hands, Amie took a couple of deep breaths. "It's a fetish party."

"A what?"

She'd have to face him sometime and there was no time like the present. Raising her head, Amie stared at Eric's shocked expression. "A fetish party. You know, bondage and domination and...stuff."

"Stuff?"

"I told you this was a mistake. Can we please just go?" Amie tugged on his hand but Eric wasn't budging. In fact, his previous shock had turned to speculation.

"I didn't know you were into this."

"I'm not. I thought you were." It was a good thing the coatroom was dim since Amie knew her face must be flaming at this point.

"Why would you think I was into dominance and bondage?"

"I found the website for this party on your computer. What else was I supposed to think?" It was something Amie had thought little else of the past two weeks. Their sex life, although satisfying, had no kinky elements. She'd been happy, although even she had to admit some of the spark had gone out of their encounters.

"My computer?"

"Yes, your computer. Do you remember when I asked to use it last week?" At Eric's nod, she continued. "I was going to look up haunted houses, but when I started to type, the website for this party popped up."

"And you thought I was planning for us to attend?"

"I wasn't sure what I thought at first. Shock mostly, I guess. I couldn't believe you were into this stuff." After finding the website, Amie had begun to wonder if Eric was looking for someone to fulfill some hidden need of his. Amie loved Eric and she was determined to be that someone.

"I'm not." Eric's insistence rang true.

"Well, I didn't know that. But when I explored the site and saw there was a party coming up, I thought maybe we could check it out together."

"You could have just asked me about it."

"Yeah right. What was I supposed to say? Hey, Eric, how come you never told me you liked tying up girls and spanking their ass?" She silently didn't add her other fear, what if it were just the opposite and he wanted her to spank his ass? Her stomach felt queasy and she cursed the fact she'd decided to not eat before the party.

Voices in the foyer announced more arrivals. "Can we please just go?" Amie tried not to cringe at the desperation in her voice. She tugged the jack-o'-lantern from his hands, setting it on the table in an attempt to get him moving.

Eric stared at her silently for a minute before he shook his head. "No, we're already here and dressed up. You wanted to check it out together so let's go."

"Are you crazy?"

"Come on, it'll be fun." Eric smiled encouragingly before grabbing her hand and opening the door into a world Amie had only seen on the small screen of his computer. Although decorated like a Victorian parlor, this was no tea party. Sure there were men and women seated and standing around the room in small groups, eating and drinking like any normal party. It wasn't even the way they were dressed. Amie expected to see outlandish costumes. After all, it was Halloween.

What she hadn't been expecting were the men and women kneeling or seated at the feet of the other guests. Many of them wore collars, some even with leashes. But it was the minimal amount of any other clothing that truly surprised her. Shockingly, it also aroused her.

Amie never considered herself very adventurous. She was pretty conservative in most things and figured Eric was the same. The discovery of a BDSM site on his computer had thrown her for a loop. And until now she'd been unwilling to admit how much she'd been enticed by what she'd seen.

"Wow, certainly not something you'd see every day, huh?" Eric's words, spoken softly into her ear, caused Amie's face to flush with embarrassment. She been caught looking intently at the half-naked crowd and the moisture gathering between her thighs wasn't the only evidence she'd been intrigued. Her flesh felt tingly and her nipples were tightening with desire. Slipping his arm around her waist, Eric pulled her back against him. Amie could feel his cock, thick and hard, pressing against her back.

Could he be just as turned on by this display as she was?

"I feel like I'm staring." Amie turned her head as she spoke, her lips just inches from his. "And really overdressed."

Eric chuckled. "I don't think they mind. Look at the woman in the corner. She's staring back at us."

Her gaze swept the room, easily finding the woman he was referring to. Sitting at the feet of a man who looked as if he were dressed for a business dinner, the woman looked at them hungrily. She wore leather bands across her body, covering her breasts and genitals but only barely. Although the man was engaged in conversation with another couple, Amie could see him gently stroking the woman's hair as he spoke. Amie was shocked to realize she could imagine herself in place of the woman with Eric sitting fully clothed, stroking her.

Dear God, what have I gotten myself into?

Eric didn't know if he should be turned on or shocked to hell and back. When Amie finally revealed just what kind of party this was, he'd started to look at her in a new light. Especially since he knew for damn sure he hadn't been surfing the Net hunting for bondage clubs.

Completely satisfied in his relationship with Amie, there was no way he'd risk her wrath by trolling for someone else, especially on a BDSM site. Not to say he hadn't tried some kinky stuff in college. Who hadn't? But ultimately a guy had to settle down with the woman he'd spend the rest of his life with, and for Eric that was Amie. She didn't know it yet but he'd already started to look at engagement rings.

That's why this evening was such a surprise. It was so out of character for Amie. Eric couldn't help but wonder if his little young Republican was using the party as an excuse and this was really her way of telling him they needed to spice up their love life. Spicy he was willing to do, but beating her up wasn't something he was into.

Eric was big on making jokes, but looking around the room, he barely had enough spit to swallow. The sights were intoxicating. In fact, Eric watched as her creamy

complexion became flushed the longer she stared at the woman in the corner. He wondered if she was becoming turned on by the woman's nudity or her blatant interest in them.

Amie's fingers were stroking over his arm as it rested along her waist and Eric could see she was breathing very deeply with every swell of her breasts. She stood easily within the circle of his embrace, her head tucked under his chin. Although she'd complained about being overdressed, Eric thought her costume was sexy as hell. The all-white number laced in the back, cinched in her waist and put her breasts out on display. Amie had gathered her chestnut-colored hair on top of her head, allowing the curls to cascade down her back. It made her look virginal and yet sensual all at the same time.

"So how exactly does this make our every fantasy come true?"

Amie turned and broke their embrace, exasperation flashing in her brown eyes. "I don't know. I thought you'd be all knowledgeable and let me in on it."

"That didn't work out too well, did it?"

Amie crinkled her nose. "I told you this was a mistake and we should go. You were the one who insisted we check it out."

Eric felt torn. He'd expected Amie to come clean by now, explaining it was really her idea to attend this party. In fact, it was the real reason he demanded they stay. But now he wondered just what might be behind the next door. How could he tell her he was interested in exploring without it looking as if it really were his idea in the first place?

"Hello, folks, you look a little lost." An older man, probably in his mid-forties or early fifties stood smiling at the two of them. He was dressed in a tuxedo, portrayed as Zorro with a black silk mask, cape and sword strapped to his side. "I'm Sinclair, the host of tonight's festivities."

Eric glanced at Amie, wondering if she knew this man or perhaps recognized his name, but she looked just as unaware as he felt. Politeness won out and Eric shook the man's hand as he introduced them.

"I'm Eric and this is Amie. And you're right, we're new and feeling a bit overwhelmed."

"I'm glad you've joined us. Perhaps I can show you around, let you see what we have to offer."

Before he could agree, Amie was nodding her head slightly. Once again she'd surprised him. Just a few minutes ago she was reiterating her desire to leave. Now, one word from this guy and she was willing to go exploring.

"We'd love to look around, wouldn't we, dear?" Eric was more than willing to take advantage of her change in heart.

"Excellent. Right this way." Sinclair indicated they should follow him and Eric clasped Amie's hand as they made their way from the parlor.

"Usually our parties are very exclusive, not open to the general public. But once a year on Halloween we open the Hideaway to any and all who dare to venture inside." Sinclair's montage sounded like a scripted speech but it made sense. On Halloween it wouldn't be unusual to see people dressed in outlandish costumes and assumptions would be made it was just for the holiday.

"Dare to venture? You make it sound as if once we enter, we're never getting out."

"Nothing so nefarious."

Eric wouldn't mind hearing the man's explanation to Amie's unanswered question. His pointed look must have gotten his desire across to the older man because Sinclair eventually continued.

"The Hideaway isn't for everyone but sometimes a young couple not too dissimilar from the two of you may decide, for whatever reason, to visit us on Halloween. Upon

entrance, they discover unknown adventures awaiting them. Some will experiment for the evening and then return to their sedate lives, laughing about their one wild night."

"And others?" Amie's voice had become husky, a sure sign of her arousal. Eric had been hard as soon as they'd walked into the parlor to discover what secrets the party had to offer. But the thought of Amie being stimulated by what she was learning made him harden even farther.

"There are those who come to the Hideaway and discover their hidden potential."

"Potential?" Eric had been silently listening to their exchange and couldn't help but interrupt.

Sinclair stared at him for a moment, making Eric wonder just what the man was looking for. "I see I've caught your interest. Let's view some of the rooms and I'll see if I can explain."

As they approached the next door, Sinclair cautioned them to remain quiet. "The members in this room are participating in a completely consensual scene but you may find it disturbing. If so, please do not make any sounds that could distract them, simply leave the room."

Amie and Eric both nodded their agreement, but Eric was pretty sure neither of them could have expected what they saw next. The room was devoid of most furniture except for a wooden X-cross attached to the far wall. A naked woman was restrained on the cross, her arms and legs each held at four points. Her hair was gathered on top of her head, exposing her back and ass to the crowd behind her.

A man dressed all in black was pacing behind her, snapping a crop back and forth in the air. Eric watched enthralled as the whooshing sound caused the woman to moan, seemingly in anticipation of the blow. In low whispers Sinclair began to explain to them the couple were in a Dominant and submissive or D/s relationship that included bondage and discipline.

"Does she really want to be hit?" Amie's question mirrored Eric's own curiosity.

“Yes. She is sexually stimulated not only by the pain of the crop but because she is submitting to her Master.”

Amie gripped Eric’s hand tightly as they watched the man begin to methodically strike the bound woman with the crop. Red welts crisscrossed over her shoulder blades, thighs and buttocks. She was obviously enjoying the session if moans and cries were any indication.

Eric watched as Amie bit her bottom lip at one particularly vicious blow and she shifted slightly. He wondered if she was uncomfortable and wanted to leave. She had gasped slightly at the first blow, but since then, her gaze had never wavered as she stared intently at the couple.

“You okay?” Eric whispered into her ear, mindful of the warning Sinclair had given them.

Amie nodded and turned her head slightly, staring at him. Eric was shocked to see her eyes shining with desire and longing. She seemed to be enjoying the show just as much as the woman receiving the blows. This was definitely a different side of her he’d never seen before. The sight of a woman being cropped was making him horny as hell, especially when he imagined Amie in her place. It was a side of him he never knew existed either.

Chapter Two

On shaking legs, Amie followed Sinclair and Eric from the room once the cropping session ended. She was still in shock about how much she'd been affected by the event. Her body had physically reacted to the show with the creamy evidence gathered between her thighs. Even stranger though, was how she felt. It was as if she could feel every lash on her own body as she watched. And she wanted Eric to be the one delivering the blows.

"Would you like to continue?"

Eric nodded. "Yeah, I think we would."

"Good. The upstairs rooms have a bit of a different feel to them."

Sinclair started up the stairs with Amie and Eric trailing behind them. Eric still had Amie's hand clasped in his own but she realized they had barely spoken to each other since the parlor. It was as if they were communicating by look and touch alone.

"These rooms have a multitude of uses. They are for those wanting private sessions." Sinclair took them into a narrow hallway that ran behind the rooms, showing a number of open windows that looked into each individual room.

"That doesn't make sense. How can it be private if we can see inside?"

"The users have a choice of allowing the screen to remain open or closed. Therefore, these rooms can be used privately or for voyeurs and exhibitionists as well. Many people enjoy the idea of being watched but don't want to know who is watching them. Just as many people enjoying watching." Sinclair gave her a pointed look as he spoke.

Amie was glad the lighting was low in the hallway so he and Eric couldn't see the blush covering her face. Although why she was embarrassed, she had no idea. Sinclair had been right to assume she enjoyed watching the cropping session, but from the aroused expression on Eric's face, she hadn't been the only one.

A slight buzzing made Sinclair reach into his pocket, pulling out his cell phone.

"I apologize but I need to take care of something. Why don't the two of you decide which rooms you wish to observe and I'll meet you later to see if you'd like to continue the tour."

Without giving them the chance to answer, Sinclair walked along the hallway and out through a door at the other end. Looking down the corridor, Amie could see a number of windows lit and ready for viewing.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" Eric's question caught her off guard. Amie felt out of her element, unsure and a bit scared, but surprisingly, she was ready to answer in the affirmative.

"Yes, I think I am. I never...well, it's something I never really thought much about before now, but it's very intoxicating."

Eric chuckled. "I hear you. This has surprised the hell out of me, but I'm glad to see you're taking it in stride."

"In stride, umm, that's one way to put it."

"Come on, let's see what's behind door number one."

Pulling her along, Eric stopped in front of the first lit window. The room was bathed in candles and a large bed stood center stage. Amie was shocked to see a nude man tied spread-eagle to the bed. His cock stood straight up against his body and was dark, almost purplish in color. A woman dressed in leather stood over him with a candle, dripping wax in strategic locations over his body. With every drop of the molten liquid, the man would moan and jerk, but his gaze lovingly followed the woman around the bed.

"Does that turn you on?"

"Yes and no. What about you?" Amie figured she could turn the question back on Eric and not have to explain herself, but he wasn't letting her off that easily.

"Oh no, you first. Why yes and no?"

"Watching a woman controlling a man does nothing for me. It makes me want to giggle a little bit."

"But..."

"He obviously enjoys it and seeing him get off on the loss of control is arousing."

"What else?"

Damn, he knew her so well. "I can't help but wonder what hot wax pouring over my body would feel like." Turning, she peered into his face, trying to read his expression. "Okay, now your turn."

"Seeing a guy with his dick in the air getting wax poured over him doesn't do much for me. But...hearing you describe your feelings about it is pretty damn hot. Makes me want to find a candle."

Amie's shaky laugh did nothing to disguise her nervousness. "Maybe we better move on." As she walked toward the next room, Amie wondered what she would do if Eric ever suggested wax play in real life. Could she be so daring?

As they approached the window, Amie gasped as she looked through the glass. A blindfolded woman was draped over a padded kneeling bench, her legs spread wide and her arms tied securely behind her while her breasts and upper body rested on a higher padded surface. To Amie's gaze she looked totally helpless as she knelt there, unable to move.

There were two men in the room as well. One stood at her head, feeding his cock between her ruby lips as the other knelt behind her lapping at her pussy. The man at her head crooned to her, telling her what a good girl she was as he threaded his fingers through her hair. He fucked her lazily, not hurried or rushed as he thrust into her mouth. The second man would pause every so often, warning the woman not to come before he returned to eating her pussy.

The sight before Amie stole the breath from her body. If she thought she'd been aroused by the cropping scene, she realized it was a poor second in comparison to the

current view. Her body felt on fire and she wanted to turn and attack Eric, begging him to fuck her.

“Does this turn you on?”

Without thought as to how he might interpret her answer, Amie blurted out, “God, yes.”

Eric pushed up against her, his hard body pressing her against the glass. Amie felt a slight chill on her legs and realized he was pulling her dress up. Instead of feeling indignant, Amie was thrilled at his forcefulness. The party must be messing with her head because at any other time she would have scolded him for being so presumptuous. Instead, she braced herself against the glass as he bunched the material around her waist and slipped his hand inside her lace panties.

“Fuck, you’re totally soaking my hand.”

Rather than embarrassed, Amie was delighted because Eric sounded so pleased with the results. Eric’s fingers had pushed inside her and he fucked her pussy with the same rhythm as the man fucking the girl’s mouth. Amie stared straight ahead, watching the seductive display as Eric drove his fingers into her heated core.

The man licking at the woman’s pussy finally pulled back and, unbuttoning his pants, released his cock. Amie whimpered at the thought of what was coming next. Ever-so slowly the man leaned forward, pushing his cock into the woman, filling her with one deep stroke.

“You dirty girl. You like watching her getting it from both ends, don’t you?”

“Yes.” The word barely came out as a whisper.

“It makes you so hot you want to come, isn’t that right?”

“Yes.” There was no sense denying it. Amie pushed her hips back and forth as his nimble fingers drove her to the edge. But suddenly he pulled his hand back, removing it from her panties and let her dress drop around her hips.

“Too bad, princess. I’m not letting you get off just yet.”

Eric's mind was spinning with desire. He had no idea where this controlling part of him had been hiding, but the power rush he felt was unlike anything he'd ever experienced. Amie had groaned in disappointment when he denied her orgasm. But as she stood before him, trembling a bit, she seemed to be waiting in anticipation of his next move.

"There seems to be a lot of dark windows. Do you think the rooms are empty or occupied and being used privately?"

"I...I don't know." Amie's shaky reply had him fighting to hide a grin. She was really worked up.

Grabbing her hand, Eric pulled her to the end of the hallway. "I think we should find out."

Eric turned the corner and looked at the line of rooms they'd just been viewing. There were a total of seven rooms and only three had red lights above the door while all the rest had green lights. He figured two of the red-light rooms were the ones he and Amie had viewed and the third was probably being used privately. That meant there were four rooms free.

Throwing caution to the wind, Eric opened the first door with a green bulb, flipped on the light switch and pulled Amie inside with him. The room had a large cage in the middle of the room. He noticed Amie wrinkling her nose as she looked around.

"Doesn't appeal to you?"

"Hmm, I don't think I like the look of the cage all that much."

"Okay, there're three more rooms, let's keep looking."

Exiting, they moved to the next room, opening the door and just peeking inside this time. The room looked like a doctor's office, specifically a gynecologist's.

"No." Amie turned and started to move toward the next room.

"That was pretty emphatic."

"If I go in there and we do dirty stuff, I'll never be able to go to my ob-gyn again. So, no."

"Okay, moving on."

Amie opened the next door and as Eric came up behind her, he was sure she would insist they move on once again. There was an odd wooden contraption in the middle of the room and an armoire-type cabinet along the one wall. But instead of retreating, Amie turned on the light and walked into the room, heading straight for the device.

Closing the door, Eric watched as she ran her hands over the mahogany and lightly caressed the leather cuffs placed in a number of spots along the device. The apparatus looked as if it had multiple uses with a cross on one end and an inclined padded table along the other side. In addition there were softly carpeted stools tucked on either side that looked as though they could be pulled out and moved around.

As Amie continued to explore, Eric headed toward the armoire and opened the doors to a virtual treasure trove of sexual devices. A number of floggers hung along the back wall in various materials and colors. Drawers revealed nipples clamps, blindfolds and vibrators in a variety of shapes and sizes. Now this was a room he could get into. And from the way Amie's eyes were shining, so could she. Coming up beside Amie, Eric ran his hand along her arm and he watched as she shivered, although the room was quite warm.

"How are you doing?"

"Okay."

"Just okay?" Eric hoped Amie would get something out of this as well. Up to this point, she'd been turned-on by watching others, but that was no guarantee she'd enjoy it herself.

"No, not just okay. I'm horny as hell and confused."

Horny as hell Eric could deal with. He felt the same way. But confused, that was something altogether different.

Smoothing her hair away from her face, Eric leaned down to kiss her lightly on the lips. "Why confused, baby?"

"I've never been interested in this kind of stuff before. I mean, I'm an independent woman. Why would I get off being tied up and controlled? But it's so damn erotic I'm ready to combust."

"I don't know why it's so exciting but I'm feeling it too. I think we should just see what kind of fun we can have."

Amie glanced over at the mirror, indecision on her face.

"Do you want me to close the shade?" Eric figured Amie might be more willing to experiment if he drew the blind. After all, they both now realized they wouldn't know if someone would be watching if the shade were open. Of course the secret titillation of not knowing if they were being observed could drive their play to a whole new level.

Finally Amie shook her head. "No, let's leave it open."

Eric was surprised but also aroused by her daring. He couldn't wait to see what other new experiences Amie would be willing to try. Pulling out a blindfold he had pocketed from the cabinet earlier, he turned Amie and slipped the black silk over her eyes. She trembled slightly as Eric began to loosen the ties holding her dress together. Sweeping her hair to one side, he placed a kiss just below her ear, licking the delicate skin there.

"You have never been sexier than you are right now."

Once he had the ties loosened, Eric pushed the dress over her shoulders and down her body, letting it puddle to the floor around her ankles. Amie had worn a white corset and matching panties under the dress and he was reluctant to strip her of them just yet.

"Eric, I need to touch you."

At her impassioned plea, Amie dropped to her knees in front of him. Although blindfolded, she unerringly found his buckle and had his cock free in a matter of a few moments. Grasping his cock in her hand, she leaned forward and leisurely licked up

and down his shaft while rubbing his balls with her other hand. Her slow, deliberate movements were driving him crazy and he wanted to push himself into her mouth and demand she suck him.

Amie worked her devilish little tongue on him, finding every sensitive spot along his cock until he moaned in desperation. Finally having mercy on him, she opened her mouth and sucked him inside. Eric threaded his fingers through her hair, holding her head steady as he began to pump his hips toward her.

“That’s it, baby, take me. Take all of me.”

Amie hummed in appreciation and the vibrations thrummed along his cock. It felt so good to have her mouth around him Eric knew he wouldn’t be able to last much longer. His hips thrust forward and he pushed against the back of Amie’s throat. She began to swallow his cock and Eric could feel his orgasm rushing through his body. With a hoarse shout he came, pumping his hips wildly.

Collapsing back against the wooden contraption, Eric attempted to regain his breath. Amie continued to kneel at his feet as he struggled to recover his control. Finally, he stood and pulled her into his arms where she snuggled against him.

“Oh God, Eric, I’ve never felt so uninhibited.”

She stroked his chest as she spoke and Eric could feel his cock responding to her touches, and all he could think about was burying himself inside Amie’s sweet pussy. Unfortunately, he had planned to play a bit before then. Eric was interested to see just what things she would enjoy. He wanted to drive her to the brink over and over again until she begged for him to come inside her.

“It’s only the beginning, baby.”

Pulling away from her momentarily, Eric stuffed his unruly cock into his pants. Then guiding her back toward the inclined table, he helped her onto the padded bench and laid her back. Amie’s legs dangled down over one side and she was nervously shifting her arms around as if trying to find a comfortable place to put them.

Eric took her arms and secured them with the leather cuffs. He decided to leave her legs free for a moment and stepped back to view the sight of his woman dressed only in her lingerie, draped over a BDSM contraption. He had no idea what the damn thing even did, but he was more than willing to learn.

Chapter Three

Amie lay back on the padded bench, her arms spread and shackled, wearing nothing more than her panties and corset. When she dressed for this night, she never would have believed this is where she would have ended up. If she were honest with herself, she'd never really thought about how this night would end at all.

When she discovered the party invitation on Eric's computer, her first thought was he was losing interest in their relationship and looking for something to spice it up. And after snooping around the party site, she had been more than willing to try it out as well. In fact, some of the things she'd seen truly intrigued her. On the other hand, she never imaged they'd actually be using the equipment she'd seen advertised on the computer.

"What are you thinking?"

"That I never dreamed I'd be restrained to a bench when I made plans for this evening."

Eric laughed and Amie smiled in response.

"Well, now that you are, how do you like it?"

Amie paused, thinking over his question. She really wanted to try to explain all the emotions she was feeling.

"I know this is going to sound weird, but in some ways it's very freeing. Especially with the blindfold on. I know someone could have been watching me earlier, even right now, but it didn't and doesn't matter. It's as if I'm free to experiment and try whatever I want."

"And what do you want to try?" Eric's voice had dropped and the rough timbre caused Amie's body to tighten in reaction.

"I don't know. Anything and everything?"

"Are you sure about that?"

"If I don't like something, I'll be sure to let you know."

Amie waited for him to respond but there was silence. She finally caught a sound and realized he was at the cabinet, gathering some things. Just thinking about what those things might be made her want to clench her thighs together. Unfortunately she hadn't taken too close a look at what was there, too fascinated by the device she was strapped to. Now she wondered if she should have looked a little closer before telling Eric she was willing to do any and everything.

She could hear Eric return and the sound of something rolling along the floor. Remembering the layout of room, she figured he must have pulled out one of the carpeted stools. As she lay there, Amie realized she was already wet just knowing *something* would happen.

"Everything's going to be all right." Eric leaned in and kissed her deeply before traveling down her neck to her breasts. The corset she wore pushed her breasts up and together, and Eric lapped at the cleavage there. She could feel his hands and recognized he was slowly unhooking the lacy white garment, freeing her breasts.

"You know, I've always noticed you love to have your nipples played with. In fact, when we've made love, I've seen you pinching them as you come. Do you like the pressure?"

"Yes." Amie shuddered as Eric pinched and pulled at her nipples, turning the engorged nubs into hard little points. Although she couldn't see them, she knew the pale pink areolas would be ruby red due to his attention. She had always enjoyed rough nipple play, even coming close to climax just from pinching her nipples. As close to the edge as she was now, she might just actually make it.

Just to tease her further, Eric flicked his tongue lightly over her stiff nipples, not touching anything else on her breasts. Alternating back and forth, he finally wrapped

his lips around one nipple and started to suck on it, causing Amie to arch her back and pull at her restraints in an effort to get more of her breast into his mouth.

“Easy, baby, we have all night.”

Amie moaned at the thought. At this very moment, all she could think about was her need to come—right now. She couldn’t even imagine the rest of the night. While he continued to suck on her nipples, his hand pushed her legs apart and she could feel the rough fabric of his trousers rubbing on her inner thighs. All the varying sensations were overloading her nerves.

When Eric started to lightly nip at her nipples with his teeth, Amie cried out and unabashedly began to beg. “God, Eric, please, I need to come. Please.”

“Not yet.” Eric released her nipples and stepped back. Amie collapsed against the bench, her body slick with sweat. She was still half dressed, dying to orgasm, and Eric was obviously intent on making this night a marathon session. She had no idea if she would be able to handle it.

“Why are you teasing me?”

“Because I think you like it. And I think the longer I make you wait for your orgasm, the better it’ll be.”

Grasping one of her nipples, Eric licked at it quickly before snapping something over it. Amie jerked at the combination of pain and pleasure pulsing through her body.

“Oh my God, what the hell is that?”

Before answering, Eric clamped her second nipple as well. The pain began to subside if just a bit, but all of Amie’s attention seemed to be centered on those two throbbing points.

“The package says they’re called clover clamps and they’re connected by this handy little chain.” Eric released the chain and Amie could feel the cool metal on her skin.

“What’s the chain for?” Although she was pretty sure of the answer, it was as if she couldn’t keep herself from asking.

"The directions in the handy guide I found say the more you pull on the chain, the tighter the clamps get. I guess you can also put weights on the chain."

Amie whimpered at the thought. But at the same time she knew if Eric were to touch her between her legs, he'd find her gushing with desire. As if reading her mind, Amie could feel his touch along her inner thigh. But when he reached the apex of her thighs, his fingers only lightly flitted over her pussy before moving down her other leg.

Groaning in disappointment, Amie shifted her hips and tried to encourage him to pull back her panties and touch her aching core. Instead, it seemed as if Eric touched her everywhere but there, even trailing his hand just above her panties along her belly.

Unable to touch Eric, Amie was desperate to grab on to him and make him as wild for her as she was for him.

Finally, he hooked his finger into her panties and slowly dragged them off her legs. Although she didn't shave, she did keep her pussy trimmed, and the rush of cool air on her moist heat made her restless for some kind of contact, any kind of contact.

Spreading her pussy lips apart, Eric flicked his tongue slowly up one side and then down the other, all the while avoiding her clit. Amie moaned loudly, moving her hips in a vain attempt to get him to make contact with her sensitive nub.

"I think it's time to try out some of these toys."

"What toys?"

"Don't worry, they're all in nice, shiny new packages."

Nice to know, although that hadn't been what she was worrying about. Amie bit her lower lip, dread and anticipation warring within her. What would he use on her and would she like it? The wait, although only a few moments, was interminable. The buzzing sound was the only warning she received before Eric opened her pussy and pushed a vibrating object deep inside. Her lips closed around the toy and Amie could feel it pressing against her G-spot. The deeply felt vibrations pulsed throughout her body.

Eric trailed a finger along her belly and up to the chain hanging between her breasts. Amie's breath caught in her throat as he slightly tugged on the metal, causing the nipple clamps to tighten. She writhed under his touch, wanting more.

"Do you think you could come like this, with me tugging on the clamps and the egg vibrating inside you?"

"I don't know, I don't know." It was almost impossible to focus on his question when all she wanted was the touch that would put her over. Her clit throbbed, begged for attention, but Eric continued to ignore the engorged nub.

"I may need to up the ante then."

As he watched, Amie's body shivered at his words and Eric had to fight to control his own response. He'd never been so turned on in his life as he was watching her react to his touch. The feeling he was experiencing at his control over her body was like a powerful aphrodisiac.

Grabbing a bottle of lube, he squeezed a dollop into his hand to warm it briefly before parting her buttocks and gently teasing her anus with his finger. They had often discussed trying anal sex and he'd even teased her this way in the past. Now he was going to take her ass.

"Oh my God, Eric, that feels so good." Amie moaned as he teased her sensitive rim before pressing his finger inside.

"I'm going to take you here, baby, and you'll be able to experience what it's like to be stuffed full."

Amie whimpered as he continued to finger her, but she was arching her back and plunging her hips in time with his thrusts. Her skin was flushed a rosy pink and Eric could see the dew clinging to her pussy. She was definitely aroused by the entire situation and begging for more. And he was more than willing to accommodate.

Pulling his finger free, Eric added more lube before pressing two fingers against Amie's rosette. He watched as Amie took a deep breath and prepared herself for the invasion. Pushing slowly but firmly, he breached her anal ring until he was buried knuckle-deep inside her ass.

He could feel the vibrations of the gelled egg through the thin membrane separating his fingers from her vagina. Eric was anticipating feeling those sensations against his cock. But first he needed to prepare Amie. Scissoring his fingers, he stretched her muscles.

It was fascinating studying Amie's reactions to his movements. She was licking and biting at her lips so much he knew they'd be chapped for weeks. Eric watched as Amie pulled at her bonds, oblivious to the fact she couldn't reach anything. He could tell she wanted to hold on to something as she clenched her hands in silent need.

"You doing okay?" It was the one time he regretted the blindfold she was wearing. He wished he could see her eyes. Because her expressions were guileless, she wouldn't be able to spare his feelings and claim she was okay.

Amie nodded her head but didn't speak. Eric wanted to hear her voice at least and assure himself she was okay.

"Talk to me, baby. I need to know you're doing good here."

"I can barely think, Eric. Your fingers are driving me wild and I don't know if I can handle you fucking my ass. But I want to. I want it all."

Her breathy declaration was Eric's undoing. He quickly pulled his fingers from her ass and grabbed a condom. Releasing his cock, he rolled it over his straining erection. With his cock in hand, he slowly pushed into Amie's ass until the head popped past the anal ring. She gasped at the invasion, thrashing her head back and forth. Taking a deep breath, he willed himself to stay motionless, allowing Amie to become accustomed to his cock in her ass. Finally, as he noticed her breathing begin to slow, Eric pressed forward at a steady pace.

The sensation of the vibrating egg against his throbbing cock was indescribable. He didn't know how Amie had lasted as long as she did with the buzzing toy inside her.

"You feel so fucking good," he murmured as he seated himself balls-deep inside her fist-tight ass. Closing his eyes, Eric paused for a moment, letting Amie's body adjust to his invasion as well as allowing himself to gain control once more. Never had his cock been squeezed so tight. Eric felt that with just one thrust he'd spill himself inside her before he was yet ready. From the mewling sounds coming from behind Amie's tightly clasped lips, he wasn't the only one holding back.

"Are you okay, baby?"

"Mmmm..."

Eric reached between her legs and strummed his fingers against her clit, causing Amie to thrust back onto his cock. "Answer me, Amie, or I'll stop."

"You stop and I'll kill you."

Chuckling, Eric pulled halfway out before pushing forward once more. "I'll take that to mean you're okay."

"Yes," Amie cried out, her body trembling with every thrust. "Now fuck me, please."

With slow and steady strokes, Eric powered into her. He began to build his speed as her body became accustomed to his girth until he was sawing in and out of her ass at a constant pace.

The wooden table began to rock under his pounding, adding to the symphony of sounds filling the once-quiet room. Amie's hand clenched and unclenched as if she were desperately searching for something to get a hold of. His name was like a sonnet on her lips as she cried out to him over and over. But still it wasn't enough. Eric wanted her as hungry for him as he was for her. He wouldn't be satisfied until he had her screaming his name.

"Oh yes! Eric, I'm right there. Oh, don't stop!"

As soon as he saw her starting to shake and her body beginning to stiffen, he immediately stopped the vibration of the egg and stilled his thrusts.

“Oh my God, why did you stop? I was right there!”

Eric leaned over her and took her head in his hands, turning it toward him. With his thumb on her chin, he opened her mouth to lick inside, kissing her deeply. “I know. I don’t want you to come yet.”

“You bastard.” Her harsh words were tempered with her responsive tongue as she returned the kiss.

Breaking away from her tempting mouth, Eric placed his hands on her hips and began to thrust anew. Amie’s breathing resumed its choppy pace and Eric knew it wouldn’t be long before she was close once more.

“Do you want to come?”

“You...know...I...do...” she panted, twisting her head from side to side.

“Then I want you to beg me.”

“Never.”

“Never is a long time.” Eric turned the egg back on and pulling it from her body, he placed it directly against her erect clit. “I can start and stop all night.”

“Bastard.”

“We’ve already established that.” Despite their repartee, Eric never missed a stroke. His cock hungered for release, but Eric refused to give in to his body’s demands, not until Amie gave in to hers first.

Eric quickened his pace, slamming his full length deep and hard into her. Trembling, Amie rose from the table as much as the cuffs would allow, only to be pressed back down by Eric’s hand on her stomach. If she wanted to come, she was going to have to beg.

"Give me what I want and I'll let you come," he said, toying with her despite his own urgent need to orgasm. When she didn't reply, Eric once more set a nerve-racking pace for the sole purpose of keeping her teetering on the edge.

"Please..."

A sadistic side of himself he never knew existed reared its ugly little head. "Please what?"

"Please...Eric...let me come."

"Say pretty please."

"Pretty fucking please."

"Good enough." Eric pressed the egg hard against her clit and plunged into her at lightning speed. It was all she needed to send her over the edge. Her body convulsed under him as her tight ass milked his spurting cock dry.

It took all he had in him to remain upright when he wanted to collapse to the floor. Finally regaining his breath, Eric reached up to release the nipple clamps. Amie cried out as the blood rushed back and her body shook once more with release. Incredibly, his cock responded to her, stiffening in interest. He'd never been one to recover so easily, but tonight had been an exception to every rule he'd ever thought he believed in. And the night was still young.

Chapter Four

Amie lay drained, the force of her final orgasm having sucked all the energy from her every pore. She could feel Eric pull from her body, but she was lost in a haze of euphoria. Never in the past had she experienced such powerful orgasms. She wasn't sure if it was due to being restrained or the possibility of being watched, but Amie's sensuality sensors were on overload. Added to the mix was the dominating way Eric had taken charge of the lovemaking. Whether they went home right this second or hours later, Amie knew she would never forget tonight for as long as she lived.

Slowly Amie began to regain her senses and could hear Eric across the room. It sounded as if he were putting things away in the armoire cabinet. He must have sensed her movements because she could hear him returning to her side. A cool cloth was pressed between her legs and she hummed in approval. Eric finished cleaning her and then brushed her hair from her face.

"Hey, baby, how are you doing?" Eric pressed a glass to her lips and Amie gratefully drank the cool liquid. The water was like paradise to her parched throat.

"Good."

Eric chuckled at her one-word response. "Let's get you out of this thing."

After unclasping her wrists, Eric helped her sit up. Pulling off her blindfold, he shielded her eyes for a moment to allow her to readjust to the lighting in the room. The lights had been dimmed, but it still took her a few moments before she could fully open her eyes. Blinking, she glanced into Eric's face as he smiled. Gently he began to massage her arms and the returning flow of blood caused a pins-and-needles sensation.

"Oooh, that hurts."

"I'm sorry, baby. I probably shouldn't have left you like that for so long."

Eric sounded worried and Amie immediately tried to calm his fears.

"No, it's okay. I liked it."

"I know, but I still should have been more careful."

Her arms eventually began to feel normal after a few more minutes of manipulation. Finally Eric helped her stand and Amie swayed as she tried to regain her footing. Eric immediately pushed her back onto the table and started to massage her legs as well.

"Eric, I'm fine, really. It's nothing."

"It's not nothing." His voice sounded tight, as if he wanted to say more but instead stayed silent.

Amie let him continue to take care of her since it seemed so important to him. It was kind of endearing really. She felt herself relax and let him take over once again. After he finally decided she was ready to try standing once again, Eric refastened her corset and then settled her dress over her body. He could have been the perfect ladies' maid. She noticed he didn't return her panties however, but since she kind of liked the feeling of being bare under her dress, she decided not to bring it up.

"Do you think anyone was watching?" Amie glanced over at the mirror as she spoke and wondered if there was someone there right now.

"I don't know. Would you want to actually see someone watching?"

"I like it this way better, the not knowing."

Amie took a survey of their surroundings and was amazed to realize while she was recovering, Eric had practically returned the room to its original state. If no one had watched them, there would be almost no evidence they had been in the room. Almost none, except for the supplies they had used of course.

"Hey, what did you do with the um, toys?"

Eric cocked his eyebrow. "I cleaned and set them to the side in the cabinet. I guess we can ask Sinclair about it before we leave."

Amie's face flushed and then she laughed. "I can't believe I'm blushing, especially after all that's happened tonight."

Eric wrapped his arms around her and kissed her forehead. "Don't worry about it. It's not like we know the protocol or anything."

"I suppose we need to go find our missing tour guide."

They walked from the room slowly, their arms wrapped around one another. Amie hadn't felt so close to Eric in a long time. Maybe it was because she had let herself go and put their adventure into his hands, but she liked this feeling. And even though she protested at first, she enjoyed his pampering as well. He had made her feel special with all his attention to her needs.

As they exited the room, Amie noticed a sign for a restroom at the far end of the hallway.

"Ooo, look. I'm going to take advantage of this before we go any farther."

"Sounds like a plan. I'll use the men's room as well and be waiting right out here for you."

When Amie walked into the restroom, she stared in amazement at her reflection in the mirror. Although she'd seen herself in the mirrored two-way glass of the playroom, the lights in the restroom showed her a different picture.

Her hair was tousled and could use a good brushing. She tried to finger comb through it, but wasn't making much progress. It was then she noticed the redness around her wrists. Since she had struggled against her restraints, they had really left their mark and Amie wondered how long it would be until they subsided. It was strange really, but she liked looking at them, almost as if they were a badge of honor.

Quickly using the bathroom, Amie checked her appearance once more in the mirror. Although she had long lost her lipstick, her lips were red and puffy. She looked like a woman who had been made love to long and hard and of course, she was.

Smiling, she exited the restroom only to come to a halt. Eric was standing a few doors down talking to Sinclair. Deep in conversation, they didn't notice her. Eric was listening intently as Sinclair spoke.

"Aftercare is very important after a session. She needs to feel safe, secure and comfortable. You did well."

"I was a little worried..." Eric trailed to a stop as he noticed Amie standing in the doorway and smiled at her.

Walking toward the two men, Amie prayed she was controlling her blushing. "What are you two talking about?"

"Nothing much. You ready to continue the tour?"

The conversation certainly hadn't seemed like nothing much, but Amie wasn't going to argue. Smiling, she slipped her hand through the crook of his arm.

"Let's do it."

As they followed Sinclair back downstairs, Eric felt a huge sense of relief. After he'd released Amie from the restraints and seen her wrists, he'd been concerned about her wellbeing. When she'd practically collapsed at his feet, he'd been downright worried as hell. And pissed at himself as well. He should have been paying closer attention to her welfare.

When Sinclair had appeared, Eric mentioned the toys, which led to a discussion of his worries about Amie. The older man had assured him that sometimes the submissive partner would be a little out of it, especially someone new and not used to everything a session entailed.

Unfortunately Amie returned before Eric had been able to discuss the concern foremost in his mind. He wanted to learn more about this lifestyle, but he didn't want to make a mistake that could hurt Amie during the process.

"There's a nice little room down here I think you'll both enjoy." Sinclair led them to the back of the mansion into a room where a man, dressed like Frankenstein's monster complete with the bolts through his neck, was coiling a length of rope. "Is the exhibition over?"

"Yes, it just ended a few minutes ago. Did you need something?"

"I was wondering if you could help my friends. They'd love to get a personalized demonstration of your work."

Although Eric wasn't sure what the man's work was, he was certainly fascinated by the colored ropes he saw. After seeing Amie restrained upstairs, he could think of a couple of ways he'd like to use the rope. Amie's eyes showed a hint of curiosity as well. His dirty girl was getting into this just as much as he was.

"Sure, I'd love to."

"Great. Then I'll leave you two in Stewart's capable hands."

Sinclair left the room and they turned their attention to Stewart.

"I'm Eric and this is Amie."

"Nice to meet you both. I'm Stewart, obviously, and I've been a Shabari rope master for three years."

"What's Shabari?" Amie's brows crinkled in wonder.

Stewart smiled and gestured for them to take a seat. "You may be here awhile since this is my favorite subject. Shabari is a Japanese word meaning to tie or to bind, but it's more commonly known in the Western world as Japanese rope bondage."

"How's that different from any other rope bondage?" Eric was becoming more interested with every word. He could just imagine Amie's pale body wrapped with the colorful fibers.

"Oh, they differ in a number of ways. Shabari enthusiasts use natural rope, usually hemp or jute, often colored." He swept his hand over the rainbow coils of rope in front

of them. "The rope tying in Shabari is used for more than just restraint. There is an aesthetic involved. Here, let me show you."

Stewart gestured for Eric to rise and he did so, although a bit reluctantly. He wasn't sure he wanted the man to demonstrate the rope-tying technique on him. His apprehension must have been reflected on his face because Stewart laughed and shook his head.

"No, don't worry. I'm going to show you how you can take one of these simple ropes and tie a wrist cuff on Amie."

"Will it hurt?" Amie sounded a bit hesitant herself.

"Not at all." Stewart waggled his eyebrows suggestively. "Unless you want it to."

Amie laughed shakily and shook her head. "No, that's okay."

"Darn, you're taking all the fun out of it." Stewart grabbed a length of blue rope and began unwinding it. "The first thing to remember is to always have your safety shears, just in case you need to cut the rope off in an emergency." He pulled a pair of shears from his back pocket and laid them on the table.

"Is this dangerous?" Eric was worried enough about Amie from earlier tonight. He didn't need to add any further anxiety.

"No, not if it's done correctly. You need to realize the credo of the BDSM lifestyle is safe, sane and consensual."

Eric nodded. Everything they'd seen tonight had proved that. The members of this club went out of their way to show how they lived by their philosophy.

"Now to do the tie I want to show you we'll use a ten-foot piece of eight-millimeter rope. The thicker the rope the more comfortable it will be."

Taking a hold of Amie's wrist, Stewart took the end of the rope and stretched it out, measuring about an arm's length. "I'll start by tying an overhand knot." He proceeded to lay the knot over her wrist and then began passing the rope through the loop four times until there was just a small amount left on one end.

"Now I just take the long end of the rope, tighten and then tie off the short end." Stewart held up the rope tautly. "Now, Amie, I want you to pull your arm back."

Amie pulled her arm back as instructed. "Okay, now why did I do that?"

"I wanted to demonstrate that the cuff wouldn't tighten, even if you struggled against the rope. See, I told you this was safe." Stewart found the other end of the rope and nodded to Eric. "Ready to try it?"

Eric was eager to attempt the cuff Stewart had showed them. It looked simple enough. Even more exciting was where he could see this going. Rope tying could definitely lead to more adventures.

Picking up the end of the rope, Eric followed Stewart's instructions, tying the cuff over Amie's other wrist. When he was done, there was a two-foot length of rope between her two wrists.

"Now what?"

"Ahh, that's the beauty of rope. It's so versatile." Stewart grabbed the length of rope and started pulling Amie from her chair. "I can take this rope and secure you to the wall." Walking her over to the side of the room, he tossed the rope over a hook high on the wall.

"Hey, no fair." Amie tried to flip the rope over the hook, but she was well and truly held.

Stewart assessed Eric for a moment, studying him so intently he was practically squirming under his gaze. "This is the time *you* can have some fun." He nodded to the now familiar-looking cabinet in the corner. "Unless of course you'd like some company?"

Eric glanced over at Amie. Her eyes were glazed over with desire but she also had a shocked and scared look about her. He was pissed. Did she really think he'd make a decision to allow someone else to join them?

"No, we're good."

Stewart smiled and nodded his head. "I figured as much. I'll leave you two alone then." Gathering up his ropes, he hefted his duffle bag. "By the way, this room will be empty for the rest of the night."

"What about your rope?" Eric indicated the rope still securing Amie to the wall.

"Keep it. Consider it a present."

"Thanks."

Once Stewart left the room, Eric turned back toward Amie. Her frightened look was gone now, but she didn't yet realize just how pissed he was.

"Did you really think I would have let him stay?"

"I..."

"Think before you answer and remember you're tied to a wall." Eric tried to tamp down his fury as he spoke.

Amie's brow furrowed. "Don't threaten me."

"I damn well ought to beat your ass. You should know me better than that."

"I don't know a damn thing. Tonight hasn't exactly been in the rule books, you know."

"Have I done anything tonight to hurt you?"

"No, of course not. You'd never..."

"Exactly. I'd never intentionally hurt you. And to think I'd invite another man, a stranger no less, to..." Eric couldn't continue. He stalked away from her, pacing the length of the room.

"Eric, please don't be mad. I made a mistake, okay?"

Taking a deep breath, he returned to her side. "I still think you need to be punished for thinking I'd ever do something like that."

"If I need to be punished, then I guess you gotta do what you gotta do." Amie pressed her lips together but Eric could tell she was trying to hide a smile. As usual, she

had cajoled him out of his bad mood. It still didn't mean he wasn't going to take her up on her offer.

"You may regret it later that you encouraged this punishment."

"Somehow I just don't believe that."

Deep inside, he didn't either, which made what he was going to do next all the more fun. "Let's see if I can change your mind."

Chapter Five

Excitement and apprehension warred within Amie as she stood against the wall, her arms secured above her head. How she ended up restrained by her wrists for the second time tonight she wasn't sure, but there it was. She'd become addicted to Eric's masterful control and had even goaded him into punishing her.

What that punishment would entail she really had no idea. She figured maybe a spanking. Amie wasn't completely ignorant and had read a few erotic romance tales with light bondage in them. A woman tied to the bed with her scarves and spanked by her boyfriend.

Of course their night had already gone beyond anything she'd read in one of her novels. Amie watched as Eric opened the supply cabinet and began to examine the contents. Moving this way and that, she tried to angle her body for a better view. As her movements caught his eye, Eric turned to her and frowned.

"Are you trying to sneak a peek?"

"Maybe."

"Nope, not going to happen." Walking to her side, Eric began to turn her around and around, effectively twisting the length of rope until she was facing the wall.

"Now I want you to stay just like that, no peeking."

"That's not fair."

"Punishments never are, sweetheart."

As she heard Eric rummaging through the cabinet, Amie desperately wanted to turn around. On the other hand, the thrill of the unknown kept her staring firmly at the wall. If he was looking for *stuff* in the cabinet, she could only surmise this wasn't going

to be a simple spanking. When Eric finally returned to her side, Amie was a ball of nerves.

“Good girl. I’m very proud of you for not turning around.”

“Does that mean you’re going to forgo my punishment?”

Eric chuckled. “Fat chance.”

To Amie’s surprise, Eric tied a rope around her waist then slowly began to pull her dress up, exposing her bare legs and ass to the cool surrounding air. She felt vulnerable without her panties, knowing there was no barrier between her and whatever Eric decided to do. When he finally had the dress raised to her waist, he tucked it into the rope belt he made and stepped back.

“I want you to hold on to the rope coil and not let go.”

His commanding tone made her shiver as Amie slowly did his bidding. Grasping the rope in both hands, she hung on as if her life depended on it. When the first blow landed with no warning, Amie gasped in shock and surprise. Eric hadn’t used his hand, but some sort of paddle that practically covered her right cheek. Her left buttock received equal treatment and Eric continued to alternate back and forth between the two for a total of ten blows as she silently counted each one.

When Eric stopped, Amie stood and tried to catch her breath. Standing directly behind her, he stroked his hand over her heated flesh, caressing her ass.

“Did that hurt?”

“Yes.”

“But you liked it.”

It wasn’t a question and Amie didn’t attempt to deny it. Although she’d never thought the idea of spanking erotic before, she’d begun to get wet the moment he mentioned punishment. When the first blow landed, she could actually feel the cream on her thighs.

Eric slipped his hand between her legs and grunted with approval when he found the evidence of her desire there. His fingers stroked back and forth, tapping at her clit with every forward motion. Within seconds Amie was pushing back against his hand.

"Oh yeah, you liked it." Eric thrust two fingers into her pussy and Amie moaned in delight.

"Fuck me, Eric." Amie couldn't believe she was begging for it so soon after having her ass fucked, but her body was on fire.

"Ah, ah, ah, not so fast. I don't think your punishment is over quite yet." To Amie's regret, Eric pulled his hand from between her legs.

"What?" She felt so empty. She wanted, no, needed him to fuck her. "Why are you teasing me?"

"You need to learn your lesson. And that means not assuming I'm an idiot who would make decisions about our relationship without your input."

"I have. I mean, I don't. I've learned my lesson, really."

"We'll see."

Eric stepped back and retrieved something else. Coming back up behind her, he trailed the object over her buttocks.

"This is a suede flogger. It feels nice and soft, doesn't it?"

Amie had to admit it did feel soft. But she knew it must be deceptive since she'd heard of flogging and no one ever described it as soft. She whimpered at the thought.

"Shhh, I would never hurt you, baby."

Eric continued to stroke her hip and thigh as he lightly flicked the flogger over her skin. Surprisingly, it almost felt like a caress, massaging her skin and making it super-sensitive to every touch. The sensation made her hyperaware of Eric's caressing hand.

"Oh God, Eric, please. I can't stand any more. I need you inside me. Now." Amie was beyond caring whether or not she sounded desperate. Hell, she *was* desperate.

Desperate to have him filling her, thrusting his hard cock into her pussy and making her come.

With the sound of the flogger dropping to the floor, Amie knew he had surrendered as well. She could hear Eric loosening his belt and the rip of a foil packet. When his hand parted her thighs, she sobbed with the knowledge she'd soon be getting everything she craved.

"That's right, baby. I'm going to give you everything you need."

Eric grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her head back, covering her mouth with a mind-blowing kiss. Then pushing forward with one deep thrust, Eric embedded his cock inside her. He grasped her hips in both hands and slowly pulled back before thrusting once again. Amie continued to clutch the rope as her body was rocked by his motions. She was beginning to love this forceful possession of her body.

"Take me, Amie. Take it all." Eric reached around and found her clit, strumming his fingers against the sensitive bundle of nerves.

"Yes, yes, yes," Amie chanted as Eric pounded into her aching pussy.

Pleasure bloomed within her as each powerful stroke sent hot vibrations through her body. Her fingers pulled at the rope as she desperately tried to maintain control of the volatile sensations careening through her as his thick shaft plunged relentlessly into her slick pussy.

The intense pressure building within her exploded in pulsing waves as her cries echoed off the walls of the open room. Her pussy rippled around his cock, squeezing it wildly as passion roared through her body. A low growl ripped from his throat as his hands grabbed around her waist and jerked her onto his cock as he forcefully slammed into her one last time.

Amie's body trembled under his powerful thrusts. Stunned, she gripped the rope like a lifeline and tried not to protest when Eric pulled free from her body.

"Wow," he murmured, in a voice as shaky as her limbs. "I'm thinking your being naughty isn't necessarily a bad thing."

Amie couldn't have agreed more.

As he unwound Amie from the rope, Eric couldn't help but wonder how this night had changed their relationship. It certainly wasn't how he'd imagined their little Halloween costume party to turn out.

He'd never admitted to his controlling tendencies in the bedroom and he'd certainly never guessed at Amie's submissive ones. But they'd both easily fallen into those roles so it was most likely they'd had those inclinations all along. On the other hand, Eric certainly didn't see Amie as a submissive personality in any other part of her life.

"You're being awfully quiet."

Amie's quiet voice broke his ruminating. Eric had finished untying her and realized he'd just been staring off into space.

"Just thinking."

"Did tonight freak you out?" The worry in Amie's voice wasn't hard to discern.

Pulling her into his arms, Eric kissed her lightly. "No, baby, not like you're thinking. Tonight was, well, totally unexpected."

"That's for sure."

"I'm just wondering what that means for us."

"I don't know, but I think it's something we can figure out together."

"No doubt about it."

Eric took Amie's hand and they left the room, heading back toward the front of the house. As they returned to the parlor, Eric came to a halt in the doorway, causing Amie to run into his back. Across the room was a tall man with black hair in a devil costume. He was getting a drink from the bar and trying to talk to a blonde who looked as if she wanted to escape.

"Hey, why'd you stop like that?"

"Recognize anyone?"

Amie looked around the room and gasped as her gaze lit upon the devil. "Shit, Eric, it's Henry."

Henry Rockwell was Eric's sometimes roommate. After college they'd rented an apartment together but Henry usually stayed with his girlfriend of the month and only used the apartment when he was between women, which was next to never since he hated to be alone. Eric had often thought about getting his own place but Henry was the best kind of roommate. One who paid the rent and bills on time and was never home.

"I think I can figure out why the website for this place was on my computer."

"How dare he use your computer like that without your permission!"

Eric almost laughed aloud at Amie's righteous indignation. "Maybe we should be thanking him instead."

Amie smiled and wrapped her arms around his waist. "You're right. But somehow I don't think he'd appreciate the irony."

"Eric, Amie. Oh my God, what the fuck are you two doing here?"

Eric noticed the blonde had disappeared and realized without a woman to garner his attention Henry had finally become aware of their presence in the parlor.

"Time to face the devil," Eric muttered while Amie's muffled laughter followed him as they made their way across the room.

"How the hell are you?" Henry shook Eric's hand and pulled Amie into a hug. Although overexuberant, Eric knew he meant well.

"We're doing good. How about yourself?"

"Not too well, my friend, not too well." Henry shook his head sadly before downing his drink. "I thought these places would be full of hot chicks who were into kinky sex and wanting to get laid. But I've been getting the brush-off all night."

"What happened to Heather?" Heather was Henry's latest girlfriend, or at least the last one Eric had been aware of.

"She's a twit. When I told her I made reservations to come here, she totally freaked out. Said I was some sadistic bastard who'd want to tie her up and beat her black-and-blue and she wasn't going for that. Broke up with me on the spot."

"That's too bad." Eric could feel Amie pressed against his back, her body rocking with laughter as Henry related his tale of woe.

"Well, I thought it was good news at the time since I figured I might try out some stuff here. If she was going to be a prude, she'd ruin my good time. But hell, man, these women are all cold bitches."

Eric personally thought none of them wanted to deal with a Neanderthal, but Henry was his friend and he wouldn't dare insult him. Instead he just smiled since his mother told him if he didn't have anything nice to say, it was better to say nothing at all. That adage didn't seem to deter Henry however.

"So...you two." Henry revved his eyebrows. "I had no idea you guys liked to get your freak on."

Okay, they were definitely moving into territory Eric didn't want to be discussing with his roommate. Fortunately they were unknowingly rescued by Sinclair, who entered the room and derailed Henry's train of thought.

"Hey, man, there's the dude."

"The dude?"

"The owner of this place, Cliff Sinclair. It's rumored he's richer than Bill Gates. You know he just opens this club to the public on Halloween and membership is by invitation only. Tonight's the only night of the year us gawkers get to check it out. Personally, I think it's a lot of fuss over nothing. I haven't seen much."

Eric and Amie glanced at one another and shared a secret communication. They had more than seen much; they'd experienced a complete shift in their lives.

"Well I'm heading out. Think I'll call Heather and see if she wants to get back together. I may need to act contrite but she'll come around."

"Good luck."

"Thanks, man. See you guys later."

As Henry left the room, Sinclair walked over to join them.

"Eric, Amie, I'm sorry to interrupt, but I have those items we discussed earlier, in addition to the present Stewart left you." Sinclair handed them a discreet bag. "I'm so glad to have met you both and hope you'll return again soon."

"Thank you." Eric shook Sinclair's hand warmly. "We both had an excellent time and you've been a wonderful host."

"Yes, thank you so much for making us feel welcome and explaining things to a couple of newbies."

"It was my pleasure. It's always delightful to find two young people like yourselves who so embrace what we have here." Sinclair's gaze swept the room and to Eric's eyes, it seemed as if the older man was remembering all of the past parties and people in attendance with that one glance. "In fact, I'd like to officially invite you back as guests. We have a Kinky Kristmas party the second week of December."

Eric and Amie glanced at each other and both nodded their heads. "We'd love to come back," they said simultaneously.

"Excellent. I'll have Larissa at the door get you the information when you leave."

"Actually, I think we're going to head out now."

Together the three of them walked toward the door where Sinclair gave them a flyer with information for the next party. As Eric and Amie walked down the stairs and out to their car, the woman who had greeted them at the door joined Sinclair to watch them leave.

"Do you think they'll return?"

"Oh yes, I think they'll not only return but become members."

"You haven't invited anyone to become a member in years."

“These two were special. I think this is the beginning of a new era for our little club.”

Epilogue

One year later

The couple apprehensively walked toward the large house. He was dressed as Superman and she as Wonder Woman. Their hands were tightly clasped as they began climbing the steps.

"Greg, do you think we're doing the right thing?" The young woman looked to her fiancé for support and he smiled indulgently at her.

"Hey, if we don't like it, we leave, agreed?"

"Okay, let's go."

As they approached the entrance, the door was opened revealing a couple not unlike themselves. Both young, they were also dressed in costume, some sort of medieval attire.

"Welcome to the Hankie Pankie Halloween Event. I'm Eric and this is Amie and we'll be your tour guides for this evening." Their hosts handed them a plastic jack-o'-lantern.

"Hi, I'm Greg and this is my fiancée Cindy."

Amie smiled warmly, gesturing them to come inside. "Oh, you're engaged. We are too. In fact we'll be getting married next month."

As Amie and Cindy began to chat about wedding plans, Eric and Greg followed behind.

"Um, so how long have you two been members?" Greg asked nervously.

"Actually, we came to the club for the first time one year ago today. We've been members for six months."

"Wow, so today is like an anniversary for you."

Greg watched as Eric glanced toward Amie, a look of adoration and desire on his face. "Yes, Halloween has become a special holiday to us."

As they rejoined the ladies, Greg overheard Amie talking to Cindy about some of the demonstration rooms.

"Would you like to see a demonstration or check out the viewing rooms first?"

Cindy nervously twirled her hair. "I don't know. You're the experts, what would you suggest?"

Amie smiled wickedly. "They both have their merits, but I personally like the viewing rooms. You never know what you'll see."

Eric nodded at Greg. "She's right. Come upstairs and we'll tell you all about our first night here."

As Greg and Cindy trooped up the stairs following Eric and Amie, they held back a minute.

"They both seem really nice. And so normal."

"I know. I think we're going to like it here."

About the Author

I am an Ohio native who loves rooting for the home team. When I can manage to unlock myself from the ball and chain that connects me to the Internet, I enjoy reading, going to the movies and hosting dinner parties for my friends. In the real world, I have my MBA and work in the hospital business. However I much prefer to escape into the world of books. I have admired and read various writers for many years and am happy to have finally joined the rank of author. I love to hear from readers.

Liz welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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