

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

Nothing  
to Fear

Tricks  
and  
Treats

NATASHA MOORE

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Nothing to Fear

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# ***NOTHING TO FEAR***

**Natasha Moore**

## Chapter One

"What do you mean I'm going to be tied to a bed all night?" Kelly Long's frantic words echoed in the sudden silence, then laughter burst out from the dozen or so friends and community members getting ready for the annual Halloween haunted house.

"Yeah, sorry. I know it will be kind of boring to just lie there." Lisa grabbed her by the arm and led her through the large living room draped with cobwebs and spiders and bats. "But it's for a good cause."

"I know that. The proceeds from the haunted house stock the food bank for months, but I thought I was going to be taking ticket money."

Lisa, tall and thin, in a black Elvira dress and teased black wig covering her short, blonde hair, nodded her head in the direction of the entryway of the old mansion where the ticket table was being set up. "Mabel Grimes volunteered to help." She lowered her voice to a whisper. "Somehow I don't think her gray beehive hairdo and size twenty-four hips would work for the damsel in distress room." She giggled. "Can you see Mabel struggling against her bonds and screaming for help in that gravelly, smoked-for-too-many-years voice of hers?"

Kelly didn't answer her. Strange, forbidden tingles ran along her skin at the thought of her arms and legs being tied to bedposts, even in jest. She hadn't felt this illicitly excited since she'd last seen...

No, she couldn't think about Mason now. She'd never make it through this evening if she thought about his broad shoulders, shaved head and deep, dark eyes. Oh, shit. Mason had to be around here somewhere. She whipped her head around but couldn't pick him out among the ghosts and goblins and other masked creatures wandering about. He'd stand a head taller than most of the people here. Where was he?

As head of the Halloween committee, he was probably out coordinating all the different activities. The bonfire. The costume contest. The haunted house. She'd deal with it if she ran into him. It was probably better to be shut up in one of the rooms, rather than sit where everyone, including Mason, would see her when they walked in the door.

Kelly's heart pounded as Lisa led her up the long, steep staircase with its intricately carved spindles. The old Bartholomew mansion was the perfect venue for the haunted house, with its many rooms and dark, old-fashioned décor. There was a rumor that this house on the hill had been a bordello in the old days.

"You just have to scream your head off whenever the door is opened," Lisa was saying.

"What?"

Lisa sighed. "Pay attention, hon. I have to get everyone else set up too."

"Sorry."

"We'll be taking groups through the house one at a time. They'll have to wait in the spider web room. Cool, huh? When it's really busy, you could be on every fifteen minutes or so. I'm going to be leading each group through, telling scary stories to lead up to each room. The doors will be closed until I open them. So when your door is opened, you need to scream for help at the top of your lungs and the villain will charge the door with his weapon and the group will scream and I'll close the door again. Nothing to it. You just have to be ready when I slam the door open."

"Got it." Tied to a bed. Straining at the ropes. Begging for help. Why was she getting all excited at the thought? Kelly knew it was wrong. She should be frightened. She *was* frightened...by how aroused she was at the thought. By the way her nipples were prickling. The way her skin tingled. Her panties dampened.

They passed by the first door at the top of the stairs. Looking down the long, straight hall with all the doorways, Kelly could believe the bordello stories.

"Matt Dunn and Kyle Parker are ghosts in the first room," Lisa said. "You've got

the second room on the left.”

“Wait, Lisa,” Kelly called out. “Who’s going to be the villain?” Who was she going to be shut up with? Tied up with?

But Lisa was already pushing the door open. Faded red flocked wallpaper covered the walls. A four-poster bed sat in the middle of the room, covered with a black bedspread. The floor was worn wood. “Hey, you look great!” But Lisa wasn’t talking to Kelly – she was talking to someone already in the room.

Kelly froze in the doorway as a tall masked man, dressed from head to toe in black, stepped away from the bed. A black hood covered his entire head except for holes for his eyes, nose and mouth. The sleeveless black T-shirt clung to his sculpted chest and his muscled arms were tanned. Black pants and shoes completed the intimidating outfit. Her heart pounded so loudly she couldn’t hear what Lisa was saying. “Dress? Did you say something about a dress?”

Lisa rolled her eyes. “You can change behind that screen in the corner. The dress is on the chair behind it.”

No way was she going to be taking off her clothes in the same room with...who was this masked man? This tall masked man dressed like a...a...

Kelly whipped around to look at Lisa. Wasn’t she supposed to be her friend? “What’s wrong with what I have on?”

“Jeans and sweatshirt just don’t project the same image as a dress,” Lisa said, already walking toward the hallway, ignoring Kelly’s pleading look. “Gotta run. You and Mason can work everything else out.” She glanced at her watch. “You’ve got less than half an hour before the first group will be coming through.” Then she was out the door, shutting it behind her.

The slam of the door echoed in the silence. Kelly turned around slowly and looked up into the deep, dark eyes staring at her out of the mask. Of course, it was Mason. Her hands shook as she clasped them together in front of her. Oh God, it was *Mason*.

He slid the mask off his head. His eyes were what had first attracted her to him, and

they were still like melted dark chocolate. His head was shaved smooth as always, a dark shadowy hint of hair on his head and jaw. The diamond stud in his ear twinkled beneath the light from the chandelier.

“Hello, Kelly.” His deep voice was a touch amused. Well, she didn’t find anything amusing in the situation. He was the one man whose mere touch frightened her because it made her desire things she shouldn’t want. Made her crave things she didn’t understand. Just a glance from him made her weak in the knees and made her want to drop to her knees before him.

And right now the thought of being tied to that bed with Mason standing over her froze her to the spot at the end of the bed. She avoided his eye, but in doing so focused on the bed, the black velvet bedspread, the tall thick bedposts at each corner. Would he stretch her tight when he tied her to the bedposts? Or would he give her wiggle room? And the thought of her body wiggling beneath Mason’s heated gaze made her shiver. But was it from fear? Or excitement?

“You better get changed.”

Her eyes flitted over to the paisley-covered screen standing in the corner. She could do this. She was a grown woman, for heaven’s sake. It wasn’t like Mason could see through the screen.

“We don’t have much time.”

She bit back a moan and dashed behind the screen. A light blue cotton dress with a full skirt and buttons up the front was draped over a small chair. This was what Lisa thought was a damsel in distress dress? She should probably be glad it wasn’t low-cut, skin tight and bright red.

Kelly quickly stripped off her socks and sneakers, jeans and sweatshirt and pulled on the dress. She tried not to think of Mason waiting on the other side of the screen with his dark eyes and seductive touch. The skirt ended just below her knees. She fumbled a little as she buttoned up the dress. Lisa had even left a pair of high-heeled pumps, dark navy blue with crystal sparkles, for her to step into.

"Kelly?" His voice sounded a little angry. A little impatient.

"Yeah. Just a sec." The dress was tight over her breasts, or were her breasts actually fuller and heavier since she'd stepped into the same room as Mason? She adjusted things a little so the buttons weren't ready to burst, and then stepped out from behind the screen. She almost ran into his rock-hard body, he was standing so close. She stumbled backward and he reached out and grabbed her arm to steady her.

"Easy," he murmured. He didn't let go but stepped back to look at her. His other hand held several lengths of what looked like clothesline.

His hot gaze ran over her and her breath caught in her throat. Oh God, it was like all her sick little fantasies coming true. Of course, she knew this wasn't real. Mason wasn't going to ravage her body while she was tied to that bed, but her panties got wet just thinking about it. Her breath came in short pants, her mouth suddenly dry.

She ran her tongue over her lips to moisten them, but when she noticed Mason watching her, she clamped them together. Oh, she was so in over her head here. How had she let this happen?

He was still holding on to her upper arm and led her over to the bed. She backed up against the high mattress. "I don't know about this, Mason."

"It's too late to change your mind now, Kelly." He ran the rope along her bare arm and she shivered. "But then you like to run away from things that make you uncomfortable, don't you."

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "Mason, please. I don't want to get into this now."

"You're right, we don't have time. Get on the bed."

His gaze held hers as she boosted herself onto the mattress. The bedspread pulled up as she scooted her butt into the middle of the bed. She tried to straighten it out, but he put his hand on her arm to stop her.

"It'll just get messed up again. Don't worry about it." He set the rope down beside



her. It rested heavy on her hip. "One more thing before you lie down." He reached out and took the clip out of her hair. She swore she heard the breath leave his body as her long, unruly curls swirled around her shoulders and down her back.

"I like your hair down." There was a commanding, proprietary tone to his voice that she told herself she shouldn't like, but it made her feel beautiful and sexy, and she wasn't used to that. An unfamiliar thrill ran through her body at the words. She couldn't help but like the way his dark eyes deepened further as he looked at her.

Her whole body was afire with awareness. The soft bedspread brushed lightly against her legs as she shifted beneath his heated gaze.

"Lie down on your back." The commanding tone washed over her, pricking her senses.

She nodded and stretched back in the center of the bed. The thick pillow was more comfortable than she thought it would be and raised her head enough that she could see most of what Mason was doing. What he was going to do.

"I have to tie you to the bed now," he said smoothly, picking up the first length of rope. He lifted her right arm and ran his hand along her skin from shoulder to wrist, his fingers causing hot shivers to run in their wake. His fingers easily ringed her wrist. "I have to make it tight enough that it won't come undone while you're thrashing about."

The thought of thrashing about underneath him made a hot flush sweep over her body. She swallowed. "Do what you have to do."

The rope wasn't as rough as she thought it would be. He wound the other end around the tall bedpost, and gradually stretched her arm almost straight up and to the side, then tied it off.

"Okay, give it a pull. Will it come loose?"

Kelly yanked with all her might, but it didn't give a bit. Mason nodded and glanced at his watch. He grabbed another length of rope and ran his hand down her leg, starting up at her hip, smoothing out the skirt of her dress as he went along. When he reached the bare skin of her calf, she shivered at his touch. He reached her ankle and lifted her

leg a bit, looking at the sparkly pumps with the high heels. "Hot."

She wanted to blurt out that they weren't her shoes. She'd never owned anything so blatantly sexy. She'd been raised to never draw attention to herself like that. But she couldn't force any words out of her mouth at the moment. She could only feel his hands on her leg, the rope slowly wrapping around her ankle, the gentle tug as her leg was stretched out and Mason secured it to the bedpost at the bottom of the bed.

He slowly rounded the bottom of the bed. She may have been covered with this cotton dress, but she felt naked as his gaze roamed over her body. He caught her left foot with his hand, lifting it from the mattress and rubbing his hand over the high instep, the arched top. "I love you in these shoes. You never wore shoes like this when you were with me."

"They're Lisa's shoes. I don't own a pair of shoes like this."

"I'll buy you a pair."

"I don't want you buying me shoes."

He reached over her to grab another length of rope from where it lay on the other side of the bed. His body was hard and hot, and she could easily remember how it had felt pressed up against hers. How his rigid arousal had rubbed up against her stomach as his mouth ravaged hers, drawing out all sorts of needs she had never dreamed she could even imagine, much less yearn for.

He wound the rope around her ankle and yanked her leg straight, tying it off quickly around the bedpost at the foot of the bed. Then he ran his hand up her leg, slowly trailing his fingers along her flesh, not stopping at the hem of the skirt, not stopping at her knee. His hand disappeared beneath the skirt and skimmed her thigh as it rode higher. He met her gaze as he stroked her trembling thigh, not stopping until his hand reached between her legs and he skimmed a finger along the crotch of her panties.

"I knew you'd be wet."

She struck out at him with her one free hand, but he caught her fist easily. He grinned and stretched over her again to reach the last length of rope. He rubbed his face

along her breasts as he pulled himself back over her body.

"Do you know why I knew you were wet for me?" he asked as he tied the rope around her last limb. He flashed her a wicked grin. "I can smell you. Oh, not that soft little girl perfume you try to hide behind. You can't pretend with me. I can smell your arousal. That strong, earthy scent that comes from between your legs. It tells me you want me. You want this."

"I hate you," she cried in a loud whisper as he pulled her arm straight and anchored it to the last bedpost.

"No, you don't," Mason said, his voice strong and so damn sure. "You don't hate me, and that's the problem, isn't it? You don't hate this, either." He tugged on the rope, pulling on her arm. "You like it. You like this, but somewhere along the way you've been told you shouldn't."

"Of course, I shouldn't." How could anyone think being tied up was okay?

"Perhaps I can convince you otherwise."

A burst of nervous laughter rose up from downstairs. It must be almost time to start. Her whole body began to shake. Here she was, tied to a bed, at the mercy of Mason Blake.

He looked down on her and she could feel his heated gaze seep deep into her bones.

"Are you comfortable?"

Comfort was relative. She looked up at Mason. How could he be so tough one moment and so caring the next? "It doesn't hurt."

Just then a quick knock sounded at the door and Lisa poked her head inside. "Are you guys all set?"

"Yep," Mason said, turning to look at her, releasing Kelly from his burning gaze.

"Put your mask on," Lisa said. "It's almost showtime. Be ready." And she slammed the door behind her.

Mason rounded the bed and picked up the mask he'd set on the scarred nightstand. He slid it over his head and turned to stare at Kelly. A nervous chill ran down her spine.

Followed by the damned tingles that gathered between her legs.

"So, what's your weapon?" she asked, trying to keep her voice light. "A chain saw? A bloody dagger? An axe?"

He reached down beside the bed, where she couldn't see. He straightened up and a loud crack split the air.

"A whip?" She'd never seen a huge whip like that. "A bullwhip?"

He put his finger to his lips. "I hear them coming up the stairs."

She nodded and nervous butterflies swooped in her stomach.

Suddenly shrieks rang out on the other side of the door and Kelly knew Lisa had opened the door on the ghosts next door. They'd be here next. She took a deep breath.

"I like you like this," Mason said, his voice soft, but still rough and deep and speaking to something in her she didn't understand. "You look beautiful. I've always wanted to see you like this."

Oh my God. What was she doing here? She was so in over her head. Her heart pounded so hard her chest hurt. She couldn't see Mason's face anymore, just those dark eyes boring into hers. What did he mean that he'd always wanted her like this? Tied to a bed? Helpless? Unable to stop him from doing whatever he damn well pleased?

This time the practical, well-taught, scared-to-death side of her overrode the tingles and the excitement and the wet crotch. Lisa burst the door open and Kelly started screaming at the top of her lungs, tears streaming down her face. "Help me! Oh, someone help me!"

Through her screams, she heard Mason cry out with a groan that sounded like it was ripped from his soul. He charged the door, cracking the whip. Screams rang through the room, echoing her own.

The door slammed shut, but Kelly couldn't stop screaming.

## Chapter Two

Damn.

Mason tore off his mask and ran back to Kelly, dropping the whip and mask on the way. He stroked her hair as he murmured frantic apologies. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Kelly. Oh God, I didn't mean to scare you. I'm sorry."

Her screams died down to soft cries, and he rained kisses over her tear-stained face. What an ass he was. He thought he was being seductive. He should have known she needed more time to get used to the bondage.

He brushed his lips over hers, tasting the salt of her tears, but also drinking in the sweetness that was Kelly. If he were blindfolded and kissed a hundred women, he'd know Kelly, her taste, the shape of her mouth, the way she surrendered to him, melted into him, just as she did now. Her lips parted and he lapped up the tears, traced her soft mouth with his tongue.

Her eyes were closed and her long lashes sparkled from her tears. Her crying had changed to soft whimpers as she answered his kiss, nibbling on his mouth, nipping his lip lightly with her teeth.

Mason cupped her face with his hands. Her skin was softer than anything he'd ever touched before. He brushed his thumbs over her cheeks, rubbing away the remaining tears. He heard screams fading away in the distance. The group must be heading down the back staircase. He traced her lips lightly with his tongue, then covered them with his own, drinking in her intoxicating sweetness.

Her eyes fluttered open, her gaze slightly unfocused. But her voice was clear. "Untie me."

"No. I can't."

"Untie me. I want to touch you."

"I won't have time to retie you before the next group." He continued to stroke her face, gentling her. While the excuse he gave her was true, he also wanted her to get used to the bonds, feel comfortable with them. And comfortable with him.

Although comfortable wasn't the right word.

He wanted her trust.

"Do you understand why I can't?"

She took a deep breath and nodded.

"Are you okay now?"

"I'm sorry I freaked out. I don't know what got into me."

"It wasn't your fault. I pushed too hard. Too fast."

"No, it wasn't your fault either. I just let the whole atmosphere get to me. Look around, the whole thing is kinda creepy."

"All I see is you, and you're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

Kelly was tied spread-eagle on the bed in front of him, her rich auburn hair in a tumble across the pillow. Her firm, pale flesh stood out against the black bedspread. As he stared down at her, her hips wriggled. He knew she was aroused. He knew he wasn't wrong about her. Her latent submissive tendencies called to the caveman in him, that part of him that waited just beneath the surface. The part that wanted to grab that thin dress and rip it from her body.

Mason's pulse pounded, a throb that rumbled through his whole body. His cock was aching and eager. His palms itched to sample those tempting breasts that were straining against those little white buttons.

"You have to stop looking at me like that," she said, the tears dried, a blush turning her face a pretty pink.

"Like what?"

"Like you want to eat me up."

He groaned with the thought of his mouth on her body. "I do." He licked his lips.

She let out a little cry and wriggled her body, her limbs dancing like a puppet on strings.

"Tell me you want it too, Kelly. My hands on you. My mouth on you."

She stared at him, her deep breaths causing those buttons to come even closer to popping.

"Tell me, damn it." He grabbed the rope holding her wrist and pulled her arm tight, stretching it away from her body, reminding her of her bondage. "Tell me you want it like this."

"I don't know." Her wide eyes stared up at him. "I'm afraid."

He brushed his hand along that soft cheek. "I promise you don't ever have to be afraid of me."

She gasped. "Mason!"

He snatched his hand away. Had he hurt her? "What is it?"

"Where's your mask? I hear them coming up the stairs."

Damn. He was so charged up with sexual energy, he'd forgotten all about why they were here. He snatched the mask and whip off the floor where he'd thrown them. He barely got his mask over his face before he heard the screams next door.

He glanced over to Kelly. "Are you okay this time?"

She nodded. The door burst open. She screamed loudly, but there was no panic in her tone this time.

Mason turned to the group of spooked neighborhood kids, several he saw regularly in his sporting goods store. He growled loudly and cracked his whip in the direction of the doorway. Screams and nervous laughter rang out. Lisa winked at him and closed the door, leaving them alone again.

He paused a minute, staring at the door. What happened next might make or break his chances with Kelly. She might continue to deny her needs, both to him and to herself. But he was afraid if she did, she would always feel something was missing from



her sex life. And if he couldn't have her, he'd always feel as if he missed out too.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Mason turned to face her after the door closed, Kelly wondered how she could have panicked so before. Even with the mask on, he was the sexiest thing she'd ever seen. Powerful. Commanding.

But when he was wearing the mask, she couldn't see his expressions. Couldn't see the man and what he was thinking. When she saw his face, saw that he was aroused simply by looking at her, it made her feel sexy and powerful. Imagine that. She just had to remember that it was Mason behind the mask. She wouldn't panic again.

But that didn't mean she wasn't still scared and uncertain.

"Bondage doesn't mean that I'm going to hurt you," Mason said softly, stopping at the end of the bed, so she had to raise her head slightly to see him. "It means you can step back and simply experience every sensation." He took one of her feet and slid the shoe off. When he skimmed his fingers along the arch of her foot, tingles shot up her leg and she let out a little moan of delight. "You don't have to worry about pleasing me. Just know that every time you make that little noise in the back of your throat, I'm pleased. Every time your body reacts to my touch, I'm pleased."

His voice took on a hypnotic cadence that pulsed through her body in rhythm with her throbbing heartbeat. He slid the shoe back on her foot and caressed her calf before he rounded the bed. Without another word, he began unbuttoning the top of the dress.

Kelly just watched, as if in a fog, unable to stop him, not knowing if she wanted to stop him. The brush of his knuckles on her skin as he worked down the bodice was a sensuous promise of delights to come.

He was agonizingly slow as he released each button. Her breasts seemed to swell, to reach toward him, aching for his touch. The nipples prickled and if her hands weren't tied, she'd tear off her dress and bra so they would be in the open air and Mason could have better access.

Instead, she had to be content with Mason's pace. With the soft brush of his hands along the top swell of her breasts. With the tickle of his fingers along her ribs. The tease of his caress along her stomach when he finally reached the last button at the waistband.

Her dress hung open to her waist, the air cooling her skin slightly. As he stood there looking down on her, his eyes became almost as dark as the mask that covered his face.

"You don't have to do a thing but feel," Mason repeated, his voice rougher than it had been just a moment before. "How does your skin feel when I do this?" He skimmed the tips of his fingers lightly across her body, just below the band of her bra.

"Shivery," she whispered. "I'm all shivery."

"And when I do this?" He took one of her aching nipples through the lacy bra that still covered her breasts and rolled it between his thumb and finger. A shaky moan escaped her lips. Why was the sensation so much stronger, sharper than it had ever been before? He pinched her nipple harder. "How does it feel, Kelly?"

"The best. It's the best," she gasped.

"Open your eyes."

She hadn't even realized she'd closed them. She looked up at Mason, at the mask that hid his expression, at the eyes that bored into her.

"Can't you take that mask off?"

He shook his head. "The next group should be here soon."

She gasped. "My dress!"

He chuckled a little wickedly. "If you don't raise your head or shoulders, they probably won't notice."

"Probably?" Her face heated at the thought of friends or neighbors seeing her lying there half-naked. Or her students! What would they think?

"What? You don't have an exhibitionist streak in you?"

"I was raised to be modest," Kelly admitted. "This isn't easy for me."

"I know." He brushed his free hand gently along her cheek. "Once I rush the door, they won't be looking at you at all." He was still playing with her nipple, pinching, pulling, rolling. She didn't care what would happen when the door opened again, except that it would interrupt what Mason was doing.

The screams sounded next door and Mason released her nipple. Her body cried out in disappointment. Just before he turned to the door, he pulled the fabric over her breasts so the bright white bra would be hidden from view.

"Thanks."

He winked at her. The door slammed open again and she started screaming for help. She left her head on the pillow this time, careful not to struggle too much against the ropes.

She heard the loud crack of the whip and the answering screams from the people in the hallway. The door slammed shut. She stopped yelling. Silence.

\* \* \* \* \*

This was getting tiresome. When he'd suggested this scenario for him and Kelly, Mason's only thought was to give Kelly a taste of bondage. A chance to lose her fear and realize her needs. He'd never considered all the interruptions.

Mason turned back to Kelly. "Next time we do this, we'll be alone."

Her eyes widened. "Next time?"

"Tell me you want a next time, Kelly." He slid the mask off so she could see his face. He wanted to hear her say it out loud, but she just looked up at him with her wide green eyes clouded with confusion. Was this still too fast for her? Too much to absorb?

Of course, all these interruptions didn't help any. Just as he seemed to be getting through to her, the door would open. And then he had to almost start over again.

He was hard and aching. He longed to bury his cock deep into her creamy heat, but that would come later. He hoped.

He still held the old whip. The wooden handle was smooth from years of use and warm from being clasped in his hand. He traced it down her arm, starting at the wrist and ending when he reached the edge of her tempting breast. With the handle of the whip, he flipped open the top of the dress, pushing away one side at a time. Capturing her with his gaze, he rubbed the handle over the swells of her breasts, noting with pleasure when the nipples hardened and poked against the bra's white lace. She gasped and arched her back, pressing her firm flesh into the hard wooden handle.

Yeah, she was affected by this. She had yet to tell him to stop. Although she also had yet to tell him in so many words that she wanted any of the things he'd done to her so far. But her body was doing a damn good job.

"Oh yeah. There's going to be a next time." He tossed the whip down onto the end of the bed, landing between her widespread legs. Then he grasped the lacy cups of her bra and pulled them down, exposing those pale mounds of flesh to his greedy eyes. The primal need to touch them, taste them, tease them surged through his body. "Beautiful. Just beautiful."

He couldn't resist the temptation any longer and gathered the firm flesh in his eager hands. She cried out and his cock jerked, trying to escape from his trousers. He thought he'd chosen his roomiest pair, but he still needed to shift to release the pressure.

He rolled her nipples between his fingers, pinching and pulling both of them. Her eyes were open, staring at him, her mouth slightly open as she panted. She shifted also, wriggling her hips against the mattress. He could tell she wanted to come, but in this position she wouldn't find relief any more than he would.

They were both going to have to wait.

He leaned over and brushed his lips over hers once again. "Why did you run?" he asked in a rough whisper, his lips moving over hers as he said the words he didn't know were going to come out of his mouth. "Why did you break things off when they were just getting started? Before we ever got this far?"

"Oh, Mason."

She closed her eyes against his questions and he grabbed her chin. "Damn it, don't hide from me." Her eyes flew open and he cursed himself when he saw that little spark of fear in their depths. He'd always been able to stay in control before this. Before Kelly.

"Did anyone else make you feel like this?" He gathered her breasts in his hands and squeezed her firm flesh. She arched her back again, pushing her breasts into his hands.

"No. No one has."

He slid one hand along her abdomen, and cupped her sex through the dress. "Does anyone else make you this wet? Does anyone else make you want this much?"

"No!" she cried. "That's the problem. You make me want...want..."

"What?" He wished she'd open up to him. He wished she'd say the words out loud. "What do I make you want, Kelly?"

She shook her head. "Things I shouldn't want. Things that frighten me."

"Like this?" he asked, tugging on the rope holding her arm. "There's nothing wrong with needing more than simple sex." He rubbed the heel of his hand over her pussy, pressing the sensitive spot that was torturing her. "There's nothing wrong with needing more. What's wrong is denying that need and settling for less."

She rocked her hips, frantically rubbing against his hand, and then whimpered when he pulled it away. She wasn't getting off that easily.

"Something's been missing from your sex life in the past, hasn't it?" Her eyes, already half-lidded from her arousal, widened slightly. A light pink blush colored her cheeks. She didn't say anything, but her pink tongue snaked out and wet her lips, leaving them shiny. "Sex has always left you wanting. Left you craving something more, something you can't even put your finger on." He slipped his hand back down to her pussy and pressed one finger hard over her clit. "You want more. You need more." She moaned and moved beneath his finger. Oh, how he wanted her moving beneath his entire body. "I can give you more, Kelly. I can show you what you need."

He heard footsteps coming up the stairs. "Damn." He pulled the mask over his face

and quickly pulled her dress closed. He picked up the whip and rubbed the wooden handle along her soft cheek, across her wet lips. If he had time, he'd be pushing it between her lips, getting her ready for his cock.

The next group screamed outside in the hall.

"Don't ever settle, Kelly. That's the worst thing you can do."

The door slammed open and they went through the routine again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Even as Kelly screamed for the crowd, she wondered how Mason knew those things about her. Her dissatisfaction with sex. Her need for something she couldn't put a name to. Or didn't want to put a name to.

Since she was a little girl, her parents had warned her to dress modestly. No short skirts or skimpy tops for her. Not even close. She had to be buttoned up and covered up.

And act modest. As she grew older, they warned her often about the things that boys would want to do. Nasty things. Unnatural things. And all the while she was being lectured, she cried inside, "That's what I want too!" But she knew it was wrong.

But sex, as she was told sex should be, was so disappointing. Fun, sometimes. Mildly arousing a time or two. But no passion. No real satisfaction.

Empty.

At first, she told herself to accept that she just hadn't found the right guy yet. Or maybe she just wasn't good at sex. She'd managed to ignore the unnatural need inside her until she met Mason.

And now, being tied to this bed was like a fantasy come true. Because the fantasies had never stopped. They were a guilty pleasure she'd never confessed to anyone. Why on earth would she dream of being tied up? Of having sex that wasn't nice and polite. Of having a man want her so much that he couldn't be gentle, that he'd be rough with passion when he slammed into her body, bringing her the ultimate satisfaction.

The door closed again and her panties were even wetter now than they'd been when Mason rubbed his hand between her legs. Her sex throbbed with need. He had to finish what he'd started.

She was tied to the bed. It's not like she could stop him anyway. She really didn't have any choice.

She looked up at Mason as he turned to face her once again. How far could they get before the next group came? What if they got so excited they didn't notice when the next group was on the way? Her heart pounded as she imagined being caught with her skirt up around her waist, her legs open to the view of Lisa and her friends and students. As Mason slowly approached the bed, rolling the handle of the whip between his hands, she didn't even care. Her body crawled with sexual energy.

"Touch me, Mason," she cried, her voice shaky with need.

He pulled the mask off his head, but just stood at the side of the bed, looking down at her. What did he see when he looked at her? An uptight phys-ed teacher pretending to be something she wasn't? A scaredy-cat who ran away when things were uncomfortable or strange or frightening?

Well, she couldn't run away now.

"Do whatever you want to me, Mason," she said. "Anything."

He groaned, the sound deep and rough. "You don't know what you're saying." He placed the mask on the pillow next to her face. It smelled like him. He scrubbed his hand over his smooth head. "Let me tell you what I'd do if we were alone. If we weren't going to be interrupted before we even got started." Some of her hair had fallen into her face and he brushed it back. His hand was gentle, maybe even a little shaky. She hadn't thought that this evening might be taking a toll on his emotions too.

He pushed away the unbuttoned bodice. Her lacy bra was still pulled down below her breasts. Her nipples were beaded and achy. "I'd have you naked in an instant. Totally bare for me." She shivered at the way his words slid over her like silk. "Your smooth skin would be glowing in the light overhead. Your beautiful body spread out

before me with nothing in my way.” He shoved her skirt up to her hips, baring her legs. Uncovering her soaking wet panties. He yanked the crotch to the side. “I’d bury my face between your legs. Lap up your juices.” He plunged one finger deep into her, but just as quickly pulled it out again. With his gaze capturing hers, he slid his finger into his mouth and sucked. “You taste even better than I imagined.”

“Oh, Mason.” She felt herself blushing, wishing she could drag her eyes away from his, but she couldn’t. She’d never heard anyone talk this frankly. Never imagined that anyone really said those things outside of movies and novels. But the words seemed to feed the need in her, swelling the arousal that rolled through her body like a tidal wave. “Tell me more.”

“Next, I’d blindfold you.” When she opened her mouth to retort, he covered her lips with the finger that so recently had delved inside her. She could smell her arousal on his skin. “Haven’t you heard that your other senses are enhanced when your sight is taken from you? I want you to experience so much more than you have up until now. Believe me, Kelly. There’s so much more.”

The thought of being tied and blindfolded was more than she could comprehend. A shiver ran through her. But was it fright? Or delight? “Wouldn’t that be torture?”

“Oh, no. It would give you the sweetest pleasure.”

She shook her head. She didn’t want to believe this was something she could need. “I think you’re wrong about me. I don’t think this is what I want.” She tried to keep her voice low, but the pitch started to rise. “I don’t need this.”

He leaned over her so that his face was only inches from hers. “Remember our last date?”

She nodded. How could she forget? He’d taken her to a fancy restaurant for dinner. The wine and candlelight had started the dark, steamy emotions swirling through her body. He’d dressed all in black, just like he was now. Some close dancing had upped the sexual tension even more. Oh, how she wanted to rub up against that hard body again.



"I was going to invite you in that night," she admitted. She was as physically exposed as she could be. Why not expose her emotions as well?

He stroked her arm. "I frightened you, didn't I?"

She nodded. Had it only been a few weeks ago? There'd been no moon out that night, no stars. There'd been an end of the summer chill in the air.

"I loved the way you pressed me up against the front door," she said, scarcely believing she was saying the words out loud. "I even loved the way you pinned my arms above my head with one hand. Your hands are so big. Your body was so hard. You're so big, so powerful."

"I could smell your arousal like I do right now. You pressed back, moaning into my mouth."

She moaned, remembering. "You made me feel so many things I shouldn't."

"Why not?" he asked, his hand stroking her still. "What was wrong with the way you were feeling?"

"Are you kidding? I shouldn't have been excited that you had me pinned against the wall! I shouldn't have wanted to drop to my knees in front of you and unzip your pants right there on the porch for all my neighbors to see. I didn't even care—that's what scared me so much."

"Kelly." Suddenly shrieks rose up right outside the door. They'd been so engrossed, they'd never heard the next group come up the stairs. "Damn!" Mason tugged at her dress, then picked up the whip. He didn't even have time to put the mask on when the door slammed open.

Kelly started screaming again, but it was more in frustration at another interruption. Or should she be glad they were interrupted before she admitted more than she wanted to?

\* \* \* \* \*

Mason turned back to Kelly after the damn door closed again. He didn't know how

much longer he could last. His cock was aching and the sight of Kelly's body, the sound of her breathless gasps, the scent of her arousal was driving him insane. The caveman inside him urged him on.

"I can't wait any longer," he groaned. "I have to taste you."

He dropped the whip onto the bed between her legs and then climbed over the footboard. The shifting of the mattress made her body dance as her limbs pulled on the ropes. Her body was so fluid, so graceful. He'd have to suspend her soon. He longed to watch her body sway and dance to his tune.

"You've been in control for so long, haven't you, Kelly?" He ran his hands up her legs, from ankle to pussy, stroking her firm limbs, her skin lighting a fire in his fingertips. "Doesn't it feel good to let go for a while? To let someone else take care of your needs?" He pulled aside her panties, wishing he could slip them off, but that wasn't possible at the moment.

Her pussy glistened wet and shiny, the flesh fat and pink with desire. The scent of her arousal swirled around him again, almost saturated the air between her legs. He couldn't wait any longer. He licked her, one long deep swipe of his tongue that lifted her hips off the mattress and dragged a cry from her mouth. "Yeah," he moaned. "That's good."

He attacked her pussy then, nibbling on the plump flesh, slurping her juices. But he made a point to avoid that bright pink nub that he knew she wanted him to concentrate on. And he would. But not yet. This whole night was about anticipation, drawing out the need, the tension, the desire, and showing Kelly how good it could be.

Proving to her she had nothing to fear.

His face was wet with her cream when he lifted his head to look at her. Her head was thrown back, her lips parted, small gasps escaping her mouth. Her hands were gripping the ropes above her head.

Mason picked up the whip from where it lay next to him on the mattress. He slid his fingers beneath her wet panties and plunged deep into her slick core, coating them

with his cream. Her flesh clenched around him as if she was trying to suck him deeper within her. She whimpered when he pulled his fingers free.

He rubbed the handle of the whip with her slick juices, coating it fully. He wished he could plunge his aching cock into her soft body, but that was going to have to wait. This would be a way to pleasure Kelly for the few minutes they had before they were interrupted again.

With one hand, he pulled the silky fabric aside again. Then he leaned over to suck on her clit. As he did, he plunged the coated whip handle deep into her body.

She lifted her hips to meet his thrusts. Her gasps grew louder with each shove. He concentrated his mouth on her clit while he fucked her pussy with the whip handle.

“You’ve never come like this, have you, Kelly? Never come when you couldn’t hold the guy’s head in place to keep him where you wanted him to be. Never come while you’re bucking up against the ropes. Never writhed while being fucked by a hard whip handle.”

He sucked her clit into his mouth then, skimming the sensitive flesh with his teeth. He felt it harden in his mouth. Felt her body tense.

Kelly cried out as the orgasm hit her. Her hips bucked against his mouth and he didn’t let up on her clit, sucking and scraping it as she writhed beneath him. He continued the rhythmic fucking with the whip handle, vowing to himself that he soon would be taking its place.

He finally let her come down, gentling his assault on her clit, stroking it lightly with his tongue. He slowed the plunging whip handle as well, finally letting it slip from her body. He’d lost track of the time, but he knew the next group had to be approaching soon.

He straightened and checked on Kelly. Her eyes were closed, her breathing heavy. Light moans slid from her parted lips. From here her wrists didn’t look too red. He hoped she hadn’t pulled too much on the ropes when she came.

He heard footsteps coming up the stairs. “Damn.” He climbed off the bed and

pulled Kelly's skirt down over her spread legs. "Kelly? They're coming."

She opened her eyes, but her gaze was unfocused. She was still coming down.  
"What?"

"Honey. They're here." He grabbed the mask and pulled it over his head. "Get ready to scream."

## **Chapter Three**

Kelly could hardly think or breathe, how could she scream? But when the door slammed open again, she swallowed to moisten her dry mouth and then screamed out her frustration that she and Mason had had to stop what they were doing. Her nerves were still singing, her body still flying. But at least she'd gotten some release. Poor Mason must be about ready to explode.

She didn't raise her head off the pillow. She just didn't have the strength. That was the hardest she'd ever come in her life. Was it because of the bondage? The crazy night of building sexual tension? Or was it because it was Mason?

She heard Mason's bad guy roar. Heard the whip crack. The group scream. But instead of hearing the door slam, she heard Lisa speak.

"That was the last group, guys. Thanks for your help. Come on down for some cider and doughnuts on the house."

The door closed again and then Kelly heard a definite click that had her raising her head to look past the bed. Mason's hand dropped from the lock and he turned around slowly to face her. Her heart pounded all over again.

"Now, Kelly. Now we finish this." The mask still covered his face. A shiver ran along her skin. He cracked the whip, not even close to the bed, but the loud noise still made her jump and pull against the ropes. She couldn't move without a reminder that she was tied to the bedposts. She was still at Mason's mercy. Still not in control.

Mason tossed the whip away, and it clattered along the hardwood floor. He pulled the mask off and tossed it away as well. He caught her eye and held her gaze as he slowly unbuttoned his black shirt and shrugged it off his shoulders. Wow, she knew he had an amazing body, but seeing the sculpted chest and tight abs made her catch her breath. A dark sprinkling of hair merely highlighted the chiseled chest muscles and she

swallowed as she followed its path across his six-pack abs to where it disappeared beneath the waistband of his black trousers. The bulge caused by his erection was obvious behind the zipper.

"Next time I'll have you on your knees," he said as he unbuckled his belt. For some odd reason, she expected him to strip it from the belt loops in one powerful motion, and she wondered at the thrill that ran through her at the thought. Would she really want him to use that belt on her? The cheeks of her ass prickled at the image of her turned over his knee, her flesh growing pink beneath the leather strap.

But Mason left the belt in the loops, unbuttoning the waistband and lowering the zipper. He may not have played into her latest sick fantasy, but his next words brought new moisture between her legs.

"When we do this next time, when we're alone and have none of these annoying interruptions, your hands will be tied behind your back, making your breasts jut out like an offering to me." He dug into his pocket and took out a condom packet and tossed it on the bed. It bounced against one of her calves before it landed between her legs.

Kelly held her breath as he stepped out of his pants and boxers and kicked them away. His cock stood thick and long and strong from a nest of dark hair. Her blood pounded in her ears. Her pussy pulsed with renewed arousal.

"On your knees. Hands tied behind your back. My cock in your mouth." He walked slowly over to the side of the bed. She licked her lips. That night on her porch came back to her. She remembered how badly she'd wanted to slide down his body until she was on her knees before him. How much she wanted to taste him. Those desires had frightened her so much she'd run away.

She wasn't frightened now. She was aroused beyond belief.

And she couldn't run away if she wanted to.

“You want this, don’t you?” he asked, his voice ragged. He stroked his thick cock in front of her. “You want to take this between your lips. Suck on my cock and swallow my seed. Don’t you?”

Eyes wide, she nodded.

When Mason climbed onto the bed, his erection bounced heavily against her leg. He knelt between her legs again and his cock bobbed in front of his stomach, dark and red, demanding attention. Kelly’s breath caught in her throat as Mason raked his eyes over her again. She knew he liked seeing her like this and in some strange way she liked the fact that he was pleased with her. She still wasn’t sure how she felt about that.

He slowly began to move up the bed, his firm thighs brushing against hers, his hard cock dragging against her wet, swollen pussy before he stopped, straddling her hips. His weight pushed her into the mattress.

She was even more confined now, more helpless. Panic slipped under her skin and burst into her chest. And here she thought she wasn’t frightened. “Aren’t you going to untie me now?”

He leaned over and stroked her cheek. “Relax. We’ve only started, sweetheart.” He spoke slowly, the tone of his voice as calming as his caresses. “What we’ve done before this was just a tease, a tiny taste of what I have in store for you. It will be worth it—I promise you. Give me a chance to show you what you’ve been missing.”

Yes, she wanted to know. Needed this chance to find out if what he said was true. She dragged a deep breath into her lungs and caught the scent of the bonfire burning out back. Something like the fire burning inside her. “Okay.”

He inched forward, his hot flesh brushing against her body. When his knees were on either side of her chest, pressing against her breasts, he stopped. His cock rose up, closer to her lips. Her mouth began to water and she licked her lips again.

But instead of leaning forward so that his cock would reach her mouth, Mason surprised her by gathering her breasts into his hands. He squeezed them together and kneaded them with his strong fingers.

"Oh, yes," he hissed as the breath left his body. "I love your breasts. The things I can do with these breasts." He swept his tongue across her sensitive nipples and the buzz of arousal shot straight to her clit. "Next time we'll have oil."

"Oil?"

"For a better slide." He lifted his cock so that it rested between her breasts and then rocked his hips so that his cock rubbed between them. "Ever had your breasts fucked, Kelly? God, this feels good. A little oil would make them real slippery. I like almond oil. Tastes almost as good as it feels."

Kelly closed her eyes, imagining her flesh slippery and shiny with oil. Then the very real sensations of his hands grasping her breasts and his erection rubbing between them wiped all images from her mind. Her skin shivered, her nipples prickled with arousal as he brushed his thumbs across them. She throbbed between her legs and she yearned to find a way to relieve the exquisite pressure there. If only he would touch her there. If only he would slide that hard shaft between her legs. A frustrated groan escaped her lips.

"Don't worry, we'll get to it," he said softly, as if he could read her mind. "We'll get to it all. Just enjoy the moment, Kelly. I'll take care of you."

Then she realized what he'd been talking about all night long. The bondage wasn't just a power thing. It wasn't just kink. It was a way for her to lose herself in the sexual experience and not worry about what was going to happen next. He'd please her, and by accepting that, she pleased him.

Could it be that simple?

Just then loud footsteps, followed by screams of laughter, echoed down the hallway outside their door. Kids having fun on Halloween. Kelly's eyes flew open. She'd actually forgotten where they were for a moment. She couldn't bring herself to care about what was happening on the other side of the door.

Mason moaned and let go of her breasts. He sat back on his heels and stroked his cock again. She couldn't pull her eyes away from his large hand stroking that powerful



erection. "Now I'm going to fuck your mouth, Kelly. I'm going to fuck it hard and fast and I'll hold on to your head so I make sure you take it all."

She nodded. "Yes, Mason. Yes." She wanted it too. As badly as she wanted him between her legs, she wanted him between her lips. A shaky moan escaped from deep inside her.

Mason rose above her, blocking out the glow from the overhead light. He threaded the fingers of one hand through her hair and held on to the back of her head. Then he grasped the headboard with his other hand, angling his hips so his cock could slide past her lips, into her waiting mouth.

Kelly grabbed on to the ropes and tipped her head so she could meet the angle of his thrusts. His skin had a dark, salty taste as it slid along her tongue. He filled her mouth, touching the back of her throat with his length. She closed her lips around him and sucked deeply. Finally.

Mason groaned and she felt the shudder that rippled through his body. "Ah, yes. I knew you could take me." The pleasure in his voice sent warm tingles of joy flowing through her.

She could barely move her head—all she could do was stay open for him and let him set the pace. At first, his rhythm was almost frantic, his balls bouncing against her chin as he thrust into her mouth. He held her head steady, cradling it in his large hand. At this pace, she doubted he'd last too long.

He obviously thought the same thing because soon, with a mumbled curse, he slowed down the pace, gentling the thrusts and relaxing his hold on her head. Now she could breathe a little, react a little. She had time to run her tongue along the thick length of him, suck on the smooth head when he almost pulled out. Then take him deep into her throat on the next thrust.

"Kelly," he growled, pulling out of her mouth and resting back on his heels. The mattress shifted and she was glad to still be hanging on to the ropes. Beads of sweat gathered on his clean-shaved head and he swiped at them with his hand. "You're

wonderful. That was wonderful. Almost too much so."

"Too wonderful?" No one had ever said that about her before.

He leaned over and kissed her, brushing his lips over hers. "I'm hurting for you, honey. I want to be inside you when I come."

"Yes," she cried. "I want that too."

"What do you want, Kelly?"

How could she feel the need to blush after all they'd already gone through? "You know what I want."

"You have to tell me, Kelly," he said, his voice deep and commanding. He climbed off her and off the bed, as if to prove his point. Looking down on her, he stroked his thick shaft again. "Tell me what you want."

She could only stare at him, breathing heavily, her body again aching with need, her pussy pulsing, not able to say a damn thing.

"Do you want me to fuck you, Kelly?"

"Yes. Yes." *Please don't make me say it out loud.*

"Say it, Kelly. You have to say it."

"F...fuck me!" she said, softly, hesitantly.

He chuckled lightly, still stroking his cock before her. "I bet you've never said that word out loud, have you?"

She shook her head, but suddenly she'd had enough of this game. She'd done everything he wanted her to do. What more did he want from her? "Fuck me!" she cried. "Damn it, Mason, would you just fuck me?"

"Honey, I thought you'd never ask." He circled the bed, pulling on each length of rope as if testing its strength. Her arms and legs jerked with each tug. She felt her cheeks heat up as his gaze ran over her face. The warmth of his gaze swept along her throat, down her chest and over her breasts, making them swell and ache for his touch. Nerves tingled in her stomach as his gaze swept lower. He skimmed his fingers up her

leg, drawing her skirt all the way up to her hips. When he brushed his fingertip over her wet panties, her pussy throbbed with need.

"These are in the way," he said, tugging on her drenched panties. "We have to get rid of them." He trailed his hand down her thigh, along her calf, until he reached her ankle. Her body shivered with the sensation.

"I'm going to untie your legs now." Gently, he unwound the rope from her ankle and then caressed the skin. He looked back at her. "Are you okay?"

She grinned. She loved to see this tender side of him. "Doesn't hurt at all."

He nodded and set her foot down on the mattress. Then he rounded the bottom of the bed and untied her other ankle, taking the time to massage her again. First her ankle, where the rope had been wound. Then her calf muscles, and she nearly melted into a puddle. And then he kneaded the flesh of her thigh, rising closer and closer to her aching mound.

He seemed to be taking his time all of a sudden, but her skin was on fire with anticipation. Her body buzzed with arousal. She knew he was feeling the same way. "Mason..."

"Impatient, are we?" He climbed up onto the bed and tugged at the drenched silk covering her wet pussy. She bent her knees and lifted her ass off the mattress so he could strip the panties from her body. As he turned to place the underwear on the bedspread at the bottom of the bed, he leaned over and placed a soft kiss behind her knee. The erotic tickle shot straight to her clit. His tongue followed his lips, tracing a lazy path along her calf all the way to her ankle.

Then he turned to face her and his eyes darkened. "I love the way you look right now. Offering yourself to me with no restrictions. Spread out for me, even without the ropes."

She didn't even realize she'd dropped her knees open. She was still lying there with her legs spread apart, now even more open to him than she was before. She was offering herself to him without even thinking about it.

He picked up the condom packet and ripped it open, letting the plastic flutter away. Kelly watched him roll the condom over his stiff erection. She wished she was the one rolling it on. Wished she could grasp that powerful cock with her hands. Feel its life in her hand. If there was indeed a next time with Mason, she was going to have to insist on having her hands free at some point. He'd closed his eyes with obvious pleasure as he finished rolling the condom on. She wanted to give him that pleasure.

When he opened his eyes again he grinned at her, a sly grin that sent shivers along her skin. He slid his fingers through her slippery folds. "You're still wet. Still ready for me, aren't you, Kelly?"

"Yes, I'm ready," she gasped, his fingers strumming her sensitive flesh, turning up the intensity of the tension building within her. "I want to feel you inside me."

He plunged two of his fingers inside her. She instinctively lifted her hips to meet the thrusts. He seemed to be exploring her with his fingers, changing angles here and there, sliding the long fingers in and out and around. Then he slipped his fingers from her body and held them up to she could see them, wet and shiny with her juices.

"Open your mouth," he said as he leaned over her. She hesitated only for a second before she parted her lips for him. He slid his fingers into her mouth, rubbing them along her tongue. "Suck on them, Kelly. Suck them clean."

She'd never tasted herself until tonight, never wanted to, but she never considered refusing him. She was too caught up in the moment, in the sensations and the need, to stop to wonder what that meant.

She rubbed her tongue along his fingers, tasting the unique combination of her and Mason. He slid them in and out and around her mouth, just as he'd done between her legs, stroking and probing. When he pushed his fingers in even deeper, she sucked hard, pulling on them. He groaned as deeply as he had when she'd been sucking on his cock.

Then he surprised her by plunging his cock into her without warning, deep and forceful. No gentle probing. No easy slide. It was a hard thrust that filled her and had

her jerking against the ropes. He yanked his fingers out of her mouth and grabbed on to her hips. He plunged over and over into her body, pounding into her. Stretching her. Filling her.

She understood the desperate need Mason was demonstrating. The same need was in her, although she hadn't realized until tonight that what she needed was him. They'd been building up to this moment all night long. No, they'd been building up to this for months.

Kelly grabbed the ropes above her wrists to try to steady her body. Mason's fingers dug into her flesh, but she barely felt it. All she was aware of was his cock sliding into her, teasing her sensitive flesh, adding fuel to the fire raging inside her. His eyes burned into hers as he stared down at her.

The harmony of their ragged breathing echoed against the walls of this old room. In the back of her mind, she couldn't help but wonder how many other couples' cries of passion had been absorbed by the old flocked wallpaper. How many other couples had made love on this old mattress?

Had any of them been tied to the bedposts?

As Mason thrust into her body, the tension within her built again. She wrapped her legs around his hips, pulling him even deeper into her. She rode him as he rode her, finding the rhythm they could dance to together.

Shivers of arousal ran along her skin with each new thrust, each wave coming faster, rolling stronger. She stared at his face, focusing on his dark gaze. The room around them seemed to disappear. What happened in the past didn't matter. The world had narrowed down to only the two of them, in this place, at this time. She couldn't tell up from down, left from right. She couldn't differentiate what her skin was feeling from her pussy or her breasts or her clit. It all became one. It all became too much.

Mason shifted the angle of his hips so that his cock brushed her clit and she exploded. Cries she didn't recognize as her own echoed through the room. Mason continued to thrust into her, dragging against her clit, dragging out the orgasm until

she thought she would never come down. When his cries, deep and dark, joined hers, he clutched her even tighter as he came. He pumped his cock into her again and again, until he slowed down and finally stopped. His breathing was hard and labored.

So was hers.

He collapsed on top of her, pulling her arms against the ropes, but she didn't mind. She liked to feel the weight of him. Liked the musky tang of his arousal in her nostrils. Liked to hear his gradually slowing breathing as his face rested on her shoulder.

"Oh, Kelly," Mason said after a moment, his voice ragged. "That was great." He kissed the tip of her nose. "I knew sex with you would be great. More than great. But tonight was even better than I thought it would be. Better than I could ever imagine." He stroked her arm, from her shoulder up to the ropes at her wrist. "This was just what I needed. What we both needed. Can't you see that now? This was what you needed too."

Was it? Her heart pounded in her chest. Now that they were finished, she couldn't believe the things she'd done in the heat of passion. The things she'd let him do to her. If this was truly what she wanted, what kind of person did that make her? And if this was what she *needed*, didn't that mean there was something wrong with her? Yeah, she enjoyed this, had a great orgasm. Okay, a couple awesome orgasms. But that didn't mean she would choose to have sex while tied up.

He stared down at her. She could read the attraction, the arousal, the need in his face. He was waiting for her to answer him. Waiting for her agreement that what they did was okay. It still frightened her too much. She couldn't take this seriously. She couldn't *need* this.

"Yeah, I liked it," she said flippantly, avoiding his intense gaze. "But it's not like I had any choice."

Mason froze. His face darkened. He slipped from her body and climbed off the bed. With his back to her, he dressed, quickly, silently. Were his hands shaking? She couldn't tell for sure.

Then he turned back to the bed and began to untie her with quick, jerky movements, so unlike the sensual way the evening had started. "So you had no choice?" he growled. He tugged on her arm as he untied her wrist. "Aren't you the one who cried, 'Fuck me, Mason!'" Did you honestly think I wouldn't have stopped if you asked me to?" He untied the last rope and stared at her, his face clouded, hands bunched into fists. "Am I a rapist? Is that what you think I am?"

She was so shocked, she couldn't respond before he left her lying there, nearly naked, the dress wadded up around her body. He crossed the room, unlocked the door and slammed it open. He stormed out, leaving the door wide open behind him.

"Mason, no!" It took a split second before she realized she could actually move again. She scrambled off the bed and frantically buttoned up the dress with trembling fingers. How could she have done this to him? It wasn't his fault she was brought up to think that any kind of kinky sex was wrong. Hell, any sex that wasn't for procreation was wrong as far as her mother was concerned. Or so she'd beat into Kelly's head for too many years to count.

Mason had done all he could to show her how wonderful sex could be between two consenting adults and she'd had to throw it back in his face. It was time to be honest with herself. For the first time in her life, sex was satisfying. Sex was meaningful. Right or wrong, this was what she needed. It's what had been missing from her life. Mason showed her that.

And it wasn't just the bondage. It was Mason too.

She prayed it wasn't too late. She dashed out the door and down the stairs as fast as she could on the stiletto heels. Children and adults milled around the lower floor in all stages of dress up. A table with cider and doughnuts had been set up in the spider web room. She didn't see Mason anywhere.

"Hey, Miss Long, you were awesome!" One of her students, Melissa, stopped her in the entryway. "I've never heard you yell that loud."

Kelly made herself stop and smile at the tall redhead who showed real promise as a

track star. "I hope not. You kids have never given me that much trouble." She glanced around the throng of costumes. "Have you seen Mr. Blake?"

"Yeah, he ran outside a few minutes ago. He looked pretty mad. I bet some of the boys are causing trouble out by the bonfire."

Kelly knew that wasn't why he was angry, but she thanked Melissa and with nervous tension balled in the pit of her stomach, she left the haunted house. She should have thrown her sweatshirt on over the thin cotton dress. The evening autumn air was cool and she rubbed her arms as she searched for Mason through the dark throng of people outside. A tall man in black would fade into the darkness real easily.

Fallen leaves crunched beneath her feet. She headed toward the bonfire glowing in the field behind the house. The flames leapt into the air—the smoke drifted around on the breeze. Silhouettes of people ringed the fire, but it was impossible to recognize anyone.

Dread sank like a rock into the pit of her stomach. What if he'd already left? What if he didn't want to talk to her? He thought she'd accused him of rape. How did this happen?

Then he was there beside her. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her close. "I'm sorry," he murmured into her hair. "I shouldn't have gotten so angry."

She pulled back enough to look him in the face. The flickering light from the fire threw eerie shadows across his cheeks. "I'm the one who's sorry. I didn't mean it. I didn't!"

"Shhh. I know." He brushed his finger across her cheek to wipe away tears she didn't even realize she was shedding. "This is all new to you. I can't expect it to be easy. I knew it was scary for you and still I lashed out. That was wrong."

"It was scary, but not like you think. I trust you, Mason. It wasn't you or the ropes that I was afraid of. It was me. It was the things I was feeling."

He nodded and smiled. How could she have ever run away from this man? "It's okay. We'll take it slow."



Kelly glanced around them. They were surrounded by friends and neighbors, but no one was paying any attention to them. "I've accepted that this is my choice, Mason. I don't need to go slow."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah. In fact, when you're ready to leave here, I'd love to act out that fantasy." She leaned forward to whisper in his ear. "Naked. On my knees. Hands tied behind my back."

He looked dark and dangerous, ready to pounce on her and devour her where she stood. A thrill ran up her spine. "No one will even notice we've gone."

His arm wrapped around her waist as they turned toward the parking lot. They ran into Lisa as they rounded the house. She had a cup of hot cider in her hand. "Want some?" she asked. "There's lots more inside."

Kelly shook her head. It smelled wonderful but she wasn't even tempted. "No, thanks. I'm taking off."

"Well, thanks for your help. Like I said, I hope the evening wasn't too boring for you."

Kelly glanced over to Mason and he gave her that eat-you-up look again. With luck, her life wouldn't be dull anymore. She tried not to laugh. "No, Lisa, it wasn't boring at all."

## About the Author

I fell in love with the written word as soon as I could read. I started writing my own stories while I was still in grade school. I even passed around my own version of fanfic to my classmates long before the term was ever coined. As I grew up, I fell in love with romance and I love the chance to add some extra sizzle to my stories.

I live with my own real life hero who is happy to tell everyone that he's my inspiration. We travel in our RV whenever possible—the great thing about writing is I can take it anywhere. See you down the road.

Natasha welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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