



A DEVIL IN THE CITY OF ANGELS

FEMDOM FICTION

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By

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Chapter One

Vanessa walked by the TV set one Sunday afternoon, catching a glimpse of an extraordinarily sexy man being interviewed.

“Oh, my”, she murmured, like Susan Sarandon in Bull Durham, except throatier with even more evil intentions. She didn’t catch the man’s name, but his body oozed sex. He had a slender, tan chest coated with just the right amount of sweat, and wavy dark brown hair that cascaded halfway down his neck.

Wraparound sunglasses hid his eyes, but tight, faded jeans brazenly outlined his cock. In a coolly arrogant accent that was a beguiling cross between Brit and “surfer dude”, he talked about the first gig he’d ever played. All Vanessa heard was “Fuck me.” Doreen, her roommate, noticed her frenzied exit to her bedroom. “Hey, Beavis,” she shouted, using the code name they had for each other when they got too infantile or horny, “lock the door if you’re wanking off in there”.

After Vanessa finished pleasuring herself, she discovered who had gotten her so hot in only a 10-second video clip. Doreen told her that he was a musician who had been a minor rock star about twenty years ago.

Vanessa vaguely recalled the name. Save for a goofy article she remembered reading in the National Enquirer about him swindling some model, she didn’t know anything about him. But if he got her as hot in person as his TV image did, she vowed to give him the best sex of his life. Words would be a waste of time with this stud. With the precision of a seasoned whore, she’d be on her knees sucking his cock and squeezing his balls without exchanging names. The delicious moment when she eased her body on top of his and watched him slip his gleaming eager cock inside her pussy would follow effortlessly. Games were not required with a stud like him—even his image on the TV screen telegraphed that clearly.

Doreen and her friends counseled Vanessa on where to meet him. After being raised on classical music, with a dash of Miles Davis and Sarah Vaughn, Nessa had little knowledge of rock ‘n’ roll M.O.

Doreen recommended a club he often frequented.

Vanessa knew he’d be an easy lay from all the stories she’d heard. However, work and real life intruded on her sexy fantasy. A few weeks passed, and she forgot about the hot guy on the TV.

Until one day, when real life and fantasy merged like a wet dream come true.

Michael noticed her because she was different, because she didn’t look like she belonged at a music industry party full of con artists, know-it alls, and career whores. Her sweet face caught his attention, but the nasty sexual look in her eyes sealed the deal.

He’d never seen that before in a bird; the women he’d known were extreme. They were outright sleazy or feminist frigid, either a quick shag or a long argument. But this combination of shyness and sleaziness was new and irresistible. He didn’t know how to approach her. When he winked at her, she smiled and lowered her head coyly, as though she was embarrassed that he had responded to her overture.

If I walk over, will she run away? He wondered.

Michael slipped behind a gabbing crowd of girls and eased his way over to her. “Excuse me, love, you’re looking very pretty tonight.” He stopped himself from touching her bare midriff. It took all his selfrestraint to do so.

“Thank you,” she said. She stared at his face, then seemed to grasp for words.

“I liked your presentation. I’d never known you could layer tracks like that with a sound program. My name is Vanessa. I work with your friend Kyle at Portnoys.”

“A pleasure to meet you, Vanessa. My name’s Michael.” She had shoulder-length sandy-blond hair that looked totally natural. No telltale dark roots anywhere. Her lucid blue eyes sparkled with girlish joy as she shook his hand.

He stared at her waist, and his gaze moved lazily upward to the belly shirt that barely covered her perky breasts. A perfect B cup, he thought, with prominent, sensitive nipples that strained underneath her thin cotton top.

“You don’t really look like you belong here.” It was the first thought that popped into his head, and he blurted it out. Her smile disappeared, and hurt and embarrassment registered subtly on her face. Usually, he didn’t notice such things, but for some reason, he saw it in her eyes and backtracked. “What I meant was...the other girls-er-women here look harder.

You look very sweet.”

“Well, I look sweet on the outside, but I’m wild at heart.”

He was ready to turn on his heels and pursue some Betty Page look-alike who had just walked past when the phrase caught his ear, and he turned and touched her shoulder.

“Umm, that sounds interesting...care to go into details?”

“I’d like to show you.”

“Right. Show, don’t tell, they say...”

They were both full of cheesy pick-up lines that night, and it got them back to his friends’ guesthouse in the hills. His place was too far out in the desert; he couldn’t possibly drive that far with his cock so hard.

They had a limited amount of time to fuck before his friend Roger got home, but they made the most of it. She stripped down to a black lace pushup bra and leopard print thong and posed for him. He hadn’t expected that; he’d envisioned her wrapped in gauzy white. The Fredericks’ of Hollywood tawdriness against her tiny, pert-breasted body got him so hot he thought he would burst even before he touched her.

He slid her shiny leopard thong against her thigh, uncovering her pussy, but did not strip it off; there was no time for that. Vanessa rid him of his jeans with an expert tug. His cock brushed, slick and full, against her navel. She marveled at its proportions. Michael’s cock had length and girth - and a slight suntan glow.

The thought of him sunbathing nude made her already drenched pussy tingle. She knelt on the bed, and slowly, tauntingly fingered her clit. “That’s a man’s job, my darling,” he moaned. Michael knelt behind her and slipped his finger over her clit, rubbing it as he eased his cock inside her. He fucked her with her bra on and stared down at her firm, softskinned thighs and the little beads of sweat dripping down her flat stomach. She laughed when he called her a whore. Her laughter gave way to musical wails of joy. “I love the way your body pounds against my ass. That feels so good.” Her voice lowered half an octave. “Show me how happy I make you. Show me.”

He pulled his cock out of her taut pussy (even though it felt unwilling to give him up) and blanketed her ass with cum. Lovingly, he reached for a towel and dried her curvaceous buns. She stopped him, preferring to rub as much of his cum into her skin as possible. She collapsed in his arms, and they fell asleep only to wake up and do it again, this time with her supple body naked, on all fours, while he pleased her from behind again. Abruptly, the doorbell rang, and they made a date to meet at his apartment the next night.

She arrived at his door with a bottle of champagne and a small grocery bag full of gourmet food for dinner. She was dressed like a slut in a short red skirt and fishnet shirt with the skimpiest of bras underneath, and black fetish boots.

“You look different. You’re taller. Are you wearing heels?”

“No, they’re flats, like I always wear.”

He admired her boots—they ran up to the top of her thighs, of supple suede, a little bit loose and crinkly. They reminded him of kinky fishing boots.

They accentuated her upper thigh as it joined the curve of her ass, her ripe cheeks bare to the world underneath her flouncy skirt with only a virginal pink thong peeking out from beneath.

Michael studied her hot little body as she put the contents of her shopping bag into the fridge. Tease.

But he knew she hadn’t planned it that way. It made his hard-on more intense. “Never mind all that, love.

Let’s go to bed”

“No, I don’t want to fuck yet,” She hissed sweetly.

“There’s something I want to do first. Sit down.”

Intrigued, he sat on the retro 1960s lime-green chair. “You know, I don’t like all the unhealthy stuff you have in your fridge. You need to eat better.”

Taken aback by her words, still he kept listening silently to see what she would do next. “Here. I have something for you.” She picked up a silver filigree bowl loaded with strawberries. “I want you to eat better.”

She bit into a strawberry, letting the juice ooze down her lips, and half-closed her eyes. “Tastes so good—here, you try one,” She picked up a strawberry and fed it to him, brushing it across his lips, gently teasing them apart. “There, that’s not so hard, is it?

He bit into it, imagining how sweet her pussy tasted.

“Look, Michael.” She taunted.

Vanessa unbuttoned her blouse to reveal the black lace push-up bra. “Here, have another one,” She smiled, dropping a strawberry into her cleavage.

“Oh, baby, you are going to be the death of me.”

He bowed his head down and scooped the strawberry out with his tongue. Her soft skin tasted better than any of nature’s other delights. He bit slowly into the strawberry and let the juice trickle down her breasts.

“That’s a good boy, Michael. Will you promise me you’ll eat better?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“That’s a good boy.”

She put her hands around his neck, massaging it before pulling his body to hers and kissing him, savoring the sweet mingling of strawberries in their mouths. Michael pointed her to the bedroom. “You get those jeans off, sweetie.” She smacked his ass.

“You look so much better without ‘em.” Michael had barely slipped his belt off when she took action, unzipping him and reveling in his unashamed erection. Michael stood against the wall while she got on her knees and sucked his cock as preparation for the main attraction. Vanessa shook her head till her hair veiled her face in a slutty “just fucked” look. She peered up at Michael and clutched his cock, stroking it ravenously with her hand. She swirled her tongue around the tip, teasing it with a ladylike flutter. Then she took his cock in her mouth, sucking and savoring it like hard candy. She listened to his moans for guidance on where and how to satisfy him. When she suckled his balls with her limber

mouth, his body vibrated with lust. He couldn't stand the teasing, and lifted her into bed, where she straddled him, slathering baby oil all over his abs. She watched the oil drip down his stomach and coat his cock, illuminating it like a beacon of sin. She guided him inside her willing pussy. Michael gripped onto her waist and helped her bounce up and down on his greedy erection. When he showered her belly with cum, she fell backwards on the bed, happy and relieved at the same time. Riding such a bountiful cock gave as much pain as pleasure. Then he fell asleep, licking his lips like a sated bear.

When he woke up, he could not get out of bed. His hands were chained to the elaborate metal latticework on the headboard, and his feet were chained together with ankle cuffs that felt like they were made of some strong plastic and covered with black leather.

"What the fuck..." He looked up and there she was, still naked, still smelling of perfume and strawberries.

"You just looked so beautiful there in bed, I didn't want you to leave."

"You're not some fucking psycho, are you? You're not gonna kill me." Unlike most people, Michael always had the bad-or childlike-habit of saying the first thing that entered his mind. She stopped, and her eyes teared up, but she didn't cry. "No, Michael. If you want me to untie you, I will." She picked up the key on the nightstand, her hand trembling as she fit it into the latch on the handcuff. "No, love, it's all right. Put the key down."

"But you said-"

"It's OK...shh."

She sat by the foot of the bed and admired him.

"You look beautiful just the way you are."

"Aah, I ain't beautiful."

"If I say you're beautiful, you are."

Then she kissed him, blessing his chest, his arms and his elbows. She treated everything like she treated his cock, worshipping and castigating him at the same time. "I love your fingers," she breathed, "so long and bony and perfect." Vanessa kissed each one, slipping them inside her pussy, blessing them with her sweet juice. Then she slid each one of her fingers into his mouth. "Here. Taste,"

With her, sex was a ceremony, not a quick copycat fuck. Michael had never known sex that could be more than hit and run. "I will be right back." She kissed him, and he let her leave without protest, relaxing totally for the first time since he could remember. A sense of calm overtook him. It was weird. Tied to a bedpost by this crazy little bird who'd left him alone and naked, and he never felt freer.

Because he knew she'd come back.

He waited for her. There was no clock in the room.

He looked down at the nightstand, where he had left his watch. It was gone. "Vanessa." He said her name clearly and without fear. Music filtered in from the next room, Clarence Carter singing "Slip Away". He heard the rattling of dishes and her low voice on the phone. "Vanessa. What are you doing in there?" She sang along with the radio, sweetly and on key, much better than he ever could. He stared at the ceiling. "Baby, don't torture-" Then he realized that's exactly what she wanted. He laughed. "You're enjoying this, aren't you?" She turned the music off.

He heard nothing but stray sounds here and there, a clanging, and a swooshing of fabric. He got aroused again. Pretty good for a middle-aged bloke, he thought.

She closed the door suddenly. He only saw her hand.

"Vanessa, Vanessa," He called again. Now he got scared. Maybe it was more than a game to her.

"Jesus." He looked at the chains-were they toys or the real thing? If they were fake, he could wriggle his way out. Just then, the door swung open.

She walked in, wearing nothing but boots and gloves and hiding something behind her back. “I didn’t mean to worry you, Michael. I had some things to prepare, as you can see. Umm, I can see it was worth the wait for you, too.” She touched his cock tip with a cool, gloved finger.

“Jack me off. I can’t stand it. Get on top of me and ride like you did last night.”

“No, not until I’m good and ready.” She rubbed a finger against his lips, then pressed the key against them.

“I bet you’re glad I’m doing this for real,” She slipped it into the cuff.

“Oh, God, I didn’t realize these things dug so deep in my skin.”

“See, you’re not the tough he-man you thought you were-there’s some real gentleness there,” She kissed his hand, then undid the cuffs on his legs. “Kneel down.”

“C’mon, stop that, that’s enough. Let’s fuck.”

“You think I’m joking around. Get on your knees.”

It drove him wild to hear such a sweet-skinned little princess spit out such demands. If he got any harder, he thought it would burst. And he saw it turned her on as well. Her clit was full and visible, proud, like her own appendage. How many times had he said or implied the same thing to women? His knees hit the carpet. She seemed pleased. He wanted to suck her tits, but he dared not ask.

“Get on all fours-that’s even better.”

“What?”

“C’mon. Do it.”

The only way he could bring himself to do such a thing was to keep his eyes on her on her body, her wet clit, the way her breasts bounced. Then she bent down and spanked him. How thoughtful of her to place a mirror by the edge of the bed so they could not escape their indiscretions. She ordered him to eat her pussy, and he obeyed, stopping only when she gently lifted his head up and made him drink a fizzy peppermint shake she left on the nightstand. Then he ate her again, swirling his tongue on her clit and ever so deftly inside her. He savored her cries of indescribable pleasure. “May I fuck you now, mistress?” He begged, no longer able to subdue his cock.

“Yes, my beautiful slave.” They both looked in the mirror, watching his body writhe and bounce against her. Immersed in Vanessa’s body, smell, voice and indefatigable spirit, Michael pleased her again and again. He lost all sense of time and place, not even remembering where he was until he heard Franco, his Lab, paw at the bedroom door the next morning.

At work, his clients subtly noticed the change in him, though they could not pinpoint it. He joked around more, wasn’t so abrupt and snarly. “Did you change your hair?” One girl asked.

“Yeah. Dyed it,” He said with a wink. She believed it.

Vanessa did not return his call that night. He didn’t answer when another girlfriend of his called. Instead, he looked at the mirror that she had placed by his bed, and when he saw his reflection there alone, he felt a sudden twinge of regret. What are you, a girl? He scolded himself as he reached for the phone before thinking better of it. Instead, he wanked off and fell asleep.

She did not come round until a week later, unannounced, when he was washing his car. Franco scampered up to her, practically knocking her over.

Franco was a friendly dog, to be sure, but he rarely fawned over someone he had only seen once. She giggled like a schoolgirl and petted him. “Oh, sweetie, aren’t you just a crazy thing like your Daddy.”

“C’mere Franco.” Michael threw a rubber chew toy into the backyard and Franco chased after it,

disappearing out of the frame. "So, where have you been? I didn't expect to see you round here." Michael's voice turned cold and stiff, like a jilted lover.

"I've been busy."

"Busy spanking other dudes, I suppose. They must love you down at the leather warehouse."

"My, we're testy, aren't we? You need a little R and R."

"Rest and Relaxation?"

"No, Rockin' and Rollin'."

He took that to mean sex, cock in pussy or elsewhere, but she thought differently. "Have you been eating better? You look a little thinner-I know it's only been a week since I've seen you, but you look good." She opened the refrigerator and marveled at a half empty pint of strawberries. "My, you're a fast learner."

"Oh yeah. You know, I forgot I even bought those."

She licked her lips and undid his belt. Silently kneeling down, he readied for her mouth and thought of strawberry juice dripping on his cock, but he felt cold rubber and winced. She rubbed his cock with her leather paddle. It made him hard. "You like this."

"You're so sensitive, so receptive, a good boy." She licked his cock tip, then quickly brushed cold leather against it. He fell to his knees, sweating. His cock had betrayed him once again.

"I can always depend on my best friend to help me," She traced his cock with her bare fingers, then pulled away from him when he pushed her head toward his crotch.

"Why do you do that-you like to tease me. One day you're going to go too far."

"And what are you going to do-spank me? Tie me up? That's not your style-you just like people to think you're bad-you're quite an actor."

"And you're quite the actress-you look like vanilla ice cream, but you taste like a hot pepper."

"Umm, that gives me an idea. Eat my pussy."

"No, that won't work. You got me too hard."

"Do what I tell you. You won't be sorry."

"No." Like a stubborn adolescent, he held his ground.

"All right...all right," she whispered coyly, kneeling down quietly, she took him in her mouth. As he closed his eyes at the first lick, she changed gears.

Before he knew what hit him, like a snake, she had slithered behind him and cuffed his hands.

"What, do you hide those things in your pussy?" he mumbled.

"God, you talk more than any hausfrau-shut up and eat me," She lay down and arched her back, offering him her shaved pussy. He had no choice but to indulge her, to concentrate on her, working her over with his tongue licking her clit, going deep inside and fucking her with his tongue, rimming her.

All the while his cock did not rest, his stray appendage bouncing against her thigh. He came up for air, and there she lay, spent, a wild look in her eyes. He had licked her to the brink of insanity.

"I will uncuff you if you give me the best fuck of my life." "I'd love to. You need a money-back guarantee?" he laughed. "Do what I tell you. Promise. Fuck me so good I can't take it-then bring me back. If any man can do it, you can. You should know better than to disobey me."

She leaned back on the bed. Her opening flexed wide to greet him. The friction as he entered her was unbelievable. She was too receptive, too velvety soft.

He fucked her harder, sure of the task at hand; every nerve in his body tuned instinctively to her wishes, to how she wanted to be fucked. At first, he had been taken aback by her insistent desire; he'd

found it simultaneously silly and frightening. Initially, it had been a job he had to perform to get what he wanted.

Now it wasn't a job anymore. It was his pleasure.

Her normally high-pitched yelps of delight had now softened to a motorized purr. He got a rhythm going, fucking her gently, and then jabbing it in hard, just the way she liked it. Michael swept a few sweaty strands of hair off her forehead and kissed it. That evoked a frenzied response in her, even more so than mere fucking. Michael felt dizzy, in a warm, pagan way. His soul left his body; then he came, all the energy inside him released, rendering him still and pristine. Vanessa's face contorted with joy and she bathed in his cum in slow motion, adoring the fruits of their labor. He laughed, and the next thing he noticed was warm water and tickling of a loofah sponge on his back. "Did I owe you some money?"

"No, honey, no money ever made me feel so good.

You didn't make love to just my body, Michael. I swear, you made love to my soul, my spirit, too—you worked so hard to please me. You are the best slave a woman could have." She let the strawberry-scented lather drip down his chest and onto his cock. "I love you, Michael. You work so hard to please me."

"I love you, Vanessa." She was his mistress. His sin. In her body lay the power to transform him from a man to a flesh and blood mythos. He could never go back to the little sluts of his past now that he was the property of a goddess.

Chapter Two

The next week, Vanessa met him at a club in the city. She knew he'd show up, though she didn't expect him to be there so early. He held court at the back of the club by the dressing room, carousing with two girls who looked like they were barely out of high school. Vanessa had struck up quite a conversation with the bartender, who seemed to like her and had given her a free drink. Once she saw Michael, though, it was hard to concentrate on anyone else. Her eyes must have burnt holes through him, because a minute later he walked up to the bar.

He pulled up a barstool and sat down, not taking his eyes off her. "It's not polite to stare."

"Was I staring? I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be rude."

"That's quite all right. You know I like a sassy woman."

He kissed her hand. "Come with me, Vanessa."

He took her into a room in the back of the club, where they could talk without screaming over the jukebox. They exchanged idle how-was-your-day chitchat for a few minutes while their body language indicated much more. She ran her fingers through his hair as he told her about a guitar he'd just bought. He lifted her onto his lap while she told him about the movie set she was designing. She felt his thick cock straining through his jeans.

He took her to his house in a clandestine suburban enclave. It was small by L.A. standards, and tucked away in a remote corner, but with a breathtaking view of the city. Neither one of them had the strength left to unlock the door and get inside before they fucked. She peeled off his jeans and straddled him, watching his face contort with nasty satisfaction, bathed in the red light that illuminated his doorway.

The three a.m. lights of Los Angeles shimmered below them. They finally made it inside, where they left a trail of cum, pussy juice, baby oil, and sex everywhere in his domicile. Sheer hedonistic abandon exploded in their every pore. Michael made her unspoken fantasy come true by fucking her in the hot tub as the city slept below them. He took her on a tour of the house-letting her spank him on the red leather couch, towering over her on the dining room table as he painted her body with whipped cream, and eating her pussy in the recording studio. Vanessa had been in studios a few times before, and found recording sessions boring and monotonous. Michael's skillful mouth changed all that. Vanessa slid naked under the mixing console, and the music began. An hour of Michael's tongue slipping nimbly on her pussy and her clit-and her enraptured moans and screams- were now recorded. "The most beautiful piece of music I've ever heard." Michael announced. "Of course, only a rare and exotic instrument could produce such sounds."

When they stumbled outside the next morning, the whole house, not only the bed reeked of sex. "I never knew the devil was actually a woman," Michael told her as they walked to the driveway. "With a tight pussy and a hot, round ass. Only a devil could do what you just did to me. A little devil in the City of Angels."

Vanessa beamed proudly. She had achieved her objective without any struggle-Michael had succumbed to her charms, completely, willingly.

Now that they had fucked the hell out of each other, it was time for the games to start.

He slipped into the front seat of his Jag. "Get in the back seat and leave your sunglasses on."

"Is that an order?"

"Just sit there, look hot and don't say anything."

In nothing but sunglasses and jeans, he looked exactly as he had when she'd seen him on the telly the first time. Of course, she never told him about her initial masturbation. It was better to let him think he

discovered her. He watched her intently, spellbound by her every move. Vanessa pulled his jeans down.

He opened his mouth, ready to speak, but she shushed him. She studied him, beautiful, just like she had envisioned him. Better than a statue by his swimming pool; that perfect, that on target. Vanessa sucked his cock, taking him in as far as she could, enjoying him, feeling him squirm and moan. The guttural moans that crept up from his throat were as scorching as the taste of his cock in her mouth. "All right, suck me hard, sweet thing."

Nessa marveled in the thick shot of cum that covered her face. She licked some of it, and let the rest drip down on her tits, rubbing it in her skin delightedly. The hot noonday sun felt so good beaming down on her naked, cum-drenched body.

She hated to shower and slip into clothes before he drove her home, but it was a necessary evil.

Life in L.A. is tricky. Most people think all Angelenos do is hang out by the pool and have pedicures, but such is not reality. After Vanessa's initial night with her slave, Michael, they didn't see each other for a few weeks. She was busy on the set, dealing with a particularly complicated medieval drama.

She assumed he was recording or writing. It occurred to her that he might have gone on tour without letting her know. If that was the case, she'd just have to seek him out when he got back home and spank his hefty ass extra hard with her studded paddle.

One night after work she went out for dinner with a few co-workers at an industry hang-out-an oldfashioned steakhouse with roomy red leather booths that reminded her of the suburban restaurants my parents used to take her to as a kid. After ten minutes of being teased about being a vegetarian by her carnivore friends, she relented and ordered a filet mignon. "Jeez, will you listen to those guys-thank God there's no one here under twenty-one!" her friend Alexia suddenly exclaimed, motioning toward a boothful of noisy men in a far corner of the restaurant.

She looked over and saw Michael sitting in another booth with some mates of his. They were comparing notes about various female companions when she thought she heard him say something about "a daft blonde tart with a whip." Maybe it was presumptuous to think he was talking about her.

Michael was certainly capable of maintaining a whole stable of daft blondes with whips. "Excuse me,"

Vanessa told her companions, "I have to powder my nose." She sashayed past the booth where Michael held court, making sure he got an eyeful of her butt in tight jeans.

"Holy shit," he exclaimed "You're a class act, Michael. You're allowed to call me, you know."

"Damn, I didn't see you there."

"So I'm daft, huh? Your daft blonde tart. Hmm."

"I meant it in a good way. Daft like free spirited, ya know."

"Yeah, try and talk your way out of it. There's a long spanking in store for you, mister."

He slipped his arms around her, enveloping her like a bear capturing his prey, and French-kissed her within full view of an amused waitress on her break.

"I missed you." Vanessa whispered in his ear, then coyly bit the lobe, teasing him with a pinch.

"God, you get me hard just hearing your voice. I bet you ain't wearing underwear."

"Just a purple thong," She purred. He liked that. "C'mere, sit with me". He gripped her hard.

"Oh, honey, I don't wanna be rude to my friends."

"They'll understand."

When they returned, his buddies were sitting at Vanessa's table, chatting up Alexia and the twentyoneyear-old wardrobe girl.

"Well, looks like we have the whole booth to ourselves. How about some dessert, Mr. Hanover?"

"What's on special tonight?"

"A delicious sugar-coated blow job." she whispered. She sunk to her knees under the table and unzipped him, the most beautiful sound he'd heard since their first night together.

"Michael, ya ready to go?" One of his friends called.

"Not yet." he said. "Leave without me. I have some business to take care of."

"Yeah, a daft blonde." Vanessa heard one of them say as he walked out of the restaurant with the wardrobe girl.

She played with him, kissing his cock and his balls, teasing him and getting him ready for the marathon to come. Then she quietly zipped him back up.

Clandestinely sucking his cock in public wouldn't cut it. She needed him full throttle inside her. "Cmere, let's go to the loo." They hurried to the john. He backed up against the wall by the washbasin and Vanessa sucked him, dirty and lowdown, just like the street whores he'd gone to as a teen-ager. He slipped her jeans down over her hips, then pulled her thong down and slipped a finger inside her shaved pussy.

"We shouldn't stay away from each other for too long. It's fucking unhealthy."

Vanessa wrapped her legs around him, forcing herself on top of him and they fucked. It was a joy to watch his cock plunge in and out. The reflection in the mirror magnified their merged bodies like a camera close-up. "You're a dirty fucking slut, ain't you, Michael? Fucking whore," She tugged at his hair.

"You don't care if the whole world knows what a whore you are. You're proud of it." The more names she called him, the harder he got. Outside the door, she heard Alexia flirting and laughing with his friends. "We're gonna get caught. Then everyone will see how big and beautiful your cock is. All the girls will line up to fuck you. All the men will be jealous."

That did it. He came, showering his salty sweetness over her ass. "Dirty bitch," He laughed.

His eyes flashed like the devil's diamonds.

"Don't talk about yourself, Michael." She wiped herself clean with wet paper towels. "I don't have any playthings with me. Maybe we should go to my place."

"What about your roommate?"

"She's out of town."

"Yeah, let's go," he shuddered.

She drove home while Michael lay naked in the back seat. She told him she didn't like it when he wore clothes. It was 3 a.m. by the time they got in, and they ran like naughty teen-agers from the parking garage to the elevator, carefully checking the hallway for potential witnesses before running to her apartment.

"How does it feel to be my slave-do you like it?"

They tousled each other playfully on top of her red velvet bedspread.

"I have the best mistress-that makes all the difference." He tweaked her nipple. She slapped his hand.

“You never learn.”

“Well, I thought you liked a challenge...”

“C’mere, scoot over my knee...you’ve been eating too many double cheeseburgers. I’m gonna need a bigger paddle to spank your fat ass.”

He looked genuinely hurt, and his brown eyes drooped like a sad puppy dog. “That’s not fair. I tried to stay in good shape for you. I haven’t even smoked in a month.”

“Oh, that’s my good little boy.” Vanessa kissed his eyelids, then spanked him so hard she thought the force would crack her wrist. He let out a cry of pleasure and his cock stirred. She continued spanking him till his ass was bright red. Funny, she had never considered spanking him to excess, but now that she had, she felt kind of ashamed, even though he seemed to enjoy it. His body readied willingly for another blow. “That’s enough.” Vanessa ordered. “You get into bed and I’ll be right back.”

He obeyed without any smart-aleck protests, but leered at her ass as he watched her bounce into the hallway. She returned armed with a bag of tricks.

First, she smoothed his sweet burning ass with some mint cream, watching him wince in relief, then stretched out beside him and mussed his hair. He was all relaxed now, almost romantic and girly sweet.

“Roll over,” she commanded. “And sit up against the headboard.”

He obeyed. She reached over and turned off the lamp, picking up a tall, tapered candle that had been burning on the night table. She tilted the candle and let hot wax drip down his chest. He leaned closer to her to make certain it slithered down his stomach and past his navel. It stopped just short of his cock.

“You’re not getting away that easy,” she said.

Instinctively, he swerved away as she tilted the candle over his cock.

“Now be brave. Don’t be a fucking baby. Take it.”

The wax slid down the side of his cock. There was nothing better than seeing that schizophrenic look of pleasure and pain cross his full red lips. Vanessa grabbed his cock and poured more wax on it, smearing it all over like a coat of paint. It covered her hand, his balls and his searing, hard cock with molten pink drippings. Then she blew the candle out, and the room went totally dark.

“I like this,” Michael whispered. “No music, no lights, just the outline of your body in the dark.”

“Don’t move,” She commanded. “The wax has to dry, so I’ll have a nice mold of your cock to admire when we’re apart.”

She grabbed a pair of handcuffs and chained him to the headboard, afraid he would try to fuck her and ruin her keepsake. He laughed, oblivious to the handcuffing. He had grown to expect it. “Just like those famous groupies used to do in the ‘60s? I’m honored.” Vanessa ran her finger down his chest, his musky sweat slippery and comforting on her skin.

“Now you be patient and wait for a few minutes. In the meantime, here’s something to keep you occupied.” She kneeled, facing him, and offered him her breasts, gently rubbing one nipple, then the other against his hungry lips. Unable to cup them in his hands because she had tied him up, his mouth worked overtime. Michael knew how she wanted her tits sucked-a gentle flick of the tongue, some playfully rough tugging with his teeth, then a breather before she pressed her other tit against his lips. Although her baser instincts urged her to chisel the almost-dried wax off his hardening cock and suck away, Vanessa controlled herself. After all, daylight would rear its ugly head in a few hours, and she’d be off in the desert on another shoot for a whole week. A week without her naughty man-slave-just the thought made her sad, but she had to do it. She could not let him become complacent.

Michael moaned blissfully as he sucked her other nipple, feeding on it like a baby who depended on mother’s milk for sustenance. “There now, Michael, I see I’m ready to retrieve my souvenir.” The lights were still off, but she felt down to his cock. With a quick dip of a fingertip she felt the hard wax.

Vanessa leaned over and turned on a small lamp on the nightstand. Even though the light was soft and dimmed by a perfumed scarf over the shade, Michael winced at the sudden brightness. Such a sensitive slave. He watched as she lifted the wax shell off his cock, careful not to let it crumble. It wasn't plaster, but it was the best Vanessa had on the spur of the moment. She placed it in a handkerchief and put it in a dresser drawer for safekeeping. Then, the doorbell rang.

Vanessa glanced at the clock-1 a.m. Right on schedule. "There's someone I'd like to introduce you to. Now, you be a good boy, and keep thinking nasty thoughts. I'll be right back with your surprise."

Michael watched her walk out of the room, breathing heavy, his moody brown eyes laser hot with pent-up desire. That desire would be released in the most primitive way imaginable. When Vanessa returned, she was wearing a leather thong, thigh-high boots and baby oil, leading his new friend to the bed by her leash. "I'd like to introduce you to my other slave- Ariana."

Ariana spoke first. "Hello, Michael. I will join you tonight in obeying and pleasuring our mistress." The women both watched in amusement as Michael's eyes widened. In a reversal of the usual stereotypes, Vanessa, the petite blonde, dominated the tall, darkhaired stripper. Ariana was a bisexual dancer she had met at a Goth club. She loved Vanessa's pert body, and Vanessa adored her huge surgically-created breasts. Ariana and her boyfriend, a thin, handsome Swiss playboy, made Vanessa the third-and dominant-partner in their relationship. Even after Peter left to go back to Zurich, Ariana and Vanessa continued their games. But after awhile, they both agreed it wasn't the same without a third partner-a man-joining them.

Then Vanessa met Michael.

"I have a wonderful nightcap for both of you. I think you'll enjoy it." Nessa gave one of Ariana's tits a bounce, and reveled in the sweet look on Michael's face. She unleashed Ariana and made her sit on the bed, then unchained Michael and distracted him by making him oil her tits. Then Vanessa crawled in between them and sucked his cock as he played with Ariana's tits. He could not speak now; he was all moans and barely discernible shudders of pleasure.

Between Ariana's huge plastic tits and his pert whoremistress sucking him raw, he was living every man's fantasy. Michael grabbed Ariana's nipples and tweaked them, watching her unnaturally round tits shake. Noticing the fascinated look on his face, Ariana smiled and shook her tits from side to side frenetically. Vanessa hurtled Michael into orgasm, her mouth and tongue sealing his cock with pleasure.

When he came, Vanessa squirted his juice over Ariana's tits. Like all men, he needed variety to tease him, to get his cock hard and keep him interested, so Vanessa used Ariana's charms to her advantage.

Michael collapsed in an exhausted, sated heap on the floor and they helped him to the bed, rubbing their bodies against him-and against each other-until he fell asleep. Ariana and Vanessa sandwiched him in the bed. Ariana made sure he was asleep before she whispered to her mistress. "He is not my type, mistress-I do not usually go with men who are much older than me, and he is not athletic, like Peter.

But I will be with him as you wish."

A few hours later, Ariana and Vanessa woke up and showered together. Ariana helped Nessa pack, then she went into the garage to start the car while Vanessa wrote a note to Michael.

I have to go to the desert to work until Saturday. You may stay here as long as you wish-my roomie won't be back till the end of the month. The apartment keys are on in the nightstand drawer. I will think of you every time I suck Ariana's tits.

Love,

Your mistress Vanessa Reverently, Vanessa took the wax cast of Michael's cock out of the drawer and placed it in her purse. She placed the extra set of keys in the drawer. On her way down to the carpark, she could not resist sneaking one last peek in the bedroom window. Michael read her note, and

then sank back into bed, cock in hand.

He could not think of anything but her. Her tits, her ass, the way her tongue like an errant muscle curled around his cock and licked his balls in a fit of insane passion. The bird could fuck and suck better than any of his little Sunset Strip whores. She was playing him for a fool, and loving it. But he loved it, too. Years and years of fawning women obeying his every perverted whim had taken its toll. Sex had started to bore him- maybe he had done everything hundreds, no thousands of times over, and nothing challenged him anymore. Vanessa had changed his mind, and gotten his cock perpetually hard again. One flash of her gleaming panther eyes made him feel like a thirteenyearold schoolboy. She had only been gone for a few hours and already he was carefully, reverently rummaging through her closets, touching and smelling her lingerie and her leather bustiers, rubbing his cock with her cat-o-nine-tails till he came.

His cell phone rang. He knew it was her. He barely disguised his eagerness when he heard her deliberately throaty voice.

“Are you being a good boy?”

“No, you’re not here to discipline me. You know I have no self-control.”

Vanessa laughed. “That’s one of the things I love about you. You’re so honest. You’re breathing heavy...did you just jerk off, baby?”

“When are you coming back? I miss you so much.”

Michael swore he could smell her perfume over the phone.

“My sweet, horny slave, you have the busiest cock...umm, does that thing ever rest?” He could almost feel her rouged red lips pressed against the receiver. He imagined them on his cock. “Listen to this,” she taunted. “Come here, Ariana. Do you have something for me?” In the background, Michael heard Ariana’s high-pitched giggle and the creak of the mattress as she edged closer to Vanessa. “You look good, baby, dripping with oil just the way I like-what’s that in your hand...yes, slide it in. I wish you were here to see our new plaything. It’s a glass dildo, lilac and black glass-you must use it on me when I come home.” Vanessa’s voice exploded into moans of indecipherable pleasure. Then the phone disconnected.

Chapter Three

For the next few days, Michael tried to get her out of his mind. He left the apartment and went to lunch with his manager as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened, and then he spent a few hours at his house rifling through bills, listening to tapes and calling a mate or two. Then he rang the housekeeper and told her to watch his place for a few days. When she arrived, he left, feeling a tinge of regret at leaving Franco, the only steady companion in his life to the care of another person again. He wanted to be there for Vanessa when she returned. He heard her voice again on Friday morning, as soon as he woke up and picked up his messages. "I want you back in my bed by 5 o'clock- if you're not there already. Oh, and I'll be alone. I sent Ariana home."

Michael's entire demeanor changed once he heard her voice, and carefully, reverently, he stepped into her apartment. After making sure her roommate hadn't come home early, he took leave of reality. In a few hours, only he and his mistress would exist. He wished he could stay in that world. He showered and rummaged through her closet. An open-breasted black leather teddy taunted him from its hiding place in the middle of her lace and satin nightgowns. Yeah, she'd look hot in that. Spanking him. Whipping him.

Fucking him. The thought of it was too much to bear.

He hung the leather outfit over the headboard of the bed and rubbed his cock over it.

"Is that your way of letting me know what you want me to wear?" Vanessa had crept back into the bedroom like the serpent she embodied. Stealthily, silently evil. Michael fell to his knees. His cock had taken over. It pointed at her, accusatory even as it begged for release. "I see you missed me." She kissed him blithely on the top of his head, then yanked the leather teddy from the headboard. "I'm going to put this on," she whispered. "In the other room. Don't touch your cock, don't rub it-you did enough of that while I was away, I'm sure." Vanessa knelt down and gave his cock head a quick lick. "Tastes good, baby.

Real good. Wait till the real deal comes spilling out."

She licked the tiniest spot of pre-cum from his cock.

He watched her disappear into the bathroom in jeans and a crop-top, a woman, and emerge a few minutes later as a demon goddess in shiny black leather. The teddy pushed her full but pert breasts further up on her chest until they almost touched her chin. The teddy was slit open in the crotch to reveal pussy in full bloom. She turned and knelt with her back to him and he got an eyeful of her round, bare ass, thankfully free of leather. Only the non-essential parts were covered.

"Oil me up and fuck my ass." She hissed. "Do it right, my horny little bastard." Michael spread her ass cheeks. As much as he loved her ass, he wanted to slide his cock in that velvety pussy, but he had to obey her. Without asking, he slid his long, slick tongue along her crack and ever so slightly into her puckering pink asshole. "You have the best ass, mistress," He moaned.

"Worship it, then." Vanessa's clit stood at attention, her asshole quivered as he grabbed a bottle of oil and squirted it between her crack. He fingered all the delicate pink he could, slathering on oil, using finger and tongue and lips to please and worship. He leaned forward and rubbed his cock inside her, from pussy up to asshole. The puckering pink hole gaped open at the first touch of his burning cock. He was amazed at how receptive her body was-her ass was as sensitive and easy to enter as her pussy. He slipped the fiery cockhead into her, and gently pushed a little more into her ass. Aah, the sweet squeeze of flesh and lubricant, he lived for it and he knew she did. "That's it, Michael, get a rhythm going. Nice and easy. I'll put more oil on, 'till it drenches our bodies." Somehow she managed to grab the half-empty bottle of lubricant with one hand and empty it onto her ass before grabbing onto the bed with both hands.

Anal sex had always been a struggle for him. First, talking a bird into it, then relaxing her, then getting inside her-it had never been easy till now. He stared at her ass as he fucked it. The ease with which his cock dipped in and out of her slippery asshole fascinated him. Harder and hotter than any porno.

Her moans, punctuated by the filthy loving names she called him were just compliments to his prowess.

The shiny black leather teddy molded to the curve of her back made her perfect ass even better. His cock couldn't take it any longer. He spurted what seemed like a bucketful of cum in her ass and all over her expensive leather outfit.

She clutched onto the bed, exhausted. "Michael, umm, I should leave you alone more often. Get that lust to build up to the boiling point...isn't that good for you, my sweet?" She spanked him swiftly on his ass. "It'll be your turn soon." She crawled into bed, and he followed. "And you'll love it as much as I do."

"My turn? And what exactly did you have in mind?"

"Shh, don't worry about that now. That's my concern, Michael." She dotted his sweaty face with appreciative kisses, and they fell asleep in each other's arms, sanctified by sweat, oil and cum. It bathed and baptized them into the new day.

From her office window, Vanessa got an eyeful of the colorful Angelyne billboard down the street.

Angelyne was a famous-only-in-L.A. figure who was well-known for being one of the first ladies to sport huge plastic breasts-only instead of doing so in movies or in men's magazines, she did so clothed on billboards in Hollywood, for years and years. As long as Vanessa had lived in L.A., and she'd been in town fifteen years. She sighed and returned to the wallpaper swatches she had to peruse for the TV show set she was designing.

"Have you ever thought about that?" Leonard Glass, the company's head set designer walked into her office unannounced. He hadn't done that in a long time. He and Vanessa had dated each other briefly, a few years before, when Vanessa had first started working for Portnoy Designs. Stupidly, she had believed all the hype that a girl in Hollywood could only get somewhere if she dated/slept with her boss.

Luckily, she had not slept with him, and still climbed the company ladder faster than designers who had been with the firm longer than her. "Mr. Glass, I'm sorry. What did you say?" She responded formally and unemotionally.

"About getting your breasts done. I think it would suit you-you're too statuesque to have small breasts." She envisioned herself stalking out of the office and driving away. But reality was not so easy.

She needed the money, and Leonard was all talk. Or so the rest of office staff agreed. "I need to finish my work here." She said firmly.

"You should think about it." Leonard said, and he walked away.

Vanessa closed her office door. Why was she so vulnerable in her work, in the mundane things of life, and so powerful with Michael? Sometimes, she wished the roles were reversed.

That night, Michael suggested they go to an Irish bar in Hollywood for dinner. It was a friendly, boisterous place that served every type of beer imaginable, but only a few entrees. Vanessa welcomed the diversion and listened to him talk about his family and his quirky musician friends. The more she learned about him, the more she loved him.

“My Dad was in the military. My Mom was too, kind of-she worked as a secretary for one of the generals. But I had an uncle, Jeff, who was a musician.

He’d played in big bands in the ‘40s and ‘50s. He taught me how to play.” Michael’s eyes registered mixed emotions as he spoke about his childhood.

“My Dad died when I was nineteen and left me some money. I moved to California, my Mom remarried. I see her once in a while. She lives in Germany with her new husband-another Army guy.” He had no pictures of his family in the house, except for his Uncle Jeff. His musician friends and Franco were his closest companions. Vanessa knew he had been married before, but he never spoke about it and she didn’t want to intrude-not on his emotions, at least not that way. Or maybe she didn’t want to learn much about his previous women. Just knowing that they had existed was enough.

Vanessa spent more time at Michael’s house as his girlfriend. She felt a sense of melancholy-now she had to share him with the world. That felt strange at first, but seeing him laughing and talking with the neighbors, arguing with his manager, tossing the chew toys to Franco when they all went to the park together made her love and appreciate him so much more. He treated her differently when they were “boyfriend and girlfriend.” He laughed and joked, every so often veering into submissive mode. “I miss that when we’re in public,” he whispered, “sometimes when we’re out together at the supermarket I get a flashback of you towering over me in your stilettos, and I just can’t keep my mind on buying cereal, ya know?”

“Am I that distracting?”

“When you look at me with those panther eyes, I can’t help it.”

One afternoon she came home from work early to find Michael by the pool, frantically making calls to the neighbors on his cell phone. “Honey, what’s wrong? What happened? “Franco’s disappeared.”

“How? “I let him out in the yard last night when Don and Ginger came over for dinner. He usually stays out there all night no problem and comes back in every morning to wake me up after you’ve gone-but today he wasn’t here... “He knew there was a problem when it was noon and he was still asleep. Franco was his alarm clock.

“Where would he go? Wait, was he neutered?”

“What? Have his balls cut off?” Michael shuddered. “I’d never do such a thing...like I wouldn’t like it if some girl had my balls cut off.”

“Oh, honey,” she kissed him on the forehead. He was shaking-he was really scared that something would happen to his precious Franco, constant and loyal companion. Vanessa understood why he doted on him so much. “Honey, he probably ran off to find a lady friend in the neighborhood-or two-if he’s like his Daddy.” Michael smiled faintly. “He just went out to sow his wild oats.” Vanessa assured him. “You watch. He’ll be back.”

Vanessa and Michael spent all afternoon posting flyers and asking the neighbors if they’d seen Franco.

They all seemed concerned; Franco was quite the canine celebrity around the block. “What if he’s gone?” Michael reminded her of a little boy with his exaggerated brown eyes.

“Oh, baby, we’ll keep looking. That’s all we can do.

He’s sturdy and smart. He’ll be back.” They walked until he practically collapsed. Finally, she convinced him to stop and took him home. Gently, she bathed him, tenderly cleaning behind his ears and nurturing him with warm kisses all over his neck and chest.

Michael closed his eyes and fell asleep in the tub, spent from the hyperactive search for Franco. Vanessa watched him. “Oh, baby, come to bed.” She led him to the bed. He was immobile, wracked with sadness.

Michael missed his friend. She could not bear to think what it would be like if his child had run away. The doorbell rang; it rang so it scared her. “What the hell?” she murmured. Michael was still sound asleep, snoring slightly. She opened the door-no one there-and looked around.

Franco scampered into the house, heading straight for his sleeping master as though nothing had happened. “Oh my God, Franco! Where you been, boy? You scared us!” “I’ll tell you where he’s been. Doing what comes naturally with my Weimaraner and several of the other locals.” Ronnie, the electrician who lived down the block commented from the front porch.

“Oh, you been a naughty boy-you been naughty.”

Michael admonished Franco. The randy dog and his master were happily reunited.

Vanessa let Ronnie in, and offered him a Coke.

“Chip off the old block, huh?” Ronnie observed “That’s for sure. There will be a lot of kids pining away for new puppies in a few weeks.”

That night, while Franco slept soundly in the living room, Vanessa took Michael to bed and tied him to the bedpost-a special treat for him after a trying day.

She took her paddle and smacked his ass, taking comfort in his groans of delight, the way his muscles twitched and the soft sweat matting his hair. It calmed her nerves. Gently she untied him and rewarded him for his good behavior, allowing him to kiss her, lick her pussy and ride her, not once, but twice. Even though she went through the usual dominatrix machinations with aplomb, inside, unrelated emotions seethed. Perhaps all the turmoil over Franco’s disappearance had brought some of her daytime problems to the fore.

“What’s wrong? I can tell something is wrong.”

Michael whispered. He could read her face better than he could read her body. Vanessa no longer acted like the strong woman. The guise was out of character for her, even when she was not his mistress behind closed doors. “If you don’t want to tell me I’ll understand, but I just want you to be happy. I don’t like seeing you worried. It’s so unlike you. It scares me.”

“My darling Michael, there are a few things I don’t want to share with you. I don’t want to share my weaknesses with you. Then you will not respect me as your mistress in bed.”

“You will always be my mistress. I will always obey and respect you, but I care about you too. I love you.” There, he said it, and he had not turned to dust.

The words poured out of her as though they had been kept under lock and key for years. “There is a man I work with. I dated him a few times and I didn’t sleep with him. He won’t leave me alone, because... he just won’t.”

“Because... Did he hurt you?”

“No, it’s just something that happened. This was long before I met you, baby. I’m so glad I have you.”

She wrapped herself around him. “He calls, he writes me, he makes veiled threats about getting me fired or sabotaging my work.”

“Sick bastard. Where is he? I’ll take care of him for you.” The anger in his voice took her by

surprise.

Maybe once or twice she had heard him swear at inanimate objects like the computer, but never at a person. His muscles strained, bulging in his arms, his neck turning red. "Who is this guy, was he at the seminar? Remember the night I met you..."

"It was the director-the skinny guy with the goatee. I managed to avoid him totally that night. The gods were with me."

"You're kidding! He doesn't seem like your...type." "It happened before I met you. I was a different person then. It was two years ago and he hasn't let up."

He took her into his bedroom, and she told him everything. He cradled her in his arms, reversing the role she had played for him when Franco had run away. "What do you want me to do?"

"I don't know. I can't cause a scene at my job. I really like the work."

"There's always one asshole at every job. I know about that." Michael held her hand. "You're shaking."

Here, let me calm you down." With his strong hands, he lifted her up on the bureau, pushing the make-up brushes and bottles of lotion onto the floor. Michael lifted up her long, black skirt, slipped down her gstring and knelt on the floor. He gave her the same reverent look she always did just before she sucked his cock. "How much pleasure can you handle, mistress?" Michael clutched her thighs and licked her pussy, making her shudder, transforming her into an instrument for his devotion. His masterful tongue banished any problems the day had brought.

A week passed, and they saw very little of each other, even though they now lived together. Vanessa worked long hours, from five in the morning to nine at night. By the time she got home, he was still at the studio or out playing with the house band at the blues club. He slipped into bed and woke her up from a deep sleep. Even in her sleep, she dominated him. She could not help it. "Come here, mmmm... you're so warm, a little sweaty."

"I'm too tired to take a shower. I'll shower in the morning." He rolled over, exhausted from playing three shows and driving hundreds of miles back and forth.

"No, it smells good. C'mere, you dirty little boy."

She rubbed herself against him, clutching him with her thighs. Suddenly, he wasn't so tired anymore.

She had come to love his house like her own. The first thing she did was have the bedroom walls painted-kind of forest green, dark, but nothing too crazy or intense. The next thing she did was buy cookware and a new range for the kitchen on her own dime, she insisted. He was neater than her when it came to housekeeping; he was after all an earth sign, a Taurus and she was fire, not to be concerned with such trivial matters. It took him a while to even notice the new range. After all, he was used to pizza and take-out Chinese, but slowly she eased him into eating healthier food-every once in a while. Michael soon stopped eating junk food completely; he'd cease to be the subdued rebel that she loved. It was part of him, like his love of music, Franco, and the old horror movies that he watched before he fell asleep. After a long night of watching DVDs, snacking on strawberry ice cream, fucking, and light bondage, Michael cooked breakfast while Vanessa opened the mail.

"Oh, look, an invitation to Rhonda Eaton's birthday party. I can't believe she's going to be fifty-she's one I always pictured as twenty-five forever."

"Rhonda, I know Rhonda-she's a sweet lady. She was my manager when I first moved here."

"You wanna go together as a couple?"

It was one of the few times Michael had addressed her as a woman, not as his mistress. She stood there fresh-scrubbed; free of make-up and jewelry in jeans and a cut off T-shirt. It gave him the strength to say that, to remember when he had first seen her at the club. She smiled. "I'd love to go to the party

as your girlfriend...but when we get back home, I will be your mistress.”

“Always, always, my love.” He kissed her hand.

“I’ll meet you there at ten on Thursday,” Vanessa stroked his long wavy brunette hair. “Ya know, I’m glad you grew your hair out-it’s incredibly sexy.”

She kissed his forehead.

“You have no intention of behaving in front of our friends, do you?” Michael said, letting his hand wander down to her ass.

“Of course not-because I know you’ll be even naughtier.” Vanessa grabbed her fringed suede purse.

“I have to go to work now. See you at Rhonda’s party.” She bounced toward the door, all big juicy ass and sweet, proud tits. Even underneath jeans and a Tshirt, her body tempted him as no other woman’s had. “I’ll be your girlfriend at the party, but when we get home I’m your mistress again.” The concept intrigued him.

Rhonda’s party was held at the Beverly Hills home of some friends of hers-a show biz couple, yes, but they held very old-fashioned Midwestern values, and their home reflected it. After a barbecue and the perfunctory post-dinner conversations between acquaintances, most of the attendees left. Vanessa and Michael took refuge in the bedroom after Rhonda and the hosts wandered outside. “This is a very cozy, AllAmerican bedroom - look at this bedspread.” Vanessa ran her hand over the white velvet comforter. “Pure as the driven snow.” A breast emerged out of her silky halter-top. Michael sat down next to Vanessa, inching closer to kiss her. The scent of her musky perfume comforted him, as he felt uneasy in such a bland, wood-grain bedroom. The couple who shared this bed were surely as sterile and plain as the décor-such people were a total mystery to him.

What if they happened upon two heathens engaged in unnatural acts on their bed? “I locked the door,”

Vanessa whispered, “and Rhonda’s friends have taken her next door to admire their neighbor’s garden.”

Every cell in his body seethed with anticipation.

Her fingers played upon his crotch, teasing and warm. Vanessa unbuckled his belt. “Slip those trousers off and scoot over my lap.”

“You lied to me. You said you weren’t going to be my mistress again until we got home.”

“I had the best intentions, Michael. But you turn me into a savage. You do it on purpose. “A flicker of light from the votive candle on the nightstand illuminated her bare breast. The silhouette of it stained the wall next to the painting of a Maine lighthouse. Nothing would make her happier than to temporarily sully this wholesome bedroom, and if that made her happy, it would make him ecstatic. He slipped off his pants, and then his boxers. She motioned for him to hand them to her. Michael watched her obediently. Under her guard, he never felt happier. The joy, the child-like waiting to see what she would do next consumed him. Gently, reverently, she rubbed the material against her now exposed breasts, then dropped the clothes on the floor in a neat pile. “Oh, that’s a GORGEOUS lemon tree!”

Rhonda’s patented deep-pitched but gleeful voice drifted in through the bedroom window.

“The window’s halfway open...” Michael whispered. He reached over to close it.

“No, don’t do that,” Vanessa grabbed his wrist.

“We’ll need a cool breeze in a few minutes. Or rather, you will.” She patted her lap. “Hurry and get those buns up here.” Michael still wanted to call her bluff when she pulled stunts like this, but always stopped himself when he thought of her reaction. Oh yeah, she’d be mad and leave him tied to the cross all night, or lock him in the stock, naked and blindfolded. But the worst punishment of all loomed large-her disappointment. How could he fail his mistress? The bedsprings creaked as he crawled toward

her. The white velvet underneath his hands was too stale, too lifeless. The warm black satin sheets and leopard fur throws on the bed on home signaled sex, but these accoutrements were a definite stop sign. Michael edged his body across her, sliding his ass on her lap.

His cock brushed snugly against the cool suede of her skirt. Then her hand came down, sharp and reassuring on his bum. "And don't you dare make a sound! You're not going to disturb our friends with your whimpering." Michael curled his lips together, and anticipated the next blow. It came, harder and swifter. Tears pooled in his eyes-the reaction to his blessed pain had to appear somehow. "There, there, my sweet, am I hurting you?" Vanessa rubbed her hands over his red bottom. "You are so sensitive for such a big, strong man." The cool of her painted fingernails against his ass made him squirm. She noticed this, and pinched him slightly with her nail tips.

Voices grew louder from outside underneath the window, Rhonda engaging her neighbors in a discussion about her rose bushes. Vanessa smiled and slipped her hands over his balls, bouncing and caressing them. He moaned and whispered her name.

"Shh." Vanessa slapped his ass again, a light volley.

The look on his face when she spanked him always intrigued her-that curious combination of orgasm and pain. The screen door slammed shut. Rhonda's voice and the click-clack of her pumps grew closer.

Vanessa pulled his body tight against her lap with one arm. With the other, she spanked him wildly, carelessly, with evil intent. He grimaced, holding in the screams. She licked her lips, making sure that he saw her through the welled-up tears in his eyes. Then, she let go of his body and backed away from him.

Michael cushioned his fall with his arms, the only parts of his body that had strength left. Vanessa stood by the dresser, slipping on her blouse and shoes as though nothing had happened. Michael followed her lead, never taking his eyes off her cool figure as she admired herself in the mirror. Silently and separately, they walked into the dining room.

Rhonda emptied potato chips into a glass bowl.

She motioned to Vanessa, and spoke to her quickly before Michael entered the room. "I hope I wasn't being rude, running off without inviting you two...now, will I have to clean up after you? I wouldn't want the Sagers to think my other friends are rude."

"No, we were very neat, but you may have to spray holy water in the bedroom to cleanse it of lust."

"That's my girl." Rhonda high-fived her. "You are carrying on a fine tradition."

Chapter Four

He was playing bass in a jazz combo in the Valley that night. Usually, she did not attend his shows, and she had to admit it wasn't only the difference in their work schedules. She had grown so content with having him all to herself, to seeing him in private except for when she allowed Ariana to join them. She was spoiled. But seeing the girls at the office perk up and giggle upon the mere sight of him made her want him, and want to dominate him and spank him even more. She had not told him she was coming. She paid the cover charge and sat alone at a table in front. She wore a flowing loose-fitting skirt and a long-sleeved blazer, but underneath, a shiny PVC leather red leather corset that matched her boots.

She uncrossed her legs. The bass thumped like his body on top of her. She watched him coolly. Michael looked at her, smiled, and moved his bass firmly in front of his lap. Vanessa concentrated on it the rumble of it. The sound aroused her, made her already excited body sizzle. She took him in with her eyes, drinking in the magical sounds those fingers produced in so many ways on the bass and on her body.

She needed to reward him for his devotion, and she had to reward him in the most deliciously savage way possible. It was for his pleasure as well as hers.

He didn't look at her; she wasn't sure if he knew she was there. But as he played, it was with an intensity like making love to a woman, then fast, unrelenting, like fucking recklessly, passionate beyond logic and thought. She looked into her drink, then studied him, making mental notes on what she would do to him later. The music was all she needed; it made her wet, oh, but to look at him was patently obscene, what it made her think. His strong arms, just the one tattoo, the way sweat caressed his neck-little things she knew to look for. As she watched him, she became aware that his quiet charisma made him attractive. He certainly was no stud, compared to the younger guys in the band and in the audience. After a break in the music, she made her way to the restroom to freshen her make-up.

"Oh, you look familiar."

"You must have mistaken me for someone else."

It was Leonard, from the office.

"Vanessa, Vanessa Lembeck- I thought you were a classical musician, a cellist-what are you doing here?"

Vanessa was taken aback. She rarely saw the office staff in real life; indeed, it was hard to imagine some of them, especially Leonard, as having a life outside of the glass-enclosed suite on Wilshire. "I like variety in my music. I'm glad you enjoy the club-there is a lovely bar downstairs. With a full aquarium-it even has a piranha. You should check it out." Vanessa fumed inside, but was very adept at hiding it. It meant her job, and it was a coveted, high paying job.

The only area of her life where she felt helpless, and the most important. "I have to go now Leonard, my friend is waiting for me." Vanessa felt his gaze at her décolletage. Purposely, she dressed like a prim nanny at work whenever Leonard was in the office.

"Really, Leonard, I have to go."

Luckily, an overzealous waitress approached him.

"Another round, sir?"

Vanessa made her getaway.

The emcee took the stage to announce the next week's schedule. Vanessa looked around and saw no signs of Leonard. She didn't want to ruin the spirit of the evening by bringing up his appearance. Perhaps he had taken the hint and gone away.

Michael slipped into the chair next her. 'I don't think you've ever seen me play before. Did you like it?'

"It was amazing. You have such power in your hands, your entire being resonates along with the music."

His eyes strayed to the slit in her skirt. "You are evil to do this in public. Oh, God..."

"You were a good boy this morning," she moaned.

"Bad boys get spanked, but good boys get whipped.

Go and play your guitar."

He took his customary place on stage, sauntering in and out of the light. She sat alone at a table in front of the stage but not too close second row back.

Aiming her body straight with his line of sight, she eased her legs apart slightly. None of the other band members or anyone else in the club knew or took notice except him. A exposed knee, a shiny red leather boot, the glint of her eye, the way her breasts strained against the corset that peeked out from underneath her black blazer. Michael's body, his spirit was electrified enough when he played his music, but the combination of the throaty bass notes, the humidity stirred up by the warm bodies, the sensuality of the club intensified it. No smoking allowed anymore, but the fog remained, a haze of desire mingling with the music and the karmic lust in the air.

When the set was over, Michael begged off the final performance.

"Pablo, I'm going to leave early tonight. It's a weeknight anyway-Sam could fill in."

"That's all right, man. I see you're busy." He smiled at Vanessa.

"I'll have to come see you play more often."

"C'mon, you show up more often dressed like that, I'm not going to get much playing done, I'll be so hard."

"It's so funny. I'm usually not in public with you- I kind of like it..."

"You did so well tonight. This is my way of thanking you."

Vanessa could not wait to take him inside-rather like the time she had sucked him off in his Jag. She put him in the back seat and bound his wrists with fake fur rope. Just tight enough to keep him from straying, to know this was no joke, but not the cold steel of her regular handcuffs. She took his shirt off, but left his jeans on. She still remembered the first time she had seen him on the telly, and how she had recreated it for her pleasure as well as his. She blindfolded him with her silk perfumed scarf. "You always said you liked Shalimar the best of all my perfumes."

"It's nice, but it smells better on your skin."

"Where would you like me to put it? On my elbows?"

"Wherever you want, mistress."

"Shh...I'll put it right here." She dabbed a bit on her nipples and thrust her breasts in his face. "You like that."

"Umm, yes, mistress," He closed his eyes and kissed her nipples, then gravitated to the rest of her breasts, kissing and gently nipping them with his teeth. The clean scent of his just-washed hair mingled with its thick and ticklish feel against her skin. "I loved watching you onstage, when you took your shirt off."

“You took your bra off...underneath your blazer.

Oh, that was so beautiful.”

“There, aren’t you glad I didn’t go overboard in the club? Aren’t you glad I just teased you a little bit?”

She tied his wrists tightly with only the slightest centimeter to spare with leather straps lovingly engraved with their initials. She sucked his fingers after she bound his wrists. Now, after watching him play the bass, his hands became an object of desire, hers to adore and worship even as she bound them.

She felt giddy as a child. Every day with him unleashed some new joy-of the flesh, of the mind or the spirit. Seeing him in the sunlight added a deeper dimension to their role-playing. For a minute he lay there, taking in the smell of her, the lust, the pheromones that permeated the air. “I love it when you are bound. You are so beautiful.” She licked his nipple, then took an ice cube out of the drink she had brought from the club and traced a line of cool water along his chest. The wincing and contracting of his muscles as he shivered with pleasure, the intricacy of his response, subtle ways his body reacted to her touch, to the slap of her paddle against his ass, the flick of her tongue on his balls; so comfortable was she with maneuvering and arousing his body.

Normally, Vanessa enjoyed the drive into work, the leisurely bantering over a café Americano at Starbucks with Sharise, one of Portnoy’s newest designers, but for some reason she dreaded it the next morning. Leonard was there early. He cornered her in the copy room. “You seemed to really enjoy the music last night-I could tell from watching your...” He paused. “Face.”

“I don’t know what you mean.” Vanessa chalked it up to another one of his weird non-sequiturs. She was on the phone with Michael when the fear struck her, the awareness that a sick reality had intruded upon their fantasy. Vanessa sunk down in her chair.

“Vanessa-are you still there? Are you all right?”

“Michael, I think we...I made a mistake. I have to come home and see you now.”

Vanessa told her assistant she was going out on a used furniture run for a shoot. Luckily, Leonard was on the phone arguing with a vendor and didn’t see her leave.

All Vanessa thought about on the drive home was holding Michael and running her fingers through his hair. He waited for her on the front porch, then ran up to her car as she pulled into the driveway.

“Michael, I...” she stumbled over her words.

“Don’t worry about it. I made some calls. I’ll take care of it for you.” He kissed her ear. “Pablo said there was some guy nosing around the club last night.

You won’t have to worry your gorgeous head about that anymore. C’mere, baby.” He swung the blanket he had brought outside for cool nights over her shoulders. “Cuddle with me, and let’s look at the stars. There’s a beautiful full moon. I’ve learned a lot about you since the first night we were together. I’m putting it to good use.”

They sat on the front porch swing, drinking fruit smoothies slathered with crushed ice. When Vanessa finished hers, she inadvertently spilled a few slivers of ice and they trailed down his neck. That gave her an idea, and despite the cold, she was down on her knees, rubbing strawberry and banana ice

over his chest and his cock, the blanket hiding their squirming bodies. The last sliver of ice melted on his cock and she savored it, foregoing her indecent desire to stare at the city she had conquered below them. Instead, she concentrated on the man who had helped her conquer it. "Mind if I take a seat?"

"It will be my pleasure, mistress."

He grasped his cock firmly in hand. A swift breeze drew the scent of vanilla incense down from the burner on the front porch. The thought of his cock filling her to the brim induced a giddy smile, not of lust or dominance but of schoolgirl excitement. She quickly corrected her faux paus. Vanessa dug her fingernails into his suntanned shoulders, careful not to scratch him too much with her long, square-cut nails. "Get ready for the ride of your life, my slave."

Even though she was comfortable with the contours of his body, the position gave as much pain as it did pleasure. For just a while, she would endure and rhapsodize. Together, their bodies could do no wrong. Everything was perfect. The breeze, the sparkling lights, the unearthly quiet hampered only by the wind chimes on the porch. Their moans and yells of delight and pain would echo throughout the hills, the anonymous beckoning of their commitment to all their neighbors, to the world at large, to the nebulous forces of nature. Forever would she be grateful for the moment she passed that TV set on a lazy Sunday afternoon and saw the flickering image of his slim, sweaty chest. Without that, she never would have pursued him.

"Mistress, may I ask you a question?" "Yes, my sweet slave." She loved calling him that.

Vanessa touched his handsome face, sliding her fingers across his sensuous lips.

"I already have you as my mistress, but I would be honored-" He kissed her nipple, his tongue tugging gently on the diamond and silver ring decorating it.

"If you would be my wife as well."

Vanessa sank to her knees, weakened by passion, now consumed by love.

"Michael, oh my darling Michael, yes, I will be your wife." Her body crumpled on top of him, a victim of his earnest strong acquiescence.

Submissiveness did control the game. No one proved that with more finality than Michael did.

Even the specter of facing Leonard didn't bother Vanessa as she settled at her desk with a cup of latte.

She trusted Michael. She knew, in her heart, she had nothing to fear.

Vanessa spent less time at the office than she ever had. Since she had been promoted to supervising designer, most of her work was in the field or conducted from her laptop and cell from wherever she happened to be. She didn't dread the sparsely furnished neo-mod office so much any more, since she visited it so infrequently. After making a few calls and Googling more used furniture stores on the net, she lost track of time. When she looked up, Leonard was standing in front of her desk. "You scared me.

How long have you been there?" "Long enough. I want you to come into my office."

"Leonard, I'm really busy, can it wait? I have to be out at the set in Placentia at 2:30." By now, Vanessa had learned to be cool, all business. It was the only way to handle the problems with Leonard, short of quitting her job and moving to Berlin. But she needed the job, and she needed to live in Los Angeles to do her work "I got an interesting phone call about the set for the Sanderson biopic-maybe you'd like to have dinner tonight and discuss it at length."

"I don't know how long I'll be on the set. Probably 'till midnight. That's not possible."

That was it. She knew she should sue for harassment or quit, but she couldn't bring herself to do either.

The intercom rang, but he talked over it. It rang again, and Maggie, the receptionist, beckoned. "Mr. Glass, there's a client here to see you about a project.

He's from Rayborn Productions."

"Rayborn Productions...that's a major player. I'll be right back" His eyes grew wide; she could almost see the dollar signs. A few minutes passed with no sound, no laughter, as from usual business meetings.

"Wow, look at that dog there-he's adorable! I usually go for the cute little lap dogs. My mom has a Bichon Frise I adore."

Normally, Vanessa didn't listen to the assistants' prattle, but she joined them at the window. Franco!

And where he was, could Michael be far behind?

Vanessa peered round the corner. The door was closed; he could tell the latch was locked, too. Loud, steady voices were muffled by the walls, but she heard no yelling. She moved closer, wishing she could grab a glass from the kitchenette and use it like actors did in old movies, but that would seem way too suspicious. Through a slant in the windowblind she watched them.

"We know a few of the same people, Mr. Glass."

"Oh," Leonard's voice stilled.

"I have a friend who works in Portland...he needs a set designer for a production company and it pays well-more than you make here. It's permanent.

Here's his number. Call him."

The door opened. The subtlety of Michael's power amazed her. His eyes and the tone of his voice exuded more strength than a macho punch or downright threat. The power that lay underneath the man in chains. It made her want to spank him harder. To her, there was no challenge in binding a weakling.

Michael disappeared out the back door, winding down the staircase by the storage rooms. Up above, she heard the secretaries wonder where that hot dude had gone. "In my day, we would have referred to him as a handsome devil," Rita, the president's assistant, remarked. So, Michael, without even trying, had bridged the generation gap. "Is he yours?" The girls chirped, still gathered by the window to admire Franco. "He's such a doll. Just like his master." Aah, yes all the girls loved Michael. She had forgotten that she had competition. Vanessa looked towards the door. "What did you do with him?" She remembered how angry he had been when she had described the Leonard situation to him. "No, really." "My friend Jordan works for Rayborn. Jordan owed me a favor, so he sent Mr. Glass packing on a little project in Portland. It's legitimate and permanent. He won't be back here." He kissed her.

"You can work in peace from now on. You deserve it." When he was sure the girls were away, he whispered in her ear. "Did I do well, mistress?"

"Perfectly."

Chapter Five

The girls in the office gathered around the coffeemaker in the kitchen the next day.

“V here yeste anessa, don’t you think the guy who was in rday was hot?” Marci asked.

“He was all right.” Vanessa answered.

“Yeah? If he was just all right, why are you grinning from ear to ear, hmm-and blushing?”

“Well...Michael is a very good-looking man.”

“You know him?”

“Oh, I’ve seen him around.”

Lily smiled. “You’ve done more than seen him.

You forget Alexia was at the Smokehouse when you disappeared into the men’s room with him. “

“Does he have a younger brother?”

“He’s an only child,” Vanessa sighed. “It’s too bad.

This city needs men like him.”

Ariana had a friend, Genevieve, who had joined one of those mail-order ministries. “She could be the priest-or the high priestess, I should say. And I’ll be your witness.”

“That sounds nice. What’s the dress code for the ceremony, mistress?” Ariana purred “A tuxedo for the handsome groom,” Vanessa kissed his forehead. “And black leather for the bride.”

“Now, my love, remember you cannot see the bride on the day of the ceremony. You cannot see what I’m going to wear.”

“I’ll be good. I won’t peek.”

“Promise.” She pinched his ass.

“I promise.”

At late night, the rain cleared the desert of the smog and nastiness that bred in L.A.’s summer air, leaving a cool after-mist. At 2 a.m., the neighborhood was eerily silent. They went downtown to city hall in the daylight and got their marriage license, and their mutual friend Harvey took them out for a celebratory lunch at the Hyatt. A full ceremony for the family and friends, Vanessa promised Harvey, whose wife, a fashion designer insisted on creating Nessa’s dress. “I would be honored.” Vanessa said.

That ceremony, although beautiful, was just for show, for the families, for society. Their real vows took place in their bedroom as the full moon shone on his kneeling body. It had rained all day, clearing out the desert of the smog and stagnant air that choked the crystal blue sky. A fresh mist swept over the block, then disappeared and left the jet-black sky tossed with stars and a full moon that was more caviar than cheese. By the natural light of the moon, Ariana dressed her mistress in a skintight black and lavender corset. The moon shone so heartily that even the candles on the bureau were an extravagance.

Genevieve, their witness, lounged on the bed, nude, eating Godiva chocolates and flipping through a

copy of Architectural Digest.

“Pull it tighter-I want my tits ready to burst out.

Michael likes that.”

“Yes, mistress,” Ariana licked the beautiful pointy nipple peering out from a gold-rimmed buttonhole.

She continued lacing the corset, albeit more forcefully.

Michael knew the repercussions, so he took literally a cool, if not cold, shower before he dressed. Horny as he was, masturbating was out of the question. “Think about golf,” his buddy Mel had told him. “That’ll keep you limp as a dead halibut.” He dressed in the studio in the basement, where he could not hear Vanessa and her friends laugh, or smell their potions and oils and perfumes. Witches-all three of them.

Aah, if all women were like that, it would be a perfect world. There, he slipped again. Golf. Think about which putter to use on the third at Los Feliz. “Are you ready, you handsome bastard?” Ariana knocked on the studio door.

“Just a second.” Michael called. He dabbed on the cologne that Vanessa had bought him for his birthday. He took a deep breath, and doubt flickered across his brain. Then he opened the door and saw Ariana, nude except for a studded dog collar with “Property of V.L.” written across it in rhinestones. His doubt quickly disappeared.

Ariana led him to the back porch, where Genevieve stood by a makeshift altar of incense and candles, wearing only a connecting tit clamp and a black leather g-string. Genevieve turned on a CD player, and the slowest sexiest blues guitar seethed forth. The sound was sheer sex. Michael recognized it as a recording he had played on years before, in his starving musician days in Hollywood. Vanessa walked toward him, sheathed in moonlight. The knee-high patent leather boots she wore were shined to a gloss. Latex gloves snaked up her arms, but the rest of her was thankfully nude below the corset. She held a paddle. “Kneel before your mistress.”

Genevieve commanded.

Michael hit his knees, totally consumed by Vanessa. It did not matter that two other women were there. They were extraneous. Vanessa consumed him.

“My beautiful Michael,” she purred, tracing his face with her gloved fingers. “You look so handsome, so elegant.” Vanessa unzipped his slacks, and let them drop to the floor, in a bunch by his knees.

Gently she pulled down his boxers. “On all fours, my love.” He obeyed. She kissed his bum and rubbed it.

“For good luck.” Then she spanked him hard with the paddle. The sweet shudder coursing through him rocked the wood floor, literally shook it. “That is for my slave. Now pull your pants up-I must meet my husband.”

Ariana slipped a black latex vest over her mistress and zipped it up. Michael controlled a frown as Vanessa’s beautiful breasts were covered. Genevieve smiled. “Oh, my sweet, lustful children, we are

gathered here to bind two beautiful people in marriage-the gorgeous mistress Vanessa, and her slave Michael. Michael, do you take Vanessa to be your sweet and loyal wife during the day and your cruel, naked mistress at night?"

Michael touched Vanessa's cheek, circling the soft skin on her guileless face. "Yes, I do. "

Genevieve turned to Vanessa. "And do you, Vanessa, take Michael to be your strong and loving husband during the day, and your doting and obedient slave at night."

"I do. Oh, yes, I do."

"I now pronounce you husband and wife."

"You may now spank the groom." Genevieve said.

Ariana knelt by her side, greedily dipping down to eat her pussy. "Why should married people have all the fun?" She moaned, before doing her bidding.

Vanessa pinched Michael's ass through his fine silken slacks. Then she stepped back and admired him in his tuxedo regalia. Oh, yes, so handsome and refined- but that was only for the daylight. She led him to the bedroom door. To her surprise, Ariana had decorated the headboard with a string of blinking red Christmas lights. A tall bottle of strawberry-scented massage oil in a crystal decanter glistened on the nightstand next to the curled up cat o' nine tails. "Not so fast,"

Michael said, "I need to carry my bride over the threshold."

Vanessa relented. Michael scooped her in his muscular arms and carried her into the room, gently laying her on the bed like a precious china doll and kissing her tousled mop of blonde hair.

"My husband," she purred, "My gallant, gorgeous husband." The words rang strong and true, words that would have seemed a total impossibility a few short years ago. Vanessa unzipped her latex sheath and readied her decanter of massage oil. Michael undressed slowly, performing a debonair striptease.

He never took his adoring gaze off her.

"Do you remember strawberries, Michael?"

Vanessa crawled toward him as he joined her on the bed. "The smell of the sweet luscious strawberries I bought for you when we first met." She smeared his taut, naked body with the oil, aroused by the way he arched his back, a victim of their shared lust. His firm cock beckoned to her. Vanessa squirted the edible oil on it and sucked him. "Don't stop," He pleaded when she turned away. She ordered him to kneel on the floor and methodically whipped his ass and hard, sinewy back. "You are my husband, yes, but always remember, you are my slave first."

"Yes, mistress," he moaned. "And that is the way I want it." About the Author J ade Blackmore is a freelance writer living in Hollywood, CA.

She has written for dozens of publications & websites, such as Clean Sheets, Modamag.com, and Rockconfidential.com.

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