



Office of Kink and Karma: Serve Me

Celia Kyle

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Eric D'Amore has his work cut out for him with this next couple. He's never had to fight so hard for a pairing in his life. Somebody better hide the whips...

Margaret Thompson is a prim and proper librarian by day and Dominatrix by night. The only problem is she can't seem to find "the one" in her regular dungeons. Thinking a vanilla life is the way to go, she drops some cash and orders a man from Triple E, Extreme Extraordinary Escorts, for one last pain-filled weekend. But what the hell is she supposed to do when she meets her rent-a-man and her need to dominate wanes and wars with a need to submit?

Nathan Wells hates that he's now in service to the Office of Kink and Karma; what does he know about BDSM? Nothing. His work for the Office will have to be put on hold while he helps out a friend. Emily's best friend, Margie, has placed a call to Triple E and Emily wants Nate to step in and take the escort's place. Being the good friend he is, he jumps at the chance to spend a weekend with the hot Margie. Especially when he realizes Margie is the Margaret the Office ordered him to serve. Man, he lives a hard life! Of course, it only gets harder when his inner beast realizes Margie is his mate...

Prologue

Eric's heels clicked out a staccato rhythm on the marble tile of the foyer as he strode toward the elevator doors. He didn't know why the woman insisted on seeing him, but he wanted her in and out of his home, fast.

The soft ding of the elevator signaled the arrival of his "guest." The doors slid open on well-oiled tracks to reveal her. He hadn't been expecting the vision before him. Where once she'd been a statuesque, pristine example of a former runway model and sharp executive, there now stood a haggard shell of a person. Her normally rich honeyed skin appeared pale, dark circles marred her bright brown eyes, and her flowing curled locks hung limp and straight.

"Melani?"

She gave him half a smile as she stepped from the elevator. "Eric. I look that bad, huh?"

Busted for staring. "No. I'm just surprised to see you after our last... parting." By parting he meant when he'd kicked her out of his home for slithering into his bed and fucking him to near exhaustion when she had another man, a *boyfriend*, waiting for her.

"Yes, well, it's important that I speak to you."

Idiot. He hadn't invited her in. He didn't want her to come in, but politeness required he do so. "I'm sorry, come in." Their footsteps echoed in the foyer as they ambled to the living room. "Can I get you something to drink?"

"No." Her answer was quick. "Nothing for me, thanks."

He poured himself a bourbon. It's never too early for bourbon. Settling on the couch across from her, he waited. She'd asked to talk to him. He'd give her time to talk, grudgingly. Glancing at his watch, he saw he only had forty-five minutes before his next "guest" arrived. *Nothing like being constrained for time.*

"Do you have another appointment?"

"Yes, another one of my 'charity cases' as you call them. I've found this man's soul mate and I'm working to get the two of them together."

"For free."

Did she ever not think of money? "Yes, for free. But I'm sure you're not here to rehash old arguments, Melani. Why are you here?"

Her tongue flicked out, licking her lips. It hadn't been long ago such an action would turn him on, have him closing the distance between them and sucking her tongue into his mouth. But now, after their last encounter, he'd never embrace her as a lover again. "I'm pregnant."

"I take it you didn't come here for congratulations."

"It's yours."

Eric gripped the tumbler, tightening his hold until he heard the glass crack. Setting it on the table for fear of shattering the glass, he sat back and stared at Melani. He was incredulous she could accuse him of being the father of the baby, but some deep rooted desperation had to have driven her to come to him. "Impossible."

"We didn't use a condom the last time and I'm not on the pill."

"Then look to your last boyfriend, because I assure you, the baby you carry isn't mine. I'm sterile." He didn't think any more color could drain from her face, but she turned white as a ghost, looking as if she'd pass out at any moment. Large tears formed in her eyes, spilling and cutting a trail down her cheeks. Standing, he strode the few steps to sit next to her, gathering her in his arms, cradling her as she cried into his chest and the truth poured out.

Her ex had gotten her pregnant and disappeared. He'd lied to her about his name and she couldn't find him. Afraid of raising a child on her own, she turned to Eric, knowing he'd take care of her even if he didn't love her.

Pressing a kiss to the top of her head, he whispered assurances and apologies. Eric wanted a child, but he and his now deceased wife, Melissa, had never been able to conceive.

"What am I going to do, Eric?" The muffled half-plea half-question drifted to his ears.

"You're going to have your baby, raise it as best you can and live your life, Lani. You don't need someone holding your hand every day. You don't need the millions you're trying to marry into. You have wealth of your own, love. You just don't realize it. Take some time to figure out what you want out of life before you bring this new one into the world."

She nodded into his shirt, and in the distance, the low ding of his elevator signaled the arrival of his next "guest." "Your next appointment?"

"Yes."

"I'll leave you to it then." She pulled away and stood, straightening her skirt and blouse before turning away. Standing, Eric wrapped his arms around her. They'd shared a lot in the couple of years they'd been together. Even if he didn't harbor an all-consuming love for her, he cared for her nonetheless.

"You call me, Lani, if you need anything. I'm here for you."

Turning her head, she kissed his cheek before stepping out of his embrace and striding toward the hall as his "guest" came toward them.

The Office of Kink and Karma was open.

Chapter One

The single-tailed whip whistled as it cut through the air, braided tip flying toward its target -- the slim pale back before her. The leather connected with her sub's skin with a crack and Margie was rewarded with a low, deep moan from the man lying across the bench. She hadn't bothered with tying down her boy; the power they exchanged in their relationship gave her the ability to restrain him with a few simple words. Ropes weren't needed. For the moment.

"Hold still," she commanded as he wiggled his ass in an effort to get her to land a strike there. She raised her arm, ready to deal another blow, and give her submissive all he could take and more.

Margie lined the strikes up along his shoulders before aiming farther south. She rained pain upon the man, her boy. His porcelain skin showed the evidence of her assault in blossoming, raised red welts. A deep breath or a guttural groan from her boy followed every blow. Just what she needed.

A crowd gathered around her in the dungeon. Onlookers were watching as she "punished" him. It wasn't punishment, it was pure pleasure for both of them, but the watchers could call it what they would -- she didn't care. With each strike her pussy grew slicker, her juices soaking into her silk panties. Thank God she'd chosen to wear some.

Sensing her boy had neared the edge of his threshold for pain, she slowed her assault, tempering her blows with soft touches and gentle rubs. Tossing the whip aside, she rubbed each and every welt with increasing pressure, luxuriating in the moans that traveled from his body to hers. Laying her chest on his back, she could feel the heat radiating from his skin through the lace constraining her breasts.

Margie stared into his face, smiling and satisfied as her sub's eyes drifted closed. She'd had fun being wicked and he was well on his way to subspace. Showering his back with sweet kisses, she whispered words of encouragement to him. "So good, such a good boy. I'm pleased with you tonight."

He smiled into the padded vinyl bondage bench. Pulling him upright, she rearranged his body to her choosing. Spanking benches in this particular dungeon could be used for so much more than spanking. And she wanted more.

Pushing his well-tanned ass down onto the seat, Margie heard him suck in a breath as the cool vinyl connected with his heated flesh. *Good*. She didn't waste time in restraining him by connecting his arms and legs to the wood supports with the built-in cuffs. She wanted to have her way with his body now. The pain had been more for him and now the sexual pleasure would be hers.

His cock, slim and erect, jutted forth from his body, leaking pre-come all over the head. She gripped his dick at the base, squeezing and pulling until his hips arched up and his drowsy eyes met hers. "You'll come when I tell you and not before." He moaned, head lolling back. She tugged harder and his head rolled forward. "Hear me?" she growled.

"Yes, M, yes," he whispered.

Satisfied with his agreement, she pulled at the ties of her panties. With two quick tugs, they floated from her body, exposing her pussy to the warm, dungeon air. She had her boy's attention now. Nothing but her wishes stood between them and the bliss of fucking.

Straddling his hips, Margie lowered her pussy to his bobbing cock, trapping it between their bodies. She rocked her hips, rubbing her clit over his shaft. Once, twice. She couldn't hold back long though. She'd gotten so wet from whipping him and now she wanted to come.

Holding his cock steady, she positioned the tip at her entrance. In one lightning fast movement she forced his erection into her cunt. Resting more of her weight on his thighs, making sure her pussy was snug against his pelvis, she began rocking. He might

not come this way, but she would. Back and forth she rocked on his cock as his pelvic bone nudged her clit.

Her cunt clenched around his cock, and in that moment, she almost felt full. Shifting and increasing her speed, she felt her orgasm near. Gripping her boy's shoulders, she held him steady as she chased her climax. He looked at her, pleading silently. "No. You can't come yet." Hell no, not yet. Her boy closed his eyes, scrunching his face as he fought his orgasm off. "Good boy."

Blocking out the people around her, she focused on their bodies, and the sensations his cock deep within her pussy caused. Margie's orgasm approached with every movement. Not only did beating her sub turn her on, but she loved being watched as well. People eased closer, she could feel them.

The closer the murmurs of approval sounded, the closer her climax came. Panting, she ground her hips against him in tiny circles. Her sub tensed below her and she knew he'd come soon whether she wanted him to or not. Tightening the muscles of her pussy, she reached for her release and it answered. She came in a series of cries and a quick order. "Coming. Come, come now." He was so close, she didn't know if he came because she gave him permission or because it was inevitable. At the moment, as her orgasm coursed through her veins to the rapid beat of her heart, she didn't care.

Minutes later, after she'd caught her breath, she raised her head and looked around the room. The onlookers had left them, moving onto other scenes in the area. Releasing her hold on her boy, she rose from his lap and released him from his bonds. Margie stroked his cheek before stepping back and allowing him to rise. He stood slightly shorter than her when she wore her four-inch heels, but the height advantage allowed her to look down into his eyes. Margie fingered the collar around his neck for a moment before moving so he could retrieve his clothing.

Once dressed enough to venture outside the club, they meandered toward her car. Opening her door, she wasn't prepared for the few words her sub spoke. "Can we talk for a few minutes, Margaret?"

He hadn't called her Margaret in longer than she could remember. One of their rules was that he would always call her M. "Sure, Jacob." She used his name since he'd used hers. "What do you want to discuss?"

His hand moved to his collar and Margie watched, transfixed, as he removed the worn strip of leather and held it out to her. "It's time, Margaret."

"What do you mean it's time?" He'd removed her collar. Her. Collar.

"It's time for me to settle down, get married." He shook his head. "I can't do that while collared. It's time for me to grow up and settle down in a nice vanilla relationship."

Vanilla.

The sound of Emily and Josh making out a few feet away yanked Margie from her memories of the night such a short time ago. Jacob had decided that it was time to grow up and find a nice respectable girl to marry. Whatever. People in the BDSM scene could find happiness with others within the scene. She didn't understand why she had to lose a perfectly good fuck toy because he wanted to settle down.

Who was she kidding? Margie was jealous as hell that Jacob had figured out what he wanted in life and had apparently already found a "perfectly vanilla" girlfriend. She wanted to crawl into a hole and hide. And Emily and Josh being so blissfully happy wasn't making her feel any better.

One more. One more kiss. One more moan. One more flick of the tongue and Margie would lose it. *This close* to going librarian on the two of them, it wouldn't take much to push her over the edge. Shoving the book she held onto the shelf with a bit more force than required, Margie stomped to the next aisle. Admittedly, her irritation was the teensiest bit irrational. She shouldn't begrudge Josh and Emily their happiness. But she did, nonetheless.

Damn. Four aisles down and she could still hear the smack of their lips as they shared another kiss. *Get a room!* Margie massaged the muscles of her neck, digging her fingertips into the tight, tense flesh.

Shoving book after book onto the shelves until they were all put away, she skirted the couple and made her way back to the circulation desk. This, of course, gave her the perfect view of Emily practically crawling inside Josh's shirt. They were getting out of hand. Snatching a trusty jumbo paperclip, she flung it at the two of them. Just before it collided with Emily's head, it froze in midair and dropped to the ground without a sound. Damn Josh, and his Psi Extraordinary abilities.

Their kiss-a-thon ended when Josh pulled away with a chuckle and winked at her. "Margie, you really shouldn't try to..."

"What'd she do?" Emily seemed to finally have shaken off the drug-like state Josh's kisses seemed to induce.

"I flung a paperclip at your love-struck head. You two should seriously get a room."

"We have one, thank you very much, but I've got to work. Besides, you'd be lonely if I wasn't here to keep you company." Emily pressed a quick, chaste kiss to Josh's lips and the man disappeared before Margie's eyes. His powers still amazed her after all these months of him popping in and out of the library.

Emily strode to the circulation desk, an extra bounce in her step. "So, what's with the paperclip, chica? I usually only get those thrown at me when I sing, so what gives?"

Margie turned her attention to straightening her area. All of her files were alphabetized, paperclips in their place, rubber bands...

"Margie?"

"Nothing."

"Liar."

"Bitch."

"And?"

"Nothing. Geez." Margie didn't really feel like spilling her guts to Emily five minutes before the library opened, but her pain-in-the-ass best friend wouldn't quit.

"Margie." Emily sung her name. "Maaarrrgieeeee..." Emily acted like a Puerto Rican-Scottish pit bull with a damned bone sometimes.

"I'm jealous," Margie mumbled.

"What? Didn't hear you."

Annoying bitch. Of course she hadn't. Margie had mumbled her admission. She'd never been jealous before, but she'd always had Emily by her side, too. Now, with Emily married and starting her own life, Margie wondered if she should do the same. Being alone just plain sucked. "I said, I'm jealous."

"Jealous?"

"Yep."

"Why?"

And the prize for the number one blonde who isn't even a blonde goes to... "Hello? You've got Josh and you're happy, and I've got what? Nothing. I don't even have a submissive anymore because he went and found a Stepford wife."

Emily's arms wrapped around her shoulders, and Margie stopped fidgeting with her office supplies. She hadn't ever been someone big on showing affection, but after years of being friends with Emily, she was slowly learning. "You do have something. You've got Josh and me."

"So, you're going to finally share him with me?" She wiggled her eyebrows at her friend. Emily pulled away and slapped Margie's shoulder. "Ow! Why'd you hit me? I'm just saying. There are so many wicked things I could do to that boy."

"Man. And maybe you haven't found Mister Wonderful because of all the 'stuff' you're into." Of course Emily put air quotes around "stuff," which only served to pull Margie from her pity party and into being irritated at her friend. They'd had this very same discussion more times than she could count, and still Emily didn't see her kinky side as anything other than "stuff" or a "passing phase." Fifteen years of being involved in the scene is far from passing.

"What 'stuff' is that, Emmy? Are the whips 'stuff'? The restraints? Or the strap-ons?"

Emily's fingers flew to her ears. "La, la, la, la, I can't hear you."

Yep, same reaction as always. Emily knew about Margie's preferences, but she didn't want to *know* about them. Margie's bedroom activities, where Emily was concerned, were hers. They didn't need to be discussed. Ever. "Okay, okay, okay. I get it." She tugged on Emily's arm. "I give in, no talk about you-know-what. Happy?"

"Thrilled. But you're only giving in because I already have the mental images of you in a strap-on burned into my brain. Bitch."

Laughing, Margie zipped past Emily and strode toward the library door, Emmy hot on her heels. "Yep, I am."

Stepping around a corner, out of sight from the kids lining up outside waiting for story time with Miss Emily, Margie vented her frustrations to Emily. "Seriously, Emmy, I want what you two have. I think... I think it's time I settled down, hung up my whips, found a good guy and started a family. God knows I haven't found anyone worth having at my BDSM clubs. Maybe Jacob has the right idea."

"Okay, TMI, really." Emily held up a hand, stopping the apology forming on Margie's lips. "If that's what you want, Margie, I'm happy for you. But regardless of what I think of your lifestyle, you should do whatever makes you happy. You deserve to be happy, M."

Emily enveloped her in a quick, tight hug before pulling back, tears in her eyes. Emily was *not* a crier. Tears with Emily meant one of two things, somebody had died or... "Fuck, you're pregnant."

"Shh." Emily waved at her. "Josh doesn't know yet. I'm not really sure..."

"I am and you are, missy. Go sit at the desk..."

"Ha! Like the rug rats would allow that. Why don't you grab a seat at the desk and I'll let the kiddies in. It's good for me to keep active and it'll give you a minute to think about which of Josh's friends you want to date first. They're the greatest guys..."

The rest of Emily's words were lost as Margie scooted away from her friend. Date? Josh's friends? Ha! Not likely. Sure, they were attractive, but they just weren't her type. Then again, Margie's type didn't seem to be the "settling down" kind.

Slumping into the chair behind the desk, Margie propped her chin in her palms, the conversation with Emily spinning through her mind. Watching the children pour into the library and seeing the glow seeming to emanate from Emily made Margie's decision for her. Operation: Find a Man for Margie was now in play. But first, she needed to sate her craving for kink. Finding someone for a debauched weekend of BDSM play wouldn't be easy, but if it came down to it, she could always call Triple E. Extreme Extraordinary Escorts would have what she was looking for.

* * *

The picture burned a hole in Nate's pocket. Focusing on the game wasn't going to happen. After his meeting with Eric D'Amore, the image of Margaret, his target, occupied Nate's every thought. After seeing her picture and hearing about her kinks from Eric, he'd been hard for half the day. Hell, sitting in his best friend's den and watching the game had turned into torture. What he wanted to do right this very minute was hunt the woman down and fulfill her every fantasy. But no, the damn finals had to be on the TV today of all days.

"Want another beer?" Josh called to him from near the den's refrigerator. How the man had managed to convince Emily to let him have a fridge anywhere but the kitchen, Nate didn't know.

"What? Um, yeah. A beer would be great," Nate mumbled, staring blindly at the TV.

"You okay, bro?"

Josh's voice snapped Nate out of his thoughts. "Yeah, yeah, I'm fine. Just thinking about something else." *Like a petite, sun-kissed blonde.*

Josh handed him a beer before settling back into his seat. Nate twisted the top off the chilled bottle and swallowed the ice-cold brew. A door opening and slamming in the house alerted them to Emily's arrival. As if she hadn't thought they'd heard the door colliding with the doorjamb, she screamed a welcome to Josh. "Josh! Josh, I'm home! You'll never believe what Margie told me today."

The heels of Emily's shoes clicked on the tile as she approached, her voice never lowering. With every step closer, she seemed to yell louder and louder. "She's calling Triple E. T-r-i-p-l-e E! Can you believe it?"

"No, hon --"

"She's paying someone to... to... do *stuff*. Josh! Are you listening?" Nate wasn't sure if Josh listened to his wife, but Nate sure as hell listened to every word. Emily had a friend who enjoyed Extraordinary sex. Nate, always up for a little Normal sex, wondered why he'd never met the woman before. Then again, he had his own Normal whose sexual needs needed tending, courtesy of the Council and Office of Kink and Karma. He needed to take care of Margaret before he jumped into sexing Emily's friend.

"Yes, hon --"

"The guy is going to her house for a weekend, Josh. *Weekend*. You have to do..." Emily's voice dropped off when she came around the corner and her gaze met Nate's. "Oh! Nate! Nate, you'll help, won't you?"

"Um..."

"Emmy, love, what's Nate going to do?"

Nate watched in awe as Emily's entire demeanor changed in an instant. She approached Josh with swaying hips, oozing sex appeal with every step. If she wasn't married to his best friend, Nate would be hard pressed not to fuck Emily at the moment. She turned to face Nate as she settled her curvy ass right on his best friend's lap, wiggling those lush hips. Damn.

"He'll, I don't know, pretend to be the guy and call the thing off. I don't know, but something has to be done, Josh." Nate didn't know what Emily thought he could do for this Margie woman, but he wouldn't mind finding out. "Please, Nate. Do something. Come on, you're a man-slut. Can't you just go over there, pretending to be her boy toy for the weekend? So I won't worry?"

"I am *not* a man-slut."

"How many women did you sleep with last weekend?"

Her question made him stop and think for a moment. *One, two, three... Damn. I really am a man-slut!* “Whatever. You’re joking, right, Emily?”

First Eric D’Amore with the Office of Kink and Karma and now Emily. Running his palm across his five o’clock shadow, he peered at Emily through his fingers covering his eyes.

“Please...” Emily stuck out her lower lip and fluttered her eyelashes. How did Josh ever say no to the woman?

“Dude, give it up. I can’t even see the pouty face she’s probably giving you, and already I want to go over to Margie’s, just to make Emmy happy.” Josh uttered those few words, and Emily moved faster than Nate could fathom. She must have gotten her fingers on a tender part of Josh’s body because he screamed and his body jerked. “Ow! Why’d you pinch me?”

“You’d go to Margie’s and do *stuff*?” she roared with feminine outrage.

“Not like that, baby...” Josh tried to redeem himself, but from the look on Emily’s face, it wasn’t working.

“Whatever. We’ll talk about it later.” Emily turned her attention back to Nate. Damn, he thought he’d gotten out of whatever scheme she’d concocted. “So, will you do it?”

Nate needed to know what he was getting in to. “Define *it*.”

“Emily...” Nate recognized the warning in Josh’s tone, but apparently Emily didn’t care.

“Zip it, Mr. Martin. Mrs. Martin is not speaking to you right now. You’d go to Margie’s to make *me* happy?” Emily snorted. “Ha! You are *so* not getting any tonight.” Focused on Nate, she laid out her plan. “You’ll go to Margie’s in place of her hired escort, and spend the weekend doing *you know* with her. It’s a perfect plan and I won’t have to worry about her with some disease-infested escort. You’re a slut, but you’re careful, right?”

“Uh, yeah.” Emily’s idea intrigued him, and if he didn’t have some other Normal to satisfy at the Council’s behest, he’d consider it, but he didn’t want to think of the

consequences of not following orders. When it came to the Council, no amount of money could buy your way out of trouble. And Nate had a lot of money.

As if sensing his reluctance, Emily bounded from Josh's lap and snagged a picture from the mantel. "Please, Nate? Here's her picture. You met her at the wedding, remember? Come on, if I was a lesbian, I'd do her."

Perfect, now he had images of Emily and this "Margie" woman rolling around and fucking each other. So not good. Glancing at the picture she held, he didn't remember the woman from Emily and Josh's wedding, but he did feel like the center of some cosmic joke. "This is Margie?"

"Yep, she's hot, right?"

Well, fuck. "Margie isn't short for Margaret, is it?" Please say yes, please say yes.

"Yes, but she doesn't really go by Margaret much anymore. It's usually Margie or M."

Nate flopped back onto the chair, dropping his head back against the cushion. He recognized the woman in Emily's picture. He should, considering he had his own wallet-sized image of the very same woman in his pocket.

"Please, Nate?"

"Fine. But if this blows up, it's all on you." He pointed a finger at Emily. "I'm serious."

Sticking her tongue out at him, she spun on her heel and hopped back onto the couch next to Josh. "Yeah, yeah. The big tough bear can't handle himself if this goes wonky, I get it."

"So, when is this supposed to go down again?" Bringing the bottle to his lips, he savored the tart beer as it flowed across his taste buds. *Perfect.*

"Tonight, ten o'clock."

Nate spewed his beer down the front of his shirt and all over the chair. "What?" both men shouted in unison.

Glancing at the wall clock above Josh's head, Nate realized he only had three hours to prepare for a weekend of BDSM fun with Margaret. If he was going to do this,

he needed to get moving fast. He only hoped Margaret had her own collar and cuffs. Nate didn't think he had any small enough for her in his collection of toys. He still had a couple of crops and canes which hadn't gotten any use lately. Maybe he'd bring them along to test out on her ass.

Chapter Two

Nate knew Josh was a Psi Extraordinary. Had known from the moment they became friends that Josh's power resided in his mind, but he'd never really understood the breadth of his friend's abilities.

He watched and listened in awe as Josh placed a call to Triple E, canceling Margaret's escort for the evening, confirming the lack of a refund for canceling at such short notice. Of course, to the customer service representative, Josh sounded like a woman, Margaret to be precise. Nate thought his friend did an amazing impression of a woman, but Emily confirmed her husband sounded *exactly* like her best friend. Wow.

Leaving Josh's home, Nate sped to his own. Unfortunately he lived on the other side of town and it took him the better part of an hour to get there.

Glancing at the clock on his way through the apartment, he realized he only had about a half hour, at most, before he'd have to rush off to Margaret's, Margie's, M's, whatever. His heart told him to call her Margaret, but if she liked being called Margie, he'd acquiesce to her wishes.

Dashing into the bedroom, he began stripping the moment he crossed the threshold. By the time he entered the bathroom for a quick shower, he'd managed to remove every bit of clothing he'd been wearing. A five-minute shower later and he simply needed to get dressed and be on his way. And therein lay the snag in his plan. What did a true Dom wear? Since he wasn't a Dom per se, he had no idea. True, he liked to get his way most of the time, but he never considered himself a Dom. He wasn't sure if anything in his wardrobe equated to Dom-like clothing, but he had dressed as one of the Village People for Halloween a year or two ago.

Throwing open the door to his closet, he winced. The closet hadn't been cleaned out in forever. Well, not forever exactly, only since his last housekeeper quit over a year ago. He hoped he could find the costume in there somewhere.

Stepping around piles of clothes and shoes, he pushed his way into the walk-in closet. He remembered seeing the pants a few months ago in a back corner, but he couldn't be sure. Throwing article after article of clothing over his shoulder, he dug through the mess until he found what he'd been searching for.

Jackpot!

Nate found his clunky biker boots and a ball of musky leather. Bringing it to his nose, he took a whiff. Ew! They were ripe! Nothing he could do about it now. Kicking the discarded garments out of his way, he trudged back into his bedroom carrying his pants and boots.

Dropping the boots with a thud against the wood floor, he shook out the leather pants. Musky from the last time he'd worn them at an all night Halloween party and wrinkled to hell and back, they resembled a leather rag more than leather pants. Eyeing the multitude of wrinkles and creases covering the pants, he wondered if ironing them would help. Then again, Nate didn't know how to iron.

"Ah, fuck it."

Grumbling, he plopped on the bed and set to the task of getting into the pants. Stepping into them, he easily got the pants pulled up to his knees, but there's where he began running into trouble. Lying on the bed, he wiggled, grunted, and groaned as he tugged on the leather. As seconds ticked by, he began sweating from the exertion. The fucking things did *not* want to be worn.

Thirty minutes and a gallon of sweat later and the things were on. He didn't remember them being this tight last time he wore them. Glancing in the mirror, he got the first look at himself in the get-up. Yep, painted on seemed to be the best description for what the pants looked like on him. They outlined every dip and curve of muscle on his legs and ass. They made his *package* look damn good too. Maybe he'd drag these out

more often. The pants were hell to get into, but the effect they had on *Nate Jr.* had been worth every moment.

After sliding on his biker boots, Nate strode from the bedroom, wiping his chest down with a towel as he made his way through the apartment. He needed another shower after all the work it had been getting into the pants, but he didn't have time. Nate, already late, didn't want to keep his little sub waiting any longer.

* * *

Dressed in a slinky silk robe, Margie flitted about her bedroom, preparing for her guest's arrival. While most women thought about what they'd wear for a new man, Margie busied herself with thinking of what she'd use on him.

Ordering her gentleman for the evening had been easy enough. A quick phone call, a few faxes exchanged and the weekend had been scheduled. One submissive male would appear at her door promptly at ten p.m.

Giddy, she moved closer with barely restrained, measured steps. Stroking the smooth, polished cherry wood of her armoire, Margie pressed a kiss to the reflective surface. She stepped back and tugged on the handles, the doors swinging open on silent, well-oiled hinges to reveal her collection.

Crops of varying sizes lined one door, beckoning to her. But she had other plans for their first evening together. She didn't want to hurt him too badly the first night.

A half dozen floggers lined the other door, some leather, one or two suede, and a velvet flogger for those times she wanted to focus on sensory play. Maybe that's how they'd spend their first evening together. Scanning the back wall of the cabinet, she spotted the blindfold and cuffs she searched for. Pulling those out of the armoire, she placed them on the bed behind her and returned to perusing her collection.

If tonight focused on sensory play, she'd need a few other tantalizing items. The blindfold would keep him guessing, while the cuffs held him immobile, but she needed items which would arouse and terrify him a bit. Spying her vampire glove in the back corner, she snatched it with a giggle. Oh, she hadn't played with it in ages. Leather

gloves with tacks embedded in the palms felt amazing on the skin. Whether she pressed hard or soft, she would be sure to get a reaction from her guest.

Laying it out on the bed, she retrieved a few other necessary items. A feather to tickle his most tender parts. Sex wasn't always about hot, sticky, sweaty coupling. Sometimes it could be filled with laughter. Margie also grabbed a bottle of massage oil, on the off chance she felt like giving him a reward for good behavior. And her last few items, clothespins, were tossed onto the bed with everything else. Maybe she'd tie several of them together, clip them to his skin and snatch them off. *Yum, a zipper to start the night.*

There would be plenty of time for heavier, more pain intensive play later in the evening. For now, it would be about touch and getting to know one another's bodies.

With everything picked out for their first meeting, Margie moved to her closet to select her clothing. Her wardrobe, organized by color and occasion, was easy for her to navigate. Moving to the back corner, she eyed her leather, latex and lace clothing with affection. So many wonderful memories could be linked to each piece.

Not wanting to travel down memory lane during the weekend, she chose a few pieces with their tags still present. A supple leather corset, one she could get into by herself, and a short leather skirt would be the base of her outfit for their first night. Grabbing her favorite patent leather stilettos before leaving her closet, Margie selected a brand new pair of fishnet thigh-highs from her lingerie drawer along with garters.

Sliding the silk robe from her shoulders, she began the arduous task of wiggling and jiggling into the garments. True, they *were* her size, but sometimes, leather could be funny and had, on occasion, shrunk on her. It wouldn't be because she'd gained weight, was it? No, the leather had definitely shrunk.

After managing to get her curves encased in leather and fishnet, Margie headed for the kitchen, a bottle of wine calling her name. More than calling, it screamed. Her body had become a walking, talking, jumbled mass of anticipation and nervousness.

Having never hired an escort before, Margie wasn't sure what to expect. Sure, she'd filled out questionnaire after questionnaire, but those didn't tell her what, or who, would be arriving at her door any minute now.

Pouring a glass of wine for herself, she set out another glass for her guest. Glancing at the wall clock, she realized he would be arriving shortly. At the thought, the butterflies in her stomach turned into great big bats. Maybe an escort from Triple E wasn't the way to handle her last kinky weekend. She could go to one of the clubs... No! She'd made the decision and she would stick to it. End of story.

Thankfully, the ringing phone saved her from any further internal debate. A quick look at the caller ID confirmed her suspicions as to who would be calling her so late. "Emmy."

"Hey! Whatcha doing?"

"I'm fairly certain we had a conversation about what I'd be doing tonight which ended with a great big round of 'la, la, la's' from you."

Emily gasped. "You're doing *stuff* while we're on the phone?"

"For the love of God, Emmy, no."

"Oh! Thank God! I'd hate to have those mental images with me..."

Another peek at the clock revealed she had ten minutes to calm her nerves and ditch Emily. "The point, Emmy."

"Are you sure you want to do this?"

No, I'm not. "Yes, Emmy. For the last time, yes."

"Fine, but you call me. I want at least two phone calls per day or I'm sending Josh over. You hear me?"

"Ooh! He wants M to beat his ass and then kiss it and make it better?"

Laughing, Emily replied, "Ha! You'd beat his... wait, what? You don't do the beating. The guy does the whole spanking thing and... that's how Josh and I... not that we do, but..."

“Emmy? Haven’t we had this conversation? I’m a Domme, dear. I dish out the punishment and the guys are begging to take it. Who do you think I use the strap-on with?”

“Um, girls?”

“Not hardly.”

“Shit! Um, sorry, Margie, I gotta go. But call me, okay!” With Emily’s last shouted words, the line went silent.

Hanging up the phone, Margie retired to her living room carrying an extra glass and the bottle of wine to await her “guest.” She waited, and waited, and waited. By quarter till eleven, convinced her escort wouldn’t be making an appearance, she snatched up the phone and had begun dialing the Triple E offices when she heard a car door slam outside her home. Peering through the curtains, she saw a large black four-by-four truck parked in her driveway. Perhaps the gentleman had decided to show up after all.

Dropping the phone onto the couch, she paced her living room, waiting for her guest as her irritation grew. The sub had her phone number. She’d been assured she would be notified of any changes or delays. And yet, he arrived late with no call. Maybe he was being a brat from the get-go and searching for his first bit of punishment.

The thought turned her stomach. Punishing while angry or annoyed wasn’t her style, but any Domme worth her weight in leather knew everything was ultimately about the pleasure of her sub as well. If the man she’d ordered came searching for pain on their first night together and was pissing her off on purpose, she wouldn’t be meeting his needs this night. Her own personal motto was no pain while pissed.

Heels sinking into the plush carpeting as she walked from one end of the room to the other, Margie began wondering what was taking her boy so long. At the thought, the doorbell rang and the bats in her stomach began flapping their wings with renewed vigor. God, don’t let her vomit wine all over him when she opened the door. Please.

Chapter Three

What the hell was taking Margaret so long to answer the door? Sure, Nate had shown up a little late, but she shouldn't be in bed already. Tugging at his pants, he tried to make room for *Nate Jr.* During his ride to her home, the leather pants had been trying to de-man him. He felt like he had a bit more room standing, but he'd like nothing better than to peel the now sweat-soaked slacks from his body.

Banging on the door with his fist, he pulled at his pants again. At least he'd be stripping soon. Margaret had hired an escort for the weekend and it wasn't just so she had someone handsome to look at.

The sound of locks clicking met his ears. It seemed he'd finally gotten Margaret's attention. The door swung open and the world stopped. Wow. More than wow. Holy fuck on a truck.

Margaret, with her white-blond curls and polished smile, had interested him, but the beauty of the woman before him demolished his very being. He could see every voluptuous curve of her body, encased in leather. Milk-white skin, so smooth and soft, contrasted with the black leather covering her breasts, trim waist and ample hips -- barely.

Her long, full legs were covered in tantalizing fishnet stockings which ended at her thighs, just below the hem of her skirt. The strings of her garters peeked out and secured to the stockings, teasing him. His fingers itched to unwrap the gift before him. As he moved his gaze down her body, his knees went weak at the sight of her shoes. The best pair of "come-fuck-me" pumps he'd ever seen; patent leather and four inches high. Perfect.

Nate wanted her wearing the thigh-highs, garters, and those shoes when he fucked her the first time. Since he played the role of Dom this weekend, chances were he'd get his way.

Not waiting for an invite, he strode through the door, popping her ass with a quick smack before squeezing the plump mound as he passed. "Ooh. Daddy like."

She squeaked in response, but he didn't wait around to listen to what she had to say. Being the Dom meant he didn't have to worry about her bit of righteous indignation. Boots clomping on the tile floor, he entered the living room and plopped onto the couch, propping his feet on the coffee table. He could hear the sharp tap of those pumps on the tile behind him. Good, she followed him. She had the hang of this sub stuff already.

"Hey, sugar, why don't you pour me a glass of wine?" When he didn't see her come around the couch to pour his beverage, he raised his voice. Maybe she hadn't followed him. "Sugar! What about that --"

Long fingers tipped with sharp nails digging into his scalp and wrenching his head back cut off the rest of his question. Head pulled back and neck exposed, he stared into Margaret's eyes. Her fingers remained firmly knotted in his hair while her other hand squeezed his neck, pressing just below his jaw.

"You know, when you arrived late, I thought you were just being a brat, but now I think you really must be the biggest masochist I've ever met, or you truly have no idea what you're doing. So, which is it? Because my patience is being sorely tested right now, boy."

Boy?

He pulled against her grip, but sharp pain shot through his scalp. "Ah, ah, ah. No moving until M says the word. Now, answer the question."

Fuck, she had him. Nate wanted to sit up, but next to his balls, his hair mattered more to him than anything in the world. He really didn't want her ripping it all out by the roots. Shallow bastard? Absolutely. "Look, I'm the Dom here..."

"You're the what?" Margaret screeched as she released her hold on his hair and neck.

Jumping from the couch, he shuffled around the coffee table and put distance between them. The bitch had a set of claws on her, and he didn't want to feel them again. The file said Margaret was into the BDSM scene, and Nate had arrived prepared to inflict pain, not receive it. "I'm the Dom, that's what you ordered, right?" Had to play up the Triple E angle, he couldn't forget his cover.

"I sure as hell didn't!"

Was it just him, or had her voice gotten higher? And louder? She looked around the room, frantic, and then dove at the couch, snatching up the phone.

"Wait. What are you doing?"

"I'm calling Triple E and telling them they've made a mistake. I know what I requested and a Dom wasn't it. I've got the request I filled out and my sub's limits list, and you are not what I requested."

Shitmotherfuckershithitfuck!

He took a tentative step forward. Nate didn't want to get within striking distance while her temper ran high, but he couldn't have her calling Triple E. "Now, wait a minute. Why don't you tell me what you requested, and we'll see if I might be the right guy after all." He hoped against hope he could mold himself into the right guy in the next couple of minutes because he sure as hell wanted to see what she wore beneath the tight leather skirt.

"I requested a sub, as in submissive, as in a man focused on pleasing me in any and all ways all weekend. So, unless you're telling me you're a switch, we have a problem and Triple E sure as hell needs to fix it."

She stood feet from him, phone in one hand, and the other poised on her hip. One pale blonde eyebrow arched, as if challenging him.

Falling back against the wall, Nate took a few deep breaths as he processed what she'd said. If she'd requested a sub... she wanted to do the spanking, not the other way around. Oh, hell no! He did not take pain. More importantly, his beast did not take

pain, not at all. After his accident in the mountains, the damned bear pressed against his control when he got a paper cut. There'd be no way he could make it through a weekend of spankings and God knew what else. But she'd mentioned something about limits...

Clearing his throat, he coughed before asking his question. "I'm a switch all right. Do you mind if I have a look at the limits list they sent you? I want to make sure you were provided with the most recent copy." Please, dear God, let her believe his lie. Please.

"You're a switch?"

"Yep." Nate hoped the word "switch" meant what he thought it meant. Otherwise, he'd just dug himself into a deeper, leather-lined hole.

"Hmm..."

He watched, entranced as she strode to the other side of the room and snatched a piece of paper from the end table. The leather barely managed to cover her. Curve upon curve strained the leather and fishnet constraining her body, and he craved for nothing more than to strip her bare as he sunk into her pussy, balls deep. Maybe listening to her every order would be a good thing, as long as they could sort out the whole "pain" business.

Handing him the limits list, she retired to a nearby chair, leaving him to review the list under her gaze.

Glancing at the list had his previously hardening cock shriveling in a nanosecond. Some of it looked too weird, even for him. Thank God a lot of the kinkier stuff seemed to be too weird for the guy whose place he took as well. Reading down the list, he catalogued everything the original sub had been "into." Most of it seemed pretty tame. The bondage didn't scare Nate at all, a quick thought of his beast and he knew he could break almost any bond Margaret employed. No worries there.

Pussy and cock worshipping? Well, Nate had never turned down the opportunity to give or receive head and he loved the sweet taste of a pussy. He couldn't imagine a sweeter pussy than Margaret's either. So far, so good.

Beatings, whippings, and nipple clamps... not so good. They'd have to discuss the pain aspect of her expectations. He'd be willing to endure what he could, knew it could be a rush, but he didn't have as much control over his beast as he'd like.

Cock rings? Yeah, anything to make *Nate Jr.* appear bigger and last longer.

Anal sex? Fuck yeah! No, not just fuck yeah. Hell, *fuck* yeah! Nate loved, loved, loved anal sex. Something wicked and dirty about fucking a woman's ass turned him on. Just the thought of fucking Margaret's abundant ass had him growing hard in his leather pants. Pounding her from behind, her butt jiggling with every thrust, she'd press against him, begging for more. Yeah, anal sex? A definite yes.

Looking up from the list, he found Margaret staring at him as if she couldn't wait to devour him. He kind of liked it. The way she stared gave him a thrill. She craved *him* and for the weekend, he'd be at her sexual beck and call. Why hadn't he ever done shit like this before?

Sure, he'd planned on being in charge when he read her file, but plans changed. Maybe if he'd read further than the first few lines of the file Eric had provided him, he would have been prepared for what Margaret ordered. Either way, he wasn't leaving now.

Time for some bullshit, Grade A. "Yeah, it looks fairly current. I've, um, developed a bit of an issue with pain recently though."

"Really? Do tell." Margaret arched her brow, challenging him.

"I, um..." He cleared his throat. "You know I'm an AE, right?" At her nod, he continued. "Well, my beast has a bit of trouble accepting pain without reacting. I don't want to hurt you." He really didn't, but he hoped she'd take his word when it came to his reaction to pain. He'd hate to go *bear* on her.

"I understand. While I do have a generous sadistic streak, I'm sure we can work within each other's limits. I won't take a cane to you unless I feel you can take it." He opened his mouth to protest, but she held her hand up and he closed it with a snap. A growl threatened from deep within his chest, but he quelled it. He needed to get it

through his head that Margaret was in charge for the weekend. "I've been a Domme for a long time... I'm sorry, what's your name again?"

"Nate."

"Right, Nate. I've been a Domme for a long time, Nate. I know what I'm doing and I know how to read people. If I think you can take it and I know you're enjoying yourself, I won't hold back. Understood?"

He hoped to God she really knew what she was doing. "Yes."

"Good. So, we're agreed on all limits listed with the exception of pain causing activities, agreed?"

"Agreed."

"Excellent. Now we can discuss your behavioral protocol."

Behavioral what?

"Behavioral protocol. I don't believe I stuttered."

Fuck, he'd spoken out loud. And Margaret gave him the damned arched eyebrow thing again.

"As I was saying, I require a respectful tone at all times." She held up a finger, indicating this had to be the first rule of several. "You will address me as M. I realize you may have worked with others who required the traditional 'Mistress,' but I find the title superfluous." Another finger rose. "And I prefer to have my men kneel for me whenever possible as a testament to your submission and obedience."

"Why don't you get a dog?" Nate had mumbled the words and didn't think she'd heard him.

"I thought that's what I'd ordered."

So much for thinking.

Margaret rose from the chair in one fluid motion and strode to stand inches from him. Even though she stood a few inches shorter than his six feet, fear infused his blood at seeing the hardened glint in her eye. "Why don't you decide if a weekend as my sub is what you really want, because from your reaction, I'm not getting a very good 'I want to please you in every way possible' vibe. You've got five minutes. If you're not on your

knees at the foot of my bed by the time five minutes is up, I'll call Triple E for a replacement."

Spinning on her heel, she stomped from the room and he stared at the sway of her ass as she left him. It wasn't just Eric D'Amore and his order from the Council or the promise to his best friend's wife keeping him at Margaret's home any longer. Nope, it was her ass and all the wicked things he could do to it... if she let him.

Chapter Four

Deep breaths. In through the nose and out through the mouth. Goddamn, Nate had her hungry, and not for a burger and fries. Forcing herself to take measured, even steps, she made it back to her bedroom. Barely. Her knees shook and heart pounded as she waited and listened.

Margie wanted to play with Nate all right. All weekend, too. But only if he could accept her terms. She'd paid three thousand dollars for a weekend, live-in sub and she'd be damned if she didn't get her money's worth.

Seconds gave way to minutes and still she hadn't heard the telltale thump of his boots clomping down her hallway. Accepting maybe Nate wouldn't be taking her up on a weekend of female-led fun, she turned toward her dresser and mirror preparing to undress. Propping her foot on a nearby stool, Margaret fiddled with the clips on her garters, trying to unhook her thigh-highs when a deep, rumbling voice coming from the direction of the door startled her. "Could you leave them on?"

Margaret froze, praying he hadn't seen the telltale jerk of her body when his voice washed over her. Taking a deep, calming breath, she turned her head, arching her "mistress" brow at Nate, and waited for him to remember her rules. She'd said them to him moments ago. He shouldn't have forgotten already.

"M. Could you please leave them on, M?"

A great big hunk of deeply tanned, raw male stood in her doorway, shoeless, no less, and had asked her to leave her thigh-highs on. Tempted to leave them on, she waited to see if he'd follow the remainder of her instructions.

Straightening, she returned her foot to the floor and turned to face him. He hadn't budged from the doorway. The bed stood four feet away from him, but he hadn't made a move toward it. Maybe his appearance didn't equate to his submission.

Too bad, Margaret would have enjoyed dominating him. His look, his mannerisms, showed him to be a man who always got what he wanted. She had looked forward to denying him for a few days. "Why are you here, Nate?"

Brow furrowed, he stared at her, as if her question confused him. "To be your sub."

"Huh. And yet, you're standing in the doorway and your five minutes have passed. Did you forget my instructions so quickly?"

The color drained from his face as he took a few steps toward her bed. "Um..."

"Let me guess, you have a problem with kneeling as well?" This guy was too much. Regardless of how hot he looked, Margie had ordered a sub, someone to do with as she pleased for two days while also giving the man immeasurable pleasure. Nate did not seem to be the right guy for the job.

"I had a bit of an accident about a year back which makes kneeling painful, and not in a fun way."

He smiled. Goddamn, he smiled and Margie could think of nothing other than getting his perfect lips on her pussy. Now! Concessions could be made for physical limitations, right? Well, in Margie's world, they could.

Walking toward him, swaying her hips with each step, she resisted the urge to do a happy dance at the way Nate eyed her body, and she didn't miss the subtle shift in his stance as his "package" grew. Ooh, yeah. Momma liked.

"I see." Margie said it in a crisp tone. Just because she'd decided to give in didn't mean she couldn't make him sweat a little. "If that's the case, you'll keep your hands clasped behind your back and eyes downcast. Understood?"

"Yes, M."

"Good. Now, strip."

He blanched. "Excuse me?"

"For the love of... Are you going to question me the *entire* weekend? Because if you are, there's the door." She pointed her finger at the door in question and then strode toward her bathroom. First order of business: a shower. Giving one last longing

look at the items she'd laid out for the evening, she went into the bathroom, leaving the door open for him. So help her, no matter how hot the man might be, if he didn't get his tight ass in the bathroom...

Leaning against the wall opposite the bathroom door, she waited, and she didn't have to wait for long. A still clothed Nate followed her, pausing in the doorway. "I'm sorry, M. This is just..."

"A little new for you. You're green, I get it. I will tell you this once and then I will think of horrible ways to torture you if you don't follow my directions. Everything I ask you to do will not only bring me pleasure, but you as well. For instance, I asked you to strip so you could take a shower. You... *smell*. I imagine being clean would also be nice for you. Am I correct?"

His deeply tanned cheeks took on a hint of red. *How cute. He's blushing.* "Yeah... M."

"Good. I realize there should be a bit of trust in a Domme's dynamic and we haven't spent enough time together to truly trust one another. But remember, I am a Normal. If one of us should be wary, it should be me, shouldn't it?" At his nod of agreement she continued. "Good. Now, strip and hop in the shower. When you're all clean and smelling wonderful, I'll join you."

If there was one thing that could get a man moving fast as lightning, it was the prospect of getting wet and naked with a woman. Margaret watched, slack-jawed, as Nate peeled the tight, black leather pants down his thighs. They looked like a second skin as he tugged and wrenched at the leather. Finally, it was gone, revealing a nude and aroused man to her gaze... and not a tan line in sight. Licking her lips, she couldn't wait to get a taste of his skin... when he was clean, of course.

Once nude, he didn't stop or wait for any further instruction. His gaze intent on the shower, he didn't even glance in her direction when he wrenched open the shower door and strode inside.

Seeing his cock, long, thick, and erect at the prospect of showering with her, put a little hop in her step as she repositioned herself in the bathroom. Now, with an

unfettered view of the shower, she watched as Nate scrubbed and soaped his body. She hadn't been lying when she said he smelled. And the pants he'd worn? Whew! She didn't think they'd ever been cleaned.

In the middle of peeling her own leather from her body, Nate's voice cut through her thoughts. "Done, M!"

Checking her watch, she wasn't surprised to see barely a minute had passed. "Really?" She raised her voice to be heard over the pounding of the shower. "And is the water warm for me?" Margaret knew the answer, but needed Nate to get into the right frame of mind. He should be thinking about her comfort, not just what he could get out of following orders.

"Um..." A whispered "fuck" met her ears.

Biting her lip to keep from laughing, she finished undressing. Taking a deep breath, she walked toward the door. The moment of truth had arrived. Sure, she'd looked damn good in her leather, but now, without the support of her clothing, would her plus-sized body still interest him?

Pulling open the door, she drank in the sight before her. His muscles flexed and tensed under her stare. Dark dustings of hair covered his chest, leading her down his abdomen to where it surrounded his cock, jutting straight and proud from his body. Part of her, just a tiny part, wanted to sink to her knees and suck him dry, but he hadn't earned it.

"Beautiful." Had she spoken?

"God, you're beautiful, M." No, he had. Smiling, feeling beautiful with his whispered admission fresh in her mind, she entered the now steaming shower, closing the door behind her.

Stepping beneath the warm, almost hot spray as he stepped aside, Margaret relaxed as the water sluiced over her body, flowing over the curves of her breasts, hips and thighs. Closing her eyes, she tilted her head back, wetting her hair. She could feel Nate standing close, watching her every move, and yet he hadn't touched her. Already such a good boy.

He brushed her hair back, their eyes meeting. His were filled with a fiery heat, a look of barely controlled need. *Good.* “Are you going to wash me, or should I wash myself?”

He darted for the soap and washcloth nearby. Soaping the cloth, he began stroking and scrubbing her skin yet avoiding her most tender, sensitive spots.

“Nate?” she whispered, loud enough to be heard above the pouring water, but not much louder. Crouched at her feet, he looked into her eyes. She stroked his head, running her fingers through his dark brown, almost black hair. “I expect to come at least once before leaving this shower, and I don’t think the washcloth will get me there, do you?”

Nate’s dark brown eyes turned black under her stare, the whites almost disappearing completely. Growling, he answered her. “No, M.”

Nate shifted to his knees as he skimmed the skin of her thighs, touching, but not. He nuzzled her upper thigh, rubbing his five o’clock shadow against her flesh, abrading her skin with the prickly texture of the hair. The hint of pain coupled with his sweet touch brought her arousal bubbling to the surface. “Mm, yes.”

He squeezed and stroked her hips before moving around to her ass. Gods yes, her ass. He shifted their position in one quick movement, pressing her back against the cool tile, still firmly clasping the cheeks of her ass, face inching closer and closer to her pussy. Why wasn’t he there yet?

Widening her stance, she begged him without words to place his mouth where she craved it most, but still he teased. Rocking her hips, she tried to entice him.

Instead of licking her as she desired, he shifted his hold to the back of her thigh and threw her leg over his shoulder. She was thankful for the tile wall at her back, keeping her steady. His mouth shifted to press open-mouthed kisses to her inner thighs, licking away the moisture from the shower as he inched closer to her heat.

Ooh yeah!

Rolling her hips, she pressed them against the side of his head as he continued to lick her thigh. Nate turned his head, pressing a soft kiss to her labia before focusing on the other thigh.

Fuck no! Opening her mouth to voice her displeasure, she let out a squeak when he threw her other leg over his shoulder. Nate supported her with nothing more than his shoulders and arms. Oh, not good. So not good. "Nate?"

"I've got you. Trust, remember. Trust, M."

Trust, right. Margaret *trusted* her scale when it told her she weighed a ton and had a fat ass. She trusted...

Oh damn. Nate's tongue flicked out, licking her labia in one long stroke from core to clit. Yeah, trust...

Her thighs spread, held apart by his shoulders, left her pussy wide open for him and he explored every inch of it. His tongue slid along her bare nether lips, stimulating and arousing her like no other lover. This was a man who enjoyed going down on a woman. The best kind of man. He flicked and circled her clit, causing her to shift her hips in conjunction with his movements, trying to keep the contact as long as possible. His talented tongue traveled farther south, teasing her core, rimming and stroking the edges before plunging inside.

"Yes, fuck me with your tongue! Fuck me!" His head, down between her thighs, served to be a good place for her hands as she twined her fingers in his hair, forcing his face against her pussy.

Nate's tongue teased and stroked her inner walls, arousing her further, bringing her orgasm closer. Almost within reach. He kneaded and squeezed her ass as she rode his face, fingers slipping and sliding along her crack. Oh, God, would he?

One of his fingers rimmed her tight back entrance, teasing it before sliding in, stretching her. "Fuck yes!" She was going to come. Come hard.

His tongue left her heat, sliding between her pussy lips and circling her clit. He continued his assault, going round and round the aroused and sensitive nub until finally, *finally*, his lips encircled her clit, suckling the nubbin. His finger in her back

passage was joined by another as he stroked in and out of her hole. The combination of sensations grabbed hold of her climax, thrusting it upon her before she could take another breath. She came in a series of convulsing spasms as her orgasm coursed through her body.

As her climax faded, she found it quickly followed by another. Nate never stopped. His mouth, his hands, worked their magic on her pussy and ass. Thrusting, pulling, sucking, licking, flicking. It went on and on. Her breath came in short pants, broken by moans and cries of “yes” and “more.” She needed more, wanted more, ached for more, and he gave it to her.

Three fingers were thrust into her ass, filling her, stretching to the point of pain, and the pleasure which accompanied it astounded Margaret. “Yes! Nate! Yes!”

His mouth, fuck, his tongue, they didn’t stop. She kneaded her breasts, confident in Nate’s ability to hold her up. His strength had yet to fail. She pinched and rolled her nipples between her fingers, eyes intent and staring into Nate’s.

“Fuck me, Nate, fuck me,” she ground out between clenched teeth, demanding everything he could give. He sucked harder, tongue twirling on her clit faster as she rolled her hips against him. She was so close again, this one building from her toes, electrifying her body before it pushed through her. “Fuck, yes!”

Nate groaned and moaned his approval against her mound, adding sensation after sensation to her ever-growing climax. When he rubbed his face against her labia, growling into her pussy, she was catapulted over the edge as wave after wave of pleasure washed through her, her body convulsing, her ass squeezing the fingers still embedded deep within her.

Breathing heavily as the spasms subsided, she slumped against the wall. Nate released one leg and then the other, holding her upright until she could remain standing on her own. As he released her, she slid to the tiled floor anyway, pressing a sweet and tender kiss to Nate’s abused lips, tasting her musky flavor on his mouth. “Good boy. Such a good boy.”

Chapter Five

Step. Pain. Shuffle. Throb. Step. Shooting pain. Shuffle. Ache.

“Fuckrrrrr...” Nate’s curse turned into a low, deep growl of pain as Margie helped him out of the bathroom.

His knee and his cock throbbed, ached and generally killed him with every step. He felt as if he’d finally worn through the remaining cartilage in his knee. And his cock... well, it didn’t hurt exactly. It was more his pride which had been damaged. Finding out Margie wouldn’t be returning the favor after he’d given her two amazing orgasms, sucked... a lot. That’s right, sucked; he wasn’t getting sucked, and the damn situation sucked.

After telling him she wouldn’t be taking a trip down under, she picked his jaw up off the floor and helped him to his feet, which is where the real trouble began. Ever since his accident over a year ago, he hadn’t been able to kneel for very long without suffering severe consequences. Between the two of them, he’d gotten to his feet. Barely.

Margie had dried him off with quick efficient movements before allowing him to use her as a crutch. Together, they made their way slowly from the bathroom to the bedroom. Once there, she’d left him standing near the edge of the bed as she turned it down, preparing it for him. When she’d finished, he turned around and plopped onto the mattress.

Her pale, delicate hand wrapped around his ankle as the other supported his knee, placing his leg on the mattress with care. After shoving a pillow beneath his throbbing knee, her same tender fingers brushed the wet hair from his eyes. “You okay?”

He grunted. All he could do at the moment.

“You need ice? I’ve got a few pain killers that might help, too.”

Yeah. Yeah to both. Pills. He could go for some pills. Anything to make the throbbing in his knee subside. "Yeah."

Her palm cupped his cheek, thumb rubbing circles on his cheekbone. Cracking an eyelid open, he looked at Margie with her pale skin and shower soaked curls. Fresh out of the shower, skin still pink from the water, God, she looked beautiful. She hadn't covered up yet, leaving her full, heavy breasts exposed. Yum. His cock, now lying flaccid between his legs, twitched. It thought she looked yummy too.

After pulling the sheets and comforter over his body, leaving his right leg exposed, she left the room. Settling into the pillows, he tried to relax. Difficult considering his knee throbbed in time with his heart.

Moments later Margaret returned with an ice pack, pills and glass of water. A drug-toting angel if he'd ever seen one. His leg jerked with the initial contact of the ice pack, but he knew the cold was necessary to help ease the pain. He took the pills from her and swallowed them in one gulp, not bothering to ask her what she'd given him. He didn't care what they were as long as they worked.

He relaxed into the bed, pulling the comforter higher, relishing the soft blankets and squishy pillows cradling him. So different from his own bedroom filled with designer this and coordinated that, Margaret's home looked to be filled with a lived in love. Her home had been decorated for comfort, not coordinating colors and seasons. He only found one thing to be missing. "Join me, M?"

"Yeah." She smiled, so pretty. "Just let me check the locks and turn out the lights."

He nodded, not having the strength to do much else.

Nate must have dozed off. He jerked awake as the bed dipped. Slitting his eyes, he saw Margaret crawling into bed. Raising his arm in silent invitation, she answered, just as silently. She curled and pressed her body against his as she laid her head on his shoulder, nuzzling the hair on his chest. Perfect.

"You still need this?"

"Hmm... what?" He looked to where she pointed. The ice pack. "No."

She unceremoniously shoved it off his knee and onto the floor. It landed with a muffled plop on the carpet. He didn't bother to look at the damage, just pulled her close as she snuggled against him. Her body, filled from head to toe with silken, plush curves, fit him perfectly -- as if she had been made to lie next to him.

"You feeling okay?"

Him? Fan-freaking-tastic. "Yeah."

She propped her chin on his chest, a slender finger tracing his lower lip, tickling. His tongue snaked out for a taste of his M. Mmm... his M. Shower clean skin, she tasted fresh, light, sweet.

"I don't want you to ever do that again, Nate."

"Make you come twice?" He sighed; she was the boss. "Okay." Margie flicked his nipple, his cock twitched. Nice, but not.

"No. Don't ever hurt yourself for my pleasure. Understood?"

"Okay." Warm fuzzy feelings were spreading through his limbs. He felt heavy, well, heavier. Like a weight pulled at him, taking him, dragging him, toward sleep.

"How'd you hurt yourself?"

Damn hunter. "It wasn't the season. Guy thought he could get away with it though." Hmm... fuzzy.

"Get away with what?"

Duh. "Shooting me."

"You got shot!"

Why did she need to yell? "Mm-hm. Buckshot to my right leg."

"Someone shot you?"

Didn't he just say that? Maybe she took a couple pills too. They were good stuff. "Mm-hm."

"But he's in jail now, right?"

"No. Got away with a warning." Sleep, he wanted to sleep.

"A warning!"

What was with the yelling? Nate yawned. Sleep pulled harder now and he wished Margaret would just let it take him. "Yeah, a warning. For hunting bear out of season."

"Bu... but he shot *you*."

"Mm-hm..." He sighed, sleep coming to claim him. "I was the bear."

* * *

Nate woke to moist, warm air blowing across his thigh followed by the lightest hint of skin brushing on skin, sending tingles from his thigh straight to his cock. Stretching his legs, he widened them slightly before relaxing back into the mattress. *Hmm... nice dream.*

The brushes continued, moving up and down his right leg. For a moment he thought maybe he suffered from a case of neuropathy, his nerve endings going dead. But the sensations increased, turning from gentle, whisper-like touches to moistened kisses. Slitting his eyes, he found Margaret crouched over his knee, blonde curls covering her face as her full lips pressed kiss after kiss to his scars. "What are you doing?" It came out as a gruff, scratchy whisper. Sleep still tainted his voice.

She flung her hair to the side, her pale blue eyes met his, lips a hair's breadth from the biggest, nastiest scar on his knee. The hunter had snuck up on him as he rubbed on a tree, practically placing the muzzle of his gun against Nate's leg and pulling the trigger. The result? A mostly synthetic knee with pieces of metal and God knew what else keeping his leg functioning. The mottled flesh stood out against his naturally tanned skin, a stark contrast of light against dark.

She whispered, her breath fanning over his skin as she spoke. "Kissing it and making it better."

He wondered how Margaret could stand to look at his leg, or brush kisses over the knotted scars. Even he had trouble looking at the mess of his right leg, and he'd been living with the damage for a year. Bending his knee, he shifted it away from Margaret the next time her lips descended. "You don't have to..."

“Put. It. Back.” Damn, her growl rivaled his own. And his cock loved it, loved having her so near with her plump, lush lips and teasing tongue.

Lowering his knee, straightening it as much as he dared, he tried to lay still. Not easy when the culmination of every wet dream he’d ever had proceeded to kiss, caress, and lick every nick, scar, and scratch on his leg. The fucking scars went as high as his upper thigh and as low as his calf. It was a lot of area to cover and cover it she did.

Between her hands and mouth, not an inch of his right leg went untouched. His cock noticed too. By the time she’d made it down his outer thigh past the knee and back up again to his inner thigh, he sported an erection which throbbed in time with his heart. Her teasing and tempting had him hot and ready to go.

Clenching the sheets kept him from reaching out and grabbing Margaret to force her to kiss him where he needed it the most. Eyes squeezed shut, he couldn’t bear to watch as she worked her magic on his leg. The pain in his leg? Gone and replaced with a throbbing ache in his cock.

Her mouth left his leg, but her warm breath created a humid cloud circling his shaft. If only she’d...

Margaret licked the bottom of his shaft from balls to tip; she flicked the crown of his cock with her agile tongue. Nate’s eyes flew open as he gasped, his gaze meeting hers. Those beautiful plush lips formed a small smile before... God yes! She sucked his cock into her mouth, tongue swirling around and around the head before pressing into the hole at the top.

“Fuck!” His hips rocked, nudging his cock farther into the moist cavern of her mouth. She moaned around his shaft, sinking farther, swallowing more of him.

Moving carefully, she brought her knees beneath her and crouched over his groin. One hand moved to stroke the bottom half of his cock while the other worked a different kind of magic. She cupped, squeezed and stroked his balls, rolling them, tugging them. Hints of pain simmered, but never boiled, edging his arousal higher.

Margaret’s mouth rose and fell on his cock, sucking and licking her way up and down his shaft. Her hand worked in conjunction with her mouth, making sure his

entire erection was attended. His balls were fondled and squeezed, touched lightly, then roughly. Her fingernail scraped and skimmed the skin behind his sac, pressing and teasing as her mouth worked him.

Fuck, her mouth felt amazing. Perfect. The suction, the way her tongue seemed to dance along his shaft, stroking and licking him just right. And her eyes stayed open, intent on him, showing him how much she enjoyed getting him off. He couldn't rip his gaze away from her.

Nate's hips couldn't stay immobile. He rocked and thrust in time with her mouth, pressing his cock deeper and deeper into the moist cavern, holding his breath each time she took more. With each thrust he ventured farther until the tip touched the back of her throat and she swallowed around him, muscles massaging his cock. "Fuck! Yes!" If she kept doing that, he'd come. Come so fucking hard.

Margaret's saliva acted as the lubricant, slicking his shaft as she worked him. Unable to resist any longer, he cupped her cheeks. He resisted the urge to tangle his fingers in her hair.

At his touch, her suction increased, as if the gentle stroke of his fingers on her face renewed her energy. Her eyes seemed to darken and burn at the same time. She continued to rise and fall on his shaft, sucking and twirling her tongue. His orgasm was close. It skittered along his nerves, jumping from muscle to muscle as it built in intensity. His body tightened, tensed, in preparation. Instinct had him wanting to close his eyes, to savor the feeling as it washed over him, but he resisted. He'd watch her as he came; share the feelings, sensations, with her.

She must have sensed the imminence of his orgasm. So close. One more suck, flick, touch... It raced down his spine, building and centering on his cock before finally, finally, bursting from his body. He came with Margaret's name on his lips, screaming it as he emptied his seed into her mouth. She swallowed around his cock, drinking his come as it spurted down her throat.

Margaret didn't release him as the shudders died down, as his muscles calmed. Her sweet, hot mouth continued to milk and clean him as the final spasms flitted

through his body. With a soft sigh he almost couldn't hear, she released his now flaccid cock, letting it fall from her mouth. She laid her head on his thigh, a small smile dancing at the corners of her mouth. Such a talented mouth.

"Thank you. That was amazing, M." With a smile of his own he took a deep breath, stretching and loving the after orgasm glow. The feeling like you could conquer the world if you desired. After a nap, of course. "You just owe me one more and we'll be even."

Nate didn't see it coming. He didn't know what the hell he'd said or done, but one minute she lay with him, content and smiling. And the next, she flicked the head of his extremely sensitive cock with a thwack and rose from the bed, shouting orders as she stormed from the room. "Get your ass out of bed and make it. Straighten the room. Bring out the laundry from last night, and meet me in the kitchen in twenty minutes!"

Damn. She wanted him to... clean? Didn't she have someone to take care of all that?

Chapter Six

She... And he... And it tasted *blech!* Okay, she'd been around the block enough to know the taste of a man's semen varied, but his tasted as if he lived on an all meat diet. Then again, he probably did. And then he had the nerve to... *The Ass!*

Margaret shoved one arm and then the other into her robe, nearly wrenching the silk garment in half as she yanked it on. Thank God she'd had the presence of mind to snatch it off the chair on her way out of the bedroom. She'd never been so pissed at herself or another human being in her life.

Stomping into the kitchen, she threw the cabinet doors open, searching for the pots and pans she needed to make breakfast. Dropping the pans on the stove amid clangs and scrapes of metal against metal, she gripped the counter edge, taking deep, cleansing breaths. She needed to calm down. Her frustration and shock had turned and morphed into a righteous anger. And the blame couldn't be laid at Nate's feet, not entirely. She'd made the mistake of giving him a bit of control, and relished the initiative he'd taken. Until he opened his mouth to speak. The ass.

Glancing at the clock on the microwave, she cringed. Only six a.m., but desperate times called for best friends at all hours of the day. She needed Emmy. Not stopping to think or worry about waking her best friend up, she grabbed the phone and dialed Emily's number from memory. One ring. Two rings. Three rings. Emily answered, sleep making her voice deep and scratchy. "'Lo?"

"It's me."

Margie could hear the rustling of sheets and muffled voices. Emily tried to whisper, but Margie could still hear. "Josh. Josh... *wake up!* You have to go kill him."

Josh's groggy voice answered, "Wha..."

"Pop! Get to popping, mister! Go kill him!"

"Who?"

"Margie's 'weekend' friend, idiot. She's on the phone and he must have done something because she's calling. Now, get to popping to Margie's! Why are you still here? *Pop!*"

"Sleepy..."

As funny as it was to listen to Emily trying to rouse Josh so he could come "kill him," she needed a sane friend. Emily had always been the one to jump to conclusions and ask questions later and Margie did not need a half-asleep, nude Josh trying to focus his mind on anything in her kitchen at the moment. "Emmy!"

"Wh-at! I'm trying to wake him up to help you. Gimme a minute. Josh!"

"Emily Martin, listen!" Her friend fell silent. Finally. "I just need advice and to talk. No naked popping into Margie's kitchen unless I get to keep him and play. I've got a paddle I can personalize. I can have his name on it in no time. Removable letters and everything."

"Oh, hell no! Go back to sleep, Josh."

Margie whispered "damn" and prayed Emmy hadn't heard. Of course, she did.

"Heard that."

"Yeah, yeah."

"Okay, Josh rolled over and went back to sleep, and I'm in the living room. Spill."

Margie nibbled her lip, teeth digging into the abused flesh. Stupid blowjob. Stupid man. Why had she allowed him to take control? *Because I liked it.*

"Margie?"

Taking a deep breath, she let Emily into her world of jumbled thoughts and nerves. "Um..." Well, it was a start.

"For the love of God, woman. Spit it out already. He's not your type, he's too rough, what?"

Nope, he was her type and more, hence her problem. Not sure if her legs could hold her, she plopped onto one of the kitchen chairs. "He's my type. I, um, I'm having a

hard time *wanting* to do what I hired him for. And part of me wants to sometimes, but part of me wants to let him just..."

Fuck she was making a mess of their conversation. Growling, she got to the point. "I'm having a hard time wanting to beat the ever-living shit out of him the entire time, until he pisses me off and then I want to. But I want to give him some control too, and I like him... I think. He was all grrr at first and then he was so sweet and helpless. And... and I'm so confused, Emmy."

"Oh dear lord, you've fallen for the hooker."

Bitch! "Hey! Don't call him a hooker, he's an escort. But between you and me, he doesn't seem very experienced." Especially with the whole "Dom" thing he had tried to pull when he showed up.

"At sex? He should be experienced at sex with all the sex he has! He's got women... I mean, um, I'm sure he has women, ya know, him being an escort and all. Yeah, that's it."

Okay, her friend had officially traveled into Weirdville, population: Emily. "You okay, Emmy?"

"Yeah, perfect. Anyway, your problem is you like the guy, the hooker, and you want to take control and give a little away as well, right?"

"Yep." That's why she called Emmy. Emily could always find the root of the problem and soon, she'd give Margie the answer.

"So? Do it. You paid the money for the weekend. As long as he's game, go for it. But *please* try not to fall for him. *Please*. I don't want to see you hurt."

"I won't get hurt, Ems."

She'd already fallen for him, too late. With any luck though, he'd be into changing the rules for the weekend. As long as he didn't turn into Uber Ass Man again, it would be all good. And then... then she'd look for Mr. Right. An escort couldn't be Mr. Right. He just couldn't.

"Promise?"

"Sure. Bye, bitch."

Pressing the off button before Emily could reply, Margie clunked the phone down on the kitchen table -- just in time to see a gloriously nude Nate walk in, arms full of laundry. She couldn't decide which part of the view she liked better, him naked or him carrying laundry.

Momma likes.

He cleared his throat, a hint of a blush tingeing his cheeks. "Where would you like these, M?"

Well, at least he seemed to have adjusted his attitude a bit. But she didn't really need or want him doing her laundry. She had only been trying to punish him for his insensitive behavior. Besides, Margie didn't know if the man knew to separate her delicates, lights, darks, and towels. She might end up with a rainbow colored wardrobe if he did the wash. Nope, him gathering everything was good enough for her. "I'll take them. Why don't you have a seat?" Rising from her seat, she held out her arms, gesturing for the bundle of clothes.

"I've got them. Where's the laundry room?"

Standing feet from him, she reached for the laundry. "Just give it here, I'll..."

"I can do laundry, M. You asked me to do it and I can."

Stubborn man. Gorgeous, growly stubborn man. "Fine. This way." Margie turned on her heel, leading Nate through the kitchen to her laundry room near the back door. Opening it, she motioned him to drop the clothes on top of the washer. Laundry was not on her to do list today.

Pulling another robe off a hanger in the laundry area, she handed it to Nate. Sometimes, it paid to be lazy and not put her laundry away. "Wrap up, Nate, or neither of us will get breakfast."

"What about..."

"It can wait." And it could. Margie had other plans for the morning -- if he was up to it. As she followed him back to the kitchen, she noticed he walked with a slight limp as if he favored his right leg. As they entered the kitchen she guided him to a chair. "Sit while I make breakfast."

"I can..."

"Have we forgotten I'm in charge this weekend?" *At least until I change the rules.*

Nate plopped into the chair, but snagged her hands, engulfing them with his own and pulling her to stand between his knees. He released her and wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her closer before resting his head between her breasts, nuzzling her chest. "Sorry, M."

She tangled her fingers in his dark, bed-wrangled curls and pressed a soft kiss to his temple. "What for, Nate?"

His breath, hot and moist, seeped through the thin fabric of her robe, teasing her nipples. "I was an ass." *Well, at least he realized it.* "That was the most amazing orgasm of my life and I was a dick." *Yep.*

He rubbed his face on the silken fabric, the morning growth on his face catching and scratching. He inched closer to her breast as he spoke. Glancing down, she saw her nipple, now hard and erect, pressing against her robe, making its presence known. And he was heading right for it. Good? Or bad? She hadn't decided yet.

"Uh huh." She had to admit, the way he kneaded her ass and stroked her lower back... Mmm. When he situated his mouth near her hardened nub, the nuzzling stopped.

"I'm sorry. Forgive me?"

Maybe if he flicked his tongue out and gave her nipple a little lick she would. Okay, she would anyway, but a little fun never hurt anyone. "Yes. But I think we'll be changing the rules a bit this weekend."

His grip tightened on her backside, fingers squeezing the flesh of her ass as he pulled her body closer. "Why?"

The single word came out as a growl, low and deep. She felt it through her stomach and straight to her pussy. It could have been her imagination, but Margie thought she could feel his pulse increase through her fingers. Cupping his cheek, she turned his face up to look into his eyes. Black as midnight. Beautiful.

"Because I enjoyed sucking your cock, you moving in my mouth, hands on my face as I made you come. How many Dommies allow that type of behavior? I doubt many. Most women feel giving their subs blow jobs reduces their control, their status as a Domme." Margie took a deep breath. He'd be either in or out. "I found giving up a little bit of control to you arousing and sexy as hell."

His eyes widened, breath caught. Was that good or bad? "And you want?"

Unable to reach his lips, his grip so tight on her waist, she brushed a soft kiss across his forehead. "To take turns being in control. You game?"

His eyes closed and breathing slowed as his lips found the exposed flesh of her chest in the valley of her breasts. Kisses and licks were showered onto her body, but he still hadn't answered her. With a gentle touch, she sifted through his hair with her fingers, ensuring they had plenty to grab on to, and then she tugged, pulling his head away from her chest and stared into his eyes. "You didn't answer me, Nate."

His eyes widened further at her tone. The Bitch was in house and she demanded an answer. His tongue flicked out across his lips and he swallowed hard, his Adam's apple traveling up and down his neck. "Yes, M. But I have a question."

Margie loosened her grip, easing the tension and allowing him to lower his head, slightly. "Mm-hm."

"Whose turn is it now?"

"Mine, dear boy. All mine. But I have to admit to being open for suggestion. Why don't you tell me what *you'd* like and I'll take it under advisement."

He growled in response. She felt it traveling through her body before she heard it, the deep animalistic sound which came from his beast. Her pussy reacted to the reverberating bass, clenching, slicking her folds with arousal. Margie's nipples pebbled further, becoming rock-hard nubs.

For a while, the sound continued, seconds ticked by. She didn't think he'd speak and then finally he did -- with his hands. He slid them around her waist to the tie of her robe and with quick movements he opened the garment, sliding it down her shoulders to pool at her feet.

"I thought I asked you to tell me." She arched a brow, her perfected look of subtle, wordless confrontation.

"I needed inspiration." One hand cupped her ass while the other supported her large breast, his thumb strumming her nipple. "Is that okay, M?"

The fingers on her ass teased the top of her crease, sliding lower with feather-light touches, separating the globes, insinuating themselves as they inched toward their unspoken goal. *Mmm...* "Yes," she whispered, her breath coming in little gasps. He played, stroked and teased her body like no other lover. "Tell me what you'd like to do."

"I'd like to show you. Let me show you, M." His thumb and forefinger captured her nipple, squeezing and twisting the nubbin. He caused the slightest twinge of pain, and she gasped. Then he released the tiny bit of flesh, stroking it softly.

Nate's other hand continued its journey toward its goal. She'd never been a woman to enjoy her ass being fondled so intimately, but with Nate? She couldn't seem to tell him no. Her body responded to him like no other and she wanted everything he was willing to do to her. His fingertips feathered across her puckered asshole and she tightened her muscles in response. Another gasp escaped.

So concentrated on the sensations Nate's caresses elicited, she didn't notice the approach of his mouth. One moment his breath fanned against the heated skin of her chest, and the next her nipple had been engulfed in the wet heat of his mouth.

The suction on her nipple led straight to her pussy. It spasmed and clenched with each pull of his mouth, wept with each flick of his tongue. His teeth nipped the sensitive flesh ever so slightly, causing a soft cry to escape her lips. "Nate!"

He released her breast with a last lingering lick, arousal burning brightly in his gaze. "M." Her name came from deep within his chest. A low, hot growl.

Margie leaned down and captured his lower lip between her teeth, biting and nipping the tender flesh. "Fuck me. Now."

Margie removed Nate's robe with quick efficient movements, exposing his solid erection to the cool kitchen air. Without a word she straddled Nate's hips, rubbing her

pussy along his heated, burning shaft. Back and forth she moved, coating his cock in her abundant cream, lubing his cock, preparing him for her body.

“Fuck, M!”

Yeah, that’s where they were headed. On her terms.

The tip of his cock nudged her clit with each rock. Back and forth. Back and forth. She could come from humping him alone, but that’s not where they were headed. She’d come. He’d come. But not this way. He’d be buried deep within her pussy when it happened.

Chapter Seven

Margaret slowed her movements, changing the back and forth motion to small, concentrated circles. Gyrating her hips, she rubbed her pussy on his cock.

“M-mmmm...” His voice, the deep growl she felt through her body and deep into her core, reminded Margie they had yet to share a kiss, a real, sweet, hot, fiery kiss.

Slowing her hips, Margie slid her palms along his arms before draping her forearms around his neck and twining her fingers. She pulled his face toward hers. Their eyes intent upon one another, she blocked out everything around her. She existed for Nate and Nate alone.

Leaning forward, she bypassed the preliminaries, snaking her tongue out to lick his lower lip and flicking his upper lip before she pulled back. Nate didn't let her get far. One of his hands remained latched to her hip, holding her steady, a solid grip keeping her from falling while the other slid up her back, skimming her neck to fist in her hair, keeping her from easing away.

“My turn,” she reminded him, warned him.

He growled in response. God, she loved his growls. The low timbre and bass reverberating through her entire body seemed to travel along every inch of her skin, settling in her pussy. Giving in, she closed the distance between them, sealing her mouth to his. Their tongues battled for dominance as they swirled and flicked, fighting for a taste of the other. Her hips began moving again of their own volition, mimicking the motion of her tongue.

Margie explored every inch of Nate's mouth with her tongue, reveling in his natural, earthy flavor. When he sucked her tongue into his mouth, she nearly came. Her hips rocked and slid against his cock, the tip nudging her clit, sending shivers and jolts

up her spine with every brush. She didn't want to come without him inside her, but she didn't think she'd have a choice.

Nate released his grip on her hair and slid his hands down her back to tease the top of the crease of her ass, skimming the tiny spot of sensitive flesh. Fuck, she felt like she'd explode at any minute. Tearing her mouth from Nate's, she rocked her hips against him as she pressed her face to his neck, inhaling his scent.

"Fuck! Nate!"

"I'd love to, baby."

But he didn't move to thrust his cock into her pussy as she thought he would. No, he let her retain control as he teased her, stroking between her ass cheeks with one hand while his other fingers settled over her clit, strumming the tiny nub. The stimulation was too much for her body to bear. Any minute now...

He rubbed her in tiny circles while his fingertips pressed against her puckered hole, not entering, but making their presence known. Wouldn't be long now... "Nate!"

The pressure increased. Harder and harder, faster and faster, Nate stroked and rubbed, urging her orgasm on. "Come on, baby, come for me!"

Damn, she would. Her cunt clenched and her juices slicked his cock as her release approached. Soon, so soon. One stroke, two, and it was upon her, washing through her body until she came with a scream, Nate's name on her lips, mingling with his low growl and bass-filled voice.

"Mine." Heart pounding out of control, breath coming in desperate gasps, she didn't have time to process his word, but the next two words out of his mouth got her attention. "My turn."

Nate's cock would burst any minute now. He was sure of it. Holding his orgasm in check while pleasuring Margaret had nearly killed him, but it had been worth it. Now it was his turn. Shifting his hold to her hips, he stood with her in his arms and took two striding steps to the kitchen table, settling her ass on the wood.

"Nate? What?"

“My.” He took a deep breath, begging his beast to remain caged within his body. Going furry while fucking would surely send her screaming in the other direction. “Turn.” He growled low. Fuck! His beast had surged forth, close to breaking free.

Sliding his grip from her hips to her thighs, he urged her legs into the position he desired. He wanted her legs straight up, calves pressed to his chest and ankles near his ears. The leverage he could get and the angle of his hips would prove to be perfect to rub against her G-spot.

Grabbing his cock at the base, he positioned the tip at her entrance. No need to coat his shaft in her juices for lubrication; she’d already taken care of that for him. In one forceful thrust he embedded his cock in her tight passage, screaming as her dripping wet heat enveloped and welcomed him. Perfect. Snug. No, tight. Her cunt gripped him nearly to the point of pain, but he’d never felt so at home within a woman.

His bear, not content to remain hidden and dormant while he fucked Margaret, pressed and tested his control. Never before had it fought so hard. Taking several deep breaths, he waited for her body’s tension to ease as he also warred internally with his beast.

Margaret moaned his name, almost as if it were a plea. “Nate.”

He couldn’t wait any longer. He had to fuck her, claim her. Now.

Gripping her hips, he pulled out of her heat, leaving the tip of his cock in her passage before slamming home once again. She screamed at his intrusion as she arched against him, rocking her hips as if to gain more contact. Her scream and cry only worked to fuel his need. He pulled back again, only to plunge back into her pussy. Over and over again, he repeated as he worked toward his orgasm, and hers.

Her cunt welcomed him with every thrust, pussy clenching around his cock as if it were reluctant to let him go. But her body’s needs didn’t deter him. He assaulted her with his cock, driving it into her pussy with steadily increasing thrusts. He moved faster and faster. His orgasm slid along his nerves. It traveled from his toes to his head, leaving goose bumps in its wake before racing to his cock. Balls drawn up tight signaled the inevitable. He’d come. Soon.

As Nate's orgasm approached, so did his bear. The growl started low and deep, emanating from his chest. A grizzly mantra repeated in his head, over and over again, in time with each thrust. *Claim. Mate. Claim. Mate.*

He didn't want to stop. Didn't want to analyze the words his bear repeated. Tightening his grip on Margaret's hips, he continued fucking her, hard and fast. Her cunt spasmed around his cock with each rough thrust and she repeated his name amid moans of appreciation and gasps. Soon. She'd come soon, too.

Nate wanted her to come with him, wanted to share something as intimate as a simultaneous orgasm, so he fought. He fought his body and his beast. A battle raged while he worked to bring his lover pleasure.

His beast fought harder and began to win. The hair on his arms and chest grew as Nate thrust in and out of Margaret's cunt. He should have stopped, should have recognized his beast's control. But the orgasm threatening to overtake him felt too good, too right.

Margaret writhed against him, legs restless as he pummeled her body until he allowed her to lower them. She wrapped them loosely around his waist, still giving him room to move.

"Fuck me, Nate! Fuck, I'm gonna come!"

He felt her cunt tighten and squeeze his cock, as if it were trying to force him from within her warmth. Never. He'd never be forced out. He increased his pace, his climax waiting for the right moment. He held onto his control by a thread, but soon he'd let it go. When the clenching of her muscles came in rapid succession, he let go of his tenuous control, allowing his orgasm to burst forth. His seed emptied into her waiting heat as he continued with shallow thrusts. Eventually, he slowed his pace to match her labored breathing until finally he stilled, his cock still deep within her pussy.

Releasing her hips, he slumped over her body, pressing soft, sweet kisses to her lips as he braced his weight on his hands. Then he noticed the bright smears of red on her whitewashed wooden table. Staring at his fingertips, he saw fresh blood marred

and stained his skin. "Fuck! M!" A quick look at Margaret's hips revealed the source of the blood.

"What?"

"M, baby, I'm sorry, so sorry." Nate hurried to brush kisses across her face and neck as he pulled free of her heat. Hearing Margaret's muffled moan, he winced. He knew she had to be in a lot of pain.

Unwrapping her legs from his waist, he strode to the counter and snatched some paper towels. They weren't perfect, but they could wipe up the blood for now.

Turning around, he saw Margaret still lay sprawled on the kitchen table, legs wide, body relaxed, hair rumpled with that "just fucked" look. His cock twitched. It really did have a mind of its own. Shaking off his wayward thoughts, he hurried back to her side.

Before he could wipe at the blood staining her hips, she pressed a foot to his chest, stopping him. "What is your problem?"

Oh, God! She didn't know! How could she not? It had to be painful... "You're hurt, M. I hurt you."

Her brow furrowed. While she was distracted by his words, he removed her foot from his chest and wiped at her hips. The damn beast living inside him had caused some damage. Scratches marred Margaret's perfectly pale, milky-white skin -- some deeper than others. Nate blew out a sigh of relief at seeing none of them would require stitches.

The deepest and ugliest of cuts appeared near her hipbones where his thumbs had dug into her tender skin. The bear had been persistent. He should have stopped, should have recognized his bear's insistence for what it had been. The mantra the beast had forced into Nate's mind remained. *Claim. Mate. Claim. Mate.*

The bear saw Margaret as its mate. Fuck it all. Bears. Don't. Mate.

He'd read it in every fucking book known to man. He'd grown up with the knowledge he'd never have a one and only, but simply a one of many. And now the fucking beast had up and chosen Margaret for him. Stupid fucking animal. Being an

orphan bear AE growing up, he'd believed everything he'd read in the books about bears. Stupid books didn't know shit. Bears mated. He had the proof lying in a well-fucked puddle in front of him.

"Sorry for fucking me stupid? You should be." She sighed.

Damn, his cock twitched, again. "No, baby, I hurt you." He dabbed at her wounds. The bleeding had slowed to an ooze. He'd need to get her cleaned with alcohol though.

"You were a little rough, but I *liked* it." She smiled, her blue eyes shining as she looked at him.

"No, baby. My bear... it came out, just a little, and my nails..." Grabbing her, he eased her into a sitting position so she could survey the damage.

She gasped. "That's what you're upset about?"

"Yeah, I'm so sorry."

She pulled the bloodstained paper towels off her hips and tossed them to the ground. She tugged him closer until he stood between her legs. "You're a bear, Nate. Part of you is an animal, and I accept that. There are risks to making love with a big guy like you, but I'm not sorry and you shouldn't be either."

"But I..." God, his heart broke with each word she uttered. He'd hurt her. He'd never hurt a woman before, never. No matter how pissed he got, he'd never released his beast on another human being. And now he had.

"You gave me two amazing, mind-blowing orgasms. I think maybe the pain heightened them, actually, but we'll have to put it to further testing to be sure." Margaret had a teasing glint in her eye and a sly smile on her lips.

He couldn't stop himself from stealing a kiss. Quick and fast, he pressed his lips to hers, tongue flicking out for a quick taste before pulling back. "How about we test after we get you cleaned up and have breakfast?"

Her stomach rumbled on cue and her snow-white skin flushed a striking crimson, the color staining her cheeks. "Mmmm... breakfast. So, who's cooking?"

Feathering another soft kiss across her lips, he pulled back to look into her eyes. "I am, baby, but not until we've got you bandaged up."

"Baby?" Her pale blonde brow arched, questioning him.

Yeah, he liked the endearment. Sure, she'd told him to call her M, but baby, after hurting her, seemed more fitting. "Yeah, that okay? Or is it back to M?"

Her arms slid around his shoulders, fingers sifting through his hair. "Baby is good, but if you get bratty I'll paddle your ass. Agreed?"

"Agreed."

Chapter Eight

He cooked! Nate really did need to stop acting like the perfect man and God's gift to women or she'd be in trouble. Who was she kidding? She already was in trouble. The furious fuck followed by sweet caresses and whispered nonsense stole her heart. He was a big furry lug, but he was *her* big furry lug. Now she just needed to figure out how to steal her heart back. An escort and a librarian? It sounded like some off the wall romance flick, not real life.

After dousing her scratches in alcohol and blowing on them to ease the pain, he wrapped her in a fluffy, comfy robe and deposited her on a kitchen chair, leaving her to watch him move around the kitchen with quick efficiency. The man looked like he knew what he was doing. He focused on the pans filled with food, which gave her the opportunity to think about the ten scratches now adorning her hips.

Once the glow of their lovemaking had subsided, the wounds had started to ache, exacerbated by Nate's fanatical cleaning of the wounds. For a man who had shown up in raunchy smelling leather pants, he sure seemed keen on cleaning her tiny cuts. A few were deeper than others, but their existence gave her a bit of pride. She'd made Nate lose control. Her. Plump, curvy, fluffy, fat Margaret had made the hunk of man lose control of his beast. She resisted the urge to jump from the chair and do a happy dance. Barely. She settled for wiggling her toes with a grin on her face.

Never having been the type of woman men chased with their tongues wagging, this was a grand accomplishment for her. *And* he'd called her "baby." She sighed, slumping into the chair. Baby. He'd been so contrite and sweet as he cleaned her scratches, grabbing her fluffy robe and then settling her in the chair. He really seemed too perfect. What was she going to do on Sunday when he left? Other than beg him to stay, of course.

"What are you thinking about that's got such a bright smile on your face?"

Heat suffused her cheeks, but she pushed her embarrassment aside. "You, cooking breakfast for me. Watching you move around my kitchen." *Like you belong.* "Having you serve me."

"Serve you?" he called over his shoulder. With his back to her as he stood at the stove, his boxer-clad ass teased her with every move he'd been making. Her favorite boxers now adorned his chiseled buns, but since they were made for a woman, they hugged him in the most perfect places.

"Yeah." She wanted to prod him a little. "Serve me. Indulge me in my every desire and whim. Got a problem with that? 'Cause after all, I think it's my turn again."

Nate didn't comment for a while, remaining silent as he scooped eggs and sausage onto plates. He placed them on the table before grabbing a plate of toast. The meal was almost perfect, almost.

Pulling her feet off the chair where she'd been resting them, she stood, only to be gently pushed back to the seat by Nate. "What do you need?"

"I'm just getting juice. I can..."

"Let me *serve you*, baby."

Oooh yeah. "Juice, please, a great big glass. And maybe... you should drink one too." It wouldn't help immediately, but maybe she could do something for the next poor soul to suck his cock.

"I'm a carnivore. Carnivores do not drink *juice*."

Here it came. Margaret was going to poke the beast. "Carnivores who enjoy blowjobs do." The refrigerator door closed with a bang, the bottles in the door clanking together. Margie wondered if he'd broken anything. Oh well, too late to worry about it now. The bear had popped out of the bag, so to speak.

"Excuse me?" He placed two glasses of juice on the table. At least he humored her.

"Carnivores who enjoy blowjobs drink juice. Or rather, carnivores who enjoy coming in their partner's mouths drink juice. Often."

"What does juice..."

"Sweet goes in and sweet comes out."

Nate's eyes widened and mouth dropped open as he slumped against the back of the chair, legs spread wide. The outline of his cock, even flaccid, strained against the cotton fabric. "You're kidding."

"Nope."

"So, if I eat a lot of meat..."

She wrinkled her nose, couldn't help it. He'd tasted... not bad exactly, but she'd had better. She wouldn't be heading to downtown Nateville any time soon. "Yep."

"You're lying."

"Really? How did I taste? A little bit of musk, but it wasn't tangy at all, was it? Something you wouldn't mind tasting again, right?" He nodded, agreeing with her, his tongue wetting his lips. Good. "Well, you don't. You, dear sir, taste like rotten eggs. And let me tell you, it isn't happening again any time soon. So, drink your juice so your next customer might gift you with a blowjob. The juice can't help you this weekend, but I suggest you rethink the amount of meat in your diet."

"Next customer?"

She'd shocked him stupid. Damn. "Yes, your next customer. Not me, some other man or woman."

"I won't get another?" He nibbled his lower lip then poked it out. Probably trying to give her his best "puppy dog" look. Too bad he was a bear.

"Nope." She scooped up a forkful of eggs and took a bite. Delicious. The man knew how to cook. The eggs were firm, but not overdone. Perfect in Margie's book. Too bad she couldn't keep him.

"Not even if I drink two glasses and not eat the sausage?"

Poor guy. "Nope."

He grumbled, mumbling under his breath as he shoved a forkful of eggs and sausage into his mouth, followed quickly by a hunk of toast. The man had a big mouth. Good, he'd need it for what she had planned next.

Continuing their meal, Margie steered the conversation away from Nate's taste and onto other things. They covered family, friends, interests and her job. She already knew what he did for a living, didn't need to go there.

She felt comfortable chatting with Nate as they polished off their meal. Nate drank two glasses of juice. She didn't know if he'd tried to make up for lost time or really enjoyed her fresh squeezed mixture of orange and pineapple. Either way, the jug was nearly empty by the time they were ready to continue on to other activities. Too bad, she had really enjoyed talking, just talking, with him.

Nate jumped from the table the moment she'd finished her meal and drunk down her juice. After gathering the plates and pans, he did the dishes. By hand. The dishes! She thought she'd swoon at the table, but wasn't sure if she needed to be standing or sitting in order to properly swoon. Instead, she propped her chin on her palms, elbows on the table as she watched him. Poetry in motion: a man cleaning her kitchen. God, she'd never be able to let him go come Sunday, and she sure as hell didn't have enough money to keep him around after then.

After he'd dried and put the last plate away, he turned to face her, leaning against the table. "Hey."

"Hey yourself. Thanks for cleaning up."

"I aim to please... and *serve*."

Ugh! He wasn't going to let her live that little joke down. Oh well, she'd play the game as long as he seemed willing. She *had* requested a trained sub. Just because Nate wasn't exactly trained didn't mean she couldn't use him as she would have any other man who'd shown up.

"Good." She stretched, raising her arms above her head and let out a stifled yawn. She covered her mouth, the yawn continued. Damn, she really was tired though. The late night paired with the early morning had worn her out.

"You okay?" He pushed away from the counter and ambled to her side. He ran his fingers through her curls and she leaned into his touch, loving the way his calluses tugged at her hair.

"Mm-hm. Just tired. Long night. Early morning. Sleepy a little." Now that she thought about it, it'd been an eventful morning as well. Between giving Nate a BJ to remember and getting fucked like she'd never been fucked before, she'd had quite a morning workout.

"How about we take a nap for a bit?"

Mmm... A nap sounded good, real good. "Is this your way of getting out of what I've got planned?"

A pale blush rose up his cheeks and he flashed a grin. "No. We can still go through with your plans. You won't be forfeiting your turn. But a snuggle and a nap sound good right now, doesn't it?"

Yeah, it did. "Okay, but when we get up, your ass is mine."

* * *

Nate slept through being bound with cuffs attached to the bedposts. Well, almost. He finally groggily opened his eyes and gave a soft smile as the last metal cuff clicked into place, making him immobile and at her mercy. As she backed away from his spread-eagle body, his arms jerked against the restraints. "What?"

"I told you your ass was mine when we got up."

A look of pure panic stole across his face, all the color draining, leaving his normally deep complexion ashy and pale. He flexed his arms, pulling against the cuffs and hemp holding him hostage. Next, he flexed his legs, but the rope held fast. She hadn't taken bondage classes for nothing. True, if he *really* wanted to be free, he could probably break the cuffs and rope easily with the help of his beast, but for now, he was at her mercy.

He laughed, a stilted reproduction of the hearty laughs they'd shared over breakfast. Now, hours later, his laugh came forced through clenched teeth. He shifted and grasped the hemp rope, pulling at the bonds. She'd be sending her rope maker, Monk, a sweet thank you note when the weekend was through.

Moving away from the bed, she walked to the end, adding an extra bit of sway to her hips with every step. The sound of Nate's harsh breathing filled the room and its

cause concerned her. Either he was breathing hard from arousal or anger. When she reached the foot of the bed and turned to face him, she had her answer. His cock stood full and erect, jutting from the juncture of his thighs.

Placing her knee on the bed, she began crawling toward her goal. She hadn't been lying when she'd told him his ass was hers. Her "tools of the trade" lay on a towel near his hip. Either he hadn't noticed them, or hadn't realized their significance, but he'd find out soon enough.

"M, this isn't funny. My beast..."

"Your beast scratched my ass and hip." She flicked his balls, making sure she had his full attention. In response, he pulled on the bonds holding his legs as if trying to close them. "Don't you think it can handle being tied up by a puny Normal."

"Uhh..."

"What's wrong?" Her knees remained between his legs, but she leaned forward, her upper body hovering over him. She bent her head, flicking one tiny, dusky nipple with her tongue. "The big bad beast afraid of little ole me?"

He should be. She thought it, but didn't voice her warning. This was getting to be too much fun. Margie wouldn't be hurting him, but damn she loved having control.

Nate swallowed hard. Margie followed the movement of his Adam's apple as it traveled along his throat. "No. I, um..."

"Good. Let's begin, shall we?"

He nodded, as she returned her attention to his erection. His cock, full and hard, stuck up from his body between them, which left her target open to her. But she wouldn't go there yet. She wanted to get him hot and ready for what she had planned.

Grabbing the lube from the bed and flipping the lid, she poured a small dollop onto her palm. So far so good. She warmed the liquid, not wanting to wilt the large erection before her. Wrapping her forefinger and thumb around the base of his cock, she gripped tight as she stroked him from root to tip. His hips tried to follow the movement, but the ropes held fast. Even better.

Margie repeated the motion. Up and down. Over and again until pre-come began to leak from his cock. Using her fingertips, she captured the droplets of white cream, using them for additional lubrication. She was using the good stuff -- only the best for her Nate. Mmm... her Nate. Best not to focus on the thought though, she had an ass to plunder and he looked just about ready.

Tossing the bottle of lube aside, Margie brought her other hand into play. Just touching lightly at first, stroking his sac with her lube-slick fingers. She continued to stimulate his shaft while cupping and squeezing his balls. Nate pulled at the bindings, growling and moaning at the same time. Tightening her grip would get her a deep, low moan while loosening would earn her a growl.

Continuing to caress his balls with her palm, she slid her fingertips down to stroke his perineum, the silky smooth skin behind his balls. *Almost to the promised land.* Casting a glance at Nate's face, she saw he'd closed his eyes. His head thrashed on the pillows, the muscles of his body tensing and straining against the restraints.

Time to take the plunge.

Going for a man's ass, unless those involved have played before, can always be a bit tricky, even though Nate had notated on his limits list he was into ass play. Margie always got a little nervous the first time. She also got a little thrill out of it.

Still teasing Nate's restrained body, she inched her finger toward his asshole with slow deliberate movements. Fingers covered in lubricant, she wasn't worried about sliding her finger in. She was worried about moving too fast though. The joy of reaming a man's ass with her strap-on always got her excited. Yeah, they'd start with fingers, but her strap-on lay only feet away, ready for action.

Taking a deep breath, she slid her finger past the tight ring of muscle easily. Finding the walnut-sized gland with ease, she stroked the spot in time with stroking his cock. He would come so hard.

Her problem? She mistook Nate's roar for one of pleasure. The bed shook as he tore free of his bonds. Large and surprisingly hairy fingers gripped her by the

shoulders, pulling her away from his body. So much for ass play. And he was holding her awfully hard. "Ow!"

He released her, dropping her to the bed. She hadn't realized she'd been picked up. Nate stood above her, the cuffs and bits of rope dangling from his wrists. "What..." His chest rose and fell as he took a deep breath. "What was *that*?"

He acted like he'd never partaken in ass play before. "*That* was my finger in your ass, soon to be followed by my toy. What is your problem? I told you your ass would be mine and you're acting like some untried ass-virgin." They stared at each other, him standing in the middle of the bed, towering over her as she lay sprawled on the sheets.

"My ass is yours?"

Hadn't she just said that? "Yes."

"Really?"

She nodded. Now he was getting it.

"I'll show you whose ass is whose."

Before she could blink he was on her. But this wasn't the sweet caresses or even the hard fuck they'd shared before. No. This was a tickle match to the death. Nate found all of her hot spots, causing her to squeal and kick. His fingers wiggled around her neck before abandoning the spot for more squeal-worthy territory. When he caught her under the arms, she burst into a fit of giggles and near hyperventilation -- kicking and screaming with every touch. When he wiggled his fingers behind her knee, she thought she'd lose all control of her bladder. Piss-play had not been listed as acceptable play.

"Okay! Okay! No more asses belonging to anyone! Just... Stop!" It didn't sound convincing even to her as every word was laced with laughter. Margie couldn't remember the last time she'd been reduced to a giggling tickle fight with a man.

Finally the tickling, grappling fight ended with the two of them lying side by side on the bed, staring into each other's eyes. Nate leaned forward and Margie met him halfway, their lips pressing together in a soft, tender kiss.

"You surprised me. It wasn't bad. I just wasn't ready for it," he whispered against her lips.

"So, can we try again?" she asked hopefully.

"Don't bet on it."

She poked out her lower lip and he nipped it with his teeth before capturing her mouth in a searing kiss. Now this was going somewhere. Or, it was until the phone rang. *Damn.* "I'm sorry." She pulled away and rolled from the bed. Emily really did have the worst timing sometimes. "It's probably my friend calling to check on me. It'll only take a minute."

She snatched the phone off the end table and stepped out of the bedroom, closing the door behind her. Gushing to her girlfriend about the man in her bed in front of the man in her bed was not a good idea. Pressing the on button, she answered the phone. "Hey, bitch."

Only, a man answered her greeting. "I'm sorry. I must have the wrong number. This is Marcus Elias, I'm looking for Ms. Margaret Thompson."

"This is Margaret Thompson. I'm sorry for the way I answered the phone. I was expecting someone else."

"Apologies not necessary, Ms. Thompson. I'm the owner of Triple E and I was calling to find out why you'd cancelled your escort for the weekend. Do you have a moment to speak with me?"

"Cancel?"

"Yes. Normally clients don't cancel and I wanted to confirm my staff had..."

"Did you say cancel?"

"Yes, ma'am. You called last night approximately three hours before your escort's scheduled arrival to cancel. I have the notes from the call right here."

Oh fuck! Who had she been fucking?

Margie hung up on Mr. Whoever and dialed the one person she needed most. Well, really the two people. She needed Emily for emotional support and Josh to kick the imposter's ass.

Chapter Nine

One phone call and a quick trip to the laundry room later and Margie had dressed in a pair of old boxers and a T-shirt, awaiting her friends. For some reason, they seemed to be taking a while. Seconds turned into minutes as she paced the kitchen. If the imposter turned into a raving bear, she wanted knives and other sharp pointy things nearby.

Her stomach turned into boiling knots as she waited. She'd fucked him, sucked him and nearly fucked him with her strap-on. And through it all had fallen a little bit in love with him. Maybe love was a little far to extend her feelings, but she felt *something*. But it was a lie. All of it. Every kiss, caress, and moan had been a lie. But why?

Her train of thought was cut off by Emily and Josh's appearance in her living room. Thank God! "Josh! Go kill him!" Margie whispered through clenched teeth. Pissed did not begin to explain her mood. She wanted blood, or at least a few bruises.

Emily and Josh exchanged a look she didn't understand. "Margie, honey, why don't you sit down." Emily tugged her toward the couch.

"I don't want to sit down. I want Josh to go kill the guy --"

"Who's been fucking you like mad all weekend?"

Margie whipped her head around to find Nate, still naked, standing in the hallway.

"Dude! Cover up. I'm not going to have my wife staring at your dick while we all work this out." Josh threw a pillow at Nate, which he caught and placed over his groin.

"What? Jealous? Think she'll prefer me? Too bad, I'm taken."

The fucker! Not only had he made love to her, but he had another woman on the side. The cheating bastard. But wait, the way Josh and Nate were speaking to each

other... "You two know each other." Margie pulled free of Emily's grasp and stood, pointing a finger at Josh. "Do you know him?"

"Um..."

Margie then turned to Nate. "And what about you? Do you know him?"

"Well, the thing about it is..."

Dear God. If the men knew each other... Whirling, she looked at Emily, her best friend of more years than she dared remember or admit to. She had her head bowed, fingers twined and fidgeting. She knew him. Tears burned her eyes as she approached Emily. "You know him, Emily, don't you? You and Josh cancelled my original escort and you sent *him* in the man's place. You sent a complete stranger..."

"You were going to fuck a complete stranger anyway," Emily replied, her voice small as she spoke.

"But the choice was mine, Emily. God damn it, it was mine!" Tears fell, pouring down Margie's face, her friend's betrayal shooting straight to her heart. "You sent some stranger to me, someone who's going to go around the city spouting his prowess and bragging about fucking the lonely librarian. God damn it, Emily!"

Burning hands wrapped around her upper arms, pulling her away from Emily who was now crying. Fuck, the pain shot down her arms and wrapped around her chest. Josh was well and truly pissed. "Get your fucking hands off me, Josh," she ground out through clenching teeth.

Josh held fast. She pulled hard, struggling against his hold, writhing in his grasp. The pain became nearly unbearable. It felt as if her very blood had become inflamed as it coursed through her veins, burning everything inside her body. "Get the fuck off! You're hurting me!"

Tears of physical pain joined those from her emotional pain in falling from her eyes. The deceit and betrayal paired with being physically assaulted by Josh... It was all too much.

"Josh! Back off." With those simple words from Nate, all hell broke loose in Margie's living room.

Nate gripped Josh and he must have felt the same pain coursing through Margie at the moment. Nate's roar filled the room as Josh was wrenched away from her body. The force of their separation sent her flying toward the couch.

"You ass! How dare you hurt her!" Nate growled, deep and menacing.

Nate lunged at Josh, their arms locking, fists flying as they fought. Curses flew from their mouths and mixed into a jumble of yells as they wrestled with one another. Their bodies crashed against pieces of furniture as their fight continued. Nate's fist connected with Josh and she caught herself before screaming something inappropriate like "Good job!" or "Kick his ass!" The pain Josh had caused still reverberated through Margie. True, she still felt hurt by Nate's lies, but the pain Josh caused had been physical.

Margie retreated to the couch, slumping opposite Emily. The men didn't appear to be doing any major damage to each other, just her living room furniture. Damn, she'd have to replace it all.

"I'm sorry, Margie. Stop them. Stop them, please."

Margie narrowed her eyes at Emily. Tears stained her best -- *ex-best* -- friend's honey-toned face, leaving tracks of makeup streaming down her cheeks. "You're sorry? You were my best friend, Emily. Even if you didn't agree with my decision, I thought you'd support me. Instead, you and your husband decide what's right for me by sending *him* over." She swallowed hard, tears making the act almost painful. "I'll stop them, but only because I want you all out of my home."

Turning back to the grunting wrestling men, she noticed a glow surrounding them both. Fuck. One of them had tapped into their powers. She'd never seen an AE shift before, so she wasn't sure if Josh was building up some mental energy or Nate was shifting into a bear. Either way, not good.

Her answer came in the form of bones cracking and a deafening roar from beneath Josh. Josh got thrown several feet, slamming against the wall with a grunt. Taking a few steps forward, she leaned to peek over the loveseat only to come eye to eye with a very large, very pissed-off bear. He didn't pay her much attention though.

Instead, he swung his head around to stare at Josh for a moment before charging. Fuck. Now she had a bear and a Psi Extraordinary going at it in her living room with a screaming Emily behind her. Enough was enough.

Snatching the leg of a broken end table from the floor, she strode toward the men. Nate had Josh pinned beneath him, his bear jaws inches from his friend's neck. Part of her wanted to let Nate finish the job, but she couldn't let that happen. Taking aim with the wooden leg, she let it fly, striking Nate in the hindquarter with the broken piece of wood. At least her lessons in paddling were good for something.

Nate swung his head around, narrowing his midnight black eyes at her. That just pissed Margie off. "What? Going to go all bear on *me* now, tough guy?"

Nate growled in response, baring his big bear teeth. Okay, maybe hitting the thousand pound bear in her living room with a puny piece of broken furniture hadn't been one of her greatest ideas. Nate stepped off Josh and turned on Margie. She still clutched the wood, not a good weapon, but the best she had.

"Margie, you need to get out of the way. I'll get Nate out of here and we'll all calm down. It'll be okay." Josh tried to placate her and calm the situation, but it didn't matter anymore. None of it mattered. She'd been deceived by the people she held most dear, part of her home had been destroyed and her heart... Her heart had been crushed like all of her furniture. She'd been foolish in thinking her feelings for Nate had been more than infatuation.

Dropping the wood to the floor, she made her choice. "Go ahead. Do it. Solve everyone's problems." She held her arms out to her sides as the bear approached, not fighting or running. Everything had blown up in her face in a matter of minutes, and now Nate in his bear form looked like he was ready to have her for dinner. She wouldn't fight. It would be pointless anyway. Better to just let it happen.

Closing her eyes, she waited for the inevitable, but it never came. The sound of crunching bone and a low moan filled the tense silence. Opening her eyes, she saw Nate had returned to his human form. When he raised his head, she could see tears

brimming in his eyes. Good. She got a zing of happiness knowing the change had hurt him to the point of tears. Bastard.

"M, I would never..." Nate's voice still held a hint of growl. From anger or did his bear still have a hold on him, she wondered.

It didn't matter. Being in his presence, being in *their* presence, made her sick. "Doesn't matter. Right now, I would. I want you all out. Now."

Turning her back on them, she tiptoed through the wreckage of her living room and strode to her bedroom, her sanctuary. Right now, she wanted to be alone.

Nate waited until he heard Margaret's bedroom door slam shut before rising from the ground. His whole body hurt. He hadn't shifted that fast since he was a cub. Standing, he rotated his shoulders and shook out his legs, the pain radiating from his joints and muscles making the movements nearly unbearable. He didn't have long to think about the pain in his body, as a new pain radiated from his cheek.

Emily had slapped him. "You bastard."

He clenched his fists. He'd never hit a woman before and he wouldn't begin now. "Me? I told you if this went to shit it was on your head. Didn't we agree if it went 'wonky' it was your fault?"

"I'm not talking about Margie. Hopefully I can fix my friendship with Margie with a lot of apologies and chocolate ice cream. I'm talking about you nearly killing Josh, you ass!"

He hadn't nearly killed Josh. Not really. Sure, his teeth had gotten the teensiest bit close to his neck, but Nate didn't think his bear would've hurt him, much. "Well, I am worried about this shit with Margaret and couldn't give a shit about Josh!" He stared down into Emily's eyes. He wouldn't hit her, but he could intimidate her a little. His Margaret was hurting because of the crap they'd pulled under the guise of doing something nice for her.

Josh grabbed Nate's shoulder and a low burn spread across his skin. His friend was still pissed, but at least he wasn't letting loose on him. "Thanks, fucker. Nice to know you care."

Nate shrugged off Josh's hold. "You were fine."

"Your teeth are sharp."

"And your power burns like a motherfucker. Which reminds me..." Turning toward his friend, Nate pulled his fist back and let it fly at Josh's face, knuckles connecting with his cheekbone. "Use your powers on Margie like that again and you're a dead man."

Josh put up a hand, warding Emily off while keeping his gaze intent upon Nate. Nate hated when Josh did the mind stuff; he could feel his friend in his head and it pissed him off he hadn't bothered to learn or train to keep him out. Holding one hand over his bruised eye, Josh took a step forward and extended the other.

Nate took it, albeit warily. What had Josh found that made his mood and demeanor suddenly change? Shaking Josh's hand, he didn't wonder for long.

"You love her," Josh said, matter-of-factly.

"What?" Nate and Emily spoke in unison. For once, he and Emily were thinking the same thing.

"You do. Whether you admit it or not is another thing." Nate watched as Josh wrapped an arm around Emily's waist, and they walked to the front door, stepping around the broken furniture and damage he and Josh had caused.

Nate looked around the room. Bits and pieces of Margaret's furniture were scattered about. It looked like the only pieces to survive were her couch and love seat. At least she'd have somewhere to sit.

Flopping onto the love seat, Nate stared at the ceiling. He'd fucked up. Huge. No, bigger than huge. Gigantic. Ginormous, even. Not only had he deceived a beautiful woman, he'd then gone and fallen in love with her. Maybe love was a far stretch, but he liked her, a lot. What the fuck was he going to do now?

Chapter Ten

Margaret wiped her mouth, spitting the last bit of bile into the toilet as she rose from the floor. The flu had been kicking her ass for days now. Maybe it was time to get to the doctor. Huddling in her robe, she shuffled back to the living room, snuggling onto the couch. Sure, her coffee and end tables were gone, but the TV and her favorite couch were still there.

Sipping her warm tea, she flipped through the channels, looking for some mindless teenybopper movie that could whisk her away for a couple hours. Anything to keep her from thinking about the five o'clock phone call and six o'clock visit she'd have tonight. Glancing at the clock, she saw it was almost time for the call.

Margie wondered why she hadn't just turned the ringer off after the first couple of days. But some part of her couldn't flick the little switch on the phone. She needed to know Emmy cared and hurt like she did and Emily's daily call at five assured her that her friend was still in emotional pain.

Holding the phone, she watched the clock and waited. Her heart rate increased as each minute ticked by. Anxiety ate at her every day at this time. Five o'clock came and went without a phone call from Emily. Margie checked the phone to make sure the ringer was still on. It was. A knock at the front door drew a startled scream from her.

Damn. Whoever it was knew someone was home now.

The knock came harder this time, seeming to echo through her home. The person wasn't going away. She stole a look at the clock as she rose from the couch. It wasn't six yet, so the visitor couldn't be Nate. Padding to the front door, she peeked out the side window and jumped back as if the curtain had bitten her.

"I saw you, M. You might as well open the door."

Hearing Nate's deep baritone voice brought all of her nerve endings to life. Even though her anger still stewed within, she couldn't keep her body from reacting to him and his voice.

"M?" Like a bear with a damn bone.

Throwing the deadbolts with a few efficient clicks, she opened the door for him. It had been three vomit and tear filled days. He might as well join in the fun. He wanted to see her? Well, now he could. He could see her ratty hair, bloodshot eyes and dark circles. How pretty she looked now. Ha!

"Oh, baby," were the first two words out of his mouth.

She didn't want his pity, but it looked like she'd be getting it anyway. He took one giant step, closing the space between them, and enveloped her in his arms. The ass. How dare he give her comfort when he'd caused all of her hurt to begin with?

"I'm sorry," were the third and fourth words. Well, at least his apologies were getting a bit better.

Wiggling out of his embrace, she slugged him in the shoulder as hard as she could, which, considering she'd thrown up everything she'd tried eating for the past three days, wasn't very hard. "You should be. Asshole." She turned her back on him and shuffled toward the living room. "Why are you here?" Margie called the words over her shoulder as she slumped onto the couch, pulling her favorite quilt over her legs.

"To apologize, beg, grovel and beg some more." He dropped to his knees before her.

She wanted to tell him to stand or sit on the furniture. She'd witnessed firsthand what kneeling could reduce him to, and she didn't want to see that happen. "Nate..."

"Just let me talk, M, and then I'll leave if you want." She thought she saw tears forming in his eyes, but couldn't be sure. But if he wanted to talk, she'd let him talk. At least until she felt sick again anyway.

"Speak." *Like the dog you are.*

"I'm sorry for hurting you and destroying your home." *You should be.* "But I'm not sorry for the time we spent together. I loved every minute I spent with you."

He had balls, great big brass ones.

"Are you kidding? Do you think this will get you back in my pants?" She raised her hands in the air, shaking them. "Ooh! Nate's sorry! Let me open my legs for you now. Not!"

"M, I'm trying here."

"Try harder. Try 'M, I'm sorry I lied to you' or 'M, I'm sorry I destroyed the living room and your antique furniture' or 'Gee, M, I'm sorry I made you fall in love with me and then was revealed to be the biggest ass and liar on the planet!'" Fuck, she was gonna puke.

Pushing Nate out of the way, she dashed for the bathroom. She made it, barely. By now her vomiting had been reduced to dry heaves, but the tears and snot accompanied the heaves nonetheless. A wet washcloth appeared in her line of vision. Taking it, she wiped her face before throwing it in the sink. She'd wash it later.

"How long have you been sick?"

"A few days, not that it's any business of yours."

"Well, I think you being in love with me makes it my business." The ass had the balls to sound smug.

"Believe me, it's a condition I plan on getting over. Soon." Pushing past him, she shuffled to the kitchen to make herself a cup of warm tea.

Nate stayed hot on her heels. As soon as they entered the kitchen, he directed her to a chair, settling her on the wooden seat. "What do you want, M?"

Aw, man. Now he acted like the cute little sub from a few days ago who'd made her breakfast. How could she stay mad at the cheating bastard now? That's right! He had another woman! "Nothing, but maybe you should ask your girlfriend what she'd like. I do recall you telling Josh you were taken. Maybe she'd like some hot tea."

Nate turned to face her, a serious look on his face. "If I'm taken, it's by you if you'll have me. No one else, not now, not ever. Just you, M. Now, what do you want? Hot tea?"

Oh. Not what she'd been prepared for. So, he didn't have another woman. Just her, if she'd have him. But he'd lied to her.

She nodded, answering his question, and watched as he moved around her small kitchen, making her a fresh cup of tea. She hoped it would soothe her stomach. She really did need to get to the doctor and get checked out. Soon.

After placing the steaming cup in front of her, he sat in the chair nearest to hers. "I'm sorry, baby." He cupped her cheek. "Sorrier than you'll ever know. I'm sorry I lied to you and destroyed your living room, but I'm not sorry you're in love with me."

"I never said I was." She lied.

"Okay, but if you can forgive me, do you think there's a chance you could?"

"No."

"You're lying."

"So?" She took a sip of her tea. Margie's hand shook so badly, the steaming brew splashed onto her fingers.

Nate took the cup from her. "How about we agree to start over? No lies, no deception. You're still M and I live to serve and please you."

"One condition." Yeah, she was probably making the biggest mistake of her life, but it'd be a fun one.

"Name it."

"Your ass is mine." *Ha! Like he'd ever agree to that!*

"Done."

What little color Margaret had left in her face drained at Nate's one word answer. He'd gotten to her. Good. But he had a condition of his own. "Well, it's yours as soon as you're feeling better." Which if he was right and his beast's increased need to

protect and care for Margaret were any indication, would be about nine months from now. She didn't seem to recognize the symptoms yet, but she would.

The phone rang, startling them both. Nate rose from the chair and grabbed it. Margaret's mumbled "make yourself at home" reached his ears just before he answered it. "Hello."

"Nate? What are you doing answering Margie's phone?"

"Hey, Emily. I'm just taking care of M now that she's let me through the front door. Want to talk to her?"

At Emily's emphatic "yes" and Margaret's nod, he handed the phone over and left the kitchen to the sound of sniffles and Margaret whining about being sick. Perfect. Any second now he'd have Emily at the house to take care of Margaret. Not exactly how he'd intended his and Margaret's reunion to go. Lost in his thoughts, he didn't hear Margaret's approach and wasn't aware of her presence until she pressed her front to his back, wrapping her arms around his waist, still holding the phone.

Nate took the phone from her and tossed it on the couch. "Emily on her way, M?"

Margaret shook her head into his back. He thought that was the only response he'd be getting, but her next words were more than he hoped to hear. "Nope. I told her I had you, and you live to serve and please me. Taking care of me while I'm sick fell into one of those categories so she's off the hook. I don't think she believed me though. She just kept laughing. I finally hung up on her." Nate turned in her arms and enveloped her in a hug, pressing his chin to the top of her head. "So, take care of me already and get me better. I want to get my hands on that ass."

For now, he'd do everything in his power to restore her home to its previous condition and love her the way she deserved, even if it meant serving her on his knees.

Epilogue

Eric ran a hand through his hair. The Office of Kink and Karma needed to close, permanently. Yeah, he'd managed to get three couples together, but all the subterfuge had him forming an ulcer. So far no one from the Council had heard of his "office" but it was only a matter of time. Between running his "office" and his real job of running DA Industries, he'd be dead by the time he hit thirty.

The ringing phone grabbed his attention. Fuck. Grabbing the phone off the hook, he answered it. "Hello."

"Eric?"

He sighed. Not who he wanted to talk to at the moment. "Melani. What can I do for you? Are you okay, the baby?"

"I... Why are you answering your own phone? Where's Muffy or Buffy or whatever her name is?"

He really needed to stop sleeping with his assistants so he could keep one longer than a week. "She's no longer employed here. I'm in the process of locating another assistant. But I'm sure you didn't call to find that out, so what can I do for you, Lani?"

"I'm... I've quit my job. I'm taking your advice and going away for a while to figure out what I want out of life, who I am. I just wanted to say goodbye, Eric."

He slumped into a chair as he listened to his ex-lover. Getting away for a little while would be good for her. Seeing a shrink probably wouldn't hurt either, but he wasn't going to suggest it to her. Just because he and Melani hadn't worked out didn't mean he didn't care for her. Maybe taking some time away from the materialistic everyday life she'd been living would be good for her.

"I think that's a good idea, Lani. Where are you going?"

She hesitated. "I don't know yet. I just know I am."

He was probably making a mistake, but he was a sucker for a woman in need. Even if she'd proven to be a manipulative bitch a time or two, part of him still cared for her. "You know you can go to my island if you'd like. I hardly get there anymore and it'll be perfect for you to relax and get away from everything. There are no servants, but I can have it stocked for you before you get there."

He heard her sigh over the phone. "Thank you, Eric. I don't deserve your kindness after... well, after. But I appreciate and accept it nonetheless."

"Good. I'll have someone set it up." He gave a dismissive wave in the air. He didn't know who would be making the arrangements considering his assistant always took care of those things, but somehow it would get done.

Melani knew him too well. "Who? You've run off your latest assistant."

"I didn't run her off..."

"No, you probably slept with her and told her she'd never get a ring on your finger."

He rubbed the back of his neck, kneading the tense muscles. "Yeah. Well, you know how it is, Lani."

"Yeah, I do. Can I ask one more favor, even though I don't deserve one?"

She sounded so lost, Eric wanted to help her any way he could. "Shoot."

"My assistant Sam is out of a job now I've resigned. They decided not to replace me for the time being and..."

"Sam? Did you say Sam? Has he done a good job for you, shown up on time, all that good stuff?" A man! Just what he needed! The answer to his prayers came from his manipulative ex, but he didn't care.

"Of course, I wouldn't have someone work for me if they didn't. You know how I am. Sam has worked for me for nearly five years and s --"

"He's hired. Tell him I'll give him a ten percent salary increase if he can show up tomorrow. I'll let the doorman know he can send him up when he arrives." The other line in his office ringing caused Eric to rush Melani off the phone. "Listen. That's the

other line, Lani. I'll get Sam to arrange everything for you and talk with you later, okay?"

Eric hung up the phone with a sigh of relief. He'd have a new assistant tomorrow and it seemed like Melani was getting her priorities straightened out. Thank God. The Office of Kink and Karma would be officially closed and tomorrow would be a better, brighter day in Eric's world. Finally.

Celia Kyle

Celia would have loved to have written her own biography, but she just didn't know what to say. In a fit of desperation, she turned to me, her most trusted confidant and friend. I realize you're asking yourself, "Who is this?" I am Cali, her cat. I also go by a few other names, but those may be too strong for your delicate ears. Suffice it to say my mommy is very creative and not just with writing.

My mommy, Celia, began writing in August of 2006. I know this because it was around that time our meals started coming later and later in the day. As months passed, she spent more and more time in front of the boring screen. Though it was fun to chase the little arrow around every once in a while. You should hear her scream! But I digress.

She's worked hard to give readers sexy, quirky heroines they can relate to. And you better damn well appreciate it. All I got was late night feedings. And I didn't even make it into one of her books by name! That damn kitten, Katie O'Meghan, did. Bitch.

Well, enjoy her writings and if you want to praise her for her work... don't. I'd like to get fed at some point, people.

Fine. If you must contact her, her website is at www.celiakyle.com or you can send an email to celia.kyle@gmail.com. But when I go hungry, I'll blame you all!