

Carlanime Bligh

MAKE

IT

ROUGH

Changeling Press

Living Doll 2: Make It Rough

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Honey, a reluctant switch, has pretty much given up on the idea of ever meeting her perfect Dom. Right now she'd settle for finding a date to the Ironclad Resolution Ball, since her friend James has flaked on her at the last minute. Thinking she's hiring herself an escort, she accidentally orders herself a doll from the Living Doll Test Kitchens, and gets way more than she bargained for. Thane is ready and able to assume every bit of power she's willing to yield to him, and fully capable of bringing her to the point of willing surrender.

Prologue

Honey Dore circled the sub, her wide blue eyes taking in every detail of his position -- the tension in his muscles and the surface of his skin. His arms were tense, but not strained, and his neck was relaxed. His skin looked damp with sweat, but she judged that to be a result of arousal. Good. She rechecked the wrist restraints that held him in position, his arms pulled behind his back and around one of the wooden beams in the center of her living room. She'd had those beams sanded to a satiny finish, and varnished carefully, when she first bought this house. No splinters for her subs -- and the surfaces were all easy to clean, too.

When she was standing in front of him she couldn't help but notice his jutting erection, but she paid no attention to it. She showed no sign of her own arousal, of course, and if the truth were known, it wasn't his submission that was turning him on. It was his position.

Deep down, Honey missed the days when she'd been the one bound and restrained. It had been a long time since, as a newcomer to the scene, she'd found anyone in whose hands she could willingly place herself. It wasn't that she'd lost the urge. Far from it. It was just that as she'd grown more experienced, and gained greater insight, the thrill that had held more securely than any chains had faded. She'd outstripped her teachers, surpassing the Doms and Dommes she'd once held in awe.

She circled him again, rubbing the sides of his ass and his thighs. Her touches started out feather-light, but she increased the pressure gradually, her fingers massaging his exposed flesh. The sub moaned deep in his throat, understanding that she was preparing his flesh for what lay ahead. His skin turned pink and warm under her hands, signaling it was ready to take rougher contact without bruising or deep-tissue damage. She extended the massaging a little longer than was necessary, knowing

that the anticipation was half the fun. Already the tip of his cock sported a dewdrop of precum. She continued to ignore this -- his genitals were the sub's own concern; she was here to pleasure his mind.

Honey prided herself on being a skilled and tactful Domme, and she was spoken of with respect bordering on awe by many of her acquaintances. They never guessed, and she never confided, how reluctant a switch she was, although many people did know that she'd bottomed as well as topped.

But what none of them guessed, and few of even her closest friends knew, was exactly how much she wished she could find someone at whose hands she could experience that same ecstasy. Watching this sub now, as he strained at the bonds that he had no real wish to be free of, she felt a pang of envy. She remembered that excitement well. There was nothing quite like the thrill of agreeing to be "forced" to be exposed, aroused, and if one's Dominant chose, satisfied. Negotiating a safe space and time to hand over all decisions to someone else had been bliss. Gods, she missed it.

The problem was, as much as Honey enjoyed relinquishing control to someone else, she couldn't submit to just anyone. Like all submissives, she needed to trust and respect her Dominant, and as she had become more mature and experienced, it had become more and more difficult -- okay, make that impossible -- to find a man who met her requirements.

Oh, she had a lot of male friends who were dominant, and she respected them as people, sure. She knew they were trustworthy -- they wouldn't have been friends otherwise -- and skilled at what they did. She had no problem honestly recommending them to submissives who asked for her opinions. But none of them, unfortunately, had what it took to make Honey's pulse race.

She wanted, in other words, the impossible: a man so overwhelmingly admirable that she couldn't help but look up to him. Someone to whom it would be entirely natural to submit; someone she'd have no power or desire to resist. And she wanted him to somehow sense all this without even being told, at least not in so many words.

Honey shook her head, grinning ruefully at herself. *I don't just want Mr. Right, I want Mr. Psychic*, she thought, amused. She wiped the grin from her face before she stepped in front of her bound client. Some men craved the humiliation of being laughed at, but not Jake, and she would never in a million years have inflicted that on an unprepared sub. She'd picked up her leather riding crop, and now she casually held it, watching his pupils widen with fearful excitement. If only her day job were this easy.

Honey worked in advertising, and damned if the recession wasn't making that a bit like pulling teeth. Hell, pulling teeth would probably be easier -- people came to you asking for that. You didn't have to persuade them they wanted it. Whereas, persuading them to part with their money? That was tricky, and getting more difficult by the day. Tomorrow she had a scheduled meeting with her boss, Mark Danforth, and she already knew exactly what he'd say. He'd been giving them these regular pep talks for months now, underlining that they had to be "on top of their game" in order to persuade people to buy stuff they didn't want. Honestly, one more speech about "the current economic climate" and she'd start screaming, and not in the fun way.

All this had flashed through Honey's mind at lightning speed. It was a relief to twitch the crop expertly and land the first stinging blow. Honey took silent, slow breaths to make sure she stayed calm and in control, though. She'd heard horror stories of Dominants who'd let the catharsis of a scene lead them to go too far, causing serious injury and putting the unlucky sub through emotional hell. It was fine to enjoy a scene, but a good Dominant treated their own enjoyment as secondary to the needs of their partner.

She caressed his hard, firm flanks with the tip of the crop, admiring the way the muscles of his ass jumped in response. Tracing lines up his sides, she made him squirm and gasp with laughter, his ticklishness one of the sensations he liked to be forced to experience. He begged her to stop, helpless with laughter and unable to writhe away, but they'd discussed this, and she knew that he didn't really mean it. Besides, she wasn't just torturing the ticklish, here -- she was giving him a chance to recover from

the stinging sensation of being whipped, so that the next strike of leather would come as a fresh shock.

She twitched the crop delicately, expertly, lashing him, and he moaned and arched his body. Damn, she was getting really turned on herself. Luckily the leather jacket she wore, incongruously, over her almost Victorian blouse and long skirt, concealed her taut nipples. It was a rigidly modest outfit, chosen for the authority it bestowed as much as for how stunning she looked in it. But it also, thank the gods, made it impossible for anyone else to see that she was as excited as her sub.

It wasn't having control over him that was making her cheeks flush and her palms sweat. It was just that now the fantasy of being the one held firmly in place had taken hold, and she couldn't shake it. Circling the sub again, she pressed the handle of the riding crop between her legs, rubbing it against her swollen clit. She didn't want to make herself come until she'd finished the scene, and spent some cool-down time making sure he was emotionally okay, but hell. The minute he was out the door, she promised herself, she had an unbreakable date with her vibrator.

She steeled herself to look cool and calm as she stepped forward and resumed the sub's flogging, this time allowing the rhythm of her strokes to build, steady and unstoppable. He wore an expression of complete ecstasy, and Honey's pride and accomplishment were definitely tinged with envy now. As she carefully brought the scene to its peak, the imaginary Dom in her head did the very same to her, only his control would be so effortless he wouldn't need ties or cuffs to restrain her.

"I want you to come for me," Honey told Jake, keeping her voice firm almost to the point of harshness. "I'm not going to help you or touch you. I want you to come." The crop found its mark again and again, and she was careful to spread the pain over both sides of his ass and thighs. She wanted to hurt him, not injure him.

And she could tell from the unfocused look in his eyes that Jake was deep in subspace, barely seeing the room around him. For him, the scene playing in his head was whatever perfect fantasy of ownership and punishment shook his soul to the core. No re-enactment could ever be as perfect as those inner visions, Honey knew. Her role

was to come as close to that vision as reasonably possible, while keeping him safe from harm, so that the fantasy had a time and space in which to exist.

He was there. She could see it, even before he arched his hips desperately, straining against his bonds, and spurted hot, white come on the floor at his feet. "Good boy." She spoke soothingly, allowing the strokes of the crop to become less frequent and to trail away.

In a moment she would towel him off roughly like a well-ridden horse, untie him, and direct him to clean up after himself. But just for a moment she paused, savoring the view of his panting, sweating body. Her clit throbbed. There was, undeniably, a certain something to be said for being the one in charge.

She just wished she didn't always have to be.

Chapter One

The Perfect Solution

Honorina Dore -- Honey to anyone who wanted to live -- swept her bobbed hair back impatiently into a messy ponytail, from which the shorter sections immediately began to escape, and then pulled her laptop toward her.

She'd just listened to the phone message from her friend James. The louse had backed out of escorting her to the Ironclad Resolution Ball on the weekend. Not, she admitted, that she could blame him, really. She and James were just friends after all, and they'd been planning to attend together strictly as a matter of comfort and convenience. It had always been part of their arrangement that "real" dates, with potential partners, took precedence over their own standing agreement to escort each other to social events.

And heaven knows, neither of them had anyone else they could count on to unblinkingly agree to attend social events that ranged from staid, respectable, boring golf club functions or office parties, all the way up through much more interesting parties and staged scenes. James was not only up for all that, he had the wardrobe required to step in at a moment's notice and join her just about anywhere. He was the best accessory ever. She appreciated him, truly she did.

But, she thought now, frowning in annoyance, he had left things awfully late. He had every right to cancel, sure, but she did wish he hadn't put it off until the last minute like this. Where the hell was she going to lay her hands on a well-dressed, well-trained male sub at a moment's notice? She firmly quashed the faint, flickering hope of finding an equally suitable Dom instead. That, she well knew, was a nearly impossible task.

In the meantime, there was the much more achievable goal of finding a date for the ball. Honey had thought of the perfect solution.

A while back, she and some friends had attempted to order a sex doll for the shyest, most prim member of their group. It had been supposed to be a prank, but had gone weirdly wrong. The company they had ordered it from, the Living Doll Test Kitchens, had turned out to be some sort of freaky escort service. Instead of a deluxe adult toy, they'd dispatched an actual guy.

Luckily they'd somehow managed to send Delle her perfect man. The last Honey had heard, Delle and the somewhat mysterious Lexan were making wedding plans. Okay, so Honey wasn't kidding herself that she was expecting that kind of commitment, much less that she'd find anyone via the hire-a-guy route. But, she thought now, surely the LDTK was the perfect place to turn to now, when all she needed was someone presentable in black leather to be her escort for a single evening?

A moment later she was browsing through profiles on the LDTK website. Back when they'd been choosing what they'd thought was a doll for Delle, Honey had found the site a bit strange and sickeningly twee. Creating "personality profiles" for dolls was just a bit too cutesy for her taste. It made slightly more sense now that she knew they were escorts.

But they were still the strangest profiles she'd ever seen. The categories, for instance, made no sense. *Astral Wanderer? Reclaimed Demon? Intergalactic Traveler?* Honey winced, trying and failing to imagine the degree of sheer crazy that had gone into thinking that one up.

Lexan, the guy they'd sent to Delle's apartment, had been listed as a "Recently Freed Bondsman," and his blurb had claimed he'd earned his freedom from servitude, had a memory wipe, and was looking for someone to belong to. Honey and the others had giggled themselves sick over it at the time. Cocktails had been involved -- many, many cocktails. Also, now that she thought about it, probably a little too much sun.

Remembering this now, she felt a slight surge of guilt along with the renewed hilarity. Oh, God, had Delle's escort showed up expecting some sort of unspeakably silly role-play scenario? If that was the case, then no matter how well her relationship with Lexan was going now, Honey still owed her a whole world of apology for the

embarrassment. She scribbled a reminder to herself to send them flowers and a bottle of wine or something. The humiliation must have been extreme, and not in a fun way.

Clicking through the improbable profile categories, Honey stopped suddenly, delighted. Fallen Angel? Now that was more like it. She pulled up the order form and whipped out her credit card.

* * *

It was beyond confusing to get home the next day and find that there were two delivery guys, plus a huge crate, arriving at her front door at the exact same time she was. She was still slightly frazzled and distracted from a tough Friday at work. If she'd been thinking clearly, she would have noticed that the crate was stamped "LDTK" before the guys had wrestled it into place in her hallway. As it was, by the time she'd distressed enough to focus on the crate, the delivery persons had long since vanished. Honey sighed, and glared at the huge wooden box. Whatever was in there, it sure as hell wasn't her date for Saturday night.

And now that she thought about it, she was sure she knew what had been delivered. Honey shook her head in disbelief, her appropriately honey-blond hair tumbling around her cheeks. LDTK must be a spectacularly inept company. First they'd screwed up in one direction, sending Delle a date when all her friends had wanted to do was buy her a doll.

And now? Now it looked as though they'd screwed up again, but this time in precisely the opposite direction. "I need a date," Honey complained, even though there was no one there to hear her. "Not a damned doll, a date." She kicked the crate in a moment of ill-advised frustration, and then spent several minutes hopping and swearing. By the time she'd recovered enough to put her weight on both feet, she found she'd recovered her sense of humor too. Maybe LDTK had figured two equal and opposite mistakes cancelled each other out. But damn it, she'd explained exactly what she needed in the "what you're looking for" part of the order form.

She shrugged. Might as well open the box, since it was there. She'd never had the chance to closely examine a top of the line sex doll before, although she'd seen cheap

ones used as decorations. No way was she passing up the opportunity to check this one out.

After a slight struggle she was able to pry the front of the box off with a hammer and chisel. She pulled away the biodegradable plastic packing straw, and then dropped the tools and stared. Even the pain of the hammer falling directly onto her already injured kicking foot couldn't make her drag her eyes away. The guy in the box was gorgeous, even if he was made of molded plastic or whatever.

Fallen angel? They hadn't been kidding. This was a little bit of wicked heaven right here. He was big -- several inches taller than Honey's own 5'9" -- and solidly built, clearly much heavier than her own curvaceous self. She caught herself smiling up at him, liking the size differential just fine, and then abruptly flicked the smile off when she realized she was just a short step away from flirting with a giant doll. "Pull it together, Honey, please." She'd spoken out loud without thinking, startled and amused by her own reaction.

Seriously, though, if he'd only been real he'd have been very much her type. Large enough and strong enough to easily lift her in his arms, she decided, assessing those arms and nodding her approval. And stunning, just stunning: blue eyes so dark they were practically navy, and chin-length hair with deep blue highlights so skillfully woven through the silken black that they looked, bizarrely, natural. That, she supposed, was one of the advantages of dollhood. Long, black eyelashes framed his improbable eyes, and he seemed to be watching her.

"All very Goth," she told him, trying to sound flippant, "but to complete that look, shouldn't you be asleep now? It's daylight outside."

His full, red lips had been carefully shaped so that a small smile, almost a smirk, lingered at the corners of his mouth, she noticed now, and she could see a hint of sharp, white teeth -- wow, he was detailed!

And whoever had dressed him hadn't held back, either. He wore a loose, white poet's shirt tucked into tight, black leather jeans, and a matching black jacket dangled

carelessly from one of his hands. His boots, oddly enough, lay at the bottom of the box on either side of him, along with crumpled white socks.

Why had they packaged him barefoot? Honey frowned, puzzled by the weirdness of that. "Did you get uncomfortable and start getting undressed?" She was still playing around, talking out loud to the doll, but now her voice sounded slightly shaken. She was creeping herself out now, feeling thrown by the unexpected detail of his bare feet, and it had knocked some of the standard confidence out of her voice. "Okay, enough with the doll," she decided, "I need a drink."

By the time she'd mixed herself a martini she was over her minor case of chills. In fact, she'd just about made up her mind to keep him. He was easily the coolest looking thing in her apartment, she decided, and definitely an unusual conversation piece. He could sort of decorate her hall, maybe serve as a kind of coat rack. The world's hottest coat rack.

Besides, she had to admit it, she was curious. She'd never taken a sex doll for a test drive before, or even considered the possibility, but now that she suddenly found herself in possession of one, well, she couldn't help wondering what it would be like. Drink in hand, she wandered back for another look, approval clearly written across her face.

"All right, let's get you out of the packaging so I can have a good look at you." Her voice was firmer now, and her customary take-charge tone was back in place. She set her drink down on the wooden arm of a chair and started shifting him forward, one side at a time, inch by slow inch, careful not to overbalance him. If she dropped him, she thought anxiously, she'd have to call someone to help her pick him up again. Maybe a couple of someones; he was quite heavy. What on earth had the manufacturers been thinking here? Very few buyers would be able to move him around easily. This was worse than shifting furniture.

Except then all at once he was out of the box and standing beside her, much more quickly than she'd expected. It left her with the slightly ridiculous impression that he'd gotten fed up with her efforts and just stepped out onto the floor.

Chapter Two

Or Maybe Not

Honey was so startled to find the doll out of his box that for half a second she froze, still bent over because she'd been about to grab his ankle to try shifting him from the bottom. Now suddenly his bare feet were flat on the floor, in a position indicating he was standing with his legs apart. Before she could work out how that was possible, something happened that drove all rational thought from her head.

He slapped her ass. Hard. Honey straightened up abruptly, half-formed questions jostling for her attention, the foremost of which was: how the hell had that happened? Had his arm slipped when he came out of the crate? Was it heavy enough to just swing and accidentally hit her like that?

She abandoned that theory as soon as she looked up at him, because the doll was smiling at her, and when her mouth fell open, he winked. "I couldn't resist. Those curves were just begging for my attention."

Honey found her voice. "What the hell?" She was determined not to show fear, but she was sure experiencing it.

The doll shrugged. "What, you've never been spanked before? About time someone took you in hand, then."

Honey clenched her jaw, amazed that a supposedly inanimate object could be so instantaneously annoying. "Not so much by plastic dolls, no." She spoke dryly, even though she could barely hear her own voice over the sound of her own pulse. "Mostly I've found my sex toys just stay put. Not to mention, that new car smell isn't top of my list of things to look for in a guy."

He looked amused. "Thane." He held out one large hand. When she didn't move to take it his grin widened and he reached out and shook her hand, which had gone

cold with fright. "My name is Thane." Instead of letting go of her hand he clasped it between both of his own. "Your fingers are freezing." He actually sounded concerned.

"Probably shock." Honey decided there was no point in denying the obvious. She was beginning to feel slightly dizzy. "It's the whole talking sex doll thing. It's a bit disorienting, don't you find?"

Thane gently pulled her close, wrapping his arms around her, and Honey leaned against him, unresisting. Oh, gods, he really did smell slightly of plastic. But she felt in need of a bit of support, at least until the adrenaline wore off. She just hoped she didn't do anything really humiliating, like passing out.

"It's all right," he whispered, his breath warm against the top of her head. "Just breathe. There's nothing to be afraid of here. The world's just a little stranger than you knew it was, all right? You wanted your very own fallen angel, and here I am. Calm down. Just relax, and try to enjoy it."

Honey tilted her head to look up at him again, intending to ask just how she could possibly relax and calm down under the circumstances. But as soon as she moved, his lips were against hers, kissing her gently and firmly. They felt slightly too smooth to be human, but not unpleasant.

His arms were holding her tightly against him, and he reached one hand up to hold her face in place. That felt strange too. His flesh was warm and alive, but unnatural, as though somehow a manufactured substance was being brought to life. And he was strong, she could tell, much stronger than a real human. She knew he was being careful not to hurt her, but he was also making it impossible to pull away, or even to turn her mouth away from his increasingly probing kiss.

Not that she was even sure she wanted to pull away. The kiss was making her legs tremble, and giving her little cold-shivery pangs along her hips and crotch as her muscles tightened involuntarily in response to this strange new pleasure.

His tongue pushed between her lips, and even as she responded a part of her marveled at his nerve. His kisses were insistent, even proprietary, and she certainly hadn't given him explicit permission for this.

Of course, she thought, to be fair she hadn't done or said anything to make him think she wanted him to stop, either. Quite the contrary. Her body, without consulting her common sense, had pressed itself up against him, and she'd reached both her arms up to embrace him. Her fingers clutched his hair as if she couldn't bear to let him stop kissing her. Which, she realized with amazement, she couldn't. Dear gods, he was delicious, and his mouth felt so good it was making her head spin again.

He lifted his lips from hers, and to her faint shame she made a small pleading sound. His grin was all too knowing. Some of her earlier annoyance came flooding back, which at least made her disentangle her hands and stand up straight, pulling back as much as his arms would let her -- which wasn't far.

"That reminds me." Honey wondered what exactly "that" was. "I brought a cookie recipe."

"A cookie recipe?" Honey repeated blankly.

"A cookie recipe." He didn't bother to explain further. He stepped away from her and reached down to pluck his jacket from the bottom of the crate. Having removed a crumpled piece of paper from the pocket, he hung the jacket casually on the front doorknob. "You should show me your kitchen." Honey, shaking her head in bewilderment, led the way.

"Nice," he said, looking around.

"So glad you approve," Honey snapped back. She was beginning to wonder if she'd lost her mind, and it wasn't even the apparently live sex doll that was worrying her at this point. The really troubling part was that he appeared to be making himself perfectly at home, and for some reason she was just letting him.

Not that she particularly minded him invading her kitchen. It wasn't as if she felt territorial about it. Gods only knew she never went in there herself if she could help it, which was why it was so spotlessly clean.

"I like the counter space." Thane, having stuck his recipe to the fridge with a magnet, stroked the counter surface appreciatively. He glanced from the nearest counter to his hips before adding, "Good height."

"I don't have sex in the kitchen," Honey stated categorically. "It's unhygienic."

Thane threw back his head and laughed. "I hadn't actually mentioned sex," he pointed out, causing Honey to turn bright red.

She glared, feeling she'd been caught out. "You were obviously thinking about it." It was a lame answer, she knew, since he could all too easily point out that she'd clearly been thinking about it too.

He tilted his head. "Are you a mind reader?" He was obviously teasing her now. She couldn't think of a single thing to say, witty or otherwise, so when he stepped closer and kissed her it was almost a relief. At least it spared her the embarrassment of groping for a coherent response.

And then his kisses grew more insistent, making her gasp for breath. Thane had pushed her gently against the wall, and now he lifted her arms over her head, holding them flat against the surface. The weight of his body against hers was just enough to keep her pinned in place. More than that, his weight against her was seriously arousing.

His kisses rained down on her, hungrily, ferociously, stealing her breath away and making her arch her hips in an unconscious plea to take this further. His tongue and teeth had found her neck, and as he licked and kissed the delicate flesh she tilted her head, wordlessly offering him her throat.

Now his teeth held her in place, not piercing her flesh, but stilling her movements completely. The shock of being held like this, more than any real fear of harm, froze her in place, and he released her wrists. She lowered her arms slowly to his shoulders, sharply conscious of his teeth gripping her throat. She was held in place, not just physically, but by her own need not to resist him. She wanted to feel this -- to be held like this, to know that she was restrained, to rejoice in his carefully controlled strength.

His hands were at the waistband of her jeans, unzipping them, untucking her white silk shirt. He pushed her jeans and underwear down around her thighs. She expected him to continue undressing her, but he stopped there, and when she reached to help him he grabbed her wrists before she could undo a single button.

He released her throat from his mouth, and she wondered giddily if he'd left a mark. Teeth marks wouldn't look terribly professional when she showed up at work on Monday morning, but nevertheless she half hoped he'd left some trace behind, some bruise or indentation to stake his claim on her. What am I thinking? she wondered, appalled, but she couldn't deny that feeling of wanting to be his.

And now he was kissing her again, gently and teasingly, pausing to lick the corners of her lips and to trace his tongue along her jaw line. Honey whimpered and writhed in frustration, pushing herself against him, but unable to move enough to satisfy her craving for more direct contact. His leather-clad erection pressed against her, but only enough to torment and not to satisfy. He held his hips back just enough so that she couldn't rub her swollen sex against him no matter how desperately she wriggled.

Her breasts ached, but his chest was pressed tightly against hers, and he made no move to relieve her growing need to have him touch her. She imagined how it would feel to have his fingers brush across her nipples, or to have his tongue graze them, and she moaned out loud at the thought.

He lifted his head to gaze into her eyes, looking pleased that she was losing control and expressing her desire, and she flushed even more deeply. She didn't want to let him know how turned on she was, and how desperately she wanted more. But at the same time, she felt a shameful desire to beg him to touch her. The words formed in her head, and it was all she could do not to give voice to them. *Please, please, please take me, use me, let me have you inside me.*

She wanted him to provide some release. She needed him to respond, but he remained infuriatingly calm. His erection was the only clear sign that he shared her state of arousal, and even so he remained coolly able to withhold it, instead of rubbing and thrusting against her the way she was struggling to rub against him. She raised her hips again, trying to increase the contact, but again he shifted tantalizingly away. She bucked wildly, but he smiled down at her. It wasn't even difficult for him to hold her this way, she realized; he was inhumanly strong, and his self-control was unshakable.

She was fighting hard to get next to him, but fighting even harder to rein herself in and regain some self-control.

“No,” he told her, as another whimper escaped her lips. “Not until you ask for what you want.” His voice was deep, but calm. It was maddening that he could bring her to this point of arousal and yet still be very much in control of himself. It wasn’t fair, she fumed silently. Why was she being driven mad with lust, while he looked almost amused by her desperation? She made a frenzied effort to break his hold and get away, but she couldn’t escape, and she didn’t really want him to stop. Panting, she looked up at him, knowing that she wasn’t going to be able to resist.

Chapter Three

Toys That Make You Go Mmmmm

“You can’t get away.” He was pointing out the obvious. “And you don’t want to. You’re so wet for me, darling one, that look -- you’re even soaking my clothes with that needy, wanton little cunt of yours. Honey, love, you can’t hide from me.” He stepped back further, only his hands on her wrists holding her in place now, so that Honey could see the gleaming traces of her own desire on the front of his black leather jeans. She dropped her eyes in a sudden surge of shame, reluctant to believe she’d been pressing herself against him like an animal in heat.

“Look at me,” he said, and she glanced up reflexively. His face was tender, and held none of the scorn or derision she’d been half-expecting. “Your arousal pleases me. I want you to desire me -- but I want you to tell me. Can you do that?” Honey nodded wordlessly, feeling almost hypnotized by his gaze. “I know you’d do anything for me.” He was still using that seductively reassuring tone. “Just say the words, and I’ll let you have what you want.”

A part of Honey hated this. She resented being treated like a child, spoken to as if he were in control of her, and even more than that she hated the way her stomach tightened with excitement at his words. She was even wetter now than before he’d spoken, and she was embarrassed by her own response to his words, but there was no way to deny the effect he was having on her. Her clit was practically twitching. She was clenching her thigh muscles, the friction from that almost enough to bring her to orgasm. She felt so close that his slightest touch might push her over, but damn it, he still wasn’t touching her.

Instead, he moved both her wrists to his left hand. She twisted, making one last effort to break his hold, but he was too strong for her. She wasn’t going anywhere, and

she couldn't move her body far enough from the wall he had her held against to press up against him. She couldn't even wrestle back enough control of this situation to get herself off!

With his right hand Thane unbuttoned and unzipped his jeans, pulling out his erect cock. She shivered, swept by another wave of desire, and to her dismay felt her mouth literally watering at the sight. Involuntarily she tried to spread her legs, shifting her feet apart in an effort to open her thighs to him and make her pussy more accessible, but she couldn't. Her jeans, still shoved halfway down, bound her thighs together.

She felt like howling with frustration, and still he was waiting for her to surrender. "I... I'll do anything for you, Thane." Her voice shook. Even saying the words to her doll brought her closer to coming. Her eyes were wet from the flood of conflicting emotions, shame and arousal and annoyance with herself for giving in, and yet as soon as she said the words she felt a measure of emotional relief. Somehow, deep down, it felt entirely right to be admitting the depths of her desire to him.

"Good girl." He stepped instantly forward and gathered her close against him. His voice was kind, but his grin was triumphant. "Don't feel bad. I have a slight natural edge." But his words barely registered. All of Honey's attention was focused on the much-needed friction his body was finally, blessedly, providing.

Instead of entering her right away, Thane slipped the long, delicious length of his cock between the swollen lips of her pussy, gliding back and forth. Honey was so hyper-aroused that she yelped at the first contact, a cry that quickly turned into a moan as he moved against her. Pinned as she was, and with her thighs held together, it was all she could do to arch her hips rhythmically, riding his erection. Even without penetration, it was enough. A few strokes of his cock and she was over the edge. She felt as if she were melting, her entire body limp and weak as she orgasmed against Thane, gasping for breath and calling out his name.

Afterward, he held her for a brief moment. Her heart was pounding and her breath was still coming in gasps. Without Thane there she thought she would have just slid down the wall and collapsed on the floor. She was utterly spent, every muscle tired

and relaxed. In her suddenly sleepy state she offered no objection when Thane lifted her easily to the kitchen counter.

Her eyes widened as he pushed her jeans and underwear down around her calves and spread her knees wide-open. "My turn," he growled, lovingly but firmly. One single thrust of his hips pushed his cock deep inside her. His erection felt different; some part of her mind filed away the oddness of his inhumanly smooth flesh. She'd gotten used to the scent of him, though, and she embraced him tenderly. Held in his arms, feeling both their hearts beating, Honey felt utterly content to let him use her now for his own pleasure. For once, she wasn't in charge of anything. Thane had taken control of her body -- no, she corrected himself. She'd handed him control. Just for now.

Afterward, she wondered just how much of her mind she'd lost. Handing off control to a total stranger was totally out of character for her, not to mention that in this case the guy wasn't even human. She jumped off the counter and hurriedly rearranged her clothes.

"That was neither safe, nor sane, nor consensual." Her hands shook as she tried to tie back her hair.

Thane laughed, a low throaty chuckle like a giant cat purring, but he also stepped closer, putting his warm hands on her upper arms. He wasn't gripping her, just resting his palms against her. She could feel the heat of him through the thin silk of her sleeves. Her heartbeat slowed gently in response, her breath coming less erratically as she relaxed.

He was standing in front of her, but slightly to one side; it would be easy, now, to escape from him. Lifting her eyes to his, Honey saw he was watching her, his eyes gentle, and she knew that he'd deliberately positioned himself so that he was near but not confrontational. When she made eye contact, he spoke, and she guessed that he'd been waiting until he had her full attention before he replied to her comment.

"It probably wasn't sane, I agree." He smiled slightly. "But you can't possibly deny that it wasn't consensual." Honey blushed and looked down, still slightly embarrassed by how eagerly she'd responded. "But I assure you," he went on, "that

you were entirely safe, every step of the way. It would destroy me to harm you, Honey.”

She looked back up to find his expression was absolutely serious now, and despite a lifetime of well-learned caution she found her gut reaction was to believe he was sincere. Not, she told herself, that she'd be making any decisions based on so brief an acquaintance. He'd turned her on and got her off, not rendered her stupid. But as far as live sex dolls went, this one seemed trustworthy. She bit her lip to keep from laughing at that thought.

Just then her phone rang. Thinking it might be James, Honey reached across the counter and picked up, and immediately regretted not checking caller I.D. first. It was Lila, Honey's least favorite member of the Ironclad Resolution Ball Planning Committee.

“I just heard that James isn't attending,” Lila chirped. When Honey didn't immediately answer, she asked impatiently, “Well? Is that true?”

“It's true, Lila.” Honey sighed. Trust Lila to carry on as if they were all in junior high and she was dateless for the big dance or something.

Sure enough, Lila immediately cooed insincerely, “Oh, you poor thing! That will look awful, won't it, a member of the Planning Committee showing up unescorted? I mean, I always feel it's part of our role to set an example within the BDSM community, don't you? Show them we're reliable people with stable, dependable relationships, however unconventional those relationships are. Some aspects of them, I mean. Don't you think? Look, Honey, do you want me to try to find a date for you?”

Honey didn't have the patience to listen to Lila chatter all evening. In fact, another couple of minutes of this and she might reach right through the phone and choke her. “Actually,” Honey drawled, eyeing Thane speculatively, “I'm pretty sure I have a date lined up.” *I just have to establish a few ground rules. Like not mentioning he's made of molded plastic, as a for instance.*

“Oh,” said Lila, after a short pause. “That's wonderful news. I'm delighted for you.” She didn't sound delighted. She sounded disappointed and mildly pissed off, an

impression confirmed by the snarky note that crept into her voice as she went on. "Especially since I know it will be very important to you personally to make the right impression at this year's ball." She hung up before Honey could ask why.

Honey turned to Thane, jumping straight to the point. "I'm sure you followed enough of that to know what I'm about to ask you. I need an escort to something called the Ironclad Resolution Ball tomorrow night. It's a BDSM event, so it's formal dress with lots of leather -- tasteful leather, though, nothing tacky or cheap looking. There'll be a couple of secluded dungeons for scening, of course, but mostly it's a dance and a chance to network. It's our big yearly fundraiser. The tickets cost a fortune, and I'd hate to waste one."

She shut up abruptly, realizing two things -- she was babbling nervously, and Thane had that annoying grin on his face again, so probably he knew she was nervous. Drawing a deep breath, Honey willed herself back to her usual cool competence. "I don't expect you to scene with me, but I'd love you to be my date for the evening, as long as you promise not to tell anyone you're not human."

"Are you kidding? I don't want to be locked up in some mental health facility any more than you do, believe me. You're the only person who gets to know my origins, aside from the ladies at the Test Kitchens."

Honey raised one eyebrow. "What sort of 'ladies' are they, anyway? Witches? Mad scientists?"

"Something like that," Thane said noncommittally, and she dropped the subject, sensing he didn't want to say more.

The rest of Friday night was weirdly comfortable. Thane, without being asked, whipped up pasta for supper. Later he showered, without asking, and apologized for having to sleep nude. "Tomorrow I'll have to access my bank account. And buy a whole new wardrobe." Honey didn't even ask why a giant doll owned a bank account. She wasn't sure she wanted to know. It must be a well-stocked one, though, if he could sound so offhanded about buying an entire wardrobe.

He claimed a side of her bed as matter-of-factly as if he'd lived there for years. Luckily it wasn't the side she slept on, because he hadn't bothered asking. For once Honey wore pajamas to bed instead of crashing nude or in her undies. She'd never have so much as gotten changed in her bedroom if she'd known toys could spring to life. Who knew how much her teddy bears had witnessed over the years.

* * *

In the morning he was up, showered, and dressed before she'd had time to more than lurch, zombified, to the coffee maker. Looking at his perfectly smooth skin, she had a sneaking suspicion he didn't need to shave, although she had noticed he had normal enough hair in other places.

"Sorry to dash, but I've got a lot to do today. Banking, shopping, making sure my credit cards are set up correctly... I'll be back later, don't worry." Before he left, he handed her a small bag of some sort of candied fruit. Crystallized ginger: disinhibitor, the label read. Honey snorted, and tossed it onto the coffee table. As if. Nobody in this apartment needed further disinhibiting!

After he'd gone, she wondered if she'd imagined the whole thing, but nope, there was still a huge crate cluttering up her hall. She just hoped he remembered they had a date tonight.

Chapter Four

The Ironclad Resolution Ball

Honey had chosen her outfit for the IR Ball with care. She was dressed entirely in white, except for the thin blue-gray ribbon around her throat. That matched her eyes; the rest set off her tousled blonde curls to perfection. The satin gloves reached up past her elbows. Her boots were thigh-high, not that anyone could see where they ended. Her white satin slip dress concealed her thighs, and the strapless white leather bustier and underpants weren't on display, either. But Honey knew they were there, and the consciousness of how perfectly they displayed her curves added an extra lift to her chin and a satisfied smile to her lips.

Over the dress she wore a hooded white leather cape, lined with satin. It fell nearly to the floor, and was the perfect setting for the rest of her outfit, both drawing attention to her graceful height and modestly screening her from ever being fully on display. Her clothes were, in other words, a delicate balance of attention-catching theatrics and subtle concealment, capturing every eye and yet never letting the viewer see her as clearly, or as entirely, as they might want.

She turned in front of her full-length mirror, admiring the effect. It was, she admitted, a little bit showy, but the ball was no ordinary formal event, and most of the guests would be similarly "costumed" rather than merely "dressed." It took a strong sense of style to comply with two dress codes at once, and look both gorgeously fetishistic and stunningly formal!

Thane had done well by her, too. He was wearing a black leather tuxedo, just one of the many outfits filling the armload of bags he'd returned with that evening. She'd never seen a man indulge in such a serious bout of hardcore shopping before. Then again, Thane was starting from scratch. Wherever he'd come from, he obviously hadn't

come equipped with a wardrobe. That would have to be bought separately. It was like owning a giant Ken doll, really.

The moment when they entered the ballroom of the hotel that was hosting the Ironclad Resolution Ball was everything she could have hoped for. Heads turned to look at them, jaws dropped, and she got nods of approval from her friends -- along with a few slightly perplexed looks. Just as she'd imagined it, except for one thing -- Thane chose that exact moment, when all eyes were upon them, to casually lay one possessive hand across the back of her neck. He was looking at Honey, not at anyone else, so perhaps he didn't realize that an entire room of people saw the gesture. But they all certainly saw it. Honey heard one or two slightly shocked gasps, and felt herself flush red. It had been such an obvious gesture of ownership that no one could possibly have failed to interpret it as a sign of pure domination.

For a moment she tried telling herself, hopefully, that perhaps she was over-reacting, and no one had read it that way. But almost immediately Lila came up to them, greeting them enthusiastically and wearing a smirk that left Honey with no further reassuring doubts. The gossip mill was going to have a field day with this one: Honey Dore, Domme, had shown up with someone who gave every sign of being on top.

Sure enough, Lila was already making the most of it. "It's so wonderful to have another Dom here," she cooed up at Thane, who looked unmoved. "Perhaps I can find a way to please you later, in the dungeon?" Honey rolled her eyes.

"Thank you, but no." Thane spoke calmly. "Just as I am the only one to whom Honey submits, she is the only one whose submission interests me." Honey blushed a deeper scarlet, feeling conflicted. On the one hand, she couldn't deny that his thorough rejection of Lila was gratifying. But his words left no wriggle room whatsoever. Lila was practically dancing in place in her eagerness to go spread this bit of information around the room. Honey felt exposed, as if all the most intimate details of her feelings for Thane were on display.

"You make it sound as if you own her." The slight bitterness in Lila's tone made it awkwardly clear she rather envied that experience. She must have noticed that herself, because she instantly pasted on an insincere friendly smile, and added, "How lovely for you both."

"On the contrary." Thane looked at Honey thoughtfully. "I think it would be more accurate to say that Honey owns me. You'd almost think she'd bought me." His eyes gleamed with private amusement, and Honey had to resist the urge to elbow him in the side. He was treading dangerously close to the truth. "In the moment she began to lay herself bare to me and let herself trust me, she was laying claim to me, and I started to belong to her."

Honey felt her heart melt, even as her face flamed red. If that was how he felt, then the embarrassment of having her submission to him laid on display was an absolute pleasure. She felt herself caught at that strangely gratifying point between shame and delight, and in that instant she knew if he wanted her to submit -- here, tonight, in front of everyone -- she was more than willing.

Lila had one last barb to aim, and she drove it home with a vengeful smile. "I think that's a beautiful sentiment," she purred. "I just hope it doesn't hurt Honey's professional standing at all. I know her boss thinks her skills as a Domme are all tied up with her abilities in marketing. He thinks you use your will to influence people to buy things, did you know that? And I bet he was as surprised as I was to see the two of you tonight."

Lila gestured over one shoulder as she spoke, and Honey was horrified to see that her boss was indeed standing nearby, drink in hand. Her heart sank, but not for nothing had she spent hours schooling her reactions while she was in charge of her subs. Not a trace of her worry showed on Honey's calm, pale face.

"Does he, really?" Her voice was past cool and verging on "iced over," and some of Lila's visible glee faded. "I'll have to correct that impression when I speak to him. I'd hate to think he really believes I manipulate our clients that way." Having reasserted

herself, Honey felt comfortable enough to enjoy looking around at her surroundings, and they were well worth the look.

Everyone was beautifully dressed. Many of the guests wore masks, not to hide their identity -- James had once quipped that everyone wanted to be seen at IR, if only to prove they could afford the ticket price -- but to add to the glamour and sense of possibility.

The walls had been draped with swathes of red and black silk that billowed gently in the twilight breeze, and in the center of the room there were tables laden with food and dripping candles. Anyone wandering through by accident, assuming they could get past the impassive security guards at every entrance, would have been hard put to say what kind of event this was, precisely, but there was a faint sense of "something out of the ordinary" that was heightened by the milling men and women, some of whom sported collars or chains, and many of whom wore leather.

Listening quietly, Honey could hear the muffled sounds of blissful screams from the dungeon in the adjoining room. She'd never been much for display scening; it struck her as artificial, introducing an element of stage play to the profound and personal interaction between dominant and submissive. But now she wondered what it must be like, to have someone so adore you that he wished to show the world how beautifully you submitted under his touch.

As if reading her mind, Thane glanced down at her, his eyes both hopeful and questioning. Honey felt her stomach dance with nervousness, and sought to head him off before he could ask. "I don't usually play at these events, and when I have in the past, it's always been as a Domme, never as a sub."

"Congratulations to your father," he remarked wryly. "Do you think you could feel safe stepping outside that accustomed role, or would you prefer not to touch that boundary tonight?" He didn't, she noticed, try to persuade her; he just laid the question open for her consideration, and her trust in him grew. Honestly, he could probably talk her into almost anything, and she appreciated that he was too honorable to take

advantage of his strange hold over her and drag her into something she wasn't ready for.

She didn't answer directly. "Let's do a walk-through, and see what's going on back there." He nodded, perhaps understanding that she wasn't certain where she wanted this to go. Except already her heartbeat had begun to quicken as she imagined accepting his touch in front of a crowd of onlookers, and her nipples tightened.

He looked at her with a wolfish hunger that suggested her layers of leather and silk did nothing to conceal her arousal from him. His smooth, inhumanly strong hand held hers reassuringly as they crossed the floor to the dungeon entrance, but Honey could feel her legs trembling.

Chapter Five

Admitting Desire

The Fortress Hotel occupied an old building, and the owners had long been part of the local BDSM scene, which meant that they were delighted to put the hotel's atmosphere at the disposal of events such as this, as long as the rules were clearly stated and strictly enforced.

Stepping into the stone-walled room that had been appropriated as tonight's play space, Honey marveled once again at how lucky they were to have access to the hotel. The cold, ancient-looking walls lent an ambience that couldn't be denied, while the tiny slit windows near the ceiling ensured privacy, and made it possible to believe the room really was underground. It wasn't; they were on the first floor. But something about the Fortress encouraged the imagination to run wild.

The organizing committee had supplied the wooden racks and stocks, spreader bars and benches. And, of course, there were ample supplies of disinfectants on hand, as well as trained volunteers to provide medical assistance as needed, and to see to it that all play was safe, sane, and consensual, and that the club's rules on hygiene and injury prevention were followed. The guests had brought their own toys, restraints and floggers.

Looking around now, Honey appreciated for the first time that the theatrical element of public play did have one thing going for it -- the thrill of display. She eyed the submissives, some of whom were already wearing no more than a collar, and shivered with anticipation.

They had been slowly circling the room, and Honey drifted to a halt in front of one piece of leather and oak equipment. It was a spanking table, designed to hold someone perfectly positioned: face down, arms restrained, comfortable but absolutely

unable to move. The leg restraints were fastened to a spreader bar, so that the person administering the spanking could easily penetrate their partner afterward. Honey's fears warred with her arousal, and lost. When Thane clasped her shoulders and spun her gently around to face him, she knew he could see how huge her pupils had become, and how her chest rose and fell with quick, panting breaths.

He stared at her carefully for a moment, considering. "Are you sure?"

Honey hesitated, thinking it over, and then nodded slowly. She dropped her gaze, unable to look him in the eye, but knowing he wouldn't mistake her shyness for an objection.

And he didn't. As smoothly as if he'd done it a hundred times, Thane began to undress her, letting her clothes fall to the floor. Honey could feel people turning to look at her; within the IR dungeon watching was permitted, although touching was against the rules. Her skin flushed with the heat of arousal. Thane had put her on display as calmly and decisively as if he owned her, and she felt exposed and slightly ashamed, but more than that she tingled with fierce excitement. She felt a thrill of pride that he had chosen her, and that she was bravely submitting to his desire to show her off.

Thane left her unattended for a moment while he draped the leather bench and headrest with towels, and her vulnerability as she stood there, naked and obedient, was making her wet. Wordlessly, he turned and took her hand.

Keeping her gaze lowered so she wouldn't have to recognize anyone she knew among the quiet observers, Honey let him position her on the equipment. He restrained her wrists, and then, as she'd been hoping and dreading, he clasped first one and then the other of her ankles, fastening them to the spreader bar. Her legs were spread wide now, and the glistening wetness of her pussy fully exposed. Not just Thane, but anyone walking by, could tell exactly how much she desired him.

As his hand fell against her ass for the first time, she jerked and struggled involuntarily, but the restraints held firm. Being at his mercy turned her on even more, and her clit was throbbing now. His hand fell in even, measured strokes, and her ass had begun to throb with the pain, but it was a good pain. She knew she was getting

even wetter as he reddened her cheeks, and that she must be bright red with embarrassment, but somehow knowing just how much he was making her reveal only heightened her arousal. When he stopped, after ten careful smacks, she could hear the ragged sound of her own breathing.

Thane caressed her curves with one hand, and then, before she had time to think, she heard the sound of a zipper, and knew he was pulling out his erection and preparing to mount her. She had never, not once, been penetrated during a public scene, and Thane didn't wait to ask permission or give her an opportunity to object. Not, she knew in her heart, that she would have objected. She was pulsing with the need for him, and her quivering pussy was all the proof anyone needed that she wanted this.

In a single, slow stroke he was inside her, and she gasped with pleasure as he began to thrust. The first strokes of his cock were as slow and controlled as his beating had been, and his fingers found her clit, rubbing it on either side in a way that made her arch herself into his hand and plead for more. He obliged, but with maddening slowness, caressing her just enough to make her buck beneath him but not quite enough to bring her off. And then, finally, when she had begun to plead out loud for him to let her come, he began to thrust more quickly.

"Oh, Thane, yes, please. Use me. I want to please you -- please, come for me, and let me come." She was lost to shame now, her tongue betraying her with its open admission of her need, but it was worth it. She felt him respond, his cock pulsing inside her, and he fingered her more insistently now so that she, too, lost control. There was just a moment in which to register the hot gush of fluid as he spurted inside her, and then Honey was melting, her cunt spasming around her as she cried out in ecstasy.

Afterward, he released her wrists and ankles, helping her to her feet, and into her clothes. When she was covered again he pulled her into his arms. She hid her face against his shoulder. "You did well, Honey. You were very brave to trust me to do this, and I love you for it."

Tilting her head to look shyly up at him, she stared, seeing only perfect sincerity in his eyes. How had she ever thought him inhuman? Whatever substance his body had been fashioned from, she knew he had every bit as much of a heart and soul as any human man. "I love you too, Thane," she answered finally, puzzled to find it was true. Somehow he'd already begun to capture her heart.

"Forgive me for interrupting, but that was one hell of a scene." Honey glanced to one side and saw her boss. Funny, earlier that evening his presence had filled her with alarm, but now she felt a calm confidence in spite of what he'd just witnessed.

"That wasn't a scene." Thane spoke hoarsely, not raising his eyes from Honey's. "That was just us."

"It was amazing." Danforth was repeating himself, and looking dazed. Honey grinned to herself. "So... honest, somehow. Real."

"You know, Mark, real skill doesn't consist of making people do anything they don't want to. Real skill is when you can find out what people really want, and get them to admit to wanting it." Her lips quirked in a mischievous smile as she added, "You should keep that in mind, in these difficult economic times."

She was glowing with happiness when they strolled back into the ballroom, Thane's arm around her waist. "Now what?" he asked. "For the record, my preference is to spend the minimal amount of time mingling, and then find someplace to be alone together. I just feel like holding you for a while."

"There are bedrooms upstairs, reserved for guests who choose to spend the night."

He nodded. "Although we do pretty well at home, even in the kitchen." She wrinkled her nose at his joke, remembering how quickly her "no sex in the kitchen" rule had been abandoned.

"Are you planning to make a habit of that? Is it, like, some kind of fetish?"

"I just really appreciate a well-built counter."

“Memo to self,” Honey said out loud. “Buy disinfectant wipes.” She shook her head in mock annoyance, and reached for his hand as they walked to the registration desk together.

Epilogue

Two Months Later

Honey awoke and opened her eyes to see Thane sleeping beside her. She smiled. She'd almost gotten used to having him around, but that first sight of him in the morning still thrilled her. It was like waking every day to a reminder that magic was real.

She watched him for a moment, but then couldn't resist snuggling closer to breathe in the scent of him: warm male. The faintest hint of plastic, still. And something else, a goosebump-raising something she'd never quite been able to pin down. The essence of enchantment, maybe: the scent of the supernatural. She kissed him softly, and his arms went around her even before his eyes had opened or his breathing quickened. He reached for her even in his sleep, and she loved it. It was like a confirmation that even when he dreamed, somehow he remembered her and sought her out.

But now he was stretching. The movement was as languid as a cat, and undeniably sexy. She felt her body respond to the ripple of his muscles against her skin.

Every time she touched him his skin was just slightly too smooth, too cool and too perfect to be human. She could never shake the knowledge that he was something else, some impossible blend of technology and magic. But even knowing that, she felt more perfectly at home in his arms than anywhere else in the world. He had, indeed, been made for her -- more literally than was usually the case.

The muscles in his arms flexed as his grip tightened around her, and she wriggled against him, reveling in his slightly inhuman strength. It was an irresistible turn-on, being held like that; she was as certain of his need for her as she was of her own increasing wetness. She reached up and caressed the thick muscles of his neck,

pressing herself more tightly against him. God, she was wet already, leaking the juice of her arousal against his cock as it nudged insistently against her swollen pussy.

He slipped inside her easily, and it felt completely natural. As always, Honey marveled that it should feel so right to be with Thane. Their bodies joined fluidly, his erection seeking her out, her own body welcoming his.

She moved against him now, singularly aware that her own physical response to him had deepened every time they touched. She gasped slightly, the pressure of his cock sliding against her clit almost unbearable, and shivered.

She could tell he was going to come before she did. His hips had begun to thrust more rapidly, and there was a slight desperation to the way his hands clutched at her ass, pulling her onto him. She wriggled against him, loving his loss of control, and felt the first hot liquid spurt as she sent him over the edge. Pushing against him, and feeling the sudden wetness as he pulsed inside her, she found herself twitching in response, the uncontrollable spasms of her climax leaving her limp and breathless.

For several moments she lay panting against him, lost in the tiny aftershocks of pleasure as he slowly moved his still-hard cock. Finally, she laid her hands against his chest, stilling his gentle movements. "That was unexpected."

He propped his head up against one arm and grinned down at her. "Unexpected? I'm here every morning."

"No, I meant... I came faster than I usually do."

"I'm just that good." The smile was smug now. She rolled her eyes, but honestly, he was that good, and there wasn't a lot of point in denying it.

"You are here every morning," she went on quietly after another pause. "I could start to count on that if I wasn't careful."

Thane kissed her tenderly. "You can count on that." His voice was rough with emotion.

"You're not going to disappear as suddenly as you arrived, are you?"

He shook his head. "The LDTK have a strict no-returns policy once bonding has occurred. Besides, in case you haven't noticed, I belong to you utterly. There's no place else I want to be."

Honey sighed softly, content. Funny to think how casually this had all begun. "You know, I really was only looking for a date," she said sleepily. "Or at least, that's all I thought I was looking for."

Thane lay back on the pillow, stroking her hair. "That's all you admitted you were looking for. Lucky for us both, the universe decided it was time you found more."

Carlanime Bligh

Carlanime Bligh has too many interests to fit them all into her real life, so she creates fictional worlds to handle the overflow. Her degrees are in religious studies, and she's a qualified lab assistant, though luckily she's escaped from the lab. She can frequently be found with her nose in a book, and her battle cry is "To the library!" She can also be found online at blogspot (<http://carlanimebligh.blogspot.com/>) or wordpress (<http://carlanime.wordpress.com/>), and you can contact her at miss_c_bligh@yahoo.ca.