

FB FREYA'S BOWER PRESENTS

Jesse's Hands

EMILY RYAN-DAVIS

Jesse's Hands

by

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Jesse's Hands

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"I'm here," I said into my cell phone. My cheek pressed against the limousine's tinted window. An arc of lights flew past overhead, orange against the before-midnight sky, each bulb boasting a blurry nimbus. The driver sped across a bridge. Toward Jesse, a man I'd met on the Internet nearly a year ago.

I knew he was there. The sound of his breathing made me wet, made me forget the life that existed before and after this late-night layover in Detroit. I didn't want to think about my husband, away on business, or the ladies' luncheon I had to host Saturday afternoon.

"I'll meet you," he finally answered. His breath hitched, betrayed his caution.

I closed my eyes, hurting for his internal struggle. For mine too. The ache of guilt swelled in my stomach even though I had talked myself into calling him hours before my flight took off. Want overrode my guilt, however. I rubbed my nose against the cool glass, drew a deep breath, and pushed oxygen down into the center of my body. The scent of clean leather and my desire for him popped the bubble of apprehension.

He inhaled, blew it out. I squeezed my eyes shut tighter. I wanted him in a dark, silent room, nothing but hot skin, soft sighs, rough groans of satisfaction. The purr of the limousine's engine was too much background noise. I had originally thought to pick him up somewhere, to make our hours anonymous, but as the silence stretched between us, I realized I wanted more. Fortunately, I'd made contingency reservations at a hotel. I wanted to steal towels that smelled like his sweat, to rub my face in a pillow wrinkled by his sleep. I wanted to sleep with him and wake up with his cock nudging the cleft of my ass. The confession was on the tip of my tongue. Then he said my name.

I swallowed and said, again, "I'm here."

"Put your panties in your purse before you see me." His voice deepened with the instruction. Heat shot to my sex. I slid forward on the seat and lifted my skirt, and then my hips, to draw the satin triangle over my knees. My hands shook.

I rubbed the crotch panel between my fingers, whispered, "They're already wet."

Undeterred, he asked, "Are they off?"

I leaned forward and pulled my underwear over my business-blue heels. "Yes."

"Your bra next. I want—"

I cut him off. "Jesse. I don't want to talk."

Up until now, he had been text on a screen—Lucida Console in my email program, Times New Roman in instant message. Arial on the dysfunctional marriage forum we both frequented. I needed him to remain voiceless so I would have the strength to make my return flight, which I had scheduled for the next morning. Calling had been a mistake. I should have texted.

His silence surprised me. It shouldn't have. Jesse respected wants—his and others'. I could learn a thing or two from him. Would my heart be softer if I said "no, that's not what *I* want" more often? Starting tonight?

I slid my wedding ring from my finger and dropped the gold band into my purse. Then I stuffed my panties in on top of it, gave him the name of my hotel and ended the call.

Fifteen minutes later, my driver dropped me off in front of the three-star hotel. We wouldn't have matching bathrobes, but we would have clean sheets. My skin tingled, taut with anticipation. I hadn't lain my bare body on fewer than 500-thread-count linens in...years. Jesse's hands would be rough, too. The blue-collar truck driver I'd come to know during the past two years didn't do manicures or moisturizers. The promise of his hard touch made my breasts tighten. I approached the lobby doors, aware of my reflection in the glass. My nipples puckered up against my thin sweater, dark and obvious through the white silk weave. My body had fewer reservations than my mind. Every step I took made the bare lips of my sex slide against one another, demonstrating their eagerness to part for his touch.

I slowed before the automatic doors could part. The long, lean shape of a man appeared behind me. His face was a translucent reflection in the glass. I admired the breadth of his shoulders, the loose-hipped flow of his stride. A duffel bag hung from his shoulder, full of the things he'd promised me: a blindfold, so I wouldn't spend the rest of my life searching for his face; handcuffs for my wrists, so my conscience wouldn't make my hands push him away. More—he'd promised me a lifetime worth of sensation in this handful of hours—but thoughts of inventory fled when he stopped behind me and whispered my name. My vagina—no. He liked the other word. Pussy. My pussy clenched and squeezed wetness between the shaved lips I'd promised him. Without my panties to catch the cream, it slicked over my inner thighs, warmed between them as I resumed my pace and walked through the hotel's doors.

Jesse stood behind me while I checked in. He followed me to the elevator, crowded me into the back of the small car and pressed the button for our floor.

I clutched the hand guard for balance and stared at the carpet. I desperately wanted to see his face, but I knew it was for the best that I keep my eyes down. His proximity, his highway wind cologne, weakened my legs. The metal lick of a zipper coming apart made my heart pound. Not his cock, not yet. He was supposed to save that for last.

"Pull up your skirt." His left hand came to my thigh, kneading through the fabric. Worried I would fall on my face if I released the rail, I awkwardly tugged my hem up with one hand. Jesse's touch followed, palming my ass, separating my cheeks with his thumbs. He kissed the back of my neck, reached between my legs and rubbed something hard and cold from the top of my slit all the way back to my ass. The object slid easily, collecting wetness. I desperately wanted him to return to my pussy, to tease and rub the entrance to my sensitive hole. Against my ear, he murmured, "Take a deep breath, baby."

My head dropped forward to touch the mirrored wall, which fogged with my breath. He applied pressure, persistent and patient until the pucker of resistance gave away. The anal plug slid home, lubricated by my excitement. My moan vibrated low in my throat, trapped there. He pushed my skirt back to my knees. Kissed my temple. The elevator doors whooshed open.

Instead of backing away, he fit his body against mine. His cock bulged against my ass, restrained by his jeans but unmistakable. I wanted it closer. Sliding forward to nestle between my labia. Spearing into my body until the head bumped against my cervix. My abdomen seized upon that imagined, forgotten

sensation and squeezed so tight the toy he'd planted in my ass shifted. Sank deeper.

He pulled my hair back from my ears and covered my eyes with a folded length of satin. The material warmed to my skin by the time he finished knotting it behind my head. Relief. I didn't have to maintain control over my desire to see him anymore—he'd taken responsibility upon himself. I could barely breathe past the pounding of my heart when Jesse took my hand and led me into the corridor.

"Do you need the bathroom?" he asked once we were inside.

I shook my head. The heavy outer door clicked shut, and he turned me around, pulled the hem of my sweater until my arms were forced into the air. He left my bra. It didn't hide anything anyway. I'd chosen one without cups. My nipples stood eager and desperate for him, large and brown. Jesse lingered in front of me. His shadow felt like a tangible weight. Even though I couldn't see it, I could feel the way it wrapped around my half-naked form. Lip caught between my teeth, I imagined him studying my curves. My hair brushed the tops of my shoulders, drew attention down to my breasts. I found the bra in an adult lingerie store. Stiff wire half-moons, sheathed in burgundy mesh, pushed the pale pair high, shaped them to present in shameless offering. He didn't compliment me or touch my skin. Disappointment tangled with my desire. I cupped my breasts, embarrassed. Jesse finally uttered a single, soft curse. His duffel thumped on the bed.

I sensed him moving around the room, but the longer he left me unattended, the smaller my field of awareness shrank. My calves ached, protesting the tension forced upon them by my high heels; my thighs itched in the confines of my skirt. My lower back burned. My clitoris throbbed. Whined for satisfaction. The most urgent plea came from a deeper place; the fullness he'd created inside me whispered to my spine, which murmured to the nerves at the base of my skull. I clenched my teeth. As much as I wanted him to come back and give me more, I'd outlined a specific sequence of events, and Jesse promised to follow the plan. He wasn't *supposed* to touch me. Not yet. I'd trapped myself within the boundaries of my own rules—not for the first time.

I broke one of my rules with Jesse, but set up new rules in order to keep a strict hold on damage control. My self-imposed boundaries weren't working. They'd begun to fall apart the moment I heard his voice. I could stop it now, draw a line and call this the extent of my sin—naked for another man, but not engaged in full passionate play. I should stop it. I had no good justification besides long-denied want. Need. My tongue refused to obey my conscience; it was more interested in the demands of my body, which still, despite acknowledgement of the wrong I was committing, cried out for this man who couldn't give himself to me long-term. To whom I couldn't give myself for more than a few hours.

He opened the balcony door. Traffic sounds interrupted the quiet of our hotel room even at this late hour. A jet roared its ascent over the airport. This high, what had been a cool breeze on the ground floor turned into a frigid gust. Goose bumps raced down my legs and up my back, trying to escape the finger of cold that seemed to aim straight for my ass. I lowered my hands to my sides and clenched my fists to keep from hugging myself for warmth. I didn't want warmth; my entire life was climate controlled. Just this once, I wanted sensation.

Jesse's breath chased my shoulders to my ears. A small sound caught in my throat—apology, regret. I hadn't meant to jump, but he'd surprised me, skirting the outside of my awareness and slipping in on a blind spot. Big hands cupped my elbows, slid down to my wrists, held them together and fastened soft, furry leather cuffs around each one. I turned my hands in the cuffs. My pulse throbbed at the base of my thumbs. I hushed the voice inside that called me a coward, accused me of shunting responsibility onto him. I'd wanted freedom, but I didn't want to hide behind his removal of my free will. It wasn't like that. Did he have the same inner dialogue going on? I chastised myself for caring.

Silent, he turned me to face the cold and pushed me toward the door. His body warmed my back, but he did nothing to shield my lewdly bared breasts from the wind. Instead, he exposed them more prominently, pulling my shoulders back and forcing my chest to rise, to present myself to the world outside as he marched me onto the balcony.

My knees balked. This wasn't part of the plan, and for the first time since I'd booked my flight, fear rushed my ears. He'd promised—

"You promised to trust me," he said before I could finish the thought. Childhood rules said he won—he said it first. But this wasn't a childhood game. He and I had set out upon a very adult mission.

"I'm freezing," I snapped, angry that he'd beaten me to the words, angry that I'd been stupid enough to surrender control over my personal safety.

"Cold is a sensation." His tone didn't rise. He maintained the same calm, neutral cadence he'd adopted ever since I laid down the "no talking" rule. A rule he'd also broken. Apprehension coiled in my stomach. He could do anything to me—push me off the balcony, or...my imagination shied away before I could dream up another possibility. For the first time since I'd decided to do this—to submit—real fear shook me.

Responding to my reluctance, he put his arms around my waist and drew my stiff back to his chest. "Tell me to stop and I will. I don't want to scare you—I want to push your limits, to make your edges mine. I've wanted to give you this freedom since the first time you told me you felt trapped."

Emotion tightened my throat. I didn't want to think about that email, tapped out in the middle of the night after my husband had come home smelling like another woman, leaving to make the flight for his next business trip. Wives of my social standing did not divorce—they figured out ways to escape. Shopping, travel...long-distance affairs over the Internet, where they could pretend an illusion of anonymity.

I didn't want to talk about it with him. My muscles were relaxing, my fear ebbing, my arousal reviving. A moment later, Jesse turned me again. My distended nipples touched his shirt. One caught on a cold button. I bit back a gasp. He reached between our bodies, the backs of his fingers caressing the soft swell of my abdomen, and caught the chain that sagged between my handcuffs. Apprehension whispered to arousal, and the pair intertwined. I couldn't separate them. Jesse drew my hands up over my head and nudged his denim-bound cock against my stomach, forcing me to step backward. How close were we to the balcony's rail? Embarrassed heat burned down to my ankles. Did our room open onto the parking lot? Had he left the light on inside? An image of myself—nearly

naked, bound, backlit by cheap yellow light cast by old bulbs in older lamps—flashed behind my blindfold. My lower body clenched, the muscles forcing a second gush of wetness from my pussy.

I hoped someone was watching.

Jesse pulled my hands up so high that I stood on tiptoe inside my shoes, back bowed, breasts pushing the lean breadth of his chest. I couldn't help myself; I rubbed up against his cock, straining to wrap my labia around the rough denim ridge of his arousal. I got close enough to feel his cock twitch, reaching for my clit, before he trapped me. His palms glided down the under side of my arms, squeezing my triceps and tickling the hollows at the sides of my breasts, but I couldn't move my hands. He'd somehow connected the handcuffs to the ceiling of the balcony. I wanted to ask him how—but I didn't want to know how. I just wanted to feel. This way. Stretched out, exposed, helpless, trapped. My ribs pulled up tight against my lungs. Breathing became harder. More shallow. Quicker, although I didn't know if that was a physiological side effect of being hooked onto some makeshift suspension device, my body pulled long the way it would be on a medieval stretcher, or if it was because I was so turned on that I couldn't keep up with my body's responses. I had to choose between breathing and relishing the hard, heavy, fast throb between my legs.

When Jesse clasped my face between his hands and kissed my bottom lip, I decided I could breathe later.

"I know you're thinking," he whispered. The rough, raspy tenor scraped down between my shoulder blades. "I'm going to fix that."

He didn't need to tell me. I'd chosen him because he'd been promising, for months now, to fix me, restore my sexual desire, make me feel wanted, sexy, feminine, free. He'd promised to make me wet, to make me beg...but I sensed something about Jesse that I don't think he knew about himself. I'd also chosen him because I thought I could help him reconnect with the man his most precious play partner had destroyed. She'd told him he *lacked* as a sexual dominant—but she was wrong. His lack wasn't a failing; it was a generosity. He wanted to give the gift too much to withhold it. His eagerness touched me in the tremble of his hands, the quickness of his breath as he shaped the mounds of my breasts. Pinching fingers sent heat through my body. The sudden bite of his teeth arched my back, preparing my nipples for sharper teeth than his. He lingered, drawing hard upon one peaked, straining point. Cold metal touched my stomach, dipped into my navel. He wanted me to anticipate the clamps, to fear them, and I did—I'd never experienced alligator clip pincers before—but more than I feared the pain, I *wanted* it. I wanted the shock of sensation, the sting that would make me gasp. I held my breath, focusing intently upon keeping my breath even, my lust silent. I wanted to reward him all at once.

Tongue flicking hard, insistent over my right nipple, Jesse moved closer. The heat of his body, more than the attention of his mouth, drew a moan up my throat. I smothered all but a squeak when he drew my knees to his hips. My body arched on its own. The suspension support groaned, speaking my satisfaction for me. Somewhere in the hotel parking lot, a two-note car alarm beep said a guest was going out to his car. I froze. The idea of being watched didn't appeal to me the way it had been moments ago. Emotion slid in to change the nature of my

experience; I wanted this private thing between us. I wanted to know about Jesse's generosity, to keep it a secret all for myself. I didn't want other women to figure it out—selfishly, I didn't want anybody but me to understand. To fulfill him.

Jesse moved between my knees, assuaging my fear. The hard bulge nuzzling my pussy wasn't for anybody else. It was for me. My modesty fled, gave way to smugness. I locked my ankles behind his back, shamelessly rubbing my bare sex against his fly. I wanted to give, but I also wanted returns...and I hated the blindfold, suddenly and violently. It shielded me from his expressions, the interest in his eyes, the breadth of his shoulders. The possessive set to his mouth when he rotated me on the suspension and, I calculated, put himself between me and the parking lot. He didn't want to share either.

An unwanted voice off in a small corner of my mind whispered that our selfishness was bad. Said we'd taken a turn I hadn't banked on. Instructed me to put an end to it, to tell him it wouldn't work, to pull away before I couldn't walk away. That voice cowered, though, when he ran his fingertips between the spread cheeks of my ass and twisted the toy he'd set inside me. Every inch of my skin came alive. Even the nerves in my elbows tingled, responding to that pulling, stretching fullness. Distracting me. I didn't feel the bite of the clamp until Jesse tugged the chain and fastened the second one. Pricks of biting pain shot from my nipples to my toes. The pain dissolved upon contact with each nerve ending—pleasure followed it, bright like the light trailing a shooting star. My eyes popped open behind the blindfold, searching for that light. I wanted to see everything. Myself, displayed so lewdly. Him, swirling the tip of his tongue around first one nipple, then the other, drawing out the pain, encouraging the star to shoot a little further.

My breath exploded from my chest, a gasp layered over a groan, when he closed his teeth over the clamps and bit me. The alligator clips nipped at hyper-aware nerve endings, chastising my sex for its continued emptiness. Shouting a need, issuing a demand to fill it. My hips responded, arched, and my legs climbed up his body; my knees burrowed into his armpits. All propelled by the pounding, deafening urgency that seized me.

"Stop." He slapped the back of my thigh. The crack of flesh on flesh reached my ears before the sharp sting reached my brain.

"You didn't say you were going to hit me," I whispered, frozen. My muscles locked up of their own accord, soaking up the burn of that smack. Quivering for a repeat.

"*You* said you wouldn't try to take control," he answered.

How could I respond to that? More important, how could I provoke him into another slap? A series of them? A full-blown spanking? Moisture pulsed from my pussy at the thought of it. Should I ask for it? But I didn't want to ask. I wanted to be given. Imposed upon.

Jesse disentangled himself from my gripping knees. Briefly, I feared he had mistaken my awe for fear, that he'd decided to back off and end it, but the scrape of chair legs dragging across cement gave me the response that his lips didn't. His beard stubble rasped down the front of my body, between my breasts, his chin

leading his mouth down to my dripping core. He grasped my ankles, swung my knees to drape over his shoulders.

"You're going too slow." I sharpened my tone deliberately, goading him. "We'll run out of time and I'll never come."

He stilled. "Would you like to direct this?"

The question—his tone—made me swallow. I'd pushed too far. My arms and shoulders ached with a need to cover myself; my knees quivered with an urge to hug up against my stomach. Jesse palmed my knees, pushed them wider apart until the cool night air stirred between my unnaturally spread lips.

"Answer me."

I hid my face against my raised arm. "What do you want me to say?"

"Something honest." He shrugged free of my legs, allowing my thighs to close and hide my sex. My feet returned to the balcony's cold concrete. The tips of my toes recoiled from the stone, and I swayed in my restraints. Jesse's arm came around my waist.

Angry, aroused, wanting to hurt him for rendering me so vulnerable, I dug deep for my most brutally honest confession.

"I'm afraid."

He retreated, his muscles flinching away from me. I'd known they would. My two words hung like wasps' spikes because Jesse valued my trust; he placed my sense of security high on his list of priorities. Hurting him...thrilled me. I expected him to make a full retreat. Wanted it. Needed this to be over, because I *was* afraid.

Instead, he asked, "Why?"

I didn't want to answer. In response to my silence, he cupped my breast, fingers threatening the clamp I'd come to adore. "Tell me, or we stop."

Alternating desires for control and surrender struggled in my chest. Why should I have to say? I wanted to feel, not communicate. Communication was for dinnertime, counseling sessions, not sexually charged scenes on motel balconies.

Jesse disagreed. "You have to learn to do this," he said.

I know.

"I'm afraid I won't want you to leave when it's time to go."

His fingers gentled, soothed my nipple, glided down my stomach, and cupped my ass. He kissed my throat. Each touch filled me with new agony, new fear.

"You don't have to be scared by that. Your wants are directing much of tonight, but the end is already set. I can't stay—it's my responsibility to make sure you go back to your life."

He'd taken on so much responsibility for me and my happiness that my throat closed up. I couldn't respond. Jesse didn't seem to need anything more than my silent acceptance. Soon, he returned to me, focused entirely on my body. His hands roughed up and down my thighs. His mouth found my clitoris, which he tormented with the edges of his teeth. I moaned, loving the harsh scrape of his whiskers between my filled-to-distraction anus and my yearning pussy.

How would I let him go? How could I return to separate beds, separate cities, sometimes separate countries? I wanted to ask him about after, whether he would continue to communicate with me online, but I feared the answer. So I threw myself into him. Surrendered, narrowed my focus down to his mouth, his hands.

Jesse seemed to sense the moment I gave. His lips fastened around my clitoris. He slid his fingers into my heat, curled them until he massaged my g-spot with the rough tips. Tremendous pressure built in my abdomen, firing signals to my brain, etching sparkling shards of color on the insides of my eyelids. He only gave me one—I wanted more. More of the bone-melting, thought-robbing pleasure that calmed to an echo too soon. Jesse lingered in my pussy, pulsing calloused fingertips in my quivering grip. I bore down on his hand, striving for another orgasm, while he released my arms from suspension and gathered me against his chest. I missed the cold, the exposure, when he carried me to the too-soft bed.

My thighs trembled as he settled between them. I brought cuffed hands to his face, caressed his jaw, tried to make my voice work to thank him. The fingers he pressed to my lips smelled like my sex.

“I want to watch you squirm beneath a flogger,” he whispered. My pussy clenched. “To whip your ass until it’s striped red. But you came so hard, so perfectly, that I can’t bear to punish you.”

My breath rasped, just on the edge of being out of control. Jesse stroked my throat, my shoulder, released one of my nipples from the clamp and immediately opened his mouth over the swollen tip. When the first sharp needle of pain hit, he was there, sucking and soothing.

“You want the lash, too.” He moved on to my other breast and introduced that eager nub to the same hurt. “Leather on your thighs. Between them when I roll you over.”

Distantly, I realized I’d lost myself. He could have told me I wanted anything—hot wax, piercings, a gang bang with him at the lead—and I would have agreed. His voice, velvet and harsh at once, his hands, kneading the backs of my thighs, turning me onto my stomach—they hypnotized me.

I buried my hot face in the bleach-scented pillow and pushed my ass in the air. Offering it to him.

Jesse’s hands measured my cheeks, spread them wide. The toy he’d placed inside me felt impossibly, uncomfortably big. Relentlessly hard. I wanted him to replace it with his tongue, his cock.

Once more, as if he had access to my gasping quiet thoughts, he homed in on my need.

“Something different here. Softer, to take the shock.”

Shock? I tensed, listening to his breathing while he reached into his duffel. The pillow muffled my groan; my skin absorbed the slippery oil he smeared between my buttocks, around my stretched anus. He kissed the small of my back and removed the metal egg. My nipples jerked to life all over again.

He worked an oiled finger into my loosened hole, massaging oil past the ring of muscle. I was too eager, too wired, and penetration hurt even so soon after the preparatory toy had been removed. Jesse hushed and soothed my whimpers, soon replacing his finger with a slim, spongy rod that gave slightly to the clench of my muscle. I worked at breathing, accepting, and a lick of leather behind my knee rewarded my efforts.

“I want to fuck you,” he confessed. My womb jumped, eager for his cock. “But not yet.”

The first crack of the flogger struck my ass. Wetness poured from my pussy. Immediately, I craved the burn. Jesse braced me, then struck me again. Tongues of heat claimed my upper thigh. He drew back, hit me again. Rewarded my cries by pressing the end of the handle against my clit. I shoved back, urging the textured shaft toward my entrance. I needed it inside me—if he wouldn't give me his cock, I'd take anything. The mental image of myself bearing down on a dildo wrapped in black leather made me come again. I bit into the pillow, tried to hold still, but my body jerked and my ass thrust in the air, begging for penetration, for another stinging blow.

Jesse's hand landed on the small of my back, leather braids swinging in the curve of my waist. He grasped the artificial phallus in my ass and drew it out. Pressed it back in.

"Oh, God, do that again," I moaned, toes curling against the mattress, lifting my body into the thrust. Jesse dragged his fingers through the cream dripping from my cunt, and then slicked the thick juice around the base of the slim rod. I wanted something thicker. I wanted his cock there, the bulbous head blowing through any resistance my muscles gave, the power of his orgasm shooting and drenching my tight passage. The longer he fucked me with the dildo, the more I craved. Bigger, thicker, longer, rougher.

"Hit me again," I gasped, writhing. "Please. Oh, please—"

His open palm cracked against the lower curve of my ass cheek. My hips jerked from the blow, my anus clenching around the dildo. I wanted *more*. "Harder—"

Slap. His hand stung my thigh. It wasn't enough. I wedged my bound hands between my legs and crammed my own fingers into my pussy, four of them, stretching myself with no regard for my body's elasticity. They weren't enough. He'd awakened a hungry, greedy animal inside me, and it wanted abominable things—two cocks at once, the flogger on my back. *More.* I imagined Jesse fucking me while he drove the fake cock in and out of my ass and came all over my fingers—shuddering, gasping, begging *please*.

Abruptly, his hand stilled. "Are you fingering yourself?"

When I didn't answer, he groped between my legs and pulled my hand away from my pussy. He slapped my ass, hard. "You didn't ask, and I didn't say yes. Maybe I am interested in punishing you after all."

He grabbed the flogger from my back and smacked my thigh with his open palm. "Spread your legs wider and hold your pussy open."

Trembling, I stretched my thighs wide. My back ached in the arch, my nipples scraping the coarse bedspread. Jesse could see everything, and I couldn't even see what color the walls were. My vulnerability hit me in an acute wave of pleasure. I caught my labia, one lip in each hand, and held the sensitive pillows of flesh apart. My fingers bruised my own flesh—I was so wet I had to pinch hard to keep my grip. I prayed he would fuck me now, relieve the ache, release me from the shocks riding my muscles. He didn't, though—he struck my ass. The flogger's braids connected with the sensitive ring of my anus, fingers of heat snapping at the base of the dildo still buried inside me. And he wasn't finished.

The bed creaked as Jesse drew back and swung. This time, the flogger connected with my wet, ravaged pussy. The end of a tongue bit into my clit,

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wrenched a scream from my throat. I had never been a screamer in my entire sexual life, but I screamed over and over for him to beat my pussy until I couldn't hold myself open. He didn't stop then—he kept going, reaching between my legs to take over where my own hands had failed.

Jesse brought me over that way, three and four times, until my arms wouldn't support my weight anymore and I collapsed on my chest, struggling for breath, unable to lift my face from the pillow.

I don't know when he threw the flogger aside and grabbed my hips, but the head of his cock riding up to my pussy brought me back to earth. He withdrew the rod in my ass. His thumbs replaced it almost immediately, nestling into the hole as he grasped my cheeks and spread them wide, held me still and slid deep. I nearly wept for the sensation of him filling me, for the size of him. He didn't pause to enjoy; his penetration was hard, fast, deep and his balls took up where the flogger had left off, slapping my clit with every thrust. The latex of his condom abraded my walls once my cream ran dry. Still he continued to thrust, forcing me to appreciate the friction until he delivered his last invasion and held, shuddering against me when he came.

I don't remember when he freed my hands from the cuffs. I do remember that I cried and he whispered sweet words, praising me.

Beautiful. Sexy. Responsive. Deserving.

By the time he slipped from my arms, before dawn, I even believed him.

I missed my flight. I needed the extra day in Detroit to repair myself, to prepare myself for going home. My body ached through the day. I couldn't bring myself to wear panties, and I soaked in a lukewarm bath for hours, wondering how I could convince him to meet me again, mourning the loss of him because I knew it was only once. He wouldn't share me.

I couldn't imagine surrendering to anybody but Jesse, who had assured me it was the release I needed, not the companionship. Maybe he was right—maybe not. Before the day had even finished, though, I wanted to submit all over again. Once I stopped dreaming about Jesse's hands, I would begin searching in earnest for someone who would demand my surrender but not my heart.

Excerpt from

Dragon Queen:
Book 1
Mating Call

by

Emily Ryan-Davis

A Freya's Bower Paranormal Category Novel

Dragon Queen: Book 1: Mating Call

Careless of broken glass and bare feet, Cora ran to grab the phone. “Ma, something’s watching me,” she panted into the receiver.

“That’s me, and now I have to get another inroad since you broke the first one. You really shouldn’t wear black, darling. I know it’s touted as the in thing and some fashion moguls swear that blondes look best in black, but it makes you look washed out. Don’t you have anything blue?”

“You?” Cora choked. “That’s what it feels like when you’re watching someone? My god...” Miranda drew a sharp breath and Cora added hastily, “...dess. You scared me to death! Don’t do that again!”

“You never tell me anything. I have to keep an eye on you somehow,” Miranda huffed. “Right now you have bigger problems. That circle is far too small, not to mention too thin, to contain two dragons. What *were* you thinking? Where is your sister? I *knew* you could do it, you know, it was just a matter of coming into your own and finding your goddess. We’ll have a party to celebrate your newfound power.”

Cora shelved the spying issue for another day and asked, “What do you mean, *two* dragons? What do you mean, too small? Diane’s with her girlfriend.”

“I thought she was seeing somebody named Richard?”

“That was ages ago. She’s been with Alissa for at least a year.”

“You girls never tell me anything.”

“Ma, can we focus? Dragons in my living room? Not even *my* living room.”

“Well, it’s not unusual, or even unexpected. We all call them eventually. I’m surprised you’ve summoned one before Diane, to be perfectly honest. She’s so much more attuned than you are.”

Cora couldn’t believe what she was hearing. She didn’t know where to start asking questions, either, and she wondered at the wisdom of keeping her mother on the phone instead of calling Diane.

“Oh my,” Miranda said. “You should see this, Cora. Doesn’t Diane have a cordless phone?”

Cora felt panic welling up in her stomach. “See what? I don’t know.”

“See these two battling for dominance in that little circle. Darling, I understand you’re confused and frightened, but you can’t leave them to their own devices. They’ll tear one another apart.”

She went to the door and opened it far enough to press her cheek against the jamb and peek through the crack. “Damn it,” she swore into the phone. “I can’t see anything from the bedroom.”

“Well, trust me, it’s rather remarkable. One is red, the other is white. I’ll need to review my dragon lore to figure out what the colors represent. Oh my,” she said again.

“What am I supposed to do?” Cora hissed into the phone.

“Traditionally, you’re supposed to, well, you know. Mate with it. But of course nobody expects you to mate with *two* of them. There’s been some mistake.”

Cora closed the door firmly, went back to the bed, and hung up on her mother. Before the phone could ring again, she dialed Diane’s cell phone.

“I have a pair of dragons trapped in your circle, and Ma is telling me I have to fuck them. Could you come home please?” she said before Diane had a chance to talk.

“I’ll be right there.” The phone went dead.

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