

# ***Sex, Lies, and Videotape***

A Valentine's Day story by

Missy Lyons

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*D*enise answered her cell phone on the second ring. "Hello."

"Hey sexy." She recognized that deep, sexy voice immediately as Victor's. The man she called Master in the bedroom, and Sir in the boardroom. The only man who satisfied every fantasy she ever had and then some. "Do ya miss me?"

"Of course, Victor." A warm pressure settled in her chest. "I wish you were here."

"But you don't feel too guilty surrounded by all those other men at the security convention."

She curled up on the pillow of the hotel bed, twirling the phone cord between her fingers. "You did say you had an interrogation on Friday and couldn't come with me."

"Mmm-hmmm. Just as I expected. You are enjoying yourself. Did you find any new toys you like?"

"Nothing for the bedroom, silly. But I did get a new Kevlar vest and a custom fit over the shoulder gun holster."

"Sounds sexy...so what are you wearing now?"

Denise took one look at her pink poodle covered flannel pajamas and grinned. At least five of her boyfriends had asked her that exact same question in the past. Men were so visual that she knew he didn't want to hear the truth. He wanted to hear that she was in the middle of a private and very sexual moment with him listening on the phone. Oh well, what he didn't know wouldn't hurt him, and he would never know. Not two thousand miles away. One little lie couldn't hurt. "Leather."

"You're killing me, woman." He groaned, "Not the black leather corset I got you for Valentine's Day?"

“Mmm, yeah. It reminds me of you.” She held back her laughter by biting her bottom lip. He loved dressing her in leather, and she began to associate the feel and scent of leather with more than him. She thought of sex. Kind of like Pavlov’s dogs reacted to food, the smell and touch of leather made her instantly wet and hot in her nether regions.

“Do you know what I would do if I were there?”

“I could hope.”

“I’d be kissing your breasts. Taking each one in my mouth, and kissing your nipples. Can you touch your breasts to your mouth?”

“Yes.” They were large enough that she could. She picked up one of her breasts and kissed it.

“How does that feel?”

She felt tingly sensations, aware of her body and wished he was there to see the feelings of desire through to the end. “Good, but not as good as you do it.”

His voice was husky, proving he was as aroused as she was. “Denise, I want you do something for me. Can you make yourself orgasm for me? Touch yourself.”

“Are you touching yourself?” she asked, not wanting to hold back her curiosity.

“Yeah, I have my dick in my hand right now, but I want to hear you come.”

God, she didn’t mean to do anything, but she was actually getting turned on by this phone conversation. She slipped one hand into her warm fuzzy pajamas and centered on her sweet spot. “Mmm, that feels good, but I am imagining you inside of me. Filling me up with your hard cock.”

“Keep going. I want to hear you come.”

“Ohh, baby. I want to fuck you bad right now.” Her body reacted as if he was doing these things to her.

“That’s it. Just let go.”

Her breath came in short gasps, her pulse sped up. Her stomach clenched in desire. Waves of lust washed her body, and she peaked, her head felt light-headed

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when she came, a tingling sensation was in her lips as if she couldn't get enough oxygen.

"Yeah, baby. That's how I am imagining you. On your back, ready for me in that sexy little number, just waiting for me to walk in that door and join in."

"I wish you were here, Victor."

Just then a knock came at the door. "Oh my God, someone's here."

"Just open it, Denise."

"I can't. I'm not decent."

"It's me. Just open up."

"Are you serious?" Denise was too excited to wait for his reply. She dropped the phone on the bed, and ran to unlock the door. She almost didn't expect to see him standing there, after the phone conversation. He was supposed to be two thousand miles away but he wasn't. He was here.

"Victor?"

Standing in front of her dressed casual. Jeans that hugged his lean body. A plain white tee-shirt that he wore under his dress shirts, but that showed off his muscled chest. He kept in great shape for work and pleasure. The FBI demanded his best and he gave everything he had. Not just enough to pass the annual physical exams.

His smile dipped in disappointment. "You lied to me."

"What are you talking about? You're the one who said you couldn't come."

"I finished up all my work so I could come." He shut the door behind him, seeming to fill the small room with his very presence. His large frame, dark brown hair and demanding eyes, always commanded everyone's attention wherever he went. "You aren't wearing the leather corset."

"I didn't even bring it, because I knew you weren't coming."

"That's beside the point. You lied to me."

“Just a little lie.” She cringed.

“Relationships should be based on trust, Denise. What happens when I can’t trust you?”

Denise felt the warmth rise to her cheeks. “You can trust me. Most of the time.”

“I need to be able to trust you all of the time. I’m afraid that I will have to discipline you, for this little incident.”

He unzipped the black bag that he had dumped on her bag. Pulling out a black leather corset, a paddle, and a video recorder. Her gaze darted back up to meet his and she licked her lips in anticipation. She didn’t feel like arguing the fact that he had lied to her, about masturbating on his side of the phone.

She was looking forward to this little game they played. Arguably, she even felt like trying to find out if she could make him a little mad. Sometimes, it would make those spankings sting a little more if she could do that.

Who knew that being so bad could feel so good?

“Put this on,” he commanded, while handing her the corset.

Eagerly she followed his order, disrobing, and donning the sexy leather in just a few minutes. Laces ran up the corset front, and she pulled them tight, pushing her ample bust even higher.

Victor set up the video camera on a dresser, and clicked the record button.

He sat down on the bed, in front of the camera. “You’ve been a naughty girl, Denise. Time for your punishment.”

Denise knelt in front of him, playing the part she so loved. She loved the sting every time the paddle connected with her skin. She could come by just the pain he endured. “I’ll be good, honest.”

“Now.”

She scooted into his lap, with her back end over his lap. His hand caressed her ass, rounding the cheeks,

preparing her for his first spanking. A round paddle smacked her ass, hitting the skin directly with no clothing to impede it's pain.

She bit her lip, savoring the sharp pain. It hurt, but in a good way.

Again he came down on her skin. She could feel the blood rushing to the site, to heal the skin. Leaving her light-headed. Dizzy from the incredible sensations in her body.

Over and over he spanked her butt. Ten times, he landed that wooden paddle on her ass, until she begged him to stop.

"Please, Victor. I'm sorry. I won't do it again." She was going to be bruised in the morning, and would probably regret this little episode. He let her return to a sitting position in his lap. Tenderly caressing the places he had just inflicted pain. Awakened another fire that needed to be cooled. She turned around in her seat to kiss him, nipping at his lips, rubbing her face against the rough day old beard growth, "Can I please make it up to you?"

"Get on your knees for me."

Denise did so, pushing her but high in the air for him to access her wet pussy. She didn't see him undress, but she heard the sound of jeans rustling, then falling to the floor. His cock slipped inside of her with ease. She closed her eyes in ecstasy, rocking her body against his. She was so horny that it only took a few of those smooth strokes to cause her to scream out as she came. He stroked her backside like a cat, pumping his cock in and out of her. He grunted as he came, filling her with his sperm, spilling his juice down her swollen outer lips.

"Jeez, that was good. Being with you is so much better than trying to satisfy myself with my fingers."

"I love you too baby," Victor lay down next to Denise, nuzzling her ear, "and we have it all on video to remember it."

## *About the Author*

Missy Lyons was one of four girls born in Santa Maria, California. She grew up along the beach and back in the country, catching lizards and climbing trees. No one knew she would grow up to have such a romantic heart from the tomboy she was as a child. She is currently trying to be a city girl living with her family in Nashville Tennessee.

Missy loves to write romance almost as much as she loves to read it. Her heroines are always strong women that can stand up for them selves. She is a multi-genre author ranging from contemporary romance to fantasy. Her favorite genre to write is paranormal romances. From Demons to Druids, her work is inspired by fairy tales and daydreams.

You can see more of her work at [www.missylyons.com](http://www.missylyons.com). Missy loves hearing from her fans and you can reach her by her website or by email at [lyons\\_missy@yahoo.com](mailto:lyons_missy@yahoo.com).