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Warning:

Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *total-e-melting*.

MY LAST DARK DAY

Barbara Huffert

Dedication

For those whose paths I've crossed. Thank you.

Chapter One

It was a dark and stormy night. Except that it wasn't. But it should have been to fit my mood. There were a handful of days throughout the year that sent me into a deep funk — my very first and foolishly discarded boyfriend's birthday, birthdays of cherished pets, long since deceased, the anniversary of the day an ex-boyfriend shot himself after calling me to say goodbye, my dead father's birthday, my own birthday, Christmas, well, most traditional holidays both religious, historical as well as all greeting card manufacturer inventions.

Today was one of those days. And I was having as much trouble coping as I always did. Over the years, I'd run the full gauntlet of solutions, from attempting to delude myself into thinking it wasn't the day it was so I could pretend it was just an ordinary day like all others, to ignoring it and immersing myself in some inane activity or other, to distracting myself by cheerfully visiting my entire circle of friends, both with and without confiding the purpose of my unexpected appearance, to exotic vacations, to total isolation. Nothing ever really worked. Nothing ever came close to working.

I'd been dreading this particular day for weeks. No matter how hard I tried to force its approach from my mind, I couldn't. Not completely. Oh, it was possible to distract myself for hours, sometimes even days at a time. But the knowledge was always there, lurking beneath the surface in my subconscious just waiting for an inappropriate moment to reassert itself. Which it always did without fail.

The most recent occurrence requires a bit of history. By trade, I'm a freelance researcher. Whenever someone has a need for obscure facts, the collection of which involves more time than they are willing to invest personally, they call me. If they present the project in a manner that makes it interesting to me, I accept the challenge. If not, I don't. Though I love sifting through layers and layers of muck to unearth the sought after treasure and often get lost for hours in the pursuit, I am not a masochist. If the subject in question is dull, I refuse and recommend someone else. My mind balks continuously, shuts down frequently and screams incessantly when I've had to force myself to find some boring, unworthy titbit. I learned the hard way not to torture myself by struggling through hour upon endless hour in order to accomplish the task for which I was hired.

Overall, it's a rewarding, personally satisfying and entertaining occupation. Not only do I get paid for doing what has always been a much enjoyed hobby, I sometimes meet the most amazing characters while I'm searching. Also, my vast amount of useless knowledge makes me the most coveted partner in any sort of trivia game. See? With the exception of my dark days, I do possess a sense of humour, albeit somewhat odd according to society's standard definition.

I just turned in my most recent project, satisfactorily and with high praise. It wasn't one of the best but it was passable. It didn't take all that long which was the deciding factor in accepting it. In fact, I'd briefly considered admitting how simple the search would be and suggesting the potential client perform it himself, but I have to make a living too. After all, he came to me, not vice versa. My job is doing the research, not teaching others how to.

The assignment itself had been harmless enough. It would have been forgettable if not for the couple I encountered purely by chance when I had wandered away from my task to the website where they noticed me. How that actually happened is still a bit fuzzy but I'm glad they did. Neither was like anyone else I knew even though they were polar opposites from each other. That's something else I didn't really get, that they fit together at all, but they did somehow, remarkably well, which made them unique.

On first contact with the couple, he gave the impression of being very straight-laced and up-tight. He was a highly successful, career-minded, goal-oriented, no-nonsense business man. A stuffed shirt if ever there was one. She, on the other hand, was an artist in every sense of the word, ethereal, flighty, other-worldly, self-absorbed. Different in so many important ways that they should have been at odds over just about everything and unable to mesh at all, yet miraculously they did. But, as is so often touted, first impressions can be deceiving. Theirs certainly was to an extreme I'd never before seen.

After exchanging a few emails, I had to wonder if what I thought I knew about them was anywhere close to accurate. True, he was competent, capable and much respected in his professional capacity and yes, she was decidedly creative and entirely focused when working on something, but that's not all they were. Before long, I realised that defining them as such was just plain wrong. They were both so much more. Exactly how much I would soon discover.

We communicated regularly after their first, introductory message. For some unknown reason I was comfortable with them. I found myself revealing far more than my norm, things no one else knew. At one point, I questioned why that didn't scare me as I always assumed it would. Soon after I decided it didn't matter. For the first time in my life, I wasn't afraid and that far outweighed everything else.

Over the weeks, we got to know each other. As it turned out, we were only a few miles apart. We joked about all the places we might have bumped into each other, places we'd frequented though not simultaneously. There had been so many near misses in our recent past that I started to ponder whether or not we were destined to meet all along. I mentioned that possibility in passing one day, and the response I got was not at all what I'd anticipated.

I would have expected an affirmative from her, but when it came from him it really surprised me. Not as much as what followed, however. That email contained the revelation of his makeup being one that is highly sensitive to those in need. Eventually, I figured out that by that he meant I was supposedly in the sort of need he had the ability to sense. My initial reaction was what you'd expect, a typical, yeah-right-whatever while rolling my eyes. Until I thought about it carefully. Then I adopted a wait-and-see attitude, just in case I was being hasty, dismissing the possibility. Hey, stranger things happened all over the world every day so why not here? The notion that I was involved, however, enhanced my doubt since I'm usually not the type for that sort of thing. Then again, they say there's a first time for everything so what did I know?

Of course the cynic in me expressed my scepticism. I was okay doing so since they already knew that about me. I'd admitted very early in our acquaintance that I no longer believed in much of anything although that was something I'd normally kept hidden since so few understand and are still willing to associate with me once they learned that. Not the case with those two. It didn't seem to faze them. At all. Which I questioned. It made my new friends seem too good to be real.

Thinking I'd stay in my time-will-tell mode, I'd decided not to bring that up in my next email. Only I did. And I'd sent it even though part of me had warned me not to. Afterwards, I was horrified with myself. I assumed my inability to accept them at face value would

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offend them so much that I wouldn't hear from them ever again. I was wrong on all counts. I not only received a quick response, I got one that was peppered with understanding, loaded with kindness and encouragement and without condemnation or negativity of any kind. Very confusing to a loner like me, let me tell you.

Anyway, we continued emailing. I took on a new project. She started one too. He went to his high-powered job every day, and life went on for all of us. We discussed the possibility of meeting in person since we were so close but never managed to set anything up. It was okay either way which meant there was no pressure to make it happen. Still, I found myself thinking about it at odd moments. After all, I'd revealed some of my deepest, darkest secrets to these people without hesitation, yet I had no idea what they looked like or sounded like or, although I never ever believed otherwise, if they were being truthful about who they were. Highly irregular for me since my habit was to distrust everyone until proven trustworthy beyond the most stringent conditions in existence.

One thing I'd never brought up were my dark days even though one was rapidly approaching. I didn't realise I was reacting to my dread until I got an email from him filled with indirect hints of concern for my well-being. Naturally, I attempted to laugh it off, denying that there was anything upsetting me, teasing about something else to show I was perfectly fine. I thought I pulled it off quite well until the next email which was from her. She bluntly asked what was wrong. She informed me that no matter what bullshit I spun I couldn't hide the fact that I was distraught from him. She said that it would be much better for all of us if I simply talked to them now instead of fighting it because he would figure it out eventually anyway.

That, of course, did scare me. I went into hiding for a few days during which I got several emails from each of them. His apologised for her forwardness and lack of tact. Hers implored me to confide in them, insisting that he could help if I'd only let him. Needless to say, my mind was in turmoil. Not only did I have one of those days lurking in my immediate future, but I also had a couple that knew me so well without knowing me at all.

Eventually, I did provide an explanation of sorts, vague in nature but specific enough for them to get the gist of what was going on in my mind. Not surprisingly, they both expressed their concern, offered their support and let me know that they were available if I decided to reach out. Again, I had the yeah-right reaction first, but it was soon replaced with tentative hope that they truly were as caring as they seemed and that I really could call them if I felt desolate enough to need to.

The day got closer and closer but the offer was not repeated, not directly anyway. Instead, I got all sorts of open-ended, leading suggestions that let me know they'd meant what they'd said and were serious about being there for me. I wondered how they knew that being direct would send me running in the opposite direction. It made me start thinking that maybe he really was as sensitive as they claimed. Even so, I still didn't believe it. Not really.

At some point during our conversations, we hit on the subject of sex. It was bound to happen sooner or later, so I wasn't at all surprised when it did. Nor was I surprised to learn that we were as different as could be in that area.

They were thoroughly committed, deeply in love and independently told me that they considered each other as their one and only soul mate. Sex between them was special, meaningful, wonderful, which is what I thought they'd say. But then they added that it wasn't exclusive. Say what? The next email explained that, at times, they chose to include others in their pleasure. Not often and always carefully selected and agreed upon by both. That surprised me though not as much as I would have thought.

Conversely, I was about as asexual as could be. I tried it from time to time. Sometimes it was okay, sometimes not. It was never a big deal to me. I simply didn't see what all the fuss was about. At that point in my life it had been literally years since I'd engaged in any sort of naked contact with another and frankly, I didn't miss it. I didn't even think about it. Not much anyway and never in a desperate, I can't live without it another second sort of way. It really didn't matter to me one way or the other. If I had the opportunity, fine, I'd take it. But if I didn't, equally fine. I could flirt and make innuendos with the best of them when the situation warranted, but I honestly didn't care if there was any follow through or not.

Our exchanges continued. While none of us chose to blatantly pursue sexual discussions, our emails often contained a certain level of suggestiveness. It never made me uncomfortable, and I had to admit that it was actually fun to be able to comment without censuring myself as I frequently did. Yes, the topic was definitely there but always an undercurrent to our ongoing dialog, not the primary theme. It seemed natural to me. In fact, it would have been awkward had we made a point of avoiding it.

Getting back to today, they knew I'd refuse but invited me to join them at a community picnic they were attending. They put it out there for me to decide with no pressure whatsoever. As expected, I declined graciously while expressing my appreciation. This time, I decided to let the day be what it was. I made no plans, had no expectations. I wasn't avoiding it, but I didn't come right out and acknowledge it either. It was what it would be, and that was that. I'd deal with whatever came up, if anything, and simply get through it with as little stress as I could.

The morning started out well enough. I slept in. I showered. I ate. I distracted myself for a few hours by working on my current assignment. I was fine. I went out and did a few errands, pleased with what I accomplished. I debated about dropping by the picnic but then didn't. For a change, I was doing just fine. I was afraid they wouldn't believe that and make a fuss if I showed up which would have burst my less-than-stable bubble and then I wouldn't be okay anymore. I made it all the way to late afternoon before it started getting to me. I considered calling them at that point, since they'd made it very clear that I could without reproach. Still, I resisted. My life really wasn't their concern, and I knew it. Yes, they were becoming friends, good friends, and I treasured them but I wasn't their problem and certainly didn't want to burden them.

By evening I was restless. I paced and prowled around my house without direction. Nothing held my interest, no matter what I tried. Finally, I'd had enough. I had to get out of there. Go somewhere, anywhere. So I showered and dug around in the back of my closet until I finally found some long abandoned socialising clothes. I left the house, driving aimlessly with no particular destination in mind. I just knew that I needed to be somewhere other than home. I figured I'd know where that was once I arrived.

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Chapter Two

I drove around the city for maybe an hour. I don't really know. It could have been longer. I didn't check when I left, nor did I know what time it was when I pulled up in front of that bar located in the less-than-respectable neighbourhood. I had on a jersey-knit, formfitting sundress with a gazillion buttons down the front. Lucky for me, it was quality and had side-seam pockets to hold my money, keys and ID. I didn't think twice about where I was when I strolled inside and claimed a stool at the bar. .If I'd bothered to look around I probably would have found everyone watching me but I didn't even glance. I was totally focused on the drink I'd ordered. Getting it was all that mattered at the moment.

When the slower-than-molasses bartender finally brought my scotch, he announced it was on some guy I didn't even bother to look at. I said 'no' loudly as I forked over my payment, assuming that would be enough to make it clear that I was out on my own and intended to remain that way. *Wrong*. It soon became obvious that subtly did not work with this bunch. There was a constant stream of hopefuls who temporarily occupied the revolving stool next to mine. They perched just long enough for me to shoot them down before they scurried off with their tails between their legs.

By my third drink, I was beyond annoyed with their persistence and my rejections showed it. When the bartender leaned across the bar and suggested that it might be time for me to go and that it really wasn't the place for me, I finally became aware of my surroundings. He was correct. I shouldn't be there. I definitely didn't fit in, even less than usual and more obvious than ever. I almost laughed, that's how out of my element I was. I was in a rough section of town, wearing a pastel pink, low cut, designer sun-dress, drinking top shelf scotch from a bottle so rarely touched it had been coated with a thick layer of dust, alone, shooing away the regulars one after the other with dismissals that were so rude even this bunch had to be offended.

True, I had set out to do something different this time, but I'd gone overboard to the extreme. I put myself in a position that had already hit the danger zone with no foreseeable way out. I had absolutely no idea what to do. I'd offended just about everyone in the place so

I knew no one would be jumping to my rescue, the need for which was becoming imminent. The bartender, concerned though he may be, certainly wasn't going to abandon his post in order to escort me out to my car safely. What a stupid fool I was! Yes, I'd really done it this time. What on earth had I been thinking, going in there in the first place? Wait, that was the whole problem in a nutshell. I wasn't thinking. I'd been too busy brooding to pay any attention to the surroundings and I feared I was about to pay for it in spades.

I was sitting there, so absorbed in my internal debate over which of the slim-to-none options was my less-than-good chance of escaping unmolested, that I didn't notice someone else approaching until I felt a presence beside me. There was now a very fierce-looking man towering over me menacingly, crowding me against the bar. I'd been wrong to assume the situation couldn't be more frightening.

"What the hell are you doing here?" he asked sharply.

"Excuse me?" I snapped, instantly on the defensive out of force of habit.

"Do you have any idea what you put me through?"

I stared blankly, doubting his sanity.

"I've been going out of my mind trying to find you," he stated, attempting to snake his arms around me.

That's when I panicked. I slapped his hands away. I might even have hit him if he hadn't captured my flailing arms. "Get your hands off me!"

His grip lessened but he didn't release me. The entire room's attention was riveted on us, but no one budged. "Calm down, honey. It's me." His thumbs caressed my skin lightly. "I found you. I'm here now and everything's going to be okay."

"Huh?" I was thoroughly confused. This powerful man seemed to know me, how I had absolutely no clue, though clearly he thought I should. "Let me go. Who are you? Whatever the hell is going on in your mind is wrong, so just back off already."

He laughed. He actually laughed. Long and hard, without any restraint, no attempt to contain it, laughed. That was when it hit me. Which I instantly rejected of course, because no way could he be who I thought he was. Could he? No, absolutely, positively not. Impossible.

I guess something showed in my expression because he said, "Yep, you got it. It really is me. Damn, I'm glad I got here before anything happened to you."

"I don't believe it. How?"

"How doesn't really matter, does it? I did, and that's what's most important right now. It might, however, be better to finish this discussion elsewhere," he said when he noticed the bartender hovering nervously. "Ready to go?"

"Huh? What? You aren't really suggesting that I leave with you, just like that, are you? I don't even know you," I argued stupidly, again out of habit and not actual concern since I knew instinctively I was much safer with him than I would be remaining in the bar alone.

"You're right. Asking was wrong. What I should have done is to tell you that you are leaving. Now. With me."

"No," I balked. "I don't know who the hell you think you are but I don't take orders from anyone, especially not men I barely know, so just go away and leave me alone. Byebye," I chirped sarcastically, mustering all my bravado to wave him off before chugging the rest of my drink.

His response was to stare. Or glare, to be more precise – for so long I blushed. And fidgeted. Eventually, he said evenly, "Get off that stool. Now. We are leaving. Do not make me repeat myself because I am angry enough with you already. I will drag you out of here if I have to. Trust me, you won't like the consequences."

I gulped nervously, totally intimidated by his sudden fierceness. He meant it. I could tell he really, really did. And he wouldn't hesitate to do what he'd said if I refused to cooperate. Part of me wanted to resist. He didn't have any right to order me around like some rebellious kid. He didn't own me. I was a grown woman, and I didn't have to do anything I didn't want to do. But the rest of me readily accepted his authority. I was on my feet and moving to the door without him needing to say another word. He had issued a command and I obeyed. I had the fleeting thought of how unlike me it was to do so but it evaporated as soon as he slammed the door shut behind us.

"Not so fast," he snarled, snagging my arm and pinning me to the wall. "I have something to say before we go."

He paused but I didn't even consider protesting.

"One, you will not do that to me again – ever. Two, what the hell were you thinking, going in a place like that alone, dressed like you are? Obviously, you weren't thinking or you wouldn't have, since I know you have more sense than that. Three, since you do have more sense than that, you have a lot of explaining to do for not calling us as we asked you to several times. Four, do you have any idea how lucky you are that I found you when I did? Do you know what could have happened if I hadn't?"

I was sobbing. He was so furious, though I sensed it was not entirely for the mess I'd let myself get into. No, some of his anger was from his genuine concern for me. "I'm sorry," I managed. It was lame but all I could think of to say at the moment.

"I know you are," he said, softening somewhat and pulling me into his arms. He held me until I was cried out, whispering soothing nothings that I couldn't really hear. It was more the sound of his voice rumbling in his chest, the warmth radiating from him and the strength of his embrace that calmed me than the actual words. He dried my cheeks with his palms and kissed me gently before separating himself from me. "You're safe now. You definitely deserve to be punished but I'm still too pissed to make any decisions on that now." I blinked, accepting without understanding his meaning. "Give me your keys."

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Once we were underway, it took several minutes before I began to question the turn of events. Finally, I thought to ask where we were going.

"Home," he informed me. "Where you should have gone in the first place."

That simple statement was enough to set off another round of tears. I tried to hide it, biting my lip to prevent any noise, resisting the urge to rub my eyes. He was driving so I thought I'd get away with it but I was wrong. Again. We'd reached the industrial park area which, at that time of night, was totally deserted. So of course, he chose there to pull over.

"Hey, it's okay. Really. Everything is fine now that you're with me."

"How? Don't say that. Don't do this to me."

"Do what? Tell me. What do you think I'm doing?"

"I don't know," I admitted honestly through my tears. My mind was still reeling at having been found, and I wasn't able to form a coherent thought yet. "Why?" I was crying too hard to continue.

"C'mere," he said, hauling me across the car and into his lap. As he had back at the bar, he held me until I was calm. Then he dried my cheeks with his thumb. He even offered me a

handful of tissues that magically appeared out of nowhere. He waited patiently while I swiped my nose and then kissed my forehead before cuddling me to his chest.

"Honey, listen," he spoke softly but firmly, his voice reverberating with confidence and authority. "I read all your emails, not just the ones to me so I know what she told you about me being able to sense certain things in others. I also know what you told her about not believing it, which you could have said directly to me by the way. Anyway, your doubt is keeping you from understanding fully. You will in time, but for now, you are just going to have to trust me." A fingertip to my lips prevented my interruption. "Yes, I do realise that trust is another unfamiliar concept to you since there's been very little of it in your life so far. That changed when you responded to my first email. You don't get that yet but again, you will. It's okay. I'm not going anywhere."

"But what do you want? Why are you doing this? Why did you come get me? How did you find me?"

He tipped my chin and forced me to meet his eyes. "Because I care. Because, even though you don't think so, you need me. Because you were broadcasting your feelings so strongly that it felt like I'd been hit by a truck when I noticed you on that website. You're crying out for my help. How could I possibly ignore you?"

"I don't understand."

"I know, honey. But I do, so you don't need to. If you let me, I will take care of everything. I want to. All you have to do is be open and I'll do the rest."

"That doesn't make any sense," I mumbled nervously, thinking well enough to really take in my surroundings, wondering if I'd gotten myself into something even worse than what I'd faced back in that bar.

"Hey now, come on. Calm down," he soothed, gently rubbing my back as he continued to hold me loosely. "Nothing bad will happen to you when you're with me. I promise."

"But," I squirmed with impending panic, "but I don't know you."

"Sure you do. Or you know enough for now. Take a deep breath and think about everything we told you."

I did. He must have felt some of my tension fade.

"Good girl. It really is going to be fine," he grinned. "It'll also be one hell of an adventure if you let it."

"I mean that I know what you need and am capable of giving you all of it. There is so much I can teach you, so many things I want to share with you if you just let me. If you have the desire to explore and learn about yourself and the courage to turn yourself over to me then I will take you places you never even imagined," he chuckled, once again kissing my forehead. "But we'll talk about all that at home. We should get going before she gets so worried she decides to come after both of us."

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Chapter Three

We resumed our journey in silence. I was half brooding, half mulling over what he'd said and the fact that he'd managed to locate me. Perhaps I'd been too hasty in dismissing their claim that he was able to sense me. When I peeked over at him he was watching me, smiling as if he'd been waiting for that. He reached out and squeezed my clenched hands.

"Relax, hon. Sometimes things just are what they are. No sense getting stressed out about it," he said with a wink.

I felt my face heat in guilty embarrassment at being caught, which earned my hands another squeeze along with a soft chuckle.

I would have huddled against the door the rest of the way had I been able to. His hand on mine prevented that. It also prevented me from losing myself to my internal misery. That minimal contact served as a reminder that we might actually be linked on a metaphysical level as well. The thought of that possibility horrified and fascinated me equally. Reactions he was aware of, again without needing me to tell him.

It wasn't much longer before he pulled into a driveway and switched off the engine. I was surprised when he handed me my keys. I looked at the house and then back at him.

"I'm going in now. What you do is up to you but I think it would be nice if you came in too. At least long enough to say hello and let her see for herself that you're in one piece since I wasn't the only one worried about you today." He spoke quietly and pleasantly but there was something in his tone that warned me against refusing. And, if that wasn't enough to get me moving, the guilt his words caused was.

"Oh thank God," she cried as soon as he opened the door. She yanked me inside and into a breath defying hug in one motion. "I thought you'd never get here. When we got to that bar and he waved to let me know you really were there, I couldn't believe it. Whatever possessed you to go to a place like that on your own? I don't even want to think about what could have happened if..."

"Enough," he snapped, silencing her instantly.

Her head dipped and she stepped away from me but not so fast that I missed the way her face fell. With that one word she took on the look of someone severely chastised who had just endured a cutting lecture on inappropriate behaviour. And the simple two word apology she whispered sounded so full of despair that I shook my head, half-thinking I had zoned out and missed something significant.

"Please come in," she invited demurely, gesturing to the cheery kitchen rather than the comfortable living room.

"Thanks," I nodded for her to proceed me. Out of the corner of my eye, I thought I saw him flash her a look of approval but it vanished so quickly I could have imagined it.

I was about to claim a chair when he wrinkled his nose, sniffing disdainfully. "I reek of smoke." He sniffed again in my direction. "And you're worse. I recommend we shower." I couldn't contain my gasp which amused him to no end because he correctly guessed I assumed he meant together. "As much as I'd enjoy that, it has to wait for another time," he stated.

I expected her to be laughing at me too but when I glanced at her she was watching him expectantly instead.

"Two bathrooms, no waiting," he teased, then nodded for her to show me the way.

I followed mutely, so preoccupied with what was racing through my mind to even consider hesitating. What I'd started thinking about in the car had me overloaded already and now, on top of all that, I added a weird suspicion that things between my hosts weren't exactly normal. No, normal wasn't the right word. Mainly because there was nothing in my life I'd classify as such to compare it to. Perhaps average according to society's definition? Or maybe not what I was expecting based on the impressions formed during our correspondence? Or that there was something odd or unusual just beneath the surface appearance? I couldn't really pinpoint precisely what the feeling I had was but it was there. Something was definitely up and my pesky curiosity was in high gear so, against my better judgment and unless they kicked me out, I was now determined to stay long enough to figure out what it was.

If that wasn't enough, my own reactions were distracting me too. I wasn't overtly social. Ever as in never, and I had no interest in changing that. I liked my more-often-thannot solitary life. Any other time, I would have stayed outside while I said 'hey' and gone on my merry way immediately after. Despite the three drinks I wasn't even remotely close to being impaired and perfectly capable of driving safely without any trace of fear that I might endanger anyone who crossed my path. But, for reasons I couldn't explain, I didn't want to leave. Not at all like me on an average day, let alone one destined to be bad before it actually started.

One reaction that had me way off balance was the surge of disappointment I felt when he nixed the co-ed shower scenario. Just thinking of it was so out of my realm that I wondered if I was possessed. For one thing, I wasn't into sex. For another, I never jumped into anything. True, I did indulge sporadically but only after extensive consideration and never with someone I didn't know extensively and definitely not with a married man whose wife was right there in the room with us while we debated about it. That thought was so ridiculous I was on the verge of laughing since I wasn't even interested in the first place. Was I?

We were standing in the bathroom when my common sense finally kicked in. "Hey, wait a sec. It's really nice of you to offer but I think I'll pass. I should probably head on home now instead."

"What?" she gasped, her eyes wide, her hands fluttering nervously. "Oh no, you can't. Please don't go."

Her somewhat frantic response startled me into blurting out the first thing that came to mind. "But there's no point. Even if I wash the smoke off of me it won't matter since it's in my clothes too."

She sighed in relief, reaching out to squeeze my shoulder. "Jeez, that's it? Not a problem. I'll find something you can put on while I toss your clothes in the washer. I'm so sorry I didn't offer right away. Please stay. At least for a little while?" There was eagerness in her tone I didn't quite understand.

"Well, if you're sure it's okay? I don't want to put you out any more than I did already," I said, feeling suddenly ashamed that they wound up searching for me.

"Don't be silly," she smiled before catching me for a quick hug. "You staying will be great because it'll give him time to calm down before you go. Otherwise, he'll be keyed up all night, worrying about you." She showed me where anything I might need was. "He won't approve of me telling you this but some things need to be said. He was so concerned about

you all day. You should have seen his face when he decided it was time to go get you. He didn't think he'd find you in time which had him really angry that you didn't call. But he was scared too, afraid that something bad would happen to you before he got there. And, if anything had, he would have blamed himself."

"Why? I'm the stupid one who went there. I would've been responsible for anything that happened to me."

She merely smiled mysteriously without comment and adjusted the water, telling me that she'd be back, to take my time and to relax and enjoy my shower. Surprisingly, I did, lost in thought the entire time. I had no idea how long I stood under the pulsing spray. Everything in my mind was still unresolved yet I felt better anyway. I slid open the tinted glass door, expecting to find a robe or something on the vanity. Instead, I came face to face with her, standing there holding a big, fluffy towel, waiting to wrap me in it. I was so stunned I almost slipped. I might have fallen if she hadn't caught me, hanging on a bit longer than necessary to ensure I had my footing.

"Thanks," I mumbled. I'm sure my shock was evident but she ignored it and went about drying me off. And then she continued to ignore it when she exchanged to towel for a bottle of lotion with which she had me coated, feet included, before I managed to utter a squawk of protest.

"There," she said as if pleased with the results. "Much better. He'll be happy because he really likes the scent of that lotion." She wrapped me in another towel, big enough for the edges to meet once she tucked the tail in but not so big that I could move without exposing myself.

"Uh, yeah, thanks," I stammered. "I thought maybe you had a robe or something." I looked down at my scanty covering.

She laughed as if I'd made a joke and I wondered what was about to happen and why I wasn't afraid. Slipping her arm around my shoulders, she guided me from the bathroom. Part of me said I should make a run for it, hoping that my keys were still on the table inside the front door where I'd left them. Apparently an easily ignored part of me because I had no trouble forcing it out of my head. Nor did I balk when I discovered him waiting for us in their bedroom. I guess I'd been expecting it on some level.

My calm didn't last very long. It evaporated as soon as I looked around and saw how well stocked it was implements one might use when administering punishment. I'm talking every variety imaginable made for beating someone's ass. I gulped and would have backpedalled out of the room if she hadn't been holding onto me.

"Now you just wait one minute here," I blustered with mock courage. "I don't know what the hell you're thinking but you can forget it. No way are you using those things on me."

His unwavering gaze snared mine and soon caused my outrage to falter then vanish. "Sit down," he commanded quietly.

I gave my head a few hard shakes but sat immediately.

"Good," he paused until I was finished surveying the room again. "You seem familiar with the purpose of my toys though you obviously have no actual experience."

I confirmed absently, gawking because she had picked up a tablet and started drawing. Me, judging by how she kept looking over at me.

"Unless you are deliberately trying to piss me off you will ignore her and give me your undivided attention." Worked like a charm and would forever if that's what it took for the toys to stay where they were. "Good girl," he praised, pacing before me. "You may remember me mentioning that your foolhardy behaviour warranted punishment." I nodded, suddenly very afraid that he intended to administer it right then and there. I bit my quivering lip and clenched my hands together, trying to hide how I was shaking but I couldn't. "Listen to me before you start jumping to conclusions," he waited until I met his eyes since mine had unintentionally returned to the objects within reach. "Since you didn't fully understand the consequences that would result from your reckless behaviour I have decided to forego the indisputably justified corrective measure. Doing so is extremely rare with me." I saw her nod out of the corner of my eye. "I want to make it clear to you that a second occurrence is highly unlikely. I won't, however, say that it's impossible, because there is no telling what the future will hold. Is that clear or do you require additional explanation?"

"I," my voice cracked, "I understand. And, um, th-thanks, thank you."

"You're welcome but you may want to hold off on that because I wasn't finished."

I gulped visibly, much to his amusement.

"Pay attention, please," he cautioned, apparently able to sense that my mind was about to spin off in a million different directions. "Although I choose not to teach you the lesson you most definitely deserve, I am unwilling to let you off entirely."

"Wh-what are you going to do?"

She quit drawing for a few seconds and gaped along with me. Apparently, she didn't know what was coming either which I didn't not see as a good sign. It only took a brief glance from him to get her pencil moving again.

"Honey," he cupped my chin gently, belying the steel in his tone, "calm down. What I intend will not hurt you in any way. I gave you my word that you are safe with me and that isn't going to change. I recommend you keep that in mind from now on because I hate to repeat myself unnecessarily. Forcing me to do so would be a punishable transgression and you already used your one free pass."

"I'm sorry but I'm scared," I admitted meekly.

"Excellent," he exclaimed, confusing me completely. "Honesty is first and foremost important here. Telling me that without prompting is a very good thing. If allowed, she could confirm that for you. She'd also caution you against speaking without my permission because doing so too often is something else that would eventually cause me to punish you. In her case, she is correct. In yours, however, it is not entirely accurate because the dynamics of the relationship I have with her are different from those in our relationship."

"How?" I blurted without thinking. "If it's okay for me to ask?"

"You may since this isn't something you'd easily learn on your own. Simply put, she is not just my wife but my slave as well." I gawked, not believing what I heard. "It's true, I assure you."

I couldn't help it. I looked to her for confirmation. He must have given some sort of signal because she nodded.

"I won't go into all the details tonight. I'm sure you'll have many questions once you think about what that implies so we will discuss it at length. For now, it's important that you understand that our situation is mutually agreed upon. She's my slave because she chooses to be. I accepted her as such and have complete control over her life which makes me ultimately responsible for her well-being. It's because I take care of her that she stays. My hold on her is something she consciously decided to give me. It is also something she can take away whenever she wants to, which is why I am very careful not to cross the fine line between power and abuse."

"Okay," I said slowly, frowning as I tried to digest what he had revealed.

"You, on the other hand, are mine to control temporarily and only on certain occasions."

"Huh? Temporarily? But you said you don't get rid of people once they're in your life."

"I don't. Hear me out. I say temporarily because you need me now. But you won't forever. I strongly suspect that at some point, once you learn all I can teach you about yourself, you'll stop permitting me to control you for the most part. I'm not saying we'll be done with each other completely. What I mean is that our friendship will change as you grow until we become equals on all levels, which I know we will be eventually. That's a good thing, trust me. Don't think about it now. Wait until later when you can clear your mind and concentrate. Again, this is another conversation that is far from over."

I was still frowning but didn't press for more. He was right. I did need time alone to think this through. "Oh. Okay," I gulped, not quite believing I was about to ask what I was. "So about what you said before?"

"When I indicated I wasn't letting you off scot-free?" His eyes sparkled with amusement. "I want to tell you to relax, that it isn't really that bad, that it's not a big deal. Unfortunately, due to your issues with trust, I can't."

"Oh God," I groaned, filled with dread.

"Again, I caution you against letting your mind get too far ahead of me. Your habit of assuming the worst is something we are going to work on." His lengthy pause had the feel of waiting for the other shoe to drop. "Good. Now that your attention is back where it belongs, I can continue. You decided to ignore our numerous requests to join us today. In turn, our growing concern for you ruined what would have been an enjoyable afternoon. Ultimately, your senseless choice forced us to seek you out. Your penance, for lack of a better word, is, in my opinion, very appropriate." His expression was cryptic. "You'll recall that one of your emails included a mention of less than satisfactory results when you attempted to shave your pussy."

I couldn't help it. I blushed. And my eyes went wide.

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"My response was to offer my assistance which, correct me if I'm mistaken, you accepted." His eyebrow rose, daring me to deny it.

"Well, yes but..."

"But nothing, hon. You presented a problem. I determined a viable solution. You concurred. Seems very straight forward to me. Unless there's something I missed?"

"No, that's how it went. But I never really thought you'd do it."

He stared until I got so uncomfortable I dropped my chin in defeat. Of course, he instantly tipped it back up so I had to meet his gaze. "I believe I told you that I don't say things I don't mean. Yes, I'm sure I did."

"You did."

His expression remained unchanged though I could tell it took some effort for him to contain what I knew would be a smug, triumphant smile. He won the battle and continued to stare steadily to show me how serious this moment was.

"Go get everything I need," he commanded without looking in her direction. He didn't have to. She knew who the order was for and abandoned her sketching to obey without hesitation. For a few long seconds, he merely watched me. "You don't have to do this. We can go down to the kitchen and have some coffee until your dress is dry. Or we can give you something to wear so you can leave right now. The choice really is yours. But, before you refuse as society dictates you should, think about it. I can sense how much you want me to shave you, how much you want to open that towel you're clutching for dear life, lie back and put yourself in my hands. I want that too but knowing that shouldn't influence your decision. If you say no I'll be disappointed but it won't make me stop talking to you. It won't make me give up hope that you'll change your mind sometime in the future. It won't make me cut you from my life."

"Yeah, right," I snorted rudely.

"Exactly the reaction I expected from you." He shook his head almost sadly. "You don't believe that's possible, do you? You still think I'm like all the others who came before me. You think I'll kick you to the curb if you walk now and that you won't have another chance because that's how it's always been for you."

I nodded, wanting to cry.

He sat down beside me, one hand lightly rubbing my back, the other cupping my cheek. "You're wrong. I'm not like them. With me, you can have as many chances as it takes. No. Don't say anything. Just listen. Think again about what you already know about me. About us. On some level, you must know you can trust us or you wouldn't still be here. You would have left as soon as we got here. In fact, you wouldn't have handed me your keys in the first place." He brushed away the tear that escaped, totally ignoring her when she returned with the things he wanted. "You truly are safe here and you know it. Somewhere inside, you do know that."

"Yes," I agreed, barely audible.

"Good girl," he praised cheerfully, pulling me into a hug. When he released me, he framed my face with his hands. "Ready?"

"No," I balked. "That's it, right? I mean, you're just going to shave me and nothing else?"

He searched my eyes. "Perhaps. That depends on you. I can shave you and limit it to that. Or I can shave you and continue," he shrugged. "As I said, your decision. Don't make it now. Let me shave you and then we'll see."

"Huh?"

"There was another exchange I remember where I assured you that given the opportunity, I was positive I'd be capable of making you come. Another offer which you accepted."

"Oh God," I groaned yet again, this time over my lack of common sense. He really had told me back at the beginning that he didn't say things unless he meant them. Since I never said anything to the contrary, I let it become understood that I would reply in kind.

While he arranged the supplies she had deposited next to the bed, she returned to her chair and resumed sketching. I held a warp speed internal debate and decided to go with the flow. He was correct. I did want to be there and I did want to expose my privates, offering them up to his razor. And, if I was being totally truthful, I did want to participate in whatever he had in mind for after that. Was there something wrong with me? I was in these strangers' home, sitting on their bed, wearing nothing but a towel that I was about to push out of the way so some guy I hadn't even seen until an hour ago could remove my pubic hair with his wife sitting there, drawing pictures of me. I was also seriously considering letting

whatever happened after that just happen. There had to be something wrong because I wasn't nearly as afraid as a normal person would have been. If that wasn't enough, I'd stopped hearing the part of me that had been pointing out that having sex with a married man was a big no-no.

"Well?" he asked softly when he was ready to begin. "Need more time? Want to talk more first?"

My mouth opened and closed a few times before any sound came out. "No," I whispered, almost in tears. "No, I'm ready."

His whole face lit up in a smile. Hers too although she looked down at her drawing as soon as I glanced in her direction. "Excellent," he stated. He took my hand and tugged me to my feet, kissing me leisurely. "Towel please," he requested once he finally got around to ending it. After a brief bout of panic that was quickly squelched, I handed it to him. While I stood there uncomfortably, his eyes slowly perused my entire naked body. "Very nice," he announced with a wink, spreading the towel on the bed. "Lovely," he praised, not letting me look away. "Exquisite," he declared, pulling me close for another lazy kiss. "Shall we?" he

Chapter Four

For the next who knows how many long, silent, tense moments, I lay there, propped up on my elbows, watching my bush disappear. Swipe after steady swipe removed it bit by bit until there was nothing but bare, pink skin.

"You should breathe," he advised, grinning when I released the breath he knew I hadn't been aware of holding.

I gasped, embarrassed, meeting his knowing gaze before peeking at her. Her smile was shy, as if her feelings echoed my own. When a glob of cold goo landed on my newly denuded flesh, my attention instantly reverted back to that area of my body and the hand covering it. Methodically, he massaged the gel into my skin, watching me watch him.

"Clean this up," he snapped as he angled a mirror so I could view his handiwork. "Pretty," he observed, getting my nod of agreement as expected. "Feel," he caught my hand and guided it over my smooth mound. "Soft," he stated, allowing me to remove my hand if I chose to which I did. He chuckled softly. "Not in the habit of masturbating with an audience."

"No," I responded unnecessarily.

His hand resumed the slow, steady circles with which he'd worked in the lotion. "One of the many things you'll soon be doing," he informed me.

I bit my lip to contain the impulsive denial I might have made had I not already known it would have been untrue. He smiled as if pleased. That's when it finally occurred to me that I was still sprawled on their bed, legs spread wide, parts completely exposed long after the reason for it had ended. Of course I reacted by closing my legs, or trying to. I would have if his hands hadn't clamped onto my thighs, stretching them even further apart.

"Stop thinking. Concentrate on your body instead." One hand returned to my bare pussy, petting, rubbing, stroking. "You're aroused. Look at your nipples," he paused until I did, seeing the truth in their puckered state. "Your pussy is already wet just from that little bit of attention. It wants more. You want more. I'm here, hon. I know what you need. And I will give it to you. Oh yeah, I can give you exactly what you need. I can help you. I want to

help you. I can make you feel what you've been missing all these years. I know how." His thumb traced my slit but didn't part it. "But not until you say it. Not until you tell me this is what you want. Not unless you ask me to help you." A fraction deeper but no where near deep enough. I moaned. "It's up to you. You have to say it or nothing more will happen tonight. You have to tell me you're putting yourself in my hands, that you want me to teach you how to find pleasure." The movement ceased, his palm resting on my mound, poised to continue if I actually found the courage to do what we both knew I desired.

"Please," I said in a small voice.

"Please what?"

"Please. P-please help me. Show me what it's like," I pleaded. I waited but he didn't respond. He merely stared with one eyebrow raised, silently demanding that I continue. "Please teach me to feel. Teach me about pleasure and passion. Do whatever it takes so I can finally get it. Give me what I need. Please help me. Oh please," I practically sobbed.

"You're sure? You're turning yourself over to me willingly, knowing that if you do, I will be intimately acquainted with your entire body by the time we're finished here?"

"Yes, I understand all that. Yes, I'm giving myself to you completely," I said, hearing myself, wanting what I was asking for yet not quite believing I was about to do what I was about to do. "I'm putting myself in your hands because, I trust you to take care of me."

His expression was pure satisfaction. I responded correctly and he was pleased. Until then, I hadn't realised how important that had become, but apparently it was. Very much so. And, my actually having done so made me feel proud of myself. So proud I would have giggled with glee had he not chosen that second to curl his fingers, cupping my mound firmly. I gasped, my eyes blinking between his hand and his face.

"Flat on your back now," he said. "You'll be able to feel what I'm doing so there's no need to watch."

I hesitated, glancing over his shoulder at his wife. For a moment, I let myself get so caught up in everything that I all but forgot she was there, that she even existed at all. Now that I was on the brink of having sex with her husband I was suddenly panicked at what she must think of me. Surely, she thought me a real tramp, a total slut, begging for it, offering myself up for anything and everything right in front of her. "I told you to stop thinking," he snapped. "If you want my attention then keep yours on me."

"But," I sputtered nervously.

"Tell her, girl," he spoke to his wife/slave.

"Please don't back out because of me," she began, meeting my confused gaze. "I'm fine with whatever happens here. I know he loves me and always will. I also know that it's in his nature to help others when he can. And I want him to, however he has to. If he didn't step in, he'd end up hurting and I don't want that. Please, make us both happy. Let him do this. He needs to, just like you need him to."

"Okay," I finally said, stretching out as instructed.

I could practically feel the emotionally charged atmosphere swirling around us while I waited for him to do something. It seemed like forever before his hand flexed ever so slightly. The pressure increased. He rubbed his palm over me as he had before only now his thumb was extended, stroking my slit with every pass. I struggled not to move. I bit my lip to hold in my moans.

He suddenly gripped me so hard it bordered on pain. "Do not ever hold back with me." He squeezed tighter. "Never, do you understand?"

"Yes," I squeaked.

One more pulse for emphasis. "Good girl. I need to see all your reactions or I won't be able to do what's best for you." I took a deep breath and nodded, forcing my body to relax as much as I could. "Very good," he acknowledged my effort.

His vice-like hand unclenched and his caresses resumed. Again, I waited breathlessly. I moaned. Eventually, my hips began to lift, seeking more. He no longer needed to hold my thighs apart. I had them spread wide open, as far as possible yet I could still feel myself trying to stretch even further. When his thumb finally dipped between my outer lips, I cried out in surprised even though it had been inevitable. My back arched, pushing more of my flesh around the intruder.

He chuckled, teasing me mercilessly. The tip of his thumb parted my folds over and over again while the rest of his hand continued to knead my freshly shorn skin. My moans became needy whimpers. What little of my mind that remained functional was in awe. He was barely touching me and already had me feeling more than in the past. I was about ready to beg and he knew it. He knew exactly what he was doing to me and clearly enjoyed it. I couldn't make out his mumbled words, but I didn't need to in order to hear the amusement that laced his tone. Good thing I heard the encouragement he offered too, or I would have been thoroughly embarrassed for making such a spectacle of myself at this early stage. I may have been almost lost but the one thought that did manage to penetrate the fog clouding my brain was how severely lacking my former partners had been. All this time I believed it was me. And in a way it was, just not the way I had thought. No, my deficiency wasn't physical. It was my inability to select anyone capable of coaxing this sort of reaction from my severely deprived body.

"Hmm," he began speculatively, "you seem awfully wet for a girl who claims to be unexcitable. Maybe we should take a break, let it go away and try again, just to make sure it isn't a fluke."

"No," I cried. "Please."

"Please what?"

"Please don't stop. Not now."

"No? You like this?"

I nodded quickly, still whimpering.

"Want something else too?"

Another nod.

"What? Tell me?"

I choked on the sob that rose in my throat. "I can't."

"Yes, you can. You will. Tell me."

"No. I don't know. Please. I don't know. Just, more. Oh please don't stop. Help me," I pleaded frantically.

"Shhh," he soothed, caressing my inner thigh with his other thumb. "It's okay. I'm here. And I do know so there's no need to upset yourself."

That said, he separated my lips with one hand and penetrated me with the other. He started impaling me on one finger, then two, then stretching me, filling my seldom used pussy to the hilt with three. Stroking steadily in and out, in and out non-stop while pressing my flesh together over my clit, nudging it without ever touching it as I wished he would. The whole time my head was rolling side to side. My eyes were closed but I didn't need to look at him to know he was watching my face. I could feel it. Every time my hips lifted to meet his probing fingers and every time I moaned with desire, I earned another titbit of praise. He encouraged me to let go with words as well as manual stimulation. I began to feel something building, something different, something new. It came from some unknown place deep inside. It was both incredible and terrifying all at once.

When his fingers slipped into the top of my slit, catching my clit, squeezing it, he twisted his other hand so the fingers pumping into me curved upward. The resulting sensations were too much for me. I panicked. I tried to jerk away from his hands. I tried to force him away so I could clamp my legs together. I was on the verge of being out of control when he captured my wrists, transferring them to one hand, pressing his arm over my hips to pin me to the bed.

"Restraints," he hissed.

Instantly she was there, doing something at the headboard. I twisted my neck but I couldn't turn it far enough to see. Before I thought to struggle he was on top of me, tugging me to the middle of the bed, using his body to hold me in place. I'd heard what he'd said but it didn't register until after my arms were extended above my head and my wrists were secured. I yanked anyway, trying to free myself because I didn't really believe they had just tied me to their bed.

"What are you doing? Let me go." I squirmed uselessly.

"No," he refused. "Stop that before you hurt yourself."

"Let me go," I repeated.

"No." He caught my chin and forced me to look at him. "Listen to me, hon."

I continued to struggle, not giving him the attention he demanded so he got it by twisting my nipple.

"Hold still," he warned, pinching it sharply. "Ready to be a good girl yet?"

I nodded, watching him intently with wide, unblinking eyes.

"Tell me what happened. Why did you do that?"

My mouth opened and closed stupidly before I managed to speak. "It was too much. I couldn't handle it."

My explanation made him burst out laughing. Loudly. For a long time. "Just as I suspected," his merriment continued.

"What's so funny?" I asked belligerently, hating to be the brunt of a joke I didn't understand.

"You are." He leaned over and kissed me until I was almost senseless. Then he retreated back between my legs.

I lifted my head awkwardly, straining my neck in order to watch.

"Head down," he ordered, pushing his fingers back inside my still wet pussy. He stroked me for a many minutes before he spoke again. "Your reaction confirms what I thought. You are your own worst enemy here."

"What," I moaned, "What do you mean?" My hips lifted.

"You're so afraid that you deny yourself pleasure. You quit just when it starts feeling good."

"No," I disagreed.

"Yes," he overruled my protest, silencing me by spreading his intruding fingers. "We might be able to figure out why, if we tried but it really doesn't matter. What does matter is that you do it."

"I don't," I argued feebly since what he said just might have a hint of truth to it.

"You do and I'm sure you'll agree once you have time to consider it. But now I want you to experience what you've been avoiding." He curled his fingers, stroking that spot again, the one that had sent me into such a panic the first time he touched it.

"Stop," I cried, struggling uselessly. "No!"

"Yes. I've got you. You're safe here. Let go."

"No! Oh! Please! Stop! Don't! Too much," I begged.

He pressed his elbows more firmly to my legs, holding me immobile. "Not enough. I'm not hurting you. Am I?" I shook my head. "What I'm doing feels good, doesn't it?" I nodded. "But it's building, getting better, right?" Another nod. "Stop fighting me, hon. Don't hold back. Let go."

"I can't," my voice broke.

"You can." His fingers flicked within my dripping pussy as he worked them in and out. "Come on, damn it! Let go!"

"I can't," I panted, partly from arousal, partly from fear. "I can't. I can't!"

He pinched my nipple sharply to get my attention. My eyes flew to his face. "Yes. You. Can," he insisted. "Now, damn it! Come for me now. Do it! Now! Come now!"

With that, his pinching fingers caught my engorged clit. Three fingers were jammed in deep, flexing and clenching, working that ultra-sensitive spot I didn't know I had. The overwhelming sensations that had been gathering exploded, swamping me in something unlike anything I'd ever experienced before. I felt as if I was flying apart, a million pieces going every which way and each of them feeling so amazingly good that I thought I'd pass out. But I didn't even close my eyes. Somehow, they stayed open the whole time I was soaring, focused on him like he was the only thing holding me in place. I heard screaming and finally realised it was coming from me. I heard crying too, also coming from me. And I heard laughter, from him of course. Eventually, his soft caresses brought me down and I was amazed to discover I was still in one piece.

"How'd you do that?" I asked in awe.

"Felt damn good, didn't it?" he chuckled.

"Yeah," I sighed. "Wow. Thanks."

Back to full out laughing again. "Thanks? Did you hear that?" he asked her, amused about something. "Thanks as if she thinks we're done here."

"Cute," she commented, meeting his smile for a second before returning to her sketching.

"What? But I thought," I tried. "Oh," I gasped when his fingers slowly filled my pussy. "Oh."

My surprise fuelled his entertainment. "That's priceless. Thinking I'd let you quit with one. Hell, we're just getting started."

He withdrew, giving my bare mound a quick swat and stood, stripping while I was too stunned to react. He was stretched out beside me, kissing me as my brain reengaged which didn't last very long. Not with kisses like those! Mm, how demanding his lips were. And his tongue. I'd always enjoyed kissing and believed I had partaken of some excellent ones but none equalled his. None even came close. In no time at all, my mind was mush and my body was putty. I was moaning with desire, following the wordless commands issued by his beyond proficient mouth.

At some point, when, I have no idea, his hands started to roam over my more than willing body. I finally realised it when he left my mouth and began nibbling his way down my neck. I didn't say anything but his soft chuckle told me he knew I had noticed. His hands and fingers toyed with my breasts, teasing my already stiff nipples into rock hard peaks. He played ceaselessly, gently then not, caressing then kneading, squeezing lightly then pinching sharply, rolling my extended flesh teasingly then twisting relentlessly. The variety only increased when his mouth joined in. He alternated without warning, keeping me off balance and highly aroused. Again, I had to admit that what I thought of as adequate previously had been in actuality severely lacking. The attention I'd enjoyed before was just plain sad in comparison. How naively imbecilic I'd been. I was moaning openly, not even trying to contain it long before his downward journey resumed.

I knew he was naked. I'd watched him strip but it shocked me anyway to feel his hard cock jabbing me as he moved down my body. I hadn't really been able to pay attention at the time and now I wish I had. Unless I was mistaken, his cock was huge, more of a club than a pencil. And it was leaking copiously making me believe he was as aroused as I was. For an instant I nearly balked again once it finally sank in that he was naked because he intended to spear me with that monster. The only thing that kept me from fighting to free myself was the feel of his tongue lapping along my slit.

It wasn't the first tongue I'd had in my pussy, but once again it only took seconds for me to determine it was vastly superior to all the others. Oh my God, was he good at that! He licked and teased, swirled and penetrated, laved and flicked, changing from one to another at random, sticking with each just long enough to have me begging for more but never giving it to me. On and on he went, driving me insane with his talented mouth. I was dripping and, if I understood the noises he was making, it pleased him greatly. In the past, I'd always gotten the impression that the guys I was with went down on me because they were doing me a favour, like it was a chore they had to complete in order to get to what they really wanted. With him, it was nothing like that. He was slurping away, lips smacking, muttering encouragingly for more like he was totally into it. Granted, my brain was pretty much fried already but it sure seemed like he was very happy to be feasting on my pussy.

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"Sweet," he commented. "Ready to come again? Ready to flood my mouth?" he asked, suctioning his lips over my hole, drawing out what cream he could. I responded with a moan, shaking my head unconsciously. "Don't be that way, hon. I know you want to."

"No," I gasped, suddenly resisting the sensations he created. "No, I can't. Please."

He stopped, propping himself on an elbow and waiting for me to meet his eyes. "That is another annoying habit that you won't get away with after tonight," he announced. "And the only reason I'm letting it slide now is because this is new to you and you're still afraid. Once you have time to think about it you'll see that nothing bad happens when you let go, not when you're with me," he grinned. "Even so, you might still be scared next time but scared or not, you better not resist like you just did or I will punish you until you learn not to."

"Oh God," I gulped.

"Calm down, hon. I said next time, not now. And, judging from some of your reactions here, I suspect that you might actually enjoy a little punishment now and then."

"Huh?" I gawked stupidly as I a heard a tiny giggle coming from her corner before she squelched it.

Of course, he heard it too and briefly turned to her. "Just because I'm letting her get away with a few things tonight doesn't me you can," he stated flatly. "I don't recommend you slipping like that again because I will not be pleased if I have to interrupt what I'm doing to deal with you."

"It won't happen again," she promised eagerly. "I'm very sorry."

"As you should be," he nodded curtly, returning to me. "Now where was I?" he asked rhetorically before once again claiming me with his mouth. "Mm," he hummed against my clit, sending shivers throughout my body. "I remember."

"Ooh," I moaned, flailing uselessly, pinned again by his arms.

"You were just about to come."

I panted, fighting against the rapidly building tension within though I tried not to.

"Stop that, damn it!" He knew, of course. "Go with it. Feel it. Feel how good it is."

I wanted to but still I resisted.

He growled, probing deep with his pointed tongue, sucking my hard clit while flicking rapidly and still I wasn't able to let myself get lost in the pleasure he provided. "Good thing I

understand why you're working against me," he snarled, diving back in. "Otherwise you'd really piss me off, refusing to let go like this."

His whole mouth went into overdrive, lips fastening then releasing, tongue plundering, fast, slow, hard, soft, all making me frantic but not pushing me beyond the point of losing control. Suddenly, his rapidly circling tongue quit and his teeth captured my clit. He bit down before I had the chance to figure out what he was up to. And that, apparently was what it took to send me spiralling wildly, lost in the overwhelming sensations that one sharp nip set off within me. It was even better than the first time. Especially when he drew it out with his lips on my clit and his fingers curled back inside of my spasming pussy.

Finally, after what seemed like forever, he eased me down, calming me with gentle caresses and soothing words. "Mm," I purred, sprawled wantonly on their bed and not caring. I was totally boneless, not to mention brainless and I absolutely loved it.

"Wow," I eventually whispered, forcing my eyes to focus, not at all surprised to find them both watching me.

"Good?" he teased.

"Oh yeah," I sighed contentedly.

He chuckled, grinning wickedly. "Just wait. It's going to be even better next time."

"Next time?" I asked moronically, knowing what was coming, yet not believing it.

"Yes. Next time. When I'm fucking you." He stood, wagging his throbbing cock while he leered. "Don't," he silenced my protest before I even knew I was about to object. "You knew this was inevitable."

I nodded mutely.

"And you know you want it. You want me to fuck you, hard and deep, pounding my big, fat cock into your tight pussy over and over again until you're screaming, begging for me not to stop."

Another nod while I watched him stroke himself, spreading his pre-cum over his length.

He looked at me and laughed. "Don't worry. You'll get to taste it eventually. Just not tonight."

I blushed hotly but didn't deny what I'd so obviously been thinking.

"Tonight is all about you and helping you discover the meaning of pleasure. We'll have plenty of time for everything else later on."

I gaped, understanding at last that this was not a once and done deal.

"Get me ready," he instructed her.

Without any hesitation, she set aside her tablet and gracefully crossed to the dresser, retrieving a condom from the pile I hadn't noticed. Falling to her knees before him, she effortlessly inhaled his entire shaft right down to his bulging balls.

I knew my gawking amused him. I knew he was watching me but I didn't meet his eyes. Instead, I stared at her, marvelling at the way she slid his huge cock in and out of her throat without gagging. I thought she might continue until he came, but she quit without needing to be told. Using just her lips, covered him with the condom. I had no idea they actually made them big enough for him but they must since she had no trouble putting it on and he didn't seem to be in any pain like it was too tight. I couldn't help but sigh when he paused to cup her cheek tenderly before waving her back to her chair.

Then it was my turn again. I was suddenly very nervous. Okay, not just nervous, more like petrified. I hadn't had sex in years, and now I was about to be rammed by a real monster cock. I understood the mechanics but no way was that battering ram going to fit into my long deserted pussy. I couldn't possibly stretch to accommodate all of that. Well, maybe with a lot of work and slow, persistent patience which somehow I knew wasn't on the agenda. Nope, I was about to be split in two. So why wasn't I panicking? Why wasn't I fighting to free myself? Why wasn't I screaming my lungs out for him to let me go and keep that beast away from me?

Because I wanted it. I peeked at him after I realised that and of course got caught. Actually, he seemed to be waiting for me to look up. Was I that transparent or did he really have the ability to tap into my feelings? Either way he knew what I was thinking and grinning because of it.

"Say it," he ordered.

"Say what?" I stalled.

He slapped my pussy soundly which I'd stupidly left exposed by not closing my legs when I'd had the chance. "Say it," he repeated, his tone darker.

"Please," I gulped.

"Now." He landed another swat which made my hips buck.

I gasped in wonder and heard his soft chuckle. He really did know my body better than I did. "Fine," I tried to sound put out but failed. "Fuck me. Okay? Fuck me. There. I said it. Happy?"

"Hardly." My sarcasm earned me a third slap. "Say it like you mean it. We both know you do, so sound like it. Make me believe it, or I'll fuck her instead and leave you there alone."

"No," I cried, panicked that I wouldn't be able to convince him. "Please. Fuck me. I want your cock. Oh please fuck me," I begged.

"How?" he asked, again stroking himself.

"However you want. Just give it to me. Oh please let me feel your cock. Please."

He laughed, winking at her when she glanced up almost on cue. "What do you think? Should I?" he asked her.

"Yes," she replied firmly.

"Okay," he agreed pleasantly and I realised they were teasing me.

Before I could react, he positioned himself between my thighs, yanked me towards him until my arms were stretched out straight. He bent my knees against my chest holding me wide open and slammed his hard cock in all the way. Just like that. No teasing, no letting me adjust gradually, just shoved the whole humungous thing in as deep as it could go. I screamed, both shocked and thrilled. Slowly, bit by bit, taking forever, he withdrew, pausing with just the tip remaining inside, holding my eyes the whole time and then slamming fully in again. Over and over, adding a pause to grind his body against mine when he bottomed out.

It was too much and not enough. I tried to lift up to meet his powerful thrusts but couldn't move. Not until he released my legs to lean forward and grab my nipples. He clamped onto them, pinching tightly enough to hold on as his hips surged, pummelling me with his amazing cock.

"Come, damn it," he snarled. "Quit holding back." He increased the pace, pistoning that huge club into my tightly stretched sheath. "Let go," he growled, miraculously spearing me even harder. "Now. Come now!" He punctuated the command by practically lifting my torso by my nipples.

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He ordered. I obeyed. Just like that. Well, just like that including the almost painful trigger that sent me rocketing into a galaxy of the most incredible sensations, that were so much better than anything, even the pleasure he'd already given me. So good! So very, very good I don't know how long it was before I could think again. When I finally managed to I realised that his cock was still inside my clutching pussy, still hard and still sliding in and out though no longer at a frenzied pace.

"Was I right," he asked, knowing yet forcing me to admit it anyway.

"Ooh, yeah. So right," I mumbled almost incoherently. "Good. So good. Better. Mm." Of course, he laughed. "Told you."

"Don't gloat," I managed, barely because his thumb located my sensitive clit.

For who knows how long, he mashed it in time with his lazy thrusts. I'm not sure exactly when but at some point he rearranged me, hooking my legs over his arms, adjusting the angle so his throbbing cock rubbed over that newly discover source of extremely wonderful feelings every time he rocked into me. He kept it up, taking me higher and higher, pushing me closer and closer. I heard myself whimpering, begging for him to do something to make me come, not able to let go on my own. I had learned I was capable but I still needed help. His help.

My needy pleas seemed to please him because he was smiling when I looked up at him. It made me ridiculously proud. Silly of me since most any moron could come at will. Just not this moron.

"You like that," he stated confidently. "You like to come now that you know how it feels. You want more, don't you?"

Rhetorical I knew but nodded anyway.

"You like the way it feels to be filled with my cock."

Again, I nodded.

"You like the way it's hitting your g-spot. No one ever bothered to find that before, did they?"

I shook my head needlessly.

"But I did."

"Yes," I gasped, arching into him. "Please. So good. So close. Help me. Make me come again. Please fuck me so I can come again. I need you."

"I know you do, honey," he soothed, shortening his stroke for added stimulation. "But you still need more, don't you?"

"Yes," I admitted. "I'm sorry but yes."

"Don't apologise. It's temporary. You'll see," he assured me, moving with more determination.

"Oh God, yes," I screamed. "More, oh please more. Do something," I begged.

"How's this?" he asked, flicking my clit directly, hard as he could.

Again, that fleeting bit of pain sent me over the edge. This time, he kept me going by rabbit-punching his hard cock against my g-spot. Whenever my tremors started to slow, he'd flick my clit again, launching me again into ever increasing depths of unimaginable pleasure.

"Oh my God," I panted once he finally quit.

"Like that?" he teased.

"You know I do," I countered, feeling lighter than I ever have. "But," I squeezed his never-ending hard-on with my gaping pussy. "What about you? Don't you like it? I mean, you didn't..."

Once again, my ineptness provided great entertainment. He laughed, amused with my assumption that I hadn't been good enough to make him come too. "Honey, relax. I'm enjoying you. Don't worry so much."

"But..."

"But nothing. I am taking care of you before we get to me."

"So you will? I mean, you think I can?"

More laughter. And more full-length, pussy-stretching, lazy strokes. "If you're asking if your pussy feels good enough to get me off, the answer is yes. Oh hell yeah! But I'm pacing myself. Tonight is about you, remember? Whether or not I come isn't important here."

"It is to me," I admitted timidly. "I feel selfish."

That one got such deep chuckles I could feel his cock twitching. "Christ, you have a lot to learn. Tell her."

"He's right," she chimed in. "If he decides to keep you coming, just let him. He's extremely good at it so you don't want to rush him. He'll come with you when he's ready. Or when he thinks you're about to collapse." "Oh," I gaped at them both. I'd forgotten she was there, that his wife was sitting in the room with us, drawing me while her husband made me scream on his cock. I felt like such a slut. How could I?

"No," he barked, slapping my breast sharply. "Do not, I repeat, do not even start thinking what I know you're thinking." More slaps, both sides.

I moaned, arching to offer myself for more.

"Damn, girl," he said, slapping me again only harder, making it sting so good. "You don't know what you're asking for here, do you?"

"No," I admitted, arching again. "But I want it. Please?"

"No," he snarled, giving me a few more slaps anyway. "Not tonight. Next time."

"Oh please," I begged, squeezing his still stroking cock as hard as I could. "I don't know what it is but I need it. Please."

"No," he repeated, slamming in deep and catching my nipples with his nails. "I said next time." Again. "And I mean next time." Once more. "C'mere," he said, unhooking my legs and flipping me over.

My restraints were crossed but I had enough slack that it was okay. He pushed me towards the headboard, lifting my hips, pressing on my shoulders so my head rested on my bent arms.

"Look at her," he snapped. I turned my head and met her knowing eyes. "You wanted me to get off so I will," he declared, ramming into me with his burgeoning cock. Over and over, he pumped his enormous pole into my clenching hole. "You wanted this – now take it," he ordered.

"Yes," I whimpered. "More. I want more."

"Horny bitch," he declared, slamming his bulging erection over and over. "Say it."

"Fuck me," I responded instantly. "Give it to me. Shove that big cock of yours in all the way. Fuck my pussy. Take it. Use it. It's yours, all yours," I cried.

"More," he snarled, smacking my ass. "Say it."

"I need this, need you. To come. You. No one else knows how. Just you. Fuck me. Like I need. You know how. Harder, oh God, yes! Harder!"

He grabbed my hips, digging his fingers into my flesh so hard I knew I'd be bruised. I didn't care. I wanted it. I wanted him. I wanted to be used, taken like an animal by a beast,

my beast with his glorious monster cock. "Like this? Like having your greedy pussy fucked by my big cock?"

"Yes! Oh please, yes. Don't stop. Don't ever stop. Fuck me forever. I love your big fat cock. So much. I need it. I need you," I screamed. "Yours. All yours."

"Mine," he growled possessively. His hand landed on my burning cheeks. "Mine." "Yes!"

"Ready to come?"

I panted in terror. I was more than ready but I couldn't. I wanted to. Oh my God, I wanted to. But I couldn't. "Help me. Please help me. I need you." I slammed my hips back against him and heard as well as felt his balls slapping against me. "Please," I whimpered.

"Son of a bitch," he growled, grasping the problem instantly, probably before I had. "God damn it! Fuck," he swore.

"Yes! Oh God, yes. Fuck me."

"Lube," he snapped, sending her scurrying frantically, for what I had no clue. "Christ," he hissed, breaching my virgin anus with his slicked-up thumb.

I screamed. He clamped his hand, thumb buried deep, guiding me while his other hand held me in place for his out of control battering ram.

"This what you want?" he asked, pounding in deep again and again like he would never stop. "Like this?"

I moaned, arching so my ass was higher.

"Damn it," he snarled dangerously, working his thumb in counterpoint to his cock as he slapped my burning ass.

"Yes," I screamed again, feeling the tremors start deep within. "Please," I begged. "More. Help me."

He did. His thumb worked in deep, just like his over-engorged cock. His hand alternated cheeks, stinging my flesh in just the right way. Eventually, I felt his palm sliding over my hip, circling my body. I wasn't thinking clearly enough to understand. Not until he pinched my clit. I exploded. Around his cock. Around his thumb. I screamed. And cried. And moaned. Babbling incoherently as he jammed himself in deep holding me tight against him. I felt his cock, pulsing, emptying into the condom. I could feel his liquid warmth and for an instant, resented the latex that separated us. I wanted him to fill me, pump me full of his heat.

"Not tonight," he stated, responding to my unspoken plea.

"Next time," I mumbled, collapsing beneath his weight as he slumped over me.

"Untie her," he said, sending her rushing to do his bidding as we fell to our sides, his twitching cock still lodged within me.

As soon as she released the restraints, he massaged my throbbing wrists and arms.

"Thanks," I murmured almost shyly. Now that I was free, I suddenly felt shy. Hard to imagine after what we'd just done.

"Shhh," he whispered, kissing my neck as he spooned me from behind. "Everything's okay."

"Yes, it is," I agreed.

"Good girl," he praised, slipping from my spent pussy. "Condom," he snapped.

I felt her remove it but I was too exhausted to move. She may also have licked him clean. I wish I'd had the energy to lift my head and look. Even more, I wished I'd been able to do that myself.

"Next time," he assured me. "Rest," he advised, cuddling me close to his chest.

I was only slightly aware of her joining us. I felt the bed shift but that was about it. At the moment, all I knew was that I felt better than I ever had in my life, satisfied for the first time, happily exhausted from an overdose of the most exquisite pleasure imaginable.

Chapter Five

I woke up thoroughly confused. I had no idea where I was or what was happening. Eventually, I realised that I was being held by someone behind me. I also realised my leg was wrapped around something solid and something very large was lodged within my tender pussy.

"Mm," I purred, snuggling into the warmth before me.

"Morning, honey," he crooned, rocking slowly within me.

My eyes flew open. I gasped. They both chuckled, cuddling me between them.

"Sleep well?" he asked.

"Yeah," I replied since I had.

"Good. How you feeling?"

"Mm," I answered, shifting to rub along more of his solid shaft. "Wonderful."

"Now that's what I like to hear," he chuckled. "Good enough to come for me?"

"Keep that up and I just might," I responded truthfully.

"Great," he declared, changing the angle of his hard cock just enough to hit my sweet spot. "Go for it."

"Soon. Kinda like what you're doing," I admitted.

"You're not the only one," he laughed. "C'mere," he said, shifting to his back, pulling me on top of him. He slid his hands under his head and smiled. "Have fun."

My palms landed on his chest as my hips undulated over him. "Mm, wow. Nice."

"Nice?" he questioned as he pulled her against his side. "That's it? Just nice?"

"Wonderful," I revised. "Amazing. Incredible. Perfect," I declared, riding him to receive the maximum benefit. "Mm, yeah."

He chuckled happily, cuddling her close. "I think she gets it now," he stated, kissing her playfully.

"Yeah," she sighed in agreement, meeting my gaze and smiling. "Isn't his cock the best?" she asked me.

"Oh yeah," I seconded, clutching his sides as I rode him. "Oh God yeah."

She giggled. "I think she likes you."

"Me too," he agreed, thrusting up to meet me, making me moan.

"Gonna make him happy and come?" she asked me.

"Mm, soon," I stated, thoroughly enjoying myself.

"Want him to do anything?"

"Nope. I'm good." I lifted almost completely off and dropped back down.

"You sure? What about your nipples? You lean over a little and he'll suck them."

"Ooh," I moaned, doing just that. "Yes, please." My hips continued to rock as his lips latched onto me. So good! I picked up the pace. "Oh God!"

"I think she likes that," she teased, kissing his cheek.

"I think you're right," he echoed, temporarily abandoning my puckered nipples.

"Hey," I protested. "Don't quit now."

They both laughed, amused. "You heard her," she said. "Suck those puppies."

"Yes, ma'am." He did.

I continued to ride my early morning stud, harder and faster, building with every

thrust. "Harder," I begged, clamping him to my breast. "Oh please."

"Tell him what you want," she urged. "Tell him what you need."

"Come," I cried. "I want to come. Please. Help me. Make me come."

"Tell him how," she prompted.

"Bite me. Hard. Now. Bite my nipples. Give me your cock."

"How? Tell him."

"Hard. Faster. Fuck me!"

"Tell him," she repeated, shifting away to give us room.

His hands clamped onto my hips and his lips and teeth devoured my breasts. My nipples ached. And tingled. God, it was so good! "More," I pleaded breathlessly.

"Help her," she joined my urging. "Go on. Make her come. Make her scream again."

His hands gripped my hips, forcing me down on him as he pounded up into me. His lips abandoned my greedy nipples. I might have objected if he hadn't splayed his fingers, showing me he could reach my clit while clenching me. His thumbs gouged my nub. It was still ultra-sensitive from all the attention of the night before so it didn't take much to push me over the edge. I was screaming, bucking above him, clamping my pussy on his unbelievable cock.

"You too," I managed. "Please, you too."

"You heard her," she added. "Stop holding back and come. She's begging for it."

"Please. Please. Please," I chanted. "Oh God, please." I burst. So did he. It was amazing. Just as good, if not better. Not the same since I had been on top and theoretically in control although I realised that was just an illusion. My hips gradually slowed, gently bringing us both down until I finally slumped on top of him.

"She learns fast," she declared.

"Sure does," he seconded. "Damn, your pussy is still tight."

"Only 'cause your cock is so gigantic," I quipped, biting the junction of his neck and shoulder. "Not my fault."

We all laughed until he interrupted it by tipping my head and claiming my lips. For a long, drawn out, leisurely kiss. Mm, oh my, that man could kiss! I was breathless by the time he quit. Breathless and happy, much to my surprise.

"How about a nice, hot shower?" he suggested. "Your clothes are in the bathroom. Take your time. Don't rush or you'll be done before the she has breakfast ready."

"Huh?" I was still having some trouble concentrating, much to their amusement.

"Blueberry pancakes. Her specialty. You'll love them," he declared, grabbing me for a quick kiss before lifting me from him.

"Oh. Okay," I muttered companionably.

She giggled. "It's okay. He has the same effect on me."

"Huh?" I asked, watching her slip from the bed and wrap a fluffy robe around her body. Her naked body that I now realised had been pressed up against mine the entire night as I slept. Something I'd never done before, slept with another naked woman. Of course, I'd never slept between a naked, married couple before either.

I was still in a daze when he aimed me towards the bathroom and gave my ass a swat to get me moving, leaving me alone with my thoughts as I showered. I dressed on autopilot, lost in the fog of sexual satisfaction that carried over into this morning from last night. Finally, I wandered into the kitchen, finding them both there, him relaxing at the table, chatting cheerfully as she tended to the pancakes. "Hi," I said shyly, alerting them to my presence.

"Hi yourself," he greeted me brightly, gesturing to a chair.

"Perfect timing," she declared, flipping the pancakes onto a plate and joining us at the table. "Eat up."

I did, thoroughly enjoying every bite. It was a rare treat for me, homemade breakfast including fresh fruit mixed into the pancakes and I savoured every mouthful. I was amazed at the ease of our conversation. I never expected I'd be so comfortable with these two after all I'd done the night before.

"Honey," he began, capturing my hand, kissing my knuckles, "relax. You're overthinking things again and you don't need to. It's not that complicated."

"It's not," she agreed, smiling in a way that lit up her whole face.

"I'm sorry," I whispered, causing them both to laugh.

"Shhh," he responded. "We understand."

"We do," she confirmed, covering my other hand, giving it an affectionate squeeze. "It's what he does."

"But..."

"Stop," he interrupted. "Everything's fine. As long as you enjoyed yourself."

"I did."

"Good. So did we," he stated.

She got up to retrieve something from the counter. "Here," she said, handing me a paper.

I looked and discovered it was a sketch of me. Of my face. Lost in the wonderment of the newly discovered passion that he brought out of me. I smiled. "Thank you."

"You're very welcome," he said, standing because I had. "You don't have to rush off."

"I do. I'm sorry."

"Shhh," she soothed, hugging me as I made my way to the door. "We understand."

"We do," he confirmed, snagging me away from her, reversing their lines from a moment before.

I was almost outside when he snared my wrist, tugging me back, shoving the door closed behind me. "One more thing."

"What?"

"About yesterday. What day was it?"

"Oh," I whispered in awe, realising the meaning of his question. "My dad's birthday. Thank you," I said sincerely, amazed that I'd forgotten the significance of the previous day.

"Not necessary," he declared, giving me a hard hug. "Next time you'll come here instead of making me come get you." I nodded in agreement. "Next time and every time after that because when you do I will make you feel so good you'll soon be looking forward to those days instead of dreading them."

I must have looked doubtful because he continued.

"Don't worry, hon. I have plenty of ideas and each one will have you screaming, just like you did last night. For example, I saw the way you were watching her when she swallowed my cock. Maybe next time she'll show you how to do that. Or maybe I'll tie her down and teach you to eat her pussy."

I gasped, entertaining him once again.

"We definitely need to explore how excited you got when I slapped your breasts, smacked your ass and swatted your pussy. You know I'm going to tie your wrists together, hook them to the ceiling and try all my toys on you so I can figure out which ones turn you on the most. You also know that one of these days I'm going to bend you over and fuck your ass after the way you reacted to my thumb."

I shivered.

He laughed. "And sooner or later you'll show up early enough that I'll still be at work. When you do, she can give you some things to play with and set up the webcam so I can watch. Maybe I'll have her tell you what to do to see how well you follow instructions."

My eyes were huge when I glanced at her. I wasn't surprised to see that her smile matched his.

"Look at you! Just talking about this has you hot, doesn't it?"

"Yes," I admitted breathlessly.

"You're wet, aren't you? The truth now, since I am going to check."

"Yes."

His hand went beneath my dress, between my trembling thighs, covering my soaked panties as I answered. He chuckled. "Oh hell yeah, you are!" His fingers pulled the drenched strip out of the way. Before I could say a word, he had two pressed in deep, burying them to the hilt, working back and forth over that newly discovered, oh-so-sensitive spot I hadn't even known I possessed up until a few hours ago. More chuckles. "Good girl. You like this," he stated, continuing to manipulate me. "But you'd like something else even more, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," I panted.

He fingered me relentlessly. "Gonna ask for what you want or be a coward and deprive yourself?"

"Please," I begged.

"Please what? Gotta be specific or I can't help you."

"More," I moaned. "Please. More."

"More what," he teased as I arched, pressing myself to his magical fingers, upping my torment.

"Come on, hon. You know that's not good enough." He maintained a steady rhythm, knowing exactly what he was doing to me the entire time.

I whimpered. "More. Not enough. I need more. Please," I moaned, riding his hand.

He laughed wickedly. "Say it!"

I was lost. Again. Totally immersed in the sensations he created within me. "Oh God, please. Do something. Help me."

"How?" The momentum slowed, leaving me desperate.

"Make me come. Fuck me." I was only vaguely aware of clinging to him, grateful that he was holding me because otherwise I would have slithered to the floor.

Such a wicked snicker! "Isn't that what I am doing?" he asked, pumping his fingers for emphasis. "In a manner of speaking."

"Yes," I agreed. "But not like I need." I struggled to make him rub the spot where I needed him most.

"No?" he teased, giving me a preview of what was to come if only I had the nerve to ask for what I really wanted.

"Oh," I cried, almost there but not quite. "Please. Fuck me. More. I need you. Give me more. Your cock. Hard. Oh please, fuck me with you big, fat, wonderful cock. Now," I pleaded.

More laughter. "So you want my cock, do you?" He pressed it to my hip to torture me.

"Yes! Please!"

"Why should I let you have it?" he questioned as his fingers penetrated me non-stop though still not enough.

"Because," I gasped in near ecstasy. "Because, because I deserve it. For, for being a good girl. For admitting you know wh-what's best for me," I moaned at the reward my thoughts earned. "For realising that you are right, that I should have come to you on my own last night."

"And?" he prompted. "Go on."

"For accepting that I belong here, with you," I gasped, trying in vain to rub my clit against anything I could. Which was nothing. Of course. As he intended.

"That's my girl," he crooned softly, claiming my mouth after snapping his fingers. It took a minute for me to figure out what was going on since he was once again kissing me in that mind-numbing way of his, but eventually I realised that she was on her knees beside us. I'd managed to forget all about her again, lost in my lust as I was, but there she was, opening his zipper, pulling his cock free, sheathing it in latex, preparing him to fuck me. "If you really want my cock again, show me." He kissed me deeply, pulling his fingers from me, leaving my pussy empty and wanting as he traced my slit with the tip of his erection. "Guide me, hon. Put my cock where you want it."

I certainly didn't need a second invitation. In no time flat, I had my greedy pussy around his rock-hard club. It wasn't exactly what I had in mind but it was enough to get him to take over. It got him to take full control as he had before which really was everything I always wanted. My back was against the door. My legs were around his waist. His huge battering ram of a cock was pounding my pussy repeatedly, hard and fast, deeper than I thought possible. He held me in position with one hand, mauling my breast which was now exposed with the other, devouring my mouth, reinforcing his claim on me with his entire body.

"Yes," I screamed. "Oh God, yes!"

"This it? This what you want?" he asked, marginally slowing the pace but enough for me to notice.

"Yes," I gasped. "Don't stop, oh please, don't stop. Please. More. Fuck me. Please fuck me. Do it. Don't stop! Please just don't stop!"

Barbara Huffert

He chuckled again at that. "Honey, shut up. There's no way in hell I'm stopping now so just quit begging already," he stated, punctuating his declaration with a few deep thrusts.

"Thank you," I managed, amazed that my brain was still functioning. Which it soon wasn't, thanks to him, his amazing cock and the overwhelming sensations it caused. "Yes," I cried when he adjusted the angle perfectly. "Yes! That's it. Just like that. Yes! Oh God, yes! Harder! More! Give it to me! Fuck me with your huge cock!"

My litany was silenced by more searing kisses. Breath-stealing, mind-numbing, soulbranding kisses. Which were miraculously better than the ones from the night before. How he did it, I had no clue but he did, and I loved it more than I'd ever loved anything in my entire life. Mm, so good.

"Ready?" he asked, hips pounding against mine.

"Yes," I announced after finally understanding the question which was whether or not I wanted to come. He picked up the pace, using his cock to slam me against the door.

"Help me," I begged in frustration when it wasn't enough. "I need you. More. Make me come. Help me."

He was sweating, that's how much effort it took for him to fuck me like he was. "Damn," he muttered, hiking me higher, wrapping one hand completely around my thigh. "Do it, hon. Come for me." His enormous cock pummelled me, his rough palm gripping my soft cheek. "Come for me now." He bit my neck, clamping onto my nipple, twisting it with his vise-like fingers, shoving his rock-hard cock so deep into my gushing pussy that I halfexpected to feel it in my throat.

I came. I screamed, announcing my orgasm loudly. Which was completely unnecessary since his cock was firmly lodged within my core, letting him feel every ripple. My brain may have been fried, but even so I was still aware of every pulse of his cock as it emptied his hot semen into the much-resented condom. Next time, I was already determined to show up with complete test results in hand to exchange for his so I could feel that for real. Incredible as it was now I knew it would be that much better without anything separating us.

"Yes. Mm, yes," I sighed as his body slumped against mine. "So good. Thank you."

"Welcome," he breathed against my lips before covering them to give me the sweetest, most tender, wonderful kiss of my entire existence. He held me for who knew how long, my back to their front door, his softening cock still tucked up inside my weeping pussy, spasming occasionally with aftershocks of pleasure, kissing me ceaselessly. Eventually my mind engaged and I realised how uncomfortable it must be for him, supporting me as he was, my panties strangling his cock as the elastic in them tried to regain their rightful position. I unhooked my ankles and dropped my feet to the floor.

"You okay now?" he asked to ensure I was once again able to support myself.

"Yeah," I sighed, hugging him tightly to me, shifting to free his spent cock. "Wow," I whispered.

"Wow nothing," he chuckled, moving his hips back so that she could deal with the overflowing condom. "Just wanted to prove that I am more than capable of keeping you coming hard for as long as it takes you add someone to your life who understands like we do and knows how to take care of you." He cupped my cheek gently. "Got it?" I nodded, fighting back my tears. "Aw honey." He kissed me lightly. "No reason to cry. Not anymore. You're ours now and all you have to do is remember to come here to us, okay?"

"I will," I promised without hesitation, stating the truth as it would be for many nolonger-dark days to come.

About the Author

For Barbara Huffert, reading has always been a favourite pastime. A few years ago, she started her first novel after one of the friends she trades books with challenged her to write something better than the last book they read. Barbara's been writing ever since. With her three opinionated cats sprawled wherever is most inconvenient, she now spends her days happily wandering through the worlds of her characters.

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