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*HOT, WICKED
AND WILD*

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Hot, Wicked and Wild

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HOT, WICKED AND WILD

Desiree Holt

Dedication

To all the Froggies, who provide such great support. To my readers, who keep me writing. And as always, to my wonderful husband, my very own alpha hero, who encourages me to be all that I can be.

Trademarks Acknowledgement

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Boy Scouts: Boy Scouts of America Corporation

Citation: Cessna Aircraft Company

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Pocket Rocket: Health Devices Corporation

Styrofoam: Dow Chemical Company

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TIGHT DELIGHTS

Chapter One

Fuck!

That was the only word to describe it.

Tracie Hill slammed shut the errant desk drawer and wondered how much worse her day could get.

This morning she'd smiled her way through a lavish breakfast to celebrate the retirement of the best boss she'd ever had, Jerome Mullins, before he and his wife flew off to the Caribbean. The savvy businessman had built Financial Resources into a very successful investment firm and tomorrow J.P. Montgomery, head of the even larger Montgomery Fund, would take over as CEO of his latest acquisition. From everything Tracie had heard, the guy was a first class tyrant. And she would be fighting for her dream job as executive assistant.

That on top of the disastrous end of her relationship with that shithead, Rex Foster. And *disastrous* was a mild word to describe what really happened.

Now all she wanted to do was go home, soak in a tub, drink some very expensive chardonnay and try out her new toys from The Pleasure Palace. They were certainly better than selfish Rex, who thought sex was all about *his* enjoyment. Her car was still being serviced so she'd have to get Harry in the lobby to call a cab for her. And she'd have to do it with a gaping hole in the leg of her last pair of pantyhose.

She sighed. Well, she couldn't walk around like that. Hiking up her skirt and hooking her thumbs in the waistband of the pantyhose, she suddenly stopped.

Double fuck!

Since the craziness with Rex she'd ignored all her normal household chores, and laundry had piled up to an obscene degree. Which meant she hadn't worn any panties this morning and she'd have to walk around bare-ass until she got home.

Shaking her head, she pulled the hose all the way down, kicked off her shoes and stepped out of the ruined lingerie. She was about to drop it into the trash when a voice froze her in her tracks.

"Hi. Jerome happen to come back by any chance or has he left already?"

Tracie turned to see the most gorgeous piece of male flesh to tantalize her senses lounging in the doorway. He wasn't handsome in the traditional sense. No, his looks were more rugged. Masculine, with a square jaw and high cheekbones. Thick brown hair fell over his forehead and mischief flashed in emerald green eyes. She felt spit pool in her mouth and her nipples stand at attention like soldiers with military honors.

Triple fuck.

"Uh, no, he's gone. For the day. I mean, permanently." She wiped her forehead and realized she was still holding the pantyhose. She dropped them into the trash with as much dignity as she could muster. "Mr. Mullins has retired." She frowned. "And shouldn't you know that? I saw you at the breakfast and then talking to him after that."

"I just thought maybe he might have come back for a few minutes." He looked at the wastebasket. "Do you always throw your underwear in the office trash?"

Tracie felt her face heat and redden. "No. I mean, this is an exception. That is...oh, hell. Do you want something?"

A grin twitched at the corner of his mouth. "I was hoping if I hung around I'd get a repeat performance of the striptease."

Oh, god. She wanted to die. "Everyone's gone for the day." Should she have told him that? "I'm getting ready to close up now. If you have business here, I suggest you come back in the morning and take it up with the new CEO. J.P. Montgomery. I don't mean to be rude but I really do have to lock the office."

She turned the key that locked the desk and picked up her oversized purse from the side table where she'd dropped it. Heading toward the door, she stopped when Mr. Handsome stayed right where he was.

"You have to leave now. Sir."

He unfolded his body from the doorjamb. "Maybe I could persuade you to have a drink with me." His eyes traveled to her legs. "I like having drinks with women not wearing panty hose. Or anything else. Maybe you can show me some more of your, um, assets."

Tracie felt herself blush again. She had to get out of here. "I don't think so. Please. Just let me lock up and we can get to the elevator. I have the boss from hell arriving tomorrow and I want to be halfway ready for him."

"Will that include pantyhose?" He grinned at her.

Double double fuck!

"At this rate it may include iron hosiery. Let's go, Mr... By the way, what *is* your name?"

But before he could answer, all the lights went out. Tracie hit the light switch by the door but nothing happened. Then she tried each of the lamps in turn. There was still enough light coming in through the huge windows to see her way around.

"It seems the power's out," Mr. Handsome commented.

"Well, how astute of you."

"Does this happen very often?"

She shook her head. "Detroit Edison's been having brownouts because of the heat but I thought we were past that."

"A good reason not to hang around, right?"

"You'd better *hope* we don't have to hang around. But we might have a little problem."

He frowned. "What kind of problem?"

Tracie marched to the door of the suite that housed Jerome's office and hers and yanked on it. Nothing happened. She yanked again. Still nothing.

"Shit." She blew out a breath. "Sorry."

"Here, let me try it." He yanked harder than Tracie but nothing budged. "Okay, you want to tell me what's happening here?"

She pushed her hair off her face and tucked a strand behind her ear. "Mr. Mullins often kept bearer bonds and other negotiable securities—even cash—in the safe overnight. And I kept confidential records on CDs that he also locked up."

Mr. Handsome frowned. "So?"

"He was paranoid about security after we had a break-in. He had electronic locks installed on the door to the suite. When the electricity's off, the locks don't work."

His jaw dropped. "You mean we're stuck in here until the power comes back on?"

"That's exactly what I mean."

"Why don't you just call someone, the locksmith or whatever and tell him to come let us out?"

"The phones go out when the power's off." *Shit, shit, shit.*

He reached into his pocket and pulled out his cell phone, punched it on, then frowned. "No signal."

Tracie shrugged. "It's spotty in this building. I forget why. Mine only works in the elevator."

"Which we can't get to because we can't open the doors." He shoved the phone back in his pocket. "Well, isn't that just dandy." He yanked at the blue and yellow striped tie knotted under the collar of his pale yellow linen shirt. "I suppose the air conditioning goes too, right? Of course. No electricity, no AC."

She looked at him helplessly.

Then he burst out laughing.

"I'm glad you think this is so funny," she spat at him.

"It's priceless, is what it is." He took off his blue blazer and dropped it and his tie on an armchair. "Do you know how many men would love to be marooned like this with a gorgeous female?"

Gorgeous? He thought she was gorgeous?

"I beg your pardon?"

"You heard me." He moved closer to her.

She backed up until the desk hit her ass. "W-what do you have in mind?"

He flashed his wicked grin at her. "Well, let's see. It appears we're liable to be here for a while so we need to do something to pass the time."

"Pass the time?" She sounded like a parrot.

"Mm-hmm. I'm not much of a card player. Chess, maybe but only an idiot would waste time alone with a beautiful woman playing chess." He rubbed his jaw. "There's always word games."

She stared at him as if he'd lost his mind. "You want to play word games?"

"Nope. I want to do this." He was right up against her, his obviously swollen cock pressing into her belly, his face not more than an inch from hers. Then his arms came around her, pulling her tight against him and his mouth came down on hers.

Too shocked to even move, she opened her mouth to protest and his tongue swept in like a marauding bandit, tasting, touching stroking the lining of her mouth. His hands slid down to her ass, gripping it and pulling her closer. She couldn't believe her own hands actually crept around his neck and her fingers threaded through his hair. This was a kiss beyond belief. He tasted of mint and fresh air and smelled of something delightfully spicy.

I'm kissing a man and I don't even know who he is. My god! Well, wasn't this her fantasy? Hadn't she dreamed of this after the last fiasco with Rex? Meeting a gorgeous, sexy man, totally unknown and having wild, uncontrollable sex with him?

She pulled her head away a fraction. He hadn't given her much room to maneuver.

"I don't even know your name," she gasped.

He flashed his magic grin. "Pete. Just call me Pete."

* * * * *

"Tracie." She was surprised she could even get out the word.

"What?" He stared at her with those hot emerald eyes, his face so close she could count his eyelashes. "What did you say?"

"Tracie," she gasped. "My name is Tracie."

"Oh. Well. Hi, Tracie, nice to meet you."

Then his mouth came down on hers again, his tongue invading the inside of her mouth like a candle lighting the sensitive tissues and she felt herself melting again. What was left of her brain kicked in and she found the strength to pull back from him. She tried to push him away but he held her too close for any movement. His hands moved up and down her back, creating friction under the cloth of her dress.

"We can't do this." Her breath fell in uneven pants as she pushed at his chest again.

"I don't know why not. Here we are, trapped in these offices, no idea when we'll get out of this place. I've had a hard-on since the minute I laid eyes on you. And if the way you returned that kiss is any indication, you don't exactly find me unappealing."

"B-but we don't even know each other."

"Sure we do," he grinned. "We just introduced ourselves. And we're about to get to know each other a whole lot better. Right?"

While they were talking, he slid one hand down over her hip and ever so lightly eased up her skirt until his palm touched bare flesh.

Tracie jerked. *What the hell does he think he's doing?*

"Touching that ass that looked so appealing when you were doing your mini-striptease before." He grinned at her.

She hadn't realized she'd spoken aloud and her face flooded with embarrassment. But she couldn't make herself move away from him. His hand was like a burning coal on her ass, leaving traces of fire wherever he touched. Her mind shrieked *Stop!* but her body said, *Don't stop, you damn fool.*

Pete dropped his mouth to her shoulders and began biting gently at the place where her neck and shoulder met. She felt liquid begin to seep from her pussy and wished she had panties on to absorb the moisture. This was nuts! She was creaming over a man she'd known for five minutes and letting him feel her bare ass.

And loving it! His presence somehow surrounded her and his male essence drugged her, put her off guard. All she had to do was look at him and she was wet, soaking, dripping.

"I... We... That is..." She couldn't figure out what to say. He made her mind foggy with just the lightest of touches.

"Look at it this way." He was still nipping her shoulder, sending feathers of sensation skittering along her spine. "Haven't you ever wondered what it would be like to have hot, sweaty sex with a stranger? Someone you didn't even know but who made you hotter than a burning log? Someone you could do anything with because you didn't think you'd ever have to face them again?"

Her pussy dripped again. Oh, yes. That definitely was one of her recurring fantasies. Every time she'd felt shortchanged by Rex Foster or any of her other "relationships", especially after the last one. She'd wondered why she couldn't find a man who could make her tremble with need, who wanted to push every boundary with her, taste every sexual pleasure. One whose enjoyment came as much from her pleasure as his own.

"I-I..."

"I'll bet you have." He stroked her ass in lazy circles, his hand seeming to wander aimlessly. "Think about it. All those dark, forbidden pleasures you've been afraid to

enjoy. What if for one night you could have them and not have to worry what your partner thought because he wanted it as much as you did?"

"Mmmm." She tried to form some kind of answer for him but his touch felt too good. Her ass tingled everywhere his hand moved. She'd certainly dreamed of sex like that. And she sure hadn't been able to find a willing partner. At least, not one who cared about doing it right, about pushing the boundaries. About pleasing her.

A delicate throb began to pulse in her pussy and spread outward.

"Tell me, Tracie. Aren't I right?"

His fingertips traced the crack of her ass and suddenly one tip pressed against her anus. She jerked, then automatically pressed back against him. A thrill of dark lust shot through her.

"Oh, yes. I'm right. I can feel it." His voice deepened. "You want all that."

God, his voice was like warm honey, coating her, heating her. Suddenly his hand slipped around to the front and his fingers dived into her slit.

"See how wet you are, just from nothing? Oh, Tracie, I'll bet you'll be wild in bed."

"We-we don't have a bed," she pointed out weakly.

"We'll improvise. We seem like two intelligent people." He looked over her shoulder. "I see a nice long couch against that wall. And this carpeting seems pretty thick and soft. So what do you say?"

All she could do was nod her head as his fingers tickled over her labia, barely touching her and making her pussy begin to clench. He sought out the tip of her clitoris and brushed it very lightly, sending showers of sparks through her.

"No, I want to hear you say something. This isn't going to be a one-way street."

His heady fragrance drove her as crazy as his touch and the pulse inside her picked up the pace. But this was the first time a man indicated her pleasure and satisfaction were as important as his. She buried her face in his chest, afraid if she looked at him she'd see something different. "Yes. Yes, I want it. I want all those things."

“Good.” He gave her another scorching kiss, nibbling on her lower lip, then sucking it in, then thrusting his tongue into her mouth again before he backed up a little. “The first thing we have to do is get rid of these clothes. Too many barriers. I want to touch every inch of your skin and feel your hands on mine.”

He lifted her onto a corner of the desk and began to unbutton his shirt. When he pulled it off and tossed it to a chair, Tracie licked her lips at the sight of his muscular chest and the soft matte of brown curls that dusted his chest and arched down to a spot below his belt.

Pete laughed when he looked at her. “Like what you see?”

“Y-yes. I like it.”

“Don’t be afraid to tell me. I’ll damn sure be telling you.” He unbuckled his belt and unfastened his slacks, then stopped, reached over and flipped up her skirt. “Scoot back on the desk and bend your legs up. I want to look at that deliciously juicy cunt while I finish taking my clothes off.”

Swallowing a sudden surge of embarrassment, Tracie hitched back, bent her legs and planted her feet on the desk. “Like this?”

“Wider. Put your feet wider apart. That’s it.”

Her cunt was totally exposed to him and she saw heat flare in his eyes. He stepped closer to her, reached out a finger and drew it down the length of her slit. “Did anyone ever tell you what a gorgeous cunt you have?”

Tracie shook her head. “No. Nobody.”

“You must run around with some pretty stupid men because that is without a doubt the pinkest, prettiest most appealing cunt I’ve ever seen.”

He drew back his fingers and licked them, holding her with his eyes. Then he stepped out of his slacks and boxers and tossed them onto the chair with his shirt.

Tracie stared at the erection that popped out. His cock was thick and long, with throbbing veins ridging the sides. The head was a soft purple with a perfect crown. A drop of pre-cum glistened at the tip.

Pete followed the path of her eyes. Wiping the fluid onto a fingertip, he moved back to her and rubbed it across her lips. "Taste me, Tracie. Tell me if I taste as good to you as you do to me."

She could hardly find her voice, she was so mesmerized. "Yum," was all she could think to say.

Pete grinned. "Good. You like my taste. Because one of the things I'm going to do is fuck that pretty mouth with my cock and let you swallow all the semen. Let it flow down that delicate throat of yours like a thick stream. And watch you swallow it."

"Can I touch you?" Her voice was breathless, her eyes glued to his cock. It was so magnificent, her palms itched to wrap around it. She tried to reach for him but the movement meant her legs fell together

"Here." He moved to stand right next to her. "Spread your legs again. That's it. Now. Put your hand on my cock and stroke it while I take off this ridiculous dress. But not too hard. I don't want to come just yet."

"Why not?" His hands were unzipping the back of the dress and pulling it over her head.

"Because I want to take my time. I want to feast on that gorgeous pussy, suck it dry. I want to fingerfuck you and see how hard I can make you come and catch the delicious honey in my hand. I want to slide my fingers into that tiny asshole and feel your channel clench around them. And then, when I've made you come three or four times, maybe more, I'm going to slide my cock inside that beautiful cunt and fuck the life out of you." He put his lips close to her ear. "How does that sound?"

"Good. It sounds good." Oh, did it sound good. Better than good. She knew she probably sounded like a stupid idiot but he had her reeling to the point she couldn't form coherent sentences. She closed her hand around the heavy shaft, feeling the soft

velvet skin over the incredible steel hardness beneath it. Her thumb caressed the satiny smoothness of the head. It jerked in her hand and she loosened her grip. She wasn't ready, either, for him to come yet.

"I want to fuck you in the ass, Tracie. Would you like that? Yes, I can see in your eyes you like that idea. I'll bet that dark channel is so tight you'll burn me alive."

He unclasped her bra, tossing it to the side and his tongue swept across the upper slope of her breasts. The touch was light, barely there but her nipples sprang to life. She arched her back to bring her breasts closer to him.

He laughed. "God, you're so responsive."

He brushed his chest across her breasts, letting the crisp hair tease at her nipples. If possible they got even harder, swelling to the point of plumpness. She wanted his mouth on them. His hands. Anything.

"Touch me, Pete," she whispered. "Touch my breasts." She held her breath. Would he sneer at her like Rex had done, tell her he'd touch her when he was damn good and ready?

"With pleasure." He took her nipples between thumb and forefinger and began rolling and twisting them.

At first she could barely feel it and she pushed against his touch. He gave his soft laugh again and began to pull harder and pinch them. The harder he twisted, the more he pinched, the hotter the streak of lightning that shot straight to her vagina. She could feel her pussy leaking onto the desk. And when Pete bent his head to take one nipple in his mouth, sucking it and just barely raking his teeth over it, she felt every nerve in her body fire.

He moved into her so his cock was rubbing against her exposed pussy and she knew her liquid coated it. When his cocked stroked over the tip of her clit, she instinctively tried to close her legs.

"Uh-uh. Wide open, sugar. You won't be closing those legs any time soon tonight."

Chapter Two

His cock touched lightly against her slit, now and then brushing against the tip of her clitoris while he continued to suck on her nipples and pinch them. Sensations cascaded over her body, one on top of the other. She tried to push herself closer to him, wanted to feel more pressure but he held himself so he barely touched her. His hips thrust back and forth in a gentle rocking motion as if he was fucking her but her pussy remained achingly empty.

Tracie raised her eyes to Pete's and saw they had darkened almost to the color of a dense forest. Passion. Desire. That's what she saw there. How could a man she'd just met desire her more than men she'd dated for months? She told herself again how crazy this was but it didn't matter. She wanted relief and she wanted him to give it to her.

Her hands gripped his arms, feeling the thick muscles and the warmth of his skin. God, what an incredible man. And what an incredible cock! She wanted it inside her and she tried once again to impale herself on it but he kept her just far enough off balance not to be able to do it.

"You want my cock in you, don't you?" he breathed in her ear and the tip of his tongue came out to trace the shell and tickle the inside.

Tracie shivered. "Yes, I do. Please."

He rested his forehead against hers and one corner of his mouth turned up in a mischievous grin. "Not yet, princess. Playtime first."

"Playtime?" She kept trying to hunch closer to him.

"Uh-huh. I'll bet right now you want to come more than you want your next breath."

"Oh, yes," she whispered. "Please."

"Lie back."

"What?"

He moved to the side, reached behind her and swept all the papers and folders off her desk. They tumbled to the floor helter skelter.

Tracie's jaw dropped. "Are you crazy? I have a tyrant coming in here tomorrow to take over this place. He'll want all those files in working order. Would you like me to get fired?"

Pete winked at her, "I'll help you put them together after."

"After?"

"After we're done, princess. Now lie back."

With only the slightest pressure on her shoulders, he pushed until she was flat on the desk, her hips at the edge, her knees wide open. She felt more exposed than she ever had in her life and the image it created in her mind made her tremble. A thrill whispered through her body. Did he like what he saw? What was he planning to do next?

She saw his head lowered and by twisting her neck around noticed that he was on his knees before her. She felt his fingers gently take her labia and slowly spread them wide apart and more juice dripped from her vagina.

"Nice and wet, princess. I'm going to love this."

He ran the tip of his finger over every exposed inch of her cunt, lightly rimming her vaginal opening then flicked the tip of her clit as he'd done before. She knew her pussy muscles were quivering. He was silent for so long she began to get nervous.

"Is something wrong?" She hated herself for asking, but Rex, the selfish bastard, had been very stingy with his compliments and generous with his criticisms.

"Oh, no," Pete said at last. "Everything is very right. Did anyone ever tell you what a gorgeous cunt you have?"

"No." She choked getting the word out. What was he thinking?

"You must have been with some real jerks, princess, because this little pussy is made to cherish." He smoothed his palm over the triangle of curls she kept neatly trimmed. "I like this. Nice and neat. Ever had a complete wax job? Made your cunt completely naked?"

She shook her head. "No. I just didn't... No."

"Didn't have anyone who wanted to see it that way?" he guessed. "Pity. I'd want to take a picture of it." He pinched her clit lightly and her hips lifted off the desk. "Getting a little needy, are we? Don't worry, princess. I'm about to make a meal of you."

He bent forward and licked her slit, once, twice, three times, each time pressing a little harder. Tracie felt his tongue skip around her labia, around the entrance to her vagina and then trace her outer lips again. That throbbing pulse increased in its intensity and more cream dripped from her. Pleasure streaked through her, heating her blood.

"Oh, princess, you taste like fresh strawberries. This is the sweetest-tasting little cunt I've ever had my tongue in. I can't believe the men in this city aren't fighting over it. What do you do, lock yourself up every night?"

"Listen, Pete." She was so tense with frustration she could hardly get the words out. "If you want to have a conversation fine, but not right this minute." She thrust her hips at him again.

He laughed, that warm sound like liquid heat. "That beautiful cunt demanding attention? Does it want to be sucked? Coming right up."

Spreading her lips wider yet, he bent to his task. His tongue was everywhere, inside her, on the outside, stiffened and stabbing into her. His mouth latched on to her clit and he sucked deep and long. She creamed and he lapped up her juices. She pushed and he sucked harder. Every time she nearly fell into space, he backed off, leaving her teetering on the edge of orgasm. No one had ever made her feel this hot, this aroused, this wanton. She couldn't focus on anything except his tongue in her cunt and the stroking of his fingers on her slick lips.

"Damn it," she cried. "Do it."

"By do it, I take it you mean let you come?" he chuckled. "Yes, ma'am. Although I hate to stop this wonderful feast. I could keep my tongue in your cunt all night."

"Please," she begged.

He clamped his mouth on her clit and slid three fingers into her vagina, fingerfucking her with a steady motion as he sucked hard on her clit. Just when she thought she couldn't stand it another minute, the orgasm rumbled up from low in her stomach and spread through her body. Spasms shook her and she poured into his mouth like a river. The harder he fingerfucked her, the harder he sucked, the more she arched, little screams pulling from her throat.

He kept his fingers inside her until the last of the quivers died away. Then he stood, spread her juices from one hand to the other and painted her nipples with them. And finally he leaned over and licked the nipples clean. His breath on her was hot and seductive.

Tracie lay panting, waiting for her breathing to return to normal. Pete kept caressing her nipples and the upper slopes of her breasts, his eyes focused on her, watching her face. Even when she'd done it with someone's cock inside her she couldn't remember an orgasm that had turned her cunt inside out like this one had.

"That was...amazing," she said at last.

"Princess, you ain't see nothin' yet." He put his hands under her and helped her to sit up and leaned forward to kiss her. This was a gentle kiss, unlike the others and she could taste herself on his tongue as he stroked her lips with it. He lifted his head and gave her a penetrating look. "You okay?"

She took in a deep breath and let it out. "Okay doesn't begin to describe it."

He kissed her again, just a brief touch of his mouth to hers. "And I told you, that's just the beginning. Come on, let's sit on the couch over there for a minute. I need to cool down a little and looking at that gorgeous cunt won't do it." He stared at her for a long moment. "Who would ever have thought I'd find such a treasure hidden in this office."

He helped her down from the desk and as he stepped sideways, he knocked over her purse that she'd dropped on the floor by her desk. It flew open and the contents began to spill out onto the floor. Including the bag from the Pleasure Palace that she'd just shoved in there after making her purchase.

Pete leaned down and picked up the bright aqua bag. "Well, well. What do we have here? Toys for playtime?"

Tracie made a half-hearted grab for it, then thought, *What the hell*. This had to be a lot better than using them to entertain herself. Much as she tried to entice Rex to use toys with her, he'd never taken the bait. Nor had any of her other relationships. It only reinforced her sad knowledge that their pleasure was all in receiving, not giving. Also that she made piss-poor choices when it came to men.

Pete put the Pleasure Palace bag on the desk and began to take out its contents. Tracie could hardly pay attention to him. Her eyes were fixed on his superb body, all hard, sculpted muscle with that magnificent cock jutting out from a flat abdomen. And his ass, so tight. She wanted to bite it. She had to shake herself to realize he was speaking to her.

"Tracie?"

"Yes. I'm sorry." She smiled. "I must still be spacing out. What?"

"I said you've got quite a variety here. Were you planning on using them all by yourself?"

She felt herself blush and how stupid was that? She was standing in her office stark naked with a man she'd just met, also naked. He'd just gotten through eating her pussy and driving her into a mind-blowing orgasm and she was embarrassed that he had seen her sex toys?

She cleared her throat. "I went on a buying spree."

"No kidding."

Laid out in a row were two vibrating dildos, a new Pocket Rocket, a tickler that fit over the Rocket, two butt plugs and a vibrating bullet that the saleslady had told her was great if she stuck it in her ass. A large plastic butterfly that the pictures showed fit right over her vulva and vibrated every inch of her pussy, including her clit. And a bottle of scented oil and a tube of lubricating jelly.

Pete gave her his lopsided smile. "Were you planning to use them all tonight, princess?"

She dropped into her desk chair and buried her face in her hands. Now she really *was* embarrassed.

"Hey, hey, hey."

Pete hunkered down in front of her and pulled her hands down. With one finger he tilted her chin up. When she closed her eyes, he kissed her softly on her lips, licking the seam. She tasted herself on his tongue and realized what an erotic charge that was.

"Oh, Pete."

"What's wrong? I thought we agreed tonight anything goes? Are these things you use all the time?"

She just shook her head and tried to cover her face again.

"Tracie." His voice was serious but gentle. "Have you ever used any of your toys with other partners before?"

She could only shake her head.

He took a deep breath and let it out. "Good. Because that means I'm the first one for all of this and you don't know what a turn-on that is." He forced her head up and pinned her eyes with his. "Still want this, right?"

Want this? I'm dying for it. "Yes. I do."

"And you trust me not to hurt you. Even though we just met, you know you can believe what I say. That's important."

She nodded her head. Then remembering he'd told her—how many hours ago—that he wanted words she said, "Yes. I trust you."

"Okay." He stood up. "Get down on your hands and knees and put your head down on your forearms. Legs as wide apart as you can get them." He stared down at her, spread out before him and smacked both cheeks of her ass lightly. "Shall we see how this first plug of yours slides into that tight little asshole and opens you up?" He pressed his finger against the rosy opening, then leaned down and pressed a kiss against it. "You have no idea how much I'm going to enjoy this. And you, Tracie. Every other pleasure will pale next to getting your ass fucked. I promise you."

Tracie shivered, as the dark erotic images flew through her brain. She could already begin to feel the invasion in that tight hole and he wasn't even touching her there at the moment. She waited in breathless anticipation but nothing happened.

"Pete?" She tried to crane her neck around.

"Right here, princess." His body was over her, his chest touching her back.

His hands rested on her shoulders, then skimmed easily down her sides, knuckles brushing against her breasts swinging so easily against him. He pressed his palms against the pale globes of her ass and brought them up until his thumbs touched together at the top of her cleft. Then he slid them down the hot crack, teasing the tender tissue as he moved toward her anus.

Tracie thought she would die before he finally got around to touching her. She wiggled her ass but all he did was give her another of those soft little chuckles. "No hurry, princess and you don't know how much I'm enjoying the view. Besides, I've got an idea. Don't move a muscle."

She felt the coolness of air as he moved away from her, then he was back, this time slightly to the side. She slid her eyes to him and saw he had his tie in his hands.

"Are you putting a tie on me?" she joked. "Afraid I'm underdressed?" She remained bent forward on her arms, her ass up in the air. Before she realized what he was doing, Pete covered her eyes with it and tied it behind her head.

"When you can't see, all the other senses are heightened. And for this, I want to make sure you aren't distracted by looking at anything."

Liquid seeped from her pussy again as that dark thrill captured her. Tracie's skin seemed too tight for her and her breathing was shallow.

"You'll love this." Pete's voice was close to her ear. "I'm very, very good at taking care of a woman's ass, Tracie. You might say an expert."

She swallowed twice, trying to focus her thoughts. "I'll be sure to give you a testimonial. Are you going to tease me all night?"

In answer he began drawing lazy circles with a fingertip around her anus, slowly round and round. Every so often he slipped just the very tip into that hot, dark opening, then went back to teasing again. She felt his other hand slide between her legs and stroke her entire slit.

"My god, you are so wet. Oh, princess, when I make you come again, you'll flood the place. I love it." He gently pinched her clit, dragging it down and releasing it and she moaned.

"Please, Pete." She pushed her ass back at him.

"You want it, don't you? All right, princess. I'll give you your wish."

She felt the cool gel sensation of the lube she'd bought as he squeezed it onto her hot rosette, smoothing it around the area. Then another dollop and his finger slid into her ass, spreading it through that hot channel. At the first penetration Tracie felt stabs of heat in her cunt and she wondered how much wetter she could possibly get. She pushed back just a little and her entire body focused on Pete's finger penetrating her to the last knuckle.

She felt it slide out, then two fingers entered her, spreading as they moved inside her, stretching her. Very slowly he began to fuck her ass with his fingers. A heat unlike any other washed through her. Pete was right. Not being able to see intensified everything else.

Then his fingers were gone and once again she felt empty but in a moment she felt the tip of the plug pressing against her asshole.

"Push back, kitten," Pete told her.

"It's big." She bit her lip. Could she really do this? And this was just the first one. Would she ever be able to take the larger one? Or Pete's enormous cock? Oh, god, she wanted to. Her whole body wanted it. She pressed back as Pete told her to and slowly he pressed the plug into her until it was all the way in.

"Push back again, Tracie. Like that. Good girl. How does that feel?"

She inhaled through her mouth and blew out a breath. "It feels...strange."

He was standing next to her, holding his cock and rubbing it against her arm. She felt the drop of liquid at its head and moved her arm to capture it on her skin.

"You know, I have a fantasy I'd like to try out." He continued rubbing his cock against her.

"What's that?" She was in the grip of anticipation so strong she could hardly speak.

"My fantasy is to slide my cock inside that wonderful mouth of yours and have you suck me off while I spank that gorgeous ass of yours." His voice dropped. "That sound good, princess?"

She nodded and wet her lips.

"Ever been spanked before?"

"O-once. But he sort of forgot it was a game."

Pete's hand tightened on his cock. "He hurt you?"

"Nothing I couldn't handle."

"Son of a bitch." He bent down and licked one cheek of her ass. "I will never, ever hurt you, princess. If the pain gets past pleasure at any time, you tell me, okay?"

Is he for real? Did they really make men like him, or would he disappear as soon as the power came on?

"Okay."

She held her breath, anticipating. Pete turned her face sideways and slid his cock into her mouth. She felt him jerk and more pre-cum flowed onto her tongue. She closed her lips around him and wrapped her tongue around the thick, heavy shaft. And then the first pleasurable sting fell. Her pussy clenched. Then another and another. Her mouth began to move up and down on him in rhythm with the slaps.

Her ass began to burn, a heat that flowed through her, down her thighs, into her grasping pussy, along the line of her belly. The plug in her ass stretched her full and whenever his hand landed anywhere near it, little vibrations shimmied through that hot, dark tunnel and streaks of heat radiated outward to every part of her body. She began to moan and rock into the slaps, wanting them, needing them.

With his other hand Pete held her cheek and slid his cock further into her mouth.

"Breathe, princess. Breathe through your nose. I know it's big but you can take it."

She took a deep breath, fighting her gag reflex and then he was all the way in her mouth, the tip sliding down her throat and she was taking him! She was sucking that entire huge cock. Her head began to move up and down again in time to the spankings. As the pace increased, so did the movement of her mouth. He tightened next to her, she heard him make a harsh guttural sound, his cock jerked and the first splash of cum hit the back of her throat.

"Yeah, that's it." He pumped his hips into her face, gripping her shoulder tightly with one hand. "Don't stop. That's it. Oh, god, kitten, you're so good."

Thick streams of cum washed into Tracie's mouth and down her throat. She swallowed convulsively, loving the taste of him, salty-sweet, not the least unpleasant. Not like Rex, who tasted like used garbage. *Where did that thought come from?* Pete's cock

pulsed against her cheeks and her tongue. She sucked and pulled on him until his shudders died away and the last of the delicious fluid flowed into her mouth. Then she realized at some point the spankings had stopped and she felt a terrible loss.

Oh, god, was she turning into a sex maniac who craved all kinds of weird things? No! This was not weird. This was wonderful, all the things she'd dreamed of. All her fantasies. And they'd just gotten started.

Pete had collapsed across her back but now he pulled himself up, his breathing slower and his hand stroking her back.

"You have the most seductive mouth I've ever had the pleasure of fucking." He blew out a breath. "I still don't know how you're running around loose, how some man doesn't have you locked away in a closet somewhere. But I have to say, I'm damn glad that's not the case. Jesus, princess, you're incredible."

As if to emphasize what he said, he slapped her ass lightly, then pressed hard on the plug. She shook under his touch. Her body was so hungry for relief she wanted to cry. She shifted her hips back and forth, her ass still up in the air. Pete moved behind her, standing so his body forced her to keep her thighs wide apart. His fingers stroked her open pussy, her liquid drenching him and he gave that soft chuckle.

"I think you need some relief too, princess."

"I want you to fuck me," she cried.

"Oh, I will. I will. Only not just yet. But don't worry, I won't leave you wanting."

Without warning he shoved three fingers into her cunt and began to scissor them. Tracie rocked on them, fucking his hand, little cries escaping from her clenched mouth. She wanted him to slap her ass again, to push the plug harder into her, to put something larger inside her cunt. Anything, anything, anything, just so she could climb that elusive precipice.

Then with his other hand he reached beneath her, grabbed her clit, pinched it and dragged it forward, milking it. Her climax rolled over her like an avalanche. Shaking her, battering her body, her cunt clenching so tightly on Pete's hand he was sure she'd snap it off at the wrist.

God in heaven, she's tighter than a wet glove.

He was glad he'd let her suck him dry because he'd need every bit of self control when he finally got his cock in her cunt and her ass. She'd squeeze him so tightly his cock wouldn't be able to breathe.

He slid his hand out of her pussy, turned her over and stroked her clit, painting it with her own juices. Just looking at her and doing this he felt himself begin to harden again.

"Doing okay?" he asked.

"Yes. Yes, okay." Her voice was breathless but he could tell she was more in control. "Are you planning to leave this blindfold on?"

"Oh, yeah. And one other thing."

She heard a snick and a slap and one hand gripped both of her wrists. In a moment, she felt the leather of his belt wound around them, then locked with the tongue and buckle.

"Uh, Pete? What's going on?"

"Not to worry, princess. I told you I wouldn't hurt you and I won't. This just makes it a little more exciting." He spread her knees again. "I think it's time to try another one of those toys"

"Wait." She tried to move but she couldn't get any leverage. "Pete, I don't think I can do this again so soon."

He leaned down and kissed her on both cheeks, smoothed the hair off her face, then pressed his mouth to hers, invading it with his tongue, stroking her inside. Tasting her.

Twisting around her tongue. He sucked on her lower lip, nibbled on it then drew it into his mouth again. She hummed against his lips, her body starting to shift again.

He gave her one more light kiss, then stood up. "Oh, you're ready again, kitten. More than ready."

He moved away then, his searching hands rattling the toys on the desk. What to choose next? What to do now? The possibilities were endless.

"You know, princess." He was back between her legs again. "I just cannot get enough of looking at and touching that gorgeous cunt of yours. It's so pretty, all pink and swollen and slick with your juices. But we're going to make it even more swollen, so that when I put my cock in there the grip will be so tight I'll want to come almost at once."

He stroked the lips of her cunt lightly, then she heard a faint buzzing and the tiny Pocket Rocket began buzzing around those same lips. He was teasing again, tantalizing her. She could almost see him smile as she began to move her hips, silently asking for more. But the vibrator just buzzed along her labia, around her oh-so-hungry vagina, over her tender, swollen clit.

She was creaming again, the fluid dripping out of her cunt and down to the crack of her ass. When Pete pressed the vibrating Rocket against *that* spot on her clit, she went into overdrive, juicing and clenching, her nipples so tight she thought they would burst from her aching breasts. As her spasms increased and she flew into outer space, Pete slid the rocket into her vagina with one hand, pinched her clit with the other and leaned over to pull a nipple into his mouth between his teeth.

Tracie arched and screamed, her movements hampered by her bound wrists and her awkward position. But not being able to see made her feel every spasm, every shudder, twice as strongly.

At last the shivers died away, her heartbeat slowed almost to normal and her body fell into what passed at the moment for a relaxed state. Pete dropped the rocket and slid his hands from her breasts over her soft belly, into the crease of her thighs and down

the insides of her thighs. A light touch, soothing but sexual. But she could hear his slightly labored breathing and knew he'd gotten as turned on by watching her as she had by what he'd done.

He lifted her up, sat down and balanced her on his lap. She could feel his cock hard again, throbbing against her ass and the fine sheen of perspiration on his skin. The soft, curling hair on his chest rubbed against her arm and his skin wrapped itself around her. Sex, male, spice.

"So. Are you going to let me catch my breath a minute?"

"Maybe for a minute." She felt his grin as he kissed her forehead. "So, tell me about this terrible tyrant you work for."

She wiggled against him. "I don't want to talk about him tonight."

"Oh, come on. Indulge me. " His hand traced idle patterns up and down her back, making forays into the cleft of her ass, each time a little lower. "I hate to think of someone making your life miserable."

She leaned her head against his shoulder. It felt so odd sitting naked in his lap with her hands bound and her eyes blindfolded, discussing something as far from what they were doing as her job.

"I haven't really met him yet. The man I worked for over the last ten years wanted to retire and The Montgomery Fund made him an offer he couldn't refuse. He left today and tomorrow J.P. Montgomery, the CEO tyrant himself, takes over. To shape us up, the memo said."

"He won't be staying permanently?"

She shrugged. "Probably not. He's not known for longevity at any of his acquisitions. Just stays long enough to clean house, put in his own people and head off to the next stop."

Pete kissed her forehead as his hands probed the crack of her ass, now and then tapping at the plug. "Maybe he won't turn out to be so bad."

“Hah!” She rubbed back and forth across his cock, her juices soaking his thighs. “Let’s not talk about him any more tonight, okay? Tomorrow will be bad enough.” She jiggled her hands at him. “Um aren’t you, um, forgetting something?”

“Uh-uh.” He kissed her shoulder. “Not just yet. I’ve got big plans for that gorgeous ass of yours and I don’t want your hands getting in the way.”

Chapter Three

She was on her knees again, on the couch, the blindfold still in place. By now the blindfold didn't matter all that much because the last light had faded from the summer sky and the office had been plunged into darkness. She told Pete where to find the industrial-size Coleman lantern she kept in the supply closet for just such an emergency and he'd set it so they were both bathed in its wide circle of light.

Tracie had no idea what Pete found to use as another tie-down but her bound hands were out in front of her and lashed to the arm of the couch. Two toss pillows were piled under her head and two more under her tummy.

He'd dug around in the Pleasure Palace bag and pulled out the last item, a set of nipple clamps.

"Oh, princess, you have such wicked toys."

He'd sucked and grazed on each of her nipples, massaging her breasts, teasing the skin, her nipples so hard she thought they might cut into his tongue. And when he'd stretched them and rolled them and pulled them until she didn't think she could stand it any more, he taken the clips and put one on each of nipples.

"Little pinch," he whispered.

But the tiny burst of pain made her already aching pussy start to clench again.

"Good. You love it. I can see it in the way your body reacts."

And then he'd placed her on the couch and trussed her up like a Thanksgiving turkey, just waiting to be stuffed. Yet somehow being helpless didn't bother her. She felt no threat in anything Pete did. Far from it. Her body quivered with dark anticipation of what he might be doing next. Tomorrow morning they'd walk away from each other, no obligations or expectations and she'd finally have had the night of fantasy she'd craved for so long.

"Princess?"

"Hmmm?"

"I'm going to take this plug out and put the next one in." He massaged the cheeks of her ass in slow, concentric circles. "I want you to relax, princess. Take a deep breath."

She sucked in as much air as she could and he drew the plug out with a wet, plopping sound. Her ass felt unbearably empty and she couldn't help the little moan that rumbled up from her throat.

Pete laughed. "Well, well. That sweet little ass likes being filled, does it? I'd hate to disappoint it."

He slid two fingers past the tight muscle at the opening, sliding them in up to the last knuckle. Tracie sighed. There was no pain at all this time. In fact, she wished he'd add a third finger. Maybe a fourth.

"Four fingers might be a little too much for you yet, kitten." His voice was soft.

Oh, god, I'm saying things out loud again.

"This little ass is so hot it nearly burns my fingers. I can't wait to get my cock in there. You'll burn me alive."

Without realizing it, Tracie began rocking her ass back and forth, letting Pete's fingers slide in and out of her ass. Heat radiated out and down, to her inner thighs and her pussy and she knew she was creaming again.

I'll have to clean this couch before the tyrant gets here tomorrow.

Where the hell did that come from? She was so hot she thought her body would catch on fire and thoughts about cleaning furniture were stuck in her brain?

As if he sensed her thoughts somehow drifting, Pete slid his other hand between her thighs, teased the length of her slit and inserted two fingers into her vagina. He began moving them in tandem with the fingers in her ass and Tracie started rocking faster, pushing harder at him.

"Tell me what you want, princess. Tell me and I'll give it to you."

Tracie gritted her teeth. Release hovered teasingly just beyond her reach. "I want to come. Damn it, Pete. I want to come."

"Hold that thought." He withdrew all his fingers and moved away.

Tracie wanted to scream. Every nerve in her cunt was begging to be rubbed, sucked, fucked, anything to give her sweet relief. Then he was back, massaging her ass again.

"Okay, kitten. Just close your eyes and feel. We're going for the big bang this time."

"W-what do you mean?" Again that swamping of dark heat.

"You'll see."

She felt his hands between her thighs and realized he was strapping the vulva vibrator in place. Then something cool in her cunt. The silver bullet! She could feel its shape. And finally, after rubbing plenty of lube into her rectum, Pete slowly inserted the bigger plug, stretching her, stopping to let her adjust.

Tracie was consumed with a rush of lust. Here she was, tied up, helpless, blindfolded, all these toys in place. Her stomach clenched and her cunt muscles tightened around the bullet in anticipation.

Pete bent down and kissed her cheek. "Ready, princess?"

She nodded. And then it began. The plug in her ass began to vibrate slowly and gently. Next the bullet in her pussy, stimulating the walls of her vagina, her juices already beginning to flow. She felt the tip of his finger flip the switch on the toy over her vulva and at once shards of electricity shot through her clit.

Tracie gasped, her breath coming in short pants. Sensation piled on sensation, every part of her victim to intense stimulation. And just when she thought she'd reached the peak, the first slap landed on her ass. She tried to jerk from it but her body wouldn't accept direction.

After that the slaps came with a paced regularity, just enough to provide that little pleasure bite that heated every part of her body from her waist to her knees. She rocked

back and forth, her movements limited by the bindings on her wrists, sensations climbing so high she wasn't sure she could stand it any more. She had no time to absorb it all, no time to adjust, to breathe. And still she begged for more, shoving her ass into the slaps, wriggling her body to absorb all the vibrations. It was too much. It wasn't enough.

Then the spanking stopped and Pete leaned down and licked each of her ass cheeks, soothing the heat. And with the first touch of his tongue on her flesh, she fell over the edge. The orgasm shook every bone and muscle in her body. Her pussy clenched and gripped and juices ran out of her in a steady stream.

It went on and on and on until she was sure she'd break apart into tiny, tiny pieces. Sparks flew behind her closed eyelids and everything ceased to exist except one long, intense, convulsive shudder.

She had no idea how long she lay there, so limp she couldn't have moved if the building were on fire. Pete's hands unfastened the belt and whatever was tying her hands to the sofa. Then the blindfold was gone and he was sitting beside her, stroking her cheek, her back, his fingers tiptoeing down her spine. He tucked her hair behind her ears and leaned down to place a kiss on her cheek.

"You doing okay, princess?" His voice was a soft caress.

"Mm-hmm." She wanted to lie there forever and just have him stroke her body.

"Can you handle the final act? Are you too sore, too strung out?"

"Final act?" she frowned.

He slid his hand down between the cheeks of her ass and rimmed her anus with his fingertips. "My cock. Right here. I've been dreaming about it all night. Every time I saw that hole open up for my fingers and those plugs, my cock ached so bad I almost doubled over."

Could she do it? No one had ever fucked her there before, that's why the plugs had been so exciting. Was she too spent? Too sore? To finish a night that might never occur again for her? She shivered as dark images raced through her brain.

"I want it," she said, her voice almost a whisper. "Please."

He smiled at her, then began to kiss her. Little feathers that touched her forehead, her cheeks, her nose, her chin. His tongue licked the line of her chin, the shell of her ear. And as he kissed her, his fingers manipulated the nipple clips, bringing just the right bite of pleasure-pain. His mouth moved down between the valley of her breasts, licking each taut mound as if he were eating an ice cream cone.

"More," she begged.

He chuckled. "Oh, yes, much more."

He pressed his open mouth on the softness of her belly, sucking the tender skin, then licking it with just the tip of his tongue. Tracie shifted under him, trying to thrust her cunt at him and in a moment his tongue trailed down through the tiny nest of curls and probed for her clit. When he made contact she bucked again.

"Tell me, princess. You know the drill."

She could feel the fine tension running through his body even as he tried to maintain a cool attitude.

"Lick me," she breathed. "Taste me with your tongue."

He shifted to kneel between her thighs, lifting her ass with his hands. His hot erection bobbed against the underside of her thigh, touching her with the force of a lightning rod. Up and down, in and out, his tongue plundered her cunt, nipping at her slit then sucking it. Her juices cascaded into his mouth.

But when she began to shiver and he felt the walls of her pussy flutter against his tongue with tiny contractions he pulled back.

"What?"

"Princess, I've been waiting all night to put my cock in your ass, to fuck that beautiful dark, hot tunnel and shoot my seed into it. I've been so hot watching you come, watching you take those plugs, watching you writhe in orgasm. It's all I've been able to think about."

"Then do it," she said, her voice hoarse.

"This is your first time for it, isn't it?" When she hesitated, he went on, "I'm glad. It isn't very often you get to meet a hot, beautiful stranger and fuck her virgin ass. I'll remember this for a long time."

She sensed him step away, then heard the familiar crinkle of foil.

"You always carry condoms?" she asked.

"I'm a Boy Scout." She heard the humor in his voice. "I like to be prepared."

He squeezed lube onto his fingertips, rubbed some into her asshole and the rest of it on his condom-covered cock. Then, with her lying on her back, he bent her knees back until they touched her shoulders, opening the entrance to her rectum wide for him. He positioned the head of his cock at the gleaming opening and began to push a little at a time.

Tracie pulled back at first but he wouldn't let her retreat, inexorably moving his thick erection forward into her hot tunnel. When the head had popped past the tight sphincter and began to slide in more easily, he linked his hands with hers and held them as he pushed and rocked until, little by little, he was finally seated all the way inside her.

"Oh, my god!" Her eyes popped wide open and her mouth formed a round O.

"Feels good, doesn't it, princess?"

"Fuck me, Pete," she ground out. "Fuck me hard."

"With pleasure."

He began moving slowly, not wanting the incredible pleasure to end too soon. But Tracie wasn't having any of it. Her asshole was sore and she burned from the friction but she was hotter than she'd ever been in her life. She arched and rocked and pushed herself against his cock, feeling every ridge and vein as it caught and pulled against her tissues.

"More," she begged and pushed harder.

Pete gave it up. He couldn't hold back any longer. He moved harder, faster, his balls slapping against the cheeks of her ass. She yelled and screamed, words he couldn't even understand. His cock burned and his balls ached and he thrust and thrust and thrust. And then, as Tracie's ass began to clench around his swollen shaft like a hot velvet fist, pulsating, throbbing, convulsions wracking her body, his own orgasm overtook him, chasing up his spine. His back bowed and cock pulsed heavy spurts into Tracie's welcoming ass. She screamed his name, head thrown back and dug her nails into his arms.

It could have been a minute or an hour before their heartbeats finally slowed to dull thuds and their breathing no longer resembled that of racehorses. His cock still in her ass, Pete, lowered her legs to either side of his body and wrapped his arms around her. He felt as if he never wanted to move.

They might have lain there indefinitely but the lights came on, brightening the entire room and the telephone rang.

Tracie started to pull herself up. "My god, that's security. I'd better answer it before they come charging up here."

Pete slid out of her ass and rocked back on his heels while she reached for the phone. "Yes, Harry, I'm fine. No, no problems. I, uh, got to take a little nap. No! No, you don't need to come up here." She saw Pete swallow a laugh as she walked to the doors. "Uh-huh. Yes, the door's working fine. Okay, Harry. I'll be down in a bit. Thanks for calling."

"A nap?" Pete let out the laugh he'd been holding in. "Remind me to take more naps with you."

More naps with her? Not likely. They'd probably never see each other again.

"You know, you never did tell me what you were doing here. And why you were looking for Jerome."

He shrugged. "It's not important now. Come on, I'll help you clean up in here. Wouldn't want you to take any flack from the tyrant tomorrow."

"Oh, lord." She closed her eyes, then opened them and looked at her watch. "I've got four hours to get this place ready, get home, sleep for five seconds and get back here and be fresh as a daisy."

"You'll do it." He came over to her and pulled her toward him. "Maybe you'll be pleasantly surprised."

"Yeah." She made a rude noise. "Fat chance. Well, let's get this place in order and Harry will call a cab for you."

"Tracie?"

"Mmm?"

"This was an incredible night for me. I hope it was for you too."

Before she could answer, his mouth came down to claim hers, sucking at her lips, nibbling them, his tongue forcing its way inside like a marauder. When he finally let her go she had trouble catching her breath.

"That's so you don't forget."

Chapter Four

I'm wide awake. My brain is functioning. I'm an experienced professional in this business. No old goat is going to frighten me out of my job.

Tracie might've convinced herself if her head didn't throb with every click of her heels on the marble floor of the lobby. A hot shower, followed by an icy one, had prodded her battered body into somewhat passable shape and the four aspirins she'd swallowed were keeping the headache down to a dull roar. But shit! She was far from ready to meet a hungry dragon.

Dumb, that's what it was. Just plain dumb. Spending the night fucking a total stranger, experimenting with all those delightful toys, when I knew I had to be in top shape today was just stupid.

But just thinking about last night made her body shiver and moisture collect in her pussy. At least today she had panties on to absorb the telltale dampness. No pantyhose, though. No time to pick any up. She'd heard old J.P. didn't like his women employees to wear slacks—"I'm hiring women, not damn men"—and no one had the guts to challenge him on it. In that case, she hoped he had nothing against bare legs.

Thoughts of last night jumped into her brain again. She never thought she'd have the nerve to do all the things she did, not to mention with someone she'd never laid eyes on before and would never see again. She couldn't believe how hungry her ass and her pussy were for his cock. She'd worn the nipple clips today under her bra just to remind her of everything they'd done.

Riding up in the elevator she smoothed the skirt of the green silk dress she wore, fussed with the collar, checked the buttons on her cuffs.

Stop it! He's just a man. If he fires you, there are plenty of other jobs. You don't want to work for a jackass like him, anyway.

The elevator dinged and the doors slid open on her floor. She took a deep breath, released it and stepped out into the lobby area.

"Oh, Tracie, thank goodness." Deandra, the normally unflappable receptionist, wore a look of extreme stress.

"Something wrong?" She held out her hand for her message slips.

"He left me a message yesterday to be here at seven. What a jerk. And he's been buzzing me every five minutes asking when you were getting here. And not very nicely, I might add."

Tracie looked at her watch. "I didn't get any message to come in early. I'm only five minutes later than my regular time. If he wants to fire me over that, I don't think I want to work for him anyway." She cocked an eyebrow. "What's he like, anyway?"

Deandra blushed. "Gorgeous. He's gorgeous. If only he didn't have such a temper."

Tracie frowned. "Gorgeous? I didn't think you went for older men."

"Older? Oh, I don't think he's much more than thirty-five."

Tracie tapped the messages against her palm. "Are we talking about the same man?"

Just then Deandra's phone buzzed and she jumped. "That's him. Oh, Tracie, get going. Please."

Anger already bubbling up in her, Tracie headed for the suite she shared with the CEO. In the front office she dropped her purse at the side of her desk, turned on her computer and laid the message slips on the desk. Straightening her shoulders she marched to the inner door, knocked twice and at the "Come" pushed it open.

And stopped, frozen to the floor.

J.P. Montgomery made a great show of looking at his watch. "Are you usually late for work? I don't tolerate that in my employees." He leaned forward and put his elbows on the desk. "Unless, of course, they have a good excuse. Like fucking their brains out in a variety of ways the night before."

She couldn't make her mouth move. It was him—tall, dark and rugged, the man whose cock had been rammed in her ass just a few hours before. Whose educated tongue had sucked her pussy dry. She became acutely aware of the nipple clips she was wearing and felt a blush rise throughout her body.

"You," was all she could say.

He nodded, swallowing a grin. "At your service."

"But...but...but..."

"J. P. Montgomery."

"But..." Oh, god, she sounded like a blithering idiot.

"I have a feeling the tyrant you were referring to is my grandfather and I agree. He's a holy terror. He's also pulling back on his work, so my father and I are picking up the slack."

"But you're Pete!" *Let the floor just open and swallow me up. Please.*

He nodded. "That's me." He pointed to the name plaque on his desk. "J as in James. P as in Peter. The third, but it's fancier than it sounds." He ran his hand lightly over his fly. "And you get two Peters for the price of one."

Tracie still had not moved.

"Come here. Now, Tracie."

Somehow she made her feet move to the desk but he motioned her around to where he sat. His eyes raked over her body. "Nice dress. Very professional." Before she knew what he was doing, his hand slid under her skirt and his face split in a grin. "No pantyhose, either. Good."

"Mr. Montgomery..."

"Pete. I don't think someone who's had my cock in their ass should call me mister."

She felt the heat rising to her face again. "Pete."

"Good." His lean fingers moved higher, finding the crotch of her panties. "And wet already. Just what I like." He probed her slit and inserted one finger into her vagina

before withdrawing his hand. He watched her as he licked every bit of her fluid from his fingers.

"I don't..."

"Not yet but you will." He leaned back in his chair. "Imagine my pleasant shock when I discovered that the woman who's going to be my executive assistant is into the same kind of—shall we say, adventurous—sex I am. I could hardly wait to get to work this morning."

"I didn't know..." she began.

"No and that's what made it all the more delicious. Jerome had already sung your professional praises to the sky and from what I saw, he didn't embellish it at all."

"Thank you. I think."

"However, I've revised your job description a little, to include some of your very special skills."

"My special skills?" Did he mean what she thought? Her cunt was throbbing and her nipples ached just from his casual touch. She had an instant urge to rip off her clothes and his and take up where they'd left off the night before.

My god, is this me? I've turned into a sex fiend! And I love it!

"I have a rather...unorthodox method of working. I don't like keeping to regular hours. I might feel like dictating at nine o'clock at night. So here's how we're going to do this. Pete's Rules." He leaned forward. "Rule One. No underwear. Ever. I want to be able to slide my fingers into that hot, wet cunt or that tight asshole any time of the day or night I get the urge."

"Are you crazy?" But her heart began to beat faster than a triphammer. "With people around?" But the thought made her incredibly aroused. She envisioned them in a board meeting, her leg over his lap while his hand slid casually under the table and pinched her clit.

"Rule Two. I'd like you to make an appointment at Intimate Treatments Spa. My treat. I want you to have an all-over wax job."

Tracie's eyebrows flew past her hairline.

"Excuse me?"

"You heard me. Your little curls on your mound are adorable but I want that little puss as naked and smooth as glass. I have plans for it. As soon as we're through here, call and set it up."

"O-okay." She clenched her thighs together trying to still the quivers racing through her vagina.

"And tell them I'll be bringing you. I want to watch to make sure they do it the way I want."

She nearly lost it. Tracie was sure if she looked on the floor there'd be a huge puddle of her fluids, wetting the carpet. She couldn't believe how turned-on she got at the thought of Pete's hot eyes watching someone wax and rinse her cunt.

"Rule Three." He ticked it off on his fingers. "We're going shopping at lunchtime. I want to see what else the Pleasure Palace has in its bag of tricks." He reached forward and grabbed her wrists. "You liked having your hands bound last night, didn't you, princess? Does bondage appeal to you? I thought it might. I want to go the whole way with you, with cuffs and chain and those soft leather floggers."

She started to say no but his hand swept into her cunt and discovered the evidence of her arousal.

"I thought so." He grinned. "Oh, yes, you'll make a tempting little slave." He leaned back. "Rule Number Four. Where sex is concerned with us, there are no boundaries. I will never hurt you or push you into something I know you don't want. Other than that anything goes. Do you understand?"

She nodded her head as more juice trickled down the inside of her thighs.

"That means," he went on, "we have to work twice as hard when we're taking care of company business so the work doesn't slip. Agreed?"

She nodded. "I agree." Oh, god, did she agree. Every fantasy she'd ever wanted was about to come true.

"Good. Now let's go through that stack of folders I dumped on the floor last night and run through today's appointments. But first, turn around. I need to give you the spanking you deserve for being late to work today."

She turned around on legs not quite steady.

"Spread your legs, princess." His hand nudged her thighs apart.

"W-what?" Her mind was already anticipating the pleasure of those stinging slaps. "Now what?"

Pete reached into his bottom drawer and pulled out the Pleasure Palace bag, holding it up with two fingers. "You left your goodies here last night."

Tracie started to reach for them but he moved them just out of her reach.

"Uh-uh uh. I realized we hadn't used everything in your little bag of tricks and I wanted to make sure you didn't miss anything you'd been looking forward to."

She watched with wide eyes as he slipped out the vibrator and slid the tickler over it.

"Oh, my," was all she could say.

"Oh, my is right." He grinned. "Lift your leg, princess. Put your foot on my knee. I don't think you even need any lube on this."

A ripping sound told her the panties were toast. Then he slid the vibrator easily into her cunt, bent her over his knees and flipped up her skirt. When he ran his fingertips up and down the slit of her cunt and the cleft of her ass, pausing to press a fingertip into her anus, she shivered all over.

"I think this is going to be a very productive work relationship. Don't you, Tracie?"

She nodded.

"I want an answer, princess."

"Yes." She gasped as the second slap hit. "Yes, it is."

"Good answer."

He reached between her thighs and turned on the vibrator. She could feel the tiny fingers of the tickler stimulating the walls of her vagina just as the first stinging slap hit. Fire shot through her and her cunt began to clench automatically.

Oh yes, she thought. Surprisingly, her new boss had turned out to be a winner and the job was about to provide perks she hadn't even thought about. The voyage of discovery was just beginning and she couldn't wait to get started.

PLEASURE PRINCIPLE

Chapter One

The meeting had run longer than expected and Tracie Hill was nearly at the end of her self-control. That morning, before they left the condo, J.P. "Pete" Montgomery, the sexy hunk who was both her boss and lover had bent her over the bed and slipped two little ivory balls all the way up into her vagina. Then he'd insisted she put on the killer heels he loved. As soon as she started to walk, the balls began to rub together, sending sparks of heat shooting through her and making her instantly aroused.

Pete had grinned at her. "I'll enjoy the day knowing that little cunt is hotter than a pistol and dripping wet," he told her. "And I'll be checking it regularly just to make sure."

Then he hugged her and ushered her to the elevator that took them to the basement garage.

The night they met had been just the beginning. First he'd told her how much he was now looking forward to coming to work. Then he ordered her to wear only skirts to work and no panties. Or pantyhose. Thigh-highs only. Ever since, he took full advantage of the opportunity to tease her during the day, slip his hand into her wet pussy and stimulate her clit until she shook, then back off. Some nights she could hardly wait to get home before insisting he fuck her right then.

Soon he'd moved her into his condo.

"The hell with office gossip," he said and ignored the whispers and sly looks. He knew they'd die down after a while and they did.

She could hardly recognize her life from the boring rut she'd been in BP—Before Pete. Now it seemed she'd become addicted to the pleasure he could give her, the new levels of eroticism he dangled before her like candy. Her body didn't even belong to her anymore but strangely enough, she didn't mind. Whatever her future with Pete—and he never talked about it although she secretly hoped—she trusted him implicitly and he had never betrayed that trust.

But today had been pure torture. Every time she shifted in her chair at the conference table, she had to bite her lips to keep at bay the spasms that wanted to overtake her body. Pete would look at her, grin and go back to his presentation. Man, tonight he was truly going to pay for this. When they got home she'd tease him the way he'd been teasing her and make him wait as long as she could.

The last of the department heads filed out, taking their notes and folders and Tracie breathed a sigh of relief.

"Home," she said, picking up her materials.

"That little cunt begging to be fucked?" Pete came over to her and kissed her, his tongue sliding between her lips to caress the inside of her mouth. One hand drifted up to idly tweak a hard nipple.

Tracie bit down on his tongue.

"So. The princess wants to play rough." Pete backed away and gave her his hand. "Maybe you'll like what I want to show you?"

"What I want is to go home." She ran her fingers over his bulging fly. Oh, yes. He was nice and hard.

"Not yet." He lifted her hand and linked his fingers through hers.

"What do you mean, not yet? If I don't get home soon my body will catch fire all by itself."

He leaned sideways and licked her ear with the tip of his tongue. "Like I said, I have something I want to show you. If I promise to give you a little relief, will you pay attention?"

"A little relief?" She tried to squeeze her legs together as she walked.

"Not too much." He chuckled, putting his arm around her and squeezing her shoulder. "I don't want to use it all up before we leave here. But I think you might be ready for another adventure."

"What kind of adventure?"

They were in their suite of offices now. He locked the outer door took her folder and dropped it on the desk and propelled her to his private office. Sitting down at his desk, he pulled her onto his lap.

"Will you be a good girl if I make you feel good?" He gently bit the point where her neck and shoulder met, then licked it.

Tracie shuddered. She could feel cream dripping from her cunt, probably wetting her dress. She always wore vivid prints now, where her juices wouldn't show.

"Yes, I'll be good." *You bet I'll be good. Just let me feel those wicked fingers of yours.*

"Spread your legs, princess. You know how."

With her back pressed against his chest, Tracie moved her legs until they were on the outside of Pete's. He pressed his knees outward to open her up even further.

"Now, princess, let's see how well those little balls did today."

One hand lifted her skirt and flipped it back while the other slid down her stomach to the top of her pussy where her clit throbbed hungrily. He took it between his thumb and forefinger and tugged lightly.

Tracie nearly leaped off his lap.

"Easy, honey. I didn't mean for this to just take a few seconds. Lean your head back against my shoulder."

She leaned her head back into his solid warmth, inhaling the fragrance that was uniquely Pete. It never failed to tantalize her senses.

With his thumb resting on her clit, he slid one finger down the length of her slit and back up again, scraping gently against her slick labia. Tracie squirmed.

"Easy, princess. Don't rush it too much."

Her cunt was dripping, begging for his touch, for his fingers. "Please," she begged.

"Let's talk while we play." He nipped her earlobe and began stroking her slit with two fingers, very slowly. Up. Down. Up. Down. "Would you agree that sex between us is great?"

"Yes, yes. Great." *Stroke me harder.*

"You trust me, right? In three months I've proven worthy of that trust?"

"Yes." She drew in a deep breath and wiggled against his hand, trying to force his fingers inside her.

His mouth was at her ear and his tongue licked the edge of it. "Did I ever tell you about my friend, Dallas?"

Tracie forced herself to concentrate on Pete's words. He must have something in mind but she'd be damned if she knew what. Why was he talking about his friend when she needed release so badly? "Um, I guess you mentioned him."

He pressed harder with his fingertips, up and down, still touching the outer lips covering that hot tunnel "If you think I'm adventurous where sex is concerned, I'm an amateur compared to him."

Now he pinched her clit again, tugging it back and forth. Tracie felt heat overtaking every cell of her body.

"Uh-huh." She closed her eyes and tried to push herself toward his hand but he had his other arm wrapped around her and held her firmly in place.

"Dallas took me to a private club he belongs to called October."

"What?"

"October. The owner named it for the month of his birth. A very innocuous name for a place where you can explore different types of sex play."

"D-Different?" She knew she should be paying better attention but she wanted to come so badly and he was just toying with her.

"Uh-huh." He ran his tongue along her jawline. "That's where I learned that pushing the envelope can make sex that much more exciting. Enhances sexual pleasure."

"Pleasure." Okay. Different. Pleasure. He separated her swollen folds and slid two fingers inside her quivering cunt, stroking in and out. She was wide open to him and instead of giving her satisfaction he was increasing her level of stimulation. She was so wet she was sure she was dripping on the floor.

"Oh, I'm not into a lot of the heavy stuff that turns so many people on. But there's a lot I like that you and I haven't even explored."

"What kind..." She shook her head, trying to clear the fog wrapping around her brain. Training. Yes, that was it. "What kinds of things?"

"Oh, different ways of spanking, for example. Of bondage."

"Bondage?" She wished they were having this talk when she could think better. Now he added a third finger, reaching far enough into her vagina to touch the balls and set them to moving. She moaned, a loud, hoarse sound.

"You like it when I tie you up, right?" He nuzzled her ear. "Being helpless turns you on, princess. I know how wet you get when I do that. And that turns me on."

Tracie tried to push her pelvis against him. "Yes. Turn on." God, how much longer was he going to talk?

"You trust me, right? I've never hurt you nor would I. You have to believe that."

She bobbed her head. "I do, I do. Oh, please, Pete."

"So if I wanted to take our spankings a little further, use some real restraints, make you give up control, you'd trust yourself in my hands, right? This is important, princess."

"Yes, yes, yes." *Do it, do it, do it.*

His fingers were moving faster now and the pressure was building. "I want this, Tracie. I would never, ever do anything to demean you. But the sex will be like nothing you've experienced so far."

She found that hard to believe but at this point she'd agree to anything. "Okay," she panted. "Whatever you say." Would he ever shut up?

"Good. Then you can come now. After that we're going to look at pictures of some things I bought."

His fingers stroked faster and faster, his thumb worked her clit and his other hand found one nipple and pinched it. Then, without warning, he moved his arm away and shifted her so she was bent over the desk. While one hand continued to work her cunt, the other collected the cream that was dripping from her and he plunged two fingers into her ass.

Tracie swallowed her scream, the shudders building deep in her abdomen and rolling through her body.

"Come on, sugar" Pete whispered. "Let me feel it."

He shoved harder and she fell over the edge, pouring into his hand like an open faucet. Her vaginal muscles contracted again and again until the orgasm had passed. It wasn't nearly enough, not with those two little balls torturing her pussy but it would hold her until they got home. He was right about that.

Pete picked her up and cradled her in his lap again and she leaned into his shoulder, catching her breath.

"Okay?" He nuzzled her cheek. "Can you pay attention to something now?"

"Yes." She drew in one long breath and let it out. "I'm ready."

"Did you hear everything I said to you?"

She nodded. "Yes. I heard."

"I don't want you to be afraid, Tracie. You'll be giving up a lot of control to me. I want you to know that. But doing that with someone you trust can take sex to unbelievable heights. Besides, the choice to give up that control is yours. So in the end, you're really the one in control."

"I believe you." She let out a shuddering breath "I'm ready for the show."

With his arm holding her close, he clicked on a tiny icon on his desktop and brought up his favorite website. He moved his hand from the mouse to her chin, turned her face to his and gave her a deep kiss, his tongue caressing the inside of her mouth. Then he pulled back and turned her toward the computer.

Tracie's eyes widened at the page displayed there. A banner across the top proclaimed "Finest toys and equipment for discriminating bondage fans." In a column along the left, in bold letters, was a list that included floggers, spanking benches, paddles and restraints. The rest of the page was taken up by pictures of various items.

"Do these frighten you, Tracie?" For the first time Pete's voice held a note of uncertainty.

Tracie just shook her head. She wasn't ready to tell him yet that not only didn't they frighten her but a bolt of dark lust shot through her at the thought of Pete using them on her. She'd come not only to love but also to crave the pleasure spankings he administered so well during sex. The idea of taking things further sent a dark thrill straight to her already over-stimulated pussy. Especially knowing he'd be in complete control.

I can't believe this is me.

"Tell me," he urged.

"No. They don't frighten me."

"Excite you?" he whispered.

She nodded. "Yes." She forced the word out.

He hugged her against his chest. "I was pretty sure they would. You know, everything we've done so far – everything you've *let* me do to you – has given you great pleasure. Right?"

"Yes, it has." Was this really her talking?

He kissed her cheek. "I've ordered some of these things. They should be delivered Friday. That gives us the whole weekend to play with them."

Tracie felt a shiver race up her spine.

Pete laughed. "I thought that might excite you. And I may just have another little surprise for you."

She was still trying to catch her breath. "I don't know if I can take more surprises."

"Oh, I think you'll like this." He licked the side of her neck. "You know, the best thing that ever happened was my showing up at this office after work the night of the blackout."

"Oh, yes," she breathed, her senses charging again.

He kissed her again, then tapped her bare bottom.

"Then let's go home and see if we can work off some of this excess energy I feel racing through you."

Chapter Two

The third bedroom in the condo was Pete's junk room, the place he stored everything he didn't know what to do with. Wednesday morning he rented a storage locker in the basement of the building and hired the teenager who lived two floors below to help cart everything downstairs. The things he'd ordered were being delivered Friday morning.

"Dallas is coming along to set everything up," he told Tracie.

"Dallas?" she raised her eyebrows. "Why would he do that?"

"It's his company, princess. Besides, it will give me a chance to see him."

"See him? When?"

"That's part of my surprise." And he refused to discuss it further.

When they arrived home from work on Friday Pete went directly to the third bedroom, tugging Tracie along with him. If her eyes had widened at the pictures on the computer, they nearly popped out of her head now.

In the center of the room, sitting on a pedestal, was a giant X made out of metal, with manacles bolted to each arm. Against one wall was a long, padded bench, raised in the center, with two holes cut out of it and more restraints dangling from it. Next to it was a smaller bench, also padded, with a padded step up to it. On the opposite wall a dark walnut table held a large carton with a note attached.

Thought you might want to open these yourself. Had Al put the other package in your bedroom. Don't forget your promise. Dallas.

"Okay. What's your promise?" Tracie asked.

He leaned in and kissed the tip of her nose. "Later."

Tracie shrugged and looked around the room. "Are you going to tell me what each of these things is?"

"Curious. Good." He took her hand. "But we'll leave these for the moment. I want to show you what's in the bedroom."

Tracie could already feel her insides quivering as images of using these items raced through her mind. During the past two days, whenever Pete had been out of the office, she'd surfed the web searching for anything she could find on bondage. She was glad he wasn't into the whole Dominant/submissive thing that she found many articles on. She didn't think she could be that extreme. But the thought of doing some of the things she read about excited her in a way she'd never thought possible.

Never in her wildest dreams did she ever think she'd actually be looking forward to bondage, or the flavor of BDSM in her sex life. But with Pete everything seemed, well, normal. And exciting. Definitely exciting. She had no idea how long-term their relationship was but she wasn't about to rock the boat by asking questions. Whatever will be, will be, her friend Cece always said and Tracie had to agree.

A large package sat on the floor at the foot of their bed. Tracie started toward it but Pete pulled her back. He kissed her lightly, then tapped her nose with his fingertip.

"First I want to find out if all this really excites you as I expected it to. I don't want the words—I want what your body tells me. Bend over, princess. You know how."

She spread her legs, bent over and grabbed her ankles. Pete knelt behind her and with his fingers spread wide the lips of her pussy. One finger teased just at the edge of her opening

"Oh, yes." His voice was smug with satisfaction. "Not just wet. Dripping. And a beautiful deep pink." He stood up and smacked her bottom. "I knew you'd love this, princess. And we haven't even started yet."

She stood upright, alternately ashamed that such things could excite her so much and aroused at the ideas they created.

"Let's open the box." Pete pulled out his keychain with the little pocket knife attached, popped out the blade and slit the sealing tape. He dug through Styrofoam peanuts and pulled out a long bar with what looked like extra large manacles at the end.

"What's that?" Tracie sat down on the floor beside him.

"That, my naïve princess, is what's called a thigh spreader." He sat her on the edge of the bed took her legs and pulled them wide apart. "I clamp one around each thigh and keep those sexy legs spread wide for as long as I want to."

Tracie shivered just thinking about it and tiny fingers of desire raced up her spine.

Pete flipped up her skirt, exposing her naked cunt. He insisted she get it waxed weekly, claiming the naked skin was ultra-sensitive and much more pleasurable for him to torment.

She'd discovered he was right.

He used his thumbs to spread open her labia.

Tracie licked her lips at the look of lust in his eyes. "Still like what you see?"

"More than ever, princess. More than ever." He pushed her onto her back, bent her knees to her chest and held her legs apart. "That spreader will keep you open and leave both my hands free to do whatever I want to. For as long as I want to."

She'd be totally helpless. At his mercy. Tracie felt her cunt begin to throb.

Pete dug through the box again, identifying each item as he pulled it out. Two sets of handcuffs. An ankle spreader. A short, thin rod with feathers at the end. A padded leather glove. One small box he set aside.

"Showers first," he told her. "Then we open this box."

"What's in it?" Her curiosity was really aroused now.

"Later." He helped her to her feet. "Are you hungry? Want something to eat first?"

Tracie shook her head. "No. Do you?"

"No. Come on. I want to bathe you."

Pete's shower was big enough to be a room by itself. Benches lined two sides, so users could sit down to bathe if they wished. Seventeen jets were built into the wall, each pulsing water from a different angle. The ceiling shower head was dialed to feel like a light rain. A handheld head attached to yet another port was coiled and ready, hooked over the faucets. Just looking at it reminded Tracie of the feelings its pounding streams had on her clit.

When they stepped into the shower she started to reach for it but Pete put his hand on her arm.

"Not tonight. I want all those orgasms saved for our new activities."

He turned the shower on, pulled her against his hard-muscled body and plunged his tongue into her mouth. Unlike the earlier kisses, this was a devouring kiss, stroking every inch of the inside of her mouth, scraping along the edges of her teeth, licking her lips before invading her warmth again. Her breasts pressed into the fine matte of hair on his chest, her nipples stimulated by the contact. She felt his cock against the softness of her belly and reached down for it, startled to find it already swollen and engorged even beyond its usual tumescence. When she wrapped her fingers around it, he broke the kiss and reached down to pull her hand away.

"No fucking in the shower tonight, princess. I told you, I have some very special things planned."

He reached for the soap, ran it under the shower, then began to work up a lather in his hand. With infinite care he washed every inch of her body. Her ears received as much attention as her neck, her back, her shoulders. He stroked her as if painting a mural, each movement one of tenderness and care. When he lathered her breasts he tugged lightly on her nipples, then ran his fingernail through the creases.

He lifted each foot and massaged it as he lathered it, carefully stroking her toes, then her heels and up her calves. Even her belly button received its moment of care, as he swirled the soap into the little indentation. Finally he bent her over, soaped his

hands again and plunged them first into her cunt, scrubbing every inch of her vagina, then into her ass. By the time he was finished, she was shaking with need.

“Now me,” he said softly, handing her the soap.

Tracie had no idea how she would stand up long enough to do this but she lathered her hands as he had done and started at his neck, working along his shoulders and arms. When she came to his chest she teased at his flat nipples as he had done to hers, then moved down to his groin, stirring the lather into the dark brown hair surrounding his cock.

She had to bite her lip to focus when she washed that pulsing organ and the heavy sac below it. She heard Pete’s breath hiss as she ran her nails lightly over his balls and she smiled. He could play all the games he wanted to, make all the demands he wanted to but in the end she could bring him as much pleasure as he gave her. That was what kept her centered.

She moved around behind him to wash his neck, his back, the slope of his buttocks. But when she moved her hands between the taut cheeks of his ass and slipped her soapy finger into his anus she felt him tense.

“You’ve never done that,” he said in a strained tone.

Tracie stilled her hand. “And I won’t if you don’t want me to. It just seemed the right thing to do tonight.”

He let out a breath and leaned his hands against the shower wall, giving her greater access. “No. Do it. I’ve never let another woman do that to me.”

Again she stopped. “Then why me? Why now?”

“Because I want you to know that I’m yours to do with as much as you’re mine. And that whatever control I ask you to give up, I’m willing to do the same. I’m all yours to play with, Tracie. Go ahead.”

She slid two soapy fingers back inside his tight, dark channel and began stroking them the way he did to her. No sound escaped his lips but she felt his entire body tense.

She was tempted to reach around to his cock again but he'd said not now, later, and she wanted to abide by his wishes.

Sighing, she withdrew her fingers, washed his legs and feet as he'd done hers, then stood with him as they both rinsed off.

Pete opened the glass door and reached for the thick towels hanging on the towel warmer. They dried each other with intense care, he kissed her lightly and threw the towels in the hamper. Then he took her hand.

"Ready?"

Tracie looked down and saw his cock throbbing, the head a deep purple, the veins ridged along the side, and knew how aroused he was at what they were about to do. She felt moisture already pooling in her cunt.

"Ready."

In the bedroom, he sat her at the foot of the bed and opened the last box he'd taken from the package. Inside was a narrow circlet of leather with tiny gold bells hanging from it. and the initials TH in gold. The inside was lined with soft fleece.

"In the real Dominant/submissive situation, Masters collar their subs. It's a sign of possession. I got this for you to wear when we're home because I want it clear that you're mine."

She wrinkled her forehead. "Clear to whom?"

"That's part of my surprise. Tomorrow."

"Okay. Tomorrow." She ruthlessly suppressed any feeling of nervousness. Pete had made sex so outstanding for her that whatever he chose for them to do, she wouldn't question it.

"Tonight we have other things to do."

"Yes." She wet her lips and felt the lust curling up from deep inside her. "Other things."

"We're really going to a higher level here, princess. If you want to change your mind, now's the time to do it."

"No." She swallowed again. "I want to."

"All right, then." But his hands shook slightly as he fastened the collar around her neck. "Let the games begin."

Chapter Three

Pete moved Tracie while he stripped everything but the sheet from their bed, fetched one of the big bath towels and stretched her out on it. He positioned her so her heels were at the edge of the mattress, knees bent, legs wide apart. Methodically he lit the candles that were set around the room in holders, punched the button that turned on the stereo so that soft jazz floated into the room and took a small vial of oil from the warmer where he kept it.

“First rule. From now on. You only come when I tell you to. Okay?”

“I-I guess.”

He caressed her cheek. “You’ll find out that having to hold off until I say you can come will give you unbelievable orgasms.”

“A-all right.” She’d thought she should be fighting fear over this but instead she was becoming more and more aroused. She was giving her body to him to do whatever he wished. She would have no voice in the matter. And she couldn’t wait to get started.

Pete poured the scented oil into his palms, rubbed them together and leaned over to place his hands on her shoulders. “This oil will protect your body, princess. I don’t want the cold metal of the restraints – or anything else – to harm the gorgeous, beautiful skin.”

He began a slow massage, rubbing her shoulders, tracing her collar bone, over the slope of her breasts, nipples, down into the softness of her abdomen. Every few minutes he stopped and replenished the oil in his palms. He rubbed slow circles on the insides of her thighs, her knees, her legs, down to her feet. Every area of her body he had so carefully bathed, he now applied the oil to with the same skilled touch. Her skin began to tingle pleasantly.

When he had massaged every area of her front except her pussy, he turned her over and began on her back, his fingers drawing patterns along her spine. When he reached her waist he moved down to her ankles and began to work his way up.

"This oil has special ingredients in it to stimulate even as it calms." His voice was slightly hoarse. "You'll understand what I mean shortly."

When he reached her ass he spent long minutes massaging the cheeks, running his fingers along the crease at the tops of her thighs.

"Princess, reach back here with your hands and pull those beautiful cheeks apart." He tapped the globes of her buttocks.

Tracie did as he asked. Was he going to put one of the butt plugs in? Or something else? Then she felt the warm trickle of oil on her anus and in a minute two, Pete's fingers began working the oil inside her. And then she understood what he'd said earlier. As soon as the oil hit the tender skin inside that hot channel, her flesh began to tingle in a strange way and to her surprise, her pussy also began to quiver.

"Tell me you like that," he ordered.

She nodded her head.

"In words, Tracie. I like to hear you say it."

"Yes, yes, I like it."

She heard him chuckle softly.

"I knew you would." He leaned over and planted a row of kisses along her spine. "Tonight is about pleasuring you, princess. To see how high I can take you before finally letting you have that all-important orgasm. But just like always, any time I do something you really don't want, tell me to stop. Okay?"

"Okay."

He turned her over, bent her legs again and poured some of the oil directly into her open cunt. She twitched slightly then forced herself to stay still, wondering. Slowly Pete began to rub the oil all over her labia, her clit and into her vagina. The more he stroked,

the more he rubbed it into her skin, the stronger the tingling sensation. She felt as if a thousand tiny wires were stimulating her and she knew her cunt was dripping.

"Don't worry about the cream running out of you," he said, as if reading her mind. "That shows me how aroused you are. The more your juices flow, the more I like it." He leaned close again. "But do not come until I give permission."

She nodded.

Pete reached down beside him and pulled up two sets of handcuffs. In a moment he had her wrists cuffed and manacled to the bed, her arms stretched taut over her head, arching her breasts up to him. He tugged on the nipples and watched the reaction on her face.

"Like that, do you? Tomorrow I have a treat for these little luscious buds." He bent down to retrieve two pillows from the floor and placed them under her hips. "Almost ready, princess."

He lifted two more pairs of handcuffs from the carton and locked one around each ankle. Then he showed her the thigh spreader again.

"Bend your legs again, honey, the way I like you to. Good." He nodded when she complied.

Moving her legs as far apart as he could get them, he clamped one manacle of the spreader around each thigh and hooked the cuffs around her ankles to the thigh manacles. She was now effectively helpless, her ass and her pussy fully exposed for whatever he chose to do.

He stroked his engorged cock. "Just the anticipation makes me as horny as hell. Do you like to see my cock swell, sugar?"

She nodded. "Yes." Would he ever get on with this?

Without giving her any warning, he leaned forward, spread the lips of her cunt as far apart as he could get them and penetrated her with his tongue. Tracie gritted her teeth to force herself to stay still. Pete had a truly wicked tongue and the things he

could do with it were amazing. Now he concentrated on licking the oil slicking the inside of her vagina in long, slow strokes, then suddenly lapping the sensitive skin between her cunt and her asshole. Then back again.

She knew she was creaming and she could feel little spasms trying to overtake her body. Pete felt it too because he backed off but not before gently nipping her clit. He picked up the short, thin rod with the cluster of feathers at the end and turned back to her.

"Dallas swears by this," he grinned. "I've never used it before but I thought it would be something new to try. Let's see how that gorgeous cunt likes the soft caress of these feathers."

If she thought his tongue was arousing, it was nothing compared to what he was doing to her now. He played the feathers over her clit, barely touching it, like the whisper of a kiss. Back and forth. Back and forth. She clenched her jaw not to cry out. Then up and down her dripping slit, in the same even rhythm. He stopped and she nearly sobbed, craving that ghost of a touch. Through slitted eyes she saw him watching her, his eyes filled with possessive lust. He gave her a carnal smile and resumed stroking with the feathers.

On and on it went, stopping and starting, until she was ready to scream. She wanted to come yet she didn't. She was beginning to understand what people meant when they talked about wanting different kinds of pain.

"Is that little cunt hot, princess?"

She opened her eyes to see Pete looming over her, the feather rod in one hand, his cock in the other.

"Yes." She had to focus to get the words out. "You know it is."

"Maybe we need to cool it off a little."

The next thing she knew he was wrapping a silk scarf around her eyes and tying it in the back. They'd been using blindfolds for weeks now.

"I want you to experience things with your other senses besides sight," he'd told her the first time. "When sight is taken away, everything else is enhanced."

He moved off the bed and Tracie wondered what he would do next. She didn't have long to wait. She felt him peeling open the lips of her cunt as if he were opening a flower, then the shock of cold ice cubes sliding into her vagina. One. Two. Three. She began to pant at the sharp sensation.

"I know that feels good," he told her. "I've had others tell me. Before. Close your eyes behind the blindfold, sugar, and everything will be sharper for you."

He was right. After she adjusted to the darkness, the sensation was sharper, stimulating. The ice didn't cool her off, only made her hotter.

"Breathe, princess. That's the girl. Here comes one of your favorite toys."

She could tell by the feel of it that he was slipping the silver bullet through the melting ice cubes into her vagina. She tried to hunch toward it but the way she was trussed up restricted movement.

"We'll add a little something to your friend here tonight."

He gave the bullet one more little push, then turned it on low, the vibrations beginning to rocket through her cunt. She could feel her asshole begin to respond just from the radiation of the waves, compounded by the oil Pete had spread inside her. Knowing she was spread wide open only intensified the sensations and she concentrated on control. She couldn't let herself come until he told her to.

But then she felt the feathers again and she thought her body would explode. For someone who said he'd never used them before, Pete was a natural. Over her clit, down her open cunt to her anus, back up, around and around her clit, then starting the pattern all over again. Then, just when she was ready to beg him to let her come, it all stopped—the vibrator, the feathers, everything. She wanted to sob at the empty feeling it left.

Pete was running the tip of one finger all around the edge of her cunt, along the swollen labia, down to that sensitive area near her anus, back up to just above her clit. A light touch that made her pussy muscles clench and her hips try to jerk.

"I know you want to come, princess but when I finally let you, you'll thank me because your orgasm will be so intense." He stroked the feathers along the insides of her thighs. "I promise you."

He turned the vibrator on again, still at the low speed but this time he concentrated the feathers only at her rectum, around and around that place he'd plundered lately with such regularity. Somehow that light touch enhanced the effects of the oil inside and increased all the stimulation to her body.

Tracie began to moan as spears of heat shot through her body. The muscles in her abdomen tightened and she could feel those in her vagina straining to reach the plateau they sought.

Pete leaned down and planted a kiss on each cheek of her ass. "I think we need a little more cooling off."

Tracie felt him spread the cheeks of her ass and then the sensation of cold hit her again. More ice cubes! He was inserting ice cubes into her ass but instead of cooling her off, it shot her heat factor higher. She heard herself moan and sensed Pete leaning over her again. "Does that feel good, princess?" His voice was thick with lust. "Is that pretty little cunt demanding to be satisfied?"

"Yes, yes, yes," she moaned.

He planted a soft kiss on her lips, then took a moment to pull at each hard nipple with his teeth. "Tonight is about teaching you to go as high as possible before allowing yourself release. Each night we'll raise the bar a little until you've reached the highest point possible."

Tracie didn't think she could stand it if he took her any higher but something dark inside her said, *Don't be a fool. Reach for the ultimate.*

She heard him move, felt the foot of the mattress depress and then his tongue was lapping at her, even as the vibrator continued its low hum. Her senses were going into overload, her body screaming for relief. The vibrator buzzed, Pete's tongue licked and the dark tunnel of her ass cried for relief from the twin sensations of hot and cold.

He stopped again and she wanted to scream at him. He stroked her inner thighs, the softness of her abdomen, her arms, whispering soft words to her until her body seemed to calm a little. And then he began again.

It went on. And on. And on. When he thought she was too close to the edge, he would use the ice cubes again, then reinsert the vibrator and begin stroking with the feathers. She had no idea how long it lasted, only that she had lost any ability to think. Every atom of her body was concentrated on her cunt and the screaming need to come. Finally she couldn't stand it any more.

"Please," she cried, twisting as much as the restraints allowed. "Oh, please."

"Please what?" His voice was both coaxing and harsh.

"Please let me come."

He laughed softly. "Now you can come. While I watch every spasm."

He reached down and turned the bullet on high, his thumb and forefinger working her clit. She felt something smooth between the cheeks of her ass and knew it was the thin dildo he loved to slide inside her. One push seated it fully and she began tumbling over the edge. An orgasm of unbelievable proportions began to rip through her body.

But as she was convulsing, Pete pulled the bullet from her vagina and spread the lips wide, leaving her hungry cunt gasping for something to fill it, while her muscles spasmed and fluid poured from her like a river.

She strained against her bonds, unable to move her hands or squeeze her legs together and now Pete was holding her pussy wide open, denying her complete relief.

"I know you want me inside you." His voice was low. "And I will be. But not until you are so hot you can hardly stand my touch. The level of pleasure, princess,

remember? You have no idea how hard my cock gets looking at all those beautiful muscles inside your cunt quivering and spasming, hungry for me to fill you. And to watch that juice pour out of you. That's it, sugar. Come. Keep coming."

She thought she would collapse from the intensity, until finally every last aftershock died away. Yet still she was unfulfilled, her body silently begging for the next level of pleasure. And the next.

She felt Pete rise from the foot of the mattress, heard him move around the bed, then his lips hovered over hers. "God, you're a treasure. For the first time in my life there isn't another woman who can tempt me." His mouth came down on hers and his tongue delved inside, raking over the softness of that warm, wet cavern. "And when this weekend is over, you'll understand more of what I mean about raising the level of pleasure."

Chapter Four

Pete carefully released all the manacles and the spreader and helped Tracie to a sitting position. She felt weak and shaken but still unbelievably stimulated. He poured two glasses of wine from the cooler he'd set up earlier and handed her one.

"To us, my lovely princess. And to heights we have yet to attain." He stretched out his hand and touched his glass to hers. "You know, sugar, I've looked a long time for a woman who could match my sexual appetite and enjoy the things I do. I certainly never expected to find her at my new office."

She gave him a glance filled with speculation. "Surely in New York—especially in that club you belonged to—there must have been many women who could match you."

He reached over and stroked his fingers down her cheek. "But none so real about it. None who took pleasure and thrived on it. Not like you, princess. With you everything is new and fresh. I don't think I'll ever tire of this."

Tracie's heart did a tiny hitch. Was he trying to tell her something or just flattering her in the moment? She decided no good could come of over-examining Pete's words. It was what it was. Beyond that she'd learned to have no expectations.

Pete was watching her as he sipped at his wine, eyes taking in every inch of her as he idly stroked his cock.

"No thinking, princess. Only feeling. That's all that's going on here tonight."

"Can I ask you a question?"

He grinned. "Sure. Ask away."

"What are all those things in the other room? We just kind of zipped through them without explanation."

He moved closer and lifted his hand from his cock to one of her breasts. As he talked he idly rolled one nipple between thumb and forefinger. "Tomorrow, sugar. Those are things we work up to."

She frowned. "What do you mean?"

"I mean tonight is preparation for the big playroom." He opened the drawers in one of the night stands and took out some of the toys they kept there. "But we're going to try another new thing along with some of your favorites."

"My favorites?"

"Uh-huh. " He placed the vibrating butt plug, the vibrator that clamped over her entire vulva and the lubricant on the bed. To the pile he added the leather glove from the carton. Then he picked up the discarded handcuffs. "You know how you love those little spanking sessions we have?"

"Yes." She wet her lips nervously.

"You love punishment, don't you, sugar?"

She nodded. Would she ever have thought something like that would give her such pleasure?

"You get so hot just from my hand I thought I'd add a little spice to it. Turn around."

Obediently she turned toward the bed.

Pete snapped handcuffs on her wrists and ankles and secured them to the bedposts. Then he dropped to his knees behind her and spread the cheeks of her ass. He spread the firm globes with one hand while the other applied lube generously to her anus. Two fingers slid inside, making sure the tunnel was properly prepared. She thought she knew what he had in mind and when she felt the tip of the plug press against her she knew she was right. Her pussy began to clench.

"Take a deep breath and let it out slowly," he ordered.

As she was releasing her breath, he pushed the plug inside her until it was seated all the way. Then he pushed again and the plug began to vibrate. She felt her juices start to drip from her cunt.

"Everything good, princess?"

"Yes." She nodded again. "Yes, it's good." *You know it's good, Pete. You know how hot this makes me.*

"The glove I showed you is a spanking glove. The leather has a different effect from my hand. We'll see how you like it."

He began to spank her ass in a methodical rhythm, one side, the other side, then across the cleft. The leather glove had a greater stinging effect than Pete's bare hand, just as he'd told her and Tracie felt her ass begin to burn. When he slapped her right next to the plug, taking exquisite care not to hit the plug directly, the vibrations shot through her body like hundreds of electrical jolts. Upright and spread-eagled as she was, there wasn't even a chance to absorb the intensity of the shocks. Instead licks of fire blazed through her and she knew her cunt was drenched.

Abruptly the spanking stopped, Pete knelt behind her and began to kiss the reddened flesh, laughing softly.

"Oh, princess, I'm afraid after this weekend I'll have a real addict on my hand. If you like this, tomorrow night will show you how the pleasure principle really works." He reached between her legs and dragged his fingers along her wet, wet slit. "Oh, yes. I knew I was right."

The spankings resumed and Tracie felt the throbbing in her cunt reach almost unbearable proportions. As her body began to shake with the effort to control herself, Pete tossed the glove onto the bed and climbed onto the bed in front of her. His cock was swollen and throbbing, the head a dark purple glistening with pre-cum. He moved so his groin was directly in front of Tracie's mouth.

"Would you like to come, princess?" His voice was like a soft caress.

"Yes." She swallowed. "Please."

“Put my cock in your mouth and suck me off. If you do a good job, I’ll let you come.”

Tracie opened her mouth and slid it over Pete’s cock, trying to control the shudders that kept building and building as the plug continued vibrating. She took Pete into her mouth as far as she could and began the rhythm with her mouth that he loved so much. He threaded his hands through her hair, guiding her as he always did, pumping his hips as she felt him reaching orgasm. Then the first splash of semen hit the back of her throat and she began to swallow convulsively, swallow it all down as he always wanted her to.

She heard his breathing slow and felt his hands loosen on her head. When she drew back his cock slipped from her mouth and he moved off the bed. Tracie was nearly exhausted with the effort to keep her orgasm at bay, her cunt begging for relief, the heat building low in her abdomen and trying to climb through the rest of her body.

Pete was behind her now, his chin resting on her shoulder and he nibbled lightly on her earlobe. His hands moved up and down her arms, the caresses only adding to her tension.

“Do you want to come?” he asked again.

She nodded, unable to speak, almost crying with frustration.

“You’ve earned it.” He knelt behind her, turned up the speed on the vibrator and slid three fingers into her pussy. His other hand reached underneath her and with his thumb and forefinger he began to pull on her clit. “Come for me, princess. Now.”

She exploded. Her body shook from head to toe, her vaginal muscles clamped down on his fingers like a steel tunnel and she poured into his hand. Like a rider on a rollercoaster, she surged over the top and plunged down to the bottom. She heard herself scream, again and again until finally every drop of liquid, every tiny spasm, had been wrested from her body. Her head fell forward and she drew in great lungfuls of air.

Pete unfastened the handcuffs one at a time, rubbing her exhausted limbs as he released each one. When the last one sprang loose, he picked her up in his arms and placed her on the bed, lying down next to her.

"Easy, princess." His voice was soothing, his hands gentle as they caressed her body. He leaned over and kissed her cheek, a tender and caring gesture. "Let your body come down."

"Oh, god, Pete." She could hardly form words.

"I told you it would be good, didn't I? The best yet?"

"Yes." She drew in a breath and let it out slowly. "The best."

"Good girl."

She could hear the smile in his voice.

"Pete?"

"Mm-hmm."

"I don't think we can top this."

He hugged her close to him, one hand fingering the collar around her neck. "Oh, princess, we haven't even started yet." When she didn't comment, he brushed the hair away from her face and nudged her slightly. "Sugar?"

But she was fast asleep.

Pete climbed off the bed and picked up the covers from the floor, covering the sleeping form. As he picked up their toys, cleaned them and put them away, he smiled to himself.

"Sleep, princess. I meant what I said. We're just beginning."

* * * * *

Saturday was always a lazy day for them. This time it was even lazier. When Tracie finally pulled herself out of bed, the clock read just after noon. Every muscle in her body ached, although it was a pleasant soreness.

"Welcome back, sleeping beauty."

She looked up at Pete standing in the doorway, holding a steaming mug of coffee.

"Oooh." She reached out her hand. "Gimme."

"I thought you could use this. I know how you like your morning jolt of caffeine."

He handed her the coffee.

"Thank you." She blew on the hot surface and sipped at it greedily.

"Come on." He held out his hand.

"Where are we going?"

"When I peeked in and saw you waking up, I ran a hot bath for you. Figured you needed it."

"You take good care of me."

He pulled her into his arms. "Always. I hope you know that." He kissed her, a deep kiss but not passionate. Caring. Like many other things he'd done lately, this gesture of Pete's made her heart turn over.

Cool it, Tracie. Live for today. Don't wish for the impossible. A man like Pete will be off looking for greener pastures before you know it.

But the ride would be great while it lasted. And she could always secretly hope.

The water in the huge marble tub was steaming and the scent of roses drifted in the room. Pete lifted Tracie and lowered her carefully into the water. When she leaned back, he put a foam bath pillow behind her head.

"Okay, sugar. Time to work the kinks out or you won't enjoy the rest of the weekend."

She closed her eyes and let her fingertips drift on the top of the water. "Rest of the weekend?" she said lazily.

"Yes, sweetheart. I have some special surprises for you. But first, some therapy for those poor muscles."

He bathed her with a gentleness that always surprised her. Pouring scented liquid soap on his hands, he rubbed them to make a lather and began massaging her body. Although he bathed her breasts, her pussy, every inch of her, the touch was not sexual. And when he finished, she felt totally boneless.

Pete had the entire top floor of their condo building and part of it he'd turned into a large stone deck with an oversized hot tub. They lazed in lounge chairs for most of the day, taking advantage of the sunny afternoon. At one point Pete left her for a few minutes, to as he said "get things ready for tonight." Late in the day he grilled steaks for them while Tracie fixed a salad and baked potatoes. They split a bottle of wine, taking their time over their meal, indulging in comfortable conversation. By the time they'd finished cleaning up, the sun had set and the first hint of darkness drifted across the sky. Pete took the collar off the little table where it had been sitting all afternoon and fastened it around Tracie's neck.

"Time to get ready for tonight." He kissed her, his tongue brushing her lips, then thrusting inside, meeting hers and dancing with it. He threaded his fingers through her hair, capturing her head, ravaging her mouth until her legs began to weaken. "I never can decide which feels better in your mouth, my tongue or my cock. I wish there was a way I could get both in there at the same time."

He leaned down and turned on the hot tub. It had become part of their weekend routine and Tracie continued to marvel at the inventive things Pete could conjure up for them to do in its roiling waters. But tonight she was energized, antsy, waiting for Pete to tell her about the things in the third bedroom.

"Ask me nicely," he teased.

"Tell me and I'll suck your cock in the hot tub," she grinned.

"You win. But something else first. Get up on the lounge on your hands and knees." He held up a plastic baggie with one of her butt plugs and the tube of gel. "I need that sweet little ass nice and relaxed tonight, sugar."

She felt him spread the soothing gel over her anus, then inside her ass until she was sure he'd spread the whole tube in there.

"Why so much?"

"I want to make sure that hot tunnel stays well greased. Here we go."

He pressed the tip of the plug against her anus and slid it in with one smooth stroke. The first time they'd used the plugs it had taken forever for even the smallest one. Now her body accepted all of them without resistance.

"Okay." He slapped the cheeks of her ass. "Into the tub, sugar."

They sat on one of the seats in the hot tub, Tracie on Pete's lap with her legs splayed on either side of his, facing him. She pinched his thigh playfully. "Please tell me about the things you bought." She couldn't believe she was so eager to experience things that six months ago she would have run from.

How life changes, she mused.

"Very soon, princess." His hands came together in her lap and he began stroking the lips of her pussy.

Tracie reached down and tried to push his hands against her but instead he put his hands over hers and guided her fingers to her opening.

"I like it when you touch yourself, princess. You don't know how hard it makes me."

"Oh, yes I do," she giggled. "That's not the fireplace poker sticking into my ass."

His mouth was close to her ear, his breath fanning the skin. "Princess, remember how we watched those movies about threesomes?"

Pete had an impressive collection of erotic movies that they watched two or three times a week. He liked them to do the things to each other they saw on the screen.

"Uh-huh." Her pussy clenched as she began to get a hint of where he was going.

"And remember you once said you had a fantasy about being fucked by two men at the same time?"

"Y-yes." That had been one of her hidden dreams and she'd confided it to him during one movie night.

At that moment a door closed somewhere inside and Tracie jumped. "What's that noise?"

Pete tightened his arms around her and pulled her back onto his lap. "Sit still, sugar. That noise means I'm about to make your dream come true."

He began stroking her pussy and tugging on her clit, putting pressure on the butt plug with his thigh.

"Room in there for one more?"

Tracie would have jumped out of the tub at the sound of the deep male voice if Pete's arms weren't locked around her.

"What?"

A tall, deeply tanned man with shoulder-length black hair, smoldering eyes and a magnificent body walked around to the front of the tub. He was totally nude and sporting an impressive erection.

"Hey, Dallas. Pardon me if I don't offer to shake hands but I'm a little occupied at the moment." He shifted slightly. "Princess, meet my friend, Dallas. I told him if he brought the stuff, himself he could help us break in the new toys."

Dallas laughed, a deep, rich sound and lowered himself into the tub.

Tracie struggled in Pete's grip. "Pete, I'm not sure..."

He moved his hands up to cup her breasts and traced a kiss along the line of her jaw. "Shh. It's all right. I haven't steered you wrong yet, have I?"

"But..."

"But what?" He pinched her nipples.

She sighed, everything inside her quivering. "But nothing, I guess. Whatever you say."

“Good girl.” He got his feet under him and heaved them both up onto the ledge of the tub. Draping Tracie’s legs over his again, he moved her hands to her cunt. “Let’s show Dallas that delicious little puss, shall we?”

Tracie looked up to see Dallas standing directly in front of her, eyes raking her body, a tiny smile curving his lips.

“I’d like nothing better than to see what Pete’s been raving about,” he told her.

He’s been talking about me? This is too weird.

But something hot curled in the pit of her stomach, hidden desires thrusting forward. She took a deep breath and spread her labia as wide as she could.

Dallas drew in a breath and appreciation flashed in his eyes. “Gorgeous, Tracie. That is the most beautiful cunt I’ve ever seen.” He moved closer still, reached out a hand and ran it the length of her slit.

Tracie felt her juices begin to flow at once and her clit start to throb. She could hardly believe how instantly aroused she was.

“Man, she’s a hot little thing, isn’t she?” Dallas grinned. “No wonder you want to hang on to her.” He knelt on the floor of the hot tub, smiled at Tracie and slid two fingers into her vagina, stroking them in and out.

Tracie’s breathing hitched.

A man I just met is putting his fingers inside me and I’m so hot I can’t stand it. I must be turning into a sex addict.

“Just as long as you remember she’s mine, we’ll be okay.” Pete’s voice was joking but underneath was a serious edge. *Warning. You can play all you want but I call the shots and she belongs to me.*

Tracie suddenly relaxed into the situation. Pete had staked a claim on her to his best friend in no uncertain words. That’s what the collar was all about too. She leaned back against him and let herself enjoy the sensations rolling over her body.

Pete put his mouth close to her ear. "Shall we show Dallas how beautiful that cunt looks when you come? Hmm? Let him see what's all mine?"

"Yes," she whispered. "If you want to."

"That's my girl." He moved his legs to spread hers wider. "Play with your nipples, princess. My hands will be busy elsewhere."

She knew by now what to expect. He always wanted her to come wide open before they did anything else. It excited him to watch and left her more aroused than before. And now he wanted his friend to see.

Obediently she lifted her hands and began to roll her nipples, tugging them the way Pete did, pulling on them, scraping her fingernails across the hardened tips.

Dallas added a third finger to the other two in her slick channel while Pete began rubbing and tugging on her clit, drawing it down and back up again. Dallas' fingers began moving in and out in a calculated rhythm.

Tracie closed her eyes, letting sensations wash over her. Her eyes flew open as she felt Dallas' other hand drift down to her anus, pushing on the plug.

"Smart," he told Pete, his voice tight. "She'll be nice and relaxed back here. I'll bet it's heaven to bury yourself in that sweet asshole."

"If you behave yourself I might let you find out."

Tracie's stomach muscles tightened, not in apprehension but anticipation. God, she couldn't believe she actually wanted this.

Dallas began fingerfucking her faster and faster, while Pete rubbed and flicked at her clit. Tracie began arching, rubbing her nipples harder and harder. And then she came, the spasms rolling over her like a tidal wave.

"Son of a bitch, look at that." Dallas' voice held a note of awe as he withdrew all of his fingers from her and pulled her labia as wide as they could go.

Pete pressed hard against the insides of her thighs and tightened his arms around her waist.

Tracie felt her vaginal muscles clench and quiver, desperately seeking something to fill the emptiness. When the last spasm had died away, she leaned back into Pete, pulling herself together because she knew the evening was just beginning. He turned her face and kissed her, his tongue sweeping deep into her mouth and she knew it was one more mark he was putting on her, one more warning to Dallas that he could play but in the end she'd still be Pete's.

Maybe, just maybe...

Dallas traced the line of her slit one last time, lightly pinched her clit and looked up at Pete. "Think she's ready for the next step?"

Pete chuckled. "Oh, yeah. She's really learning the pleasure principle."

In a flash they were all out of the hot tub and dried off with the big towels she'd stacked on one of the lounge chairs. Pete pulled Tracie against his body and whispered in her ear. "I'll give Dallas permission for many things tonight but you're mine alone. Understand?"

She nodded her head.

"Good." He lifted her in his arms and walked inside. "Then we'll get started."

Chapter Five

Dallas walked ahead of them to the third bedroom and Tracie remembered he'd been here yesterday setting it all up. He went directly to the padded bench and pulled out two extensions from the side. Pete stood Tracie on the floor next to the bench, went to the wall and switched on the intercom, then lit the candles set up in a grouping on a small table. The soft music from the stereo flowed into the room and the jasmine scent of the candles began to waft on the air.

"Princess."

Pete was behind her now, his hands on her shoulders, thumbs stroking the column of her neck.

A ball of heat formed in her stomach. Everything about his attitude led her to believe this was heavy business. "Mm-hmm?"

"I've told Dallas the pleasure you bring me when you suck my cock. As friends we've always shared, so tonight you'll do the same for him. Right now I want you to give him a taste of what he's in for." His hands pressed down on her. "Kneel for me, princess and take him into your mouth."

Tracie looked up at Dallas, his face tight, his eyes burning into hers, knelt before him and grasped his erection in her hand. She stroked it up and down, feeling the silken skin over the steel shaft, ran her tongue over the dark head, then took him into her mouth. As she closed her lips over him she heard a quick intake of breath, then she began to suck him, her other hand reaching to cup his sac. Dallas started to pump his hips, then stopped, holding himself tensely as Tracie worked her magic on his cock.

Behind her, Pete was rubbing his cock over her shoulders, her back, her arms. The sensation of the two cocks sent a thunderbolt through her straight to her pussy and she squeezed her legs together.

"Enough." Pete placed his hands over her jaw and moved her mouth away from Dallas.

His erection bobbed in front of her, slick with her saliva, the veins at the sides throbbing. She looked up at him and he smiled took his rod in his hand and ran his thumb over the head. "I can see what Pete means. He's a very lucky man."

"If you behave," Pete joked, "later on you'll find out just how lucky. Meanwhile." He turned Tracie to face him. "Dallas couldn't believe me when I told him how spanking excited you, a neophyte for all intents and purposes. I told him I thought it was getting old hat to you."

"No, never." She smiled at him.

"But I like to keep everything fresh and new for you. That's why I got the spanking glove. But Dallas has devised something even better."

"Better?" She widened her eyes.

"I think so. You tell me."

He urged her down to her stomach on the padded bench, her breasts hanging free through the cutout holes. Pete fastened the manacles around her wrists at the head while Dallas fastened the ones at her ankles. She felt her legs being spread apart as the sides of the bench swung outward until she was spread-eagled. Next Pete fastened a scarf around her eyes, blindfolding her like the night before.

"The senses, princess," he reminded her. "So you'll feel everything that much more acutely."

Before she had a chance to prepare herself, she felt a hand come down on her ass in a stinging slap, right at the base of her cleft. Heat began to surge through her.

"We'll see if you like my technique better than Pete's," Dallas chuckled.

He began to spank but not in a rhythm the way Pete did. She couldn't anticipate it because she had no idea when or where the next one would fall. They were just sharp enough to bring the bite of pleasure-pain that she'd learned to hunger after, especially

when they landed close to the base of the plug. As the cheeks of her ass began to burn, she felt liquid trickling from her cunt and the pulse deep within her start to beat more heavily.

Then, without warning, it all stopped.

Tracie moaned and wiggled her ass as much as she could, wanting the spanking to continue. Her body demanding the pleasure it had almost come to require.

Dallas chuckled. "I think you've created a monster, Pete."

"Fraid so." He ran his hand lightly over Tracie's burning ass.

"She's definitely ready for the next level, then. Just as we discussed."

Tracie wanted to ask them what they meant but before she could open her mouth, Pete had slid two fingers inside her and all she could think of was clenching around them.

"Princess?" Pete leaned close enough to put his mouth to her ear.

"Dallas has perfected a new technique that he tells me his subs love. It ups the pleasure-pain threshold and is instantly arousing."

"W-what is it?" Her body was so hot she could hardly think and the night had just started. She felt something thin and light trail down one arm. "What's that?"

"That's a very thin, very fine whip that Dallas has made himself."

At the word whip Tracie tensed. "Pete..."

"Shhh. Do you trust me, princess? Do you believe I would never, ever do anything to cause you real pain? That everything I do is designed to bring you the greatest amount of pleasure possible?"

"Yes." She licked her lips. "Yes, M-Master."

"Then I want you to just close your eyes behind that scarf and think of nothing but pleasure. No fear. Nothing. Just pleasure. Okay?"

She nodded.

"Good." He turned her mouth, bent still lower and kissed her, hard.

She felt the bench begin to rise in the center, so her head and her legs were lower than her middle, shoving her ass high in the air. She felt Pete standing with his legs on either side of her head. Then hands—Dallas’—spreading the cheeks of her ass wide, wide, wide, slowly removing the plug.

“Remember the oil we used last night?” Pete asked. “It contains a special stimulator Dallas and I had made up. This one is even stronger. As soon as I apply it, your asshole will tingle and your pussy will be more aroused than it’s ever been.”

She felt the hot oil trickle down the crease of her ass and pour over her anus. Then, with Dallas holding her open, Pete slid two fingers inside and began to massage the oil into the tissues of her dark tunnel. He did it three times and by the third time every nerve in her ass and her cunt felt as if it was on fire and only a stiff cock could extinguish the flame. Feeling Dallas’ eyes on her only made her hotter. She tried to wiggle but his grasp allowed her almost no movement.

Then his hands moved away to be replaced by Pete’s, holding her open just as wide. She held her breath in anticipation. The air was thick with the jasmine now and the music was washing over her.

“Tracie?” Dallas’ voice came from right next to her. “I’m going to let you feel this in other places first so you know what’s coming.”

Instantly she felt a tiny sting on the inside of her thigh. Then another, this one on her calf. And finally one on one cheek of her ass. She felt the level of lust creeping higher inside her and moaned again.

Dallas laughed. “Oh, man, she is so right for this.”

Suddenly the thin filament of the whip cracked on her exposed anus, not nearly as stinging as the spankings but ten times more erotic. She jumped slightly but Pete held her firmly in place. Then the whip snapped again. And again. And again. She lost count of how many times because she was so totally hot she could only think of some way to find relief. Her heart was racing and her pulse pounding as she tried to anticipate each

touch, lift into it, make it harder, sharper. Her ass was on fire and she wanted to turn up the temperature even more.

Pete bent his head to her again. "Are you ready to come, princess?"

Was she? Oh, god she was more than ready.

He kissed both cheeks of her ass, then slid his hands down to her cunt and opened her wide. In a moment she felt the familiar touch of the bullet buzzing around her labia, then on her clit, then inside her. She tried to arch again.

"Ask me," Pete ordered.

She gritted her teeth. "Please let me come. Please."

"Come, princess. Come for us."

She felt a heated dildo slide all the way into her vagina then the bullet settled on her clit and the speed increased. In seconds she was flying, her body convulsing, fighting the restraints as the dildo moved in and out of her in rapid strokes. Pete slid his thumb into her anus, massaging the burning tissues, Dallas continued to stimulate her anus with the whip and she screamed with a release that threatened to tear her apart.

At last her body was quiet and she lay dragging air into her lungs. Hands released her manacles, the bench lowered and she was turned over, still gasping, a fine sheen of perspiration covering her skin.

"It's a pleasure to watch you come, Tracie." Dallas' deep voice. He leaned down and sucked a nipple into his mouth.

On the other side of her Pete took the other nipple and they began to suck in unison.

Someone's hand, she couldn't tell whose, cupped her mound and speared two fingers down the length of her slit.

"God, she's wetter than the river," said Dallas. "You are one lucky bastard."

"She's a rare find." Pete's voice was warm and soft. "Relax, princess. We're going to cool you down."

He sat down on the bench and pulled her into his lap, his hand stroking her arm in a soothing movement. Tracie could feel his swollen cock pressing against her. She wanted to feel it inside her but she knew the routine by this time. Only when she was practically begging for it would Pete finally give in and fuck her. Making her come in a variety of interesting ways always increased the strength of his arousal.

He rubbed his hand over her buttocks. "A little sore, princess?"

"Not bad."

He reached to the table next to them and put a glass of wine in her hands. "A little treat but don't spill."

She felt hands—Dallas'—massaging her breasts while she drank her wine and one of Pete's hands stroking the top of her cunt with a gentle touch.

"We're gonna make that little ass feel better right now." He took her wine glass and set it aside, then arranged her across his knees.

Dallas knelt down beside them with a jar in his hand and began applying a soothing balm to the tormented skin.

Tracie couldn't help sighing with pleasure.

"Like the oil, this is my own stuff," he told her. "Works better than anything that's for sale commercially. That very sweet ass should feel cool in just a minute or two."

The movement of his hand was so soothing and Pete's hand stroking her back so calming, she closed her eyes. She might have drifted off to sleep if she hadn't felt hands separating the cheeks and Dallas plunging the balm into the hot tissues of her rectum. Whatever he used took away the burning sensation almost instantly. But he didn't remove his finger, just kept sliding it in and out in a gentle rhythm. She could feel the tremors starting again in her pussy.

Pete trailed his fingers along her spine. "I can feel your body, princess. Are you getting hot again?" He chuckled. "What a prize you've turned out to be. Well, I guess we'd better do something about this."

She felt Dallas pull his finger from her ass and Pete turning her over, picking her up and laying her on the bench on her back. He removed the blindfold and stretched her hands over her head to fasten the cuffs around her wrists. Then Dallas appeared at her feet, holding something in his hands. The thigh spreader.

"Remember this from last night, princess?" Pete asked. "We're going to show Dallas how well you took to it."

He oiled her skin just as he'd done the night before, rubbing it into her labia and her vagina as well. Then he locked the clamps around her thighs, spreading her wide open and fastened the other manacles around her ankles. Tracie could see both men staring at her hungrily and realized just having them look at her like this was more of a turn-on than she'd ever thought it could be. And she didn't consider herself an exhibitionist!

Dallas picked up the rod with the feathers on it from the nearby table and she caught her breath as he began to run it lightly over her clit, her body aroused once again.

Pete knelt beside her, his fingers rubbing and tugging on a hardened nipple. "Would you like to come again, princess?"

She nodded, then remembered his orders. "Oh, god, yes."

"All right. And this time I have some special treats for you."

Dallas continued his movements with the feathers. Pete was right. He was a master at using it. Her clit felt as if it was on fire and her cunt screamed for something to fill it.

Then Pete was back, holding two things. "I promised Dallas you'd suck his cock later, so here's something for that wonderful mouth to practice on." He held up a fake cock and her eyes widened as she realized it was made of chocolate. Pete grinned. "Yup. Your favorite food. Hold it and suck on it and it will melt away."

"Mmm, yum." *This pleasure principle thing has a lot of good points.* She opened her mouth and Pete slid the cock inside.

"Tonight we're going to give you your dream about being fucked by two men at the same time."

Dallas loomed at her feet. "We're going to have a little rehearsal first." He held up a u-shaped tube. "Would you like that?"

At her nod, he spread lubricant on one end and then with Pete helping him, slid one end into her cunt and the lubed one into her ass. He looked at Tracie for a sign that she was okay and she nodded.

"Okay, then. Here we go."

The minute he touched a button she realized it was a dual vibrator. Buzzing sensations began in her ass and her pussy and vibrated through her body. At the same time Pete and Dallas knelt on either side of her, each taking a nipple in his mouth and Pete reached down to take her clit between thumb and forefinger.

Tracie felt fire racing through her and the first flutter of an orgasm building low in her stomach. But just as it was beginning to roll through her body, Dallas reached down and switched off the vibrator. She couldn't even moan with the chocolate cock in her mouth, now melting and running down her throat and the sides of her face.

"Not yet, princess." Pete removed his mouth from her nipple and leaned over to brush a kiss across her forehead. "I want this one to take you higher than you've ever been."

She forced herself to breathe in and out through her nose, trying to slow her racing pulse. After a while she lost track of how many times they turned the vibrator on and off. Sometimes Pete would rub her clit, sometimes Dallas would pinch it between his fingers. But they never let her go over the edge.

At last the chocolate melted completely and Dallas was standing beside her, stroking his cock. "Take me in your mouth, Tracie. Suck me hard and we'll let you come."

She turned her head he slid his cock between her lips and down her throat. Her jaw and throat muscles were well conditioned by now after the dozens of times she'd done

this with Pete. She swirled her tongue around the thick shaft and pulled on it with her lips, taking him deep into her throat. As he thickened and throbbed Pete turned the vibrator back on and began tugging on her clit.

Just as she felt the first splash of Dallas' semen on the back of her throat, Pete turned the vibrator on high and she shattered, the orgasm so intense she thought her bones would break. Knowing both men were watching her made her come even harder. By the time the spasms subsided she was weak and boneless, wanting only to collapse somewhere but knowing Pete wasn't through yet.

Dallas backed away from her mouth, his own breathing less than steady. "Damn, Pete. You weren't kidding. That's the best mouth I've ever fucked. Too bad you found her first."

Pete stroked Tracie's cheek. "Yeah," he said in a soft voice. "I'll share but I'm keeping her."

Tracie's heart skipped again.

"Let's get you unhooked here and into a more comfortable place."

They released her from the spreader and manacles. Pete picked her up in his arms and carried her to their bedroom and Dallas followed. Pete lay down on the bed, still holding Tracie, and arranged her straddling him. Dallas locked fleece-lined handcuffs on her wrists and slid them over Pete's head so she was leaning forward over him. Then he blindfolded her.

She heard Pete say "Go ahead."

Dallas climbed up on the foot of the bed and Tracie felt him sliding oiled fingers into her pussy.

"You've had a workout, Tracie. We don't want you sore for the finale."

Pete took her nipples in his fingers and began rolling them. They were so sensitive by this time that she almost came just from his touch. Then she felt the coolness of the lube at her anus and Dallas sliding it in with his fingers, working it into her tissues.

"Take a deep breath, princess," Pete said, rolling a condom in place.

"Yes, Master." She inhaled and let her breath out slowly as Pete slid his cock into her cunt, impaling her on it.

At the same time Dallas, his cock also covered with a condom, spread the cheeks of her ass and began pushing his cock into her asshole. The dual vibrator had made her feel full but this surpassed it. She tried to push back to help him but she didn't want to dislodge Pete. Then his hands were on her hips, holding her in place. At the same time Dallas spanked her, hard, she pushed back and he was in her all the way.

The two men began to move in unison, Pete from beneath her and Dallas from behind her. They fucked in slow, measured strokes, in a rhythm so well matched Tracie was sure they'd done this dozens of times. She didn't care. She just wanted them to keep doing it to her.

Pete moved his hands to her breasts, rolling the nipples and scraping his nails across their tips. Her breasts felt so heavy and full she was afraid they would burst. They rode her and rode her, in and out and the pressure in her kept building and building. She tried to push down on Pete and back on Dallas but they had her so tightly wedged it was impossible.

"Time to make her come, Pete." Dallas' voice was thick with tension.

"Ready, princess?" he asked.

She nodded and as the two men increased their rhythm Pete moved one hand down to her pussy and rubbed her clit.

"Now," he commanded, scraping a nail across the too-sensitive nub and she came, screaming, as the two men emptied themselves into her.

Her body shuddered and shook, her breasts swinging free, her pussy clenching with almost violent convulsion, the two cocks almost rubbing against each other. Pete rubbed her clit with two fingers even as he lay sucking for air, keeping the pressure on until he felt her body at last lose its tension.

Pete was right. Two men at the same time takes you higher than one.

Dallas slid out of her ass and she felt him move off the bed. Then he was at the head of the bed unlocking the handcuffs. Pete lifted her from him and laid her gently on her side. They disposed of the condoms in the bathroom. When they returned Dallas had a washcloth in his hand. He began to bathe her cunt and her ass in gentle strokes. Tracie was so exhausted she didn't have the energy to do it herself.

"All done." He patted her ass, dropped the washcloth on the floor and stretched out beside her.

"I think we all need a little nap," Pate grinned. "Don't you, princess?"

"Mm-hmm." She curled up against him, her back to Dallas.

"We just need to make sure first you don't lose your place."

She lifted her head with a great effort. "What?"

"Hold on." He picked up two long, thin dildos from the night stand. "We've got a lot of ground yet to cover before Dallas leaves. That sweet, sexy body needs to remember what's going on."

He lifted her leg high and slid one of the dildos into her still-soaked pussy while Dallas inserted the other in her ass. Then he put her leg down and pulled her into his arms, while Dallas spooned against her back.

"You know," Dallas said, "she might like a visit to Jade."

"Jade?" she asked sleepily. "What's that?"

"Not what," Pete answered. "Who. And I think Dallas may be right. By the time we're finished tomorrow, you'll be primed for the next level of the pleasure principle."

She yawned. "Just what is the pleasure principle?"

"Striving constantly to attain the highest level of pleasure possible. And that's what we've got in store for you, princess. Meanwhile, close your eyes and get some sleep."

As she drifted off Tracie's last thought was how lucky she was the day Pete Montgomery had turned out to be her new boss.

NO BOUNDARIES

Chapter One

The Citation banked right and began its slow descent to the private runway that at the moment was no more than a tiny ribbon. Tracie watched through the window as they came in over the emerald waters of the Caribbean Sea on their approach to Satin Cay. Beside her Pete handled the controls of the small plane easily and with expertise, a welcoming reassurance for someone who was normally a white knuckle flyer.

She drew in a breath, inhaling his familiar woodsy scent, the masculine aroma that she loved so much. Her eyes watched the play of muscles in his arms as he manipulated the controls of the plane. The sleeves of his collared shirt were rolled back, exposing the rich brown hair on his tanned arms to the sunlight glinting through the cockpit window.

As if he sensed her watching him he reached over and placed his hand over one of hers. The warmth seeped into her system, taking the edge off the apprehension that had reared its head as they closed in on the island.

"Still time to change your mind, sugar." His voice was calm, devoid of any censure or resentment. "In this place you might see some things that are...different."

A tiny smile curved her lips. "I think I'm past being shocked by anything."

"Just making sure, sugar. That's all."

"No. I'm good. Really." She curled her hand beneath his. "As long as you're with me the whole time."

"I promised, didn't I? And I never break a promise." He lifted her hand and kissed her fingers. "You'll be fine, sugar. Just fine."

He dropped her hand and reached under her short skirt. As usual, following his standing request, she wore no panties. He ran his fingertips in lazy strokes over her freshly-waxed cunt, trailing a tip into the slit that always, always dampened at his touch.

She separated her legs to give him better access. She loved—no, craved—the feel of his touch. The tiniest caress could arouse her to extraordinary heights.

He squeezed the outer lips before withdrawing his hand. "Sugar, there's nothing I'd like better right now than to slide my fingers into that tight, sweet opening. However, I think for the moment I'd better concentrate on getting this plane down without crashing it."

She smiled at him. How this man had changed her life since the first night they'd met. She thought she'd been so worldly about sex but he'd shown her paths to pleasure she hadn't dreamed of. They'd been living together almost a year now and the erotic adventures he'd introduced her to were far beyond anything she could ever have imagined. By day, in the office where he ruled the investment firm with confident authority, she was the perfect executive assistant. But at night the gloves—and the clothes—came off and everything from BDSM to ménage continued to bring them to an ever-increasing high.

And she had something with him that had been absent in every other relationship—trust. Admittedly they didn't have a D/s relationship in the strictest definition of the word. But she had willingly given over control of so many areas of her life to Pete, a gift he had never abused. He had promised never to hurt her and no matter how exotic their adventures, he never had. He had treated her from the first like a treasure, given her a life that made her feel better about herself than she ever had before.

At first when Pete introduced his friend, Dallas, into the equation, she had been a little out of her comfort zone. But Pete's quiet assurances and Dallas' respectful treatment of her had quickly dispelled any anxiety. Since then she had found sexual pleasure beyond her wildest dreams.

Now she was about to take yet another step, into a place where there were no boundaries, no barriers. Where intense sexual pleasure in all forms was the order of the day. Where once she might have rejected the possibility, now her nipples were so hard and her pussy so wet just from the images she conjured up she could hardly maintain control of herself.

At Satin Cay, in the home of Dallas' friend, Jade, for the first time since he'd left New York Pete would be surrounded by people who lived the world of BDSM. Ever since Dallas had asked if she'd come there and let him use her to demonstrate his new items, she'd alternated between nervousness and anticipation. But Pete had wanted the opportunity to display her for his pleasure, to show people the kind of pleasure he derived from her. He'd explained to her very carefully what to expect, giving her the opportunity to change her mind.

"There will be about twenty people for this get-together," he told her. "Some of them are paired – some are hoping to be."

Tracie raised an eyebrow. "You mean, people come there who don't have a partner yet?"

Pete nodded. "Jade is very careful with her guest list. If someone is still solo, she's meticulous about who she invites that's available." He refilled their wine glasses. "You will see people doing all the things you and Dallas and I have done, only they'll probably be out in full view."

"Where people can see them?" Her pussy had throbbed and her whole body hummed at the description.

"Yes," he answered. "Will that bother you?"

She blushed but met his eyes. "No."

“Good girl. Okay. Dallas sells most of the toys and equipment these people use. Some of them are club owners, looking for new toys for places they own. This is a very private party for him to introduce new toys. And we’ll be using you to demonstrate them. Are you okay with that?”

Again she agreed. Had she become an exhibitionist, or was it just this once that the thrill of strangers seeing her most intimate moments called to something very dark inside her?

He’d hugged her tightly, kissed her within an inch of her life and the plans had been made.

Now Pete lined the Citation up with the runway and landed it smoothly, pulling up into a line of other private planes and shutting down the engines. Tracie pulled out her mirror and checked herself one last time. Her freshly highlighted hair framed her face in careful abandon. She’d taken extra pains with her makeup. And her entire body was freshly waxed and barbered.

I’m ready!

As she was about to release her seatbelt, Pete touched her arm.

“I have something for you.” He reached into the console and pulled out a slim jeweler’s box. When he opened it, Tracie drew in a breath at the beauty of the gold chain formed of tiny links, each studded with diamond chips. Pete turned and fastened it around her neck

“You already give me so many presents,” Tracie protested, touching it with her fingertips.

“This is a special design. People will recognize it and know you belong to me. Without a collar, you’d be fair game for anyone unattached and Dallas and I would be forced to create an incident.”

“Incident?”

"The women who are looking for a Dom and are unattached will not be wearing collars. That makes it open season on them. The only exception is Jade, who as she says, belongs only to herself."

"I..." She let out a tiny breath. "There's still so much for me to learn. Thank you."

He gave her a quick kiss. "Ready? Here's Dallas."

Their friend had flown in two days earlier and was leaning against a black SUV, waiting for them. He grinned when Pete walked around to help Tracie down and came forward. As Tracie jumped down to the tarmac he gave her a big hug, then bent to capture her mouth in a kiss. The familiar minty taste of him invaded her senses and she easily opened for him.

"Hey, hey." Pete tapped his friend on the shoulder. "Plenty of time for that later." He and Dallas shook hands. "Everyone here?"

"Yup. You're the last to arrive." He grinned at Tracie. "All set for the big weekend?"

Her lips turned up in a tremulous smile. "As I'll ever be."

"Good." Winking at Pete, he palmed her breast and brushed the nipple. "Let's get going, then."

The island, an oasis in the Caribbean, was filled with lush tropical plants and trees. Brightly colored flowers grew in wild profusion and birds darted in among the trees, their songs a pastoral symphony.

"I don't see any other buildings," Tracie said. "Is most of the island empty?"

"It is. Jade owns all of it. The only buildings are in her compound. House, storage buildings. Guest houses."

"Wow!" She couldn't get enough of looking. Since meeting Pete she had learned to accept that there were people who had far more disposable income than she'd ever imagined. But this! This was beyond anything she could imagine. And when the house came into view she couldn't help the tiny gasp that puffed from her lips.

“Nice, huh?” Dallas’ eyes twinkled.

“Nice? My god! It’s unbelievable.”

The house rose two stories high from a wide circle of crushed shells. Tall pillars swept from porch to roof and behind them walls of glass looked out at the water. Surrounding the house were banana and banyan trees, hibiscus plants and a multitude of other flora she couldn’t begin to identify. Barely visible through the thick foliage were other whitewashed buildings of various sizes.

To the left of them, six SUVs like the one they were riding in were lined up in symmetrical precision. To the right the endless waters of the Caribbean swept away in tides of rippling waves. As Tracie exited the SUV, the front door to the mansion—that was the only word for it—opened and the most beautiful woman Tracie had ever seen stepped out to meet them.

She was tall, close to six feet, with thick black hair cascading down her back. Emerald green eyes enhanced by smoky shadow peered out from a fringe of thick, dark lashes. Her skin was flawless, a smooth alabaster that contrasted with her dark hair, highly toned yet soft and welcoming. Lips coated in a dark rose gloss broke into a welcoming smile. She stepped forward, opening her arms to her guests. Pete and Dallas moved forward but Tracie stood rooted to the spot.

Except for exquisitely made nipple rings and a tiny triangle of satin with hand-sewn pearls on it hanging loosely from a narrow chain, the woman was completely nude.

Chapter Two

"I'm Jade. Welcome to Satin Cay and No Boundaries."

Tracie raised her eyebrows.

Jade smiled. "That's what I named this place because we try not to impose boundaries on our guests, except for those rules in place for people who follow our lifestyle." She moved past Dallas and Pete and enfolded Tracie in a hug, warm enough to be personal yet light enough not to be overwhelming.

Tracie wasn't quite sure where to put her hands so she settled for a touch at the woman's shoulders. "Thank you."

Jade laughed, a full, rich sound. "Please don't tell me these two devils didn't prepare you for our little house party here."

Tracie dug out a smile. "Yes, they told me. Pete was very thorough. But..." she held out her hands, palms up.

"But you didn't expect to be greeted by a nude woman, right?" She laughed again, then linked her arm through Tracie's. "No matter. Soon you'll feel as if you've been coming here forever."

As she talked, she led Tracie up the steps and into the house, Pete and Dallas behind them. A man clad in shorts and a t-shirt came out and removed their luggage from the SUV. In the foyer Tracie stopped, stunned again by the magnificence before her. A wide circular foyer with a multi-tiered chandelier looked to be the core of the house. Huge rooms opened on both sides, floors covered with white carpeting and groupings of furniture scattered here and there with a studied casualness. She also spotted four different St. Martin's crosses, spanking benches and a variety of other items she couldn't identify.

"Don't study everything too hard, my dear," Jade told her. "Plenty of time for that later." She turned to Pete. "Take your young lady up to your room and get comfortable. We're all out by the pool."

"Thanks, Jade. We won't be long."

She turned to Dallas. "And you, my wonderful man. Remove your clothing and come join us."

Dallas took one of her hands and kissed the fingertips. "I'll be there shortly."

"Come on, sugar." Pete took Tracie's hand and they followed the man with their luggage up a sweeping staircase. "Let's get settled."

Now that they were actually here, now that imagination had become reality, Tracie's heart was beating erratically and her throat was dry. Could she really go through with this? She knew all she had to do was tell Pete she'd changed her mind and they'd be out of there in a flash. But then the familiar dark thrill began uncoiling in the pit of her stomach and she knew there was no way she was leaving.

"Not bad for a weekend getaway, right?" Pete grinned as he opened the door to their room.

Like everything she'd seen so far, Tracie was astounded at the opulence. In the center of the room was the largest bed Tracie had ever seen, covered in satin, with lace and satin throw pillows. Fine silk covered the walls and sheer draperies hung softly at either side of the wall of glass. All the furniture appeared to be of the finest teak and she was sure the paintings on the wall were original art.

Candles had been strategically placed around the room in glass shades and the scent of jasmine tickled their noses. Concealed speakers played soft classical music, a soothing melody that appealed to the senses.

The bathroom was another showstopper, with gold fittings, a shower big enough to hold a dance in and a hot tub just for the two of them.

"My lord." Her eyes were popping. "Jade must have all the money in the world."

"Enough, believe me. Come on, let's get ready."

Following Pete's lead, Tracie took off all her clothes, folded them onto a silk-covered slipper chair, then stood uncertainly waiting to see what came next.

Pete put his hands on her shoulders and stroked her arms. "No," he answered her unspoken question, "I don't expect you to make your first appearance with nothing on, sugar. We'll save that for later. But you won't be wearing much. I told you that, remember?"

She nodded.

"I have another present for you"

From his briefcase he pulled a velvet pouch and extracted a set of nipple rings that matched her new collar. Pete placed them on the table next to the chair, then took her face between his hands and kissed her, his tongue stroking the soft velvet of her lips, his breath warm against her skin.

"I want everyone to see how gorgeous your breasts are, sugar. It pleases me for them to know that while others can look and maybe even touch, they belong to me." He nipped her lips. "And only me."

He lifted one breast with his palm, bent his head and took the nipple into the heat of his mouth. Using his tongue he pressed it against the roof of his mouth as he sucked on the flesh around it. When he finished with one he turned his attention to the other, finally taking the wet beads between thumbs and forefingers and teasing them into swollen peaks. His tongue drew a fiery trace from the valley between her breasts to the hollow of her neck, where her pulse had begun to beat erratically and heat rose from her flushed skin.

Tracie closed her eyes and gripped his shoulders, her thighs quivering and her liquid seeping out of her pulsing vagina. The scent of the candles tantalized her nose and combined with the soft music to relax her, washing away the tiny amount of tension she'd felt walking into the room.

Pete paid careful attention to every inch of her breasts, laving them, nipping them, tracing their line with his tongue, then pulling on the nipples with his teeth. When he raised his eyes and saw the flushed look on her face he smiled, part lust and part tenderness.

"I think we're ready for your jewelry," he told her. "I've been dreaming about seeing these on you since I bought them."

She lowered her eyes and watched as he slipped the circlet of one ring around the engorged bud and locked it shut. The linked chains dangling from it were cool against the skin of her breast that was suddenly hot.

"Okay?" he asked.

"Yes, good." She smiled. "I like the way they pinch just a little. Enough to let me know they're there."

"I don't want to make them too tight, so let me know if I squeeze too hard." When he'd fitted the second one in place, he stood back to admire his work. "Perfect."

He opened one of the drawers in the graceful dresser and extracted a triangle similar to the one Jade had been wearing, only a little larger and fastened it around Tracie's hips. After he'd arranged it to his satisfaction he stood back and surveyed her, his lips turned up in a smile of satisfaction.

"A knockout." His voice was heavy with desire. "Just perfect for your debut." He reached beneath the triangle and stroked her slick mound. "Nice and damp, sugar. But then, you're always wet for me, aren't you? I love that about you, Tracie. Your sexual energy and desires."

"You're the one who stokes them," she teased him.

"His face suddenly sobered. "Yes and don't you forget it." He slid one long finger the length of her slit. It came away shiny and wet. He painted the cream from his finger on her lips, then leaned forward and kissed her. "God, Tracie, just touching you—just looking at you—makes me so hard. I can hardly wait to take you downstairs and fuck you."

"Me too." She gave a soft, breathy chuckle, wondering if she would ever reach the point where Pete's touch didn't set her on fire. "Others will be watching."

He nodded. "We talked about that too. It's important for them to see what a sexually responsive woman you are. To know that the things Dallas will show them, will demonstrate on you, will bring pleasure to them also. Both men and women. Okay?"

She rubbed her hands across the hard wall of chest muscle beneath his cotton shirt. "Yes. I'm fine. A little stage fright is all."

"Then let's get finished here and go on downstairs so you can get past that. You'll be amazed at how easy it will be." He kissed her ear. "At first pretend it's just Dallas and me. That will make it seem more natural."

In swift movements he divested himself of his own clothes, draped them on the chair with Tracie's and held out a hand to her.

"You aren't wearing anything?" Her eyes widened.

"Sugar, on Satin Cay hardly anyone wears clothes. It's a waste of time. Let's go. Jade will have the most fantastic drinks at her bar and I'll bet you can use one right about now."

Pete led her down the curving, gracefully designed staircase and through open doors at the back of the foyer to a pool area. Tracie tried not to let her eyes pop as she took in the sights. Everyone was nude, or as close to it as they could get. She quickly identified those who were couples—the women wore collars and the men either hovered a breath away or were pleasuring both their woman and themselves. At first glance there didn't seem to be any female Dommies but Tracie realized there must be people she couldn't see.

Several people, both men and women, greeted Pete. Former acquaintances from New York, Tracie was sure. She grinned to herself as the women scrutinized her as casually as possible, wondering at the woman Pete had finally given a collar to. They didn't know it was just make believe.

And why did that bother her? She shook herself mentally. She didn't need thoughts like that today.

A wide bar curved around one corner of the pool where two darkly tanned men in tropical shorts were mixing drinks as fast as they could. To Tracie's right a bronzed god stretched out in a padded lounge chair, his submissive astride what surely had to be a huge cock from the way she kept adjusting herself on it. Her black hair rippled and swayed as she moved her body.

In a lounge next to them lay a tiny redhead with breasts so round and perfect Tracie immediately wanted to cover her own. Her wrists were fastened to her thighs, her legs spread and her ankles manacled to the legs of the chair. The man kneeling beside her was working a small vibrator on her cunt, sliding it up and down, his eyes locked into hers to watch every nuance, every change. He must have given her orders because she held perfectly still, despite the tremendous effort she obviously made to do so.

Across from them, avidly watching the redhead, a dark-haired man lay with a warm-looking brunette draped across him, his legs locking hers in place, while a man who could only be his twin separated the globes of her buttocks and slowly inserted an anal plug. She was making breathy little noises and trying to hunch into the plug but the man beneath her held her firm.

On the other side of the pool seven other people were engaged in various sexual activities and two more swam lazily in the pool. The same soft music played over the area and beyond them the sea lapped at the shore in a rhythmic motion.

Tracie saw Pete watching her carefully, gauging her reaction. But what she was seeing, rather than repelling her, actually turned her on. She felt moisture trickle down the inside of her thighs and saw Pete's knowing smile as he caught the scent of her arousal.

Dallas, the only one besides the bartenders wearing shorts, sat at a patio table with a drink in one hand and Jade on his lap.

"Come join us for a drink." He waved at Pete and Tracie.

When they pulled out chairs at the table, one of the bartenders took their drink orders. Tracie took a healthy swallow of hers, letting the alcohol settle her even more.

Jade smiled and reached over to touch Tracie's nipple rings, letting the chains flow through her fingers. One of the guests leaning against the bar moved to stand beside them.

"Magnificent," he commented, letting his own fingers play with the rings. "But then Peter always had good taste. And what lovely breasts."

Pete reached around to cup them in his palms. "And a pleasure to touch."

Tracie couldn't miss the admiration in the man's eyes.

"And now, Peter," the woman said, "let's see if she's worthy of being the star attraction tonight."

Tracie's breath hitched as Pete nodded, reached under her thighs and lifted them to rest on the arms of the chair. Her entire pussy was completely exposed. She felt the heat creeping up her body but forced herself to remain still under Jade's scrutiny. Pete had coached her and she wanted him to be proud of her. These were people with whom he'd shared a great deal of himself. They were all curious about the woman living with him who would be the main attraction.

"She's obviously aroused," Jade smiled. "Her flesh glistens."

"And I'd say very responsive," the male guest noted.

Jade looked at Pete. "Will you show us just how much, Peter? Will you show us just how much?"

Tracie felt herself tighten but Pete's hands on her hips soothed her, his thumbs stroking the skin at the crease of her thigh.

"Of course. But just something brief. We don't want to ruin Dallas' presentation later." He bent to kiss the nape of Tracie's neck and whispered, "Just lean back against me and don't fight it, sugar. Close your eyes and listen to the water and the music."

She did as he asked and immediately felt herself relax. Familiar hands closed on her ankles. Dallas. Her knees were bent and soft cloths fastened her feet to the arms of the chair. Pete's arms came around to press her close to him and then she felt his fingers on her labia, stroking them, opening her to view.

The music lulled her, the sun warmed her and the drink soothed her. She lay open as Pete's clever fingers stroked her and played with her. With a gentle touch he peeled back the soft hood covering her clitoris and began to tease the rapidly engorging nub. Tracie began to shake and bit her lip. She didn't want to come too soon and embarrass Pete but his touch always aroused her to fever pitch. And being open and displayed like this only increased her arousal, something she'd quickly learned when Dallas began to share their lives.

"I love how wet she gets." Jade's voice. "Our guests will enjoy watching her this evening."

Pete slipped two fingers into her depths to lubricate them, then began feathering touches over her outer lips and rimming her opening that still, after all this time, was so tiny and inviting. Tracie felt the first starting in her belly and the pulse in her womb accelerate. She clenched her fists to keep the sensations at bay.

"Oh, yes." Jade continued. "She'll do very nicely. And such discipline. I think you should reward her by letting her come now, Peter. After all, tonight she will not be rewarded so easily."

Tracy felt Dallas' hands separating her labia as wide as they could while Pete massaged her aching clit and thrust two fingers inside her hungry cunt. He set up the familiar dual rhythm, holding her fast against him and in seconds she felt the waves roll over her like the water on the shore, crashing through her, shaking her from head to toe. Two pairs of hands held her in place so she had no choice but to lie there with her vagina pulsing, liquid streaming from her and her body shaking. And all the while Pete kept to his rhythm, until the last spasm had receded.

Hands removed the scarves binding her ankles to the chair and Pete eased her legs down between his. His knowing hands massaged her thigh muscles.

Dallas placed her drink in her hand. "Good, my lovely one" He winked at her. "I can hardly wait for tonight."

"I think we'll feed her first." Jade had an amused look on her face. "You don't want her fainting from hunger, after all." She turned back to Tracie. "And then, my pretty one, Jade will give you her special massage to ready you for your performance."

Tracie tried not to think what that meant as she swallowed the last of her drink.

Chapter Three

The afternoon passed in a haze for Tracie. Jade's servants set up a lavish buffet at the poolside and periodically people helped themselves to the gourmet treats. The dark man and the blonde, introduced by Jade as Colin and Danielle, moved to the pool. After swimming two or three laps, Colin lifted Danielle so her buttocks rested on the smooth tile, lifted her legs to her shoulders and proceeded to cover her mound with his mouth. A tall, lithe brunette wearing a collar and leash was walked over to the couple by her Master. He indicated she should sit, cross-legged and support Danielle's shoulder.

The Dom then proceeded to play with Danielle's breasts and nipples while Colin thoroughly ate Danielle's cunt. As the woman's orgasm began to take her, the Dom pinched her nipples, hard.

At one corner of the pool a woman without a collar was on her hands and knees on a lounge. Two men stood on either side of her. One was spanking her while the other fucked her with a dildo. A third knelt in front of her, his impressive cock sliding in and out of her mouth. The woman's face was flushed with pleasure, her eyes heavy with desire.

Someone had placed thick cushions on one of the rectangular patio tables and a brunette with an hourglass figure whom Jade had identified as Liane was lying with wrists and ankles manacled to the corners. Her Dom had clipped a leash to the ring on her collar, then wound the leather strap around the chair behind her so her head was tilted way back. Five men were standing around the table squeezing slices of orange and lemon on the woman's body then licking the juice from her skin. Her Dom was occupying himself by inserting pineapple cubes into her cunt one at a time and then sucking them back out again.

Tracie could tell the woman was close to orgasm but mindful of her Master's instructions, she was doing her best to control herself and wait for his command.

Behind her she could hear the low conversation of three unattached subs and two Doms, the women asking what they could do to please the Masters and become theirs, at least for the weekend.

Jade seemed to be everywhere, making sure her guests were well attended to, overseeing the replenishment of food and beverages. Although they didn't engage in any of the games others were playing, Dallas was constantly by her side.

For their part, Tracie and Pete ate, swam and watched the assembled people. They fucked only once, intent on saving Tracie's sexual energy and arousal for the evening. They were lying spooned on a lounge chair, Pete's semi-hard cock nestling in the crack of her ass when Jade found them.

"I see you two are relaxing," she commented in her musical voice.

Pete chuckled. "Only you would call this weekend relaxing, Jade."

"I need to capture your lovely lady now. It's time to prepare her for the evening." She held out her hand to help Tracie to her feet. "Are you ready, Miss Hill?"

Tracie felt that dark ribbon of anticipation begin to stretch itself low in her belly. "Please call me Tracie."

"Very well, Tracie." Jade winked at Pete. "When next you see her she will be a vision—and quite exciting to watch."

* * * * *

The room had no windows and all the walls were covered with silk drapes. A purple velvet couch was placed against one wall with a little table next to it. The only other piece of furniture in the room was a long table much like massage parlors used. A table sat next to it covered with an assortment of oils and creams and a carved wooden box.

Jade led Tracie through the room to a bathroom as big as the one she and Pete were sharing, where two young men wearing island loincloths waited for her.

"This is Nikolas." Jade waved her hand at one of the men. "And the other is Rik. They are in training to service my guests. They will bathe you first," she explained.

"Bathe me?" Tracie looked at Jade. Two men would bathe her? "Why can't I do it myself?"

Jade trailed red enameled nails lightly across Tracie's cheek, then patted her. "They have special soaps they use with my own blend of scents. And they will be able to reach places that are difficult for you. I promise they are very gentle." She removed Tracie's triangle of cloth and the nipple rings. "I'll return these to Pete. Don't worry." She laughed. "I'm sure he has more plans for them."

With the release of the rings, blood rushed to Tracie's nipples bringing sharp little stabs of pleasure-pain.

"You have lovely nipples, Tracie. I see Pete knows just how to make them swell properly. The pain only heightens everything, is that not so?"

Tracie nodded, then followed Nikolas and Rik into the gigantic shower.

The water misted more than sprayed, flowing from tiny heads imbedded all over the shower walls. Wordlessly, her two attendants went to work, lathering fragrant soap over every inch of her. They each took a breast, soaping the globes top and bottom, then paying careful attention to the nipples. Her back received the same attention as her front but when Rik had soaped the backs of her legs to the juncture of her thighs, they took her hands and leaned her against the shower wall. It was a new sensation, being touched intimately by men she didn't know, and to her surprise Tracie did not find it unpleasant.

Nikolas reached for a bottle of something with a tangerine scent to it and while Rik separated the cheeks of Tracie's ass, Nikolas proceeded to soap the entire area, slipping first one then two long fingers into her rectum and spreading the soap around. Next he cleaned the area between anus and vagina, rinsing several times. Finally the two men

had her stand with one leg raised, her foot planted on the shower seat in the corner and proceeded to soap and rinse every area of her sex—vagina, inner and outer lips, even peeling back the hood covering her clit and washing that area.

Tracie felt her nerves firing and tiny pulse beats throbbing in her cunt. She had to forcibly remind herself this was a bathing ritual, nothing more, even as her body responded to the touch of strangers. What, she wondered, would it be like to have men so young—barely past the age of eighteen—explore her even more? If they were there to give her pleasure, rather than cleanse her. By the time they were finished she was shaking from the stimulation of those young masculine hands and wondering if she could walk back to the other room.

Nikolas and Rik dried her carefully and returned her to Jade, who was sitting on the velvet couch, sipping a glass of wine. She lifted one from the table beside her and handed it to Tracie.

“A Riesling that I particularly like. I think you’ll enjoy it.”

Tracie accepted it gratefully, draining almost the entire glass before following Jade’s directions to lie face down on the table. Scented candles filled the air with a hint of cinnamon and the same soft music again floated from hidden speakers. Everything designed for maximum relaxation.

“Please lie down on the table.” Jade gestured gracefully with her hand. “Rik, under my supervision, is going to apply certain oils that will help to make your skin more sensitive, so that wherever you’re touched you’ll respond even more strongly.”

Turning her head, Tracie watched Rik open one of the bottles and pour oil into his hands. Then she felt the young man’s hands on her, spreading the warm liquid. Heat seeped into her system. Rik rubbed it into her shoulders and her upper arms, taking his time with each area. Whenever more oil was applied, the warmth intensified but it wasn’t an unpleasant feeling at all.

Tracie was so relaxed it almost didn't register when Rik's fingers slid between the cheeks of her buttocks and one fingertip began to massage the tightly puckered anus. She tensed automatically but Rik kept his finger in place.

"We must apply this oil inside and out, little one." Jade's voice was low and soft. "You will appreciate it, believe me. It will make you feel exquisitely on edge."

Rik continued to stroke Tracie's rectum with a steady rhythm until she could feel the heat in every one of her internal tissues. She couldn't believe how much pleasure this was giving her and wondered again what it would be like if this weren't simply preparation for tonight's activities.

She heard a click and swiveled her eyes to watch as Jade opened the carved box to remove something. The woman held her hand out so Tracie could see the silver wand she was holding. A wand for her rectum.

"Dallas has assured me this will not cause you pain. He has used it on you before when the three of you play."

Tracie nodded, although she was so relaxed the movement was an effort. "He's right. I can take it."

"Good, because we must keep that wonderful dark channel loosened up." So saying, she handed the wand to Rik who pressed it against Tracie's anus, the oil lubricating the way. With only tiny resistance the wand slid inside completely. "The one Dallas will be using later is slightly larger with a stronger motor, so you will need to adjust to this one now."

Rik pressed the base of the wand and at once a low level of vibration hummed its way through Tracie's body. She forced her mind away from it to keep the sensations it provoked from possessing her body. She knew she had a long night tonight and her orgasms would only be at Dallas' command.

Jade helped her roll to her back and smiled at her.

"Now Nikolas will apply the oil to every inch of the front of your body, with special attention to your nipples."

When he was finished with them Tracie felt as if they were glowing points of fire. The vibrator hummed busily away, keeping Tracie on a constant edge as Nikolas continued to work the oil on her legs, thighs and stomach. When he nudged her inner thighs, Tracie opened them obligingly.

"You are such a good girl," Jade told her in that warm, pleasant voice, "I am going to let you have a little relief so you will better be able to control yourself when the festivities begin." A musical laugh fell from her lips. "Dallas calls it my little tranquilizer. These young men are very good at it and do it often for the women who come here who do not wish to climax too early in the evening."

Tracie was so disconnected from everything except her body she could only nod.

She felt Nikolas' hands rubbing the oil on her labia, on the tender skin between vagina and anus, all around her opening. When he began to massage it into Tracie's clit, she thought she'd jump off the table. The heat of the oil and the tenderness of the hands had a devilish effect.

"You must lie still, my dear." Jade's voice was low and soothing. "I can tell the vibrator is doing its work. But we don't want you too highly aroused too close to climax before Dallas can fully conduct his demonstrations. Lie still and let Nikolas ease your need. Others tell me his touch is soothing."

Tracie tightened her fists and summoned every bit of her willpower to fight the orgasm the way Pete had taught her. Nikolas' fingers spread oil all through her vaginal sheath, then began to stroke her in and out, while a thumb swept back and forth in tiny movements over her clit.

She felt her orgasm rising low in her belly, gently, not like the screaming ones she had with Pete and Dallas. It skittered over her skin and through her muscle, her vagina clutching at Nikolas' fingers, her hips unable to move as Rik held her in place.

And then it was over. Finished. It reminded Tracie of tiny whitecaps rushing up to the beach, the air still charged with the storm that you knew was behind them.

“Very good.” Jade touched Tracie’s cheek with her fingertips. “I can see you are a pleasure to touch, Tracie. Pete is a very, very lucky man.”

She assisted Tracie to a sitting position. The next few minutes she spent brushing out Tracie’s luxurious hair, applying a minimum amount of makeup, then helping her off the table. “Come, now. We’re ready to begin.

Tracie realized she was now in an area of one of the two large rooms she glimpsed on arrival but this section was completely curtained off. Jade motioned for her to take her place on a low circular platform with manacles she fastened around Tracie’s ankles. At the touch of a switch, a bar lowered with similar manacles for the wrists. Once they were in place, Jade touched the switch again, taking the bar up just enough so Tracie was balanced on her toes, stretched out fully.

“We begin now,” she said, pressed another switch and the curtains disappeared.

Tracie looked out at the room and realized she was actually elevated higher above the audience than she’d thought. People were arranged through the room, some of them simply sitting and drinking, others engaged in activities that only partially took their minds off what they were about to see. The girl from the fruit table was again wearing her leash, kneeling at her Master’s side where he could tease her nipples and she could stroke his cock.

Some couples sat back to front, the man’s penis well seated in the woman’s cunt, her legs spread wide so others could share his pleasure in displaying her. Two of the girls who’d come without collars had apparently found their Masters—even if just for the weekend. One of them was lying on her stomach, watching the stage, the leash from her collar wrapped around her master’s hand while he slowly sank his cock into her ass.

The music was playing in here also but at a much lower volume, its insistent melody wrapping itself around her like a velvet cloak. Candles flickered everywhere, the flames dancing like lazy ballerinas from the ceiling fans turning in slow rhythm. The same cinnamon scent Jade had used floated past her nose. Her senses stretched and expanded.

Tracie blinked. She could hardly take it all in. She needed to focus on herself, not the crowd. Pete would allow her plenty of time to watch when they were finished if that was what she wanted. What if she told him she wanted him to watch one of the young men fingerfuck her?

Stop it! Pay attention!

Dallas had come to stand on the platform next to her and was running his hands over her body. "Nice," he whispered. "Jade did a good job." He put his mouth close to her ear. "Did she give you her special tranquilizer?"

Tracie laughed but couldn't stop the blush. Apparently Jade was right. He was familiar with her routine to take the edge of instant arousal created by anticipation. She nodded.

"Good."

"Where's Pete?" she whispered.

He slid his eyes to the side and there was Pete in his glorious nudity seated just to the side of the platform. He winked at her and mouthed, "You're terrific."

"Okay now?" Dallas asked. "I'm going to blindfold you so your other senses will become more enhanced and your body more responsive. And just as we discussed, all you have to do, anytime you feel too disoriented or need me to stop, is say Pete's name. He'll be right up here beside you. That work for you?"

Tracie nodded.

Dallas placed folded silk against her eyes and tied it at the back of her head. Immediately everything around her faded. The cinnamon scent became sharper, the music swelled and every pore in her body, every inch of her skin, came to life as if a match had trailed over it. Jade's oils, she thought, even as she felt the first trickle of juice seeping from her vagina. She sighed and gave herself over to just feeling.

"Here we go, sweetheart." Dallas ran his hand once more from the nape of her neck to the underside of her buttocks. Then she sensed him turn to face everyone. "You've all

had a chance to examine the new toys I've brought and picked out the ones you wanted demonstrated." He picked up a triple vibrator. "A lot of you seem to be fascinated with this one because it's so different from what you're used to, so we'll start with it."

Tracie took in a deep breath and let it out slowly.

Relax. It's Dallas. And Pete's nearby.

He nudged the platform enough so Tracie now had her back to the room. "Tracie has a very responsive ass." His hand glided over the well-oiled globes, then trailed the tips up through the cleft. One fingertip grazed the tiny rosette.

Tracie shivered with delight. Jade was right. The oils made every inch of her skin hypersensitive to touch, bursting into flame at every whisper of a caress.

"See how she reacts to just the slightest touch? Her responsiveness is what makes her a good model to demonstrate the toys you've all come here to see. Jade has been stimulating her with a wand which I like because it can vibrate endlessly and still not bring the woman to orgasm." He slid it out, dropped it into a box and picked up the triple vibrator again. "But the anal part of *this* vibrator, in concert with the other extensions, produces an incredibly powerful orgasm."

His hands slowly parted the cheeks of Tracie's ass and she felt something cool as he applied his special lubricant. Her dark sheath began to clench in response as his fingers applied the gel to her inner tissues. Then he touched the anal portion of the toy against her asshole and began to press it inside her. Jade had told the truth. This one was much larger and much longer. Without the wand to loosen her up she might not have been able to take it. But Dallas slowly inserted it into her rectum with no problem at all and every pulse point in her body woke up and began to beat. When it was fully seated at last she felt a strange fullness, more than with any of the other dildos she and Pete and Dallas had used. It excited her beyond belief.

"Good girl," Dallas whispered, caressing her ass again. "The audience is in awe of your ability to take this all the way. You're a real treasure, Tracie. Better make sure Pete appreciates you enough or someone else might snatch you away."

She laughed at the thought but all humor fled as her body began to demand more stimulation. She was glad that Jade had arranged to have her “tranquilizer” administered, or she surely would have embarrassed herself and Dallas by coming right then.

Dallas turned her back to face the group, reaching between her legs to pull the rest of his unique toy forward. He inserted the other dildo attached to it all the way into her pussy and finished by clipping the extension to her clit.

“I want them to appreciate the benefits of this,” he murmured, “so this time I’m ordering you not to hold back. I want them to see how intense your orgasm will be under multiple stimulation. Get ready, honey. This is ten times more powerful than the one the three of us have been playing with.”

Tracie closed her eyes behind the blindfold, sensing Pete watching her, his presence centering her.

Dallas reached into the cleft of her ass and pressed the base of the vibrator to turn it on. At once a hum so powerful she felt it from her toes to her head rocketed through her body. She wanted to hunch back into it but her position did not permit it.

Dallas watched her, gauging her response before pressing the button to turn on the one in her vagina. This one, in addition to vibrating, rotated, so as it pulsed in cadence with the one in her ass, it turned round and round in her rapidly heating channel. She felt Dallas touch her again, this time at her clit. But instead of vibrating like the one they always used, the tiny extensions moved up and down, stroking her hot nub as if tiny fingers were working on her.

The three different sensations turned her body into a cauldron of need, every nerve responding, electricity striking at her inner recesses. She trembled and shook, unable to do much in the position she was in. She could barely keep her balance.

Ohgodohgodohgod.

Already she could feel herself rising toward the peak, the ribbon of need deep in her belly uncoiling with unexpected speed. She barely heard Dallas speaking to the watching group.

"You can also adjust the movements of each unit so their speeds are independent and you can increase or decrease at will." He held up a tiny remote so everyone could see. He pressed buttons on it and in an instant Tracie felt as if she'd plunged head first off a rollercoaster into space. The dildo in her ass speeded up, the one in her vagina slowed down and the tiny grips on her clit began to move in an unpredictable rhythm.

And she lost it. Tremors rose up through her body, gripping every part of her and her cunt began its spasmodic contractions, so intense she was sure she'd squeeze the dildo to death. Watching her carefully, Dallas changed speeds and intensity, up and down, back and forth, while Tracie rocked on her tiptoes and the orgasm took her like a storm. Slick juices ran down her thighs and her hips began to rock. She threw back her head, the cords in her neck standing out rigid and defined. On and on it went, until she thought she had nothing left. Then Dallas would press his little buttons again and it would start all over.

When he saw her eyes begin to glaze he took the speed down slowly, finally shutting it off and removing the toy from her body. It took several seconds for her heartbeat to slow and her lungs to fill with air again.

Dallas pressed the button that lowered the bar her wrists were manacled to until her feet were flat on the floor again. Her legs were wobbly but Dallas steadied her with his arm, holding her against his body. He held a glass of water to her lips and braced her while she drank. Then he blotted her face with a cool cloth.

A sound filled her ears and she realized people were applauding. Applauding! Her orgasm! She didn't know whether to be embarrassed or to laugh.

Dallas kissed her cheek. "You okay?" He motioned to someone at the side. "I'm having a bench brought up for you to rest on while I describe our special whip. Pete's going to help with this one, just like we do at your place. You okay?"

"Yes. I'm doing all right." She gave him a shaky grin. The orgasm had been far stronger than she expected.

"I'll tell them how it works, what stimulation it provides and just like at home, Pete will use the flogger first to heat up that gorgeous ass of yours. Then we'll move to the next step."

Tracie wet her lips with her tongue and nodded. "But could I have another drink first?"

"You can have anything you want, sweetheart." He snapped his fingers and someone placed a chilled glass of wine in his hand. He lowered the bar again and helped Tracie to sit on the padded bench, then held the wine for her. "All set?"

"Yes. Much better. Thank you." And she was. The wine and the knowledge that Pete would be holding her for this settled her.

"Okay. I'm going to lower the bar all the way down because you need to be on your hands and knees for this. Ready?"

Tracie smiled at him. "Bring it on."

Dallas laughed. "Who'd ever have thought sweet Tracie Hill would turn out to be the sexiest woman alive? All right, here comes Pete."

Not me!

She remembered the first time Dallas had brought the thin whip to the condo. She'd been afraid it might produce more pain than she could handle and it shocked her that the tiny tip flicking across her exposed anus actually sent streaks of pleasure coursing through her. Three or four flicks of the whip and she'd been literally shaking with need, her cunt dripping, her pussy clutching at empty air, begging to be filled. Between the whip and the special oil Dallas used, by the time she'd climaxed she'd thought she would surely shake to pieces.

Dallas' hands were gentle as he moved her, adjusting her so she knelt facing away from the audience. Her ankle manacles moved on a track to spread her legs as wide as

possible. She heard Pete climb up onto the platform beside her and in a moment he placed a soft kiss on each of her ass cheeks.

“Ready to go, sugar?” He trailed the soft suede straps of her favorite flogger across her skin.

She nodded.

“You’re doing great, Tracie. And every man in this room is wishing you were his.” He kissed the shell of her ear. “But you’re not. You’re mine. You just remember that.”

He straightened up and Tracie felt the first stripe of the flogger on her ass. Pete was very, very good at this, knowing exactly how to elicit the proper amount of pain for maximum enjoyment. She felt heat streaking from her ass to the insides of her thighs and her pussy. Soon he began alternating from cheek to cheek and then to her cunt, an uneven rhythm so she couldn’t anticipate when the next lick would fall. With each slap of the leather the heat increased and so did her arousal. Pussy juice dripped from her and coated her thighs, her scent so strong it surrounded her.

Then the flogging stopped and Pete’s hand caressed her tingling flesh as Dallas explained about the tiny thin whip he was finally offering for sale. It was very long, almost the length of a bull whip but no thicker than a piece of twine and at the end even thinner. He’d brought it to the condo one weekend with him and showed Tracie what enormous pleasure it could create. Her stomach clenched at the remembered dark pleasure it gave her.

When she felt something warm on the tight opening of her anus she knew Pete was applying the special oil. At once heat streaked through every part of her body below her waist. Her pussy began to clench and even the walls of her rectum shivered. Then Pete separated the cheeks of her ass as widely as he could and in a moment she felt the first tiny flick of the whip on her anus. She jerked, not from pain but from pleasure. Pete steadied her with his hands.

A sensual haze descended on her. Vaguely she could hear Dallas speaking as he wielded the whip but all she could focus on was the tiny stings, one after the other, on her asshole that was begging for something to fill it.

Pete slid one hand down to her dripping cunt, his lean fingers scooping the cream running from her and spreading it around her labia. "Don't come yet," he whispered.

She nodded her head in agreement and gritted her teeth, focusing on containing the spasms that threatened to rocket through her. She had no idea how many times Dallas administered the whip until finally Pete released her buttocks, kissed her cheek and whispered, "You are such a good girl. I'm so proud of you."

"I forgot what's next," she whispered back in a voice taut with unrelieved tension.

"We're going to show them some various uses with the new spanking bench Dallas designed. Just like the one he gave us. And just like we do it at home. Then we're done for the evening. You still okay, sugar?"

Tracie leaned against Pete. "Yes. I think. I guess." She closed her eyes for a moment, then opened them again. "All right. I'm ready."

Chapter Four

Tracie was lying on the spanking bench she'd seen when she arrived, a luxurious device made out of cypress and covered with padded velvet. Her breasts dangled through the cutouts provided for them and soft pillows had been placed beneath her stomach to elevate her hips. Voices murmured softly around her and behind the conversation the same soft music played that she'd heard since first arriving. Dallas locked the wrist and ankle manacles in place, soft leather lined with fleece, and tested them for security.

Again she heard Dallas explaining to the group what they'd be doing and showing them how he'd adjusted the bench for maximum efficiency. She was so aroused she was sure the minute he or Pete touched her she'd go up in flames but she couldn't let herself give in. She knew how important it was for these people to acknowledge her acceptance of Pete as her Master, even if until now it had been an informal thing between them. She would make him proud of her no matter what it took.

Pete was stroking her lightly with his fingertips, her shoulders, her back, the base of her spine, the cleft of her buttocks. Gentle, reassuring touches that helped her ride the tension.

Without warning she felt the flogger on her buttocks and she knew the demonstration was on. Dallas wielded it differently from Pete. More erratic, uneven, tempting her with the flogger's kiss, then denying her. After every four or five strokes he would stop and run his fingers along her slit, checking her moistness. Her skin still hadn't cooled from the previous flogging. Now every stripe of the suede against her body only enhanced her arousal and need.

She tried to lift herself into the lashes but once again her position restricted her too much.

"Now, sugar," Pete said in her ear, kissing the skin behind it.

She tensed, knowing what was coming. Pete moved to the foot of the bench, reached between her legs to press a button that released a tiny clit stimulator. Taking great care he fastened it in place. Then she felt his fingers open her and his thick cock slide into her hot pussy. His hips moved once, twice, then it was time for Dallas to do his part.

A thick wand slid into her rectum, stretching her, filling her now in both channels. As soon as he turned it on, Pete turned on the clit vibrator and began moving in and out of her tight vaginal sheath.

She was assaulted on all fronts, her senses so stimulated that her body screamed. As Pete fucked her pussy with his cock, Dallas fucked her ass with the wand and the clit vibrator drove her higher and higher. She clenched her fists and tugged on her manacles, trying to control her need for release. On and on they went, in a rhythm they'd practiced so many times, Pete's hands on her thighs once again assuring her, anchoring her.

"Let her come this time," someone shouted.

A pause, then, "All right." Dallas. His call to make.

They increased the pace of their movements. As aroused as she was, in a second Tracie felt herself falling over the edge and splintering. Her body shook with tremors and she screamed her release as Pete pumped into her and Dallas kept working the wand. She had no idea how long it went on until she felt Pete flooding her with his cum, his balls slapping her thighs. The aftershocks were nearly as strong as the orgasm itself.

At last she lay gasping, unable to move.

"I think we did our model in," Dallas grinned and brushed his knuckles against her cheeks. He lifted a soft cloth from a dish of warm water beside the bench and gently cleaned the fluid from between her legs.

"It's a good thing we're ending for the night," Pete told him.

"I agree." Tracie hadn't heard Jade approach them. "You have my guests so turned on I don't think they could listen to anything else you present tonight, anyway. Dallas, we have a trio who would like to test this bench out. Do you mind?"

"Not at all."

Along with Pete he released Tracie and helped her from the bench. Two men and a woman stood ready to take their places. He handed one of the men a small gift box. "A few toys to try. Tomorrow we'll get down to the real business of buying."

The man thanked him. Then he and his companion began to restrain the girl with them in the same way Tracie had been manacled.

Pete lifted Tracie in his arms and carried her to a couch in a far corner of the room. As they passed the others, she couldn't help but notice that everyone was engaged in some form of sexual activity. One woman was on her hands and knees, a man beneath her sucking her breasts while another woman wielded a flogger with expertise. Two of the girls who'd come without a collar were working on the penis and testicles of a giant of a man lying back in a soft leather armchair.

Pete sat down so he was leaning into a corner of the couch and draped Tracie across his lap.

"You did good, sugar. Real good. I'm very proud of you."

"Thank you." She got an unbelievable amount of satisfaction out of pleasing him. He did so much for her, gave her so much, making him proud in front of people he knew from the BDSM lifestyle, this was little enough to give in return.

"You heated up a lot of people," he chuckled.

"Will Dallas make a lot of sales?"

"Oh, I'm sure he will. He'll capitalize on every person's reaction to you. I think his little whip is going to be a huge seller."

"Good." She snuggled against him. For some weird reason she wasn't the least bit concerned that they were completely nude in a room full of people who were also nude. "So we're on our own now?"

Pete laughed. "You bet. In a few minutes we'll go up to our room. I hope you didn't get too worn out because I have big plans." His hand dropped to her thighs, nudging them apart so he could cup her mound. "Oh, yes. Nice and wet, sugar. Juicy like a sweet plum. Even after cleaning you up."

She buried her face against his chest, suddenly shy for some unexplained reason. "You make me wet, Pete. You always have."

"Since that first night I caught you doing a striptease in the office?" he teased.

She swatted his chest playfully. "I didn't know anyone was there, remember?"

He muzzled the top of her head. "I looked at that ass and thought, I have to have that woman."

"Then the power went out and we were stuck with each other." She looked up at him. "It hasn't turned out too badly, has it?"

Pete hugged her tightly to him. "Not bad at all. For me, anyway. How about you, sugar? We've really taken you some places beyond anything you imagined."

"I may not have imagined them but deep down I think I really wanted them. You just taught me how to free myself. You and Dallas."

"Taking my name in vain?" Dallas' deep voice broke into their conversation.

"Always," Pete chuckled. "What can we do for you?"

"This is Greg." He indicated a very tall, bronzed blond man beside him. "He remembers you from New York, although I'm not sure you ever interacted much."

"I remember you," Pete told him, an edge in his voice. "What can I do for you?"

Dallas cleared his throat. "Greg's very interested in this tiny finger vibrator I've just come out with." He held up his hand, a piece of soft molded plastic covering most of

one finger. A small metal disk sat at the top. "Your finger is actually the vibrator. You move the disk to wherever you want to provide stimulation."

"Sounds like a good thing to me," Pete agreed. "What do you want from us? Or should I say from Tracie? Do you want a demonstration?" He turned to Tracie. "Think you're up for one more act, sugar?"

Dallas cleared his throat again and looked from Greg to Pete. "Actually, he'd like to do the demonstrating. On Tracie."

"What a minute..." Pete shifted Traci's body and began to sit up.

Dallas held up his hands, palms outward. "I told him. And he knows the rules. One Master can't play with another's sub except with permission. He's asking your permission."

Greg stepped forward, a placating grin on his face. "I know this is a bit unorthodox but I'm fascinated by Dallas' newest gadget here. I now own a string of BDSM clubs and I'm thinking of ordering ten thousand of them. But only if I get to test it on the lady myself."

Tracie could feel the anger coursing through Pete. As little as she knew about this scene, she was aware that no man ever touched a Master's sub unless by express invitation. This was an extreme breach of etiquette. And something else was at work here too but she couldn't pin it down.

Dallas looked as if he wished the whole thing would go away. "I explained to Greg that it isn't my call and that Tracie," he gestured toward the collar, "belongs to you, Pete. But he..."

"I insisted he at least ask. I'd consider it a personal favor."

The two men stared at each other, latent hostility hanging in the air.

"Listen, Greg," Dallas broke in. "Let's just forget about this. I don't want to make the sale that badly."

Tracie looked at Pete and saw conflicting emotions chase themselves across his face. In the year plus that they'd been together, the only other man who had touched her was Dallas and that was by Pete's express invitation. If she'd rejected it, that would have been the end of it.

But this was different. She swept her eyes around the room. Every one seemed to be fixed on watching the little tableau playing out. Tracie realized this could create problems for Jade, for Dallas, for everyone. She didn't know what really prompted Greg's request but she wasn't going to give him the opportunity to create an incident because of it.

She pushed herself up to a sitting position, holding tightly to Pete's hands. "Just this one time, right?" she asked Dallas.

He nodded. "I promise, Tracie. And next time I'll make sure to spell things out ahead of time. I just didn't expect..."

"It's okay." She turned her head and kissed Pete's cheek. "We're here for a purpose and I'm part of that. I'll do it." She placed a soft kiss on his lips. "We owe Dallas. And then it's done, okay? But you have to be part of this too, or the answer's no."

Finally, stone-faced, Pete nodded. He put his mouth at Tracie's ear. "But this is the last time another man ever touches you. Including Dallas."

A tiny thrill skittered through her. This was the first time since their relationship began that Pete had ever been this possessive. Did this mean that things might be changing? That while they might indulge in play with others on a rare occasion, from now on they'd be a closed corporation? She tamped down the excited tremors.

Don't get ahead of yourself, girl

"Come on, then." Dallas held out his hand to Tracie.

In the center of the room was a raised table covered with padded velvet. Pete had told Tracie that Doms often used one like it to display the effect of vibrators on their subs for a D/s gathering. In what seemed like seconds Tracie found herself arranged on the table, Pete sitting behind her with her shoulders in his lap and his hands gripping

her arms. While Dallas adjusted the spreader bar between her knees, Pete showered kisses on her forehead, an uncharacteristic gesture. Again she wondered what was happening here.

Jade had come to stand near them, her hand on Tracie's arm. "Pete, I owe you an apology. I know this wasn't part of the agreement."

"It's all right." A muscle ticked in his cheek, indicating the lie he spoke but he forced a grin. "Neither of us wants to create an incident over this. But afterwards we'll be going to bed."

"Very well, then."

Pete moved his hands to gently cover Tracie's breasts, his fingers idly rasping the nipples. Even more than the collar, this was his declaration of ownership and Tracie saw the recognition in Greg's eyes. He gave them a barely perceptible nod.

She tilted her head back and smiled at Pete. "I'm ready."

Chapter Five

Dallas reached into the pocket of his shorts and pulled out a small tube which he held up in his fingers. He bent his face close to Tracie's. "Just a little cream to soothe you, sweetheart. I've worked you pretty hard tonight and I don't want you to have a minute's worth of discomfort. Pete would have my head."

Tracie had the feeling Pete was ready to have Dallas' head anyway but she just smiled. "Thanks."

He stroked a cooling ointment over every inch of her labia, her clit, the opening of her vagina and into her sheath. It felt good, soothing, on muscles that had spasmed hard many times tonight.

Pete caressed Tracie's arms but otherwise said nothing. The tension in his body said everything he felt. *Get this over with and let's get out of here.*

Dallas kissed the tip of her nose. "Thank you." His voice was so low no one beyond the table could hear it.

"You're welcome," she mouthed.

A crowd had now gathered around them, everyone eager to see how Dallas' new toy worked. Greg stepped forward, the plastic unit on his fingertip and flicked the metal disk to turn it on.

Tracie leaned into Pete and closed her eyes, imagining they were alone in their room. In an instant she felt Greg's finger press the disc against her labia and begin to trace lines up and down on her slit. The humming of the tiny disc was just high enough to stimulate the nerves without the intense arousal of the other vibrators. She realized at once this could be used to hold a woman suspended in a state of arousal for an indefinite period of time. Pete had bought her a tiny vibrator that he sometimes slipped into her pussy when they went out to dinner and left it on the entire time they were out.

By the time they returned home she was so aroused she could hardly wait to feel his cock inside her.

But this... This could provide endless stimulation without climax.

She tried to set her mind, to focus on Pete's warm body behind her, his arms holding her. To blank out everything around her. And then her mind stopped functioning altogether.

Dallas' clever little gadget buzzed over every inch of her labia and her vaginal opening. It pressed lightly on her clit, then moved into a back and forth motion and she could feel her cream seeping from her cunt that was suddenly on fire. She tried to squeeze her thighs together but the bar held them relentlessly apart. Her hips bumped upward, seeking something to fill her hungry, pulsing sheath but again her motion was restricted and she felt Pete tighten his grip on her.

Greg's finger moved in an erratic pattern, pressing the little vibrating tip now here, now there. When he moved to the sensitive skin between her vagina and her anus she had to grit her teeth to keep from crying aloud. Her entire body was straining for satisfaction, demanding release. And the finger moved and moved and teased here, then there.

She had no idea how long it went on, only that she could feel her pussy dripping and her muscles aching, her nerves sparking like match tips. At the moment she thought she'd lose her mind, she felt Greg open her vagina wide, then slide his finger with the vibrator deep into her ass. He pressed the humming tip against the special spot in her dark channel, launching her over the peak and beyond it. Her entire body shuddered and shook as her orgasm crashed over her. An impossible spasm gripped her from head to toe and she screamed Pete's name.

At last the aftershocks subsided and she was aware of Dallas removing the bar, of Pete rubbing her arms and kissing the top of her head. She opened her eyes to see Dallas smiling at her and Jade handing her a glass of chilled wine. Pete helped her to sit up enough to take the glass and sip it.

Her eyes roamed the room. Beyond them people were smiling and nodding as if they'd just witnessed a movie. Pete had told her that in the club he went to in New York there were performance rooms where people could watch a Dom with his or her sub. At the time she'd thought how uncomfortable she'd be in that situation. Yet she had just done exactly that here and all she felt was exhausted and released.

Strange! I've finally reached that level of sexual freedom Pete told me about so many months ago.

At the same time, she wasn't sure she was in a hurry to repeat the performance.

"We're done for the evening, everyone," Jade announced. "But please feel free to question Dallas about any of his merchandise." She turned back to Tracie and Pete. "I think we'll give this couple some privacy now."

Pete levered himself off the table and swept Tracie up in his arms. He nodded at Jade and Dallas. "We'll be going upstairs now."

Silently he carried Tracie to the stairs and without breaking stride carried her to the top and down the hallway to their room. He placed her very carefully on the bed and raked his gaze over her body.

She stared up at him, puzzled. "Are you all right? Is something wrong?"

"No. Yes. I don't know. All I'm certain of at this moment is if you've got the strength left I want to fuck your brains out until the only thing you can think of is me."

She was tired and she was sore but not even the threat of death would have made her refuse him at this particular moment.

"Why don't we shower first." She smiled, pushing herself to a sitting position. "You know how you love us to shower together."

He grinned at her and pulled her to her feet. "My thoughts exactly."

Pete could make a shower the most sensual thing in the world but tonight Tracie wanted everything to be about him. She needed it as much as she sensed he did. When they were surrounded by the soft mist from the almost invisible showerheads, she knelt

on the tiles before him and took his cock in her hands. He was rock hard, the veins pulsing and throbbing beneath the silken covering of skin.

She swiped the tip of her tongue across the broad, purple head, taking with it the tiny pearl of pre-cum beaded there. Pete rested his hands on her shoulders, squeezing gently, his hips thrusting forward. With one hand she cupped his testicles, lying heavy and full against his thighs. The other circled his shaft, holding it firmly as she took him into her mouth.

His breath hissed and his hips thrust forward again. He threaded his fingers through her hair, guiding her head as she moved her mouth up and down on his lengthening cock. She swirled her tongue around the steel-like shaft, teasing the head before taking the thick shaft into her mouth nearly to the root. Her fingers circling him moved in rhythm with her mouth while her other hand tickled and teased his balls, squeezing them gently then scraping her nails over them.

His hips rocked faster and his breathing labored. The mist surrounded them as she sucked his quickening penis—harder, faster, deeper. She felt his balls tighten in her hand and the muscles in his thighs stiffened and clenched. His hands pressed her head harder against him as his climax roared up through him.

“Jesus,” he shouted. “Tracie, god. Yes. Do it.”

The hot, thick stream of his cum shot against the roof of her mouth and down the back of her throat. He rocked and shuddered and she sucked as hard as she could until she’d wrung the last drop from him. Only then did she lift her head and lean back on her heels, a self-satisfied smile on her face.

Pete leaned back against the shower wall, pulling her with him so she had to scoot forward on her knees.

“Come here, sugar,” he gasped and pulled her up to him. His mouth captured hers, his teeth nibbling on her lips before his tongue swept into her dark, wet heat. He ravaged her with his lips. That was the only word for it. His tongue was like a

marauder seeking every slippery inch of her cheeks and her inner lips and every place it could touch.

She was gasping herself when he finally broke the kiss. "I take it my little treatment was okay?" she grinned.

He hugged her against his chest, the damp hair like tiny matches against the skin of her breasts. "More than okay. You gotta give me a few minutes to recover here."

"Sissy," she teased. "Turn around and let me wash your back. Then we'll see if anything comes up again."

"Oh, it'll come up all right," he promised.

More than you know.

She massaged soap into the tight muscles of his back and shoulders, working her fingers the length of his spine. She was driven by an unexplained need to show him that, no matter what, he was everything to her. That he was the most important, the most revered. That he was truly her Master regardless of anything else.

She knelt to lather his legs, caressing his inner thighs, reaching between his legs to brush the soap suds onto his testicles. She reached around and found, unbelievably, that his cock was hardening again.

All right, then.

When she'd covered the cheeks of his ass she lathered her hand with thick suds, separated his buttocks and slid two fingers inside him. He jerked at the intrusion and tried to pull away.

"Uh-uh," she told him. "My turn to play. You love doing this to me. Now let me show you how good it feels."

Pushing her fingers in to the bottom knuckles, she searched with the tips until she found the spot she was looking for and began to stroke it.

"God damn, Tracie," he hissed, his body tightening.

"Makes your whole body hot, doesn't it."

"Is this how it is for you?" He voice was ragged, his breathing unsteady.

"Oh, yes. It makes me want to come and come and never stop."

You taught me to love being fucked in the ass. Now I'm going to return the favor.

She pressed her weight against him, forcing him to stay in his position as she worked her fingers in his tight, hot rectum, rubbing that very sensitive spot. He began to push back against her, rocking his hips and when she reached for his penis again she found it once again stiff and swollen.

Suddenly he heaved back against her, then pulled away from her fingers and whirled around.

"This time I want to be inside you," he ground out. Shoving her against the wall where he'd been standing, he lifted her legs with his forearms, spreading her wide and with one hard thrust was inside her to the balls. "I'm going to fuck you until you scream for mercy," he told her, his eyes hot with lust.

And something else she couldn't define.

He began to ride her, hips rolling, drawing his cock out to the tip, then plunging it back to the root. He bent his head and took one nipple into his mouth, biting it softly and laving it with his tongue. Tracie could not believe how ready she was after the intense activities of the evening.

Pete pounded into her and she could do nothing but cling to his shoulders, as he rode her and rode her until she thought he'd never stop. But every time he sensed her reaching the crest he drew back, rocked just the tip in and out and then began again.

Finally, when she was ready to beg and scream, anything if he'd just let her come, one, two, three hard thrusts and they came together, bodies shuddering, his mouth hard against hers.

It could have been seconds or minutes, even hours as far as Tracie was concerned, before Pete finally lowered her legs with infinite care and drew in a long breath. With

his body pressed against hers Tracie felt his heart hammering his ribs as hard as hers. They stood in the mist and just held each other for a long time.

Finally Pete turned off the shower, reached for an oversize towel to wrap her in and carried her into the bedroom. He dried both of them before tossing the towel aside, placing her on the sheets and crawling into bed beside her. With his arms wrapped around her and his now deflated cock nestled at the crack of her ass, they both fell asleep.

* * * * *

Pete had forgotten to pull the drapes shut so the early morning sun slanting its bright rays through the wall of windows woke them early. He pressed a light kiss to Tracie's temple, then gently squeezed the breast cupped in his hand. His penis, having rested while he did, was quickly coming back to life.

"Mmm," Tracie purred, as he began rocking easily against her.

"Mmm is right." He chuckled. "Are you too sore for me this morning?"

"A little but that's okay."

"No. I won't cause you any discomfort. But I think we can get around that."

He reached between her legs, feeling cream already flooding his hand and rubbed it into the cleft of her buttocks. When his fingertip pressed at her anus she pushed back against him. "Oh, yes." Her voice was heavy with desire. "Do it, Pete."

"I'm going to fuck that beautiful ass, sugar," he murmured against her ear. "No toys, no games. Just my cock in that hot, dark tunnel reaming you out."

"Yes," she breathed, bending her knee up to give him better access.

He slid two fingers into her rectum, relaxed from the previous evening, stroking the hidden spot that made her so hot. She tried to reach back to pull him into her but he bumped her hand away.

"My show this morning. All the way."

But he was in no hurry. His fingers slid in and out of her at a leisurely pace, his eyes watchful as her breathing hitched and her hands clenched.

"Pinch your clit," he ordered, pulling her upper leg back over his thigh. "Open up that cunt and let me see you stroke yourself. Nice and easy now."

Tracie closed her eyes and reached between her legs with both hands. Opening herself up, she took her clit between two fingers and pinched it as he asked. Immediately she felt herself gush onto her thighs.

"Now stroke it," he said. "Slow and steady. Match the rhythm of my fingers."

"You're killing me," she gasped.

"Not even close." His voice was as thick as hers. "Do it, Tracie. Just the way I like it."

She rubbed her fingers back and forth across the engorged bud while Pete continued to stroke her asshole with his fingers. When her pace began to increase, he removed his fingers from her tight channel and pressed the head of his cock against it. Slowly, steadily, he pushed into her, an inch at a time.

"Keep rubbing yourself, sugar. Don't stop."

With a heavy roll of his hips Pete seated the entire length of his shaft in her hot flesh and began to rock in earnest. Tracie kept her eyes closed, letting sensation wash over her, as she masturbated harder and harder, keeping pace with Pete's thrusts.

She felt the orgasm building low in her womb and starting to roll through her. "I'm coming, Pete. Please," she begged, "don't make me try to hold off."

"Not this morning, sugar. I'm right there with you." He pumped harder and his body stiffened. "Now, Tracie. Come for me now."

It blasted through her like an erupting volcano, heat consuming her from head to toe as every muscle clenched and spasmed. She felt Pete's thick cum filling her ass in spurt after spurt, heard his heavy groans of completion. Jackknifing, her ass pressed

hard against Pete's groin, she thrust her fingers into her cunt and rode them the way Pete was riding her dark channel.

When she finally lay back against him, aftershocks rippling lightly through her, they were both sweat-slicked and panting. Pete reached around to take her hand and licked her cream from her fingers, his gasping breaths blowing against her fingertips. And then they lay quietly together, heartbeats slowing, breathing evening out.

"We're not staying until tomorrow," Pete told her when he could speak.

She twisted around to see his face, frowning. "But...you told Dallas we'd be here through the weekend. He has more things planned for tonight."

"Too bad. Let him find someone else. Maybe one of those collarless subs looking for a Master." He tapped her lightly on her buttocks and pushed at her gently. "Get up, sugar. We're taking a shower and this one's just for cleaning off."

She was still frowning, trying to understand what was going on, when they finished cleaning themselves up. Pete took another of the big towels, wrapped it around her and led her into the bedroom. He pulled on his boxers, then sat her in a chair and unfastened the collar from her neck. She touched the bare skin with her fingertips, missing the security of the dainty jewelry already.

"I thought you gave it to me," she said, trying not to sound petulant.

"I did. But I have something even better." He opened his briefcase and extracted a long, slim jeweler's box, flipping up the lid in a way that shielded the contents.

Tracie gasped when she saw the new collar he held out. Every link was shaped like a heart and studded with diamond chips. Dangling from one heart was a tiny ring with a square cut solitaire set in the center.

Tracie looked up at Pete. "This is gorgeous but I loved the other one too. You spend too much money on me. Or was that just for this weekend?"

"Not at all, sugar. This way you have a choice because I never want to see you without one of these on your neck. I put it on—I'll take it off. Besides, it gives me

pleasure to do this for you." He fastened it around her neck, then stood back to assess his handiwork. "Nope." He shook his head. "Not right yet."

"What do you mean? It's unbelievable."

"Something's still missing." He had put the jeweler's box on the table. Now he opened it again. "Do you like surprises?"

Tracie grinned. "I always like *your* surprised."

"Close your eyes, then. I've got a whopper for you." He took her left hand and she felt him slide something onto one of her fingers. "Okay. Open."

When she looked at her hand her eyes widened and her jaw dropped. On the third finger of her left hand was a ring matching the one on her collar. She stared at Pete. "Is this..."

"An engagement ring?" He nodded, the look on his face half excitement, half trepidation. "Sure is. Do you like it?"

"Like it?" She batted at the tears leaking from her eyes. "I love it." She jumped up and threw her arms around him. "But you never said... I mean, I thought... That is..."

"I know, I know. I've never even said the 'L' word." He cupped her face between his palms. "I've never looked at my relationships as long-term before this. And I thought in the beginning after a year or two we'd both be moving on to other people." He brushed his lips against hers. "But I feel things for you I've never felt for anyone before. Not ever."

"Me too," she whispered, tears gathering again.

"You're such a strong person, the gift of your submission is a gift beyond price. And this weekend I realized there were things in a D/s relationships I didn't want to have with you. Like sharing you with another person. Or having someone else touch you."

"But I thought..." She couldn't seem to get out a complete sentence.

"I thought about this a lot when we made plans for this weekend, knowing what would happen. I know about Jade's little 'tranquilizer' sessions and I was well aware of other things that could happen here, in this place of no boundaries. We told Dallas we'd do this but I made up my mind last week this was the end of it." His gaze pinned hers. "I love you, Tracie. Marry me. Be my slave forever. I will cherish you like the treasure you are."

"I love you too." Now the tears were streaming down her cheeks. "I will wear your collar proudly and be yours for the rest of our lives."

Pete wrapped his arms around her and kissed her until her knees weakened and her heart thundered. When he lifted his head he grinned at her. "Let's get the hell out of here. Dallas can find another model to demonstrate his wares. I'm taking you home and chaining you to the bed for the rest of the weekend."

A dark thrill shivered through her. "I want that. Now and for the rest of our lives."

When he kissed her again, her hands reached for his thickening shaft and stroked it. It was a long time before they got around to packing up and leaving No Boundaries.

About the Author

I always wonder what readers really want to know when I write one of these things. Getting to this point in my career has been an interesting journey. I've managed rock and roll bands and organized concerts. Been the only female on the sports staff of a university newspaper. Immersed myself in Nashville peddling a country singer. Lived in five different states. Married two very interesting but totally different men.

I think I must have lived in Texas in another life, because the minute I set foot on Texas soil I knew I was home. Living in Texas Hill Country gives me inspiration for more stories than I'll probably ever be able to tell, what with all the sexy cowboys who surround me and the gorgeous scenery that provides a great setting.

Each day is a new adventure for me, as my characters come to life on the pages of my current work in progress. I'm absolutely compulsive about it when I'm writing and thank all the gods and goddesses that I have such a terrific husband who encourages my writing and puts up with my obsession. As a multi-published author, I love to hear from my readers. Their input keeps my mind fresh and always hunting for new ideas.

Desiree welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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