

The book cover features a woman with long dark hair, wearing a black strapless corset and black thigh-high boots. She is sitting on a leopard-print rug, with her right leg crossed over her left. Her right hand is raised behind her head. The background is a warm, reddish-pink color. The title 'TAMED' is at the bottom in large white letters, and the author's name 'LYNNE MARIS' is at the top in red and white letters. The publisher's name 'SAMHAIN publishing, Ltd.' is at the very bottom in small grey letters.

LYNNE
MARIS

TAMED

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Tamed

Lynne Maris

Dedication

To Jennifer, for all the help in all the ways, and to all the girls at the Crit Corner, couldn't have done it without you. Thank you!

Chapter One

“That’s all for today, class.” Professor Derek Jacobson leaned over his desk, braced on tanned arms heavily roped with muscles as he checked the last of his notes and then jotted an idea or two for the following lecture. His strict routine never varied. Katrina Keats sucked in her breath as his sandy blond hair fell across his brow—daring to skim the tops of his deceptively bookish glasses, worn over piercing blue eyes. God, he was sexy. She slid her hand under her notebook, flipped it closed, stacked her books and pulled them into her chest. Her eyes never left him.

Stepping out of her first-row seat, she approached his desk. “Professor Jacobson, I have the papers you asked me to evaluate.”

“I didn’t need them until next week, but why am I not surprised to see you have them done already?” he said with a sly grin that sent liquid lust soaking her panties. “Class is over, call me Derek.”

It wasn’t the first time he’d asked her to refer to him more casually. This was her sixth course with him and she’d been part of his research team for two years. Regardless of the fact that she was now his teaching assistant, somehow she still felt uncomfortable taking that last step to call him by his first name within the anthropology department halls. It gave her too many ideas that didn’t gel with academia. Although, truth be told, the ideas ran rampant no matter how she referred to him. She couldn’t stop them, didn’t even try anymore.

She’d been in love with her professor since she was a sophomore at the university, when she’d fallen from some scaffolding, straight into his strong arms and under his spell. For years she’d done everything possible to excise him from her mind—everything but drop his classes or refuse positions on his research team or decline to go out socially with the class and stay until it was only the two of them left, talking into the night. There

were hints of mutual attraction. Instances of the professor giving way to the man. But to this point, the professor had unilaterally won out.

Taking the papers, Derek stuffed them into a collapsible folder and jammed it into a worn leather briefcase. His eyes sought hers out and, catching, held her stare with an intensity that had Katrina holding her breath. He was excited.

“Kat, they accepted our paper. They’re publishing in three months’ time.”

A wide smile spread across her face. “So soon? That’s fantastic!”

“I know, I know. I have an appointment with the grant committee in about fifteen minutes, so I’m going to have to rush out of here, but I wanted to let you know that you are, here and forever, bound to me.”

She blinked twice, not sure what he meant.

He reached across the desk and gripped her shoulder, guiding her around to stand before him. “I published the findings with both of our names.”

She couldn’t believe it. “But...I didn’t think, I never dreamed—”

“You did so much of the work. Pushed me further than I wanted to go. You were the one to identify the discrepancy in our native-language assumptions.” He offered her a mock scowl, continuing on, “There were plenty of times I wanted to turn you over my knee and spank you for challenging every blessed point, but it was because of that damn defiant streak of yours that we did it. Hell yes, your name is on the paper.”

“Derek,” she choked out, her heart racing as much from the idea of being turned over any part of his anatomy as from the news of being published. “Thank you.”

“Ahh, my name,” he said, rewarding her with a slow smile. “Was it so very difficult to give in to my request?”

Her mouth went dry as warm pleasure surged through her system. She wanted to throw down her books, crawl onto the desk and beg him to take her right there. “No,” she managed quietly, forcing herself to respond. “I suppose not.”

They were alone in the classroom now and with rows of empty desks as their only audience stood staring in screaming silence at each other. His gaze moved from her eyes down to her mouth, the simmering intensity between them threatening to boil over at any

second. She pressed her lips together, felt her nipples pebble and was grateful for the cloak of her heavy fall sweater.

His thumb moved against her shoulder where he gripped her. The subtle pressure of his touch spiraled through her body, ending with a searing lash of wet heat between her legs. It was intimate contact. Not like the chaste handshakes she received en masse with the other TAs at the end of a semester, not professional politeness, not innocent. It was quietly demanding, and she would give anything he asked.

She pushed out her breath, and with it came his name in a soft plea. “Derek.” She had wanted him for so long. Yearned for the moment to be realized. But he was so strict, so restrained, so controlled. They both were. Until now.

The hold on her shoulder tightened and then released with a jolt that set her back an inch. “Well...congratulations to us.” A smile had never been more stiff. A message never more clear. *No*.

She blushed, embarrassed in the awkward aftermath of quiet rejection. He’d been close. She’d seen it in his eyes, felt it in his touch. What was stopping him?

He had to know she wanted him, didn’t he? Maybe she hadn’t been clear enough, hadn’t...

Her confidence in tatters, she straightened before him, painfully aware of his eyes narrowing on her. She braced for the sting of humiliation and pressed on, knowing she’d never forgive herself if she didn’t try. “Do you have plans for tonight, Derek? I could make you dinner and—” she swallowed past the knot in her throat, praying it would level the telling tremor in voice, “—we could celebrate...together.”

Struggling not to squirm under the heat of his hard stare, she awaited his response. He glanced away, again pushing the errant bangs from his view, and plucked the glasses off his perfect straight nose. First polishing them with his tie, he replaced them before answering. No doubt a ploy to give himself an added second or two to compose himself. “I’m sorry, Katrina. I’ll have to decline.”

No! Maybe it was only a matter of timing. “We could—”

The curt shake of his head cut off her desperate suggestion.

“Katrina, go out and celebrate with your friends.” He shoved his hands deep into the pockets of his khaki trousers and stood unyieldingly over her.

“Yes, Professor. Congratulations...and thank you again.”

It was everything she could do not to break down and cry in front of him, but somehow, Katrina made it across campus and up the stairs to her flat before the first tear slipped past her lids. Only her humiliation wasn't to be the private affair she'd prayed for. Standing beside her apartment door was her best friend, Trista, waiting, an expectant look in her eye. Before Katrina could muster a greeting, Trista strode toward her. “I know why Professor DJ won't go for you.”

The blood plummeted from her head, sinking like lead in her stomach as Katrina waited for the explanation that would cement the hopelessness of her situation. “Is it bad?”

Trista cocked her head to the side, fisting a hand on her hip. “That depends, I guess,” she answered evasively, eyeing Katrina with a speculative stare. “I know him. He's a dom.”

Katrina blinked, numb, waiting for the explanation to clear up what she'd obviously misunderstood. But Trista merely stared at her.

“A dom? BDSM? Like you?” A moment of panic seized her, and her best friend seemed to glean from her expression the source of her anxiety.

“Don't be ridiculous, we've never been together. I don't sub and—as if there could be any question—neither does he. Though from what I understand, those who do find your professor quite the catch.” Trista's brow furrowed and then she wrapped an arm around Katrina's shoulders. “Get your keys. We'll go inside and talk.”

Seated at the edge of her worn sofa within the front room of her third-floor apartment, Katrina listened as Trista explained that a few months before, she'd met Derek at a BDSM club, only she hadn't realized the coveted dom beside her was one and the same with the man her friend had been swooning over for years. It was only because she'd been looking for Katrina that afternoon and had gone to the lecture hall to wait for her that she discovered the connection. When the doors opened and the students flooded

out, Trista had seen the professor at the head of the classroom, seen Katrina approach him and realized immediately who Derek was, and left before he saw her.

“Coveted?” Despair crept through her heart as she realized she was merely one of the masses fawning over Derek Jacobson. But of course she was. Who wouldn’t want him?

Trista’s expression softened. “Obviously, his physical appeal is off the charts, but in addition to that, as a dom he’s earned quite a reputation. Here’s the thing, though. For as many subs as there are clamoring after him, he’s rumored to be very selective and doesn’t give in to just anyone, which I suppose you already know.”

She knew it well.

Though taken somewhat aback by the professor’s sexual tastes, Katrina found her attraction wasn’t lessened. She knew a little about BDSM from what Trista, a seasoned domme, had shared over the years. The play of control fascinated her, the idea of bondage, punishment and reward stimulated her, but she’d never been drawn to the act of domination as her friend had. Conversely, dominant men had always attracted her, but in her limited sexual experience, her own submission had never even crossed her mind. Not until now. Not until she considered succumbing to Derek’s will. Placing herself completely in his hands and at his mercy—the idea was shockingly arousing.

Derek’s controlled confidence and unwavering demand for her excellence had always been part of his appeal. While many of the TAs and students alike shied away from his exacting demands and ruthless dictates, Katrina thrived on them. She’d never experienced anything as satisfying as the struggle for and ultimate reward of his praise. She worked harder and longer than anyone, and when Derek granted her his approval for a job well done, it thrummed throughout her entire body. On some level she understood that she’d been begging to please him for years. Only now, she had an inkling of what pleasing him would entail and she wondered if she could do it. And more than that, if Derek would ever allow her to.

“Kat...Kat?” Derek knelt down in front of her desk, his deep blue eyes troubled as they searched hers. “Are you okay?”

She quickly scanned the lecture hall and, realizing it was empty except for the two of them, felt her cheeks flame. She’d never lost her focus during a lecture before, particularly not one of Derek’s, but that’s exactly what happened today. And worse than that, she’d been so engrossed in her imaginings that she hadn’t even noticed when the lecture ended so she might skate out with the other students. No, here she sat, the sole focus of Derek’s attention, wet and breathless from her desire.

His brows furrowed; his voice deepened. “Kat,” he demanded, gripping her knee.

“Der—Professor.” She surged to her feet, sending her messenger bag tumbling to the floor in an avalanche of books and folders. “Oh, God, I’m fine, I’m so sorry,” she gasped, burning with shame as she still burned from her fantasy.

“I’m just glad you’re all right.” He gathered a few of her books and handed them over to her, as she clumsily dumped them back into the bag. “You haven’t seemed yourself this last week.” Katrina shoved a folder into her bag with one hand as she reached out to take the next book Derek was handing her. “Is there anything you want to talk a—”

Her attention snapped to Derek, arrested mid-word. His face was a steely mask as he stared down at the book held between them. Her breath burst out in whoosh as though she’d taken a physical blow. Of all the books! The cover was a black-and-white close-up photo of a woman’s bare back. Her wrists were bound behind her in wide black leather bands, secured through D-rings to an equally impressive leather belt around her waist. It was BDSM erotica, a darkly sensual tale of bondage and submission that had both excited and alarmed her. She’d been aroused by the vivid imagery and poignant emotions depicted, and devoured each page, each test, each reward, until her body burned with a need to experience firsthand the act of submitting for the sole purpose of satisfying one man. What she’d read and the need it aroused in her was the very reason her mind had wandered so far from the lecture, but never far from Derek.

Abruptly he pushed the book into her hand and rose. Katrina's gaze locked on the floor. She couldn't look at him, was terrified to see his reaction, if he even had one.

When he spoke his tone was cool and flat. "Finish picking up your things, Kat." She immediately gathered the rest of her belongings and stuffed them into her bag as Derek walked back around to his desk. "I was saying, if you ever need to talk, come to me. I value our relationship. You've been an apt pupil and an unparalleled assistant. On this track, we have a bright future together, and I won't allow anything to interfere with that. Am I clear, Katrina?"

Lifting her head, she forced her eyes to meet his. "Yes, Professor."

She understood exactly what he was telling her. He wouldn't jeopardize their relationship by moving beyond the bounds of academia. Her heart felt as though it were shattering within her chest, each shard slashing at the hope she'd harbored all these years.

Throwing her bag over her shoulder she managed a quick nod and then ran up the stairs and out of the lecture hall. The door closed behind her with a loud click and she fell back against the wall, desperately trying to catch her breath, to still the shaking in her hands, quiet the screaming in her head.

It wasn't fair. She could be what he wanted, do anything he demanded. She could make him happy. If only he wanted her to. But he'd made it clear, he would not breach the boundaries of their relationship and give her the chance to prove herself.

Damn circumstance! If they'd met in any other capacity, she would have had her chance. She knew it. Their chemistry was undeniable. It hung thick and heavy between them every time they were together. Blinking back her tears she shook off the numbing sense of helplessness that stole over her body. She wouldn't give in, wouldn't give up. She would find a chance to prove herself to him, she had to.

Chapter Two

Katrina shifted in her desk, anxious and aroused, as Derek wrapped up the class. “So I’ll wish everyone a safe and enjoyable Halloween. That’s all for today.”

A few students approached his desk and Katrina took her time collecting her things, mustering her courage, bracing for another of Derek’s penetrating stares. Since the incident with her BDSM book the week before, she’d found Derek’s eyes on her more frequently, questions lingering in their depths. Unnerved, she waited for him to broach the subject, ask about the book, make any move to indicate something had changed, but in her heart she knew nothing had. His interest may have been piqued, but his resolve was not diminished. She straightened her shoulders and banished the butterflies frantically beating against her belly. His resolve wasn’t diminished, and neither was hers. Tonight was the night.

With the last student bidding goodbye, she waited for his nod to approach.

“What have you got for me, Kat?”

“Papers, Professor.”

He cleared his throat and looked down at her, a stern reprimand in his eyes.

“Er...Derek.” She smiled weakly, knowing for every time she said his name aloud, she’d thought it a thousand times. He took the papers and flipped quickly through the stack before straightening and then dropping them into his case. After a moment, he leaned one hip on his desk and returned her wordless stare, a small smile playing at the corner of his gorgeous mouth. The silence stretched between them until suddenly she realized she was gawking at him like a fool and he was...amused.

Grasping at the first thing to come to mind, she asked, “Are you going to any Halloween parties tonight?”

His brow rose. “Undecided. How about you? Dressing up with your girlfriends again this year?” She knew he didn’t mean it to come across as condescending, but more as a reminder to himself that she was too innocent for him. Well, they would see about that.

“Yes. We have a...costume party,” she answered, praying the heat coursing its way through her body wouldn’t rush to her cheeks. She was attending a costume party, all right, only there was nothing innocent about it. The masked All Hallows Ball was the biggest sex party of the year and Derek was supposed to be there. It had taken every connection Trista had to secure an additional invitation for Katrina, but she’d managed it. All so Katrina would have her chance with the man she loved. Only now, if he’d answered her honestly, he wasn’t sure he would be attending.

“Well, you shouldn’t sit at home,” she said, awkward desperation tingeing her voice. “Halloween’s a holiday for dark play. Go out and have some fun tonight.” She hadn’t just said that. She might as well have drawn him a map to the party and jumped up and down screaming, *I’ll be there!!*

Derek’s expression froze, apparently lost in thought. He idly rubbed his clean-shaven jaw and then nodded and turned back to his desk. “Have a nice time tonight. Don’t eat too many sweets.”

She’d done everything she could do, all that was left was to hope. Feeling very much the dismissed child, Katrina scurried out of the room, her cheeks blazing, to find Trista and finalize her plans for the All Hallows Ball.

Katrina zipped up the short black corset-style leather dress and checked her appearance in the mirror with satisfaction. She looked so unlike herself, she could almost forget the problems that plagued her conservative bookworm alter-ego. She was going to the party as Kitty. With a bit of embarrassment, she admitted the decision was based on Derek’s propensity to call her “Kat” when he was excited. Her black leather dress had a long tail coming off the ass of the skirt, which barely covered the bottom of her black G-string. The mask, covered with black fur, concealed her cheekbones and the top of her head. Her auburn hair, darkened with a rinse and set with heavy curls, poured over her bare shoulders. Her eyes were lined with ochre and she’d attached a tiny sparkling sequin

to the corner of each, effectively changing the entire look and shape, but the finishing touch was the contact lenses—cat eyes with yellow irises and vertical black pupils. Her anonymity was key to the success of the plan. But then so was Derek actually attending, and on that front, she and Trista had done everything they could.

When they'd come up with the plan, Trista contacted Derek with the news that she had found someone perfect for him, a new sub who was very receptive, eager to please and learn, and she was bringing her to the All Hallows Ball. With her unique insight into both Derek and Katrina, Trista elaborated on a few key details about the sub that she hoped would pique the professor's interest. Derek had been blunt in saying he wasn't certain he wanted to attend and he wasn't at all sure he wanted to pick up a new sub either, but he'd promised to consider the proposition.

With hope as her anchor, Katrina prepared for the party. If Derek was there, if he wanted an anonymous sub to master, then she would have her chance. If not, the night would end in disappointment and with Katrina alone. She would gladly put herself into Derek's hands; she trusted him implicitly. But the idea of a stranger touching her was beyond comprehension.

Bending at the waist, Katrina smoothed the black, crushed-suede boots up to mid thigh. The stilettos showed off her lean, leggy figure, a fantastic contrast to the full swell of her breasts, which overflowed from the scant cups of the bustier. Trista had picked out the outfit, swearing she would have Katrina looking hot as a hellcat, and now, as she examined the finished product, Katrina had to concede her best friend had been right. It was exciting to be someone else one night out of the year. It was hot. She was hot. A cat in heat, ready to go out on the prowl. Someone feral. Ready to take Derek on.

If he chose her, no longer would she have to guess and pray that she could entice him; he would tell her exactly what he desired and she would gratefully comply. There were no delusions. She knew this would not be the night of gentle passion she'd long envisioned between them, but she was desperate. She would be anyone, do anything to have him. And when it was over, when she revealed who she was, he would see there was no reason for them not to be together. The teacher-student boundary would have already

been breached, not that she was actually his student any longer. She would not only be aware of his sexual tastes, she would have participated in them. There could be no more denial.

The door to her room burst open and Trista slammed in. “The limo’s downstairs—it’s awesome! You ready to go?” She was dressed as a devil with a similarly styled leather dress in red, and impatiently slapped her matching flogger in hand. Horns adorned her mask and she’d opted for thick heeled leather boots that stopped at mid calf rather than the stilettos.

Katrina smiled and, feeling the twist of anticipation in her gut, set out for the night that would end all of her waiting.

The limo stopped at the tall iron gates where a man in a tight black uniform accepted their invitations. He spoke briefly into his headset, wished them a happy Halloween and stepped back as they were granted entry. The drive curved through dense woods offering no view of what lay beyond the next curve, no hint as to the pleasures hidden only a few hundred yards away. Lined with small orange lights, the road swirled with the eerie mist of dry ice pumped in from some hidden source. The owners were known for the lengths they would go to, to set the stage for a party, and Trista promised Katrina tonight would be no exception.

She sat back against the soft leather seats and watched as they rounded the last curve, bringing into view the vast expanse of lawn and looming mansion. Oaks, strung with lights, bordered the periphery of the yard and when Katrina searched their thick limbs, she spotted several people crouched over the branches, writhing and howling into the darkened skies. A large bonfire had been set on the far side of the property and a group of women wearing only gauzy white gowns undulated to the rhythm of a chant as they circled the flames.

Trista leaned against the window and let out a little moan. “This is even better than last year.”

Katrina nodded, trying to look more enthusiastic than she felt. She knew she should be excited; her night with Derek was finally upon her. But a guilty unease niggled at her

gut. Her mind drifted back to Derek and that brief moment of indecision that passed between them. He'd made a choice then, and now she was blatantly disregarding it. How would he react when he realized what she had done? Would he hate her? Thank her? Love her forevermore?

The limo pulled to a stop at the base of a wide stone stairway leading up to the open front door.

Trista reached for her hand. "This is it. You ready?"

"You bet."

The driver opened the door and the cool night air, teased with the scent of burnt leaves and spice, rushed over them, sending chills across Katrina's bare skin. Her nipples tightened under the leather dress as she stepped out into the fantasy.

Stomping her feet in rapid succession, Trista's enthusiasm was evident in her wide smile and sparkling eyes. "Let's go, let's go!" she squealed, grabbing Katrina's hand and yanking her up the stairs, into the party.

Within the main hall, bodies clad in skimpy costumes pressed together in singular mass, writhing to the heavy beat of the music pumped throughout the house. Katrina followed as Trista edged along the wall, past the first group and into a wide room where the guests milled with more space. Panic sliced through her. Scanning the crowd she wondered how she would possibly find Derek in this crush of skin?

No, she couldn't think that way. Couldn't accept defeat before she'd even had a chance to begin her search. She had to believe she would find him amid the hoard of scantily clad bodies. There was a pull between them, she felt it all the time, knew instinctively when he entered a room. She would find him tonight.

As she glanced around the gothic space, her heart beat a wild tattoo against her ribs. Shredded black fabric covered the walls, and mirrors hung in place of artwork. Tables laden with sex toys for sale lined one wall, while the opposite offered champagne bars and exotic hors d'oeuvres. Between, masked couples, threesomes and more tangled their bodies together in sensual embraces.

Trista squeezed her hand. “I’m going to grab us some champagne. You sure you know what you’re doing?”

“No,” Katrina said with a nervous smile, “but I can’t pass up this opportunity. It might be the only one I ever get.”

Trista nodded and gave her a quick peck on the cheek before darting off toward the bar. Two men immediately converged on the red devil and Katrina smiled, overhearing their pleas to be punished in her Hell. Turning to survey the crowd, she noted there were strong, sexy bodies as far as the eye could see, but none were the body she desired. This one—too short, that one—too thin, too fat, too wiry...

What if he doesn’t come? She knew it was a possibility, but she had to believe he would be there. Controlling her breathing, she would wait. Watch. Listen. Feel.

She moved through the crowd, declining advances as they came. Some were polite, others raunchy, none of them tempting in the slightest. She’d circled the room twice and hadn’t seen anyone who even remotely passed for Derek.

Tail in hand, Katrina walked over to a small cushioned seat and closed her eyes, pulling the memory of Derek’s hand on her shoulder to the forefront of her mind. A heat washed through her body and, with a deep sigh, she opened her eyes—to a glass of champagne poised three inches in front of her face. It was held in the strong and sexy hand of a man dressed entirely in black with a body that made her head spin and her nipples draw into tight points. *Derek*. He was here, standing in front of her with what could only be considered a predatory gleam in his eyes. A tremor ran through her body and suddenly she couldn’t tell if it was based on fear or excitement.

“Your little devil friend over there mentioned you could use a drink.” His voice poured over her like molasses. Deep and rich, slow. Unlike Derek when he was rushing on, excited about a discovery or line of discussion, this was Derek in control.

“Thank you.” Katrina took the glass with a nod and dragged her gaze up his body, back to his half-masked face. Gorgeous. A full, wide mouth topped off a clean-shaven, strong jaw. His sandy hair, normally so temperamental, was combed back neatly from the top of his black mask. Deep blue eyes studied her from behind the mask and set her heart

racing. Derek looked incredible in his black leather outfit. It emphasized his physique in a way his bookish khakis and Oxford shirts had merely hinted at. Tall, broad shoulders, muscular chest and torso, trim hips and long, sturdy legs. He was powerfully beautiful in an overwhelmingly masculine way and he was openly appraising her, without hesitation or restraint, and it made her blush and her belly flutter.

He looked up to her mask's pointed cat ears. "Devil says you're a wildcat."

"A wildcat?" she asked, trying to deepen her voice slightly, though the husky quality it took on had nothing to do with her efforts. "I don't know about that. But, you can call me Kitty." She was suddenly feeling very self-conscious in the skimpy outfit. Ridiculous considering the lengths she had gone to, to get into the sexiest party of the year. The whole purpose was to reveal. And specifically, to reveal to Derek.

Half of the guests were already naked from either the top up or bottom down, so she shouldn't feel self-conscious. But under his scrutinizing stare she did. Her black leather bustier barely covered the tops of her nipples. And he seemed to appreciate the show. Though pleased to see he found her attractive, she couldn't help wondering what he would think when he finally realized it was her. But he could hardly judge when he was playing the same game.

His eyes moved over her. "Very nice, Kitty."

"So what can I call you?"

He cocked his head to the side and his gaze leveled on hers. Her mouth went dry. "I'm a wildcat tamer tonight, so, if you choose, you may call me Master."

Katrina swallowed past the knot in her throat. She'd known it coming in to the night, but somehow, hearing him openly admit to being a dom shocked her. She looked him up and down, seeing past the incredible body to the black clothing and the leather bullwhip with a polished grip tied to his waist. "Ah, of course. With the whip." Her voice cracked slightly at the last word.

"You like it? Brand new for the party." A taunting joke, beneath a steely tone.

Katrina needed to keep it together. If he thought she was too scared, he might reject her. She couldn't let that happen. Putting up a brave front, she laughed and waved at the

crowd of costumed guests. “Judging from the costumes here tonight, if I called out ‘Master’, something tells me quite a few people would respond.”

The master and slave ensembles seemed to be the costumes of choice. Katrina scanned the crowd and saw one woman strutting through, leading three near-naked men behind her on leashes. In another area, a woman with a ball gag in her mouth and her hands bound to a hip restraint followed a master who offered “tastes” of her to all those interested. Katrina didn’t understand it, but found it difficult to look away or deny the stirrings those displays caused within her. It could be *her* bound and offered in only a matter of minutes. Her pussy tightened as she thought of Derek securing her hands to her waist. She was shocked by her heated response to something that looked, close up, so potentially dangerous, but she’d already recognized through her reading that the idea of bondage and restraint was highly arousing to her. If it hadn’t been, no matter how much she loved Derek, she wasn’t sure she’d have been able to come this far to be with him.

A smile quirked his lips, bringing her back to the half-veiled suggestion. Would she call him master? The look he issued her was cocky, arrogant, sexy and unsettling. “If you were to *moan* ‘Master’, I would *know* you were begging for me.” Holding out a hand for her, Derek pulled her to her feet.

She could feel the tick at the corner of her mouth betraying her unease. He was the real deal with a scary whip, no less, this man she longed for. But he was also electrifying in his presence alone. Though quietly intrigued by BDSM before finding out it was Derek’s preference—a result of Trista’s enthusiasm for it, no doubt—she had always considered it an alarming, dark side of sex. And yet the man standing next to her, whom she knew to be capable of intense compassion and gentleness, was a dom and would most certainly take her places she was too frightened to consider. There would be pain, of that she was sure, but there was a part of her eager to experience it, to discover if the combination of stimuli would heighten her experience as she had read it had for others. Another part of her was terrified, ready to bolt. She’d never been in a place like this before, never been confronted with this side of sensuality. Derek’s grip on her hand tightened and for a moment she wondered if it was quiet reassurance, if her trepidation

was so obvious he wanted to help her through. No, Derek didn't know who she was, he didn't know this was her very first foray in BDSM and he didn't know that she was doing it solely for the purpose of being with him. He would have no idea how scared...and aroused she was.

The front doors to the mansion swung open and twenty or so people poured in, causing a human tidal wave of sorts. The push of bodies resituating themselves to accommodate the newcomers nearly knocked Katrina off her four-inch heels, but Derek easily supported her as the crowd shifted. It was a taste of relinquished control, the way he'd moved and held her body and the result was a deep throb between her legs and an achy need in her clit. She wanted him to pick her up and carry her away, find a quiet place where he could drive his cock into her. Terrified as she was, she feared she couldn't wait much longer.

Derek took her glass and set it aside on a low table. "Let's move farther in, find a spot to talk."

"Okay, but I've really got to tell you," she nearly shouted over the hoots and cheers erupting from the other end of the hall, "that I'm sort of new to BDSM."

"Fair enough, but you've tried it?"

"Yes...er...a little." It wasn't exactly a lie. Trista had given her a few lessons in submission in an effort to prepare her for tonight, only she'd found the experience of complying with her best friend's feigned commands less than satisfying. "But I want to know more. I've only had a taste."

Was it her imagination or did his jaw clench at her admission? He was probably just ready to dispense with the preliminaries. If he was anything like her, walking around in a perpetual state of unquenched arousal might be taking its toll. Whatever his reaction, it was gone before she had time to reconsider it. His expression went flat and then coolly challenging. "Hmm, I think I'd like to know your taste."

She blushed, feeling the twist of arousal coil tighter within her.

They moved down the hall, stopped at one door and pushed it open. Within, a naked woman knelt, riding the cock of one man while she sucked the cock of another standing in front of her. Katrina pulled the door closed. "This one is already crowded enough."

A lithe form sheathed in filmy white ran past, giggling as they advanced down the hall. Derek guided Katrina with a hand at the back of her waist and the heat of it radiated throughout her body in a flush. The hallway filled with a throng of new guests, and he pulled her to a stop and moved her off to the side so she wouldn't be swept up in the crush. His hands pressed against the plaster at either side of her head, imprisoning her with the steel of his well-muscled arms. His eyes locked on her, and when the crowd swelled again, he absorbed the tumult of it, pressing only the solid planes of his body against her.

She tried to remain steady, but with the height of her heeled boots, she stood with her legs slightly parted for balance. The leather of her cropped corset dress rode up her hips as his knee nudged between her legs and his thigh settled in against her pussy. Her breath caught in her throat as he shifted slightly. The change in stance parted her folds, baring her pulsing clit to the silky swatch already soaked between her legs.

A shudder coursed through her at the arousing pressure against her sex, and judging by his quarter smile and steady stare, she suspected he knew exactly what he was doing. She'd never been able to imagine what Derek would be like without the restraints of convention he used as a defense against her. It was exciting to experience his flirtatious desires firsthand.

They stood, eyes locked together, against the wall. The steady contact against her pussy made her want to rub up and down over the leather, take him harder between her legs. Her prayers were answered when a group of five elbowed past, and his thigh wedged farther between her legs and against her clit until she was raised on the tips of her toes.

Her heart was pounding, her throat dry. The intensity of his inviting stare made her drip as much as the intensity of his thigh rubbing between her slick lips.

Kiss me. God, now, just like this.

But rather than closing the minute distance between their mouths, he merely ran his hand against the mask at her temple, down her cheek and neck, and over the full curve of her breast. There was nothing tentative about the touch. While it wasn't rough, she thought it patiently demanding.

Chills skittered over her skin as he pushed the cup of the bustier down and exposed one rosy red nipple, bunched tight from his attentions. He skimmed around the outside of the creamy swell, making her wait as he drew nearer to the aching nub. His eyes narrowed, still holding hers, when, at last, he settled his thumb and forefinger at either side of her nipple, then rolling it lightly, increased the pressure.

His thigh slid farther between her legs and back again as he pulled at the pebbled tip. Heat seared her from cunt to tit as he moved his thigh in sync with the tease of his strong fingers at her breast. She gasped at the pinch and pull, until her pleased moan mingled with her pained cry. She was on the brink of climax, her breath ragged, her heart pounding. *Derek!* She almost cried out his name but caught herself at the last second. She couldn't reveal that she knew who he was without revealing her identity as well. At this stage, that was too much of a risk.

He eased his leg back from its hold. The pressure was gone but the heat remained.

She blinked. What was he doing?

Leaning forward so his mouth grazed her ear, he answered the unspoken question. "All you have to do is say it."

Her voice wavered as she asked, "Say what?"

"Say 'yes, Master' and you will be mine for the night."

There it was. All her planning had come down to this. Everything was within her grasp and all she had to do was choose it. Her throat tightened, stifling her words as she fought the sudden rise of panic swelling within her, the irrational tears that threatened to come. No! This was what she wanted. Clearing her head, she forced herself to study Derek's face, remember every moment they shared together. She could do this. She wanted to.

He traced half circles back and forth over the tops of her breasts and then stopped to pull the bustier back up over the tortured nipple. The leather was soft against her sensitive skin, but she longed for the wet of his mouth instead. Her mind spun. She was so aroused, so near to coming, she could barely think.

His hands moved to her upper arms and he turned her around, pulling her shoulder blades into his chest. His cock bulged through his pants, pressing against the small of her back, his solid thighs against her ass. They stood angled against the wall in a hallway overflowing with anonymous guests, but for Katrina there was no one there but them. The world ceased to spin in anticipation of her answer. It should have been easy, she'd been planning this night, waiting for her chance for months, but now she was overwhelmed by trepidation.

Did she really dare to uncover what dark desires lay behind those blue eyes that had never looked at her quite this way before?

His left hand circled around her hip and slid under the hiked skirt to her soaked G-string. Grazing her bare neck and shoulder with his teeth, he growled, "You're so wet now. But this is nothing compared to what I could do to you." He hooked a finger under the swatch of sodden fabric and pulled it to the side, exposing her clean-shaven pussy to the warm air swirling around them. "These panties are in my way."

"Take them off," she begged, gasping at the sting of the strap as it snapped off her hips almost before the last word escaped her lips.

He fingered the torn garment, bringing it up so that Katrina could see the darkened fabric, smell her own musky scent. He tucked the wet panties into the cleavage of the bustier, leaving just the crotch peaking out. Stroking down her arms from shoulders to wrists, he took her hands and pressed them against the wall. "Stay," came the low command from behind her.

"I would tie you up, punish you," he growled at her ear. The bullwhip was in his grip now, the handle in one hand, the slack looped in the other. Her heart skittered at the sight of it as he lowered the handle to hip level and rested it against her mound. It was thick and long and looked almost like ivory, shining, poised above her pussy in a taunt.

“I would make you obey,” he whispered, taking the soft wound leather of the whip and stroking between her lips, circling her swollen clit. Her juices seeped from her tightening core, coating her thighs with a trickle of wet.

“Take you as I desired, filling every hole any way I pleased.”

Breath entered her lungs in staggered pulls as she listened to his promises and threats.

He teased the handle between her slick folds, sending shuddering waves of pleasure through her faster than the streaks of terror could follow. “Say it.”

When the thick rod found her pussy, she froze. “I...I can’t... I don’t...” Her stammer was nearly incoherent. What was wrong with her?

He leaned closer and stroked her throbbing bud with the deceptively soft leather while he teased her with the handle. “I think you can... I think you do... In fact, I think you are ready to beg to serve me.” He slid the handle from her clit to her hole and back. “Beg to be my slave,” he breathed, slipping the handle an inch into her pussy and slapping her exposed clit with the leather in one mild motion that pushed her over the edge.

Spellbound and enslaved by desire, she gasped, “Please, please!” Biting her lip she pressed her ass back against him, trying to take more of the thick handle.

He gave her half an inch more and then stopped. “Please what? Say it or I may have to spank you right now.”

The image of Derek in his classroom with the threat of the spank he’d wanted to bestow for her defiance flooded her mind. Her pussy seized so violently, the pleasure overrode the fear, and she had to pause before she spoke. Voice trembling, she whispered, “Please, Master, let me serve you.”

“Very good choice, slave,” he answered, thrusting the smooth rod into her depths, grinding his cock into her back. “But I think you’ve made me wait too long.”

For one torturous second, she believed he would withdraw the offer, but he continued. “You’ve earned your first punishment.”

It hardly seemed to matter as he continued to thrust the handle in and out of her, alternately stroking and slapping her clit with the leather whip. Her breath came faster and her skin tingled from her head to her toes. Her arms, still pressed against the wall were shaking as she approached climax. He angled the handle farther, stroking yet another depth of her interior, making her gasp until she nearly cried out in ecstasy. But then the handle was gone. And gone too was the soft leather working her needy clit.

No! She blinked, stiffening as she realized that this might have something to do with the punishment he was referring to. She spun around to face him—her bare pussy exposed, lips covered in her own cream—heedless of the anonymous crowd surrounding her. “No, please—”

He held up a hand to silence her. “You have made your choice to serve me. You have only one other choice tonight. You will pick a safeword. If you choose to use it, this will end immediately and there will be no going back. So consider carefully before employing it. Other than using that one word, you have no say in anything I decide. If you cannot heed my commands you will be punished as I see fit. Silenced as I deem necessary.” Her eyes widened at the warning, not sure if she would be able to handle Derek in the context of cruelty, but nonetheless, she nodded.

“Choose your safeword. Something you will not be able to forget and tell it to me now.”

She thought quickly, and finally settled. “Titanic.”

He smiled and stroked her cheek. “Titanic. Put your hands together in front of you.”

Her chest tightened and she complied. Quickly he secured the end of the whip around her wrists and checked to make sure that it wasn’t too tight. Then he passed the whip over her neck so that her hands were at chest level, back down between her breasts and pulled the slack through her legs, holding the handle at the small of her back. She looked down at herself and wondered if she’d been crazy to accept this. If she should use the safeword now and run home hiding her head. At least, she thought, noticing the turned heads of a few partygoers, she was wearing the mask.

His hand drifted over her bound wrists following the whip down to her pussy, where he slipped it in between her swollen lips. Her face burned as he pressed it back, holding the slack so the whip wrapped tightly up between her ass cheeks as well. He rested the fist that held the handle and slack against the small of her back. "I want you to rub against this as we walk. You are my slave now."

Katrina walked, timid short steps in her stiletto boots, with her leather skirt pulled up above her pussy and a whip wrapped around her like a leash. She was terrified and turned on, horrified by the spectacle she was making, and even more so that she could feel the juices dripping wet and hot from her core with every step. She was giving Derek what he wanted.

Chapter Three

The spacious bedroom, barely illuminated by sconces and a small chandelier, was decorated as the rest of the house had been, with gauzy black fabric stretched across the walls and something reminiscent of spiderwebs strung across the upper corners of the room. Thick-legged spiders crawled under glass at one corner, snakes wrapped around a dead branch behind a screened display at another. In between, tables laden with candles and an arsenal of devices Katrina wasn't sure she wanted to know too much about stood ready to accommodate her master's every whim.

Her heart pounded as she entered the room. What had she gotten herself into? Was this really the way she wanted to spend her first night with the man she loved? Being tortured in a mansion decorated like a high school haunted house? The whip leash tugged simultaneously at her neck and through her legs. She felt him pull the leash tight against her pussy, tugging the back of her neck to bow her head. She bit her lip and struggled to remain still as his fingers roamed back and forth between her legs.

"You like the feel of something strong between your legs, don't you, Kitty?"

A shiver coursed through her body. It was true, she didn't want to admit it, afraid of what the admission might lead to, but she did like it. The whip tugged lightly, sending more sharp sensations rocketing through her and making her certain she'd just coated the leather cord in her cream. "Yes, Master, I do."

"It pleases me to think of you rubbing something against your pussy and ass. I think I'd like to push something big into both of them."

Her head snapped up a fraction of an inch before the jerk of the leash returned it to the submissive position. "Eh, eh, Kitty."

She steadied her breathing. Trista had prepared her for many of the possibilities of a night like this...for the most part. The preparations had been in theory rather than

practice. Steeling herself against her growing fears, she reminded herself that if she accepted his commands, she would be all the closer to having him. She needed to learn, and as her favorite professor had always preached, hands-on was the best way to do it. Regardless of how much anxiety she was experiencing, there was no denying that she was physically responding to Derek's commands in a way she never would have imagined. She wanted to do his bidding. She wanted him to control her. She wanted to be at his mercy, and dammit, she knew she wanted Derek to tell her exactly what he wanted. How to serve and please him. She wouldn't have to guess—she would just have to obey.

Before she could think twice about it, she widened her stance and bowed her head farther. "Anything, Master."

There was a pause and then a deep inhalation of his breath. He pulled her hair aside and unwrapped the whip from between her legs and around her neck. Still he kept it tied around her wrists.

His hands were at the back of her corset dress releasing the straight zipper that held it up. The garment fell off, leaving her naked but for the thigh-high, black stilettos and mask.

"Did it arouse you to watch that woman take two cocks at once?" His fingertips skimmed the skin at the side of her ribs, his touches feather soft as they moved under her full curves.

Katrina swallowed and forced herself to answer him quickly. "Yes, it did."

He cupped and pushed up her breasts, making them swell out of his hands and press together into two ripe mounds of flushed skin. His thumbs grazed her nipples, the rosy tips crinkled tight and sensitized to the point where his lightest touch sent charges to her loins and back. He narrowed his eyes at her, and caught both nipples between his thumbs and forefingers, rolling them with a firm tug that made her stagger forward. "Yes, what?"

"Yes, Master." She pressed her lips together. She should have remembered. It was the most simple rule. His relentless tug against her breasts would no doubt enforce the rule, or she thought with a shock of pleasure, give her reason to break it.

"Have you ever had multiple partners before?"

She shook her head. “No, Master.”

“Would you like to?” He released her nipples, now dark from his hold.

“I...I don’t know. Maybe.” The pads of his thumbs caressed her, soothing away the sting of his grip. Her breath caught at each stroke.

“I don’t know if you are worthy of that kind of satisfaction. Why don’t you show me how eager you are to please me?”

Her heart beat faster and she had to fight a smile from splitting her lips. She wanted to please him. She was desperate to taste him. To take him into her. To touch him.

“On your knees, Kitty.”

She sank to her knees, clutching her bound hands together at her breasts.

He pulled the tight shirt from his pants and yanked it over his head, revealing a tan, chiseled torso. His muscles rippled and flexed with the movement. He was incredible. He widened his stance and issued his command. “Open my pants and take out my cock.”

Katrina fumbled with the buckle at the top of his pants, finding it difficult to maneuver with her wrists, bound as they were. She worked the buttons and pushed the fly open. He wore nothing underneath so all she had to contend with was fishing the engorged member out. She slipped one hand around him. His cock was huge, long and thick with light curls at the base. She wanted to swallow it whole, it looked so good.

She pushed his pants down to the floor, bowing before him as he stepped out of each leg. And when she turned her head up to him, he was gloriously naked. Powerfully built and equally attractive. She nearly moaned thinking about how much she wanted him inside of her.

Leaning forward, she opened her mouth to take him.

“What do you think you are doing?”

She licked her lips and said the only thing she could think of. “I’m sorry, Master. What would you like me to do?”

He held out the handle of the whip. “Suck it. You haven’t proven yourself worthy of my cock yet.”

He couldn't be serious! She couldn't believe he was demanding she suck off some stick rather than him. Was this even the same man she thought she knew? It was...confusing. But the ache in her cunt was strong enough she would do anything to please him.

Tilting her head up to face him, she opened her mouth to receive the handle. But rather than hold it for her, he placed it in her hands and stepped back, holding his cock in his fist. "Show me what you would do to this."

She would show him, she thought, licking her lips as she stared at the solid handle tethered to her bound hands. Opening her mouth, she relaxed her jaw and tilted her head back to take it. Easing the rod in, the sweet tang of her juices hit her tongue. Tasting her own arousal made the act all the more exciting. She pushed it into the back of her throat, relaxing the muscles and then slowly withdrew it with a wet suctioning kiss. She ran her tongue around it, up and down, licking off every bit of her come she could find, knowing that even as she did, more was coating the inside of her thighs.

She looked up at him as she took the whip handle deep into her throat again, and marveled at the stoic expression he maintained. When she withdrew the rod, saliva coated it and ran down the side. She licked more and opened her mouth to take it again.

He motioned for her to stop and she hoped he would fill her with his cock, pound it into her and make her come. She was so close.

"Spread your legs."

Still kneeling, she moved her knees wider apart and looked up at him. "Yes, Master."

"Take my toy...and fuck your pussy with that big bullwhip. This is as close to another man as you will get with me. I don't like to share, and I would never be willing to share you." He motioned to the handle. "Ease it in and then take my cock in your mouth."

She moved her hands to adjust the grip and positioned it against her hole. This she could do. She was wet and aching and the idea of something stiff between her legs and in her mouth excited her almost as much as the possessive quality of Derek's words. He didn't want to share her. Looking up, she saw his eyes intent on her and she faltered under his scrutiny. No one had ever watched as she pleased herself, though this was

somewhat different. He would be in her mouth in seconds, his focus wouldn't be on her completion. Leaning back slightly, she pressed the wide handle up into her opening. Hard and smooth it filled her, stretching her inner walls as it penetrated. He was standing over her watching with his thick, meaty cock in hand, waiting for her to suck him. She licked her lips and slid them over the wide head, tasting the salty flavor of masculine flesh as he filled her mouth with his cock the same way the whip handle had filled it before. The way she hoped his cock would fill her pussy as the handle was now.

Mouth full, she looked up to his face, hoping that she pleased him. His stoic expression betrayed little but the single bead of sweat trickling down his cheek conceded his strain. A small victory. His eyes were intense, focused on the wall behind her. The mirror, she remembered. He was watching her suck him, watching her take the handle into her hole. Her pussy clenched at the erotic image she conjured, sweeping away her inhibitions. Her tongue curved around the shaft as it pushed against the back of her throat. The whip rod was deep within her. Angling her head to swallow down more of the rigid cock, she wanted to feel him penetrating as deeply as possible. Wanted to intensify his pleasure as she took every bit of the stiff handle she could, intensifying her own. The sensation of such brutal invasion in both her mouth and cunt had her cream running down the stick and over her bound hands. She was a slave to the pleasure of the moment. She pumped the handle in time with her head, taking the rod in and out, in and out.

Watch me, Derek. This is for you.

The slick friction within her core made her body contract against the penetration, and her mouth's suction over his engorged cock increase. She moaned around him. The aroused tension built within her, closing in on her release. She sucked and licked, bobbing her head, pushing over the satin soft skin, moving the stick inside her faster—angling it with each thrust, swallowing over the thick bulb, tasting him—taking both unyielding rods into her wet depths, farther every time, cresting higher, tighter, until—

He groaned, gripping her shoulders tightly. “Put your hands on my cock and finish me, leave the whip as it is.” She immediately moved her bound hands, sticky from her own cream, to the base of his cock, pumping it in time with her mouth. The handle

remained poised, half buried in her clenching pussy as she rocked and gulped against his shaft. He gripped her shoulders harder, and she swallowed him back into her throat, squeezing the base of his cock, feeling his balls tighten below. With a strangled grunt, he bucked his hips, spilling hot come down her throat. She took him deeper, milking him of every drop until he finally stroked back her hair and pulled out.

She was incredibly aroused having satisfied him on her knees, bound and riding the thick handle. She wanted to beg him to let her finish herself off, it would only take a few more strokes and she would come, but she knew that patience was part of her role. She would wait for his bidding.

He knelt down in front of her, gripping the exposed end of the whip handle. Her hopes that he would bring her to completion died with his next words. “You are not allowed to come yet.”

Deliberately, without deepening the penetration, he moved it at an angle so she could feel the presence of the handle deep within her core. “Kitty, I am only going to tell you this once. You may not orgasm without my permission.”

Her head snapped up, as the sensual tension ramped within her. “I understand, Master, but—”

“Are you very close?” he asked, now pumping the handle into her with slow and steady thrusts.

She raised her hips trying to take it deeper, faster. “Yes, Master! More, please!”

“You have been very good. Lean forward so your forearms are on the floor with your elbows close to your knees. Rest the side of your face on the floor.”

She moved cautiously, feeling the heavy rod shifting within her body as she bent forward. She turned her head and saw her reflection in the huge gilded mirror and almost came from the sight. She was down on her knees, legs spread wide, back arched with her ass in the air. Her bound wrists tucked into her chest and her lips, still swollen from sucking cock, were full and red. But what excited her the most was the sight of the grip in his fist emerging from her depths and looping under her body to where it bound her hands.

He met her stare in the mirror. She was waiting, willing, pleading for more.

His eyes narrowed at her. “Do you like my whip, slave?” he asked, pulling it out of her.

Her heart skittered as she thought about the possible repercussions of her answer. She liked it just fine when he used it to tie her wrists and leash her, and even when he made her fuck herself with it...but the thought of the damage a weapon like this could do was terrifying. She couldn't imagine Derek wielding a whip like this. It was unnerving enough that she thought of her safeword and wondered if she might need to use it and flee.

He seemed to understand her concern and held up one hand to stop her needless worry. “I will not use this to flay you. That is not my taste. I enjoy it for the purpose of restraint and some more colorful uses, but have no interest in stripping your beautiful skin.”

Her breath came in a burst of relief. She'd prepared herself for the possibility of a swift spanking or more, had even experienced a bit of a thrill at the idea, but true violence, the kind which a bullwhip could inflict, frightened her. And while the edge of fear mingling with her arousal had heightened her senses and pleasure, even at the hands of someone she trusted as implicitly as Derek, she had no desire to endanger herself. She was relieved to hear that neither did he.

Somehow though, she'd been confident in her safety with him from the start. How else could she have gone along with the game? How else could she have found herself anxiously waiting, hoping for more of his rough and demanding touch, praying he would take her with the force of some animalistic need?

His hand dipped between her legs to stroke her spread lips. “You're so wet. Slippery.” He pressed two fingers into her hole and stroked her inner walls. “You make me hard again. I want to slide around inside you, feel you tighten and squeeze my cock. Your mouth was so wet and hungry, I want to know if your pussy feels as good.” He stroked again, causing her to contract around his penetrating fingers.

“You are a hungry little pussy.” A third finger slid into her, stroked against the back wall of her channel. The silken touch was heaven. She pushed against his fingers, wanting more.

And then she jumped. His thumb was at her anus, resting there, not penetrating but pushing at the tight muscle as he stroked her cunt from within.

Oh God, what is he going to do?

His fingers ceased their strokes and withdrew from her depths, but the pressure of the thumb at her rectum was steady. She sensed if she moved, he would penetrate. She stayed still, but felt the taunting pressure with every inhalation. His kneeling stance behind her shifted closer. Cool air grazed her tight ring when his thumb lifted from it.

She twisted her head against the floor, straining to see what he was doing. Behind her he tore open a condom wrapper with his teeth, expertly sheathed himself with one hand, and then pressed the tip of his cock at the delicate connecting skin between her ass and pussy. She held her breath, biting her lip, as she waited for him to decide where he would plunge his rock-hard girth into her, knowing she would take anything he gave her.

The wide head of his cock teased lower, settling against her lips, and pushed into her. He was bigger than the handle of the bullwhip and stretched her wide as he eased in gradually to let her body adjust and accommodate him. Katrina moaned as he entered and filled her, gasped as his length bore into her. Her interior muscles hugged him, and it took all of her concentration not to let the wet velvet rub of his invasion make her come. She could follow his dictate, obey his command. She could resist the needy tug threatening to snap free with each minuscule movement. He pushed deeper still, until his balls pressed against her pussy, and his groin against her cheeks. She sheathed him to the hilt, felt the nudge of his head at her womb and still she pushed back for more. *Concentrate!*

Placing one hand on her hip, he pulled out, nearly to the head of his cock, and then, as he pushed back in, she felt his thumb, slick and cold, press against her asshole and penetrate steadily inside of her. Her breath came in a sputter of jolting gasps as he dually breached her. She was shocked at the uneasy sensation she derived from her muscular

ring contracting and relaxing over the intrusive digit. His fingers splayed out over her ass cheek, squeezing the taut muscle as he pumped steadily into her ass and cunt.

She rocked back against him as the pleasure built. His thumb within her was small enough not to cause pain or stretching, but thick enough to introduce a satisfaction she had never before experienced. Her clit throbbed with the desperate need to be stroked and soothed. But with her hands bound, the choice for release was not hers.

Arching farther to take as much of him as she could, she tried to make her clit contact his balls. She ground back at him, forcing his cock to burrow deeper within her. Meeting the heel of his hand with her tight ring. He eased out, braced and she slammed back over him in the forward stroke. The grip at her hip tightened with each pound, and still she wanted more, harder, faster, deeper. She rammed back against him until both of their breaths were coming ragged and fast and then he shouted a sharp command.

“Enough, slave.” Suddenly, her cunt and ass were empty and he was backing away, tearing the condom from his unspent cock, shiny and pink as it bounced erect from his body.

Panting she pushed up on her bound arms and looked at him. Had she surprised him with her eagerness to receive him? He leaned back against the wall, licked his bottom lip in contemplation and ordered her to stand. Picking up the handle of the whip he took up some of the slack and stared her in the eye.

“You are a wild and demanding kitty. I think I’ll have to chain you up to tame your wild pussy.”

Chapter Four

She stood before the full-length mirror, her heeled stance wide, long black suede boots stretching up to her thighs. Her pussy lips reflected the slippery gloss of her cream as it dribbled down her inner thighs. Between her spread legs, two strands of sparkling silver chimes dangled from a clit clip that Derek had attached with a delicate chain to the matching clips at her nipples. Her arms, still bound, were pulled above her head by the whip, which had been secured over the large hook in the middle of the room. She looked like a masked slave girl up for sale.

Unhurriedly, he circled her, caressing the bare curves and hollows of her body. He stood in front of her and slid his hands up her waist and ribs to her shackled breasts, cupping the under-curves so the chains hung over the backs of his knuckles. With his index fingers he flicked lightly at her nipples, sending hot pulses of lust through her body and the tiny tings and rings of the dangling bells through the air. Her nipples bunched tighter and her breath hitched, causing more of the light ringing this time from the spasm in her clit as well.

“You’re beautiful like this,” he whispered, moving his hand down to tease the strings that hung from her captured clit. “Bound and chained...” he slid a single finger along her crease and into her pussy, “...so wet and pink...” he moved in and out of her, making the bells ring with every pull and her body buck with every thrust, “...so ready for more. Should I give you a little gift?”

“Yes, Master, please,” she begged with a breathless, shaking voice. She wanted him, needed him. Was desperate to be filled by him and ridden by him. It was tortured ecstasy to wait for his need to grow as great as hers. But Derek had more personal restraint than anyone she had ever known. Anything could await her.

He knelt down before her and gently pulled her lips apart to expose her decorated pussy. The clip pinched flat against the sides of her clit like a long bobbypin, tight and exciting. Leaning in, he ran his tongue against the bound nub, back and forth, until Katrina was panting, trying to tip her pelvis up to meet his probing tongue. The soft ting of the chimes sounded again and again as he licked along the sides, over her swollen folds, circling closer to the source of her need, and then farther away. His hands skimmed over her ass and suddenly he shifted, sweeping her legs over his shoulders so that her pussy pressed against his face and his arms supported her weight.

Teeth grazed her clit, nibbled and nipped at it, making her cry and gasp and beg. He closed his mouth over her and sucked, alternating with rhythmic sweeps of his tongue, changing the tempo of his touch every time she approached orgasm. Her pussy clenched hard in need of something to fill it, and her cream coated his lips and chin. She threw her head back and tightened her legs over his shoulders, trying to intensify the contact against his face.

He nipped, making her cry out, "Please, stop...I can't take it!"

But she never pulled away. Gradually, he released his brutal hold, lapping gently and sinking his tongue into her hole, until her pain passed and only pleasure remained. Then pulling back, he eased her legs off his shoulders and returned her to standing.

Stroking between her legs, he sank one finger deep into her core and stroked her inner walls. "I have something more for you. You have been a very good little pussycat tonight. But I think you need to be shown the pleasure of being tamed." He withdrew his finger from her cunt and pressed it to her mouth. She opened to him, eagerly sucking and licking her cream off until he set his jaw, pulled away and walked past her.

She followed his reflection with her eyes, helpless to do more, and watched as he opened a box atop the dresser. She couldn't see the items he retrieved, but desperately hoped they would finally bring her the relief she longed for. He approached her from an angle where her own reflection blocked her view and she wondered if it was intentional. When he stepped into view, she saw he carried a bundle of dark cloth. He set it down

behind her and moved off to the far corner of the room. There he picked up a tall, sturdy-looking stool which he placed several inches in front of her left leg.

What on earth?

“Your left foot on top of the stool.” Though the command had a harsh bite, his actions were gentle as he dropped down to support her as she moved, making sure she didn’t fall. When she was situated she looked at her reflection and saw the muscles of her flat abdomen tensed, the skin of her bald pussy parted in a slick pink valley of glistening flesh. God she wanted him to come over and sink his tongue, his fingers, his cock—anything—into her aching hole. But instead he moved back to the bundle and retrieved the first item. It was a small black box with Velcro straps. She had no idea what it could be for, but began to feel the tension mount when he knelt and secured it with the straps around her thigh. He returned to the bundle and pulled out two oblong metallic objects, just slightly larger than eggs, with long black cords attached to them.

Oh God. One would be a little less intimidating than two. His thumb was one thing, it was a quarter of the width of the eggs. Her heart pounded. “Um...what—”

“No questions.” His voice was low and firm.

“But...I don’t think—” she stammered, unable to control her tongue, before his icy stare and chilly voice cut her off.

“You have only one choice tonight, slave.”

She blinked in rapid succession, shallow breaths coming quickly as she nervously shifted her gaze between his eyes and his hands. She did have a choice. She could use the safeword and the night, everything, would end. No more Derek. She would have failed to meet his desires. She would have failed herself. Everything she experienced would be over. It would be done. She closed her mouth, pinching her lips together between her teeth in a long line, and nodded her resigned acceptance of his will.

He knelt down in front of her and, caressing her swollen pussy lips with two fingers, leaned forward and blew a warm breath over her wet pink flesh making the tiny bells chime. More of her juices trickled down her lips and thighs. She knew with his face so close to her mound he would see the evidence of her want. He pressed one of the metallic

eggs against her. It was cold and hard and made her want to sink down over it, but the whip still held her from the ceiling and even if she had picked up both legs, she would not have moved. She waited, her cunt desperate to be filled again. Her chest tight with anticipation.

Leaning in closer, he ran the tip of his tongue over her captured clit, back and forth, while he pushed the egg into her clenching hole. It felt incredible. She closed her eyes and bit her lip as he massaged her with his tongue and used his fingers to deepen the penetration. When it was in place, he stood, moving around to her back. She forced the breath in and out of her lungs, felt the blood rushing to her extremities as if in anxious flight against the unknown. She closed her eyes and waited. He was behind her, fooling around with the black cord that hung out of her. He plugged it into the box attached to her leg and turned it on. Immediately, a powerful vibration started deep within her core. She moaned, her knees almost giving out as the sensation overwhelmed her. She had been denied release for so long she could barely resist it.

Katrina closed her eyes again, felt his warm hand against her ass, pulling her cheek to the side. Cool moisture coated her anus as his gelled fingers stroked around her crack. The knot of tiny muscles clenched under the touch, almost eagerly asking for the single digit to return. More of the liquid generously coated her. Then cold metal butted up against her hole. Her heart beat wildly in her chest as she tried to control her breathing.

The vibrations in her pussy had her teetering on the edge of orgasm and the near penetration of the wide metal orb at her anus was the only thing keeping her from it. This would not be the easy glide of excessive pleasure his thumb's maiden voyage had been. How would she be able to take it within her asshole?

Suddenly the second egg began to vibrate as well. He'd plugged it in without her noticing. Her tight hole clenched violently against the stimulation and then rhythmically loosened and clenched again as he began to insert the egg into her with patient coercion. She cried out, biting her lip, pulling at the leather binding her wrists, her cunt and ass spasming wildly as he gradually stretched her, pushing the thick object deeper until she burned from the pleasure and the pain combined and its thickest diameter passed her ring.

She cried out, "Please!" but she knew now what she was begging for was not for him to stop, but for more.

The two eggs vibrated deep inside her, taking her to new heights of pleasure. She panted, rocking her hips back and forth, as the intensity increased.

"Open your eyes. See what I see."

She did as commanded, seeing first a fuzzy image of herself in the full-length mirror, bound, chained, bared and writhing in pleasure. Her vision crystallized along with her fear when she saw him standing next to her holding a back flogger in his hands. Her eyes bulged. He wouldn't dare!

"Wait! You said it wasn't your taste, you wouldn't whip me—" The words rushed out of her in a frantic plea.

"Enough, slave. I said I would not flay you, but otherwise I will do anything I want to you." His eyes gentled. "This is a test of trust, and remember you have the power to stop it. Though, you must know, whatever I do to you will ultimately enhance, add new shades and depth to your pleasure. Breaking your skin is not my desire."

His words soothed her, but she still couldn't believe the man she loved would ever strike a woman. Before she could protest further, the sting of the flogger slapping her ass made her cry out. Her body buckled at the contrast between the sharp peel of the flogger and the bloom of desire that mounted from deep within her ass and pussy. She would trust.

He struck across her mound and then back to a different spot on her rear. He moved over her body, lashing her with licks of leather until every nerve tingled within her, every sense was heightened, and a tidal wave of ecstasy crashed out of control. She bucked her hips, moaned and pleaded for him to stop and then begged for more. As the lashes scorched her skin, the buried eggs' ruthless vibrations dragged her, thrashing in futile resistance, toward the precipice. She couldn't stop. Had to wait. To fight for control against wave after searing wave of lashing pleasure/pain. "Master, please!"

The flogger lashed across her pussy, and with it came his command, "Come for me. Now!"

On a scream she climaxed in a crushing wave of brutal release. Her body bucked, her legs lost purchase and just as the tension pulled at her bound wrists, Derek was there, his arms around her, supporting her as she convulsed, spasming out of control. Hot tears slid down her cheeks as she gasped for air, strangling over each subsequent wave of relentless pleasure. She'd never experienced anything close to the strength of the seizing contractions that wracked her body from her chest to her toes. Cream coated her thighs, glistening in the light as she undulated through Derek's soft caresses and the ripples of rapture that came at her master's hands.

When her legs could hold her, he moved around her, his hands steady as they worked to remove the vibrators with gentle tenderness, massaging to sooth her openings as he withdrew the eggs. The nipple rings and clit clip came off as well, shocking her with another pleasure/pain sensation that left her breathless and gasping.

"Master, you are the most incredible teacher," she whispered, barely able to expel enough breath to make the sounds.

"What?" He stood and looked at her.

Still experiencing the aftershocks of her lesson, she quivered. "I never dreamed...it could be like this."

Brushing at a long strand of her hair, he rubbed it between his fingers and tucked it back over her shoulder. Then, with a quick movement, released the whip from around her wrists. She nearly fell into his arms, but he swept her up as though she weighed nothing, and he carried her to the bed where he threw her back onto the soft cushions of stacked pillows.

Derek's chest rose and fell in rapid succession and a bead of sweat trickled down his jaw. "Spread your legs, I won't wait another minute," he commanded, the words rushing out. Gone were the patience and planning. All that remained was need. Immediate need.

Katrina bit her lip and spread her knees wide, lifting her hips to welcome him. "Please, take me," she panted, desperate to have him deep within her once more.

He tore a condom open and sheathed himself without ceremony, tossing the wrapper to the side. Reaching for her on the bed, he wrapped his vise-like hands over her thighs

and pulled her close, meeting her with the hard ridge of his ready cock. “You are free to climax.”

She was slippery wet and waiting for him, and when the wide head pressed into her hole, he met no resistance. Face-to-face, their warm breath mingled between them. He caressed her lips with his own until she parted them, inviting his tongue to take her mouth as his cock took her pussy. With a deep groan he sank into the depths of her core, going farther when her body eagerly pulled for more. She hugged him, tightening with each plunge, her slick juices coating him with every stroke. Her hands, newly freed, traveled his body as he arched and bowed. His shoulders were like rocks wrapped in rope, flexing with his movements. His chest angled down, skimming over her breasts and teasing her tight nipples on his upward thrust. Her clit rubbed against his groin, stoking the fire within her at every touch, her nether lips spread open wide to receive his hungry kiss with every plunge.

Her hands splayed over his ribs and down his trim waist, settling on the firm planes of his ass. It was solid steel, forging and reforging under her touch. He pounded into her and lowering his head to hers, his mouth claimed her savagely. She sucked at his plundering tongue, tasting his desire, until the fire within her burned hot enough that she thought she would combust.

“Harder,” she gasped when he pulled his mouth up from hers. He drove into her again and again as her body contracted like a fist over his cock and pleasure shot through every nerve, increasing with each thrust. Her pussy spasmed against his groin with each wet slap of skin on skin, her hands gripped his unyielding ass, reveling in the feel of it. It was Derek, finally pounding between her legs, and she couldn’t get enough. She wanted, needed more. Knowing this might be her only night with him, knowing the pleasure he had already shown her, she wanted the movements of this body against hers emblazoned on her mind. His hips moved like pistons, up and down, with renewed force, slamming her aching clit until, climaxing violently around his cock, she cried out, pleading, “Come with me.”

A deep roar tore through his throat as he pumped one last time into her, finding his release. He tensed, went deeper, ground their bodies together and ripped every last shock of pleasure from them.

Derek supported himself above her on strong arms, his chest and abdomen relaxed, sloping down to cover her bare stomach, warming it from the chill that set in over the drying sweat. He was buried within her, panting to catch his breath, staring down into her eyes with a look that suddenly made her feel very shy. The way he searched the small stretches of skin on her face intimidated her. She bit her lip. Somehow, he seemed troubled by the action. Could he see who she really was?

“I wish you would take out those cat contacts.” He spoke slowly, the deep timbre coming through even in the breathless statement.

Katrina blinked. Suddenly, she didn’t want him to see her eyes—didn’t want him to know the real her. She’d finally seen what Derek had refused to show her all of these years, and she loved it. She wanted Derek to demand—to order her to her knees. To push her boundaries and make her beg for more. She was strong and confident, her mind working overtime in her everyday life, but here, handing over control and pushing herself to give everything she had, taking whatever her lover chose to give, was something she’d never known she wanted. But now she did, and as much as she’d learned about herself and the variety of pleasures he showed her, she wanted something...more. She wanted Derek to want *her* and not some random stranger taking his cock and anything else he chose to give.

Derek had *chosen* not to share this part of his life with her, had *chosen* to keep their relationship platonic. The opportunities had been there, and time and time again, he had chosen not to act on them. She’d seen his desire, it was unquestionable. And yet, he’d restrained himself. What right did she have to take that choice away from him? What she had done was the ultimate betrayal. She had the ultimate choice at her disposal this evening. The choice to end the night. She knew if she had opted to use the safeword, Derek would have respected it. But when he made a decision she didn’t like, she had

gone behind his back, plotting and conniving. What respect was that for the man she claimed to love? It was pure selfishness.

Holding back tears, she knew she couldn't follow through on her plan to reveal her identity. "Master," she whispered, "they are my disguise."

They would be together only for tonight. She would savor the memory of Derek breathless above her, begging to see her eyes after they made love. She would hold it in her heart forever. Hoping that some day she would feel the weight of his body against her again. She loved him.

He stroked the line of her jaw and down her neck. "You have a sad smile on your face. Tell me why."

Everything about him was gentle now, but the command remained. She would tell him. "This...tonight...being with you...it was incredible. Giving up all of the choices and anxiety of wondering what will please someone. The satisfaction of...submitting, obeying and simply experiencing...I had no idea how it could feel." He smiled but remained quiet. "I feel like I've had a taste of something addictive, and now I'll have to go back to living without. And I don't like it."

He pulled out of her, stroked down the valley of her chest with his fingertips. "Why would you have to live without? It doesn't have to end here. I was drawn to you immediately. I needed to have you tonight. For all of the taming you've taken, you enslaved me at first sight. I want more. Take off your mask and let me see who you are. We can do it together. Take a risk, we can—" his words ran together quickly, reminding her of the Derek she knew so well. Which made it all the more painful.

"Titanic."

Her heart skipped a beat after she'd said the safeword. They lay frozen, staring into each other's eyes. It was excruciating and she wanted to take it back the moment the word slipped out of her mouth. But that wasn't the way it worked. He moved away from her, off the bed, and to the corner of the room. She sat up, pulling the sheet across her breasts. He was getting dressed. Something inside of her was screaming "No!" with more fierce conviction than she could handle. Tears blurred her vision and her heart raced. But

her choice was made. When she used the safeword, the night ended. It was the rule and God knew she was the rule follower.

She watched silently as he pulled his shirt over his head, covering that spray of light curls at the base of his abdomen. His sandy hair fell forward and he pushed it back with a quick, irritated shove.

Completely dressed, he walked to the door and, bracing his arm on the frame, paused. In his fist was the delicate chain that had shackled and adorned her body. He placed it on the small table by the door. "This is for you."

Katrina held her breath. If he gave her the chance to change her mind, would she take it? But watching his shoulders rise and fall, she saw she had indeed made her choice. He gripped the knob, opened the door and walked out.

It was eerily quiet. the noise of the party downstairs unable to permeate the walls of the dark room. She was cold and confused as she rose from the bed with the sheet wrapped around her. Looking around, she saw the evidence of their play strewn across the floor. She picked up the light chain that attached the nipple and clit clip. Her only memento from a night that shouldn't have been. Clutching it to her heart, she felt the tears of loss streak her cheeks.

Chapter Five

“Excellent point, and I’d like to spend more time discussing it, but I believe our time is up for today. We’ll pick up here next week.”

Katrina sat at her desk, transfixed as Professor Derek Jacobson stood before the class, jotting a note down, brushing the hair from his eyes. She stacked her books in a neat pile, listening for the sounds of the last students to leave. The door thunked closed in the background; the only movement came from Derek at the front of the room. Papers were shuffled into a sloppy stack, diagrams were rolled up, the whiteboard erased—all the while she watched him, studying the cut of his shoulders over his wide back, the width of his stance. Chills ran rampant across her skin as he wrapped his hand around the back of the chair and swung it into place at the desk. He had strong hands. Steady and sure.

It was now mid-November and for two weeks, Katrina had wondered if she’d made the worst decision of her life in denying Derek her identity. Most of the time, she knew she’d done the right thing by calling an end to the session. Though nothing could negate her betrayal, it was as close to respecting his choice as she could offer after the fact. But when she stopped to watch the way his body moved, when she lay in bed at night sleeplessly twisting the sheets into knots out of pure frustration, she wished things were different. In some regards, they *were* different. Derek had been preoccupied in the past weeks, distant. She would find him staring at her, only to have him stalk away grumbling about some glitch with their grant. Maybe her expectations were what had changed. She was searching for hints of the passion they had shared, when, in her heart, she knew Derek wasn’t prepared to go down that path with her.

Trista had her own perspective about the situation. Upon hearing about the intense pleasure Katrina experienced as a sub, Trista urged her to attend a BDSM party with her

and find another dom. But she couldn't imagine herself with anyone else. The vulnerability of being in someone else's hands required trust, and there was only one man in the world who had hers. Only one man she felt so passionately about, that the mere idea of serving his needs made her wet and ready. In her mind, she belonged to Derek. No one else.

His deep voice pulled her from her reverie. "Katrina, do you have a moment to speak with me...privately?"

"Of course, Derek." Rising quietly, she walked to the back of the classroom and turned the lock. All motion at the front of the room had stopped. He stared at her. "I've wanted to speak with you for some time now, but keep finding myself at a loss for words."

There was a gravity to his voice that made her pause. A tension in his eyes she didn't like. Maybe he only wanted to discuss their research or the grant. Or maybe he was about to address the connection between them, try to sever it completely.

Pressing her lips together, she took a deep steady breath and cleared her throat. "Please, whatever it is, you can tell me anything." And suddenly, she realized no matter what he said, it was time she was honest with him. She wouldn't let him walk away from her without a fight, without knowing the truth about her feelings and desires. She knew herself better than she ever had before, and she owed Derek that debt of gratitude.

"Katrina, you've been working as my teaching assistant for years now. Before that, you were my student, and one of the brightest and most promising I've ever had. You've astounded me more every year with your mind and...just you. I trust you with my work, as my friend...and because I trust you, I'm going to speak to you about a part of my life that I don't openly share with many people."

His expression was pained, and Katrina wanted to pull him against her and kiss the slight furrow between his brows. "You have my confidence."

"I know that. I've met someone."

Her eyes darted around the room, searching for something to anchor on to, anything other than the blue eyes boring into her soul. She didn't want him to see the pain. He

obviously wasn't going to try and pretend there hadn't been something between them, and in acknowledgement of it, he was softening the blow by telling her himself, ensuring she wouldn't find out through some other source.

"When?" Even the single word was too much to say without catching the tremor in her throat.

"In the last few weeks. I spent the night with her and now I see her everywhere. I can't stop thinking about her. The way she walks, the way she smells, the way she smiles or bites her lip when she's nervous." A half smile slanted across his face as he reached up and brushed his thumb against her mouth. "Like you're doing right now."

He laughed a bit, shaking his head. "From the minute I saw her, everything about her attracted me. Everything made me want her. She was a stranger to me, and then she wasn't. And in the end, I realized the reason she was so perfect, was because she was you."

Katrina gasped. She took a step back, unsteady in her heels. Derek's hand caught her elbow and pulled her back to him. They stared, eyes locked on each other, until she forced the words through her reluctant lips. "How? When did you know? Why didn't you say anything?"

"How? Luck." He shook his head slanting a disapproving look her way. "I went to the party because I thought you might be there. When I saw the book you had on sub-erotica and then saw your reaction, something told me you were new. I thought you might attend the party and if you did..." he paused, drawing a ragged breath as he worked the muscle in his jaw, "...I couldn't allow another man to touch you. I couldn't stand it."

Her knees went weak with his admission and she felt if it weren't for his hand on her arm she would have fallen.

"You scared the hell out of me, Kat. I almost didn't recognize you, you'd done such a thorough job disguising yourself. But even so, different hair..." he reached out and rubbed a few strands between his fingers, "...different eyes..." traced his thumb across her brow, "...when I saw that sexy kitten across the room, worrying her lip between her

teeth, I went insane with want. You are the only person who has ever affected me that way. After that, it was as though you had no mask. I knew it was you, the one I'd coveted for so long. I had the hardest time of my life maintaining my control, maintaining the façade that we were strangers, but those were the rules of the game."

Her heart was racing, her throat dry. She'd been dying and he'd known the whole time. "Why are you telling me now? Why did you wait for two weeks?"

"You ended it. The safeword. I didn't know for sure if you knew it was me. Hell I thought maybe you chose to use the safeword because you didn't want to know. I've pushed you away so many times, I couldn't blame you for not being interested." He sighed, narrowing his eyes slightly. "And then I remembered something. You and Trista were together. She'd been trying to get me to come to the party. Promising me a new, *eager* sub. She set us up together. You knew who I was, what I wanted, what you were getting into. So why would you have backed out at the last minute, unless you didn't like what you experienced?"

"Derek," she breathed in a plea, "I wanted you for so long. I would have done anything to be with you." She bowed her head in shame confessing her manipulation. "I thought if circumstance brought us together, if anonymity breached the academic boundaries, there wouldn't be any reason for us not to be together. I thought it was the only way I'd be able to prove that I could be what you needed." She swallowed past the knot of guilt in her throat. "I thought, at the very least, I might be able to have just one night with you, finally know what it was like. I was so selfish. I see it now."

Derek grasped her chin firmly between his fingers and tilted her face up to meet his probing stare. "You had your night, and some time to reflect on it. So what did you learn?"

Heat rushed to her cheeks and it was all she could do not to look away, but she owed him the truth. "Before that night, my experience was...limited. I thought I'd had an idea of what to expect, but nothing could have prepared me for the...intensity. It was like a riot of my senses, the full spectrum of my emotions all engaged in the culmination of an unparalleled release. It was more freeing than anything I've ever experienced and yet,

now that I've had a taste, I'm enslaved." Her breath came faster as she confessed the effect of their session. "You've mastered me. My heart, my body. You opened my eyes and body to a level of sensation I'd never known possible...but that doesn't change the fact that I betrayed you by doing what I did. I'm sorry."

It was that moment of indecision, where time stood still and her fate hung in the balance.

His gaze narrowed, searching her own. "Betrayed me?"

"You had made your decision and, whatever your reasons, I had no right to manipulate you into being with me. I just couldn't help it." She swallowed hard, lost in the blue eyes behind the glasses. Lost in the desire to have him.

His hand circled her wrist, pulling her into a rough embrace. "Hmm, I suppose you have been a bit of a bad girl then, haven't you, Kitty?" His words came in a taunt that made her every sense go on alert.

"I'm sorry. I was wrong...bad. I don't know what to say, what I deserve." She'd do anything, accept any punishment he deemed appropriate. Anything to be with him again.

He raised his hand to his jaw in the thoughtful gesture so typical of him. "Perhaps that spanking is in order after all. Or...to demonstrate that you appreciate the severity of your disobedience as you say you do, prove it by finding something suitable for your punishment."

Katrina stepped back, her heart racing. Control to express her regret was within her grasp. She scanned the room she knew better than her own apartment, falling on the instrument of her castigation.

She stepped past him, hoping the pleats of her short skirt swaying with each step would draw the professor's eyes to her bare thighs and the curve of her ass.

Circling back to his desk, Katrina planted her hands on the top and leaned forward with a slight arch to her back. In her right hand she held a wooden yardstick. "Please."

The deliberately submissive pose elicited the desired response from the professor. Apparently pleased by her display, he issued his gruff command. "Show me what's mine to punish."

Wet lust twisted through her core, soaking her white thong. “All of me,” she answered, staring down at the desk.

She was within six inches of his body, leaned over the desk in front of him, she could feel his heat radiating over her. His face was stoic as he bent over her to take the yardstick from her grip. “Katrina, are you sure you know—”

She hung her head between her outstretched arms and then looked back at him with eyes that invited him to understand her welcome, to see into her soul, to know that he was everything she wanted.

The change in his stance was subtle, but unmistakable as he leaned back an infinitesimal distance. His eyes clouded with some dark emotion, causing a deep ache between her legs. She was terrified and elated, and suddenly she wanted to run from the room rather than know for sure what he would deliver, but instead she held her ground, rocking her hips back and forth.

Her short skirt was yanked up and her thong pulled down. Katrina closed her eyes and ran her tongue lightly against her teeth as she felt Derek’s strong hand caress one exposed cheek and the flat wood of the stick stroke slowly between her legs and then tap gently against her wet pussy in an excruciating tease. Another tap and then the edge snaked up between her cheeks, grazing her anus, before drawing away. The hand at her ass gripped into her flesh, kneading it in a rough motion that made her groan and rock back—*swat!*

She cried out, biting her lip as the ruler snapped against her cheek with sharp contact. Her pussy contracted violently and she rose up farther on her toes, inviting his next swat. It came quick and harsh, the slap of it echoing with her stifled moan through the otherwise-silent lecture hall. Cool air teased her hot skin until Derek covered the biting spot with his palm.

“You will never betray me again, is that clear, Kitty?” *Swat!*

“Agg, yes. Never again.” Her clit pulsed and she desperately wanted to rub it.

“Never again, what?” *Swat!*

Her breath came in pants as she rocked back to him for more. “Never again, *Master.*”

Strong hands grabbed her hips from behind, sinking into her flesh, and spun her around. Face-to-face, they stared at one another for a split second. And then his mouth met hers in a savage crush of lips and teeth and tongues. He fisted her hair, yanking her head back, sucking and biting at her neck as she moaned, pressing herself against him.

Every part of her being burned for him, this man who was the most incredible lover and the most brilliant thinker she'd ever encountered. The feel of his hands running rough over her body had her wet and begging for more. "Please, I need you. I've never needed anyone like this."

His palm skimmed up her thigh, under her skirt and yanked off her panties with one fierce twist.

"God, I've needed you. Everywhere I look, Kitty, you're all I see. All I want." He seized her by the backs of her thighs and shoved her up onto the edge of his desk. "Open your legs." The command had Katrina ready to come on the spot. She lifted her skirt and spread her legs, running her hands over her inner thighs and up to part her pussy lips for him. He groaned. Tearing at his fly, he freed his rock-hard cock and thrust into her wet depths. Her pussy slid over him, eagerly hugging every inch until she was seated to the hilt. Her clit rubbed against him, satisfying the throbbing ache within her, as he ground deeper. He skimmed his hand under her thin sweater, found her breast and gripped it roughly. Pulling at the taut nipple, he slid in and out of her wet velvet hole. "I would have waited," he growled against her neck, "until you finished the graduate program. I would have waited, but I would have made you mine."

She tightened her legs around his waist, forcing him deeper inside of her. "I couldn't wait," she gasped, feeling him stretch her inner walls, branding her with every stroke.

He moved faster, cupping her ass with his hands. "And here I thought you'd been tamed, you wild impetuous hellcat. I think you've earned yourself another punishment."

She groaned, sliding back and forth over him, rubbing her clit against him with every deep thrust, tightening, clenching, receiving every inch of him again and again. She gasped, closer. "Tell me," she begged.

He thrust, deeper, harder, filling her to capacity and stretching her beyond. Through gritted teeth, he strained to get the words out. “You’ll be bound to me forever. I’ll never give you up.”

Forever. Her body constricted like a fist around his cock, her pussy spasming brutally against his groin as she came. He groaned, stiffening, gripping her ass as he came inside of her. She hugged him closer, her legs locked around him, her inner walls milking him of every drop of his hot come. She panted, resting her head against his chest. Heaven.

“I’m bound to you, but not because of my name on some paper or some chain shackling me. I’m bound to you because I love you,” she said, nuzzling farther into his embrace.

He answered with a kiss to her temple, tightening his hold. “Then I have been bound to you since the day we met.”

About the Author

To learn more about Lynne Maris, please visit www.lynnmaris.blogspot.com. Or send an email to Lynne at lynnemaris@yahoo.com. She loves to hear from her readers.

It's her way, or the highway—until one sexy cowboy crosses the line.

Bound by the Past

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Years of neglect and disappointments have molded Jessica Evans into a strong, independent woman, determined to live life by her rules. The only place she's willing to relinquish control is in the bedroom. Even then, it's only on her terms.

A safety net of multiple partners keeps anyone from getting too close. That is, until one sexy cowboy throws a snag in that net, big time. Not only does Wade Peterson make her body burn, he's crossed the line. The damn man wants to marry her.

For Wade, sharing her with another man is almost more than he can bear. But if he pushes too hard, he could lose her for good—something he refuses to allow to happen. Jessie's rejection isn't the end of it, not by a long shot. He's back, and he's hell-bent on seducing her right back into his wicked arms.

Then her past comes back to drop a bomb in her lap, and Wade sees a part of her he didn't know existed—and another obstacle that could drive her to push away her only chance for love.

Enjoy the following excerpt for Bound by the Past:

As the door creaked open and the click of boots sounded upon the wooden floor, Jessie's senses jumped into high alert mode. In the darkness that surrounded her, she strained to use her sense of hearing and smell to detect the subtle differences in the room. She inhaled deeply, catching the scent of sandalwood, the same cologne that Wade wore, mixing with a hint of citrus aftershave that Clancy had used this evening.

That's all she needed, one more thing to remind her of Wade, the man she really wanted to touch and caress her body. A shiver of disappointment raked through her.

To the left Clancy shuffled his bare feet. Earlier, when he'd secured her wrists, he had been wearing a pair of black satin pajama bottoms. He had kissed her softly before slipping the mask over her eyes, but she had caught a glimpse of his mischievous grin. If she didn't know better, Jessie would say he was up to something. She knew he was

worried about her. This entire session was his way of pulling her out of the depression she had fallen into. With a little luck his cousin would be just what the doctor ordered.

The moan of the heater kicking on and the brush of warm air caught her attention for a second, reminding her of the chill that filled the room. Of course, it was probably the way she was dressed or perhaps it was the fact she was bound and blindfolded in the middle of Clancy's bedroom awaiting a stranger's touch. Like always, it had been her choice. She set the rules, defined the boundaries, before handing over control to her partners.

Jessie wielded her sensuality like a weapon, enjoying the dominance she held. Although she was the one tied up, she called the shots. Yet recently she had discovered that control was a figment of her imagination. She had Wade to thank for that revelation. With just a touch, he could melt her body into a pool of sensations. He carried her to places she hadn't dared traverse—made her want more.

Dammit. Forget about him.

Who was she kidding? All this was a mind game—an illusion. The blindfold might hide the truth that she was hesitant about this new arrangement, but it wouldn't turn Trevor into Wade.

Feeling a little weak-kneed, she wedged her legs apart to steady herself. The corset she had purchased with Wade in mind hugged her ribcage like a second skin. The red lacing meant to show off her curves and small waist. She had arranged her hair atop her head, allowing ringlets to curl down her neck. She loved the sexy slide of fur against her skin. She just wished Wade could have seen the outfit.

When Clancy and Trevor's steps grew nearer, anxiety slithered up her spine. She resisted the urge to wet her lips, her mouth suddenly dry. Instead, she gripped the silk rope and held on, trying to relax, but it was a worthless attempt. When all movement in the bedroom paused the breath in her lungs froze.

What was wrong with her? A night of unbridled passion should have excited her. It offered her a release from the tension she'd felt this past week. Yet she couldn't quite put her finger on it—something wasn't right.

Fact was she didn't have the energy to pretend to enjoy Trevor's caress when there was only one cowboy she wanted.

A wave of anger engulfed her. Damn Wade Peterson for confusing her—making her want him. She tried to push him from her mind. When that didn't work, she focused on the silence which only served to irritate her more.

Forget him.

With a lack of patience, she opened her mouth ready to say, "Let's get this show on the road," when a finger pressed against her lips.

"Not a word or you'll be punished," Clancy murmured in her ear as his palm smoothed down her arm. It was out of character for him to play-threaten her. He was always so gentle with her. That's why when he slapped her ass hard she let out a squeal of surprise. "Tsk, ts. What a shame," he teased. "Do you want to do the honors?"

Trevor didn't speak, but she heard him move away and soon she heard the crack of a whip. Apprehension skittered over her skin. Not everyone could handle a whip. There was an art to making it sing through the air and sting, but not cut. A wild flick too close to the kidneys—

A shudder quaked through her. "Clancy, I—"

"Hush, babe. You trust me?"

She didn't hesitate. "Yes. But—"

"He knows what he's doing. Relax."

Easy for him to say. She didn't know much about Trevor. He seemed a little young, a little cocky—

Crack! When the first butterfly kiss touched the cheek of her ass, all thoughts of his inexperience dissolved. Not many people could wield the whip with such control. Of course, it could have been a lucky hit. The following feather-light caress to her other cheek made her release a sigh of relief. He knew what he was doing. In fact, she knew only one other person as skilled.

But it wasn't until the tip of the whip teased the sweet-spot where her thigh and butt met that she let herself enjoy the sting. She loved when Wade stroked that area with his whip. He called it her love spot because it did wicked things to her body, like sending

chills of delight through her, making her nipples tighten and rays of sensation fill her breasts. She couldn't help the moan that spilled from her mouth as he nipped the area once more.

"Do you like that, baby?" Clancy asked as she felt a tug on the lacings of her corset. Cool air drew her nipples into taut nubs.

"Yes," she breathed. It was silly, but she prayed Trevor wouldn't speak, wouldn't break the spell falling over her. With her eyes blindfolded, the experienced way he handled the whip, she could almost believe it was Wade. The thought should have upset her, but instead she found herself wanting more—wanting Wade.

Moisture dampened her thighs. A pinch developed low in her belly.

Little by little the lashes grew in strength. Each sting lingering longer before the next one fell. When one particularly strong one wrapped around her thigh, she arched, her breasts spilling out into Clancy's waiting palms as the corset slipped to the floor. She leaned into his caress.

"You're gorgeous." Clancy kneaded her breasts, his fingers plucking at her nipples. "Come take a look."

Jessie heard the whip fall, striking the floor with a thud as the pad of booted feet approached. Her anxiety soared, but she had to admit there was something wicked about being blindfolded, held in Clancy's hands, while another man stared at her exposed breasts. A quiver raced through her when a warm, wet tongue slid across her sensitive nipple. Cool air danced around the moist flesh as that same tongue flicked several times across it, teasingly. The rim of a cowboy hat pressed into her chest—this was Trevor. He had the same close-cut beard and mustache that Wade had, while Clancy was clean shaven. Jessie pulled in a sharp breath when he dipped his head and began to suck, pulling gently at first and then firmly.

When Clancy circled his tongue around a nipple and then began to suck, Jessie yanked against her bindings. She needed to touch them, to hold them close and feel her fingers slide through their hair.

Trevor nipped her sensitive nub, causing her to cry out at the pleasure-pain. Wade teased her in such a way while Clancy did just the opposite, his touch gentle and

cherishing—but not tonight. Her pussy clenched, excitement taking hold of her as he scraped his teeth, tugging on her nipple.

Jessie loved her breasts to be fondled. The stimulation sent shards of heat to explode between her thighs. She tightened her inner muscles. Arched into their caresses and begged they would never release her, but all too soon they did just that, leaving her unfilled.

The silence that followed raised her anxiety and anticipation.

When cold sharp steel touched her skin, Jessie startled. The prickles of a spur began a path from the swell of her breast trailing to the tip of her nipple, goose bumps rising in the wake of the spur.

Clancy had coached Trevor well.

This was exactly how Wade would have pleased her. Clancy knew she loved the jingle and feel of Wade's Mexican spurs against her flesh. The way the long metal spikes bit into her skin made every nerve ending come alive.

Within seconds, both spurs were moving across her flesh, tossing her into a maelstrom of emotions. Alternating light and then harder, they kept her guessing where on her body the spurs would appear next. Every touch of the cold steel built her arousal. Pleasure tipped with pain cascaded through her bound body as her mind followed the prickly sensation down her midriff to her mound. She held her breath waiting for the spikes to trail over the pulsing flesh between her thighs when firm lips brushed hers and then kissed her earnestly.

She purred and leaned in for a taste. This had to be Trevor, Clancy never demanded, never took without asking. Only Wade demanded taking what he wanted. Trevor forced his tongue between her lips to devour her mouth. God... He and Wade shared the same taste, down to the hint of whiskey on his breath. If she didn't know better she would swear it was Wade, but it couldn't be. It was just her imagination—her need to lose herself in his arms.

When he threaded his fingers through her hair, grasped the nape of her neck, tipping her head back to take control and forcing her to take him deeper, Jessie knew who held her in his arms.

The only thing stronger than Amber Grayson and Brian Matther's loathing for each other, is their all consuming lust.

Consumed

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Amber Grayson's dates never seem to measure up. That is, until Brian Matthers—the boy from high school who sparked such intense longing in her, no other man could compare—returns to her life.

When Amber and Brian come together, their powerful chemistry overwhelms them both, leading them to fall hard and fast. But betrayals are easy to believe when things seem too good to be true, and the romance ends as fast as it starts.

Only Brian and Amber have had a taste of the heat between them, and a taste isn't nearly enough. Nothing is hotter than make-up sex...except break up sex and when the two indulge in no-strings attached sex tempers flare and barbs fly. Brian quickly discovers that the only thing more intense than Amber's wrath is her passion.

Embarking on a relationship that is strictly sexual and gratifies their most torrid fantasies, they soon find that abiding by the unspoken rule of strictly sex proves more challenging than either of them expected.

Enjoy this excerpt from *Consumed*:

Amber was tucked into Brian's chest, soaking his tee-shirt with the sodden fabric of her own. Her breasts pressed flat against him as he lifted her with one arm and carried her out of the bar.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" she hissed, pushing out of his grasp.

Dumbfounded, he stared back at her. "Are you freaking kidding me, Amber? If I'd known your goal was to get mauled by a bunch of strangers, I would have offered you a second drink to splash over your tits, given you a leg up to stand on the bar."

"Screw you, Brian. I was fine. That guy was grabby, but I was fine." Her voice faltered slightly, giving away her shaken state.

He yanked the shirt off and held it out. If he was going to get arrested, he'd at least leave Amber with a little coverage.

He shoved the shirt towards her. "Here, put this on."

She looked down at it like he was offering her rancid meat.

"That's it." He stalked over to her, grabbed her shoulders and spun her so she faced the darkened glass of a closed storefront. "Look!"

Amber gasped at her reflection, crossing her bare arms over her chest. "Give it to me!" She grabbed for the shirt and quickly slipped it on. The absence of her ample bosom was a bittersweet victory. Brian leaned forward, trying to control the delivery of his words. "Are you here with anyone? Can someone take you home?"

She was still looking in the glass at the image of herself now wrapped in Brian's shirt. "No. I had a crappy day at work, made a stupid mistake—my head...anyway, I just wanted to get out and burn off some steam. Danny was going to meet me during his break, but some delivery got screwed up and he had to run out. So it was just me. I didn't think I'd see you here. I figured it was the last place you'd go."

She turned to face him. Her eyes glittered with tears for a second before she turned and walked toward her apartment.

Brian's fingertips tingled where he'd wanted to run them over her cheek and soothe away that look of sadness. He stepped back and searched the bar window for Neil, who was nowhere to be found. Maybe Miss Giggles had gotten lucky, or maybe Neil was in the john, but either way, Brian didn't have time to stick around and find out.

Amber was already pushing the corner when he caught up with her.

She shot him a scathing glance and kept walking. "What are you doing out here?"

"Amber, look, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to ruin your night. I want to make sure you get home, okay? The way you look right now, it's probably not a good idea for you to be walking alone." She had on tight grey Capri pants that hugged her ass in a way that told the story of someone who ran religiously. With every breeze, his shirt billowed open, revealing the soaked little baby tee that cropped off at just about the bottom of her ribs and left a sexy expanse of flat abdomen for the casual observer's viewing pleasure. With all that skin and swell, there was no way he could let her walk home alone.

“That’s awfully noble of you, Brian, but I don’t need your help.”

“Well, do you want me to call Eric to come and get you?”

“What the hell? Eric is probably off banging some intern tonight. Even if he’s not, no, the last thing I want is you calling him. And not that it’s any of your damn business, but Eric isn’t here because Eric and I are not together.” She finished, jutting her chin at him.

He took a long stride and grabbed her arm, pulling her even with him. “What do you mean you aren’t together? Tonight? Or at all anymore?”

“At all. What’s wrong with you? Why do you care?”

He shouldn’t care. It shouldn’t matter if she was single or not. He knew she was a cheater and she’d made one out of him. She wasn’t the kind of girl he wanted to know much about. But he couldn’t help the way she was ruling his mind, which made him all the angrier. “Actually, screw that. I don’t care.”

“I didn’t think so. Here’s your shirt back. Take a hike.”

She pulled the oversized shirt off, tossed it back to him and stomped off.

He would have loved to take a hike. To get as far away from those perfect tits and jewel-hard nipples pointing through her shirt, as he could. Remove himself from temptation. God knew that any poor bastard who wanted to have a try at Amber tonight would be lucky to get away with his life. But of course, he couldn’t do it. She would be inside her apartment with the door locked before he’d walk away.

“I’m walking you home, then I will gladly take a hike.”

“Ah, his chivalry extends beyond fucking in public and then dumping at the nearest street corner.”

Blood rushed up his neck and into his head. “That is bullshit and you know it. You started that in the club and I’m pretty sure you loved every damn second of it as much as I did. And as for the street corner, *you* ended it there. Eric showing up must have been a bit of a surprise. How’d you manage to explain me away? Oh, wait, you aren’t together anymore. That why you’re out alone tonight? Looking for another dick to fill your void?”

“You’re a prick. I don’t need to go out to get stuffed, asshole. And as phenomenal a fuck as you are, that’s all you’re good for. I’ve got a dildo as big as you and it’s a lot less complicated.”

She shouldn’t have told him that. It was information he shouldn’t have. His mind flooded with images of her kneeling on the floor, legs spread, her wet pussy taking in a giant rod. His chest got tight and he felt all that boiling blood in his neck plummet to his cock. They were at the sidewalk stairs to her building. He grabbed her by the arm, spun her around to face him.

“You were a fantasy, Brian. One rock hard fantastic fantasy. But the reality of you isn’t so attractive.” She tried to yank her arm out of his grasp, but her statement had shocked him and he held firm.

“That’s what this was about, Amber? Some high school crush...some old fantasy? That’s what you said, right? Did you feel like the prom queen fucking me?”

Her eyes smoldered as he held her there, a subtle smile curving at the corners of her mouth. He tightened his grip on her arm and pulled her a step closer. Her breath caught as she pushed ineffectually against him, her eyes flashing anger and something more. “Fuck the prom queen. It was better than that.”

The overhead streetlamp cast a yellow cone of illumination over them, enough light for Brian to see every ridge and bump of her nipple through the damp shirt. God help him, but he reached out and grazed her nipple with the pad of his thumb, pushing his palm roughly up against the bottom curve, squeezing it hard.

Amber sucked in her breath and then let it out with a slow hiss, leaning in to his grasp. “Damn you.”

He trapped the erect nub between his fingers, rolling it tightly as he rubbed his thumb back and forth against it. She looked like she was going to come on the spot, and then kill him within seconds. He ran his tongue over his bottom lip. “So I’m good for a fuck?”

“And not one damn thing more.”

Her breath was coming in short pants as he pulled at her, their eyes locked together, aggression and arousal sparking between them.

“Better than that dildo you have upstairs?”

He tweaked the nipple with a pinch until she bit her lip and took a short step closer to him.

“I don’t know. It just came today.”

“I’m flattered.”

“Don’t be. I hate you.”

He tugged her closer, holding her captive, eliciting a small cry from her and turning his cock to stone in the process. Her parted lips and smoldering eyes were an irresistible invitation. Lowering his head, he brushed his mouth against hers, probing with his tongue as he pinched her nipple harder. She shuddered, opening to him, and slid her tongue over his. His cock strained painfully against the front of his pants. Wanting Amber to feel the hard bulge, he grabbed her by the waist and forced her roughly against him.

Can this beauty tame the beast?

Mistress to the Beast

© 2008 Eve Vaughn

Her father's shop is more than just a family business. It's the place they lovingly call home. When a powerful property development company stoops to barely legal tactics to force them to sell, Lila's outrage spurs her straight to the source to fight the injustice.

A serious accident left Hunter Jamison's body scarred. A bitter split from his latest lover has left the former playboy without faith in the female sex. Yet, confronted with Lila's fiery beauty, he finds himself offering her a deal: If she'll be his mistress for three months, he'll allow her father to keep the shop.

A simple agreement? Hardly. It's a battle of wills that flares into much more than either of them bargained for—a consuming passion that could heal Hunter's soul-deep scars...or inflict new ones.

Warning: This title contains blackmail, vehicular sex, angry sex, light bondage and graphic language.

Enjoy the following excerpt for Mistress to the Beast:

When he held out his hand to her, panic set in. There had to be a way to buy some more time. Lila shook her head. "Just give me tonight. I promise, I'll be ready for you tomorrow."

Nostrils flared as he narrowed his eyes. "Lila, I don't make a habit of repeating myself. Get up now or by God, I'll drag you upstairs."

"Sir, is there anything else you'll need?" Mrs. Coates poked her head into the dining room.

"Go away!" Hunter growled.

The older woman disappeared as quickly as she appeared.

Lila gasped. "Do you make a habit of talking to your staff that way? You are a hypocrite. How can you expect other people to be courteous to those who work for you, when you don't know the meaning of the word?"

For his answer he grabbed her by the arm, practically yanking it out of its socket as he hauled her out of her seat and pulled her roughly against his body.

Her fighting instinct emerged. She didn't care what kind of bargain they had, there was no way she'd let him get away with manhandling her. Lashing out, she smacked his broad chest. "Don't ever do that to me again! You have no right—"

"That's where you're wrong, Lila. My house, my rules. You didn't have to agree to the terms set before you, but you did so now you'll have to deal with the consequences. So far my words have had no effect on you so I think the time calls for action."

Before she could utter another word of protest, Hunter bent over to lift and toss her over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. The wind whooshed out of her lungs, making it difficult for her to speak. Stunned, she hung helplessly as he strode out of the dining room, took the stairs two at a time and carried her to a bedroom she assumed was his. Once her feet touched the floor again, her ability to talk had returned and she was pissed!

"Who the hell do you think you are? I'm not a rag doll you can lug around as you please."

Hunter's response was to loosen his tie and shrug out of his black dining jacket. His outward calm only served to enrage her further.

"Did you hear me?" she yelled.

He unbuttoned his shirt, revealing a chest Mr. Olympus would have been proud of. Her gaze slid along the crested hills of his torso, sprinkled liberally with dark blond hair that trailed down the center of hard rippled abs. He'd seemed huge with his clothes on, but topless, he was a hulk.

Lila gulped, taking a step back. Shaking her head as though to deny what was happening, she held her hands out in front of her. "Don't."

He unbuckled his belt and pulled it out of the loops of his pants. "As we've already established, there's no backing out."

"No. You established it. I didn't. I don't think it was asking too much of you to give me a little time to adjust to this situation."

"But I believe it was. Just as it was a lot for you to ask me to rearrange my plans for a multi-million dollar project, which took weeks of finagling to get the board to agree to.

I complied with your plea because I thought you to be a woman of your word. Was I wrong about you, Lila? Are you the type of woman who'll make pretty promises until she gets what she wants and then doesn't fulfill them?"

"No. When I say I'll do something I will..." With a groan, she covered her mouth. She'd basically backed herself in a corner. If she didn't go through with this, she would look like she was reneging and, judging from the smug smirk tilting those sensually curved lips, Hunter knew it too.

Damn him.

"That's what I thought." Kicking out of his pants, he placed his hand on the elastic band of his black boxers.

Lila shook her head, closing her eyes at the sight of his cock tenting his silk underwear. She wrapped her arms around her body, letting her mind wander to any place other than here. Once he touched her, there would be no going back. She'd be no better than a whore.

A cry escaped her lips when he reached out and grazed the side of her cheek with the back of his hand.

"Open your eyes, Lila. I won't allow you to pretend I'm someone else." Once again there was steel in his soft words, daring her to disobey his order.

Slowly she raised her lids, her insides churning with nerves. Why couldn't she stop shaking and dear Lord, why was he so—naked? Though she attempted to keep her gaze above waist level something drove her to look down.

Her mouth fell open. His dick was huge! It jutted forward, not a few inches away from her, long, proud and obscenely thick; she couldn't tear her eyes away from it.

"Do you like what you see?"

"No." The word had come out a little too quickly, even to her own ears.

"The mouth says one thing, but the eyes don't lie. This is what you did to me. Have you any idea how many nights I've lain awake thinking about this moment? When you came downstairs for dinner, I could barely sit still. I'm so fucking horny, I can't promise our first time together will be as nice and slow as I'd like it to be."

Hunter pulled her against him, grinding his hardness against the juncture of her thighs before burying his face against her neck.

She stiffened. *I will not like this. He can do what he'd like to my body, but he'll never have all of me*, she silently vowed. Unfortunately, her body wasn't in tune with her mind. To Lila's utter shame, warmth worked its way from her core and spread throughout her being at the gentle press of his lips on her flesh.

What had she expected? That he'd fling her on the bed, hump her a few times and be done? That's exactly what she'd believed.

Calloused hands slid across her shoulders and pushed the spaghetti straps of her dress down. "Beautiful chocolate skin," he murmured, caressing her with what almost seemed like awe.

A tremble made its way up her spine. No! This couldn't be happening to her. She didn't want to like this, didn't want it to feel good. Keeping her arms firmly at her sides, her fists clenched tight, she tried to maintain a steady breathing pattern.

Hunter pushed her dress to her waist with practiced ease. Her nipples stiffened as the cool air hit them. He lifted his head and cupped her breasts. His thumbs grazed over the turgid peaks, bringing her to painful awareness of the stirring between her legs.

"Sexy. Like dark Hershey Kisses."

"Please" She whispered one last protest, not wanting to give in to the burning ache searing through her system.

"Oh, I definitely intend to." Hunter laughed softly and dipped his head to flick his tongue over one stiff tip, circling and teasing it until Lila began to shake uncontrollably.

Heat flooded her pussy, forming moisture in her panties. She bit her bottom lip to hold back the moan that nearly escaped.

Hunter pulled the burgeoning point into his hot mouth, sucking with fervent tugs.

Almost involuntarily, her hands found their way to his silky blond tresses, digging into them and holding his head against her chest. It had been so long since she'd been held and touched like this, and she couldn't believe how easily her body reacted to him. Lila pressed her thighs together to temper the heat pulsing between them. Hunter seemed to relish his task, taking his time and working her body into a frenzy.

He turned his attention to her other nipple, giving it homage, teasing and tormenting it until she whimpered from pleasure overload. He surprised her by dropping to his knees, taking her dress down with him until her garment formed a little black puddle at her feet.

Hunter jerked her panties down and nudged her thighs further apart, before burying his face between her legs, inhaling deeply. "Mmm. I love the scent of your arousal. You're so responsive. I like that."

Lila looked down to see he was eye level with her pussy. Why did he have to torture her this way? And why was she so turned on by the simple act of him staring at her?

"I'm glad you're not completely shaved down here. I like my women to look like women and not little girls and you're all woman, aren't you, Lila?" He brushed the nest of tight curls with the heel of his palm.

The warring emotions raging through her were making this ordeal more difficult to bear. Despite his skillful ministrations and her body's responses to them, she had to somehow get herself under control or she wouldn't be able to think straight. "Please, c-can't you just get this over with? I-I don't want this."

He lifted his head to look her in the face with knowing eyes. "I won't dignify that comment with a response, especially when you're so hot a trail of cream is running down the inside of your delectable thigh." And to prove his point, he ran his tongue along the very line he'd pointed out.

Lila had to grip his shoulders to remain on her feet, otherwise her wobbly knees would have given out on her. Besides, she was still wearing the black heels she'd donned earlier, and it grew increasingly difficult to hold steady on them.

Parting the slick folds of her pussy, Hunter leaned forward and placed a kiss against her swollen clit and followed it with a long broad lick.

Her nails dug into his skin as she attempted to hold on to the last bit of her sanity. Lila could no longer kid herself. She wanted him. She was probably damned for feeling this way, but by God, the fire flowing through her veins could no longer be denied, especially when he sucked her hot nubbin into his mouth, his teeth grazing against it until she could no longer hold her excited moans back.

"Please." This time her impassioned plea was not for him to stop, but for him not to.

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