

Spank Me Once Anthology

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Noble Romance Publishing

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A photograph of a person's back, showing a large red handprint on the lower back. The person has long, dark, wavy hair. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

SPANK ME ONCE

Edited by Keta Diablo

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Spank Me Once
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Book Blurbs:

New Year's Resolutions by Stormy Glenn

Jamie is looking for someone to give him a little discipline. Nothing major - a light spanking will do just fine. When he spots Simon at a New Year's Eve party, he knows he's met a man who can make his New Year's resolutions come true.

Oh Behave by Jude Mason

Cathy James meets Nate Shaw at the local pool on one of her layovers. A couple of things get Cathy's attention about Nate. He does as he's told, and he's easily excited by being asked to behave. A few months down the road, Nate has a mishap and is in for a spanking. Poor Nate is beside himself after a couple of hours of teasing and torment. Will he be able to stand his punishment?

One Good Outcome by Jenna Byrnes

Steve Cannon's been naughty. He's naughty a lot, because a spanking from Mistress Ginger is one of his favorite things in the world. Someone sends photos taken at the BDSM club to Steve at his office. He and Ginger are forced to track down the bad boy

and determine his punishment. Exactly what Devon Pierce had in mind. He's naughty, too, and desperate for his handsome boss and Mistress Ginger to notice.

Serving Lisa by Martin Delacroix

Lane's a college student with a secret: he needs discipline from a mature woman. Visiting a website called Cruel Mistress, he finds a listing by a German couple, Lisa and Andreas. They seek a young man who "craves naked discipline" to "service the lady of the house." When Lane responds, his life is quickly transformed in ways he'd never imagined.

New Year's Resolution

By

Stormy Glenn

New Year's Eve

"Okay, I'm here." Jamie McDonald handed his jacket to his best friend, Brandon Thomas. "Now, where's my Christmas present?"

Brandon laughed. "Patience, my dear friend. You just got here. Get a drink and mingle a little. It's New Year's Eve. You've already waited a week for your present; you can wait a little longer."

Jamie shook his head and laughed. "Honey, I have a lot of virtues, but patience is not one of them."

Brandon rolled his eyes. "Fine. I planned this party with you in mind. There are a lot of couples here but no less than six single men looking for a sweet thing like you. Have your pick."

Jamie pursed his lips and turned to survey the room. "Single, you say? Maybe this will be a good year after all."

"I thought you might be particularly interested in Greg. He's an accountant with Quine and Carlton, thirty-eight, and single for the last six months." Brandon stepped up to stand next to Jamie and pointed to a dark-haired man standing by the bar.

"Oh, he's nice. Does he play?" Jamie crooned and gazed at the tall man. He looked nice. The black jeans hugged his legs like a second skin, as did the tight, white button-down shirt on his chest. Jamie envisioned unbuttoning each one with his teeth. Yum!

"Not like you, but you can always convert him." Brandon laughed. "Of course, if he doesn't suit you, there's always Thomas."

"Thomas?" Jamie asked curiously and dragged his gaze away from Greg to look at the other man Brandon pointed out.

Thomas seemed starchier than Greg. Dressed in a nice pair of brown slacks and a cream dress shirt, he was clean-shaven with neatly-combed blond hair. Jamie wondered if a hair on the man's head ever fell out of place. He seemed almost too perfect.

"Uh, not so much. Somehow I don't think he'd let me eat crackers in bed, Bran. Let's move on," Jamie said, dismissing Thomas as a possibility. He was too straight-laced, and Jamie liked to get a little kinky every once in awhile. Thomas didn't look like he'd go for that.

"Okay, there's always William." Brandon pointed to a third man standing next to the front window talking with others.

Jamie turned to look at William and a flash of white caught his eye. He followed the cotton shirt and discovered a pair of dark copper eyes staring at him. Jamie inhaled softly and a shudder of desire shot through him from the intense look in the man's eyes.

Ooohhh . . . now this one would know how to play. Jamie knew it by the glint in the man's eyes and the thickness of his hands. He had no doubt this man could give him what he wanted, what he needed.

"I want that one," Jamie said to Brandon without taking his eyes off the man.

"Which one?" Brandon turned his head to look. "Oh, no, you don't want him, Jamie, take my word for it. Simon is . . . well, Simon just isn't the one for you."

"Why not? Is he straight? Married? Involved? What?"

Brandon shook his head. "No, not exactly, but he's . . . he's intense. More intense than I think you're ready for."

"What's he into?" Jamie's curiosity heightened. He had to know. He hadn't had someone affect him like this in a long time. His heart raced, and his palms broke into a sweat. More importantly, his cock throbbed and begged for an introduction.

"Look, Jamie, I don't know Simon very well. He's a friend of Carl's, but I've heard things." Brandon placed his hand on Jamie's arm. "He's not into anything weird, at least not by your standards, but he prefers submissive partners – very submissive."

"I can do submissive," Jamie whispered. Just the thought of being submissive under Simon's strong muscular body gave him the shivers. Tall and well defined, Simon stood at least six foot two. At five foot nine, Jamie would be in heaven.

"Not like this, you can't." Brandon assured him. "There's no power on earth to hold your tongue when you get pissed off and you know it. It would never work."

"So, I'm a sarcastic bitch. That doesn't mean I can't do submissive," Jamie replied. "Besides, have you seen the size of that man's hands? They're perfect!"

"Oh, I swear to God, you and your penchant for getting spanked." Brandon groaned. "Honey, you've got to expand your horizons a little; try out some other kink."

"Uh-uh, I like that one too much." Jamie chuckled and turned to Brandon. "Have you ever had your ass reddened by a large, thick hand swatting you over and over until you feel it reverberate through your body?"

Brandon's eyes widened. "Oh, too much information, my friend." He laughed and held up his hand. "No, I've never been spanked and I don't care to, thank you very much. I like my ass the color it is."

With a shake of his head, Jamie smirked. "You don't know what you're missing."

"I'll take your word for it," Brandon said, glancing at Simon. "Jamie, I'm serious about that man. He's into a lot more than you are. Even if I don't understand why you like it, spanking is nothing compared to what he wants in a partner."

"What? Are we talking candle wax on nipples or something?" Jamie raised a brow and looked from Simon to Brandon.

“Uh, no. I think I’m safe in saying there is no candle wax involved, but there might be a few other toys.”

“Toys? I love toys.”

“Restraints, whips, plugs, clamps, rings. I could go on, you know.”

When Jamie looked at Simon again, the man was smirking. *Oh, he definitely has possibilities.* Jamie had never indulged in the heavier toys before, but for this man, he’d consider it.

“Come on, Jamie, let me introduce you to William,” Brandon said. “You’ll like him.”

Jamie shook his head and watched Simon plop onto a couch across the room. “Nope, I found what I want for Christmas and he’s sitting right over there.”

“Jamie”

Ignoring his friend’s protest, Jamie walked toward the man he’d set his sights on, stopping once he stood in front of him. He waited for Simon to look up while running through every pickup line he could think of in his head.

“Hi, my name’s Jamie. I realize Christmas is technically over but I wondered if I could ask you a question.”

Simon looked up. “I suppose you could, but I reserve the right not to answer.”

The man had a deep, whiskey drawl, and the hairs at the back of Jamie’s neck rose. To hear that voice in the throes of passion would be a dream come true.

Agonizing moments later, Simon asked, “What’s your question?”

“Do you know that according to Scandinavian custom, males and females who meet under the mistletoe are obliged to kiss?” Jamie leaned down and placed his hands on the back of the couch behind Simon’s head. “At Christmas time, anyone standing under a ball of mistletoe cannot refuse to be kissed. Such a kiss could mean deep romance or lasting friendship and goodwill. Thus, if two people exchange a kiss under the mistletoe, it’s interpreted as a promise to marry, as well as a prediction of happiness and long life.”

Simon's lips twisted into a smirk. "Three problems with that, Jamie; one, it's no longer Christmas. Two, I'm not Scandinavian, and three, I don't see any mistletoe."

"No," Jamie said and moved his face close to Simon's until their lips almost touched. "But we can always pretend."

Simon looked down at Jamie's lips and then met his eyes again. "I don't have a very good imagination."

"That's not what I hear," Jamie said softly.

"Oh? And just what have you heard?"

"Well, I heard you might be able to help me with my New Year's resolution."

Simon smiled again. "What might that resolution be?"

"I've resolved to have my ass spanked before the night is over." Jamie knew his words were direct, but the glint in Simon's copper eyes told him his message had been received loud and clear.

The thought of what Simon could do to him made Jamie's ass tingle. Simon's imagination might not be very good, but Jamie's rolled ahead full steam. He imagined the weight of Simon's hand on his ass.

"That's quite a resolution," Simon said. "And you think I can help you out there?"

Jamie nodded, dropped to his knees between Simon's legs, and reached over and grabbed his hand. "Oh yeah." He rubbed his thumb slowly over Simon's palm. "Your hands are perfect, so wide, large and strong. I have no doubt they could redden my ass exquisitely."

Jamie couldn't miss Simon's response to his words. The large tent forming in the man's pants caused Jamie to groan. His fingers itched with need to reach out and touch him.

He looked up at Simon, aware of the hot flames of heat in his eyes. "I'm sure there are a few New Year's resolutions I could help you out with . . . sir."

The moment he said *sir*, Jamie knew he had him. Simon's eyes darkened to dark brown. His nostrils flared, his breathing increased, and the small pulse at the side of his throat throbbed. "I may have mistletoe back at my condo."

"Lead the way, please." Jamie smiled, came to his feet and stepped back so Simon could stand. Rising to his full height, Jamie looked up and realized he'd underestimated Simon's height by several inches. Jamie's eyes were level with Simon's thick, muscular chest.

"Oh, you're tall," Jamie whispered.

"Does that mean you want to change your mind?"

"Hell no!" Jamie turned and headed for the door. A moment later, he felt a hard swat on his ass. Shocked, Jamie yelped and turned to look at Simon, shocked to see a stern look on his face.

"Swearing is not allowed, Jamie."

"What, no swearing? Seriously?" He opened his mouth to put Simon in his place, but the man's raised eyebrow gave him pause. "Okay, no swearing, I can do that . . . for now."

Following Simon across the room, Jamie gave Brandon a wave and a wide grin. He recognized the worried look on Brandon's face, but there was nothing he could do about it now.

Brandon had never understood Jamie's need to be spanked during sexual play, and Jamie doubted his friend ever would. Brandon and Carl practiced vanilla love in their relationship, and while Jamie had never been privy to their sexual interludes, he imagined their idea of foreplay consisted of Brandon pulling down his pajama bottoms and bending over.

Jamie, on the other hand, wanted more. He loved being spanked, lived to give blow jobs, and being fucked by a big, strong partner was his idea of heaven. He even had a box at home with a few toys. Nothing wild, but toys nonetheless.

"So, how far to your place?" Jamie asked as Simon unlocked the car door, opened it, and held it open for him. Jamie smiled and climbed in. Simon shut the door and walked around to the driver's side, while Jamie buckled his seatbelt.

Simon started the car, merged into the traffic and headed toward his condo. "Not far, maybe ten minutes."

"Perfect," Jamie said. "That gives me just enough time."

"Time for wha — oh, God!"

A groan fell from Simon's lips when Jamie leaned over, unzipped his pants, and pulled his cock out before he finished the question. Seconds later, Jamie wrapped his lips around Simon's hard erection. Damn, if Jamie could, he'd be yelling right now. Drops of pre-cum leaked from the head of Simon's cock, slid against Jamie's tongue, and exploded over his taste buds. Simon tasted delicious.

Jamie used his tongue to lap at the head, pushing down against the tiny slit at the top. He wanted more, and loved giving blow jobs, but something about this felt so much better. Maybe it was the anticipation of what was to come. In any case, sucking Simon's cock made Jamie's blood race.

Jamie stretched his mouth wide to fit Simon's large cock into his mouth. Using his lips to squeeze around his girth, he pushed the head of Simon's cock up against the roof of his mouth. He couldn't wait to feel that bad boy pounding into him.

"Jamie!" Simon growled. "I'm going to come if you keep doing that."

Jamie lifted his head and Simon's cock dropped from his mouth with a loud pop. Looking up he said, "So come already; I have no doubt I can get you up again."

Simon's eyes widened and he inhaled deeply before he grabbed a lock of Jaime's hair and pushed his head down to his cock again.

Jamie wrapped his lips around Simon's shaft and swiped his tongue down the length, swallowing as much as he could. He moved his mouth up and down in a rapid motion and he brought his hand up to caress the underside of Simon's ball sac.

The harder he worked, the tighter Simon gripped his hair. On instinct, Jamie let his teeth scrape against the sides of the hard cock in his mouth. He heard a loud growl and then Simon shot a stream of hot cream into his mouth.

Jamie swallowed and used his tongue to lick up every last drop of the pearly white seed, including a few drops that fell on Simon's balls.

Simon gripped Jamie's hair and raised his head. When their eyes met, Simon's were glazed over and a dazed expression masked his face. He released his grip and gestured to the cock hanging out his pants. "We're almost there, Jamie."

Jamie planted a small kiss on the top of Simon's spent cock, shoved it back into his pants and closed the zipper. "Bye-bye, I'll see you soon." He chuckled and patted Simon's crotch.

Jamie sat up, leaned back in the seat, and grinned. Judging by the stunned look on Simon's face, he'd enjoyed Jamie's cocksucking technique. Reaching down, he rubbed his hand against his own hard, aching cock.

"Stop that!" Simon said sternly.

Jamie's eyes widened. "What?"

"That's mine now, mine to play with and enjoy. You get to play with it only when I say so. If you need to come, you'll come when I tell you to. Otherwise, keep your hands off."

"You're not serious!" Jamie shrieked and his hand flew forward to prevent his body from hitting the dashboard when Simon pulled the car over and slammed on the brakes.

Simon turned and looked at him. "Make your decision now. You said you've heard about me, so you know what I want. Either you accept that your body belongs to me and we continue on to my condo or we don't. In that case, we'll consider this a nice drive through the city and I'll take you back to the party."

Stunned, Jamie felt his mouth drop open. Was the man serious? He thought this would be a one-time thing, maybe a few times at most. "Can I ask some questions before I make my decision?"

"I expect nothing less."

"This isn't a one time thing, is it?"

Simon shook his head. "No. If you want a quick rub-off, I'm not the man for that. I'll take you back to the party and you can find someone else to take home for the night."

Simon turned the car around and Jamie reached out and grabbed his arm. His heart beat a million miles a minute and he tried to gather his chaotic thoughts. "Please, wait a minute. I want to understand. I need to know what you want from me. Tell me in plain language."

"You'll belong to me, do what I say, when I say it. Disobey me and I'll redden that sexy little ass of yours. Please me, and I'll redden that sexy little ass of yours."

"What's the difference?" Jamie asked, confused.

"The difference is if you please me, I'll let you come after I paddle your ass. If you don't, I won't. And you're not allowed to come without my permission."

"At all? What about in the shower or first thing in the morning? What if I don't see you for days? You actually expect me not to jerk off?" Jamie shook his head, his voice rising. A part of him felt outraged, another part incredibly aroused at the thought of submitting to Simon. The thought of being under the man's control caused Jamie's body to shudder.

"Yes, I expect you to not jerk off," Simon said. "If you need relief, you'll come to me for it. If I find out you masturbated without my permission or if you go to anyone else, it's over. It's as simple as that."

"And what do I get out of this . . . torture?"

"Me."

"And that means what?" Jamie asked. "Sure, you're the hottest thing I've seen in years but there are other guys out there. Why should I turn myself over to you and let you tell me what to do or when I can jerk off? What makes you so special?"

"You need me whether you know it or not. I can paddle that ass and give you what you need. I'll be there to take care of you, make sure you have everything you need, sexually or otherwise."

Whoa! No one had ever offered to take care of him, at least not in a sexual way. That was a little, no, *very* unusual. He wasn't sure what to make of it. "Simon, I don't know what to say. I mean . . ."

"Is this something you can live with or not?"

"Honestly, I don't know. I mean right now I can say yes because I want to take you home and fuck your brains out, but in the light of day, I just don't know. I've never had to answer to anyone before and I'm not sure I'd be good at it."

A smile spread Simon's lips. "Don't worry, baby, it's not something that happens overnight. It will take time and patience from both of us before you're properly trained."

"Trained?" Jamie squeaked. "What do you mean *trained*?" Visions of dog collars and eating out of a bowl on the floor flashed through his head. While he didn't mind being submissive to his partner, he wasn't into that.

"You can't be expected to understand my wants and needs overnight. It takes time. I'm sure you'll mess up here and there, but you're fairly intelligent and eager to please. I have no doubt you'll pick it up soon enough."

"Can we take it slow?" Jamie asked. He was intrigued enough to want to try the things Simon described, but hesitant enough not to want to jump into this with both feet.

"I have no problem with taking it slow, Jamie, but I do require one promise from you before I agree."

"Okay."

"I insist on monogamy. I refuse to share. If that's not something you can agree to, this ends now."

Jamie smiled. "Monogamy sounds good to me." He reached into his back pocket, pulled his wallet out, and handed a piece of paper to Simon. "I get tested every six

months because I work in a hospital. I haven't been involved with anyone in over a year, and I've been tested twice."

Simon nodded. "Hold on to that until we get home. I have one too and I'll be happy to show it to you. But I have been involved in the last year. It ended eight months ago. I've tested clean twice since then."

"You've been" Jamie swallowed his words. It wasn't his business who Simon was involved with or why they were no longer involved. If Simon wanted him to know, he'd tell him.

"His name was Henry," Simon said, fixing his eyes on the windshield. "We were together for two years until he decided what we had wasn't what he wanted. He's getting married next month."

"Married, to a woman?"

"Yes, his bride-to-be is the daughter of the CEO of Kindle Industries. I received an invitation but decided it wouldn't be appropriate for me to attend."

"Oh," Jamie said and wondered if Simon still held feelings for his ex-lover. He didn't want to be someone's rebound. As much as Simon interested him, those types of relationships never worked out in the long run.

Simon looked at Jamie out of the corner of his eye. "Of course, if I had you on my arm, I might reconsider attending."

"Me? Why?"

"I cared about Henry, don't get me wrong, but I wasn't in love with him. There was definitely something missing in our relationship. When we broke up, I wasn't that upset. Henry, however, has decided to tell everyone how much it devastated me. I wouldn't mind putting him in his place."

Jamie's brows drew together in a frown. "And why would having me attend with you matter?"

Simon chuckled. "Baby, if you don't know your appeal, you must be blind."

“Is that why you decided to take me home?” Jamie asked, outraged. He crossed his arms over his chest and glared at Simon. “So you can shove me in the face of your lover?”

“Ex-lover, Jamie, and no, that’s not why I decided to take you home. I’m taking you home so I can paddle that little ass of yours like you so richly deserve. Showing you off would be a bonus.”

Jamie leaned his head against the window and watched the city streets fly by. Confused by the conversation with Simon, he wondered if he should have taken Brandon’s advice and made a play for William.

“Here we are,” Simon said, pulling into the driveway of a simple brownstone.

Jamie lifted his head and looked at the house. He would never have guessed Simon lived in a place that looked like a broken down duplex. The man didn’t seem the type. Brownstones screamed minivans and poodles, not sexy guys who like to dominate. It didn’t fit, and hadn’t he said something about a condo?

Climbing from the car, Jamie shut the door and stepped onto the sidewalk. He gazed up at the three-story brick building. He hadn’t envisioned this.

“Are you coming?”

Jamie turned, surprised to see Simon halfway across the street. He looked back at the brownstone. “Isn’t that your place?”

“That place? God, no, I live over here.” Simon pointed to a tall warehouse building across the street. “I pay Mrs. Montgomery to park in her driveway. She doesn’t own a car and my place doesn’t offer parking.”

Relieved, Jamie followed Simon across the street to the warehouse building. The thought of minivans and poodles gave him the creeps. Jamie was honest enough with himself to know he was not the suburbanite type. Potlucks and PTA meetings were not for him.

Jamie followed Simon into the building and into an elevator. The doors closed, Simon pushed a floor button and turned to him. Jamie swallowed the lump in his throat, unable to ignore the feral look on Simon’s face.

A small cry fell from his lips when Simon reached for him and pushed him against the wall of the elevator. His lips came down and claimed Jamie's and his hands held his head immobile. When Simon's tongue touched his, a hot rush tore through him.

Simon's lips were hard and searching, his hands rough and demanding as he explored the hollows of Jamie's back. Jamie's heart pounded in his chest. He'd never been kissed like this. Simon wasn't merely kissing him, the man was staking his claim, and Jamie was helpless to stop him.

"Your ass is going to be so beautiful when I'm done with it," Simon whispered against his neck.

In a haze of desire, Jamie arched his neck back to give better access. Simon nipped at his neck and nibbled his ear, sending Jamie's heart into wild palpitations. "Simon," he groaned. Damn, he wanted this man, wanted him badly. His hands moved to the cotton shirt tucked into Simon's pants. He pulled it up until he felt bare flesh against his exploring fingers, then he leaned forward and took one of Simon's brown nipples into his mouth. Squeezing his lips around it, he sucked it into a hard little nub.

"Oh, that's good, baby." Simon moaned and twined his fingers into Jamie's hair, holding his head tightly against his chest. A small ding echoed in the elevator. "This is my floor."

His knees weak, Jamie followed Simon out of the elevator and into a small entryway with a set of double doors. Simon unlocked them, pushed the door open and grabbed Jamie's arm, pulling him in before locking the door.

Jamie looked around the room. Now this warehouse-type condo was more like it. From where he stood, he could see the sunken living room with a two-story ceiling. A massive black leather sofa sat in front on a large fireplace with floor-to-ceiling windows behind it. Off to one side, Jamie saw an alcove that housed a large gourmet kitchen and dining room.

To the left, a set of wood stairs led to a loft bedroom. Colorful artwork graced the walls, vases of fresh flowers sat on sideboards, and books and sculptures filled the bookshelf along one wall.

“Do you like it?”

Jamie turned to look at Simon, His hands were stuffed into his pockets and he looked tentative as if waiting for his approval.

“It’s perfect.”

“Good, I’m glad you like it,” he said with a smile. “I bought the building a few years ago and converted the top two floors into a condo. I lease the bottom floors to businesses and restaurants. My office is on the third floor, just below us.”

Jamie’s eyes widened. “You own this building? What do you do for a living?”

“I’m an architect specializing in reclaiming, repairing, and reconstructing old abandoned buildings. This was one of my first projects.”

The pride in Simon’s voice touched Jamie’s heart. The man obviously worked hard to make a living but more than that, he seemed to love his vocation.

Jamie wished he could say the same. His own job as a medical records clerk at the local hospital paid the bills but he hated it. He’d much rather do something he loved, such as write an erotic how-to book on perfect blow jobs. But, hey, a man had to eat.

“It’s very nice, Simon. You’ve done an excellent job here.” Jamie snorted out a laugh. “I have to tell you, when we pulled into the driveway of the brownstone, I was worried. I don’t do suburbanite very well.”

Simon’s brows drew together. “Suburbanite?”

“Minivans and poodles, potlucks and PTA meetings, and white picket fences make me nauseous.” Jamie felt the heat rise in his cheeks. He hoped Simon wasn’t into that kind of stuff.

“Thank God!” Simon said and grabbed Jamie by the arms, pulling him into an embrace. “Don’t get me wrong. I love kids and I enjoy my nieces and nephews, but I

don't do dirty diapers and late night feedings. I'd much prefer my baby to look like you."

Jamie tilted his head back and looked into Simon's eyes. "Maybe, but I have to warn you, I'm a high maintenance baby. I need lots of attention, lots of presents, and lots of sex."

Simon grinned. "Why do you think I live in the same building I work in? Long lunches, arriving home early, and since I'm the boss, it's easy to take a day off if my baby needs a little extra special attention."

"Oh, I need lots of extra special attention," Jamie said with a smile.

"That's another reason I work and live in the same place. If you need me, I can run upstairs and paddle your sweet little ass. I'm only a phone call away."

Jamie laughed. "For you maybe, but I live across town. It would take twenty minutes to get to me if I called."

"For now, but that could change in the future." Simon reached behind Jamie, grabbed his ass, and gave it a good squeeze. "Now, don't I have some discipline to administer?"

Jamie closed his eyes and leaned into Simon. He felt Simon's hard erection pressing against his abdomen. Clenching his hands into the fabric of Simon's shirt, he tried to stop himself from swooning. The man was so hot!

"Discipline is good." Jamie groaned and opened his eyes, imploring Simon to mete out his punishment. "And I've been a very bad boy."

"Have you now?" Simon frowned. "Just how bad are you?"

"As bad as you want me to be."

"Then come with me, my little love, and see what I have upstairs." Simon grabbed Jamie's hand and pulled him up the stairs. "I have no doubt you'll like my playroom."

Playroom . . . Simon had a playroom? Jamie reached the top of the stairs and looked left to right to locate it. A massive bed, covered in a black comforter, sat in the middle of the room against a far wall. Black nightstands stood on both sides of the bed.

Another wall held a chest of drawers and a full-length mirror. An open door on the same wall led to the world's biggest bathroom. Beside Jamie, at the edge of the stairs, stood a long solid railing that ran the length of the room.

Jamie looked down into the living room. From where he stood, he assumed the bedroom was above the kitchen and dinning area. He liked the open spaciousness of the room, and had to admit, Simon did an excellent job in designing it.

However, the row of tall bookshelves along the third wall intrigued Jamie the most. Especially when Simon walked up to one of them, pulled out a red, leather-bound book, and one of the bookshelves swung open to reveal a hidden room behind the wall.

"Coming?" Simon asked and walked into the room.

Jamie groaned and readjusted the hard cock in his pants. "God, I hope so."

He followed Simon into the room, and came to an abrupt stop. This had to be the Taj Mahal of playrooms. A large bed covered in black silk sheets sat in the middle of the room. Along one wall hung every paddle, flogger, and whip Jamie could imagine. Another wall held a series of shelves with books and baskets filled with toys.

"Do you like it?"

Jamie turned to Simon with his mouth agape. "It's . . . well . . . it's really something." He couldn't find the proper words for a room dedicated strictly to sex play, and knew now he had truly fallen in love.

"Let me show you around," Simon said and led Jamie on a tour. "I had the room custom built six months ago."

"Six months ago? Then Henry's never"

"No," Simon said with a shake of his head. "I built this room after Henry left. He wasn't, well, he didn't enjoy that side of our relationship so I did without it. After he left, I decided I wasn't going to deprive myself again. Henry didn't understand my desire, my need, to dominate."

"And you think I do?" Jamie asked hopefully.

"I have no doubt you understand it. That's why you're here. I haven't brought anyone to this room since I built it. I waited for the right person to share it with, someone who would appreciate the work I put into it."

Well . . . hell! What was he supposed to say to that? His stomach was twisted into so many knots, he wondered which way was up. Not only was Simon drop-dead gorgeous, but he seemed to be into the same type of lifestyle Jamie loved.

Combine that with Simon's architectural genius and the hidden playroom with toys, and Jamie was about to declare his undying devotion. This seemed too perfect, and he wondered when the other shoe would drop.

"As you can see," Simon said, pointing to the wall, "this holds all my paddles, floggers and such."

Jamie nodded.

"Over here, I have my other toys. Each basket holds a different kind." Simon pulled out several baskets. "Butt plugs in different sizes, cock rings, restraints, ball gags. I have a large array of toys for whatever discipline you might warrant."

Jamie's eyes widened with each basket Simon pulled from the shelves. He stood in a fully-stocked playroom with a man who wanted to discipline him. How could it get any better?

"When I built this room, I made it soundproof. Feel free to make all the noise you want because no one will hear you scream."

Okay, so it could get better. He was almost certain he had fallen in love. But the final proof would lie in how well Simon could discipline him.

"Simon, I" Jamie's words were snuffed out when Simon reached over, placed a hand over his mouth, and shook his head.

"In the rest of the house, or when we're out, even when we're making love, you may call me Simon, but when we are in this room you are only allowed to address me as master." Sternly, he added, "Is that understood?"

Jamie paused briefly then nodded.

"Now take off your clothes, my little love. It's time to see how you take your punishment." Simon dropped his hand from Jamie's mouth and stepped back. Jamie undressed while Simon watched with his arms crossed over his chest. It unnerved him. He folded his clothes, set them on a bench by the wall, and then walked toward Simon and stood in front of him. Butterflies cartwheeled in his stomach when Simon circled him in an appraising manner.

A touch here, a touch there, a soft caress to his ass, a slow pull on his hard cock, a little pinch to his nipple, and Jamie was panting like a worn-out dog by the time Simon completed the full circle. If Simon didn't make a move soon, Jamie would have to attack *him*.

"You have very good form, Jamie." Simon grabbed his hand and pulled him toward the bed. "I think you'll look delicious on display. But first, I want to redden that ass of yours a little bit."

Oh hell yes!

When Simon sat down on the side of the bed and gestured to his lap, Jamie laid down over his legs. His heart thudded in his chest when Simon's large hand caressed his butt cheeks and pushed his fingers between them to brush against his eager hole.

He prayed the pre-cum leaking out of his hard cock wouldn't drip all over Simon's pants, but knew it did the moment the first swat landed on his ass. Simon knew instinctively how much pressure to put into his swing to make Jamie squirm.

"You have the perfect little ass." Simon paddled his ass again and again until Jamie felt a white-hot fire spread over his cheeks. "Just look at how pretty you are, all nice and red with just a hint of my handprint. Your ass was made for spanking, Jamie, and that pleases me."

Simon's praise made Jamie's heart swell with pride and delight. He let his head hang down to cover the tears in his eyes. No one had ever been *pleased* that he liked spanking before.

“More, please, Master.” Jamie wiggled in Simon’s lap. With his cock trapped between Simon’s thighs, every time he swatted him, it pushed Jamie’s hard erection down, increasing his arousal until he thought he’d lose his mind.

Jamie whimpered. “Sim . . . Master, please . . . I can’t . . . I’m gonna . . .”

“Not until I say so. Is that understood? Your body belongs to me and you do not get to come unless I say so.” His voice sounded harsh and gentle at the same time.

“Now, go over to the bookshelf and bring me the plug of your choice and some lube.”

With Simon’s help, Jamie rose on shaky legs. His cock ached and he worried it would shatter if he touched it. Jamie walked to the bookshelf and chose a medium-sized butt plug and a bottle of lube.

“A nice choice, Jamie.” Simon took the plug and the bottle of lube from him. “Lay down so I can put this in.”

Jamie’s heart jumped in his throat as he lay over Simon’s legs again. He’d used a plug before, usually long enough to get off, but never for any length of time. He knew by the grin on Simon’s face he was about to be tormented by the toy.

Simon’s slick fingers moved between his ass cheeks, and Jamie couldn’t contain the long groan from passing his lips. Wonderful. Delicious. Mind numbing. Jamie didn’t want it to end. Simon could do whatever he wanted to his body after this.

Simon inserted two fingers into Jaime’s ass and moved them in and out. With every thrust, Jamie cried out, and every time Simon pulled those wicked fingers out, Jamie whimpered. Mindless with ecstasy, he didn’t know what felt better, when he pushed them in or pulled them out. Every movement was mind-blowing.

“Hold on, my little love, it’s time for the plug, and then we’ll move on to the rest of your discipline.” Simon pulled his fingers from Jamie’s ass, eliciting another protest from Jamie.

His hands curled around Simon’s legs and he held his breath when Simon inserted the lubricated plug. Jamie felt only the slightest burn before Simon pushed the plug all the way in.

"Oh, that's nice. I may have you wear something like this more often." Simon wiggled the plug around, pushing and pulling it in and out. Jamie squealed as the weight of Simon's hand came down on his ass and pushed the plug in deeper.

Simon swatted Jamie's ass several more times, extracting a long moan from his lips. He didn't know how much more he could take. He felt a tingle at the base of his spine, spreading outward and heralding his imminent climax.

"Master . . . I can't . . ."

"Ssshhh, my little love, I know." Simon crooned and caressed Jamie's burning ass. "Come on, stand up. Your ass is nice and red right now. I want to see how you look when you're displayed for my pleasure."

Displayed for his pleasure? Jamie rose to his feet on shaky legs and wondered what in the hell Simon meant by that comment. Without waiting to be told, he followed Simon to the side of the room and watched as he reached up and grabbed a chain hanging from the ceiling. It suddenly dawned on Jamie what Simon was about to do.

His breath caught in his throat and his heart pounded rapidly. He eyed the long chain hanging from the ceiling. One long strand of heavy links split into two separate chains about half way down. Felt-lined cuffs swung from the end.

"Jamie?"

Jamie drew his gaze from the chains and looked at Simon. He recognized the question in his lover's eyes. Jamie drew a deep breath, stepped forward and raised his hands over his head. As Simon buckled a cuff around each wrist, Jamie prayed he hadn't made a mistake.

Now Simon could do anything he desired and Jamie couldn't get away. The room was soundproof; no one would hear him scream or cry out for help. He hoped he hadn't been wrong placing his trust in the man.

Once the cuffs were buckled, Simon grabbed Jamie by the hair at his nape and pulled his head back. His gaze sincere and full of wonder, he looked down at Jamie. "I won't forget the trust you're giving me. I know it took a lot of courage to do this since you barely know me, and I won't let you down. Now, give me your safe word."

"Safe word? How about banana?"

"Okay. If anything gets to be too much or you become uncomfortable, all you have to do is say banana and I'll stop. Understood?"

Jamie nodded.

"You've been such a good baby and I think you deserve a reward." Simon dropped to his knees and took Jamie's hard cock into his mouth. Jamie's head fell back and he groaned. *Oh damn!* He didn't realize how close to the edge he was until Simon swallowed his cock and moved his tongue over the small slit at the top. His legs shook harder than they had before; in fact, they were so unsteady, he was thankful for the cuffs holding up his body weight. Jamie wrapped his hands around the chains, thrust his cock farther into Simon's mouth, and exploded, filling Simon's mouth with his release.

Simon was as good at giving a blow jobs as Jamie. He licked up every last drop of cum that spilled from Jamie's cock. Finally, Simon came to his feet and reached over to brush a lock of hair from Jamie's sweaty forehead. "You did very well, my little love."

Panting breathlessly, Jamie wondered what else he had to do to be the benefactor of Simon's praise. It felt good; it felt wonderful. His heart blossomed and his body hungered for more. Suddenly, he wanted everything Simon could dish out.

"Master," Jamie murmured and nudged his face into Simon's hand.

"Such a beautiful little love." Simon whispered and leaned down to kiss Jamie's lips. Soft and gentle, it was as though Simon searched for something more now. Jamie's question was answered when Simon leaned back with a wide grin on his face. "Ready for more?"

Jamie nodded. "Yes, please."

Simon gazed at Jamie for a moment and nodded. He dropped his hand from Jamie's face, walked around behind him, and trailed a hand across Jamie's red ass, giving him a small swat before he walked to the wall.

Jamie watched him out of the corner of his eye when Simon pulled something mysterious off a hook. His hands gripped the chains harder when Simon walked over and stood in front of him.

Simon clipped the clamps onto Jamie's nipples. When he cried out, Simon leaned forward and blew on them before reaching out with his tongue to lick each little nub.

Simon straightened, gave a tug on each clamp, and nodded before he walked behind Jamie again. "Remember your safe word, my little love." He brought the paddle down across Jamie's ass.

Jamie cried out and thrust his hips forward to avoid the blows. For a moment, he considered using the safe word. He liked to be spanked, but had only experienced a hand on his ass before. But he wanted to put his faith in Simon and in the new feelings the man had awakened in him. He held his tongue and willed his body to settle down.

"That's good, my little love. Relax." Simon caressed his ass. "Relax and just let it happen."

Another swat, then another and another. Jamie felt certain he wouldn't be able to sit for days. Not only did the surface burn, but he felt the heat deep inside his ass. Just when Jamie thought he couldn't take another swat, Simon dropped the paddle and wrapped his arms around Jamie.

"So very beautiful." Simon whispered against his ear. "So perfect." Simon's hard cock pressed against Jamie's burning ass through his jeans. He brought his hands up and tugged at the clamps on Jamie's nipples, pulling on them until Jamie groaned.

"I'm going to fuck you now, Jamie. Are you ready?"

Jamie nodded. *Hell yes, he was ready.* He felt Simon's massive cock press against his ass. He wanted to feel it shoved into his ass; he ached for it. Even knowing what was coming, he wasn't ready for it when Simon pulled the plug from his hole. He couldn't hold back the small cry.

Strong hands lifted Jamie's hips up until his feet left the floor. He marveled at the sheer strength of the man. Moments later, Simon's hard cock sunk into him.

Jamie cried out again. Simon filled him completely, touching the very depth and breadth of him internally. Simon began to thrust and Jamie's head fell forward. His hands clenched the chains until his knuckles turned white.

"Oh God, faster," Jamie begged. Simon eagerly complied and pounded into Jamie's eager body. Jamie drifted into a blissful state. Every time Simon thrust forward, his body rubbed against Jamie's tender ass and reminded him of the expert spanking he'd received.

Simon shifted his body and pegged Jamie's sweet spot. Thrusting hard and deep, he hit Jamie's prostrate over and over until he was mindlessly euphoric.

Jamie tilted his head back, screamed out his release and shot his semen all over the floor. Simon continued to drive into him until Jamie's body hummed with delight through his orgasm. He floated down from his orgasmic high as Simon's body stiffened behind him. His lover roared his release and filled his ass with hot semen. His hands tightened on Jamie's sweaty, hot hips, crushing, and intensely powerful. It felt wonderful. His butt cheeks still burned from the paddling and his ass burned from Simon's massive cock deep inside him. Feeling like a pile of melted goo, Jamie couldn't find words to describe his complete satisfaction.

While Jamie drifted in a blissful haze, Simon pulled his cock from his ass and allowed Jamie's legs to meet the floor again. He removed the nipple clamps, blew several hot breaths over them, and unbuckled the cuffs from his wrists.

Simon caught Jamie before he fell to the floor and carried him into the bathroom. He ran a bath for him, lowered him into the blessed water and washed him head to toe.

After the soothing bath, Simon carried him into the bedroom and laid him on the bed, covering him up with a comforter. Jamie didn't have the strength to lift his head when Simon left the room.

Simon returned moments later, climbed into bed beside him, and pulled him into his arms. Jamie settled his head on Simon's chest with a deep, satisfying sigh.

"You okay, my little love?"

"Yeah." Jamie managed to squeak out before a yawn overtook him.

"You go to sleep; I'll be here all night to watch over you." Simon kissed the top of his head. "Tomorrow we'll discuss our living arrangements. Now that I've had you, I don't plan to give you up."

Jamie smiled. "Yes, Master."

* * * * *

Valentine's Day

"Okay, I'm here," Jamie said, handing his jacket to Brandon.

"Well aren't you the chipper one." Brandon laughed. "Living with Simon must agree with you."

Jamie nodded and a small laugh escaped his lips. "Living with Simon is unbelievable. It was the best damn present I ever received. I can't remember when I've been happier."

"You certainly seem happy." Brandon led Jamie to the couch and sat down. "But it's only been a few weeks, how can you be sure?"

Jamie looked across the room. Simon was talking to Carl, but kept his eyes on him. "I just know. He makes me happy. His entire world revolves around me." Jamie chuckled. "And that's how it should be." He looked at Brandon again. "He had me quit my job at the hospital. I work for him now so I can be there all the time. He hates being away from me, even if he's at a meeting or something."

"Doesn't it seem weird spending so much time with him?" Brandon asked. "I mean, I love Carl but I wouldn't want to live in his back pocket twenty-four hours a day. Isn't it just a bit strange?"

"Are you kidding? I love it. Between the long lunch breaks and Simon's *private meetings* when he drags me into his office and throws me over his desk, I'm in heaven."

"And he does that . . . thing you love?"

Jamie thought of the little private playroom he and Simon frequented. "Oh yeah, he does that thing for me and then some."

"Okay." Brandon slapped a hand over Jamie's mouth. "I see you're happy and that's all I want for you. I don't want to know the details." He dropped his hand and looked into Jaime's eyes. "Seriously, though, I know he's dominant and likes that submissive master stuff. Are you okay with that?"

Jamie shrugged. "It was a little hard to get used to in the beginning, but I like it now. If Simon doesn't discipline me for some infraction a few times a week, I purposely get into trouble so he'll paddle my ass. He's usually pretty good about making sure I don't go without."

Brandon's eyes widened. "You purposely get into trouble so he'll paddle you?"

"If Carl promised to discipline you by sucking your cock every time you did something he didn't like, wouldn't you get into trouble as often as you could?" A smirk spread across Jamie's lips.

"Well, yeah, I guess," Brandon said. "But my kink is not nearly as weird as yours."

"Bran, everyone has a kink; it's just different with each person. You like blow jobs. I like spankings. Simon likes to be my master. I'm sure there is something Carl likes you to do often. Just because what I like is different than what you like doesn't make it weird."

Brandon fell silent for a moment and then nodded. "I guess I can see that. I just don't want you to get hurt."

"I'm not, believe me. We have a safe word. If Simon does something I don't like, I just say it and he stops immediately. He even bathes me afterward and tucks me into bed. Don't worry, my friend, Simon takes very good care of me."

"As long as he's good to you, that's what matters."

"He is," Jamie said, and thought about just *how* good Simon was to him. He didn't want for a thing, not love, acceptance, or the occasional spanking. Simon went out of his way to provide him with everything he needed.

"So, tell me, how do you get yourself into trouble?"

Jamie felt his face flush. "It's easy."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Watch this, works every time." Jamie said. He cleared his throat then yelled.

"FUCK!"

An angry voice from across the room drew Jamie and Brandon's gazes. Simon's stern glare bore down on them. "Jamison McDonald, what did I tell you about swearing?"

Jamie looked at Brandon and his lips stretched into a wide smile. "Told ya!"

~The End~

About the Author

Stormy Glenn believes the only thing sexier than a man in cowboy boots is two, or three, men in cowboy boots. She also believes in love at first sight, soul mates, true love, and happy endings. Stormy welcomes comments from readers. You can find her web site and email address at www.stormyglenn.com

~*~

Serving Lisa

By Martin Delacroix

I'm Lane, age nineteen. My owners are Lisa and Andreas. I met them on a Web site called *Cruel Mistress* toward the end of my freshman year at college.

This is a special day for me, my thirtieth and final day of training. I've performed well, I think. And if my owners agree (Please, God, make it so) then I'll stay on; I'll continue serving.

I stand in a corner, alone in their bedroom, trembling a bit. I'm naked and sweaty and my buttocks are freshly whipped. Downstairs, my owners discuss my fate. Will I stay or will I go?

* * * * *

Let me explain.

I'm not a fag or a pussy boy. During high school I lettered in two sports – wrestling and soccer. I'm not a big guy (five-ten, one hundred fifty-five pounds), but I'm sinewy and quick and I don't take shit from anyone. If you met me you'd think I was tough, and I am, but I've got this submissive streak. One I hide from people.

I crave discipline. I need a woman's control.

My parents didn't believe in corporal punishment, but my boyhood friend, Andy MacShane, wasn't so lucky. His mom was tall, large-boned, and very strict. If Andy came home late or got into trouble at school, she'd whip his ass with a belt. I got to watch once when Andy and I were both twelve. I spent the night and Mrs. MacShane caught us stealing cigarettes from her pack. She marched Andy into the den and made him drop his pants and boxers then she bent him over a chair and lashed his bottom until it was redder than a stop sign. With Andy's pants wrapped around his ankles, she shoved him into a corner and then turned to me, gesturing with the belt. "Be glad you're not my kid or I'd roast your fanny too."

My cock sprang to life, my cheeks burned and my heart galloped. I wanted to tell her, "Go ahead and do it. Pull my pants down and whip my ass so I can't sit for a week."

I dated girls in high school, of course, but never told them about my peculiar tastes. Instead I haunted Internet sites where folks posted pictures and stories featuring dominant females and groveling guys. I studied the profiles on these sites, even contacted a few women, but once they learned I was underage they ditched me with the words, "*Sayonara*, kiddo."

I became terribly frustrated and wondered if I'd ever meet a woman who'd understand my needs. Assuming I would, could I handle the discipline she'd administer? Would my desire to serve trump my fear of pain? I pondered these questions, over and over, feeling lonely and sad.

Then I found Lisa and Andreas.

Meeting them was sheer luck. One night, while studying *Cruel Mistress* profiles, I came across this one:

Are you a young man who craves naked discipline? Attractive couple, early thirties, seeks a live-in slave to service the lady of the house. Serious inquiries only. One year commitment a must.

I attached my photo to an e-mail. *I'm Lane. We live in the same town. If you like what you see, please let me know.*

Two days later, I received a reply. *Lane, you're a handsome boy. My name is Lisa. Attached is a photo of me and my husband, Andreas. If you're still interested, tell us, and we'll schedule an interview.*

In the picture, Lisa wore knee boots, a leather skirt and a push-up corset. A riding crop rested in her hand and she wasn't smiling. Her auburn hair fell past her shoulders, thick mascara adorned her dark eyes, and her tits could've overflowed D-cups.

I thought, *Ma-ma . . .*

Broad-shouldered and slender, Andreas stood a head taller than his wife. His black hair reminded me of a Brillo pad and covered the tops of his ears. Dressed in a fancy shirt and slacks, his arms were crossed over his chest, and his chin jutted from his face. Stubble dusted his cheeks and he wasn't smiling either.

Three days later, I stood on the doorstep of a Mediterranean-style dwelling and clutched a cheap bouquet of flowers in my hand. Lisa answered the door. Dressed in a wool suit, a silk blouse, stockings and heels, she smelled like lemons and gardenia blossoms.

She gripped my hand firmly. In a silky voice flavored with a German accent she said, "Hello, Lane, welcome to our home."

Her heels clicked against the tile floor as she led me down a hallway and I couldn't help but notice how her long legs tapered into slim ankles. We entered a room with a vaulted ceiling, stucco walls and a fireplace. Andreas rose from a sofa with a smile on his face. Dressed in slacks and a pullover shirt, he looked exactly like his picture. His voice was deep and, like Lisa, he spoke with an accent.

I shook his hand and accepted his offer of a soda.

"We are Berliners," he said while Lisa fetched my drink. "I'm on sabbatical from Humboldt University. Right now I teach courses at your school in the College of Architecture."

When Lisa returned, she took a seat by Andreas on the sofa.

"Your house is nice," I said, glancing around.

Lisa said, "It belonged to a law professor who died recently. We are leasing."

I wasn't sure what to say next. Was small talk necessary?

Lisa took the situation in hand. "I want to see you naked, Lane. Will you remove your clothing?" She spoke as if she had asked me to pass the salt. I felt blood rush to my cheeks and glanced at the floor with a gulp.

Was I supposed to strip? Right here?

When I looked at Andreas, his face bore a serene expression. He raised his brows and nodded. "Please, do as she asks."

I expelled a long breath and removed my shoes and socks, next my shirt and pants. My hands trembled. The cool temperature in the room made me shiver. Standing in my boxers, I looked at Andreas, then Lisa. "How's that?"

A frown creased Lisa's brow. "If you want to serve us, Lane, you must follow instructions to the letter."

I nodded, my gaze fell, and my cheeks flamed anew. My cock stiffened and I told myself, *Go on, give them what they want.*

I peeled off my boxers and tossed them aside. My penis bobbed before me, firm as a green banana. I faced Lisa and Andreas with my chin touching my sternum and my face burning.

"Look at me," Lisa said.

I lifted my gaze.

"Why did you respond to our listing?"

Glancing away, I rubbed my chin with a knuckle.

"Speak honestly, Lane."

My voice cracked like it did when I was thirteen. "I need a dominant woman; one who will discipline me. I don't know why."

"You're quite young. Do you have experience in these matters?"

"No," I whispered.

Lisa turned to Andreas with a frown. She shook her head and Andreas pursed his lips. When she looked at me again she said, "We need someone who's familiar with . . . service. Andreas is teaching and I'm in sales at Siemens. We don't have time to train an untouched boy."

Shit, speak up and say something. "I'm a fast learner, and I'll do as I'm told."

Lisa studied my face and rubbed the tip of her index finger against her thumb.

"Turn around and place your hands behind your neck."

I did as instructed.

"Your buttocks are unmarked. Have you never been beaten?"

"No, ma'am."

"You might not like it."

I shifted my weight from one leg to the other. "I think I would."

Behind me, Lisa whispered to Andreas. "He's nice-looking; perhaps we should give him a chance. How about a thirty-day trial?"

My scalp prickled.

Andreas said, "Why not?"

Lisa rose, grabbed my forearm and led me to a full-length mirror — a gilt-framed monster leaning against a wall. Sunlight filtered through a nearby window, reflecting in my public hair. To my left, an umbrella stand held a gaggle of canes and switches. Lisa fingered several and then chose one that looked like a willow branch. Removing her jacket, she circled me, swinging the cane and making swishy sounds in the air with it.

I watched her reflection in the mirror and my knees shook.

“Andreas,” she said, “will you assist?”

She asked me to bend forward and grab my ankles. Andreas stood at my side and rested his hand on my neck.

“Raise your chin,” Lisa said. “Do not lower it until we’re finished. We’ll see how you react to proper discipline.”

I swallowed and stared at my reflection in the mirror. “Yes, ma’am.”

She stepped behind me and to the side, tapping the cane against my buttocks. A shiver coursed through me and I closed my eyes. *My God, it’s happening.*

I heard a swish before the first blow landed. The impact took my breath away and nearly brought me to my knees. *Damn, it stings!* My eyes bugged from their sockets, my vision blurred, and I cried out. *Holy shit!*

The second blow struck the underside of my buttocks, as vicious as the first. I yelped, attempted to rise and strained against Andreas’ grip, but he held me in place. Spots appeared before my eyes and my brain buzzed like I’d stuck my finger in a wall socket. A branding iron, drawn from glowing embers and pressed to my haunch, couldn’t have hurt worse.

Several more blows followed in quick succession, some slicing across the backs of my thighs, others tormenting my ass. Every one stung like hell. I howled with each lick, bounced on my heels and sweated until my skin glowed. I studied my scarlet face in the mirror. Sucking air through clenched teeth, I winced from the pain.

Lisa paced behind me and tapped the switch against the palm of her hand with a smirk on her face. “Having a good time, Lane?”

I groaned, but didn’t protest.

Lisa changed position and whipped me backhanded, delivering fresh ribbons of pain to my rump and thighs. My flesh was afire and I feared I might lose control of my bladder. Shrieking and whimpering like a child, I felt tears course down my cheeks, but my suffering earned me no respite or sympathy from my tormentor. The switch hissed time and again, and how I hated the sound!

As our session progressed, Andreas stroked my spine with his fingertips, shushing me when I cried out. "There-there, Lane," he whispered when the cane bit into my flesh.

I'll admit I felt an urge to flee, to escape my torment, but I did not let myself; I'd read the literature. If I wished to serve Lisa – and truly I did – I knew she expected total submission.

You know, the penis doesn't lie, and mine remained stiff as a pool cue throughout the beating. Even as the switch flayed my skin and my flesh fried, I knew Lisa's ministrations were exactly what I'd longed for.

Given time, you'll savor your punishments.

When the session ended and my weeping subsided, I stood before the mirror with my hands behind my neck. Andreas rubbed salve into my welts while I sniffled and shook. My buttocks were as raw as uncooked hamburger.

Lisa produced a tube of lubricant and applied it to my erection. She spread the jelly about the shaft, then, taking her time, coated the head. Her gentle touch sent chills up my spine.

Lisa kissed my sweaty cheek. "You did well, Lane; I'm impressed." She glanced at Andreas. "Don't you agree?"

He nodded and continued to knead my punished fanny.

Lisa wrapped her fingers about my penis and pumped her hand. The lube smacked in the silent room. "I reward obedience," she said, her warm breath tickling my neck.

The situation changed quickly. Lisa's ministrations, my nakedness, and the pain in my backside rendered me mindless. My cock throbbed in her fingers and before I knew it, I splattered the mirror with gobs of cum.

"Excellent," said Lisa with raised brows, admiring my seed.

Andreas kissed my shoulder. "Good boy, Lane."

* * * * *

Two days after my initiation, I moved in with Lisa and Andreas. Once I'd unpacked, Lisa took me to a leather shop in the gay district of town. That day she wore a leather skirt that barely covered her ass, a blouse that showed ample cleavage, and red stilettos. Per her instructions, I wore jeans, a tight t-shirt and a leather collar with stainless steel studs. I kept my chin down, terrified I might see someone I knew.

Inside the shop, a muscular man named Roland greeted Lisa. She introduced me and I shook the guy's hand. His gaze slid over me like an iron pressing a shirt. A leather vest and matching pants hugged his body and motorcycle boots covered his feet. Tattoos adorned his forearms and his head had been shaved slick bald.

"Lane requires a discipline strap." Lisa said to Roland while I stared at my shoes. "Can you help us choose one?"

He led us to a wall where dozens of implements hung from hooks. He fingered several before removing one and showing it to Lisa. The device was fashioned from black leather, about two feet long, four inches wide, and a quarter-inch thick with a handle at one end.

"It's quite effective," Roland said, and gestured at me. "Whip him bare-assed and he'll know who's boss."

Lisa seized the strap and turned it this way and that, working her jaw left to right. "Mind if I try it out, Roland?"

A lump rose in my throat. *Surely, she doesn't mean here, not now.*

Roland winked. "Be my guest."

He locked the front door and led us to a workshop in the rear of the store. Lit by a fluorescent ceiling fixture, the room smelled of leather. The windows were opaque and fitted with iron bars. Roland leaned against a tool bench and crossed his arms over his chest. I trembled with fear and fought down an urge to bolt. *How can Lisa do this to me?*

She seized my forearm and placed me in the center of the room facing Roland. I felt so ashamed I couldn't look him in the eye, so I kept my gaze fixed on the floor. My chest rose and fell in rapid breaths and dampness gathered in my armpits.

Lisa stood behind me and to the side. Clutching the strap, she tapped it against my rump. "Drop your pants, Lane."

My eyes watered and my voice quivered. "Please, ma'am, not here."

She placed a hand on my shoulder. "It's for your own good."

A tear rolled down my cheek. I sniffled then swallowed.

She said, "Do as I say."

Go ahead, punk. Obey. I unbuttoned my pants, lowered the zipper and shucked the jeans to my ankles.

"Your briefs as well."

I felt heat rise in my cheeks. I glanced at Roland and he grinned like it was his birthday. My hands trembled when I slid my undies south. My cock grew stiff and bobbed before me, belying my protest and exposing my perverse needs to Roland.

He laughed when Lisa flicked my penis with the tip of the strap. "My boy's excited," she said. "He knows what he likes."

My heart raced and sweat beaded my forehead.

"Grab your ankles, Lane."

I did as commanded.

"Chin up. Look at Roland."

"Yes, ma'am."

Roland's eyes shone when our gazes met. He licked the corner of his mouth.

The strap hissed through the air and seared my bottom like a blow torch when it struck. I yelped and nearly sank to my knees. *Jesus Christ, it hurts!*

Another swat scorched the backs of my thighs. The lash made a popping sound that reverberated off the cinderblock walls. I cried out and stamped my feet against the concrete floor.

"Chin up, eyes on Roland," Lisa ordered.

Roland grinned when I looked at him through tear-filled eyes. "I think he likes it," he said with a laugh.

Another lick popped my buttocks, then another, setting my skin aflame. I shrieked through gritted teeth and trembled like a kid in a spook house. The next blow caught me just above my knees. It stung so bad, I jumped and squealed in pain. Lisa must have enjoyed my reaction because she whipped me twice more in the same spot—delivering quick, devastating blows.

I fell to the floor. Squirming and wailing like a three year-old, I peed myself.

"Get up," Lisa said. "On your feet at once."

Blubbering, I rose, my belly and thighs wet with piss.

"Get back in place; we're not finished."

I resumed the position, gripped my ankles and gazed at Roland. He grinned again and shook his head.

Lisa tapped my buttocks with the strap. "You'll receive three more, but I'll increase the number if you move again. Is that clear?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She swung harder than before, all three licks striking my tender behind. I howled like a dog and my rump felt as though I'd sat on hot coals, but I stayed in place, fearful of additional swats. When Lisa finally told me I could rise, I felt utterly debased. I whimpered and trembled and tears streamed down my cheeks. My legs felt like rubber.

She patted my bottom. "It's hot to the touch," she said. "Very nice."

I was permitted to clean myself at a shop sink in the corner, although my pants and briefs remained at my ankles. I mopped the floor bare-bottomed while Roland and Lisa observed.

“Shall I carve his name into the strap?” Roland asked.

I shivered with relief when she answered no. “Lane can do that himself, and I’m sure he’ll do a fine job.”

Once I’d finished mopping the floor, Lisa allowed me to pull up my pants. I did so gingerly since my bottom was tender. Tired of Roland leering at me, I was happy to leave, but my joy turned to dread when we reached the crowded sidewalk. People walked to and fro shopping, pushing strollers, or walking dogs. Roland had placed the strap inside a plastic sack, but Lisa tossed it aside and handed me the device. “Hold it before you, waist-high and use both hands.”

I did so.

“Stay three paces behind me.”

My cheeks burned as I trailed my mistress and I couldn’t help but notice the people staring at us.

Lisa took her time walking to the car. Twice she stopped to window-shop while I stood behind her and clutched the strap, my chin low, my hands trembling.

I heard a child’s voice. “That boy’s sad, Mommy. Why?”

My predicament seemed obvious. People passed us on the sidewalk, looked at me, my collar, and strap and then at Lisa. They exchanged glances, pursed their lips and shook their heads.

Two teenage boys walked by and giggled. “What a fag,” one said.

Without warning my cock stiffened and my pulse accelerated. The public humiliation, coupled with my burning bottom, fed a hunger I’d never acknowledged — a ravenous thirst for obedience that dwelled deep within me. *I crave shame. I savor the derisive stares of passersby.* A warmth filled my breast and I felt the urge to masturbate right there on the sidewalk.

Gazing at Lisa through teary eyes, I whispered, "Thank you, mistress. You know exactly what I need."

* * * * *

It's been an interesting month here with Lisa and Andreas. I've experienced varied punishments and humiliations, relishing each. But have I served well? Have I pleased my owners?

I'll know soon.

Aside from attending university classes, I've remained in the house most of the time. Lisa has whipped me on a regular basis and my buttocks and thighs have been perpetually sore. Switchings have been administered every Friday evening, so my bottom has been raw on the weekends.

On my second day of service, Lisa introduced me to Ivan, a latex butt plug, conical in shape with a slender neck and a handle like a poker chip. Each morning thereafter, before breakfast, Lisa escorted me to an upstairs bathroom where Ivan was kept. I'd bend at the waist and spread my buttocks while Lisa greased Ivan and stuffed him inside my anus. The plug remained there each day until my bedtime. I'd remove Ivan myself, wash him in soap and warm water and put him away, under Lisa's watchful gaze. The first week, I wept every time Ivan entered me, and I begged Lisa to withdraw the plug, but she refused.

"Discomfort is essential to a slave's training," she said.

I'm still not used to Ivan, but my anus and rectum don't belong to me anymore. Lisa owns them, and Ivan's a daily visitor . . . a tenant of sorts.

Each night since my arrival, I've slept on the floor of my owners' bedroom, at the foot of their bed on a pad. I've heard them make love in the dark. Lisa sighs and Andreas moans. Had they forgotten I was present? I've eaten all my meals from a stainless steel dog bowl on the kitchen floor without using my hands or utensils of any

kind. Sometimes I dined on what my owners ate, other nights I ate canned dog food jazzed up with a bit of ketchup.

Once, Lisa took me to a party, a mistress/slave boy gathering held at a private residence with twenty guests. Lisa wore her knee boots, her mini-skirt and corset, and as soon as we arrived, I was ordered to strip. All the boys present were naked; some my age, some older. In the living area, a small stage was equipped with a chair and a leather paddle, and at various times during the evening one mistress or another would bring her slave to the platform for a public, over-the-knee spanking. I remember the dread I felt watching other boys endure their paddlings, hearing their cries and viewing their crimson rumps. I knew my time would come soon. My spanking was especially vicious that night. Lisa showed no mercy and my buttocks flamed. I lost control and wept like a child, humiliated by so many strangers witnessing my submission. Of course my penis grew stiff as soon as I took the stage, it leaked pre-cum as I writhed on Lisa's lap, wailed and pleaded for mercy.

Some boys were taken into bedrooms for sexual activities, but I wasn't granted the privilege. Throughout my training, sex has been limited to hand-jobs Lisa's given me after my punishments, and I've yet to see her naked.

Andreas has shown no sexual interest in me, nor has he punished me. He treats me with respect and kindness, and although I address him as sir, I consider him a friend.

Now, I hear footsteps. I hear Lisa's voice, Andreas's too; they're in the hallway. A doorknob turns and they enter the room. At ten in the evening, a single lamp burns on the nightstand. Light in the room is dim and I smell Lisa's perfume.

My pulse quickens. *It's judgment time, kiddo.*

They approach. Andreas has brought the jar of salve and I hear him unscrew the lid. He stands behind me, a little to the side and says nothing. He applies ointment to my tender buttocks, rubs and squeezes them while my penis stiffens.

Lisa reaches for my cock and teases the head with her fingertips.

"Such a handsome boy," she whispers.

I keep my gaze straight ahead and say nothing. I blink and swallow. What will happen to me? What will they do now?

Lisa says, "Have you enjoyed your month of service, Lane?"

"Yes, ma'am, very much so."

"Do you wish to continue?"

Tears cloud my eyes and I shiver with joy. My voice cracks. "Of course."

"It won't get any easier."

"I don't like it easy."

Andreas kisses my neck. "Good boy."

They lead me to their bed. Lisa lowers the covers and plumps the pillows. "Tonight you'll be rewarded for your efforts, for your obedience."

Andreas and Lisa undress.

Andreas lies upon the bed with his legs outstretched. One arm is bent at the elbow and his head rests against his hand while he watches. His cock is erect and it's a whopper.

I kneel on the floor before Lisa and bury my face in the dark curls between her thighs, working my tongue up inside her. She smells like fresh straw. I spread her labia, find her clitoris and worship it with all the vigor I can muster. My tongue flicks the nub until it's swollen. Her juices flow and dampen my chin.

Lisa runs her hands through my hair and her breath quickens. She asks me to rise and we move to the bed – king-size and plenty of room for three. I lie in the middle facing Lisa and kiss her lips. Our mouths open and our tongues rub like snakes. I lower my face to her breasts and take a nipple into my mouth, licking and sucking. Lisa takes my cock in her hand, squeezes, and I moan.

Behind me, Andreas strokes my back with his fingertips. He massages my shoulders while the tip of his pecker nudges my buttocks. I reach behind me and give his cock a squeeze, a "thank you" of sorts for his many kindnesses. His member is bigger than mine, as thick as my butt plug.

Lisa looks me in the eyes and strokes my temple with a fingernail. "Tonight you'll play two roles, Lane. You'll take me, and Andreas will take you at the same time."

My jaw drops. Lowering my gaze, I say, "Listen, I can't . . ."

She raises a finger to my lips and silences me. "Ivan has prepared you for anal intercourse. You'll find it pleasurable and it's a fine obedience exercise."

I draw a breath. *Don't resist, Lane. Do as she says.* I nod. "All right, then."

Her vagina is tight when I enter her, gripping my cock like a vise, and I groan with pleasure. Behind me, Andreas lubricates my anus with a finger before plunging his digit in and out. I thrust my hips a few times, but Lisa places a hand to my chest and says, "Easy."

She pulls my face to her shoulder and sucks my neck while Andreas pushes his cock against my anus. I suck air when he applies pressure; in the same way I did whenever Ivan came calling. Andreas's dick pierces my anal ring and he bores inside me.

I exhale then draw another breath through gritted teeth.

"Relax," Lisa whispers. "You can fuck me now."

I thrust my hips and behind me, Andreas does the same. His cock plunges in and out, working my hole. The tip of his penis pokes my prostate when he's fully inside and, Christ, it feels good.

Lisa's exquisite pussy flexes against my cock. Each time I thrust, she groans. We establish a rhythm, her, me and Andreas. The bed springs creak. Lisa reaches behind me and slaps my blistered bottom and I cry out. My pain mixes with the pleasure I derive from fucking Lisa, and from the presence of Andreas' cock in my rectum.

Yeah, sodomy is humiliating, a supreme act of submission for a straight guy like me, but I find myself reveling in my role as fuckboy. Who'd have guessed?

Lisa did, I'm sure. I bet she planned this moment long ago. She understands my need to obey, my love of surrender, and knows the butt-reaming will take me to a level

of service higher than any I've yet experienced. It's utterly degrading, but delightful and I am grateful to my owners for their insight.

They know me better than I know myself.

I close my eyes and a tear spills out as I thrust my hips. Waves of pleasure course through my body. My buttocks boil, my cock throbs and my asshole burns like hell. I groan when my seed jets inside Lisa.

You did it, Lane; you served them well.

This is home.

~The End~

About the Author

Martin Delacroix writes novels, novellas and short fiction. His story Fuck Me... Please was included in Bend Over, Big Boy, an anthology published by Torquere Press in 2008. His story Me and Shea was included in Best Gay Love Stories 2009 (Alyson Books) and his story Passion Play was published as a stand-alone piece by Torquere Press (Jan. 2009). He lives on Florida's Gulf Coast. Visit Martin's blog at <http://martindelacroix.wordpress.com/>

~*~

Oh, Behave!

By Jude Mason

Cathy James kept Nate, her boyfriend of six months, waiting for days—actually, it was close to two weeks. She'd asked him to withhold his orgasm until they saw one another again. Of course, he'd been more than willing to comply. She knew he'd be frustrated, yet she also knew he loved the tense, anticipatory feeling of orgasm denial.

While most men found it impossible to keep their hands off their cock, Nate had assured her he could, and he would.

Flight attendants' schedules often change. This time was no different and she'd arrived two days early. After entering Nate's apartment, Cathy kicked off her shoes and headed toward his bedroom. Strange noises echoed down the hallway. She pushed the door open and gasped.

He lay stretched out in all his naked glory with a pillow tucked under his head. Lubricant glistened on his hands and crotch.

Wooden clothespins dangled from his nipples, and with his every move they quivered. His cock looked angry, as if he'd extended his self-pleasuring for a long period of time. Not unlike the many times she'd tormented him, pushed him to the limits. He squirmed, thrust his hips upward and groaned like a geyser about to shoot a load of spunk into the air. God, the man was magnificent.

She stood in the doorway and watched the lanky, swimmer's body writhe. The vision reminded her of the day they met. She'd gone to the pool with her friend, Sandra, and had been abandoned when Sandra met up with a fella. Cathy had decided to stay at the pool. The tiny string bikini she'd chosen, which stretched over her abundant curves, proved a wise decision that day and she'd basked in the attention from several men.

Nate had been one who'd sought her out. Tall and slender, his blond hair fell to his shoulders in thick waves. She'd noticed his wide chest and washboard stomach and wished his baggy swim trunks hadn't covered everything from bellybutton to knees. When she'd told him he should behave or she'd spank him, a dazed look came over his face and he thrust his hands over his crotch. When he snuck off into a corner, Cathy smiled, but was soon distracted when another man approached her. She'd forgotten all about Nate until hours later while walking to her car.

She'd recognized the soft-spoken voice calling out to her three rows over. "Ma'am, excuse me, ma'am." Dressed in jeans, a t-shirt and sneakers, a black sports bag hung from one shoulder.

"Yes, what do you want?" she answered gruffly. Although she thought him attractive, she didn't know if she could trust him. She dropped her bag and slipped her car keys between her fingers with the pointed end sticking out. If he meant to harm her, she'd put up a good fight.

"What you said in there, damn." He shook his head and blushed. "I'm sorry, maybe I shouldn't say anything." He took a step toward her and stopped.

"Well if you're not sure, maybe I should be on my way."

"No!" He put his hands in the air as if he could will her to stay. "My name's Nate . . . Nate Shaw. Would you let me take you for a drink, dinner or something? I'd really like to talk to you."

Cathy studied him warily. He seemed harmless enough, but serial killers somehow managed to get close to their victims. She'd learned to be careful around men she didn't know, yet this man seemed different. When she'd dismissed him earlier with the threat of a spanking, he'd retreated to the corner—a very submissive reaction.

"Come closer," she'd said. "Let me get a better look at you."

Nate walked toward her, his gait casual. She fixed her eyes on the bulge in his pants and smiled. Her gaze shifted from his crotch to his damp hair and down again to his shoes. When their gazes met seconds later, he dropped his fast, but not before she saw a look of raw hunger in their depths. His blush deepened.

"Do you have a car here?" she asked calmly.

"Yes." He turned and pointed to a blue Toyota SUV parked four rows away.

"Great, follow me," she said in a stern voice. She unlocked her car door and settled into the seat, confident he'd be close behind. Somehow, she knew he wouldn't harm her, even though they'd only just met him. Something about the man made her blood race.

She pulled her red Honda onto the road, glanced into the rearview mirror and nodded when his headlights appeared behind her. A half-mile down the road, she pulled into a pub she frequented. On a friendly basis with the proprietor, she felt comfortable there.

Later, with two drinks under his belt, Nate opened up. "Cathy, I hope you don't think I'm a pervert."

Sensing his uncertainty, she replied, "I don't so far, but should I?" She leaned back in her chair and studied him.

"I want to see you again. I'd like very much to share a secret with you." He paused and looked down at his drink. "But I'm not sure how you'll take what I'm about to tell you."

Cathy leaned forward and reached for his hand. Turning it over, she ran the tip of her index finger along his lifeline. "You don't have to tell me anything. Jeez, we just met. Let's get together a time or two and then you can share your deepest, darkest secrets with me."

He flashed his lovely blue eyes at her. "You're absolutely right. Squeezing her hand, he smiled. "This is incredibly wild, and I'm happy you agreed to have a drink with me."

"Yeah, so am I."

Nate checked his watch and blinked. "Damn, it's nearly eleven o'clock and I have to work tomorrow." With a smile he added, "I'd like to see you again, the sooner the better if that's all right with you."

"How about Saturday night?"

"I think I can hold out until the day after tomorrow." He chuckled. "Would you like me to pick you up or do you want to meet me here?"

"My place is close. Why don't we meet here and if you behave, I'll take you home."

His eyes widened briefly and the blush returned to his cheeks. "Yes, ma'am, I'll behave."

When Cathy rose to leave, he came to his feet too. Her gaze drifted to his crotch again and to the burgeoning erection tenting the front of his jeans. "Yes, I'm sure you'll behave or I'll have to do something about it."

When his mouth fell open, she smiled sweetly and turned to leave. In a heartbeat he was there to escort her to her car. Walking across the parking lot, she'd brushed against the bulge in his pants once or twice and drew a groan from him.

Now, as she looked at him on the bed, he groaned again and drew her attention back to the present. Positioned at the foot of his bed, she watched him and struggled to hold back her own moan. With his legs spread wide, he used both hands to pleasure himself. One hand worked the shaft of his cock while the other flitted from his balls to the moist, shiny head. He pinched it and stroked the mushroom-shaped tip, shivering and groaning with every stroke.

She tore at her clothes, acutely aware of the naked lust gripping her. Her silk blouse went flying first then she struggled out of the tight skirt and silk panties and pushed them down her thighs. Remembering the slinky, summer dress she'd left at his house on a prior occasion, she snuck into the bathroom and slid it over her head. And moments later, returned to the bedroom to watch her man masturbate.

Her hand wandered down to soothe the ache in her pussy. She lifted her dress, cupped the well-trimmed mound and squeezed. Working her wet fingers, she shuddered with a tiny orgasm that left her hungering for more. Now that she'd whetted her appetite, she focused her attention on Nate.

His body arched upward and his hand gripped the base of his shaft. The muscles of his thighs tensed and his toes curled as a deep guttural sound rose in his chest. With one hand pressed flat against his sac, his legs went rigid and his other hand furiously pumped his shaft. A cry of release echoed in the room as a stream of white cream arced into the air.

She looked at the spattering of cum across his chest and cleared her throat.
"Ahem!"

His eyes flew open and a guilt-stricken look crossed his face. Unable to stop the ongoing stream, he shot all over himself.

Gotcha, she thought and smiled.

Stammering, he attempted to cover his leaking cock with his hands. "I can explain."

With her arms crossed over her chest, she tried not to laugh. The look of shock and guilt on his face was priceless – one she knew she'd treasure for a long time.

"You can explain?" she said, unable to hide the chuckle. "I doubt it, but I'm all ears. Go for it."

"Well, I uh . . . I was thinking about us, and what you'd do to me, with me, when you got here. I re-read some of our e-mail, and – well – I guess I got carried away. I didn't plan for it to go this far, obviously. I meant –"

She put a hand in the air, stopping him in mid-sentence. "How long have you been masturbating today?"

A deep red color rose in his cheeks, an endearing trait she'd come to love. It was nice to know a man as mature and uninhibited as Nate still blushed. His chest heaved and his nipples still bore the clothespins he'd attached to enhance his self-pleasuring.

She wondered why he never told her he liked his nipples worked on. She wanted to reach out and flick one at that moment, but with great difficulty, refrained.

He stammered and lowered his eyes. "Uh . . . about an hour, I think."

Cathy laughed and looked away to calm herself down. When she looked at him again, his blush had deepened. "An hour, but you didn't plan it? Obviously, the clothespins were in your bedside table. Why were they there if you didn't plan it?"

"Uh, well . . . Cathy, I –"

"Put your hands at your sides," she said loud enough to garner his attention.

He dropped his hands, but remained in the same position, spread and fully exposed to her. He raised his head and looked down at his crotch. Cathy wasn't the least bit surprised. She knew Nate was a visual person, turned on by watching everything. Taking in his widespread knees and his lubricant-coated mid-section, Cathy drew a deep breath. He'd shaved his balls recently and although wrinkled and tight to his body, they drew her like a fly on the periphery of a spider's web. She had an overwhelming desire to stroke his balls, press them even closer to his body. White

flecks of cum splattered his belly, and the light covering of downy hair on his chest was dappled with it. His beautiful uncircumcised cock remained partially erect and angled across his belly.

"I'm sorry Cathy," he said, and she knew he meant it. He took pride in obeying her.

"Move to the end of the bed with your legs over the edge, feet flat on the floor." An idea began to form in her mind, a wickedly-decadent idea. He'd disobeyed her and she had to punish him. She hadn't planned to when she arrived here early, but now that he'd been naughty, the perfect opportunity had arisen.

He scooted his butt down the bed, dragging along the white towel he'd positioned beneath him. When his feet hit the floor, he lifted his bottom up and straightened the towel. How tempting he looked with his cock jiggling in front of her. She wouldn't rise to the bait . . . not yet, anyway. Instead, she waited until he settled in with his hands at his sides and his knees spread wide.

"Don't move." She grabbed the hem of her dress and slowly bared herself to him, inch by inch, before pulling it over her head. The stockings and black silk garter belt made her feel sexy. Snug, the flimsy belt accented her slim figure and the roundness of her hips and ass, and the stockings showed off her long legs.

With the dress still in her hand, she headed for the foot of his bed, taking extra care to exaggerate the swing of her hips while thrusting her breasts out. The mounds swayed back and forth against her ribs and her nipples rose to pencil-tipped puckers by the time she reached Nate.

His groan sent a shiver of pleasure down her spine. His cock swelled anew. He clenched his hands into fists at his sides and his gaze traveled over her.

She turned from him and tossed the dress over a nearby chair. "I know I'm a day or two early, but I'm beginning to think it's a good thing I showed up when I did. I had no idea you'd be getting yourself into so much trouble without me. I planned something very different for this visit; I even brought you a gift." She ran her hands over the sleek silk of the garter belt and looked over her shoulder. "Do you like it?"

"Oh, yes, it's lovely, Cathy."

Turning to face him again, she cupped one of her breasts and allowed the nipple to rest between her finger and thumb. She teased the round nub and shivered from the exquisite pleasure. Smiling wickedly, she crawled onto the bed and straddled his face. She looked down at him and lowered her bottom until her pussy brushed against his face. The soft tendrils of pubic hair he loved to bury his face in loomed close, but they could just as well have been a million miles away for him.

"You've been naughty; you weren't supposed to come without my permission."

"Yes, ma'am." His warm breath tickled her inner thighs. "I'm so sorry, but thinking about you got me so excited."

"But you disobeyed me and you know that's not acceptable. We agreed to the rules months ago. You not only approved of them, but asked to have the punishment increased on several occasions."

She reached down and parted the silky strands of her pubic hair. Her pussy lips parted with the gentle touch of her index finger, baring the soft, pale-rose interior of her sex. Her juices trickled from deep inside and flowed along the tiny shaft of her clit, creating an itch she longed to scratch. *Not yet, but soon, it has to be soon.* She circled her clit, rubbing gently, spreading her fragrant essence onto her finger.

"Please," he whispered.

With his eyes fixed on her fingers, she toyed with herself. Soft, squishy sounds reached her ears, and the pungent aroma of her excitement drifted around them. Ignoring his plea, she slipped her finger inside and sighed. She pressed her palm against her clit, pressed down against the hard nubbin and shuddered from the intense, pleasurable sensation. Nectar oozed over her fingers and landed on his neck. He groaned again, a reaffirmation of his intense arousal.

Pulling her fingers out, she sat down on his chest and gazed into the eyes of the man who had stolen her heart. His face was flushed, not from embarrassment this time, but with lust and desire. She rubbed her pussy-slick finger over his lips and nose. Except for the trembling he couldn't seem to control, he remained perfectly still.

“Open your mouth, but don’t suck,” she said.

He shot her a look of surprise, but opened his mouth wide. She slid her finger past his lips, rubbed it around inside his mouth and coated his tongue and teeth with her musky essence.

Satisfied she’d coated his mouth with her scent, she swung her legs to the side and rose to her feet. She wanted to climb on and ride the marvelous erection sprouting from his loins. Her heart raced and her breaths came in short, ragged gasps.

“Close your mouth,” she said, her voice sounding harsh. Softening her tone, she added, “Now turn over and grab your ankles, left hand, left ankle, right ankle, right hand.” He looked surprised again, but rolled onto his stomach and reached back until he was forced to kneel at the edge of the bed. “Perfect,” she whispered.

He clenched the muscles of his white ass and shifted his knees in an apparent attempt to tease her into punishing him. She smiled and watched him wriggle into a more comfortable position. He spread his knees, tightening the grip on his ankles and his cock swayed in the process. She stood behind him and admired the view while making him wait. Once he settled down, the muscles of his thighs and ass relaxed.

Finally, she approached him. “You’re such a slut,” she whispered and slid a hand over his ass.

“Yes ma’am, your slut,” he said.

His body remained relaxed until she slid a finger down the cleft between his cheeks. His buttocks clenched and threatened to trap her finger between the taut mounds of muscle. She slapped his left buttock, encouraging him to relax again and continued her teasing.

When she circled his anus, he moaned. She pressed the flat of her fingertip against the tight pucker and felt the muscles tremble.

“Not, yet,” she said and slid her fingers down to his balls. She cupped his sac, gripping the crinkled flesh. Expertly caressing them, she urged the skin to relax and encouraged his balls to drop. The soft round orbs had been too recently emptied in her opinion. She released him then walked into the front room to retrieve the gift she’d

bought him. After opening the bag, she rummaged around until she found the small, padded box.

She had wanted him to open it. Sighing, she returned to the bedroom, but instead of going directly to him, she walked to his dresser and retrieved two sets of wide, leather cuffs from the top drawer.

Her hands trembled with excitement and anticipation. Gently, she cuffed him into position, left ankle to left wrist, right to right, allowing him no means of escape. How delicious he looked and how sexy, trussed up and ready for her pleasure.

Opening the gift box, she pulled out the leather harness. The main strap was an inch wide, the others much slimmer. Made from silver, the snaps and rings shone bright under the room's dim light. Laying the present on the bed, and satisfied he couldn't move or interfere with her fun, she reached for his balls. When she touched him, he shifted and moaned. His thighs tensed again. Gently, she urged his testicles into the bottom of their sack, looped the harness around the neck and snapped it shut. The last strap was much shorter, and it took her some time to separate his testicles and snap that one into place. She made sure the D-ring faced her. Reaching into the box, she took out the two-foot length of chain with clips on each end. She slipped one end of the chain through the D-ring and clipped the ends to his ankle cuffs.

He looked amazingly sexy, completely vulnerable, and all hers. She chuckled when he wriggled again as if testing his bonds. His cock, fully hard, the head exposed, dangled between his legs.

"You've been very naughty," she said, reaching for his prick. The skin was hot and slick from the lube he'd used earlier. She gripped the shaft at the base and worked her hand up to the crown, then reversed her stroke. The head oozed pre-cum immediately, surprising her. He'd just come, but apparently he was ready again. She worked the skin of his cock, pushing the harness on the down-stroke.

Leaning in, she whispered, "I'm going to punish you now. If you move too much, you'll hurt your balls, so keep still. I want you to ask me for a spanking. I also

want you to ask for a specific number of strokes. How many do you think you have coming?"

His hips rocked back and forth as she jacked him off. He turned his head to the side and she watched him pant.

Long seconds passed before he answered. "I deserve a lot more than I dare ask for, ma'am. I disobeyed you, and I tried to deny what I did. I'm ashamed for that. Please, would you spank me? Please ma'am, would you spank me until your hand is too sore to go on?"

"Perhaps I'll spank you until I believe you've been punished enough."

Cathy released his prick and licked the salty-sweet pre-cum from her fingers. She walked to the dresser again and retrieved the glove used for spanking from the drawer. She didn't put it on . . . not yet.

Working at a slow, steady pace, she warmed his ass with her hand. A swat, and then she massaged his warm flesh with her palm. Moments later, she delivered a slap to his other cheek and held her hand tight to his taut rear. She took her time and waited for him to exhale before delivering the next blow, teasing him and herself too. Striking a different spot each time, eventually she covered his smooth round ass and the tops of his thighs with her hand prints. The pleasant tingling excited her. The blossom of rose on his behind added to her pleasure. He tried to tense his butt muscles but she waited for the tightness to fade and then her hand came down in a sharp swat. The sound of flesh on flesh was like music to her ears, his moans the harmony. His flesh rippled and his cock swayed in front of his snugly-bound balls.

Cathy's fingers stung after thirty minutes, so she stopped and stroked his bottom. The back of his thighs and his ass were a lovely shade of pink, and his buttocks shone bright.

She stroked him at her leisure, allowing her hand to stray between his cheeks and down the furrow, touching the back of the leather strap that held his balls. They bulged toward her and his cock throbbed against her knuckles. She stroked and caressed those luscious orbs, dragging the tips of her fingers over each one until he

growled in frustration. She checked them for temperature. If they grew too cool, she'd have to unbind them. Smiling, she slid her fingers forward to his shaft. The flesh was hot and pulsing, and when she wrapped her fist around it, she realized his cock dripped pre-cum.

Easing back a little, she drew his cock toward her and worked the skin up and down the smooth shaft. The crown peeked out, the rosy-red head almost as red as his behind. She ran a finger over the tip and smiled when he moaned. Stroking it again at a slow, even pace, she wanted him to make him wait for every tormenting touch.

He shifted his knees and pushed his ass back as far as the bindings would allow. His breaths came in ragged pants and his face, a hard grimace, masked his need. He opened his mouth, but shut it again when she ran a fingernail over one testicle. She slapped his bottom and stroked his cock from tip to balls.

"Please, fuck," he said, his voice hoarse. "You're killing me."

Cathy chuckled, but continued her lazy tease. She counted off thirty seconds between each stroke and caress. His groans became a monotone of desire. Every few minutes, she raised her hand high and held it there for extended moments. It must have seemed like an eternity to him before she brought her palm down with a resounding slap.

His body reared forward, the pain finally breaking through his macho shield. Another and another smack resulted in the same anguished moans from his lips. His back shone with sweat and beads of perspiration dripped from his forehead.

His cock swelled to an amazing length and thickness and his hips launched into a desperate thrusting motion. She knew the time had come to stop teasing him. Releasing him, she stepped to the side and reached for her glove. She put it on and snapped it shut at the wrist. Black and thin, the leather protected her hand, yet allowed her to feel the heat of his ass. She spanked him again, harder, faster. Placing the flat of her free hand on his lower back, she raised the gloved hand high and, after a heart-stopping pause, swatted his ass cheek. He gasped and his head came back, but he remained silent. She waited and watched him squirm then went to work on the other

cheek. The spanking picked up intensity and speed and she alternated between left and right buttocks. Although protected by the glove, her hand felt the sting, yet she refused to stop. The pale pink blush turned crimson as she covered his cheeks from right to left, from spine to where butt cheek met thigh. He writhed beneath the torment, his muscles tensed, and a low moan echoed in the room after every blow.

Her hand grew warm and she was forced her to stop for a breather. "Do you deserve more?"

Nate fell silent and she wondered if he needed time to ponder his endurance. She'd never taken him this far before.

"Yes, if you think I do, but I'm not sure I can take much more."

"I think it's a good time to find out."

"Yes, ma'am." He turned his face toward her and smiled. "I'll do my best."

"I know that. If it is too much, say *amber*."

"Thank you."

When her hand cooled off, she repositioned her body and readied herself for the next volley. She went from slow to fast, increasing the strength of her blows. After twenty, she stopped and ran her hand over his ass, sighing with pleasure. Twenty smacks later, his moans turned into a steady hum and his hips jerked as if his dick were stuck in a light socket.

Winded, she stopped again. She'd lost count long ago, but estimated a hundred swats had been delivered by her sore hand. Sweat trickled from under her arms and down her back. Her hair felt damp and cold as it brushed her shoulders. Her thighs were moist too, but for reasons that had nothing to with physical exertion. The excitement made her tremble. Her breathing grew ragged and she couldn't seem to keep her hands off him. She'd spanked him many times in their six months together, but never like this – never in such an intimate way or for such an extended period of time.

His hips moved again and the low hums spewing from his mouth reminded her of a soft breeze of encouragement. She grabbed his prick again and wrapped rough

leather-encased fingers around his shaft. He grunted and cringed, but didn't pull away. She hoped the leather of her gloved hand felt coarse against his smooth, lubricated flesh while she masturbated him. Holding him on the precipice of bliss, she teased him mercilessly.

She pulled his cock back between his thighs, dropped to her knees, and licked the dome. Holding the throbbing shaft tight and using the tip of her tongue, she circled the crown, pushing it under the foreskin. His cock pulsed and she thought he might explode, but the harness helped hold his explosion in check.

Knowing he was on the edge, she released him, sat back on her heels and studied his ass. Fiery red and swollen, the color and texture excited her more than she ever imagined. She licked the length of his prick again and savored the rich, musky taste.

"You're so close," she murmured and pressed her cheek pressed against his thigh. "Time for a break." Rising to her feet, she slipped the glove off and placed it on his back above his ass.

"Cathy, ma'am, you're not serious?"

One look at his face and she burst into laughter. No doubt he'd do anything she asked if she'd let him come.

Still chuckling, she said, "Yes, I'm very serious." Stroking his inner thigh, she kept her fingers from touching his genitals. "The punishment must fit the crime. You've already climaxed, so you really don't need to again. At least not right away."

"But it's been hours. My ass is on fire, and fuck, my cock is hotter than my ass. I-but . . ." He sputtered, wriggled, and strained against the cuffs. Realizing it was fruitless, moments later, he settled down.

"It hasn't been hours, it's only been two, and I figure you're good for at least one more session before I've had enough."

Nate's mouth dropped open and his eyes widened. "Ma'am, I don't think I can take another two hours of this."

"I'm sure you'll do just fine. I'll help you," she said, sliding a finger along the crease of his ass. "And you've been such a naughty, naughty boy."

"Yes, and I'm so sorry. It won't happen again. I don't think I could go through this again."

Cathy circled his anus and pressed a finger against the soft pucker. "I'm going to get a glass of water and I'll be back. Try to calm yourself while I'm gone." Rising to her feet, she reached down and cupped her pussy. She tightened her grip and another shudder ripped through her, a tiny orgasm fueling her for more. "You'll be fine, trust me."

She left him and his fiery red ass. Outside the room, she leaned against the wall and drew a deep, trembling breath. She knew he needed a break, but she needed time to gather her wits. Her cunt ached, yet she wanted to continue the spanking session before she sought relief.

Stepping into the bathroom, she turned on the tap and sluiced cold water over her face. She glanced into the mirror. Her cheeks looked redder than a beet, rivaling Nate's ass after the first round of spanking. She dabbed her flushed skin with a towel and walked into the kitchen for something cold to drink. The dull ache in her pussy sent a shiver up her spine. Her clit felt enormous, and it took all her will not to rush into the living room to masturbate.

A cold glass of lemonade did little to temper her desire, but it provided her with time to calm down. When she walked back into the bedroom fifteen minutes later, she had regained her control and readied herself for round two.

Nate, on the other hand, must have spent the time thinking about what she was going to do to him next. Although his body was covered in a fine sheen of sweat, his cock had lost its hard fullness. A soft humming moan greeted her when she approached.

Standing behind him, she reached out and slid a hand over his ass. His head shot up and he cried out. "Cathy, fuck!"

"I see you decided to think about something sexy." She toyed with him, tugged on his balls and ran her fingertip down the length of his shaft. "I feel much calmer now."

It doesn't look like you are, however, not at all." His shaft pulsed and thickened, becoming fully erect in the blink of an eye.

"I know; I can't stop thinking about you and what you're going to do next. I've never had a woman do this to me before."

Curling her fingers around his shaft, she whispered, "It looks like you're enjoying it though."

"You know I am, ma'am."

"Then ask me to spank you." She picked up the glove from its resting place on his back and slipped it on again. Standing behind him, and to the left, she waited for him to respond.

"Cathy, Ma'am, would you please spank me?"

She eyed his red ass and smiled. The pain from the first spanking should have settled in by now. Enough time had passed for the nerve endings to respond to the next level of pain. "Yes, I will." She raised her hand, held it there and watched his muscles tense. His ass trembled and after a moment relaxed. She struck full force on one buttock and immediately lifted her hand and brought it down on the other cheek.

He howled like a wounded animal. Cathy stroked him, ran her hand across his shoulders and down the small of his back. "Yes, I know, it hurts doesn't it?"

"Oh my God, yes," he hissed through clenched teeth.

"Are you all right to go on?" She caressed his thighs and cupped his balls, testing the temperature.

"Yes, but, I might have to stop you," he said. "Amber, right?"

"Yes, amber."

She stepped back, found her balance, and let another swat fly. Her technique was different this time. Moving from cheek to cheek, she kept the pace and force steady, making sure she covered the entire skin. She listened while she spanked him, waiting to hear the word *amber* from his lips.

Moments later, she stopped and removed the glove. Tossing it aside, she gripped his cock with one hand and masturbated him until he thrust into her palm. Holding his shaft, she stroked his ass with her free hand and patted it every few seconds.

He flinched and moaned, but didn't try to pull away or ask her to stop. His bottom glowed red, and radiated heat. When she stopped, her hand was sore and her pussy ached.

Plopping down onto the bed beside him, she leaned over and kissed his shoulder. "Thank me for spanking you," she gasped. Hot and horny, she wanted to come, but that would have to wait.

"Thank you for spanking me, Cathy, ma'am." His voice was strained. "Cathy, I want . . ."

She waited and when he didn't finish, she asked, "You want what?"

He struggled against his bonds. "Please, would you take off the cuffs and the chain?"

Cathy climbed off the bed and knelt behind him. She unfastened the chain and unbuckled the cuffs from his ankles and wrists. Before he moved, she tested the temperature of his balls. Warm and tight, the lovely orbs seemed fine and primed for more.

She wondered if he'd ask the right question. She sprawled onto the bed beside him and watched him move. His muscles would be cramped from being in one position for so long.

"You're very good at this, aren't you, Ma'am?" he said with a smile.

"Yes, but it's not just for me; it's for you too. After six months of knowing one another intimately, we've learned what the other likes."

"Yes, I suppose we have, in a lot of ways." He pulled himself to his feet and cringed. "This harness is something else." He stood at the end of the bed and gazed down at his erection and the bound balls beneath it.

"Yes, I think so too." Cathy sat up and reached for his cock. "Spread your legs, I want to touch."

Nate seemed eager to comply and ready for more than the spanking he'd received. She cupped his balls and squeezed just enough to make him groan and thrust his hips forward.

"You were going to ask me something, weren't you? You said, 'Cathy, I want . . .'" Leaning forward, she took the head of his cock into her mouth and twirled her tongue around the rim of his foreskin. Pre-cum oozed into her mouth and she took it eagerly, savoring the taste of him.

He slid his hands over her hair and face. To her surprise, they slipped to her shoulders and under her arms. He drew her to her feet. Looking down at her, he leaned in and kissed the tip of her nose.

"Okay, you've got my attention." She cocked her head to the side. "I'm horny and I want you."

"Yes, and I want you, forever." He dropped to one knee and looked up at her with such a look of passion and love, it took her breath away.

"Cathy, my love, my life, will you marry me? I never imagined I'd find you, the woman who completes me, the woman who has the same passion and perversion I do, and is proud of it too." He winked and kissed her again. "Cathy, I love you with all my heart and want to spend the rest of my life with you."

Struck dumb, she knew she'd fallen for Nate, but hadn't realized until that moment, he loved her too. She thought her heart would burst. Tears threatened to spill from her eyes and she drew several deep breaths. In those brief moments, she thought about what she wanted to say.

"I can't believe you did this now." She smiled at him and everything felt so right. She loved him. Even when he was naughty, maybe more then, but she loved him with all her heart. "Yes, I'll marry you. I love you, Nate. I think I've loved you right from that first time we talked.

He looked confused.

"Yes, don't you remember? At the pool I told you if you didn't behave, I was going to spank you."

Nate chuckled and nodded. "Yes, I remember. I thought I was going to come in my shorts."

"Yes, I thought so. When you went and stood in the corner, I saw something in you." Cathy leaned down and kissed his nose, just as he'd done moments before to her. "Later, when we'd had a few drinks, I said something like, if you behaved, I'd take you to my place."

"Yeah, I was really subtle when I heard that, wasn't I?"

"You were brave enough to show me what you wanted – what turned you on. I've never had a man who was that sure of himself. I think that's when I first knew you were someone special."

"Well you could have told me." Nate clambered to his feet and wrapped her in his arms.

Her body pressed into his and elicited a groan from him. She backed off, but he pulled her back.

"I don't have a ring for you, yet. We'll go tomorrow and pick one out."

"Yes, tomorrow, but right now, I'm horny." She reached down and found his semi-erect cock and stroked it. "Now, do you have any more questions you'd like to ask?"

Looking into her eyes, Nate said, "My Lady, my sweet Cathy, may I serve you, please?"

"Yes, you most certainly can." She fell back onto the bed and crab-crawled her way to the headboard where she collapsed. "And if you behave, I'll let you fuck me."

His smile was radiant, but not as bright as the color of his ass.

~The End~

About the Author

Multi published Canadian born author, Jude Mason, writes in a variety of genres and adores stretching the boundaries. The bulk of her work has been D/s and femdom, but she enjoyed straying into fetish, pulp fiction, m/m, f/f, paranormal and sci-fi, among others. She has work in print, e-book form as well as audio and works with several publishers. Interested in finding out more? Visit Jude's site at <http://www.my-haven2001.com/>.

~*~

One Good Outcome

By Jenna Byrnes

Chapter One

In a firm, humorless voice, Mistress Ginger said, "Drop to your knees."

Not one to shirk directions, Steve Cannon did as instructed.

"Now lean forward," she said, nudging his bare ass with her shoe.

He leaned forward and placed his hands on the floor. A nervous flutter coursed through him right up to his gut as his balls shifted in their sac.

"Cold?" Her smooth leather shoe rubbed the underside of his testes.

"No, Ma'am." The room felt warm enough, but his precious jewels were exposed, available for whatever she had in mind. His stomach clenched and he wondered what she might be planning.

Sliding her hand between his thighs, she massaged his heavy sac. A feather-light touch of fingers sped over his burgeoning erection and retreated. *A squeeze would have been too good to be true.* She'd never played with his cock so early in the evening before. First she'd torment him, and he knew it. *Loved it.*

"You're getting hard," she said. "Remember to practice self-control. If you make a mess on the floor, I'll make you lick it up."

"Yes, Ma'am." He swallowed. She'd follow through on the threat, and the idea didn't excite him. It was one thing to lick the floor at his place or her condo, but the floor in a BDSM club—even an exclusive establishment like Delilah's—wouldn't be very clean. He focused on the wall and went over a legal brief in his head, anything to keep from becoming too aroused.

She circled around until she stood in front of him. He stared straight ahead and saw her black fishnet stockings and the thin garter belt holding them up. He dared not look any higher without permission, although he could smell her musky scent. God, stealing a peek tempted him.

"Are you thinking about work?"

"No, Ma'am," he said then changed his answer. "Yes, Ma'am."

She ran her fingers through his thick mass of black hair and grasped a handful. "Don't lie to me. You know what happens when I catch you in a lie."

I know. And that's exactly why I do it. "Yes, Ma'am," he repeated, flinching when she pulled his hair.

Bending down, she spoke into his ear. "I don't want you to think about the office. Be here, in the moment. Force your mind to compartmentalize. Put thoughts of work away. Put thoughts of a climax aside. All you should think about is pleasing me. Do you understand? Say 'Yes, Mistress', or I'm going to pull your hair again."

His scalp hurt. He wished she'd stop, wanted them to move on. "Yes, Mistress," he choked out.

"Good," she purred and released him. "Such a smooth talker. You're always so glib, so quick with the golden tongue." She strolled to an armless chair at the end of the room, dropped into it, and spread her legs. "Crawl over here and use that tongue on me. Don't remove my panties, and don't use your hands—or your teeth. Just your tongue."

"Yes, Mistress." He approached and focused on the prize, her shaved mons pubis, covered by the tiniest pair of black underwear. The crotch of the panties seeped with moisture. Her arousal pleased him.

He stuck his tongue out and pushed the scrap of fabric to the side. A thin rectangle of auburn hair covered her slit, proof her thick red tresses were natural. He loved to see the wild mane spread out on the pillow beneath him, or bobbing above as she rode him to frenzy. It seemed like hours remained before they'd reach that landmark. The first step involved making her come with his tongue, and he would accommodate her with delight.

He flicked his tongue through the folds of her cunt and savored the taste of her heady musk. He targeted her clit and her hips bucked against his mouth. He alternated between long, smooth strokes and short, fast licks.

Mistress' moans encouraged him to continue. He drove harder, faster, deeper. Resisting the urge to suck the button of her clit into his mouth, he continued with just his tongue. Apparently, it did the trick.

She came with a low groan, thrust her pelvis into his face and splashed his lips and chin with spicy nectar. Without permission, he lapped up every last drop.

"Yes!" She wove gentle fingers through his hair. "Perfect. Clean me up, will you?"

Using the same movements which brought her to orgasm, he licked with enthusiasm until she pushed him away.

"Good enough for now. Use your teeth to put my panties back in place."

Steve thought about disobeying, but then remembered the variety of whips and paddles in the black bag she'd placed in the corner. The thought of a spanking from her caused his cock to stir and twitch. He tugged at the tiny crotch of her panties until it covered her glistening slit.

"Move back, but stay on your hands and knees."

He crawled away from her.

"Do you like my new outfit?"

Finally, permission to look. His gaze traveled up her long legs, from the black high heels to the shapely calves and thighs and her delicious round hips. She possessed the perfect hourglass figure, fleshier than the model-thin, in-vogue girls, but perfect in his

eyes. Along with the small black panties and garter belt, a smart black-leather bustier exposed an insane amount of her full, luscious tits. The fair-skinned mounds spilled out of the garment, yet somehow stayed in place. A hint of dark nipple peeked out on each side.

His mouth watered and his cock thickened as his gaze fell on her long red hair, teased and sprayed to achieve maximum height and volume. Accentuated by the perfect amount of make-up, her sultry green eyes and lush red lips drove him mad. She carried herself like a goddess, and he would do anything for her. "Permission to speak, Mistress?"

"Permission granted."

An expression of humor crossed her face. Their role-play amused her. He sensed sometimes she questioned the amount of power she held over him, but he took their relationship seriously. He'd do *anything* she asked; even lick the floors at fucking Grand Central Station if that's what it took.

Steve gazed into her eyes. "You look gorgeous tonight. Fucking hot. I could lift each of your tits out of that leather getup and suck the nipples until they grew hard and taut. Then I'd spread you out on the table and drive my cock into your hot, wet pussy. After you came all over me, with my rod slick and wet, I'd flip you around, bend you at the waist, and fuck your sweet ass until I exploded." He raised his chin in defiance. "What do you think about that?"

She reached for her open bag and thoughtfully surveyed the contents. He gulped when she removed a flogger with a thick black handle and long plastic tendrils shooting out from the end. Turning to face him she said, "I think you're an impudent slug and if you believe this *thing* –" She leaned over to eye his dangling cock. "Has any hope of touching *me*, you've got some repenting to do. Open your mouth."

He did, and she inserted the handle of the flogger between his lips, gagging him. Steve's heart leaped. *The exact reaction I hoped for.* His stomach tingled in anticipation.

Mistress turned back to the bag and pulled out a deep purple, cushioned paddle. She held it up and examined it before looking at him again. "Do you agree I need to use this?"

Steve nodded and his heart thudded.

She shook her head and rolled her eyes. "Such a slut for a spanking. I should just leave, which would be ideal punishment for you."

With a vigorous shake of his head, and aware the thick handle hindered his speech, he said, "Pwease."

She smiled and ran a finger under his chin. "Aw, sweet. Beg me again."

"Pwease," he repeated without shame. He'd do anything for a spanking, in fact, had done *much more* to achieve the sweet pleasure/pain he desperately craved.

She returned to the chair and sat with legs together, her back rigid. "Position," she snapped.

Steve scrambled to lie across her lap. He pressed his fingertips to the floor and straightened his legs. Spreading his knees, he touched his toes to the tile.

Mistress massaged his ass with a firm hand. "Such a willing slave, so well-trained. I could make good money hiring you out."

Steve groaned. Her hand *and* her words aroused him to a frenzy of excitement. She'd never hire him out, but when they were immersed in role-play, she said some strange things, and had surprised him on more than one occasion. He bucked his hips and begged for her attention.

A sharp slap of her hand warmed his ass. "Hold still."

He froze. The first blissful wisps of the sting settled over him.

"Your ass is going to be beet red tonight." She used both hands to pry his butt cheeks apart and traced a finger down his crack. "Mmm, nice. Dark and crinkled, puckering just for me."

He held the position and drew a breath. Finally, she got to the best part.

Mistress slipped a hand between his legs and grasped his cock, which lay trapped between them. With a nimble touch, she stroked the shaft and coaxed pre-cum from the slit. She swiped a glob onto a finger and pressed it to his anus.

He bit back another groan. He wouldn't move a muscle unless she told him to. He wanted the finger inside him, and more. *So much more.*

She slid the finger into his hole. "Warm and tight, just the way I like it, just the way *you* like it. I know how much you love to fuck me in the ass." Thrusting in and out, she added another finger and plunged them in deep.

He bit into the handle of the flogger and concentrated. Her fingers deep inside drove him wild. If he hadn't worked endlessly on practicing his self-control, he'd be staining her stockings about now.

"I saw an interesting strap-on dildo at an online novelty store," she said. "Ten inches long and thicker than my wrist. I might order it and see how you like being sodomized."

A shudder ran down his spine. He had no doubt he'd like it just fine.

"Hmm, that got a rise out of you." She chuckled and smoothed her other hand over his back. "I dare say you like the idea of getting fucked in the ass." She pushed three fingers in and out of his ass tenaciously.

On the verge of orgasm and knowing it would infuriate her to holy hell he dropped his head and held back the flood. *Thank God, somehow I managed to tamp it down.*

He didn't have permission to come, and also knew the longer he held out, the more gratifying it would be. If he came now, she might follow through on her threat, punish him in the cruelest way imaginable, and go home.

He inhaled, exhaled, and averted the crisis.

Mistress slowed the motion of her fingers and slid them out. Massaging his ass with firm strokes, she finished with a light slap. "Nice self-control. You impress me sometimes, slave."

"Thank you, Ma'am." His garbled words seeped through the flogger.

She leaned over him. "Did I say you could speak? Next time, I'll bring the ball gag and shut you up."

Stealing a glance at one of the large mirrors on the wall, he saw her remove the paddle from under her arm. He steeled himself for a blow.

"Maybe I'll buy one of those cock-shaped gags. I think you'd like to have a nice cock shoved in your mouth rather than a ball. Wouldn't you?"

He didn't speak, and seconds later, felt the sting of leather slap his ass.

"I asked you a question! Would you like a nice cock gagging you next time?"

Steve nodded. The pain of the first swat rattled him. He knew what was coming and craved the sting, yet knowing didn't ease his discomfort. He braced himself for the next blow.

"You're a closet bi, aren't you?" She brought the paddle down too many times to count. "You like your pussy, but you'd like a nice cock too. I can tell by the way your body reacts when I talk about fucking you."

Misery oozed in all directions from his ass. Overwhelming pain flooded him and he struggled to maintain consciousness. Agony entangled with ecstasy ripped through his nerve endings, the sensations so intense, he couldn't tell if he came or not.

"You . . . never . . . told . . . me!" She accentuated each word with a full-on smack. "Lies of omission are still lies."

A bestial groan rose from his belly and escaped his lips. Before he realized it, the black handled flogger fell from his mouth and hit the floor. He knew he should apologize, but aroused and barely conscious, he couldn't speak.

She tossed the paddle onto the floor, fumbled between his legs, and found his cock, rock hard and weeping. "Oh, baby, you haven't come yet! You've earned a reward. Do you want to fuck my pussy or my ass? I'll let you choose."

His senses returned slowly, his mind registering her words at the same speed. He smiled, climbed from her lap and stood on wobbling legs before extending his hand.

She rose with a smile.

The tides had shifted, and they both knew it. He'd endured her punishment, and he'd be allowed to call the shots from here on out. "Pussy," he whispered, trying to catch his breath. "Seems like a lot less work right now."

She laughed, scrambled to her bag and pulled out a condom. Dropping to her knees, she licked a drop of pre-cum from his cock, bit open the foil packet and rolled the condom over his throbbing shaft.

He clasped her by the shoulders and pressed her back onto the sturdy table in the room. "You're mine now."

"Yes." She spread her legs and he guided his shaft home.

Steve sank into her drenched pussy and stilled. They were made for one another; their bodies melded together seamlessly. When a deep shudder passed through her, he shivered too, a physical reaction to the intensity of their connection. He sighed and pushed a lock of hair away from her ear. "You're the best, Ginger." He nibbled her lobe and sucked.

"Aw, fuck!" She tossed her head back and her body jerked as she convulsed around his cock.

He held her tight until her bliss peaked and ebbed. "Damn, you're gorgeous."

Her green eyes refocused and she smiled at him. "My God, how intense. When I think it can't possibly get any better, it does."

He drew her close and sighed into her ear. "My perfect Mistress. Everything with you gets better each time. I'm so hard right now, I'm going to explode. Fuck with me. Explode with me."

"Oh, God." She tightened her arms around his neck. Her hips rocked in sync with his, a perfect rhythm to a satisfying conclusion.

"Yes!" he gasped, his orgasm bubbling to the top. The stinging fire in his ass became hotter, more intense. He cast a glance toward the mirror and the image of their sweat-slicked bodies slamming together sent him over the edge.

"Come now!" she screamed.

"Aw, yeah! He gasped and shattered. The glorious climax pulsed through him in crashing waves of bliss. Euphoria trumped agony, and every nerve receptacle in his ass tingled with the most exquisite pleasure imaginable.

Ginger humped through the last throes of her orgasm before collapsing against him. "Yes, oh yes," she murmured.

When their breathing returned to normal, she pulled herself up and looked at him with a sweet smile. "Are you okay? Did I get carried away tonight?"

He placed a light kiss on her smudged, red lips. "I'm perfect. You were amazing. My ass burns like a son of a bitch, but it was worth it."

"Let me rub some aloe lotion on your cheeks."

"Which means I'd have to move." He thrust into her pussy one last time and buried his face in her neck.

"If we were at your place or mine, you wouldn't have to go far." She rubbed her fingertips over his back.

"I know." He didn't need to say more. They had an agreement, an arrangement. Their relationship had started by going to one of their homes, but the arrangement became too personal. The BDSM club gave them a perfect place to play, yet keep things simple. *If simple was possible*. He sighed. Some nights he wouldn't mind falling asleep nestled against Ginger's luxurious breasts, but things looked different in the light of day.

Groaning, he pushed away from the table and his cock slid out with a slick *plop*. "Hate to go, but I have to. Early day tomorrow."

"I know." She sat up and attempted to compose herself. "Let me grab the lotion before you get dressed."

He disposed of the condom and cleaned himself up in the adjoining bathroom. Returning to the play room, he braced himself against the edge of the table. "I'm ready."

"Want to lie down?" she asked with raised brow.

He snickered, knowing where that would lead. Her hand would slip between his legs to caress his balls, and before he knew it, he'd be hard again. A delightful prospect, but best saved for another time. "I'd better not. Like I said, early day tomorrow. Depositions in the Anderson case at nine, which means I have to be in the office by seven to go over the file."

"Okay." She shook her head and smoothed the lotion over his red butt.

He flinched. "Ouch!"

"Hope you can stand during those depositions."

Steve chuckled and pushed her away. "Hush, you. A soak in the tub and more aloe will take care of me."

He strolled to the wall and plucked his clothes from the coat hanger.

"If I were there, I could tend the marks for you," she said, pulling on her clothes.

Pretending not to hear the comment, Steve dressed in silence. He zipped up Ginger's bag that held the leather outfit and accessories. "Ready?"

"Sure."

He opened the door for her and hung the note on the door knob. *'Housekeeping, please make up this room.'* Steve smiled and placed a hand on the small of Ginger's back. Turning around, he brushed up against another patron, a man with short brown hair and dark sunglasses. Although he didn't need shades inside the building, Steve understood his desire for anonymity and didn't bother looking at the guy's face.

"'scuse me," the man said brushing against him.

"No problem," Steve replied, and escorted Ginger down the long hallway leading to the bar and exit.

In the dimly-lit lounge, a bartender was engaged in conversation with a couple seated at the bar. Other guests drank and talked in several small groups. Avoiding eye contact with anyone but Ginger, he asked, "Anything to drink before we go?"

"No thanks." She reached for her bag. "I'm tired, see you, Steve."

He handed it over and placed a light kiss on her cheek.

Ginger smiled and left the club before him, like she always did.

Steve gave her time to get to her car and drive away before he exited the building, nodding goodnight to the man at the front desk.

After a short stroll through the parking lot, Steve pushed a button and the doors on his Lincoln Navigator unlocked. He glanced back at Delilah's. Nondescript, it appeared much like any upscale office in a high-end neighborhood. He smiled. *If people only knew.*

Sliding onto the plush leather car seat, he grimaced then smiled again. The best part: nobody knew. He'd walk around for a week with a bee-stung ass and enough memories to give him an instant hard-on. *A good life.*

Chapter Two

"Anderson versus Donatello." Steve spoke into his dictation microphone the next morning. "The plaintiff asserts on the date of—" A tap on his office door disrupted him and he stopped dictating. "Come in."

His secretary entered carrying a large mug of steaming coffee. "You're here early. Not yet seven and you're already hard at work."

"Deposition's at nine," he reminded her, certain she knew that already. An excellent administrative assistant, she was one of the best employees at Wilder, Duchene, Cannon and Associates. The stars aligned the day she walked through his door.

Moving to the side of his desk, she set the mug in the usual spot. In her other hand she waved a square white envelope. "Found this in the mail slot. It's for you, marked 'Personal'." She placed it on the desk in front of him.

With a scowl creasing his brow, he picked up the envelope. He didn't recognize the handwriting, and doubted it was personal. "Probably a bill." He tapped it on his desk and looked up at his secretary. Her ever-present stern appearance always startled him. With her auburn hair knotted in a severe bun at the base of her neck and only a trace of make-up, she looked prim. Her high-collared white blouse, tucked into a

straight black skirt, made her look matronly. His burning backside remained a pleasant reminder of her other side.

"Open it." Ginger crossed her arms. "If it's a bill, I'll take care of it."

He smiled. "Thanks." Steve opened the envelope with a letter opener. When he shook it, a small, grainy snapshot fell out. Squinting, he picked it up. "Well, I'll be go to hell."

She peered over his shoulder. "What is it?"

He held it in front of her face.

Ginger gasped. "It's a picture of you and me. From last night."

He took another look and frowned. A picture of him and Ginger walking through the bar at Delilah's stared back at him. One couldn't tell by the suit; he always wore a suit and many looked the same. One thing loomed clear – the blue blouse and jeans Ginger had changed into after their play session. "Yes, it's from last night."

"Who sent this picture, and how did they get the shot? Delilah's has a strict rule against the use of cameras."

"I know." He waved the photo in the air. "This is obviously from a cell phone camera or some type of spy-cam. The picture is small and grainy. The people are almost indistinguishable."

"I know who they are!" she shrieked. "And you can make them out, can't you? Who in the hell sent it to you?"

"Calm down." He spoke with a confidence he didn't feel. "Even if someone were to recognize us, for all they know, we're in a bar having a drink. We've done nothing wrong."

"I suppose, but I don't like it."

"What I don't like is that nothing came with it . . . no note, nothing. I'm not sure we've heard the last from our new camera-happy friend, here."

"Steve!" she said, low-voiced, her eyes filled with worry.

He raised a hand. "Shhh."

Leland Duchene, one of Steve's law partners stuck his head inside the open office door. "Morning. Are you ready for Anderson, Steve?"

Steve glanced at his watch, lifted his mug and took a sip of coffee. "I'm ready, but since it's not quite time, I want to go over my notes."

"Good." Duchene nodded. "I'll see you in the conference room later." The man looked at Ginger. "Alert my secretary when they get here, will you? Nan is making copies and she might not see them arrive."

"Yes, Mr. Duchene," Ginger replied.

As soon as the man left the office, Steve looked at Ginger. "Go back to work and put this from your mind. I told you, we haven't done anything wrong."

Skepticism marked her brow.

He gave her what he hoped to be a reassuring smile and watched her walk out. The photo bothered him too, but he couldn't dwell on it. Work waited on a very big case, and he needed to put everything else from his mind.

* * * * *

After the depositions, Steve walked toward his office with a hum on his lips. He found Ginger pacing around her desk, wringing her hands.

"What is it?" he asked, instantly alarmed.

She motioned toward his door, entered, and closed it behind them. "Look at these!" She held up three white envelopes, similar to the one he'd received earlier.

"Calm down." He took them from her hand.

Ginger waved a fistful of pictures at him. "Probably more of the same. These were addressed to me."

Steve snatched the photos from her hand. More small, grainy snapshots from the previous night – another shot of Ginger and him walking through the bar, one of him handing her the leather bag, and the third, him kissing her cheek before she left. He ripped open the other envelopes she'd handed him. "No notes?"

"No."

He sighed. The pictures were the same. "Son of a bitch."

She took a step toward him, her eyes wide. "What if they have more detailed, graphic pictures? Could they have taken any from inside the room?"

He shook his head. "There's no way. Besides, if someone has those shots, they wouldn't be dicking around with these." He tossed the images on his desk and faced Ginger. "Just stay calm. Whoever's doing this is trying to upset us, and I'm not falling for it. It's going to take a lot more than this to ruffle my feathers."

"Okay." She took several deep breaths and calmed herself. "I didn't see anyone drop the envelopes off. I'll sit out there and stare at the door for hours, just in case John Willie decides to show up again." She walked toward the door.

Steve couldn't resist a smirk. "Who's John Willie?"

Ginger looked over her shoulder. "A photographer, a pioneer in the fetish arena and a bondage artist. He published a magazine called Bizarre back in the forties and fifties."

"And how do you know that?" He blinked and tried not to smile.

She waved him off and opened his office door, stepping around the corner to her desk. Speaking louder she added, "You'd be surprised at some of the things I know. Just the other day I read — shit!"

He glanced at the stacks of files on his desk. "I know the feeling. I read a lot of shit too."

Ginger stomped back into his office. "That's not what I meant. Look!" She waved an envelope in his face.

"In the few minutes we've been standing here talking, this showed up?" *Unbelievable.* He ripped open the envelope and scowled. "This is a little too close for comfort."

He handed over the photo, a shot of Ginger and himself the night before, outside the playroom when he hung out the 'housekeeping' placard.

She stared at it and snapped her fingers. "Do you remember the man in the hallway in the sunglasses?"

"Yes." Steve nodded, while trying to remember other details about the stranger they'd encountered. "He had short brown hair and a pull-over shirt, brown, I think. Nothing fancy. Jeans."

"Yes," Ginger said. "He was in the hallway. You don't think —"

Steve shook his head. "I locked the door myself, Gin. Unless his crappy little camera can see through walls, I still think we're okay."

"I'm not okay," she said angrily. "I'm pissed. How dare someone do this to us?" Seconds later, she amended her answer. "To you?"

"To us," he reiterated. She'd been his secretary for a long time, and he took pride in not treating her like one. "Why don't you go out for an early lunch? Take a couple hours, get away from here and relax. I'll hold down the fort." He gazed from his office into her adjoining space, wary of what he might see.

"Are you going to catch the guy?" she asked, her expression anxious.

Steve shrugged. "We'll see what happens. I told you earlier, I'm not that concerned. Now go on, get out of here for awhile. I'll see you in a few hours."

Another woman entered Ginger's office space and looked through the doorway at them with a curious expression.

"Thank you, Mr. Cannon." Ginger said, business-like. "I'll take care of this before I go." She nodded toward the other secretary and headed out.

Steve dropped into the chair behind his desk. He didn't want to let Ginger know he was worried, but he was. Whoever was behind the photos could be up to no good. He couldn't imagine a good outcome among the various scenarios running through his head.

When Ginger left, he asked her to leave the door open between their offices. He had some work to do, but couldn't focus on anything too intense. Perhaps Steve would spot the guy if he tried to come around again.

People came and went from Ginger's office every now and then. Amazing how many people needed things from her; apparently he'd been mistaken when he assumed she worked solely for him. Today, with a clear view of her office, it appeared she didn't.

He ordered a sandwich from a local deli, downed it and then paced around her desk. Neat and tidy, she appeared more organized than him. Another reason he needed her. She kept him together on a daily basis, and he hadn't realized it until now.

Are her organizational skills the main reason I need her? He pondered and paced. *Of course not.* But her job was a major factor. Ginger had been his assistant for seven years. They'd been sleeping together for three. He didn't want to lose her as a sexual partner, they had too much fun. They were perfect for one another. *Ah, hell . . . we love each other.* Neither had spoken the words, but the feelings were there.

He couldn't afford to lose his assistant either. His days ran smooth because of her. His reputation as a winning, effective lawyer with a booming practice was due, in a large part, to her. He couldn't admit how much he needed her. Change made him uneasy, the main reason he kept Ginger at a distance emotionally. Getting out of their homes, meeting at Delilah's, had seemed the perfect solution to keeping things less personal. Now, because of his foolish insecurities, a stranger threatened to take everything away from them.

He sat at his desk and looked at the photos. *Blackmail.* He'd seen enough cases of extortion to recognize the signs, but he couldn't guess how this one might play out.

Ginger's office door opened and he saw her returning from her long lunch. A scowl creased her forehead as she walked into to Steve's office.

He smiled. "I wish you looked a little more relaxed after your break. It's been quiet here. A bunch of people were in and out, needed things, but nothing from our—" He stopped talking when she held up two square, white envelopes.

"These were outside, addressed to you and me."

"Well, fuck. Rat bastard didn't come in this time. Maybe he knew I was parked here waiting for him." He reached for one envelope and they both opened them at the same time. No picture, just a short note. He read it aloud. "Be in your office at six

p.m.—you and Ginger, alone. Do as I say or the rest of the pictures will be distributed around the office, beginning with Mr. Wilder on the top floor.”

“The rest of the pictures?” Her voice rose an octave or two. “This guy is insane.”

“I doubt it. More likely, he’s an enterprising young man who spotted an opportunity to make some cash. Too bad for him I don’t reward blackmailers.” He looked into Ginger’s eyes. “He’s got nothing on us, Gin. Pictures of us together in a bar, so what? If I have to go up and tell Lucius Wilder I’ve been having an affair with my secretary, it won’t be the worst thing that’s happened around here. He knows you. The most I’m going to get is an *atta boy*. If I explain someone is trying to blackmail us, he’ll be pissed. He won’t stand for it either.”

She shook her head. “You make it sound so easy. Deep in my heart, I don’t believe this will go away that simply.”

Steve shrugged. “Six p.m. is just a few hours away. We’ll find out then.”

“I guess we will. I should try and get back to work. I haven’t gotten much done today.”

He raised a brow. “Are all those people coming and going, wanting you to check on this and that a normal day for you?”

Ginger smiled. “Just another day in paradise. Everybody needs something, and they can always rely on me.”

He frowned. “I thought you worked for me.”

“Sorry, boss, I work for the law firm of Wilder, Duchene, Cannon and Associates.” She took a step toward him and her eyes sparkled. “But at night, I’m all yours. Or should I say, you’re all mine.”

Steve smiled and patted the top of his desk. “You got me, there. All right, back to work for us. Let’s see if we can’t get something productive done this afternoon.”

“Yes, Mr. Cannon.” Ginger left his office and closed the door behind her.

The image of her slender hips in a straight, black skirt made his cock throb. His ass still stung like a mother-fucker so it was too soon for more spanking play. But

maybe a nice, relaxing fuck after work would take the edge off. He rubbed his dick through his slacks and tried to focus on work.

* * * * *

The office closed by six p.m. each day. There might be an occasional late meeting, but for the most part, the building was cleared out by that hour. Whoever left the notes must have known they'd have privacy. Steve's curiosity had kicked into high gear. He shuffled through paperwork until he could no longer focus and then stared at the empty air.

Ginger entered and took a chair in front of his desk. "It's almost six."

"So I see. Let's hope whoever he or she is, they're prompt. I'm ready to get out of here."

"Me too," she said. "It's been a long day."

The outer office door opened and they glanced up. A young man in a suit entered and scanned the area like a hawk. Handsome, his features were symmetrical, his hair clipped short. He looked familiar, even if Steve didn't consider running into him in the hallway at Delilah's the previous night. For some reason, Steve thought he knew this man.

"You!" Ginger stood and wagged her finger at him. "I know you. You're one of the junior associates downstairs. Percy something, isn't it?"

"Pierce," he said with a nod. "Devon Pierce. And yes, I've been a junior associate for several months."

Steve leaned back in his chair and folded his arms across his chest. "Not too fond of your job? The stunt you pulled today has earned you a one-way ticket out of here."

"I hope not." He appeared remorseful and motioned to the chair next to Ginger. "May I sit?"

"Sure." Steve drummed his fingers on his biceps. *This ought to be good.*

Devon sat with his hands in his lap and studied his fingers for a moment. He took a breath and looked up. "I realize I used an unorthodox method to get your attention. I've had my eye on you for quite some time. I've been a member at Delilah's for a while too, and when I saw you together there—"

Steve frowned. "Something else you've thrown in the crapper. Delilah has strict rules about cameras in the facility. When I tell her you snapped pictures of us without our knowledge, you can take your exit papers from here right over there because she's going to boot your ass out."

"Again, I hope not." Like a scolded pup, he looked down. "I want to explain."

Steve looked at his watch. "You have five minutes. We were just saying this has been a very long day."

"Thanks to you," Ginger said.

"Look." Devon put his hands in the air. "It's not easy for a gay guy to meet people socially. *Decent* people, anyway. And when you have a thing for your boss"

Steve drew a deep breath. *The guy has a thing for me? What the fuck?*

Devon went on, "Or one of your bosses, I mean, it's tough, and not a subject I can just toss out there."

"No kidding." The droll look on Steve's face must have relayed his sentiments. "Considering I'm not gay."

Devon shrugged. "I didn't know. I've seen you and Ginger at Delilah's a few times, so I figured you were together. But the two of you always look so"

"So what?" Ginger raised a brow, ready to pounce on his next words.

"So happy, content. Your faces are always flushed, like you'd just had one hell of a good time. I was envious."

When Ginger seemed stunned, Steve jumped in. "You're way out of line, here, Pierce. Delilah's is a nice social club that many people frequent. And anyway, where I go and what I do is none of your concern. Same goes for my administrative assistant. The pictures you have are bullshit, not worth any more than the paper they're printed on. So unless you have something more interesting, I believe this conversation is over."

"More incriminating, you mean." Devon challenged.

Steve pushed himself away from his desk and stood up. "Your five minutes are up."

"Wait." The man shook his head, his tone pleading. "I don't have any other pictures. I know the ones I took aren't indicative of anything. I never meant to hurt either of you; I just wanted to get your attention."

As the minutes passed, Steve grew increasingly agitated. "You got our attention, all right, plus a whole peck of trouble. More than you bargained for, I'm sure."

"I know." Devon hung his head again. "I deserve to be punished. Maybe even spanked." A smile spread his lips. "Anyone interested?"

Chapter Three

Steve's jaw dropped and his heart thudded until he thought it might pop out of his chest. "Are you fucking insane? Get out of here! I expect you to give two weeks' notice and resign tomorrow. If you don't, I'll see that you're fired with no benefit package. Now, go." He grabbed Devon by the arm and jerked him to his feet.

"Wait!" Devon placed a hand on Steve's chest. "I have one more thing to show you. If you don't like it, I'll leave, I promise."

The spot where the man's hand rested on Steve's chest burned. The man oozed sex appeal, no doubt about it, but trust was of utmost importance to even consider what he was suggesting. Steve didn't trust this guy any farther than he could throw him. He lowered his hands and tried to calm his voice. "What?"

With his eyes on Steve, Devon reached into his breast pocket and removed a handful of pictures. "I understand you have no reason to trust me. You don't know me, but I'm a member in good standing at Delilah's which says something—"

"For now," Ginger said, her tone laced with disgust.

Devon nodded. "I understand. I'd be happy to furnish blood tests, and these." He thrust the pictures toward Steve.

Steve took them and shuffled through the stack, forcing his jaw to remain closed. They were various pictures of Devon, naked and bound with a masked male accomplice doing *things* to him— fucking his mouth, fucking his ass, and Devon appeared more than willing to submit.

One picture showed Devon's cherry red ass in full bloom. He'd apparently just received one hell of a spanking. Steve had to admit, the picture looked fucking hot. He leafed through the photos again, surprised to realize an erection had sprouted in his pants.

He handed the pictures to Ginger and then looked at Devon. "Why are you showing us these?"

"I'm not showing them to you; I'm *giving* them to you. Any one of these shots would be enough to get me fired if I read my other straight-laced bosses correctly."

No shit. Steve couldn't disagree. Wilder and Duchene were older, and much more vanilla than he and Ginger.

"We started on shaky ground," Devon admitted. "My fault. I thought the pictures would have a different affect than they did. I see now where I went wrong. If possible, I'd like to start over. I want you both to know you can trust me. No more pictures, I promise. Just raunchy, down and dirty fun. I'll fit into your relationship in whatever manner you choose. He glanced at Steve. "If you're not into guys, you don't have to do anything you're not comfortable with, of course." He gripped the back of his chair. "I *need* certain things I can't get from just anybody. I *need* to be disciplined."

Ginger looked down her nose at him and tossed the photos onto the desk. "Why in the hell would you think we'd want any part of what you're suggesting? You're an insolent worm for even considering such a thing."

Steve saw her dominant persona come to the forefront and wondered if *she* might be considering the idea. They'd never talked about adding a third person to their play. It had to be the right person. His cock twitched, and he wondered what the signal meant. Could the handsome hunk in front of him be the right person?

"I'm bad." Devon lowered his eyes. "Very naughty. I'm a card, and I need to be dealt with."

Biting back a smile, Ginger struggled to maintain her scowl. "You need to get the fuck out of here and never come back."

Without raising his head, Devon snuck a glance at each of them. Steve wondered what thoughts were running through the man's head. He hated to break it to him, but when they were at Delilah's *he* was the insolent worm. Ginger called the shots.

He cleared his throat. "Devon, why don't you leave us for now? Ginger and I need to talk."

The younger man nodded. "What about —"

Steve stared at him, his eyes as hard as steel. "Understand we're going to investigate you. If there's so much as a dirty pair of boxers under your bed, we'll find them."

Devon nodded again. "I welcome your scrutiny. And your cock, if you're so inclined to share it. The choice is up to you."

Steve whirled around and faced the wall, hoping no one saw the hard-on about to burst through his pants. He glanced over his shoulder and glared, his voice stern. "Report to work tomorrow as usual. If one word gets out to anybody, you'll get something booted up your ass, but it won't be my cock."

Devon grinned. "I won't say a word. I want sex, but I'd like to keep my job too."

"We'll see." Steve motioned toward the door.

"Thank you. And again, I'm sorry for upsetting you today." Devon looked at Ginger when he spoke the words.

"Sorry, my ass," Ginger said.

Steve waited until he heard the door to the hallway close. He turned to face her with a shocked look on his face. "Oh, my God."

"That's putting it mildly." A grin spread across her face. "He's a bit of a moron, but he's cute, isn't he?" She took a step closer and added, "I'll bet he's got a nice package. I could get off seeing him use his tool on you."

Steve laughed, relief washing over him. "Fuck, me too. My dick's hard as a rock. About broke my neck trying not to let him see it."

She cupped his crotch. "Oh, yeah! We need to take care of that pronto."

Steve looked around. They had a standing rule about no hanky-panky in the office. He didn't think his office was monitored in any way, but he couldn't be sure. He also couldn't walk with the monster between his legs weighing him down. "This way."

He dragged Ginger to his private bathroom and locked the door. No one in the firm would be kinky enough to ever bug the bathrooms. But if they had, hey, they were about to witness one hell of a blowjob. Ginger dropped to her knees.

He shoved his trousers and briefs down. His cock sprang up, a drop of pre-cum already anointing the tip. She licked it off, sucking the head into her mouth hungrily.

"Oh, yeah." Steve rocked his hips while she devoured him. "Did the idea of making it with Devon turn you on like it did me?"

She groaned, her mouth full of his bulky cock.

"I thought it would. We'll check him out tomorrow; make sure everything he says is on the up and up."

Ginger nodded and continued to suck.

Steve loosened her hair from its restrictive bun, and wove his fingers through the thick mass, pulling a handful toward him. "That's it, take it all."

She swallowed when the first blast of warm cum hit the back of her throat. Steve gasped as she continued to suck him through successive waves of bliss. He shuddered and emptied with his fingers still wrapped in her hair.

A contented sigh left his lips. "Damn."

Ginger struggled to her feet, kissing his flesh on the way up. "Devon won't have long hair for you to grab, boss. He better watch out for his ears."

With a chuckle, Steve drew her into his arms and kissed her. His heart thudded loudly, and he could tell hers did too. Hugging her, he smiled. They'd already made their decision. If the man checked out, he'd join them the next time they went to Delilah's.

* * * * *

Steve greeted the doorman at the club, wandered into the lounge and looked around for his partners. He spotted Devon and Ginger near the bar, her black leather bag nestled at her feet. Approaching them, he tried to tamp down his excitement.

"Good evening."

Ginger smiled. "Hi."

"Hello." Devon offered a shy nod. "I wondered if you'd had second thoughts."

"You bet I have." Steve leaned down and picked up the bag. He held up the key to the room and nodded toward the back. "Second thoughts, third thoughts, the whole gamut." He walked and they followed.

When he arrived at their usual room, he unlocked the door and motioned them in.

"But, you're here." Devon said with a satisfied look on his face.

Steve locked the door. "Like I told you the other day, you check out okay, kid." He eyed the bulge in Devon's jeans. "Your methods are a little rough, but we think you've got potential."

"Be right back." Ginger grabbed her bag and disappeared into the adjoining bathroom. "Don't start without me," she said then closed the door.

"Fuck that." Steve backed Devon up against the wall and cupped his crotch. "I want a look at this, a taste. And I've got something for you to taste."

"She, uh, told us not to start without her," Devon said, his eyes glazed over with lust.

Steve reached for the buttons on Devon's shirt. "Always do everything you're told?"

"Usually." He gasped when Steve ran a hand inside his shirt and pinched a nipple.

"I don't." Steve shoved the shirt off Devon's back and let it hang around his elbows, binding him. "I do naughty stuff." He flicked one flat nipple with his tongue. "I get punished a lot."

"Aw, fuck." Devon breathed, thrusting his chest out. "I might start being bad too."

Steve looked him straight in the eye. He'd never kissed another man but the time felt right, the urge strong. He pressed his mouth against Devon's.

The younger man didn't hesitate. His lips parted and their tongues met, batting back and forth for dominance. The thought amused Steve. Once Ginger returned, neither of them would have a shred of control.

Devon pulled back to speak. "Mmm . . . I wasn't sure you'd want to be with another man. You kind of made it sound like—"

Steve shrugged. "I didn't know you then. There are a few things I've wanted to try. Ginger and I decided your cock might fill the bill."

"Thank you," Devon murmured. "Thanks for taking a chance on me. I've wanted this from the first time I saw you."

"Don't thank me yet." Steve said with a wicked grin. "You do realize Ginger's the boss in this room, don't you?"

"Oh yeah." His growl came from deep in his throat.

Steve tugged Devon's shirt all the way off. "Get out of those clothes. I want to see you naked."

"Same here," Devon replied.

Steve watched him as they undressed. Devon's semi-erect cock sprang to life under Steve's hungry gaze.

"Very nice." Steve pressed him against the wall again, reaching for Devon's cock. He kissed the man and stroked his smooth, warm length.

Devon returned the kiss and cupped Steve's balls, then wrapped his fingers around the long shaft.

"Fuck, yeah," Steve mumbled. Another man's strong hand on him felt amazing. He'd be happy to come right there.

"What the devil is going on?" Ginger spoke from behind them. "I told you not to start without me."

They paused. Steve knew he looked guilt-ridden.

Devon gasped. "Wow, Ginger!"

Steve clucked his tongue and shook his head, knowing his compadre was in for trouble.

She snapped the whip in the air in between them.

Devon gulped, and Steve fought back a smile. The dark leather-handled flogger seemed her favorite of many – it had a braided tail at least six feet long.

She stood in front of Devon and gave him the evil eye. "That's Mistress, or Ma'am to you, worm. Any further slips and you'll feel the sting of my whip."

"Yes, Ma'am," Devon said, licking his lips.

She paced back and forth in front of them to inspect their naked bodies. Slipping the handle of the whip under her arm, she grasped both erect cocks in her hands.

"These are my property from here on out. You don't even look at each other without my say so. Understood?"

"Yes, Ma'am," they said in unison.

She fingered Devon's shaft. "Nice. This is going to look charming in Steve's ass, I do believe. And I want to see you suck each other off – but not to the point of climax. Orgasms are a reward. I dole out the rewards."

"Yes, Mistress," Steve said, and Devon echoed him.

She tugged Devon forward by his shaft, jerking his cock as she went. "I'm prepared to punish you for the way you handled our introduction. I think your behavior deserves ten swats, don't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am." His face reddened as she played with him.

"But now I see I have to punish you for not following instructions. You and Steve will each receive another ten lashes . . . with the whip." She snapped the black leather in the air and it cracked.

Devon groaned and his body visibly shriveled.

Steve knew the man was aroused and close to coming. He wondered how much experience Devon had controlling his orgasms. Perhaps Ginger expected more than the new guy was capable of giving his first time.

She released her hold and said, "Don't you fucking come yet, worm. You haven't felt wrath until you've exploded without my permission." She moved in front of Steve and raised her hand. "He leaked pre-cum on me. Clean it off."

"Yes, Mistress." Steve licked her fingers, the salty taste of cum arousing him. When she used her other hand to caress him, he fought the irresistible sensations. Having Devon in the room added another dimension, and his dick throbbed hotter and harder than ever before.

"You're enjoying this," she said, stroking his erection. "I'd better be careful or you cocksuckers will slip off without me."

"Never, Ma'am," Steve assured her.

She thrust her half-exposed breasts in his face. "You need these too, right? You wouldn't be happy without my tits to manhandle."

"Absolutely, Ma'am." Steve eyed her luscious mounds. "They're part of it, for sure."

Ginger's brows rose. "What's the other part?"

He smiled. He had something to tell her, but this wasn't the appropriate time.

She seemed to understand and dropped the subject. "Turn around, worm," she said to Devon. "Hands on the wall."

He obliged without delay.

She nudged the whip handle between his thighs. "Spread 'em."

His stance widened.

Steve stood back and watched with interest. He'd never been an observer before and he found it arousing as hell.

Mistress cracked the whip in the air before landing the first blow on Devon's slender, pale ass.

He jumped then visibly relaxed when he realized the strike hadn't been a hard one.

She whaled away, placing several perfectly spaced lashes.

Steve resisted the urge to stroke his cock. The scene playing out before him proved almost too good to be true. Nothing like what he'd imagined when envisioning possible outcomes. A few days ago they thought they had a problem. The *problem* turned out to be something decadently delightful, better than he'd ever dreamed possible.

Mistress' whip teased and stung Devon's flesh, and he bit back a groan. Beads of sweat formed on his skin.

For a moment, Steve envied him. He craved the attention Devon was receiving. Sharing his Mistress might be harder than he thought. *I can handle this*. What he and Ginger shared was amazing. Adding Devon to their play seemed a stroke of genius. Steve wasn't sure who the genius was, but it didn't matter. They'd all benefit from the new arrangement.

Steve focused on his leather-clad lover and appreciated the care she put into every snap of the whip—enough to leave a faint red line, nothing more. He'd experienced her expertise at the end of the whip, but at this angle her technique became a thing of beauty. "You're good," he said with a smile.

She shook the whip at him. "You asking for more than your ten lashes?"

"Yes, Ma'am." He grinned. "Permission to make an observation, Ma'am?"

His question seemed to throw her off. "What?"

Steve moved in and whispered in her ear. "Look how hard he's trying not to come. I don't know how much practice he's had with self-denial. You might cut him some slack this first time."

She looked at Devon, who panted and gasped. She traced the handle of the whip down the crack of his ass. "You want to come, worm?"

His voice cracked. "Oh, yes, Mistress."

"Not yet. You're doing a good job, so maybe soon." She turned to Steve. "You want the same treatment?"

"Yes, Mistress," he said, his voice heavy and hoarse.

"Tell me what you meant earlier. I know you want his cock. Why should I trust you not to go off without me?"

Steve held her gaze. "Because I love you, of course. I'd never be complete without you in my life, Mistress."

"You – love me?" Green eyes, heavy with mascara, held back tears.

"You bet." He smiled. "And I think it's time to discuss combining our households. Maybe even making it legal."

"Oh, Steve." She gazed at him, her eyes shimmering with something resembling adoration. "Yes, I want that too." She sniffed. "We have a lot to talk about. I guess you were right, this isn't the time."

He leaned in and pressed a kiss to her ruby-red mouth. "Soon."

"I love you too," she whispered.

He kissed her again.

Ginger took a step back. "You realize this isn't going to make your whipping any lighter."

"Of course I do." He smiled and bowed at the waist. "I wouldn't have it any other way, Ma'am."

Strolling to the wall next to Devon, he glanced at the younger man grinning at him. Steve winked and assumed the position.

~The End~

About the Author

Jenna Byrnes could use more cabinet space and more hours in a day. She'd fill the kitchen with gadgets her husband purchases off TV and let him cook for her to his heart's content. She'd breeze through the days adding hours of sleep, and more time for writing the hot, erotic romance she loves to read.

Jenna thinks everyone deserves a happy ending, and loves to provide as many of those as possible to her gay, lesbian and hetero characters. Her favorite quote, from a pro-gay billboard, is "Be careful who you hate. It may be someone you love."

For the latest news, visit Jenna's blog at <http://jennabyrnes.blogspot.com/> and her website at <http://www.jennabyrnes.com/>