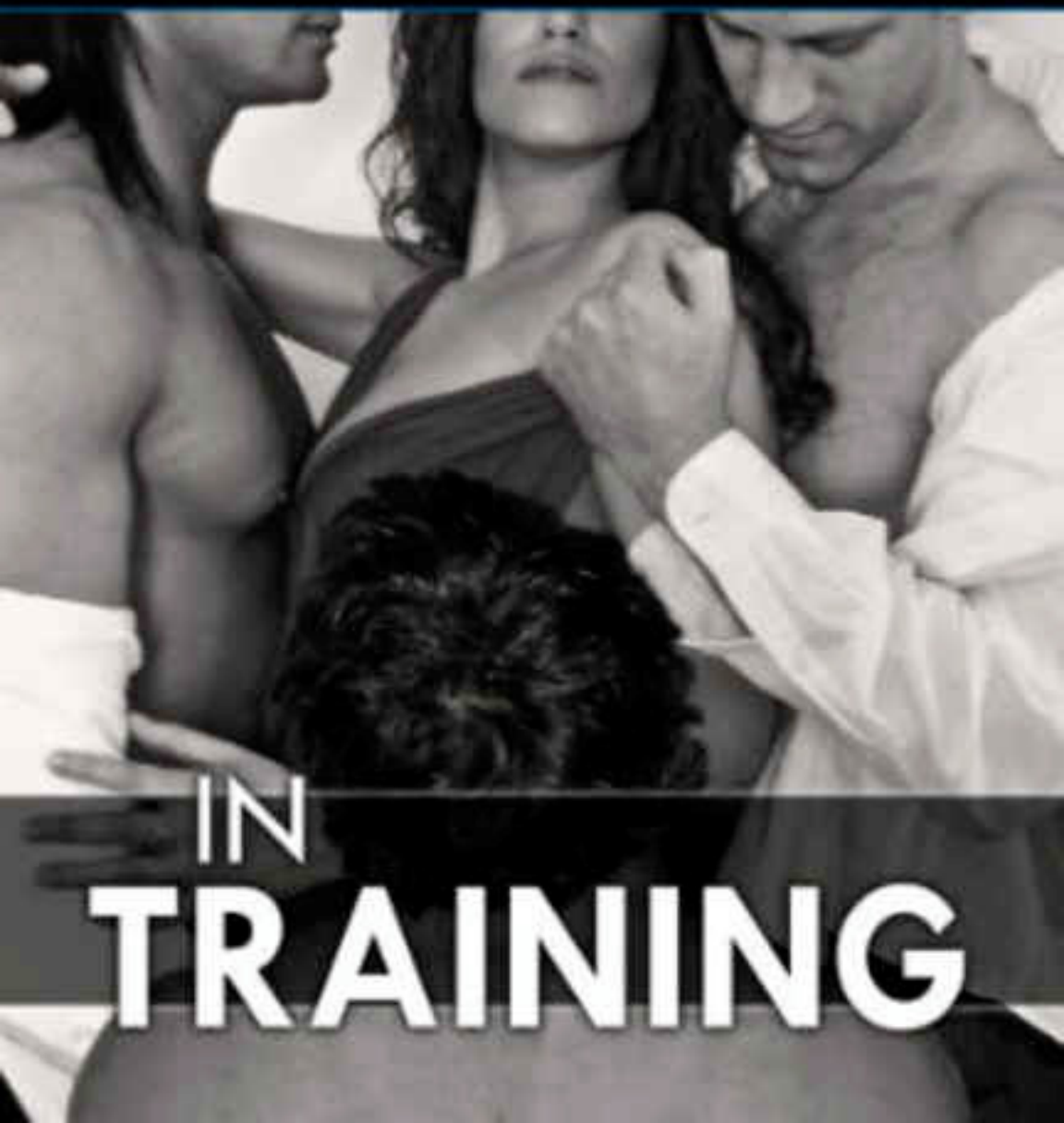


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WICKED

India Masters



IN
TRAINING

In Training
by India Masters

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In Training
by India Masters

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In Training

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Dedication

To Jen and Sheri for being super critique partners. Thanks for not pulling those punches, even if they do leave me bruised and bloodied at times. Special thanks to Cobblestone Press for loving my little story and making the whole process a pleasure. Am I lucky or what?

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Chapter One

Rochan Shipping, Inc.

Elecia V, Electra Sector

Athena Rochan paced the luxurious antechamber, waiting for admittance to the inner sanctum—her father's office. The office she'd occupied for three years while the selfish bastard was off fighting yet another war. He hadn't been home a day before relegating her to the role of obedient daughter, hiding her behind the stone walls of their estate to languish in frustrated boredom.

Damn him! Why hadn't he just stayed away? Why did he have to come home and ruin her life? And what kind of life could she possibly hope for if her father decided to marry her off? A single woman enjoyed certain rights, if her parents allowed them, but married women were reduced to the dual role of hostess and sex slave. She'd tasted freedom during the time her father had been away, and losing that freedom was her greatest fear.

Her head jerked around at the sound of the intercom's chime.

"You may send her in now, Shomar."

"Yes, sir," her former assistant said, shooting her a smarmy smile. "The general will see you now." The word bitch went unspoken, but Athena could see it in his eyes.

"Have a care, Shomar," she warned, palms flat on the sparkling glass desktop. "I'll be in the pilot's seat again one day, and you'll wish you'd kept in my good graces." She didn't

give him a chance to reply, but turned and shoved through the glass doors to confront her father.

"Father, what is the meaning of—"

"Watch your tone, woman," Ezel Rochan roared, his face mottled red with anger. Gritting his teeth, he turned to the man lounging in one of the visitor's chairs. "You see what I mean, Barik? No sense of propriety. No respect for her elders."

A heated flush rushed to her cheeks. "Don't you mean my betters, Father? Isn't that what this is all about? I ran your company more efficiently than you did, and now you're going to put me in my place because of it."

She watched as her father's friend slowly rose from the chair and walked toward her. It was all she could do to hold her tongue as the man circled around her, inspecting her person as though he had a right.

"You're right, General," the man drawled, raising a lock of her red-gold hair and brushing it across his cheek. "She's lovely, and very much in need of my services."

Athena was certain her eyes must have bugged out of her head. What was her father up to? She folded her arms across her chest and let her gaze roam over the man. No doubt about it, he was smoking hot in his form-fitting breeches and stretchy shirt. He had a soldier's body, sculpted and hard with slabs of muscle in all the right places. Shoulder length black hair framed a face that wasn't exactly beautiful but damn close to it, and his bottle green eyes reflected humor as her focus moved from his engorged cock to his frank gaze.

She quirked an eyebrow. "You're services?" She swiveled her gaze toward her father, gave him an innocent look. "Did you hire me a stud, Daddy?"

It was all she could do to keep from laughing. She might be running the company sooner than expected if the vein throbbing in her father's forehead meant anything.

"Sit," the general ordered, then took a deep, calming breath. "Your mother has always been too lax with you, Athena, letting you think you could choose your own path in life. She has done you a disservice and will answer to me for her transgressions. In the meantime, you've reached marriageable age, and there's not a man on all of Elecia who would have you."

She would have protested, but her father cut her off and gestured to the man called Barik, who grasped her arm and led her to a chair facing her father's desk.

"You're going to want to sit down for this, princess," Barik's deep voice taunted.

Athena frowned at her father. "What have you done? Who is this man?"

"His name is Barik Lugaran, and I've hired him to be your trainer."

Oh, Sabin's Comet! He couldn't be serious, could he? But one look at her father's face proved he was determined to bend her to his decision. She leaped to her feet. "I refuse to participate in this farce!"

Barik's hands landed heavy on her shoulders, forcing her back into the chair. "You will sit and listen to your father, woman, or pay the price for your disobedience."

Athena choked and stammered. "You dare touch me, you ... you dirty man whore!"

His lips twitched, but he shoved her chair right up the edge of her father's desk. "Please, General," Barik said smoothly. "Give her the contract to sign so we can be on our way."

Athena watched the papers slide across the desk and knew she was doomed. Her mouth moved but nothing came out.

"This contract binds you to Barik for a period of ninety days. You agree to adhere to his rules, obey his every order, and learn all you must in order to be a proper Elecian wife and mother. If, after the terms of the contract are fulfilled Barik has determined your behavior is fitting, you will accept my choice of a husband, marry, and eventually inherit my estate. Refuse, and I will disown you, and you'll never see your mother again."

Never see her mother again? She didn't want to believe her father would go so far, but one look at his face told her he was serious. Athena picked up the pen. Dazed, she signed the contract. "Why, father? Why would you do this to your own flesh and blood? Do you hate me so much?"

The old man's voice softened for a moment. "It is because I love you, I do this." Then he cleared his throat and squared his shoulders. "You may take enough time to go home and gather your belongings."

When Barik took her by the arm and pulled her out of the chair, it was all she could do not to snarl at him.

"There's nothing she needs I cannot provide for her," Barik told the general. "We'll see you in ninety days, sir."

* * * *

Barik kept his fingers wrapped around Athena's upper arm throughout the entire transport. He knew from experience that as soon as they materialized in his quarters, she'd take a swipe at him with those long, sharp fingernails. The spoiled rich ones always thought they could intimidate people they believed beneath them, but Barik had news for Athena Rochan; spoiled rich girls were his favorite kind. There was no challenge in training a meek, frightened mouse. No, give him a fiery woman like the general's daughter any day. He couldn't wait to have her bare-assed over his lap, heating those delectable cheeks before he slid his cock into her hot little pussy. Might as well start now, he reasoned, as they arrived in his rooms and she lunged at him with those claws.

"Uh-uh, little cat," he said, grabbing her wrists. She shrieked in frustration as he propelled her across the room and pressed her against the wall. "You signed a contract agreeing to obey my every command."

"You haven't made a command, Lugaran," she snarled, showing him her teeth.

He grinned. "Well, I'm making one now. Pull in those claws."

He watched her struggle against her urge to strike out before she nodded. He released her, and she dropped her arms to her sides. "Now, take off your clothes."

"I will not," she said, edging away from him.

"You will, or I'll do it for you, and I guarantee you won't like the result."

When she refused to comply with his order, he reached for her.

As he knew she would, she ducked under his outstretched arm and bolted across the room. He could almost feel her bare bottom arching against his hand as he slid his fingers inside her. He was sure she'd be wild in bed. There was too much fire in her for it to be any other way. He stalked her around the room.

"Do as I command, and I promise you'll be able to sit on your sweet little ass by the time evening meal is served. Deny me, and I'll blister you good."

She gasped. "You wouldn't dare."

He laughed softly. "Oh, but I would, Athena, and enjoy every minute of it. Now, remove your clothes and let down your hair."

"I hate you," she hissed. But she reached for the combs holding all that glorious red hair in place.

Barik folded his arms over his chest and watched as she pulled the gold silk tunic over her head and tossed it at him. He caught it in one hand and draped it over a chair. She wore nothing to support her breasts, which sat high and firm on her chest, and he made no effort to hide his desire. He cocked an eyebrow as her hands hovered at the drawstring waist of her slacks. She didn't bother to stifle a growl as she yanked at the tie and stepped out of pants, wadding them in a ball before she tossed them at him. All that remained was the tiny scrap of material struggling to cover her pubic mound.

"Those too," he demanded, his voice thick with desire.

He caught the delicate scrap of silk and brought it to his nose. Just as he thought—most spoiled little rich girls were happy to have a man like him take their power from them. The musky scent of arousal clung to the silk. It was all he could do not to lick his lips as he went to her, taking her hand in his to lead her to the bed. "Stay where you are." He stepped back, daring her to move.

Her nostrils flare slightly as he began to undress, carefully folding his clothes before placing them in the bedside cubby. Was she frightened or aroused? In his experience, most of the women he trained wore their emotions on their faces. This one didn't. He sat on the bed and looked up at her. "Lie across my lap and accept your punishment like a good girl."

She took a step back, shaking her head.

"Easy or hard, Athena. It's your choice to make, as it will always be when your husband commands you. Obey and enjoy his goodwill, or disobey and accept the consequences. You have one last chance to do as I say and offer up that pretty little ass."

The struggle was evident in every movement. Her face flushed red, and her breathing became irregular but, to her credit, she complied, draping herself over his lap.

Barik felt her tense beneath his hand as he touched her, stroked the firm, soft flesh. "You have a great ass, *amene*," he told her, using an Elecian term of endearment. His voice soothed her as he nudged her thighs apart and touched a finger to her labia. "You're swollen, princess. You want me."

"No."

He slid a finger into her, testing her. "Liar." He added one more and pumped. "You want me to fuck you."

"I do not."

He pumped deeper, and she gasped. "Never lie to your husband, Athena." He withdrew his fingers and brought his palm down with a sharp crack. "An Elecian man expects his wife to be truthful always." He gave her his fingers again, fucking her slowly. "You want me to fuck you."

"No, I hate you!"

With the next whack, her outraged shriek turned to a moan as his fingers returned to her pussy once more. Oh, yeah, she definitely liked having her sweet bottom warmed. "You may hate me all you want, but you'll be honest with me." His fingers worked, stroking her clit, teasing the delicate flesh. "Shall I tell you what I'm going to do to you, Athena?"

"Oooh," she mewed as he continued to play with her. She rocked her hips, urging him to go deeper. "Yes, tell me."

He patted her ass. "Good girl." He rewarded her with several deep pumps of his fingers. "First, I'm going to finish spanking this sweet little ass, then I'm going to spread you out on the bed and eat your pussy until you're screaming loud enough for the bridge crew to hear you. If you're a good girl and don't come without permission, I'm going to drape your legs over my shoulders and bury my cock deep inside you. Would you like me to do those things to you?"

"Yes," she gasped, squirming against his thighs. "Sabin's Comet, yes!"

"Good girl," he said as his palm cracked against her in a flurry.

Her bottom glowed a pretty pink as he lifted her and arranged her on the bed just the way he wanted her.

"You will keep your legs spread wide the entire time, Athena. You can cry out, thrust your pussy into my face, beg for mercy, but your legs will be open at all times, and you will not come until I give you permission. It is your husband's decision whether you come or not. Understood?" When she didn't answer, he ran his thumb the length of her slit and pressed it against her swollen clit. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand."

She might understand, but Barik knew she'd never be able to obey that particular command. He'd see to it she couldn't. He stretched out between her legs and gave her his mouth.

Gods, but she had the prettiest pussy—nearly hairless but for a neatly trimmed triangle just above her cleft. Her cream, tangy and sweet as a seashell just plucked from the ocean, flowed freely as he nursed her clit to attention, sucking noisily to the music of her arousal. He held her labial lips apart with his thumbs, eliciting a loud, "Oooh," as his tongue swirled at her glistening opening.

He had to give her credit; her legs remained open even as her hips ground against his mouth, unconsciously seeking release.

"Stars!" she cried when his tongue flicked her clit.

"Don't you come, Athena," he said, pausing to warn her, then settled back to nibble at her swollen lips.

Barik was beside himself with the need to come, to end the torment by stuffing her full and fucking until her pussy milked him of every last drop. She'd be hot and tight, if the way his

fingers filled her was any indication. Gods, he was dying to get inside her!

"Lugaran, please, I need..." she begged.

He stroked her with his fingers, smiling as her juice flowed heavily over the star of her anus. He coated his index finger with the slippery satin and swirled it over that tiny entrance. Her hips jerked, and she moaned.

"Don't you come," he ordered as he slid one thick, blunt finger into her ass.

"Oh!" she cried.

"Yes, princess, I'll get around to fucking you there, too," he said, then sucked her clit between his lips as his finger pumped inside the tight aperture.

Barik devoured her pussy with his mouth in deep sucking motions, long, leisurely laps, and light nips. She was nearly there, her head thrashing on the mattress, hips hunching against his face. Frankly, he didn't know how she'd managed to hold out as long as she had, but the orgasm building inside her was going to take the top of her head off.

"Barik ... I can't ... stop ... going to come." Athena howled, her hips lifting off the bed.

Barik drove his finger deeper in her ass, pumping faster as he gave her clit a final swipe with his tongue. She flew over the edge, bucking and grinding against him as she uttered a piercing scream.

"I need ... you ... inside me," Athena panted.

"That may be," Barik said with a calm he didn't feel. "But you disobeyed me. You came without permission."

She sat up, staring at him in disbelief. "You're not serious." She looked at his cock, long and thick, jerking against his belly. "Look at you. Surely you'd like some help with that."

He gave her a grin, hoping his frustration didn't show. "I'm perfectly capable of taking care of it myself," he said, stroking his cock with a firm hand. "And you're going to sit there and watch while I do it."

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Chapter Two

He was going to make her watch him get himself off? Gods' balls! It was torture, plain and simple, the filthy bastard. This whole situation was a nightmare of cataclysmic proportions. Her father's threats, his banishment of her into the hands of this ... this salaried sadist. Why, the man had actually had the gall to spank her! She glared at him as he sat beside her, smiling placidly after he'd given her a scalding orgasm then refused to finish the job. She hoped his balls swelled to the size of cathar melons and fell off—with all the attendant pain such a circumstance dictated.

The muscles of his legs rippled like a thoroughbred as he reached for a bottle and held it above his cock. She sucked in her breath, her cheeks flaming as she watched him slowly squeeze. Oil spilled onto the head and ran in rivulets down his shaft. His large, strong hand gripped his cock and did a long, slow stroke from base to tip. With dedicated, unhurried movements, he pumped up and down, up and down, over and over again.

Oh, gods! She wanted him inside her more than she'd ever wanted anything in her life. She licked her lips, unable to look away. He rubbed his palm over the tip of his cock, and her pussy clenched in response. She listened to her shallow breath. Her physical reaction to watching him surprised her. As she continued to watch, her skin began to feel tight, and the distinct throbbing in her lower body accelerated.

On and on he went, stopping and starting for so long she thought she'd die of frustration. Never in her life had she wanted a man to come so badly. She barely blinked, barely moved, transfixed as she waited for his climax. He sped up, his movements no longer slow but hurried. He gripped his shaft hard, stroking faster and faster.

Suddenly, he stood up, the movement startling her out of her dream-like state. She bit her lower lip and waited. "Get on your knees," he rasped, turning to face her. He was so close she could see the veins running along his cock, the swollen pink color, the pre-cum beading at the tip. "Take it in your mouth, Athena. Suck it."

By all rights, she should have been pissed, should have refused him, but instead, she lunged, taking that magnificent cock into her mouth, to devour him as he'd done her. She sucked greedily, one hand on his ass while the other cupped his balls, rolling them in her palm as her tongue stroked cinnamon flavored oil from his cock.

"You're good at this, princess," Barik growled, his fingers tightening in her hair. "You've had your mouth fucked before. I imagine your husband will enjoy this particular skill. I know I certainly am."

Athena heard Barik groan, felt his balls tighten in her hand, and she knew his climax was close. She should stop now, leave him frustrated and aching as he'd left her, but she wouldn't. She wanted him. Wanted his fingers in her hair, holding her in place for that final thrust against the back of her throat, the hoarse shout of exaltation as he climaxed, the rumbling groan of satisfaction. She'd given him all but the

satiation, because he hadn't filled her aching cunt with his cock, but she'd damn well have the satisfaction of making him come.

His breath stuttered in his throat, and Athena grabbed his ass, pulling him to her, taking him deeper as his cock leaped in her mouth. Hot, tangy semen flooded her tongue, and she drank him down, sucking greedily until she milked him dry.

When he drew away from her, she looked up at him, gave him her best smug smile, and smacked her lips. "Well, now that snack time is over, I believe I'll have a nap," she quipped and rolled away from him to burrow beneath the covers, turning her back on him. Nobody got the best of Athena Rochan. Nobody.

* * * *

Athena awoke to the feel of hands on her ass, stroking, dipping between her legs as she lay sprawled on her stomach.

"On your knees, princess. Ass in the air, head down."

Her breath hitched in her throat at Barik's rough command.

When she didn't comply quickly enough to suit him, his hand came down on her backside with a hard crack. "Elecian husbands require their wives to be ever ready to pleasure them. Raise that ass and spread your legs so I can fuck you."

Her pussy throbbed as she hurried to do his bidding. At last, he was going to give her a taste of that marvelous cock. She hadn't realized she'd been holding her breath until she felt the broad head of his cock slide through the delicate folds of her labia and enter her. The breath shuddered out of her.

"You're already wet," Barik informed her, as if she hadn't known. "You like the bite of a strong palm on your ass." He chuckled. "Well, I'm more than happy to accommodate you, my pet."

Athena cried as he plunged deep, his hand delivering stinging smacks to her bottom as he began to thrust. The slight edge of pain, combined with the driving force of his meaty cock, was unbearably erotic.

Before Barik, she'd always been the one in control in the bedroom. She told her lovers what to do, how to please her, and she now realized how intoxicating giving up that control could be. At least, to a man like Barik—a man familiar with a woman's body who knew exactly how to get the results he sought. After all, she was howling like a bush wolf, wasn't she?

She moaned as Barik's arm curled around her waist, hauling her up to his chest. Her thighs straddled his as he continued with short, grinding thrusts, his hands cupping her breasts. Her pussy was filled to the point of mild discomfort as his cock screwed into her, his fingers pinching and pulling her nipples.

"Turn your head. Kiss me."

She gasped. Trainers were not allowed to kiss trainees. Kissing was too intimate—an act reserved for a man and his wife, something the husband did to show affection and arouse his mate. Still, he'd ordered it, so she tipped her head back, turning to accept his lips.

"That's right, *amene*, open your mouth, give me that soft tongue." He growled his approval as she thrust her tongue

into his mouth, taking what he offered. He released his pinching grip on her nipples and smoothed his hands down her body, caressing, teasing.

Oh, Sandar's beard, the feel of those calloused fingers stroking her inner thighs! If he touched her clit, she'd come like Mt. Cauldron erupting. His middle finger sought the aroused bud, stroked it, and her pussy clenched.

He broke the kiss. "Ask me to make you come, princess."

"Make me come!" She ground her hips, pressing her clit against his swirling finger.

He chuckled. "That sounds more like an order than a request." He took away his finger.

Athena keened in frustration. She'd been so close, damn him. "Please, Lugaran, make me come," she said on a moan.

"Call me Barik." He punctuated the demand with another swirl of his finger.

"Please, Barik. Make me come."

He gave her his finger then, pressing it hard against the aroused bundle of nerves, sawing at her clit mercilessly.

"Oh, gods," she sobbed. "Please don't stop..." Her orgasm built, spreading outward from her clit, the heat of impending release beating against the walls of her pussy, tightening her focus until all she could feel was the friction of his pumping cock as her vaginal muscles contracted around him. "Yes, yes," she shouted, her body arching once. "Barik!" She bucked against him, riding that thick cock as she came, her voice entwined with his as his release followed.

He supported her against him, murmuring soft praise into her ear as she slowly came down. He eased her to the

mattress and pulled her against him. "Rest a while, Athena. We'll be arriving at my home soon, and the real training will begin."

"The real training?" she said, barely able to speak.

"Oh yes, my dear. We've only just begun, and you have much to learn about what's expected of an Elecian wife. You won't like it much, but you'll take it without complaint."

She stiffened in his arms. "And if I don't?"

"Those little taps on your delectable backside will seem like child's play."

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Chapter Three

The following morning, the sporty little cruiser touched down on a cobbled drive outside a massive home of glass and metal. Barik took Athena's hand, led her up the walk to the front door, and programmed the entrance code.

"Up the stairs, first room on your left," he said in clipped tones, pleased when she immediately obeyed. "A couple of my friends will be joining us for the evening meal, so get cleaned up, and I'll be along shortly with something for you to wear."

She didn't say a word but climbed the stairs. He stood at the bottom, watching the gentle sway of her ass as she ascended, thinking that tonight would be a revelation to her. There was no doubt in his mind that Athena would balk at wearing the dress he'd already ordered for her. It would cost her, protesting his choice, and his cock stirred just thinking about how he would punish her. He hurried to the kitchen to discuss the menu with his chef, then took the back stairs to the room she would share with him for the next ninety days. She was just stepping into the drying chamber when he arrived with dress in hand.

Barik forced himself not to grin when Athena caught sight of the revealing dress he held out for her. Made of sheer, ivory-colored netting, it had long sleeves and a high collar, with a heart-shaped neckline that plunged to her navel. The ankle length skirt, slit to the hips on both sides, left little to the imagination. Were it not for the strategically placed

beaded and embroidered floral motif, her nipples and pubic mound would be visible to anyone with eyes in their heads.

"I ... You..." she sputtered. "Can't expect me to wear that thing in public."

Barik merely smiled. "Of course not, princess. You won't be in public, will you? You'll just be helping me entertain a couple of my closest friends."

Athena's cheeks bloomed with colorful outrage. "I will not make a spectacle of myself in front of a bunch of leering buffoons, Lugaran."

Barik inhaled deeply, resisting the urge to take her across his knee and warm her backside. She wiggled and moaned so prettily when he spanked her, her pussy heating up, weeping, begging to be filled. But he had a special toy for his haughty rich girl, one she wouldn't soon forget.

"You will put the dress on, Athena. You will wear it to dinner. And since you've chosen to be defiant of my orders, you'll ride the punishment chair for all to see."

Athena snatched up the dress and backed away, her cheeks pale. "No, Barik. I'll wear the dress. Please don't make me ... I'll be good, I swear it." She stepped into the stretchy dress, struggling to position it so her vital parts were covered. She flinched when Barik reached for her, helping her adjust the dress.

"You will be good, princess," he said, grasping her chin firmly. "And you will ride the punishment chair." He released her and circled around her, adjusting the garment until he was satisfied. "Now, our guests will be arriving any time. Let's get you seated."

* * * *

As he pulled her behind him, Athena groaned when she saw the chair positioned next to the head of the table. The bastard really did have a sadistic streak. Made of some exotic wood, it was dark in color, sanded smooth as an infant's cheek, and in the center jutted a carved phallus, on which he expected her to impale herself. To make matters worse, the cursed chair swiveled and rocked. Her every movement would make the wooden dildo shift inside her.

As his trainee, she would sit at his right, taking bites of food as he offered them. Her place beside him bore no place setting. The implication was clear—she would not eat unless he chose to feed her.

"Stand beside the chair, Athena, and raise the back of your dress."

"Please, Barik," she pleaded as he oiled the carved cock. "I'm begging you, don't make me do this." Her eyes widened in panic at the sound of jovial male voices in the adjoining room. Only Barik's hand on her arm prevented her from bolting.

"Gentlemen," Barik greeted his two friends. "This is Athena, my new trainee. You're just in time to watch her take her first ride on the punishment chair." He turned to her. "Now, I'll tell you one last time, my pet, raise the back of your dress and lower yourself onto the phallus, or each one of these men will paddle your ass before I put you on the chair myself."

"I hate you," she muttered, but she raised her dress and stepped in front of the chair.

"Easy," Barik directed her. "Give yourself time to adjust to the size." He gestured to his friends. "Come, watch her face. My Athena loves the feel of a big cock inside her, no matter how much she might claim differently."

Humiliation. There was no other word for it. Made to raise her skirt and sink onto a hard phallus while strangers watched. Mortification, because part of her wanted it. She moaned as her pussy swallowed it, raising and lowering herself as needed until, finally, she was completely impaled.

"Good girl," he soothed, running his hand over her head. He turned to his friends. "Help me scoot her up to the table, and we'll see how she manages the ride."

As the two made themselves comfortable around the table, Athena studied them. The taller of the two men sat to her right, skimming his hand down her arm. "I'm Gidrun," he said, "Barik's oldest friend and a long time trainer myself." He reached up to stroke her cheek, his voice pitched to sooth. "The customs of your world are barbaric, but we're here to teach you take pleasure from those practices." He lifted her hair, draped it over the opposite shoulder, and placed tiny kisses down her neck, leaning on the arm of the punishment chair as he handled her. "If you must endure such treatment, the least you should expect is to be satisfied. Over the years, I've developed the skill of making pain excruciatingly pleasurable. You'll experience that skill over the next couple of days."

She licked her lips, meeting his frank gaze. The man was sex on a stick. He had a well-muscled torso that spoke of many hours working in the gym. Blond hair, cut in uneven spikes, capped a masculine face that looked as though it had been sculpted by the hands of an artist. His blue eyes were direct and not without compassion as he spoke to her.

"I have this flogger made of the softest doe skin that's perfect for an Elecian woman. The leather is very supple, but in the right hands, it possesses the perfect combination of caress and sting."

He reached out and stroked her breasts through the sheer net dress. "Beautiful. Just perfect. Not too big, not too small." He pinched her nipples, and she jolted at the sensation.

The cock buried in her pussy shifted with her every movement, grinding into her, touching a spot that had her moaning as he continued to talk.

"I'll use it on these exquisite breasts, dragging it gently across the swells until your nipples bead to perfect points, then with the snap of my wrist, I'll make it sting. And the whole time I'm doing that, Zale will be eating your pussy."

Across the table from her, the smallest of the three men spoke. "I'm Zale," he said. "You're to be my final client before I'm certified as a trainer. My skill is oral sex."

When Athena swallowed hard, he grinned at her. Oh, yes, she could see how that could be. He was as finely honed as both Gidrun and Barik, but he had the most sensual mouth she'd ever seen on a man. His lips, full and wide, looked as though the creators made them for the purpose of pleasuring a woman.

"Becoming a trainer is the perfect job for me because I'm Elecian by birth, plus there's little else I enjoy as much as eating a woman's pussy." He smiled and licked his lips. "Not that I don't like fucking, I do. There's just something about a woman's cunt that calls to me. The texture of the skin, the sensitivity and delicacy of the inner lips, the way it weeps and throbs as my tongue teases. And then there's the clit. Such a little organ, and yet it possesses complete power over a woman's body. Take it between your lips and suck, and she has no choice but to come screaming against your mouth. I'll do that to you, Athena, while Gidrun torments those beautiful breasts. Maybe even before, if Barik will allow it. I'd really love to make you come while you're riding the punishment chair."

This was the content of the dinner conversation, the numerous ways in which the three of them would make her come screaming. It was sheer agony, terrifying in detail, yet so erotic she was close to coming and had to close her eyes and press her lips together to keep from crying out.

When dinner was over, Athena started to rise, but Barik merely smiled and shook his head. "The evening's just beginning. You wouldn't want to be rude to our guests, would you?"

"Of course not," she said through gritted teeth. "What more may I do to entertain you?"

Barik got up and pulled the chair away from the table. He gestured to Zale. "I don't think a demonstration of your skills would be inappropriate. After all, Athena's been a good girl.

She bore up through dinner and didn't allow herself to come, no matter what you did."

Zale knelt in front of her and stroked her clit. "Look how swollen and wet you are, my sweet. It won't take much to make you come, but I promise you'll enjoy it." He lifted her knees, draped them over his shoulders, then leaned in to give her a long, slow swipe of his tongue.

"Ahhh," she cried, the solid cock moving as her hips jerked. As Zale's dark head bent to its work, Barik and Gidrun went to their knees on either side of her and suckled her breasts.

It was too much and not enough. The chair rocked, Zale's lips and tongue worked her clit, and the two men beside her tended her breasts as she rode the big wooden cock, fucking herself on the long, hard shaft as she strove to come.

"Come, Athena," Gidrun demanded, replacing the mouth on her nipple with his fingers. "Let go of that rigid control and come."

She used the legs wrapped around Zale's shoulders to lever herself up and down on the rock hard phallus, sobbing, until her body froze in mid stroke and the orgasm broke over her. Her three tormentors soothed her with their voices as she slid down the other side, and then they gently lifted her from the chair. Barik swung her into his arms and carried her into an adjoining parlor. "Rest, princess. You need a little nap before we go any further."

He awakened her hours later, kneeling in front of her as he stroked her clit. "Tell me how your pussy feels, princess."

"Hungry," she croaked, shifting against his finger. How was it possible for her to become so aroused after what she'd experienced on the punishment chair? Was she just a slut, or had some long buried Elecian hormones kicked into overdrive? Whatever it was, she felt insatiable, ready for more, and anxious to learn whatever it was these men wanted to teach her.

Barik smiled. "Mmm, I'll bet. And I think it's time feed it again. Triple helpings this time."

"I ... I don't understand."

Barik smiled. "You know Elecian husbands often share their wives with esteemed guests?"

She shook her head. "I can't believe my father would ever make my mother do such a thing."

Barik laughed. "Oh but he has, Athena. On numerous occasions. He's even had her on one of those chairs. In fact, I would be surprised if she wasn't riding one right now. He has an especially nice double headed chair, and he was astonishingly annoyed with her." At Athena's shocked gasp, he nodded. "He told me he has her ride it at least once a month. More when he's scheduled to entertain the Moravian Ambassador. According to him, she's come to appreciate the device over the years, as will you." He cocked his head at her confused look. "Moravians have two dicks, my pet. And your father was very specific in his instructions. You are to be taught to ... entertain a Moravian male.

"And though neither Gidrun or Zale are Moravian, they have graciously agreed to help me train you." He ignored her

moan of protest and pulled her to her feet with a gesture to his friends. "Lead the way to the training room."

* * * *

Dual emotions assailed Athena as Barik led her down a long hallway to the training room. The first was fear—fear of the unknown. The second was curiosity—what would they do to her? How, exactly, did a woman entertain three men at once?

Zale punched in the entry code and stood aside to let them enter. He gave her a reassuring smile. "Don't worry, love, we've done this more times than we can count. Before we're done with you, you're going come so hard and so many times, you'll have steam coming out of your ears."

She would probably have run screaming if Barik's fingers weren't wrapped around her upper arm. Nothing in her experience had prepared Athena for this room. A variety of chains, pulley systems, and metal bars hung from the ceiling. She could only guess at their purpose. To her far left, a strange contraption caught her eye. It was some kind of machine; that much she knew. The stirrups hung on either side, and there was a long, blunt horn she figured must be for gripping. Two cocks jutted up from the padded seat.

Barik caught her startled stare and guided her across the room for a closer look. "It's a replica of a mechanical bull," he explained. "I found a picture of it while researching the things I'd need for a training room."

Her hand went to her throat. "Wh-what does it do?"

"Oh, well, it's a simple enough machine. The woman is mounted atop the two cocks, her feet in the stirrups, then she's strapped down and the machine is turned on." He flipped the switch to set the mechanical bull in motion.

Athena gasped as the thing rocked back and forth, imagining herself strapped onto those two phalluses, rocking and swaying. She jumped, uttering a startled squeak as Barik leaned down, his mouth next to her ear.

"Care to take a ride?"

She stepped back, shaking her head. "I think not, Lugaran."

Barik laughed. "You're probably right. Your ass isn't ready for that kind of reaming just yet." He turned her around and gave her a gentle shove toward the two men who stood waiting. "But we're about to rectify that situation."

Athena trembled. Sandar's beard! Did they really mean to fuck her up the ass? She did her best to drag her feet as they crossed the room, but she was standing in front of them in seconds.

"Gentlemen," Barik said pleasantly. "Why don't you help Athena while I prepare for her initiation into the world of multiple partners."

Gidrun's hand slid beneath the slit in her gown to stroke her ass. "Let's get this dress off of you, shall we?"

Rooted to the spot, she stood, stunned, as the two men lifted the gown over her head and set it aside.

"You're very beautiful," Gidrun said, cupping her breast in one hand. He leaned down and grazed the nipple with his teeth.

"Yes, you're very lovely, Athena," Zale murmured. "I'm very much looking forward to fucking you." He looked over at Gidrun and nodded. "Let's get her settled."

Gidrun and Zale led her over to a slanted table with an attached bench, and lifted her onto it, setting her feet into padded heel cups so that her legs were spread wide.

"Now, that's a beautiful sight," Gidrun said, dragging a finger along her slit. "And she's nice and wet, too."

Finished with whatever he'd been doing, Barik joined them to stand at the head of the table, hands on her shoulders. She trembled, capturing his intense gaze. His green eyes glowed with lust as he reached down to caress her breasts. "Relax, princess. Zale is going to eat your pussy." He tweaked her nipples as Zale leaned forward to press damp, heated kisses to her inner thighs. "He swears he's very skilled, and when you're good and hot, he'll oil up that sweet little ass and stretch it for what comes later."

It was too much! Her body flooded with sensations. Zale's mouths nibbled at her nether lips, tugging them open to allow his tongues access, while Barik and Gidrun paid homage to her breasts. How could they expect her to take such exquisite torture? Fingers explored, stroking, prodding, prying her open. Gidrun's leather flogger teased until her breasts felt heavy with need, then snapped at her distended nipples until she moaned, arching against Barik's soothing mouth. Tongues swirled, lapped, burrowed. Each man purred his approval of her body's reaction to him, her taste, her tightness, how prettily her pussy wept as Zale ate at her.

Her hips moved of their own volition, hunching against Zale's mouth, thrusting against the probing fingers, moaning as a warm, oily substance coated her anus. "Oooh," she moaned, as something soft, yet firm, prodded at the star of her anus.

"That's right, Athena," Barik murmured. "It's just a little toy, something to help stretch you. Doesn't it feel good? Don't you want Zale to slide it deep into your ass?"

Athena moaned. "Yes, oh, yes."

"All right," Gidrun said, flicking the flogger over her nipples. "Push out as it comes in, love, there's less discomfort that way."

"Oh gods," she cried out. The thing got wider as it advanced. Zale's mouth continued an all out assault on her pussy as he gently pumped the anal plug into her, gaining more momentum with each thrust. Oh, mother of us all, she was going to come like this, with Zale's mouth sucking at her clit and the plug filling her ass. One more thrust would send her over the edge. And then she was there, keening as her body shuddered. With a flick of his finger, Zale shoved the base of plug firmly into her ass, and she erupted, bucking against his mouth as she came.

Her body shook with aftershocks as they lifted and carried her to a tall stand, where the three men made quick work of bending her over a padded belly rest, locking her into place with her bottom propped high in the air. She hung there, holding her torso up as she watched all three undress. Her pussy clenched as Barik moved to stand in front of her.

"I'm going to fuck your mouth, princess, while Zale and Gidrun take turns fucking that tight little pussy. You just had your orgasm, so you will not come. If you come, Gidrun's going to paddle that ass hard, then he'll fuck it, so you'd do well to control yourself if you don't want a very large cock up your ass. Understood?"

She nodded, then moaned as he stepped close, his thick cock twitching against her lips.

"Good, now open your mouth and suck me."

Barik's cock was long and thick, filling her mouth. He gave her short, lazy thrusts, easing her into it as Zale's hands parted her cheeks. Athena watched Barik's face, saw him nod, and prepared herself to take his full length as Zale's cock plunged into her from behind. They synchronized each thrust, pumping deep into her body at the same time.

The plug in her ass made Zale's cock feel even larger than it was, and she wondered how she could possibly take any more without bursting. She imagined it was similar to what she would experience when she took two cocks into her body at once. As fearful as she was about having two men fuck her at once, the thought of it helped push her toward the edge, toward that line she'd been ordered not to cross. She was going to come, and no threat was great enough to prevent it from happening. Gidrun hovered nearby, taking the opportunity now and then to snap that wicked flogger over her ass or her bobbing breasts, reminding her of what awaited her if she allowed herself to come. It was the most erotic thing she'd ever experienced.

Barik's fingers tightened in her hair. "Ah, princess, I'm going to come in that beautiful mouth of yours."

As much as she wanted to reach out and grab Barik's ass, her cuffed hands wouldn't allow it, so she tightened her mouth around his cock, drawing him deeper, sucking harder, until he thrust deep, spilling his tangy essence on her tongue. She swallowed greedily until he was empty.

His hands caressed her face. "I'm really going to hate sending you back to that bastard father of yours," he told her.

Athena's heart soared. He wanted her? Was such a thing possible? Could he deliver her from the brutality of a life with an Elecian man? Did she dare to hope? She closed her eyes and concentrated on Zale's hips grinding into her from behind. He was groaning, fucking her with short, hard strokes, his voice harsh in his throat.

"Yeah, oh, yeah," he ground out. "Smack her ass with that flogger, Gidrun. Give it to her."

The flogger lashed her bottom, and Athena cried out. Behind her, Zale reached around to finger her clit, pounding into her hard and fast. Another stinging lash, and one final thrust, and Zale came on a shout, driving into her with a force that sent her over, too, with a brief, vicious orgasm that had her body jerking against the restraints. He pulled the plug from her bottom and stepped aside.

Athena sobbed as strong fingers smeared heated oil into the tormented star of her anus. They slid inside her, wiggled around, then scissored open, stretching her more.

"You were told not to come, trainee," Gidrun's said, his voice like black velvet. "But I'm so glad you did. Push out, now, because I'm giving you my cock."

She pushed hard, hissing when the bulbous head of his dick spread her open, demanding entrance. "Hurts," she gasped.

Barik lifted her chin. "Look at me, princess. You're doing great. Keep pushing. As soon as he's in, it won't hurt anymore. It'll feel good."

Gidrun's hands gripped her ass, and she shouted, "Fuck!" as the head of his cock breached the tight ring of muscle. Immediately, the pain eased.

"Not so bad now, is it?" He flexed his hips, giving her more, and she moaned, pushing back against him. "Now, pretty one, I get the intense pleasure of giving you your first ass reaming."

She never would have expect the dark pleasure rolling through her as Gidrun's cock glided into her ass, fucking her slowly, easing back, plunging in. He took his time, using her gently until, finally, he was in deep enough that his groin slapped against her bottom.

"Gods' blood, you have the tightest ass I've ever had. Has no one ever fucked you like this until now?"

Athena gasped as he withdrew halfway and plunged back. "Oooh ... do it again!"

Gidrun laughed. "Happy to, little one." He drew back and lunged again, wrenching a cry of pleasure from her. "Good girl," he praised, then grasped the padded belly bar and levered himself into her at a steady pace. "Barik, help me

make her come. I can't hold out much longer. She's too damn tight," he gritted out.

Too much! Her vision began to swim as mouths and fingers went to work on her, driving her into a frenzy as Gidrun pounded into her ass. She was completely helpless, bound to the submission stand, unable to move as three men focused their considerable talents on making her come. "Now, now, now!" she screamed as her pussy clenched and contracted. Gidrun's cock drove into her one last time, spurting his seed into her battered bottom. Panting and soaked with perspiration, her body went limp as her vision faded.

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Chapter Four

Barik yawned and stretched, turning onto his side to watch Athena sleep. She really was a marvel, the way she'd embraced her training, giving her body to the three of them and enjoying every minute of the experience. She was sprawled on her back, covers to her waist, one leg cocked enticingly. He'd bathed her and put her to bed after she'd fainted last night, and he'd sent Gidrun and Zale home, canceling the next day's training session by saying he didn't want to damage her, when what he really didn't want was to share her with his friends. He'd give her a break from the rigorous training schedule today, she'd earned it, but there was no reason he couldn't make love to her. He needed to make love to her, to show her there was more to it than just pleasuring a man because she'd been ordered to.

He began a leisurely exploration of her body, stroking her breasts, her belly, shoving the covers off to tease her pussy. When she moaned, he leaned over and laved her nipple, delighted with her response as she arched into his mouth.

He lifted his head. "Good morning, sleepy head."

"Mmm," she murmured, her voice thick with sleep. Then, "ooh," when he slid a finger into her.

Her legs parted in invitation, so Barik gave her another one, pumped deep. "Just keep your eyes closed and let me tend you." He moved between her legs, kissed her belly. His tongue burrowed between her heated lips to tease. "Mmm, you taste sweet as nectar, Athena."

Her responsiveness amazed him, and he found he didn't care for the idea of her responding to other men the way she did to him. He didn't want to share her, not even with his friends, though he knew he must. Unless ... Best not to go there. He took the hard bud of her clit between his lips and nursed slowly, driving her up and up, until she writhed beneath him. He kept her hovering on the edge until they were both crazy, and then he moved over her.

The feel of her pussy swallowing his cock had his balls tightening with need. Gods' blood, he wanted her. He moved over her, plunged deep, and lowered his mouth to hers for a long, slow, deep kiss. Screw the rules. So what if he kissed her? She deserved to be kissed, to know there was more to her than just a body upon which an Elecian male could sate himself at will. Athena possessed the spirit that came with a bright, independent mind. That she chose loyalty to her mother, and acceptance of the duties expected of the females of her culture, only reinforced Barik's feelings that she was more than a trainee to him. She deserved better than an Elecian man. So, he would kiss her and make love to her. Rules be damned.

Athena's body moved beneath him, rising and falling as he set a leisurely pace. She was hot and tight, returning his kiss, sighing her pleasure as she arched into him, her hands exploring, testing, finally clutching his ass and squeezing.

She murmured, "You feel so good," and he thought he would explode then and there.

"You feel good, too, love," he rasped, lunging deep. She cried out. He shifted, lifting her legs over his shoulders,

pounding into her, ruthlessly controlling her movements as he fucked her harder, reveling in her pleas for release. "Come for me, princess. Come while my cock's fucking you like this, hard and fast."

"Yes, yes," she hissed, digging her nail into his trembling arms. "Oh, Barik ... I'm..."

Barik drove into her as her pussy convulsed around him, powering through her orgasm, wresting more and more from her. With a final lunge, he buried himself deep, emptying his balls into her heated depths. How could he have been so wrong about her? She was no more spoiled than he was. What her father viewed as improper behavior was simply the personality of a strong, independent woman. A woman who was trying hard to accept the life her father expected her to live.

"Ah, gods' balls, Athena. No more training. We're going back to your father today. I'm going to make an offer for you."

Shocked green eyes looked at him. "You are?"

He eased onto his side and pulled her against him. "If he says no, will you come with me anyway? Your inheritance be damned. I have enough money to take care of you properly."

"I ... But you're a trainer."

He shook his head, hardly able to believe the words coming out of his own mouth. "But I don't have to be." He brushed a light kiss on her swollen lips. "I have no intention of sharing you. I wouldn't expect you to share me."

"But we could still ... play in the training room?"

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Barik threw back his head and laughed. "You are a woman after my own heart. If you want, I'll keep you in training for the rest of your life."

"Mmm," she said, snuggling against him. "In that case, I accept."

The End

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Author Bio

India is one of a rare species, a true Florida Native. Born in Melbourne back in the days when there were no high-rise hotels or apartment complexes and the dunes were still intact, she continues to reside in the Sunshine State, despite the fact she believes the developers and politicians won't be happy until they completely pave her beloved home.

Twice divorced, she remains happily single with no plans to change her state of unwedded bliss. Does she believe in love? Absolutely. Would she ever marry again? Not likely, she protests. "After all, I can't even commit to a car payment, so I always buy used." You can find her web site at: www.geocities.com/indiamasters53 or on MySpace at: www.myspace.com/indiamasters

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