



# THE MASTER'S PRIZE

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The Master's Prize

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

# **THE MASTER'S PRIZE**

**Maggie Nash**

## *Dedication*

There are a number of people who helped me so much in the writing of this book. I am indebted to Neith for her wonderful insight into the BDSM lifestyle and for making sure I didn't get it too wrong. Nik and Cin – thanks for being my wonderful beta readers. Your advice and support means everything. Lastly, thank you to my wonderful editor, Jess, for taking on this book and giving it second life. Thanks, guys! I couldn't have done it without each and every one of you.

## *Trademarks Acknowledgement*

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmark mentioned in this work of fiction:

Tetsuya's: Tetsuya's Restaurant

## Chapter One

"Okay ladies and gents, we only have one hour left for you to claim your kiss with our sexy newsreader Elise Blake. Be the first person here with five thousand dollars and you get to smooch with the siren herself live on radio."

Mitchell Collins leaned forward and turned the volume up. Did he just hear right? The woman whose voice he'd been lusting after for the past month was finally being offered to him on a platter? No way was he going to pass up this opportunity.

"Charlie, make a detour to Bondi will you. I want to pay Wolf Radio a visit."

Charlie knew better than to make a comment, but Mitch saw the smirk as he flicked on the indicator to change lanes and make the drive across town. Charlie may smirk, but the cat-and-mouse game Ms. Blake had played with Mitchell over the last few weeks had been a bone of contention between the both of them, especially since she seemed to be winning at the moment. Charlie thought it was so hilarious that she'd declined all Mitchell's invitations, seemed to know where he was going to turn up *and* managed to leave every time just minutes before his arrival.

He'd studied her bio, including her photo, many times since the first time he'd noticed her at the Club Fetish training night four weeks ago. Although she'd worn a mask, the sensual energy evident in her eyes as she'd watched the training session from the observation deck was explosive. Her body language screamed intense arousal, and his dick had stiffened painfully just watching her short little breaths and the way her fists opened and closed in response to the sex play she was observing from a distance. When her nipples beaded tightly under her shirt, he nearly lost it right there and then.

Fuck, she'd made him hot, and he couldn't even see her face. He'd decided there and then that he would be the one to train her, and by God, he hoped she was a sub because he sure as hell wanted to dominate and care for that luscious body. The rules of the club forbade him from approaching her while she was an observer, so he'd planned to meet up with her in the bar after the session. New members, and those who came to observe usually had many, many questions, and he had been looking forward to answering them all for her in great

detail. However, by the time he'd finished checking on the couple in training and given them instructions for their next session, she was gone. It had taken him a few weeks to find out her name, and that was only after some serious bribing of the office manager at the club.

He hadn't heard her speak at the club, but since finding out who she was, he listened to her radio show every chance he got. He felt like a lovesick schoolboy with a major crush, not a successful businessman, or a master dominant. What the fuck was happening to him?

Getting to talk to her in person, however, was proving to be impossible, or so he'd come to believe after all the efforts he'd made. So why was she suddenly making herself available to all and sundry?

Who cared at this point? He hated to lose, and now it looked like victory was in his sights. She couldn't outwit him on a national radio program, could she? Not when he was a major advertiser with the pull of money behind him. Although it hadn't helped him meet her so far...but now he had her in the crosshairs, he couldn't wait to pull the trigger.

She *would* be his.

\* \* \* \*

Elise Blake stormed into the studio, her blonde ponytail flying from one side of her head to the other as she slammed the door. "Shit, Davo, what the hell were you thinking? You have *no* right to do this without my permission."

Davo Dunne, the current latest craze in shock jocks, smiled up at her, his finger over his lip indicating he was still on air. He counted with his fingers, one, two, three, then pressed the button for the commercial and pulled off his earpiece. "What's your problem, gorgeous? It's for a good cause. You wouldn't want to deprive the sick kiddies of some good money, would you?"

"That's not the point..."

"Besides, the program manager approved it, so you don't have a choice."

"He what? He can't do that! Nothing in my contract says I have to *kiss* anyone. No way. I'm not doing it. It could be anyone, I might catch a disease or something."

"I think it comes under promotional appearances in your contract, kiddo, so suck it up and enjoy. You never know, some gorgeous hunk might pay the cash. Hey, I might even do it myself."

Elise laughed now. "Ha! You wish, lover boy. How many women would that make for the week? Five? Ten?"

Davo crossed his hands over his heart dramatically. "Oh, I'm so wounded now, girl. I'll have you know it's only been two girls so far this week."

"It's only Wednesday."

He laughed as he replaced his earpiece. "Good point. Oh, sweet cheeks, I have to go back on air. You better stick around, there's only thirty minutes left."

Elise slumped in the chair usually reserved for on air guests and picked up the phone. "Jim, you'd better bring my news copy in here, I'll be reading the next bulletin from Davo's studio. Thanks, mate." As she put down the phone, it rang again. "Davo's Dump, how can I help you?"

"Elise, is that you?"

"Oh hi, Melanie. What's up?"

"Elise, we have this man in the foyer who wants to donate the money for the...um...kiss. Should I bring him up?"

Elise placed her hand over the mouthpiece and wrote a note for Davo, who was berating some person on air for their atrocious taste in sporting teams. Seeing the note, he cut the poor listener off and announced the news. "Hoo wee, ladies and gents, we have a winner. A donation is making its way up to the studio as we speak to claim his kiss with the sexy Miss Elise Blake. Stay tuned for this momentous occasion. We'll be back with the tongue action after these few words from our ever-popular sponsors. Don't move."

Throwing off his earpiece again, he raced out into the corridor to meet the elevator. As the doors opened he stopped in his tracks then moved forward laughing. "Mitch Collins! Bloody great to see you, mate. How've you been?"

"Can't complain," said the deep voice belonging to the man coming out of the elevator. "Things will be infinitely better once I get what I came for."

Davo shook his hand vigorously. "The kiss, oh yeah, the kiss. Well, you're a lucky bastard, Mitch. She's a real looker."

"So I believe."

Elise almost fainted on the spot. She recognised both the name and the sexiest voice she'd ever heard. It was him, the man from the BDSM club. Shit! The club she'd gone to after her crazy friend Nicole dared her. He was the training master who had the body she'd been having erotic dreams about and somehow he'd found out her name. How had he done that? The memory of how much she'd been turned on by that place freaked her out, and the thought that this gorgeous hunk of man presumed that she would be his willing slave made her fascinated, angry, and scared to death at the same time. And, if she was truly honest with herself, incredibly turned on. However, she still wasn't quite sure she could go through with the whole dominant-submission thing, so once when he'd called looking for her and told her secretary that they had met at a friend's club and she realised where he meant. Afraid of what the consequences would be if she gave in to her desires, she'd decided not to return his calls. She'd been avoiding him for weeks. In fact, she'd been trying to forget that night at the club altogether, not that it was easy. The erotic scenes she'd witnessed invaded her dreams every night, and now a consequence of that visit was standing right here in front of her. *Holy shit, great predicament, Elise!*

Bloody hell, why did he have to be so damn gorgeous? She'd looked him up on the Internet and the photos she'd found didn't do him justice at all. The shaggy dark brown hair was the same, but those dark blue eyes rimmed by those incredibly long eyelashes, and that lopsided grin? Oh man, then there was his body. It should be illegal for a man to have shoulders so broad and a bum so muscular you just wanted to sink your teeth into it.

*It doesn't matter.*

She still didn't want to go out with him, especially after the arrogant way he'd been pursuing her. He didn't seem to understand the meaning of the word 'no', and she still didn't understand why he picked her. She was sure they'd never met in person before. In fact, along with the mask, she'd been careful not to interact with anyone at that club. She wasn't sure she was ready to explore that particular fantasy for real. Not yet.

Anyway, it was the principle of the thing. She had no time for rich jerks who thought they only had to flash some cash and every woman would jump at being their slave. She'd already done the rich boyfriend thing and it sucked big time. Even if she did fantasise about giving over control of her body to a dominant lover, she always chose her own men on her



own terms, and that was the way she liked it. If she kept reminding her self of that fact, she just might believe it too.

Mitch caught her looking and smiled with that impossibly sexy mouth. Oh man, what a smug smile. Even if he did make her insides shiver, she wasn't putting up with smug. Standing straight to her full five foot seven in height, she stared him right in the face... around about his chin level actually...and spoke. "And who might you be?"

The smile didn't waver even for a millisecond. He was good, but she was better.

"I take it you have the required money with you, Mr....? What did you say your name was?"

Davo stepped in between them, grabbing Elise's hand. "Elise love, don't you recognise him? This is Mitchell Collins. He's the owner of Collins Technology. Of course he has the money, and if he hasn't got it on him, I know he's good for it."

Throwing Davo's hand back to him, Elise moved to stand beside him so she could keep an eye on her quarry. "Oh? You sell computers or something?" She knew exactly how much he was worth, but there was no way she was letting him know that. Let him put *that* in his pipe and smoke it!

The corners of his mouth kicked up just a touch. "Something like that, Elise. And please call me Mitch. There's no need to be so formal under the circumstances now is there?" In a few minutes, we'll be on quite intimate terms."

Her mind went into overdrive. *Oh shit!* This was the man in her fantasy dreams. *Oh God, don't lose it now, Elise.* Forcing herself to calm down, she took a deep breath in and blew it out slowly. She could do calm. She was in complete control of herself. And pigs might fly too, but she was sure going to give it a try.

"Why not, Mr. Collins? In a few minutes, it will be all over and we'll probably never see each other again. Why bother getting familiar?"

"Elise! Don't forget Mitch is donating money to our charity..."

Mitch laughed. A deep, throaty, sexy laugh. *Damn. Why did that sound make her panties dampen of their own accord?*

"I don't mind calling you Miss Blake if you really want me to. Makes no difference to me. It's all in a good cause."

*Great going, Elise. Keep it coming, nice and easy.* "So you'll just give us the money then?"

There came that laugh again. "Nice try, but no. I always collect on what I'm owed, and make no mistake, I plan on collecting from you, Miss Blake, and the pleasure will be mutual. You can count on that."

*Damn.*

A spiral of anticipation ran up and down her spine and then made a beeline to her pussy at his last words, but before she had a chance to reply, the studio technician popped his head out the office door in the nick of time.

"I've played four songs and I'm on the third commercial. You guys better get your arses back here and now or we'll lose the listeners."

Davo jumped to attention. "Okay, guys, we'd better get to the studio. Do your lip lumbering exercises, we're about to broadcast a five thousand dollar lip lock."

*Great.*

*Shit.*

*Hell.*

How the fuck was she going to get out of this?

Davo showed Mitch in to the studio then turned to Elise, whispering in her ear as he leaned towards her. "You have to do this, Elise. No getting out of it now. Come on, it'll be fun." He placed an arm around her shoulder and pulled her towards him, looping his other arm through hers.

It looked like there was no escaping it. Bloody hell. It was only a kiss. Only a kiss with a practicing dominant who'd finally caught up with her. Sure. Only a kiss. Maybe once he got the kiss from her, he'd leave her alone.

*Yes, hold that thought.*

Did she really believe that?

Nope, not for a minute. Not after all the trouble he'd gone to. She wouldn't put it past him to have engineered the whole thing.

"Elise?" Davo whispered, his hand covering the mike.

She sucked in a deep breath. "Okay, I'll do it. But remember, it's just a show for charity. Nothing more."

Davo let out a relieved breath as he reclaimed the microphone. "Okay, listeners, the moment you've all been waiting for. The Big Kiss! We have computer tycoon, Mitchell

Collins, here live in the studio about to lay one on our gorgeous newsreader, Elise Blake. Woo wee, I can feel the heat from here and they haven't even started yet."

The grinning disc jockey pressed a button on the panel in front of him and a sucking sound effect rang throughout the studio. Elise stuck her tongue out at him, and blushed from the top of her head to the tips of her toes. *Just great.* Thanks to her pale colouring she could always count on her body to embarrass her just at the wrong moment.

"Take your places, Mitch and Elise."

Mitch turned to Elise and placed his hands on either side of her face. "I promise I'll be gentle."

She tried to be nonchalant. She could do it if she tried really hard.

*Only a kiss, remember.*

"Go on. Get it over with. I just hope you cleaned your teeth this morning."

He smiled at her.

Damn, the insult didn't work.

There was that sexy, cocky and smug grin again. What was keeping him? *Just do it, for God's sake...oh God, here it comes.*

He nodded at Dano who signalled the thumbs up that the microphone was now live.

"I'm always ready to kiss a woman who has a voice like sin and a body more beautiful than I ever imagined."

"Huh?"

The grip of his hands on her face tightened, and even though he wasn't hurting her, he held her firmly in place. "Shut up and don't move."

*What did he say?*

Before she could ask him out loud what the heck he was talking about, he brushed his lips over hers. Once, then once again. Just a light touch, but some major tingles were happening in her chest about now. Without thinking, she slipped her arms around his neck, and buried her hands in his silken hair. Her eyes closed and he went in for the kill, taking complete control.

*Oh my God - the man could kiss!*

The pressure increased as his tongue prodded her lips open, and she almost fainted from the intensity of the intrusion. His breath tasted of something fruity and exotic and his clever tongue was thrusting at just the right speed to cause maximum arousal.

Slow, slow, fast. Slow, slow, fast.

Breaths mingled. Tongues tangled and time stood still. Mitch slid his hands from her waist to her buttocks and squeezed. Hot liquid seeped onto her underwear as her whole body tingled with unbelievable sensation and scorching heat.

*Whoa, baby!*

He pulled her closer, rubbing the hard length of his erection against her body, confirming he was as aroused as she was. Steamy pictures of them both naked and writhing together on black silk sheets flashed through her mind. She could almost feel his sweat dripping on to her chest as he thrust inside her. *Holy shit!*

The sound of raucous whistles and clapping brought her back to reality. Pushing herself away from Mitch, she sucked in a deep breath, turning away from him so she could get her bearings.

*Oh my God!*

She'd never gotten that turned on in such a short space of time before, especially not with a total stranger.

"We had lift off, ignition and spontaneous combustion all at once here folks. The temperature just went up twenty degrees in the studio. Phew! Now that is what I call a K.I.S.S!"

Mitch willed his jeans to loosen as he watched the object of his lust walk away from him. Fuck! Talk about hot. That woman was molten lava and he wasn't about to let her out of his life yet. They were destined to have the hottest sex he could ever remember if that kiss was anything to go by.

His breathing took a few minutes to regulate, but that few minutes gave him enough time to come up with an idea.

"You still need money for the charity, Davo?"

Elise turned her gorgeous face back to look at him before she continued walking across the other side of the studio to sit down. Let's hope he could get away with it. He wasn't about to let her go just yet.

"Sure thing, Mitch, my buddy. What did you have in mind? Seconds?"

"Not quite, but I think it will make you happy."

"Ladies and gents, we have another bid coming from Mr. Collins. Here you go mate...take the microphone and tell our listeners what you have in mind."

Elise jumped forward in the chair, her head shaking back and forth in protest as she mouthed an emphatic "No."

Too bad. He had the advantage now and he damned well was going to take it. Thanks to ratings hungry Davo he had the means to keep Miss Elise Blake closer for at least one night.

"I will donate a further ten thousand dollars if Ms Blake has dinner with me tonight."

"Done! Wow, it must have been a great kiss. I should have tried it myself while I had the chance. Hey, Elise? What do you reckon?"

Mitch studied her face, which was a distinct red colour and getting angrier by the minute. She had spirit. That should make things interesting.

Davo shrugged, and turned back to his microphone. "Oh, I guess she's overcome, folks. We'll hear from her later."

Mitch watched as Elise got out of her chair and walked out the door, racing down the corridor. He threw the mike back to Davo and chased after her. He caught up with her as she stood inside the elevator, frantically trying to close the doors on him.

"Leave me alone you, sicko! Are you out of your fucking mind?"

He pushed the doors back open enough to allow him to move in beside her before they closed again. "What the hell is wrong with you? I only want to have dinner with you."

She moved to the far end of the elevator, as far away from him as she could get. "Yeah, and the rest."

He blew out an exasperated sigh. "I want to get to know you better. Where's the harm in that?"

"So you admit you've been following me for the last four weeks? That is just sick. I should call the cops."

The penny dropped. *Of course.* She'd known who he was all along. So what was all that 'and who are you' crap about? "I've been trying to meet you for the last month. I haven't been stalking you."

"In my experience, when someone says no at least twice, then that means they don't want to go out with you. Don't you think that, after a half dozen declined invitations, you'd get the message that I'm just not interested?"

He pressed the stop button and the elevator crunched to a halt. "I'm a man who doesn't give up on something he wants until he exhausts all avenues. And you, Elise, are something I want."

"What are you doing? Release the elevator!" Her eyes widened in fear and he knew he'd gone too far. Releasing the button, he moved back to the wall, his palms up and outward in surrender. "I'm sorry, that didn't come out like I meant it to."

"Seemed pretty clear to me. Now let me get the fuck out of here."

"I didn't mean to freak you out. I'm sorry, Elise, that's the last thing I want."

She looked away, making a fist with her right hand and tapping it against her leg.

"Why me? Why have you been leaving messages and notes at my work? As far as I know until today we've never met before."

He looked up to the ceiling, wondering how he was going to convince her he wasn't the loony she thought he was.

"It's hard to explain, but when I saw you at Club Fetish, I was intrigued." She turned her head back to look at him, her beautiful pale eyes wary. "I wanted to meet you, and then, of course you refused. After that first time, I thought 'fair enough', I'd leave it and move on, but every time I'd hear you on the radio, I knew that I wouldn't have any peace until I met you. Then you threw my offers back in my face, and that got me really curious. I had to find out more about this woman who managed to repeatedly outwit me. I love a good mystery, and believe me, you are a mystery. And I really, really hate to lose."

Now that wary look in her eyes turned to annoyance. "So this is all just a game to you. You want to dominate me. You get enjoyment out of playing with peoples' lives, do you?"

Fuck. That went well. With every word of his bungled explanation, he fell deeper and deeper in shit. He didn't know what it was about this woman that made him want her to

understand where he was coming from. Usually he saw no need for explanations. He never explained. He just *did*.

Backing her up against the wall of the elevator, he placed both his hands on the mirror tiles either side of her head. "Does this feel like a game to you?"

Elise's eyes widened and her mouth opened in protest as he kissed her again. He devoured her mouth as both their bodies reacted to the magnetic chemistry between them. He was positive to her negative, and they were powerless to break the field. Jeezus, this woman made him hot. The soft sighing sound she made in her throat, and the amazing smell of her satiny skin had his whole body igniting. He didn't know what was happening here, but by God, he wasn't letting her get away from him now. He slipped his hands under the hem of her shirt and skimmed across her satiny skin. He felt her shiver in response. He smiled against her mouth, revelling in her body's response to his touch. When her hands crept up around his neck, her breasts flattened hard against his chest, and he could feel her nipples budding. Slipping one hand inside her jeans, he found her panties and dipped inside her crotch, finding her more than a little damp. Oh God, she was responsive. His other hand skimmed over her lacy bra to lightly cup her breast. Her nipple elongated under his touch, begging him to squeeze it. She gasped into his mouth and his erection pressed painfully against his jeans.

The doors to the elevator opened and he stealthily removed his hands, but the kiss continued, their breathing getting more and more ragged as the minutes ticked by. The sound of discreet coughing finally broke through the trance he was in, and he slowly released her lips. He couldn't help smiling at her passion-dazed eyes when he released her. The hungry look was enough to give him hope that there was a chance they would get to have the best sex of their lives. He had no doubt at all that's how it would be when they eventually came together. She was going to be a challenge to dominate, but he had a feeling she'd be worth it.

The sound of a mobile phone chiming out the Wagner theme to 'Apocalypse Now' broke the tension. Elise continued to look at him in a daze for a few more seconds, then reached for her phone, flipping it open. Without breaking eye contact, she spoke. "Elise Blake." She pushed the button for the studio floor and sunk back against the wall. "Sure, fine.

I'll be there in a minute." She turned away from him for a few seconds. "Okay. I understand."

Snapping the phone back in place, she lowered her eyes, now avoiding eye contact of any kind. "I have to get back to work. What time and place do we meet for dinner?"

The elevator door closed, leaving several potential passengers outside and cursing. Mitch stood completely still, stunned. This was too easy. Something wasn't right here, but he wasn't going to worry about that right now. Not when she was agreeing to meet him. He'd work it out later. "Eight o'clock. Tetsuya's".

She looked up, her eyes narrowed. "Tetsuya's? You have to book six months in advance to get a table there."

He smiled at her. "I have a regular table. You want me to pick you up?"

"No, that's fine," she said as she pressed on the button for the door. "I know where it is. I'll meet you there. If that's all, I have a job to get back to."

The temperature in the elevator dropped twenty degrees in less than a minute. This was not good. He was going to have his work cut out for him to repair whatever damage that mysterious phone call had made. "No worries. Tell Davo I'll drop the cheque off in the morning."

"That won't be necessary. You can bring it along tonight. Why come back tomorrow when we can finish this business tonight?"

As the door slid open, Elise moved to walk out, but Mitch touched her arm, stopping her. "It won't be finished after tonight and you know it."

"If you say so." She pulled her arm back, turned away from him and walked calmly away.

The door closed, and he pressed the button for the lobby. The game was far from over. He might have the date, but she sure as hell wasn't acting like she was conceding defeat. Time to regroup for the next battle.



## Chapter Two

What dress did one wear to dinner with a millionaire who had just bought her companionship for ten thousand dollars? One who also happened to be a practicing Dom.

How was she going to get through the night without giving in to her fantasies?

She knew why she was going through with this dinner, but that didn't account for the anticipation and the excitement she felt at the prospect of seeing Mitch Collins again. Her whole body quivered from remembered passion.

Holy shit, they'd only kissed twice. Oh, but what amazing kisses. He had magic in his lips and his clever hands weren't half bad either. Her panties dampened at the thought of the two of them going all the way and actually having sex. Moaning, she closed her eyes, seeing herself helpless and spread-eagled on a St. Andrew Cross like the one she'd seen at the club. Since when had she been turned on by sexual submission? She sighed.

Since she'd started having fantasies about letting go of her control. Since she dreamed of being the plaything of some gorgeous hunk who tortured her with pleasure. God, she was a freak!

In the past, she'd never had the nerve to actually try it, and it had taken all of her courage and some big time suppression of her conservative upbringing to attend that training night as an observer. She'd thought the mask she'd worn would protect her identity, but apparently not enough to stop Mitch.

Shaking her head, Elise returned to the task at hand. She pulled out the three decent dresses she owned and draped them over her bed.

The black, the white or the red?

The black one was definitely too seductive with its spaghetti straps and plunging neckline. She threw that one aside and inspected the red. Strapless and fitted, it screamed bad girl, and she didn't want to encourage any more of those ideas. That left the white one. Not exactly virginal, although the mandarin collar was quite conservative and simple. Not much skin showing either. Damn, if it was winter she could wear a high neck jumper and scarf. The white would have to do. She didn't have time to go shopping for something else.

Finishing up her makeup, she brushed her wavy blonde hair and looked critically at herself in the cheval mirror in her bedroom. Her hair shone, the makeup understated and the dress was the most conservative she had. It would have to do.

Deciding to take a cab rather than fight the city traffic for a parking place, Elise arrived five minutes late. About to enter the Chifley Place building, a chauffeur wearing an old world uniform approached her. People still wear those? Interesting.

"Miss Blake?"

Great. Another weirdo wanting a piece of her. "Who's asking?"

"Please come with me, Mr. Collins has made alternate arrangements."

Of course it was Mitchell Collins' chauffeur. It was just like him to make his staff dress up in uniform. Arrogant bastard.

"What do you mean?"

"He asked me to tell you that you will be happier with the new plans."

Why was she not surprised? "He did, did he? Why couldn't he tell me himself?"

The slightest hint of reproach came into his voice. "He is making preparations, and he didn't have a contact number to let you know."

Oh yes. The one thing she'd been able to keep private was her home address and her phone number. That wasn't going to change if she could help it. Taking a deep breath, she blew it out slowly. Okay, that probably was a reasonable explanation. Besides, she had no choice anyway if she wanted to keep her job. She had to see this through. "Lead on, James."

"Charlie."

"Huh?"

"It's Charlie. My name is Charlie."

"Sorry, Charlie. I was being facetious, although from your reaction I guess I wasn't very successful. Let's start again." She held out her hand to his. "Charlie, I would be delighted to accompany you."

He shook her hands firmly, his green eyes sparkling with humour. "You don't have to be so formal, Miss Blake, but thanks all the same."

He pointed towards the street where a white BMW stood waiting. Opening the rear passenger door for her, he stood back while she climbed in. As he closed the door, she couldn't help feeling that by agreeing to go with him to meet Mitch, she had sealed her fate.

What that fate was she wasn't exactly sure, but from the fluttering in her chest and the butterflies turning somersaults in her stomach, she knew it was going to be anything but boring.

\* \* \* \*

Shit, what was she letting herself in for? This was the complete opposite direction to her place, making it at least an hour to get back home. That complicated things considerably. If she was lucky, she could get in, eat and leave before things got too friendly. She couldn't afford friendly. She knew it wouldn't end there, and for her own sense of dignity, there was no way she would sleep with a guy just to get money for a charity. Especially not one who used dominance to get what he wanted. She was not a submissive yet, and probably never would be, so she had no intention of acting like one. Even if she did feel a little turned on by the idea of being at the mercy of this guy. Okay, more than a *little* turned on—sopping wet and tingly all over, to be perfectly honest—but she had to be strong! Yes, strong.

*Keep saying it, Elise, and you just might believe it.*

Why did this guy make her want to forget her principles and get down and dirty with him? She'd met gorgeous guys before, so it couldn't just be his looks. In her job at the radio station, she'd come in contact with her fair share of wealthy clients as well, so it wasn't the money. It was probably his single-minded pursuit of her. It was very flattering for someone to go to that much trouble to meet her. Nothing like that had ever happened to her before, and most likely never would again. She couldn't discount the erotic thoughts of him tying her up and making her his plaything either.

He was a bloody great kisser too.

Truthfully, in her experience, guys like him usually lost interest after they got what they wanted. She'd found that out the hard way. Sighing, she promised herself he wouldn't get the chance. She was so out of his life after tonight. It was the only way to protect herself.

The thirty-minute drive was uneventful. Charlie was a comfortable travelling companion. Even though there was silence for the most part, it wasn't awkward. Taking advantage of his relaxed demeanour, she decided to pump him for information about Mitch.

"So, Charlie, does Mitch make it a habit to stalk people he hears on the radio?"

That mischievous laugh she was beginning to like very much came back at her. "No, Miss Blake. As far as I know, you're the very first."

The first, huh? Interesting. "So I guess he has a lot of girlfriends?"

"Mr. Collins spends most of his time working on his business pursuits. He relaxes at his club occasionally, but not all that often these days."

"Club? What club is that? A golf club?"

Charlie laughed. "No, Mr. Collins does not belong to a golf club."

Elise felt her skin burn as she remembered just which club he was talking about. "Oh, I see. Then why is he following me around town?"

Stopping at a red traffic light, he turned to face her with as sardonic grin. "Now that is something you'd best ask Mr. Collins."

"Come on, you can do better than that. You know why he's doing it."

"I assure you, Miss Blake, Mr. Collins does many things without informing me of his motivation." He turned his head away from her, staring ahead through the windscreen.

That was the end of that conversation. He took off from the lights and made a series of sharp turns before finally pulling in to a long driveway. They had arrived.

The car pulled up in front of a large house overlooking the ocean. She didn't know the Northern beaches all that well, but Charlie told her they were in Colloroy. Wherever it was, it was pretty impressive, but she wasn't looking at the beach view. Mitch was waiting at the entrance, leaning against the doorjamb dressed, casually in chinos and polo shirt and a satisfied smile on his face. The intensity of the look in his eyes burned right through to her soul. Oh man, the guy knew how to make a girl feel special. The sparks between them were so palpable it was a surprise to Elise not to feel the power arc from where she sat.

"Miss Blake?"

Elise blinked, seeing the door to the car was now open and Charlie held out his hand to help her out. "Sorry, Charlie, I was distracted there for a minute." She placed her hand in his and shimmied over to the edge of the seat.

"Think nothing of it, Miss Blake." He winked at her as she let go his hand.

Blushing, she lowered her hands, pretending to refit her shoes on her feet. Great. If Charlie noticed the sparks, then what hope did she have of hiding her attraction from Mitch?

When she lifted her head, he was right in front of her, holding her hand instead of Charlie. God, she was losing it now, these daydream blackouts had to stop. She needed her wits about her.

"Welcome to my home, Elise. I hope you weren't too put out by the change in plans?"

She gripped his hand lightly while propelling herself out of the car with her other hand firmly on the seat. Couldn't have him thinking she was a wimp now, could she? She looked up at him and attempted a confident smile. Damn, he was gorgeous. "I was rather surprised, but I guess I can live with it. As long as you promise to behave yourself."

He grinned. "Now where's the fun in that?" She stopped walking and he gave her a wry smile. "Okay, I promise I'll behave. But *you* don't have to behave if you don't want to."

Oh no, no way was she misbehaving. She was going to be so good she could be a stand-in for the Virgin Mother. "I think it would be just fine for us both to be on our best behaviour, don't you think? We can get this business over with and move on with our lives."

His eyes flickered in amusement. "I agree. We definitely need to move on with our lives."

"You do? We do? I mean, great, yes, that's what I want too."

Mitch showed her into the house while Charlie disappeared with the car. To park it with the several other luxury cars a man like Mitch was sure to own, of course.

She had to admit, the house wasn't quite what she expected. Sure, it was big, but the large living room they walked into was bright and airy and with leather couches that looked more comfortable than pretentious. It looked lived in and welcoming. He steered her through the open French doors to a paved patio. Large pots of fragrant annuals lined the trellis wall, which screened a much larger garden full of tree ferns and tropical plants.

She turned to meet his gaze. "Wow, it's beautiful out here."

"Yes, it is," he said, his eyes never leaving hers.

Breaking eye contact, she looked around for some means of distraction. There was a ledge over by the fence with an amazing view of the ocean. She headed for that. Mitch followed her shortly after handing her a glass of white wine. She took a sip and sighed. Her favourite chardonnay. This guy was good. He'd managed to find out a lot about her, although she still had secrets he never dreamed of. Secrets she had no intention of him ever finding out. Sitting on a concrete bench, she spied a water fountain below. She stared at the

rushing water spouting out of the lion's mouth, listened to the swish as the rippling flow caressed the colourful rocks. She desperately hoped the relaxing sound would work its magic on her.

*Bloody hell! Why won't my hands stop shaking?*

Charlie arrived out of nowhere with a silver platter in his hands. Mitch removed the papers that rested on it and handed them to Elise.

Confused, she looked from one man to the other. What the heck was this all about? "What are these for?"

"Open the papers, Elise. I think they will answer any questions you have." Charlie left them and Mitch moved back towards the patio, calling behind him as he went. "I'll be firing up the Barbie while you read. Yell if you have any questions."

Her hands were still shaking when she opened the papers. There were two sheets of paper. The top one appeared to be a bank transaction record for the transfer of fifteen thousand dollars to the Wolf FM's charity account. Great. He'd already settled the money. At least that was out of the way. Putting the record aside, she looked at the second sheet of paper and stopped breathing. It was a statutory declaration from her boss, duly notarised and signed, stating the Elise Blake was hereby released from any agreement to provide any service to Mitchell Blake including entertainment and social obligations.

Holy crap! He'd made her boss sign that she was under no obligation to be there. How the heck did he do that? Her boss had been emphatic on the phone that her job depended on her being cooperative with one of the station's biggest sponsors. So why didn't someone call her and tell her? She worried and stressed all afternoon for nothing.

Of course, Mitch still wanted to win the game.

Yeah, it was a grand gesture, but it was also a master manipulation. Bah. She wasn't taking this lying down. No way, baby. She'd had enough of the rich guy flashing money around games. Maybe she wasn't as submissive as she'd thought.

Mitch flung a couple of sirloins on to the barbecue as the hotplate started smoking. He'd worked his butt off all afternoon talking the station boss into signing that statutory declaration. It was only when he promised to send several new ad campaigns their way that

the bastard signed it. Fuck, Mitch hoped it worked. If she didn't think she was here as payment, then maybe she'd relax more and let them get to know each other.

"What the fuck do you think you're playing at?"

He spun around to find a fire-breathing, smoking gun in the form of Elise. This was not good. Her normally pale blue eyes were sparking flames, and from the look of those clenched fists, he'd better be ready to move fast. "You have a question?" he asked as he inched away from the hotplate.

"Damn right I've got a question. Tons of them, in fact." She threw the papers down in front of his feet. "Like how come I wasn't told about this earlier today?"

"Would you have come here if you had been?"

"Absolutely not! Why would I go out with a guy who I've been avoiding for a month? A person who freely admits to stalking me?"

He turned back to the barbecue and switched off the plates. No point in burning the place down while they had such an interesting discussion. "Well, there you have your answer. And no, I didn't admit to stalking you, just that I wanted to meet you."

She moved towards him, her eyes blazing. Grabbing his arm, she turned him back towards her. "I will *not* be manipulated. I decide whom I see and when I see them. You have no right to use this situation to satisfy your ego. I know your game. You told me yourself you hate to lose!"

Prying her fingers from his forearm, he kept a firm grip on her hand, locking his fingers through hers so she couldn't escape. "I admit to one thing. I want to get to know you better. I think we have some amazing chemistry going on here, and you are curious to try something a little different." Her skin heated where he feathered a trail with his lips over her cheek to her ear and whispered, "You dream about being dominated in the bedroom, Elise, and I dream about being the man to dominate you. You're a sexual submissive. I know it, and you know it. You just don't want to admit it."

He rubbed his thumb gently against her wrist and felt her shiver. She felt the same way as he did, he could tell by the ready way she reacted to him, and those hot kisses, fucking hell! For some reason, he scared the shit out of her, but he had to convince her to trust him. He didn't want to hurt her, he wanted to take care of her and give her pleasure like she had never experienced before.

Her eyes widened and her nostrils flared. Tugging on her arm, she gave up when she realised he wasn't going to let her go. "It's irrelevant what I dream about. I still don't like being manipulated. Besides, we only just met."

He pulled her closer to him, their joined hands the only thing between her breasts and his chest. "What is time when the chemistry is right? Are you telling me your heart isn't racing? Because, honey, I can feel it thundering there inside your sweet little chest."

Her voice sounded low and breathy. "I'm angry."

She was fooling herself, but not for much longer if he could help it. Smiling, he pulled her arms behind her back, imprisoning her as he leaned forward, speaking softly in her ear. "And can you say that when I do this—" he blew a whisper of air against the whorl of her ear, "—you don't feel anything at all?"

Her shoulders tensed as her head dropped slightly to the side. A small sigh escaped from her mouth. "Um..."

He circled her body with his arms and pulled her even closer, letting her know exactly how he reacted to her body. "Can't you feel that? Can't you feel what you do to me?"

Her eyes shimmered with passion, but also indecision. He couldn't wait to show her how explosive they would be together, but he didn't want to scare her off. Inching his face closer, he found her eyes again and arched his eyebrows, asking the silent question. Seconds ticked by while he saw her mind churning over. Would she? Should she? Although only a few seconds passed, it felt like a lifetime before he finally saw acquiescence in her eyes.

Thank the Lord.

The inches separating their lips disappeared as he claimed those lips he'd craved since the minute she arrived.

It started out gently, but once again, the heat ignited a passion neither of them could control. Elise moaned as Mitch thrust his tongue inside her mouth and tasted wine and sweet honey. Her hands moved to his shoulders, squeezing and pulling him closer. With his hands moulded to her buttocks, he lifted her slightly, rubbing her body against his increasing erection. Her eyes opened. She gasped and broke their kiss.

"What's wrong?" He kissed her jaw, moving across to the delicate skin under her ear.

"Nothing. I just can't believe I'm doing this."



He hugged her, pulling her hot face to his chest as his dick twitched almost painfully. "You think too much. Let's just enjoy."

She tilted her head to look up at him, her pale blue eyes shining. "You've put some sort of spell on me. I can't seem to resist you."

Resuming the trail of soft kisses across her neck, he inhaled her musky perfume. "Then don't."

Finding her mouth again, he felt behind her for the zipper and slid it down. The dress gaped and came forward under his exploring hands. Her skin heated as his hands found their way to the softness of her back as he stroked her lightly with his fingers.

She pushed him away, sucking in air as she spoke. "What about Charlie?"

He took hold of her shaking hand and silently walked her to a room off the front hall. Continuing inside the room, he stopped just short of the padded table in the centre of the room. "He's gone out for the night."

He could read the excitement in her eyes as she accepted there were no more excuses to resist him. She might be shocked that she was doing this, but at this stage her body was way ahead of her mind as she pulled his face back to hers and kissed him with renewed passion.

*Oh baby.*

Her dress fell to the ground and she lifted her legs and kicked it aside.

He stood back and admired her beautiful body while he released his shirt from his chinos and quickly pulled it over his head. She surprised him again. She was wearing a white lace camisole and matching hipster lace panties. No bra. Fuck! He almost came right there and then.

She looked up at him, uncertainty in her eyes. "Why are you looking at me?"

"I'm admiring your beautiful body. You're so gorgeous and you make me so damn hot, I feel like a slow combustion stove about to explode." He placed his hand on her shoulder, again savouring the feel of her silky skin.

"Lie down."

He gently but firmly pushed her backwards so that she fell onto the table.

She leaned forward as he grabbed first one and then another hand and fastened them together with the wrist restraints that were attached to the legs at the head of the table.

Gasping, she tugged slightly against the leather straps. "Oh..."

He gently ran his finger across the silky skin of her cheek. "Do you think you can trust me?"

"I don't know," she whispered, her eyes shimmering with a combination of fear and passion.

"We can stop at any time. You only need to ask. Your pleasure is the most important part of this exercise so I ask you again...can you try to trust me, just for a little while?"

She swallowed, and then ran her sexy pink tongue across those magic lips. His gaze travelled from her stunning eyes to her breasts where her beautiful nipples were erect and waiting for attention through the lacy material of the camisole.

"I want to," she said hesitantly.

"And I want you to, Elise. I promise we'll go slowly. We can stop at anytime. This first session is all about pleasure. Yours first, then mine. Nothing should be scary or fearful. It's all about the gift of trust. Your gift of trust in me, and my vow to honour that trust by giving you pleasure like you've never felt before. You want that experience, don't you, Elise?"

Her heated expression told him what he wanted to know but then she closed her eyes. He held his breath, willing her to agree to continue. Without complete trust, her submission would not truly be real, and that was not the outcome he was hoping for.

After a few seconds that could have been several minutes, she opened her eyes and nodded. He heaved a sigh of relief, but he knew it wasn't all set yet. There was one more hurdle to pass before they could start this first session in earnest.

He stroked a few errant curls off her forehead before sliding his finger down her cheek slowly. Her breath hitched when he caressed farther down her neck and circled a taut nipple through her lacy underwear. "You are doing really well, my beautiful sub-in-training, but there is one more thing you must learn before we begin."

Her voice was strained and husky as she spoke. "Whatever it is, I agree. Can you just get on with it?"

Oh God, she was so eager he almost laughed. "You may change your mind when I tell you my rule."

"I am not so sure I am capable of stopping this now, so just tell me so we can get to the fun part."

Chuckling, he placed his hands on the edges of her top. "All right, but don't say I didn't warn you."

"What do you mean? Oh..."

She squealed as he grabbed her camisole with both hands and ripped it off her body in one movement.

Arching her back, she fought against her restraints. "What the fuck are you doing?"

"Silence!"

She stopped struggling immediately at the tone of his voice. A good sign, he hoped.

"Listen to what I have to say. The one rule I have is simple, but it's very important."

She closed her eyes and whimpered as he licked first one, then her other already erect nipple.

He grasped her chin, causing her to flinch and open her eyes. "Look at me when I am talking."

She blinked once, then twice before nodding.

"My one rule is that once you give me your trust, and you agree to submit to me, your body is mine for tonight. Do you understand what that means?"

Her eyes glittered in passion and she mouthed a silent affirmation.

He spoke in a firm tone again, not wanting to frighten her, but she needed to know what true submission was all about. "I asked you a question, Elise. You said that you would trust me, so I expect an answer."

## Chapter Three

*Mine.* Only one word, but it conveyed so much. Elise's body quivered with anticipation and desire, and the thought of what he meant by that one word sent a flood of liquid escaping from her aroused vagina, soaking her panties.

Mitch continued to wait for his answer, and she figured he wouldn't wait much longer so she'd better tell him what she thought. Oh God, she hoped they were on the same page here, because she was so turned on she needed some release soon.

She cleared her throat, not trusting her voice to come out clearly without some help. "It means that you have control at the moment."

His eyes glittered and his mouth curled into one of those sinfully sexy smiles. "Very good for starters." He traced a fingernail around her nipples, one by one, not taking his gaze from hers for one second while his action sent more heat to her already burning pussy. "And what does that mean to you?"

Her mouth went dry as she thought about how to answer him. Now was the time to tell him the extent of her fantasies, but did she have the nerve to actually speak them out loud? By the determined look on his face, he wasn't going to wait much longer for her reply, so she swallowed what little moisture she had left in her mouth and spoke as clearly as she could manage given her heightened state of arousal.

"It means that my body is yours tonight, to do with as you please."

His answering smile was feral. "Exactly. I can do what I want, when I want, and you will obey me when I command you."

Bloody hell, what was she letting herself in for? She remembered those feelings of the pure lust and desire she'd had while observing a training session. Just the thought of being the one to submit to this Master in front of her had her thighs dripping. Although she was terrified, she'd gone too far now to back out. It was almost impossible now that Mitch leaned over her sensitised body and rubbed his erection against her burning crotch.

"I will give you one last chance to refuse. Do you think you can handle submitting yourself to me and all that entails?"

*Keep doing that and I'll follow you anywhere.*

"Elise?"

Okay, in for a penny, as her mother used to say. Her breathy voice was barely audible as she spoke quickly before she lost her nerve. "Yes, I can handle it."

He didn't look as pleased as she would have expected. "Did you pay attention at the training night?" he said sternly, his face serious and unsmiling.

Oh damn, what had she done wrong? "Yes?"

"Then you will know that is not the correct way to answer your Master. Try again, and get it right this time."

She thought back to the interaction between the couple she'd watched at the club. Visions of the woman being punished for giving the wrong answer flooded back to her. Was she ready for any kind of punishment yet?

Mitch moved off the table and walked a few feet away, his back to her.

"It is obvious you are not ready to take that final step. I promised I wouldn't do anything against your will, so pick your safe word and say it now. I will release you and take you home."

What did he say? She arched her back and lifted her head, not ready to let go at all just yet. Her mind and body were both anticipating pleasure and protested wildly.

"My safe word is jump!"

He moved back to her side with speed that would make Carl Lewis look like a snail. "Can you repeat that?"

"I said my safe word is jump and no, I don't want to go home. I want to stay."

His eyes reflected fire at her words, but from his questioning expression, he wanted more. She knew there was only one thing she could say to him that he would be willing to hear. She swallowed her pride and spoke those first shaky words of submission.

"Please, Master, may I stay?"

He made a sound that sounded like a quiet cheer, and the smile on his face was triumphant, but he kept a firm grip on that control she'd become to expect from him.

"Since you asked me nicely, then I suppose I will have to let you."

He leaned over and grasped her face firmly between his hands and whispered against her lips, sending shivers throughout her body.

"I had every confidence that you would agree to stay."

She gasped, but he caught her mouth in a punishing kiss. His tongue dived in, stroking everywhere, and the exotic taste of him stirred her senses with each touch. The act of being kissed so thoroughly while being unable to reach out and touch was so much more erotic than she ever thought. Her hands clenched open and closed over the straps that held her in place as wave after wave of sensation enveloped her. Being under his complete control enabled her to just feel, and what a feeling it was. The heat in her body a few minutes ago had been lukewarm compared to the inferno that made its way to the surface now while Mitch continued to brand her with his power and dominance. It felt so good to just let go and allow him to take her offered gift.

*So if this is how good a kiss can be, how much better can it get to allow Mitch to care for all of her sexual needs?*

The nibbles and thrusts turned to licks as he slowly finished the kiss. She sighed when he removed his warm hands from her face and stood.

"Don't worry, little one. The night is just beginning. I have so many things to show you but first we must teach you more about trust." He opened a drawer from a compartment under the table and withdrew a piece of cloth.

"What are you doing?" she asked as he covered her face with the mask, lifting her head to secure the soft material behind her head.

"It's all about trust as I said. This is your first lesson. You will have to trust me to look after you, even though you have lost the ability to see what is happening."

"Okay. This is all new to me, but I have wanted to try it for a long time."

"That is good to know. You enjoyed watching the session at the club, didn't you?"

She sucked in her breath, remembering how hot she got just watching what that Dom-in-training was doing to his sub. "Oh yes."

"Good. Then would you have any objection to having an observer later in your first session?"

Her pussy flooded, thinking about the possibilities this exercise could bring. Holy shit, could she do it? "I suppose I'm game."

His voice brooked no argument. "From now on you will not speak without my permission, except to answer a direct question, or to use your safe word. You will not sigh, scream, beg or make any sound at all without my say so. Do you think you can do that?"

When she hesitated, he took hold of her nipples and twisted them slightly, sending a jolt of sharp pain through the sensitive skin. "I asked you a direct question. You will answer me."

Oh shit. "Yes...Master."

Under the mask she closed her eyes, surprised that as the initial pain subsided, the sensations coursing through her body from her nipples to her vagina were so intense her whole body was on fire. No talking unless he asks a direct question. How hard would that be? She nodded to him, hoping he was paying attention, because she felt so exposed lying here tied up, half exposed and blindfolded as well.

The pain started again when he twisted a nipple again. "Answer me again."

A single tear escaped from one of her eyes as she tried to figure out why he was doing it. What did she do wrong? Oh shit, he'd asked a question.

"I'm sorry Master, I should have spoken. I will talk only when asked a direct question."

"Very good, you catch on fast. Now you must lie there and trust that I will look after you. I will return soon, but while I am gone, you can have some fun."

Fun? What the fuck did that mean? But she didn't have long to wait to find out as she felt something cold and metallic being attached to one of her nipples. It pinched a little and she wasn't sure it was all that comfortable, but before she could think about it, her other nipple was similarly encased.

"The nipple is one of the most sensitive erogenous zones, don't you think, my little one?"

Her head bobbed forward and back as the aftershock of sensations coursed through her. Before she had time to adjust, she felt her panties being slowly moved off her hips and removed. He had barely touched her skin with his hands, but the shivers still sent little sparks to her most sensitive nub, and she couldn't help but rub her legs together to keep the sensation going.

Mitch didn't like that idea obviously, as a short slap landed across her mound. "No! I am now responsible for your pleasure, not you. No touching yourself unless I say so."

She nodded again, wondering how many ways she could get it wrong so he would punish her again, because God help her, it turned her on.

Mitch lifted her hips and slipped something beneath her. She felt something small placed directly over her clit with ties being tightened at her sides.

"I am almost done now, Elise, just have to turn one switch on and it's finished."

A small vibration started rubbing against her clit as she realised which switch he was talking about. As the sensation built, Mitch secured both her ankles in restraints so movement was impossible.

"Just a few adjustments to the butterfly now and I will leave you for a while. I won't be far away so you can call me if you need me."

Oh God. Why did he have to leave her? She was about to explode as she felt the first climax building.

She felt the device on her clit, which apparently resembled an insect, being tied closer and firmer. The vibrations were amazing, but the vulnerability of the situation was the most exciting part. If this was submission, she wondered why she'd waited so long to indulge.

As Mitch's hands left her body, she heard him walk towards the door. Panic hit as she suddenly thought about how helpless she was. What if there was a fire? What if Charlie walked in? Bloody hell. Her breathing quickened as the combination of sensation and fear blended.

"I will leave you to your first lesson now, my little one. You are allowed to come at will, but you must savour that, because once you are truly mine, you will wait for my permission. Have fun. I will be thinking of you."

The door closed softly, but before she had a chance to react, her first climax hit.

Fucking hell, it was amazing.

She bit her lip to prevent the cries and shouts from coming out, knowing that to do so would mean some sort of punishment. Before she had a chance to recover, the little insect on her clit increased in speed, starting the process over again. It wasn't long before another spine tingling orgasm hit, and then another, until she lost count of how many times she'd come, leaving her spent and exhausted.

The sound of voices startled her, and she realised that the butterfly had been removed. She must have been in some sort of post orgasmic haze when Mitch had come back. She



blushed at the thought of the mess she'd made on the table's padded surface below her and how wet the little device must be. The sound of the voices increased as they came closer and closer to the room. With the mask firmly in place, she had no idea if the door was still closed or open leaving her vulnerable and exposed to any who came to the house. Who the hell was it with Mitch? He said something about an observer later on, but she didn't think it would be this soon. He did say only an observer, and she vaguely remembered giving her consent to that. She should relax and trust him. That was what this was all about, after all. He wasn't going to share her with someone else. She'd seen how that was one aspect of the BDSM sessions at Club Fetish, but somehow she didn't believe that Mitch was into sharing. She hoped she was right, because she definitely didn't like the idea of sex with a total stranger. Okay, so she didn't know Mitch all that well either, but at least she knew him. She cocked her ear towards the door to listen further. Mitch promised he would take care of her and she had to trust him, but she may be cashing in her right to say no to anything she didn't want to do if her heart rate didn't slow down. She took in a deep breath and blew it out slowly. She could do this. Remembering the scene when Mitch was assisting the Dom in training that she witnessed and her pussy clenched all over again. Oh yes, she would see where this lead.

Two sets of footsteps approached the door and she held her breath.

"Fucking beautiful, Mitch. You are one lucky bastard."

"Yes, she is, isn't she? I've been hot for her ever since I first laid eyes on her, and I am glad I saw her first, my friend."

Her heart jumped up into her throat as she heard the second voice in the room. Yes, she wanted this, but holy shit, it was scary all the same.

A warm hand touched her ankle, holding her still. "Don't worry, my little one. You gave me your trust. Remember you can use your safe word any time."

A hand stroked her calf and she shivered, not knowing whom it was who touched her. Did she want to end this now? Not bloody likely.

The other voice grew louder as she felt the man draw closer to her. "A sub must let her Master decide what happens to her body. Mitch can do what he likes, including inviting a friend to touch his sub."

Oh God. She wasn't sure she could deal with this after all.

Mitch spoke softly in her ear. "You must trust me. Believe that I will do what is best for you."

She took in a deep breath and blew it out slowly, allowing her some thinking time.

"That's it, little one, believe that I will care for you. I have faith in you. You can do it."

This was a test, she reminded herself. He was teaching her to submit completely and that meant believing he would never hurt her. Difficult as it was, she willed her muscles to relax, although the thought of another man staring at her restrained body was frighteningly arousing. What was happening to her in such a short time? She was turning into a slut and she didn't care one iota. It was scary, but bloody hell she was so hot. She'd thought there were no more orgasms in her after the butterfly session. Boy was she wrong about that.

Another few deep breaths and she felt more controlled, but it was short lived as two hands began removing the rings from her nipples. She stifled a cry of ecstasy as the return of blood to her nipples sent shards of sensation directly to her vagina. Another climax became imminent when she felt two warm mouths clamp onto her breasts, suckling in unison. When a hand brushed over her mound, she stiffened. Breasts were one thing, but allowing a stranger liberties in her nether regions was something else.

The hand increased the pressure and stroked a finger up and down in light movements over her already highly sensitised clit. She sucked in another large breath and bit her lip as she lost control once more. The mouths left her breasts, and the nipples became even more erect as the cooler air in the room tickled them.

The men ceased talking, so all she could hear was their breathing, and the shuffle of feet as one of them moved around the room. Which one she had no idea, as the hand on her clit moved away, again leaving her exposed and expectant.

Hands released her ankles from their restraints and lifted her feet, bending her knees. Before she could think, different restraints clamped around her ankles and thighs, tying her in place and forcing her legs open and her body exposed. She flushed with embarrassment as a finger slid into her vagina once and then was removed.

"Look how wet she is for you, Mitch. She loves it."

Holy shit. Was that the other guy or Mitch who had touched her so intimately? At this stage, she was so turned on, did she really care?

"She is mine. Of course she is wet for me. She is a natural."

"Oh man, and she is hot."

"We'll leave her with something more to think about now. I think she needs some contemplation time, don't you?"

The other man chuckled. "Good idea. Can I pick the toy?"

Elise gasped and bit her lip.

"Sure. You know the sort of thing we need."

Holy cow. Her whole body stiffened while she waited to find out what would happen next. This game was getting more and more erotic as the night went on, but never having been an exhibitionist, she wasn't sure how much more she could take. A break was probably a good thing, but she wasn't sure about this toy thing. She'd never had this many orgasms in succession, and she hadn't even had Mitch's cock inside her yet. She longed for that to happen, knowing in her heart it would be mind blowing. However Mitch seemed hell bent on delaying the moment, and the waiting had her wound up tighter than a spring.

The drawers under the table opened and closed. The anticipation rose, but before she expected it, something large, cold and slimy entered her vagina, causing the muscles to clamp tight around it.

"Easy, little one, just relax and don't fight it."

She felt a slight vibration through the dildo, and then her vagina was on fire. Shit, what had been in the lubricant?

The other man spoke, his voice sounding almost clinical in his explanation. "You will feel a slight heating sensation, but don't worry, sugar. The discomfort you feel now will pass and you will love what it does for you."

The vibration turned to a full thrust as the machine moved in and out of her in a slow rhythm. She gasped, but was glad of the restraints, because she was petrified to move, lest the machine miss its mark and hurt her. For now, she felt completely full, but the slow movement continuously rubbed against her "G" spot and she knew it was only a matter of time before she came again.

A finger traced back and forth over her thigh. "And now for the next phase in your training, little one."

She tensed in anticipation of a slap or a twist of her nipples again, but nothing happened.

"No, it is not a physical punishment this time. More a removal of privileges. Your body needs to learn obedience to my commands."

Her eyes snapped open under the mask. What the heck was he talking about?

"You will stay like this for thirty minutes and you must not climax until I come back and give you permission. Nod your head if you understand me."

She shook her head instead. No way could she stop the orgasm that was at this very minute powering itself up for an explosion.

Both men laughed at her denial. "She fights you after all, Mitch."

"Elise, since you are still here and haven't used your safe word, you will obey me. You have not asked me to stop yet. Do you want to use your safe word?"

She shook her head again. Of course she didn't, but this was going to be really difficult. Even now the first shocks of her release threatened to erupt.

She felt a firm slap against her clit, snapping her out of her haze. *What the...?*

Mitch's voice boomed throughout the room, surprising her in his gruffness. "You will not come until I tell you."

Holy shit, he meant business. She nodded wildly and concentrated on the muscles of her vagina, stopping them from the spasms that threatened to come to the surface. By golly, she would try to do this because when she did eventually come, she knew it would be magnificent and well worth the wait.

"Very good. Now we will leave you to your contemplation. I repeat, do not come, or I will know. And you don't want to know what happens to disobedient subs. Not yet anyway."

Jeezus, that sounded almost like a promise of a reward to her. This was getting out of control.

"Farewell, beautiful. Until next time. You do what your Master tells you, you hear?"

She nodded, relieved the other man was leaving. That meant there was a better chance of a proper fuck. If indeed that was on the agenda for tonight. One day she must read that submissive training book her friend gave her. It would have come in handy here tonight.

Reaching the bar in the lounge room, Mitch poured two drinks. Scotch on ice, doubles both of them. He handed one to his friend Jimmy, and kept one for himself.

"She's a keeper, Mitch. How'd you find her?"

"I won her in a radio promotion."

"You're kidding, right?"

"Not entirely. She came to the last open night at the club. I found out she worked on Wolf radio, and then donated some money to charity to get a chance to get to know her."

Jimmy laughed as he moved to the leather sofa and sat. "No doubt about you, mate, when you decide to go after something, you don't give up until you get it. I'm just happy to be able to help you out tonight. She's one gorgeous piece of woman. Let me know if I can help out some more. I'd be happy to teach her a thing or two."

*Not if I can help it.* Helping out with the trust session was one thing, but sharing this woman? No way.

"Listen, Jimmy. I appreciate you coming over at such short notice to help me train her, but if you ever touch her again, I'll crush your balls and cut off your dick."

Jimmy swung his head around to face him, surprise etched all over his face. "Jeezus Mitch. There was her perfect tit standing to attention for me and itching to be sucked. What was a man to do? Even the bloody Archbishop of Sydney would have done the same thing. Besides, you never worried before if I got a little nip in with one of your trainees."

Mitch squeezed the glass in his hand until his knuckles whitened. "That's the thing, Jimmy. In the past I gave you permission to join in before we started. I didn't this time. And for your information, she's not just one of my trainees. I've decided I'm going to keep her myself."

"Jeez, sorry, mate. You should have told me. I'll keep my mitts and my mouth to myself next time."

"You're right, Jimmy. I'm sorry, I should have told you. I didn't realise how I would feel about it until I saw you touching her. Don't worry. There won't be a next time. I've decided to finish her training on my own."

"You'll bring her to the club for a visit though, won't you?"

"Only if that's what she wants. She's very new to this scene, and I don't want to scare her any more than I already have with this session. I'm thinking we might just keep it private for now."

Jimmy smiled at his friend's statement. "Shit. You're really gone on her, aren't you, mate?"

Gone on her? Possibly. Obsessed with her, more like it. He didn't know what was different about her to the other women he had been with, but for the time being he wanted her all to himself.

"She intrigues me, and I want to get to know her better. So I suppose I am a little 'gone' on her as you say."

"Not to mention you want to fuck her brains out."

Mitch winked at his friend. "Yeah, that too, but a gentleman never tells."

Jimmy roared, laughing, his head thrown back and tears coming to his eyes. "Yeah, right. A gentleman. Just like you're a gentleman in business. Screw anyone for a buck."

Okay, this conversation was degenerating. "I think you should leave right now while you still have your pretty face intact."

Throwing the last of the scotch down his throat, Jimmy stood. "Good thing I know you're joking, mate, or you may find there are repercussions to that sort of talk. I'm rather fond of my pretty face and I'll fight to protect it at any cost. But as I said, I know you were only joking so I'll let it slide. I'll leave you now to your lovely lady. Think of me while I'm at home taking a cold shower."

Mitch stood and walked his friend to the door. "I meant it when I said I appreciate you coming over on such short notice. I'm sorry I got so heated, but there is something about Elise. I don't know what it is, but she makes me crazy."

"No worries, mate. I can see that. You owe me big time though. I have a hard on the size of an elephant and nowhere to put it. Maybe I'll drop by the club to work it off."

"You do that, mate. I'll catch up with you soon."

Jimmy waved from his car as he opened the door. "See you around."

Watching his friend's car drive away, Mitch tried to regret bringing his mate into the training. Sure, he was pissed off with Jimmy for touching Elise, but at least now Mitch knew that she trusted him not to hurt her. She had every opportunity to stop what was happening, and he knew she was close a few times to doing just that, but she didn't. She'd allowed him free reign in this game of sexual dominance and submission they were playing.

*She seemed to be enjoying it too.*

Speaking of enjoying it, he smiled as he thought of her present predicament. He looked at his watch, realising that the fucking machine had been going for a good half an hour now. He'd better go check on her and make sure she wasn't getting too tired. He wanted some of her energy left for when she made the ultimate gift of herself to him.

The room was quiet except for the sound of the machine rhythmically moving in and out of Elise's body. Standing still, he listened for any sound from her, but couldn't hear anything. Rushing to her side, he removed the blindfold, only to see her glazed eyes staring back at his in apparent ecstasy.

"Are you all right?"

Her eyes focused briefly on his, and she nodded her head, still keeping in her role.

"Have you come yet?"

"N...no Master." She shook her head, but he could see that she was grinding her teeth and holding her body as still as she could manage. It was killing her, but she was doing what he asked. She hadn't climaxed – yet.

"Good. I am very happy to hear that. Would you like me to leave the fucking machine on for a little while longer?"

Her eyes widened in alarm, "No, Master. " She vehemently shook her head from side to side.

"You want to stop the training?"

Again she shook her head. "No, Master." This time her eyes implored him to give her some relief from her built up passion. Her breathy response had his dick twitching, reminding him of a sure fire way to relieve them both, but he had to hold off just a little longer. She still needed to finish her lessons.

He switched the machine off and slowly removed the dildo from her swollen vulva. He unstrapped it from the table and placed it in a small basin on the floor and shoved it aside with his foot. Running his finger over her engorged clit, he confirmed she had yet to climax, but her body shuddered and she moaned at his touch. She couldn't take much more and quite frankly, she had coped much better than he had ever dreamed she would. She was born to be a sexual sub.

He placed his finger inside her vagina and massaged her "G" spot. Her body tightened around his finger convulsively, and her moans magnified. Her control was amazing, but it was time to let her have her head.

"You can come now, little one. Show me how many orgasms you have built up."

She seemed to stop breathing for a few seconds, and her body became motionless, but then it started. Her muscles squeezed his finger as it rubbed inside her, tightening against his knuckle as wave after wave of orgasm swept over her. He slid another two fingers inside her drenched vagina and continued rubbing as she went farther over the edge, squeezing his hand tightly with her muscles and ejaculating her woman's fluid all over his hand, all the while trying to stifle her moans and cries of pleasure.

He continued the slow rubbing until her spasms of pleasure finally subsided and her body relaxed. Removing his hand, he unstrapped her legs one by one, massaging her muscles before stretching them out over the edge of the table. Moving to the other end of the table, he unfastened her arms and did the same thing. She sighed in relief and started to rub her arms.

"Don't touch yourself unless I say so, little one. It will be my pleasure to take care of you, so keep your arms and legs still for a few moments and rest. I'm going to check on your bath. You deserve one after your amazing progress."

He couldn't resist a firm kiss on her surprised mouth before he left her to walk to the large spa in the adjoining bathroom. Opening a crystal bottle, he smiled as he breathed in the exotic scent of the special oil it contained and tipped a few drops into the steaming water.

It wouldn't be long now and she would fully be his.

He returned to her side, reaching for her with his hand. She wrapped her hand around his and pulled herself upright. Her skin was warm and covered with a slight sheen of perspiration. He reached around behind her back and helped her up off the bench. She stumbled slightly as her feet touched the floor.

"Are you all right, little one?"

She nodded as her hand tightened its grip on his hand.

"You can speak now, Elise. That part of your training is over for now."

Elise let out a large sigh. "Oh thank God. I've never stayed that quiet for that long before in my life!"



Mitch held his breath, desperate to hear the right response from her to his next question. "Is this session all a bit much for you? Do you want to stop?"

She shifted her position slightly, stretching out her stiff muscles.

"Not yet."

He breathed out, so relieved he fought hard to resist the urge to drag her into his arms and crush her against his chest. "Good. I'm glad to hear you're having fun. There's plenty more things we can try yet, and if you stick around we can explore so many more possibilities. What do you think?"

She heard her breath hitch at his words, and her pale skin pinked up as she gently nodded.

She looked so beautiful she took his breath away.

He led her to the bathtub in the other room, holding her hand as she stepped into the fragrant steamy water. She sighed as she lowered herself down into the tub.

"Ah, that's heavenly."

"Just lay back and relax, little one, and let me do all the work."

She smiled up at him. "You've already been doing all the work."

"Ah, but you've worked much harder than I have. You need to get your strength back for the fun I have planned later. For the moment, it's my turn to have a little fun."

Moving out of the bathroom and into the small dressing area at the side of the room, he quickly divested himself of his clothes and padded back to the bathroom where he surprised a dozing Elise by slipping into the large bath beside her and pulling her onto his lap.

"You scared the shit out of me, Mitch! I must have fallen asleep."

Laughing, he reached around behind him to grab the sponge he'd already laden with bath oil. Moving his attention to her front, he rubbed over her breasts with the sponge, the rough texture teasing her nipples erect as her head fell backwards onto his shoulder. "You can doze all you like later, but for now you need to be awake. You don't want to miss any of the fun, do you?"

## Chapter Four

She had never felt so turned on in her life. Mitch's hands worked magic as every inch of her sensitised skin tingled at his touch. He stood, urging her to do the same, then began the massage all over again, this time paying special attention to the intimate patch of hair between her legs.

"Put one leg up on the step and hold still," he said as he reached into a box sitting on the ledge beside the tub and removed some articles.

She gasped as she realised what he was doing. *Holy shit he was shaving her hair off!* She stiffened, but all the same enjoyed the gentle stroking and scraping over her most sensitive of body areas.

"I'm not sure about this, Mitch."

He stopped what he was doing and smiled at her. "You said you wanted to continue. Come on, Elise, be adventurous. You will love the feel of smooth skin, I promise you."

Oh God, it felt so wicked and she wondered how she would ever be able to have vanilla sex again. As he quickly and efficiently finished his task, she felt him part her folds and inspect his handiwork. Thinking he'd finished, she started to move her leg back into the water, but he placed his hand on her thigh, stopping her.

"Don't move yet. I have one more place to clear."

She felt the heat rise in her body and her cheeks burn as he placed his hands on her hips and urged her to raise her leg farther as he parted her buttocks and started scraping the sensitive skin between her vagina and the rear passage.

Even though she was embarrassed by the intimacies of the situation, she could feel her body reacting. This man, who was still virtually a stranger to her, was touching her intimately and performing the most personal of tasks on her body. Everywhere the razor had been tingled, and she was sopping wet. It had nothing to do with the bath water below her either.

Mitch turned on the hand shower and rinsed off the soap and the last of the hair, running his fingers along her newly smooth skin.

It felt strangely erotic as the cool air reached her naked skin, and his gentle touch sent shivers through her body as she closed her eyes and wished for more.

More what, she didn't entirely know, though so far this first foray into sexual submission had far exceeded her expectations. Even when Mitch had brought his friend into the mix to watch, while shockingly unexpected, that scene had been so liberating as she realised it was all about her trusting Mitch to look after her.

Oh yes, more what? She couldn't wait to find out and surprisingly, after the last few hours, she really did trust him.

The water emptied from the bath and she realised Mitch now had a towel wrapped around his hips and was wrapping her body in a huge bath sheet. He surprised her by lifting her into his arms and she had to slide her arms around his neck to steady herself.

"Don't wreck your back, Mitch. I'm no lightweight."

He laughed. "You're kidding right? There's hardly anything of you."

"Looks can be deceiving, you know. I'm heavier than you think, and I would hate to be the cause of any injury."

He shook his head as he made his way out of the bathroom and back to what she thought of as the training room. Standing her upright, he removed the towel and stared with open appraisal at her naked body.

As he continued to stare, her skin heated. She should be beyond that by now, but as the time length increased, she felt more and more unnerved.

"What are you looking at?"

He raised an eyebrow, smiling at the same time, "Are you ready to continue?"

God yes! She nodded slowly. "Tell me what I need to do. What are the rules for this session?"

"The same rules as the last session will apply."

"Speak only with permission?"

"Very good. You must also use your safe word if you want to stop at any time. Even though you are submitting your body to me, you are still in control. Don't forget that."

Her heart thudded as she remembered some of the scenes from the club and how he as the trainer had stressed to the female sub exactly the same thing. The look of ecstasy on the woman's face as her dominant partner bound her physically and took what he wanted. She

got off on it, and in itself, that was where the real power lay. Yes, she had the power and it felt fantastic.

Elise smiled. "I understand."

His face took on a serious expression as she could see him returning to character.

"Good. Stay still and we will get started."

He turned and walked over to a cupboard by the wall and removed a small white jar. He opened it and removed some white cream with his fingers and returned to her side.

"This cream will help keep your skin supple and strong enough to deal with any devices I might choose to use for your pleasure. It will also soothe where I prepared your skin."

His long fingers touched her body and worked the cream over her skin. He started with her breasts, rubbing and rolling her nipples through the tips of his fingers. Her head fell back slightly and she closed her eyes as her body went from highly aroused to a full-blown volcano in seconds.

"You can't come unless I give my permission."

Groaning, she squeezed the muscles of her already twitching pussy together in an effort to prevent the release she knew was imminent.

"I'm sorry. I will try to hold it in."

"You will hold it in or there will be consequences."

"Ouch." She felt a sharp sting across her buttocks. "What was that for?"

He slapped her again, this time in front, sending a tingle of pleasure through her clit, along with an exquisite pain. "You have forgotten you may not speak during a session, little one. This restraint will heighten your pleasure."

She bit her lip, almost coming on the spot. Fuck. Would she ever remember all the rules? Did she want to? Because, seriously, the punishments so far were far from unpleasant. Who would have guessed that she would get so much pleasure out of getting into trouble?

He hesitated, while she willed her body to control itself, before starting up again. His face was a mask of concentration as he continued his way down her body rubbing and massaging the cream into every crease and curve, finally reaching her bare vulva.

Her legs nearly collapsed under her as he gently slathered the cool cream into her newly smooth folds. When he accidentally brushed against her clit, she gasped. He stopped

and she looked up to meet his sexy smile. "It won't be long now, little one, but first I shall have some fun of my own."

He moved his hands to her shoulders and urged her to kneel in front of him.

Lifting her head, she raised her eyes to his, then moved them down to the bulge in the towel directly in front of her face.

"Remove the towel."

Elise picked up the edge of the towel and tugged. It fell quickly to the ground and revealed his body in all its glory.

Her mouth dried up and her pussy wept.

Oh. My. God.

"You like what you see?"

Holy crap, he was magnificent. "Oh yes, Master," she managed to say, her mouth watering at the beauty of his body.

He placed his hands on her head and urged her forward. "It's your turn to play with me, little one. I need you to keep your mouth open and your head still. Do you understand?"

Before she had a chance to respond, he slid his magnificent cock into her mouth. She gasped at the suddenness of the intrusion. She resisted the urge to gag, instead sucking in a deep breath and willing the muscles at the back of her throat to relax. Mitch didn't move for a few minutes, which gave her some time to get used to the size and feel of him. His salty taste was not unpleasant, and the velvety smoothness of his skin was soft against her lips.

Then he moved.

Slowly he withdrew, the skin on the side of his penis sliding against the edges of her mouth, and just as slowly, he entered her mouth again. She ran her tongue along the length of him, becoming familiar with his shape and texture. Mitch groaned as she flicked over the tip, lapping a drop of fluid.

He gripped her hair, keeping her head in place. "I said keep still."

She withdrew her tongue and gave herself up to the rhythm of his body. Closing her eyes, she imagined her mouth was her pussy and he was inside her. She closed her eyes. Such an intimate act was not something she was used to, and never before had it evoked such feelings. She wanted to give him pleasure. The difficult part was holding back. Opening her eyes, she looked up and found him staring back at her with such blazing passion, her

heart melted. She realised that it was her gift of submission alone that was giving him pleasure. The power this knowledge gave her was so intoxicating her vaginal muscles clenched as she once again found herself unbelievably aroused. Would she ever get used to holding it in? She didn't know, but bloody hell, when the next climax hit, it would be mind blowing.

Mitch finally withdrew and walked away, turning his back to her while he approached the table and pressed a lever that lowered it closer to the floor. Elise was fascinated as he attached poles and some sort of harness to either side of the centre of the table. For the life of her she couldn't figure out what that was all about.

His voice was controlled, but husky as he spoke to her from the other side of the room. "Stand up and walk over to me."

Sucking in a breath, she obeyed without question, her body quivering with unleashed desire.

"Kneel down at the edge and place your arms flat on the cushion."

As she complied, Mitch slid the harness under her middle and hooked it up between the posts. Forming a sling, it lifted her body farther upright as he tightened the connection on both sides. "Does that feel secure?"

She nodded, but couldn't really say that secure was how she felt. He secured her ankles and wrists, so there was no way she could move in any direction, but the most overwhelming feeling was of being exposed.

She waited but nothing happened.

Listening for Mitch to approach her, she blushed with shame as her body reacted fiercely to the anticipation of what might happen next. Seconds turned into minutes and still he didn't approach her.

She trusted him, but what the heck was he waiting for? Although that machine had fucked her, Mitch had yet to perform that task himself. She was getting mightily frustrated and it was getting really late. It seemed like a lifetime since she'd arrived. So much had happened.

A finger stroked her from the top of her buttocks, trailing down to her sopping wet folds, and to the tip of her clitoris. She started in surprise, but quickly regained control of herself, remembering the rules.

She heard the sound of ripping plastic. Dare she hope it was a condom being prepared?

A warm breath whispered in her ear as a firm body covered her back. "Did you miss me?"

Not responding to him, even though it was forbidden, was nigh impossible as he entered her to the hilt, filling her completely. Deep inside, she vibrated in a rush of instant pleasure. He'd found the most sensitive spot in one move. Holy fuck!

Strong hands encased her hips as he came out and re-entered her, this time taking his time, the slower tempo increasing the pressure on her pleasure zones, making it damn difficult not to come on the spot.

Sweat dripped between her breasts and she arched her back, allowing him even deeper access. She tasted blood as she continued to bite down on her bottom lip, knowing that prolonging the climax would only enhance the ultimate release.

The room was silent except for the sound of Mitch grunting with each entry, and her loud sighs as he managed again and again to send sparks of pleasure throughout her whole body with each movement. His movements gained speed and force as he pumped and pounded, slowing only once to lean forward and speak the words she was waiting to hear. She was almost so far gone she nearly missed what he said in a breathless whisper.

"Let go, little one...come for me."

In that instant, her body erupted in spasms of the most amazing set of orgasms she never even imagined were possible. Mitch followed her over the edge, gradually slowing his thrusts until he eventually stopped and wrapped his arms around her spent body.

\* \* \* \*

The sunlight played on the skin of Mitch's sculpted back. Elise smiled as she looked over at the beautiful man asleep next to her. After that first time on the cushioned table, they'd finally made it to Mitch's bed. Last night, he'd shown her just how good it felt to trust a man enough to let him dominate her. She'd always been turned on by the thought, but the reality far surpassed any dreams she had of how it would be. Mitch taught her that it was not about being a sex object for another person, but more about mutually sharing. She'd never realised how liberating it would feel to give herself to another. The trust she gave to him was

rewarded with his care and tenderness to her, even as she was tied up and vulnerable to his every whim. Never before had she been with such a passionate and generous lover.

Considering she'd only just met him yesterday, it felt amazingly good. Too good. Things like this never happened to her, but she didn't want to ruin it by thinking about past failures. Her experiences in the past with rich playboys had left her gun shy, but hadn't Mitch already proven to her that he wasn't using his money to take advantage of her?

Mitch rolled over onto his back and opened his eyes. That sexy lopsided grin appeared as he reached over and tucked a curl behind her ear. "Morning, beautiful."

Oh shit. How can she resist the man? "Morning yourself."

He slid back and half sat up. "You're not having regrets, I hope?"

Fuck, no. "Nope. I was just admiring the view."

"You're sure, because you looked like you were thinking too much again."

She laughed. "No...not that. Never thinking again if we can keep like this forever." Looking around the room for something to cover herself, she sat up.

Mitch reached over and stroked her back. "Hey, where are you going?"

"I'd love to stay right here, but I have a job to go to." She looked over at the clock radio and gasped. "Holy crap, is that the time? I'm going to be late. Can you call me a cab while I borrow your shower?"

For a minute, she thought he was going to refuse and try to convince her to stay with him, but he seemed to think better of that. "No need. I'll drive you. My sister has some jeans and a few shirts around somewhere that she left the last time she stayed. I'll rustle up a change of clothes for you so we can save time."

Elise's mouth dropped open. She never expected that. Her old boyfriend had resented her work and tried every which way to get her to give it up. "I'm speechless. You are too good to me."

He looked back as he was leaving the room and winked. "Never let it be said I deprived Sydney of the sexiest voice in the western world."

*Bloody hell, I'm in trouble now.*

The steamy water running over her body did nothing to erase her newly discovered feelings. Here was a man who was gorgeous, the sexiest dominant a girl could ever dream



about, great in bed and he supported her right to have her own career. There must be something he did that was annoying.

Oh yeah, he tied her up for kicks and he didn't take no for an answer.

Bad, bad, bad!

Wrapped in a towel, she returned to the bedroom to find not only jeans and a shirt, but also some joggers that appeared to be just her size. He'd even brought her underwear upstairs and laid it out on the bed. What an image that conjured up.

On top of her panties he'd placed a pair of lacy nipple huggers. There was a note attached along with some instructions.

*Wear these and think of me all day today. Don't get too excited though. Remember your orgasms are mine.*

Her nipples tingled and set off little currents all the way to her pussy when she put the devices in place and tightened them as the instructions told her. They felt wicked and she loved the thought that no one except Mitch would know that she had them on all day under her clothes.

After dressing, she followed the smell of fresh coffee to the kitchen. Mitch must have showered in another bathroom because he was already dressed and his hair was still wet and adorably mussed.

"I've put the coffee in a travel mug, so if we leave now we can make it in time for your first bulletin."

"I really appreciate your help with this, Mitch. My last boyfriend thought my job was a joke."

As Mitch hustled her out the door to the garage, he shrugged. "That guy was a jerk. Any idiot can tell you love your job. What an asshole."

She smiled. "Yes, he was. But thanks anyway. I do appreciate it."

Winking at her, he opened the passenger door of his BMW. "You're welcome, Elise. Any time."

The trip to work was much too short. As she moved to get out, Mitch placed his hand on her leg to stop her. "I want to do this all again."

Her voice caught in her throat. "I'd like that."

He kissed her then. A tender, beautiful kiss that left her lips tingling. "So do you want to continue training as my sub?"

She gasped. Holy shit! Did she? Holy shit, of course she did!

He gave her a worried look when she didn't answer straight away. "Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you off. Maybe we should just plan for the next few months and see where it goes from there?"

"It's okay. You startled me there for a minute. And I agree. We should take it slowly since we only met yesterday."

His soulful eyes bored into hers. "There's no hurry."

*Oh God, I love those eyelashes.*

"Um, I have to go."

"Tonight's not too soon to continue with our training?"

*Yes, please!* "Sure, that sounds like fun." Jumping out of the car, she turned back to say goodbye through the door. Mitch kissed her soundly before she got the chance to even speak.

"I'll pick you up here when you finish work."

She stared at him for a minute, then smiled as she turned and made her way into the office. Her nipples were tingling as they strained against the metal lace encasing them. If just a kiss could get that sort of reaction, she couldn't wait for the next round.

## Chapter Five

Mitch waited in his BMW to collect Elise from the radio station the following Friday night, like he had done every day for the last week. Elise had proven a most apt pupil and together they'd indulged in a week of the best sex he'd ever had. She was a natural sub, but in reality, she was the one with all the power. He loved being her Master and controlling her body and her actions, but he got off the most by looking after her needs and bringing her orgasm after orgasm. She had it down to a fine art now and held back until he gave the word, and holy fuck, Elise in a run of climaxes was a glorious sight to see.

Tonight he was apprehensive, however. He allowed her the reward of being able to choose their activity for the night.

She chose to go back to Club Fetish.

He wasn't sure he wanted her there and he sure as hell didn't want to share her with anyone. Having Jimmy watching her first session last week had proved to him that he wanted her all to himself, but Elise seemed determined to go back to where it all started and witness others doing their scenes.

As long as that was all she wanted, he'd be okay.

The rules of the club were very clear. No one touches anyone else without permission. No penetration without condoms or gloves. Fucking only in private rooms. A sub can only be shared if the Master gives consent and he sure as hell wasn't going to do that. No alcohol was allowed either, so that stopped stupid idiots from getting drunk and going too far.

He ran his fingers through his hair and sighed. If all Elise wanted to do was watch, then everything will be fine. She'd become amazingly good at being his very own submissive, but the bedroom was as far as they took it. This was a whole different scene altogether. People who came to this club embraced this lifestyle and were experienced with how things worked. Elise was fascinated by it for sure, and the idea of submission turned her on, but he wasn't convinced that she understood or even wanted the commitment that came with the lifestyle.

Fuck, maybe he was jealous. Maybe he worried that she would find another Master who turned her on more. She had never given him any indication at all that she was

unhappy with him as her Master in the bedroom. He should give her back some of that trust she gave to him everyday. He felt guilty even thinking about it, but the possessiveness he felt for Elise was something very new to him. In the past, women had come and gone with no real feelings attached. He'd played and trained at the club for years with no regular sub. It was just one of the things he did for recreation, but now that Elise was in the picture, that old life didn't seem so appealing anymore.

He looked up just as Elise opened the passenger door and got in the car. Her hair was tousled, and her eyes were bright with excitement. He pulled her face to his and kissed her, not being able to help his deep invasion of her gorgeous mouth. She sighed and kissed him back with equal passion.

Slowing down, he nipped playfully at her bottom lip before releasing her.

She smiled up at him, a wicked grin teasing her mouth. "That was some welcome, Mitch. I guess you're as excited as I am about our little excursion tonight?"

He frowned. "You have forgotten the rules, little one."

Laughing, she turned front on and clicked her seat belt in to place. "Maybe I did –" she turned her face back to look at him and winked, " – or maybe I want to be punished later. I mean, you can't let that slide, can you?"

Mitch grabbed her wrist and pulled her closer to him, squeezing a little harder making sure she got the point. "Damn right, you'll be punished, but get it out of your head that I will do it in front of strangers. This field trip to the club is just for looking only, nothing more. I won't be letting any other Dom get an eyeful of you in restraints again. You are mine and under my protection while we are in the club. Do you understand?"

"Mitch, stop it. We're not at the club yet, and we're in a public place. We don't need to do this now."

He let her wrist go, seeing her eyes flare with heat. She may protest, but she loved it when he was her Master.

"When we enter the club, we must behave in the correct manner, or you will be mistaken for an available sub and any number of Masters could try to play with you. Not only would that be intolerable to me, but it could be dangerous to you with your lack of experience. Not all Masters are as understanding and gentle as I am. "

Elise tentatively placed a hand on his thigh. "I don't want another Master. I am perfectly happy with you. I am just thinking how exciting it would be to play a few games."

His face relaxed. "That's good to hear, but I meant it when I said that you aren't ready to participate in the party games just yet. And as your Master, I don't think I would allow it anyway. I have hired a private dungeon for us so we can have complete privacy."

She winked at him. "What? No trust games with a witness this time? Where's your sense of adventure gone?"

He held his breath. What was it that she really wanted out of this night? "You don't really want to be shared with another Dom, do you?"

She blushed to the roots of her blonde hair and looked down. "I wouldn't want to have sex with another Dom, but...I have to confess, the idea of playing is sort of exciting. Within reason, of course."

Jeezus. His mind went numb. Although this was the last thing he wanted, his huge erection begged to differ. He hadn't prepared for this possibility. "You have no idea what you're asking. Some of these doms are into pain sensation play as well as bondage. Are you prepared for that? Do you want to be cut, bruised, whipped or even flogged?"

She gasped in a sharp intake of breath, but wasn't deterred as she stared back at him defiantly. "What happened to the group credo of 'Sane, Safe and Consensual'? I trust you to pick someone who will agree to honour my limitations and abide by my safe word. Didn't I read in the rules that the sub sets the limits beforehand?"

"That rule is for unaccompanied subs. As far as the credo goes, it's a recommendation, but it is difficult to enforce. The club does screen its patrons, but sometimes the bad apples make their way in. There's no way we can prevent that. It can be dangerous indulging in the games if you don't know what you are doing. A guest Dom, however, can do as much or as little as the sub's own Master will allow, and will try to get away with more if the Master gets distracted."

She smiled. "Well, there you go. You won't get distracted and I trust you to not let anyone hurt me."

"Damn right I won't let anyone hurt you. I won't let anyone touch you at all."

The look of disappointment on her face was quickly replaced by sheer determination. "Come on, Mitch, you've been going to this club for years. I'm still finding out about myself

and my needs. I'd much rather explore my fantasies with someone I trust around to keep me safe. It's not like I'll have sex with anyone but you. Can't we do this just once, Mitch?"

Fuck. She hadn't listened to a word he'd said. He was losing control of this situation and fast. He had to take it back now, or their relationship would lose its intensity. Elise needed a reminder of who was the Master here, and what it meant to be his sub. He started up the car and reversed out of the parking space. Let her stew for a bit while he figured out how to handle this.

"Mitch?"

"Not another word until I give you permission."

"But..."

He pulled over to the side of the road and grabbed her chin in his hands, forcing her eyes to meet his. "I said," he growled through gritted teeth, "Not. Another. Word!"

She froze in place, her eyes alight with something he couldn't quite decipher, but when she sat back quietly, her arms crossed loosely over her waist, he knew he'd won this first round.

They'd planned on getting dressed into their club clothes at Mitch's office on the way to the club and the drive there took only a few minutes. It was a concession to Elise, who didn't want her workmates seeing her dressed up in what she termed her 'kinky' outfit. He'd bought her the black leather bustier, stockings and suspender belt for home play, but she insisted she'd have to dress the part. As far as he was concerned, a high-necked, ankle length black dress would be fine, although the thought of showing off his gorgeous woman was appealing to his ego.

The delicate chain and onyx collar in his pocket was now more important than ever. No way would he let her in Club Fetish without prominently displaying his mark of ownership. Especially not when she was in that "every man's idea of a wet dream" outfit.

The ride in the elevator was quiet, but as he'd requested silence, he couldn't help but be pleased that Elise complied with his wishes. Being the first time he'd demanded her obedience outside of their bedroom, it was gratifying to see that she fell into the pattern so easily. It was a relief, because although she may be his sub in the bedroom without question, she was far from being a lap dog. Gaining the trust of such a strong woman only added to his satisfaction and also his need to continue to dominate and protect her.

Moving to the bar in his inner office, he was tempted to grab a beer or even a scotch to calm the growing unease he felt about the night's events to come, but settled for a mineral water. A clear head was what he needed, not an alcohol-fuzzed brain. There was also the no alcohol rule at the club, although he was pretty sure he could slip past that one undetected. He never had any trouble holding his grog, but it was better to abstain completely until afterwards. He knew he would be fine, but he was on a mission to make sure everything that happened tonight with Elise was within his own limits and that she stayed safe. The niggling worry that she might like the games a little too much still stuck in his gut, but since he'd promised her, he couldn't go back on that. His personal code of honour wouldn't allow him to break her trust in him. He was kicking himself because he didn't set more limits on her choice of reward though. Next time he would. Yep. No doubt about it, she'd managed to slip under his defences and from now on he was going to keep a closer eye on her.

Being a sub didn't come naturally to her, but she loved submitting to him. It was that feisty side of her personality, the side where she didn't take any crap from anyone that made it so challenging for her to be dominated, but it was also that very thing about her that made it all the more worthwhile. Damn, she was one sexy woman, and for the time being, she was his. He planned on things staying that way for a good while longer, and if that meant giving her a treat now and again, then damn, that was what he would do. From now on, though, *he* would choose. He would not let her grab the control for even one minute ever again. She was so close to being a switch, she didn't even realise she was doing it, and that was the way he wanted it, her unknowing of that fact. One day they might explore that side of her personality, but not yet if he had anything to say about it.

Elise walked into the room, seductively swinging those curvy hips and he nearly dropped his glass. *Fuck!* She'd redone her makeup, and her hair was bundled on top of her head and little curls tickled her neck and a few longer ones fell forward just barely touching her breasts where they were pushing up over the top of the bustier.

"You look amazing." *Good work, mate...surely you can come up with something better than that.*

She moved closer to where he stood, stopping mere inches away from his highly charged body. Still obeying him with silence, she challenged him with her proximity. It was a challenge he was more than up for, especially given his enormous hard on.

"Turn around and walk over to the coffee table."

She looked confused, but then excitement lit her eyes and she complied, gliding over to where he'd commanded.

"Kneel on all fours on the top of the table."

She hesitated for just a moment.

"Do it now!"

A pale pink blush appeared over her whole body while she poised herself precariously over the small wooden table, leaving herself open and vulnerable to his pleasure.

He slipped his finger inside her thong and found her clit swollen and dripping with moisture.

Holy shit, she was so damned responsive. He undid his fly and freed his huge erection. Grabbing her by the hips, he drove himself into her tight cunt and nearly came on the spot as her tight muscles clamped down on him. Her legs started to shake, so he pulled her closer to him, impaling himself to the hilt and swore he touched her womb as she arched back and groaned loudly.

Oh God, he loved fucking this woman.

He withdrew slowly, and then slid back all the way, now losing all control. Pounding into her in powerful strokes that Elise met with equal fervour, he felt his orgasm build quickly as she shattered around him. When he followed her seconds later, he continued to empty himself into her sweet body for the longest time.

When he was finally spent, he hauled her body against his and stood her up, wrapping his arms around her middle as he nuzzled her neck.

"I think I will let you talk now, little one. You have been a good sub for your Master."

Her body sank into his as she let out a long sigh of pleasure. "Thank you, Master," she said, her voice breathy with exertion. "You're pretty good at being my Master. There was little effort on my part."

He laughed. "Just as long as you remember who your Master is, my love."

She turned her head and kissed him softly on the neck. "Not much chance of me ever forgetting that, Mitch. They say you always remember the first."

He flinched. Why didn't he like the sound of that? He not only wanted to be her first, he realised. He wanted to be her last.



He slipped his hand inside his pocket removed the collar. Placing it around her neck, lifting her hair out of the way to fasten it at the back.

"I hope you won't be in the position to forget me for a long time yet."

She smiled as she fingered the fine links in the chain. "Believe me, I won't."

## Chapter Six

Entering Club Fetish as couple was entirely different than as the observer Elise was the last time she'd walked through these doors. The basement club's décor hadn't changed, but her confidence surely had improved. The mask she'd worn not only hid her identity, but it was good camouflage for the enormous blush she'd worn all the time she'd been there.

This time was a different story.

Mitch gave her confidence to venture in to the club without trying to hide her presence. Although he walked in front of her, she was not far behind him and followed him as he confidently navigated the entrance and led her to the main room. There was quite a crowd tonight and there seemed to be several scenes playing out in the public area.

Elise was careful not to make eye contact with any of the Masters or Doms, but that didn't stop her from surreptitiously looking her fill at the sexy people around her. Of course they most likely were quite ordinary looking under other circumstances, but the sensual aura most people wore, and the atmosphere of highly charged sexual energy made every person present appear fascinating in their own way.

There were several gorgeous women at the club as well. Some were easy to pick as subs with their heads down whenever anyone approached them, but there were also a couple of fully decked out Dommies, with their own personal whips strapped to their thighs. The looks they were giving Elise were blatantly sexual, and her heart missed a beat when the red-headed Amazon poked her tongue out and licked around her lips slowly before sucking on her finger and pointing the wet tip directly at her. Elise's nipples hardened and she felt a deep flush spreading over her body. Holy shit! She'd never been attracted to a woman before. This place was liberating all her dark and buried fantasies it seemed. Even some she hadn't known about.

Mitch turned back to her and took hold of her hand. She quickly dropped her eyes just like they'd agreed. In this place, she was his property and must show the proper respect. Funny how when Mitch had told her the expectations she'd thought them a little over the top, but here amongst all these others, it seemed only right. In fact, it turned her on knowing

that she was his to do with as he pleased within the rules of the club. She knew he would look after her and she was hoping that if she behaved, he would reward her with a little extra play. The way that Domme had looked her conjured up several possibilities. Patience was something she wasn't usually good at, but she had to use up all she could find to see if her fantasies could become reality this evening.

Mitch touched her chin with his forefinger and tilted her head up so their eyes met.

"You're attracting attention, little one. Does it turn you on as much as it does me to see other people burning for your hot little body?"

She swallowed the last of the moisture in her mouth. Why was he confusing her? "You've changed your tune. You said you didn't want me here and you didn't want to share."

The sexy dimple appeared again as he grinned at her. "I still don't like the idea of sharing, but knowing that they all want you and can't have you unless I give my consent does really amazing things to my dick." He placed her hand over his huge erection to prove his point.

Bloody hell, he was almost bursting out of his black trousers. Sure, the soft material was pretty tight and sexy as hell, but Jeezus...that had to be painful. "Now that is what I call standing to attention."

He laughed and released her hand. "We'd better save ourselves for later. There's plenty more to see here." He cupped her face with both hands, his eyes suddenly serious. "Unless you've seen enough and want to go start some private games somewhere?"

Heck no. She hadn't even had a good look at any of the scenes yet. "If it's okay with you, Master, I would like to stay."

He shrugged, but not before she saw a glint of disappointment in his eyes. He quickly masked it with a wink as he once again resumed his Master persona and started walking towards one of the alcoves where a scene was being played out.

The female sub was chained to a large St. Andrew's cross against the wall, her back completely exposed. Her master was a large dark-skinned man who wore a tight pair of leather pants and nothing else. His head was covered with a black silk mask with small slots for eyes and mouth. He was using a small whip that had several roped tails, all of them

containing different size knots. As they arrived, the woman cried out in pain as her Master struck her buttocks heavily with the whip. Strips of red skin covered her pale skin.

"Keep your shouts to yourself, slave!"

The girl complied, but after several more hits, she began to whimper.

Watching the girl silently accept the strokes against her back was a strange experience. Elise should have been abhorred by the act of violence against the woman, but when she looked at the girl's face, she could see a rising arousal on the girl's face. Her own body reacted in kind to the erotic thought of herself being similarly publicly displayed, and having Mitch touch her in the same way.

Elise gasped as the girl came alive with a series of loud shouts. She held her breath, wondering what the girl's punishment would be for disobeying her Master. She was surprised when instead of whipping her with more force, he removed her shackles and held her in his arms, praising her and kissing her damp face, gently sliding a stray curl behind her ear.

Mitch leaned over and whispered in her ear. "He is rewarding her first climax from the whip."

"I don't understand. He told her to be quiet and she disobeyed him."

"She is in training and she wasn't just shouting, she used her safe word. The point of this exercise was to teach her to get pleasure from the pain and she would have set the limits of the session and the Master was fulfilling their arrangement."

"We haven't tried this in my training."

Mitch smiled down at her, running his finger softly down her cheek. "We've played with it in a small way, but you're still learning to accept my dominance. It is too early to think about trying any hard-core pain sensation play. It won't be long until you are ready for it, considering how well you've taken to being my little sex slave."

She blushed when she remembered the little fantasy she'd just had about having the same thing done to her. "Maybe I am ready."

Mitch frowned. He turned away and started to walk away before turning back to her, blowing out a long sigh before starting to talk. "Maybe *I'm* not ready to trust someone else not to take it too far."

What the fuck? "What do you mean? You're a Master trainer. You've done this sort of thing for years. People share for scenes all the time, don't they?"

Mitch looked over her shoulder, as if someone was there, and he clammed right up. "You must remember to act properly in my presence. Your body is mine to do with as I please as per our agreement. If I don't want to indulge in a particular game, you have no say in the matter." He grasped her chin, forcing her face close to his. "You do remember our agreement, don't you?"

Her body heated at the remembered pleasure she felt when he dominated her. The rightness of it, like nothing she had ever experienced before. She didn't know why she felt the need to challenge him on this, she knew he would look after her. He loved to bring her pleasure, but still she craved something more. What that was, she didn't quite know yet. Somehow, though, she knew that the answers to some of her questions were in this room and she longed to find out if her instincts were telling her the truth.

"Your sub is giving you trouble, Master M. I would be honoured to punish her for you."

Elise turned towards the woman's voice, completely forgetting the protocol until it was too late. She turned back, but it was too late. Mitch's eyes burned into her, and veins stood out on his neck. Oh shit.

"I am sorry Master," she said, her face heating as she stared down at the floor. "I will remember to keep my eyes down in the future."

"On your knees now!"

Elise felt a flicker of fear at the quiet rage she heard in Mitch's command. She might want to experience something new, but she also wanted to make him proud. It seemed she had only succeeded in doing the opposite.

"She needs to be reminded of her place, doesn't she, Master M," the harsh voice of the Domme said. "What do you choose for her punishment?"

Elise could feel Mitch's eyes staring daggers at her for making a display in front of the club patrons. He had warned her not to be conspicuous to the others, and she could feel his anger from where she knelt on the floor. At the same time, her body reacted in anticipation of what was to come—her nipples tightened painfully and a flood of moisture flowed all over her pussy and between her legs. What would he do to her now? Oh God, would it be as

delicious as she anticipated, or was he angry enough to really hurt her? She knew he didn't want to involve her in a scene here at the club tonight, but if he didn't assert his dominance of her here in front of the BDSM community he would lose face as a Master trainer. Fuck, she didn't mean to force his hand, but it looked like she had. He had no choice now. She had to be punished right now.

"Find me a cubicle, Master S. I won't be using my private dungeon after all."

Oh shit. He sounded really pissed. She only hoped he would forgive her, because she really hadn't meant to challenge his authority. This life was still new to her and so very arousing that she wanted to experience as much as she could. She wasn't sure how far she even wanted to go, or if indeed she wanted another Dom or even a Domme to touch her. All she knew was that at this precise moment in time, she was more turned on than she had ever been in her whole life. Mitch had introduced her to an awareness of her body she never dreamed she would have. She only hoped that she hadn't alienated Mitch with her enthusiasm. She didn't want another Dom. She was pretty sure she was in love with him, and from the jealous behaviour he was showing, she hoped that meant he felt the same way. But there was nothing wrong with a little kink in the relationship, was there?

The other Dom disappeared, but Mitch held her in place, his voice low, but harsh.

"You have no idea what you have done, but since you wanted to be punished publicly, that is what you are going to get. I hope you are satisfied, little one. I had hoped to ease you in to this type of scene, but now I have no choice but to come down hard on you. What I am about to do is more extreme than we have tried before, but the same rules apply. You may still use your safe word at any time."

Her heart was pounding in her chest, fearful at the edge to his voice she hadn't heard before.

"I'm sorry, Mitch..."

A hand slapped across her cheek, not too hard but hard enough to throw her off balance and sting her delicate skin. "Remember, you must call me Master!"

Oh yeah, she'd screwed up big time. Steadying herself, she took a deep breath, reminding herself to use the correct words and actions. From the sound of it, he didn't want to be pushed any further. "I am sorry, Master."

The sound of another person arriving signalled her time to move, but first Mitch held her in place before taking a chain out of his pocket and attaching it to the loop on her collar. He tugged firmly on it to pull her along gently with him as he made his way to an empty cubicle.

She gasped when she realised it wasn't a closed in cubicle, but one the whole room could watch if they so desired. Oh shit. Her pussy dripped again, enhanced by her growing fear at what she'd gotten herself in to.

Hands propelled her forward to what she recognised as a spanking bench similar to one Mitch had in his playroom. He'd never suggested they use it so far, but it looked like she was going to get an initiation into its use tonight.

"Bend her over and tie her down tight. She likes to move and we can't let her," said Mitch to a pair of subs he handed her leash to.

Several people laughed and Elise realised that there would be quite an audience for her punishment. She should be humiliated, but in a perverse way she was incredibly aroused. Wasn't this one of her fantasies, to be spanked in front of a crowd? To have her body displayed to strangers while her Master taught her a lesson? Oh God, she was so wet!

The shackles tightened around her wrists as she perched forward over the bench. One of the dungeon helpers pulled tighter on one of the straps and she cried out as is pinched her skin.

"Be careful. I don't want her marked."

The strap loosened, relieving her tender skin, but before she had time to sigh in relief a hood was placed over her head and tied firmly around her neck. She struggled, turning her head from side to side, but no relief was forthcoming as she heard more laughter from the increasing crowd that had gathered to watch.

Mitch's voice whispered fiercely in her ear. She couldn't tell if he was still angry or just in the Master persona he took when he was training, but a small edge of fear took hold of her and she shivered.

"Just remember, you wanted this, little one. You have no control. You are mine to do with as I please, and I will make sure you remember that."

Seconds later she felt warm hands position her hips higher so her buttocks were more prominent and she felt her thong move off her hips and slide slowly down her legs to join

her ankles where the shackles held them in place. Even though most of her bottom had already been exposed, with her pussy now fully open to view, she shivered.

The crowd went so quiet that Elise wondered if they'd all left. All she could hear was one person breathing heavily, and from the proximity, it was probably Mitch. She knew he would never leave her this exposed in a group of strangers anyway. She trusted him to make sure she was safe. But that was before she'd heard the anger in his voice. Would she bear the brunt of that?

The seconds ticked by and still nothing happened. She began to think he'd decided to cancel the whole thing when the sharp sting of a fierce slap landed on her bare buttocks. She jumped, and stifled a yelp as tears sprang to her eyes. That hurt a lot more than she thought it would. Mitch had given her plenty of warning, so there was no excuse to get all wimpy now. She had no choice. If she really wanted to give Mitch her trust and be dominated by him then she had to take the consequences of challenging him, even if she hadn't meant to do it.

Another sharp slap came down on her tender skin, this one even fiercer than the first. She bit her lip to stop herself from crying out, but then she realised that her pussy was buzzing with sensation and the pain on her skin had turned to a delicious heat. Maybe she was getting off on this, after all.

Another three slaps in quick succession induced a large release of moisture from her vagina all the way down her inner thighs. The alternating sensations of stinging followed by heat had her panting for more. Mitch smoothed a gloved finger between her crack and down to her pussy. She gasped as she realised he was going to penetrate her here and now. She arched her back in anticipation, presenting her body to him with easier access. When his long finger went in she nearly jumped off the bench, and would have if the straps had not been there holding her in place.

*Oh God, what is wrong with me that I am getting so turned on by this punishment? I am a slut. But fuck... it feels so good.*

Hot breath tickled her exposed ear as someone leant in close. Was it Mitch? There was now at least two gloved fingers twisting and reaming her vagina, hitting her "G" spot each time, she was convinced it was Mitch.

"Are you getting hot now?" a voice whispered in her ear.



Shit. Who *was* that? It couldn't be Mitch, because the sultry voice was most definitely female.

A velvety tongue moved around the whorl of her ear, sending tingles all through her body and adding momentum to the building climax. She had to concentrate now or she would come before Mitch gave her permission.

The sexy voice moved to a space right over her head. "May I finish her off, Master M? I promise I won't leave a mark."

The fingers pleasuring her stopped moving.

Elise held her breath as her muscles tensed, waiting for Mitch's decision. Did she want a woman touching her so intimately? It wasn't something she'd consciously thought of before, but ever since that Domme had eyed her off when they arrived, she'd planted the seed. It didn't mean she felt anything less for Mitch. She loved the feeling of submitting to him and the relationship that ensued. She realised that she wanted to experience it all, before she settled down with the one partner. That was why she'd pushed Mitch so hard. *Oh Fuck!*

She hadn't heard any exchange of words, but now there was a mouth torturing her clit while those magic fingers resumed their massage of her "G" spot. Sweat dripped from inside that mask and down her neck, trickling between her breasts as breathing came in shorter bursts all the time.

"You asked for an adventure, little one, so now you must deal with it. No orgasms allowed until our friend here decides it's appropriate."

That answered that question. The teeth that were playfully nipping at her clit belonged to a person other than Mitch, and most likely a woman. She flooded the rotating fingers and the mouth that were working her in tandem with another release of liquid.

The lips whispered against her wet folds, the sound so muffled, she almost didn't hear them. "She wants to come so bad I can feel it, but she is holding her own."

"Yes, that is one lesson she excelled in. I promise you she won't come unless I tell her to."

The sultry voice chuckled. "Oh goodie. Let's drag it out a bit longer then, shall we?"

The hand withdrew and she heard Mitch's voice move a short distance from her.

"Sounds like a good idea to me. She needs to be punished for a bit longer. Go for it, Mistress. You have my permission, but no marking. Understood?"

"Absolutely, Master M. No one will know I even touched her, except for you, and all these fine people here. And your 'little one' won't forget me in a hurry either."

Elise shuddered. She'd forgotten that there was more of an audience. She was so wrapped up in the sensations that she'd blocked out all background noise, but now she reminded herself of their presence, the sounds of the club came rushing back. Loud music permeated the room and the sounds of moans, screams and thwacks roared in her ears. Closer to her position, she heard people whispering. It seems they were all anticipating what her short-term fate was to be. So was she. *Shit.*

Firm hands took hold of her body as the shackles were undone. She was helped to stand, but she staggered a little, completely disoriented by the mask that they left in place over her eyes.

"Leave her be. She can find her own way to the Cross!"

Gone was the sultry voice, replaced by a harsh disciplinarian who reminded Elise of the principal at her high school. A woman no one trifled with or they had to suffer the consequences. Elise wondered what the consequences would be for her desire to experiment. There was a slightly sinister edge to the Domme's voice, and a shiver of fear went through Elise's body. Had she bitten off more than she could chew? Mitch warned her she couldn't handle some of the things that went on here. Maybe she was about to find out firsthand.

The pointed end of a stick prodded her from behind, urging her to walk forward. She had no idea where she was headed, or how far she needed to go. The mask worked a lot better than the ones she'd played with in the past. She couldn't even see the slightest sliver of light, and God knows she tried, shifting the position of her head as much as she could without drawing attention to it.

The stick pushed harder against her back and she stumbled, her body colliding with a cool surface in front of her. Firm hands pulled against her hips, positioning her in the centre of what she assumed was the St Andrews Cross the Domme had mentioned. Her arms and legs were simultaneously separated and strapped to the wood. *Fuck!* She cried out at the sudden loss of equilibrium. She was hanging above the ground now, although she'd only felt herself being raised an inch or so, but the lack of solid floor beneath her feet added to her confusion and total loss of control. Which was what they wanted off course.

She swallowed. She had no one to blame but herself, but she'd thought she could handle this a lot better than she was. Of course she could always use her safe word. On one level her body screamed at her to do just that. She had a feeling the Domme wasn't going to be gentle. On another level, her mind didn't want to give in. If she never experienced this, she would always wonder. And despite the fact that she loved being submissive to Mitch, there was no way she would give in to this Domme and let her win. She was sure this woman wanted to break her spirit, and she wasn't going to let that happen. The relationship she had with Mitch was based on trust, and she didn't trust this woman for a minute. Mitch had warned her, but until this minute, she hadn't fully comprehended what he was saying.

*Slap!*

Bloody hell. Elise tightened her muscles to stop herself from pulling too hard on the restraints that held her in place. That certainly wasn't a gentle hit.

*Slap! Slap! Slap!* Three more successive hits, each gaining in strength. She tasted blood as she bit down on her lower lip.

The stinging sensation burned into her exposed skin, bringing tears to her eyes. A soft touch of a finger backwards and forwards over the painful area turned the sensation to something else entirely. Her nipples hardened painfully through the bustier and poked into the cold surface in front of her. The moisture between her thighs increased when the stroking turned into circles, each circuit coming closer and closer to her highly sensitive folds.

*Ouch!*

She tilted her head to the side, trying to pick up on the whereabouts of Mitch, but the crowd remained silent. Not good.

"May I?" came the voice of her tormenter.

"Go ahead," she heard Mitch say, his voice devoid of all emotion.

Bloody hell, what the fuck was happening here?

A pair of hands roughly undid the laces across the back of the bustier, and it loosed, falling forward towards her front, but unable to reach the floor due to the position of her legs.

Her back was now completely exposed and a rush of cool air did nothing to dampen the heated flush that raced to every inch of her skin. Even though her body was aroused, she

was feeling more vulnerable than ever before. Even more than that session when Mitch had brought his mate over for a look that first time.

Was this what she wanted? To submit control to an unknown Domme while on display to a group of complete strangers? She was no longer sure she was ready to give up that much control. With Mitch it was different. Her submission was a gift to him. In this situation she didn't feel trust and she certainly didn't feel cared for, so there was no gifting involved, except for Mitch sharing her with his club friends.

Maybe she should stop it right now? She could use her safe word anytime. That was one thing Mitch always promised her, and she believed him.

But stopping now would mean she was bowing to this Domme, and no way was she going to give up her control to this woman. She braced herself for the next move and didn't have to wait for long.

"I have just the flogger for disrespectful subs right here. Should I use it, my friends?"

A collective shout of affirmatives followed and Elise stopped breathing. *I wish she would just get it over with!*

Multiple stings racked her back and she stiffened at the pain. She could take this. She had too. The pleasure had gone out of it now as she'd rethought her whole motivation for trying this out. Too bad she hadn't thought it out sooner, but she knew she'd always wonder if she hadn't.

The Domme invited the crowd to count as she gave another ten shots with what felt like tiny needles on Elise's back. Each hit delivering more sharp stings to her nerve endings. Elise was beyond the pain now, and her body sagged in exhaustion against the restraints.

"Enough!"

She must have been in a daze there because she felt her tender body sliding into gentle arms that hugged her against a firm chest. Mitch's chest.

Mitch reached behind her head and untied the mask, letting it fall to the ground. "Are you okay, little one?"

She was now. She breathed in his musky scent and sunk into his embrace.

"I'm sorry Mitch. I should never have questioned you," she whispered into his shirt, too exhausted to even wipe the tears that were now flowing freely down her cheeks.

He tightened his hold on her, merging his warmth with her now chilled body. "We'll talk about this later. For now, let's get out of here."

Elise looked down at her nude body and realised everything she had worn had now been removed. *Holy shit.*

"Don't worry about the outfit. You can wear your coat home. They've all seen what you've got now, and it's not as if it's unusual for a naked sub to walk through here."

She looked around the cubicle, which was now empty.

"I'd rather put them back on if it's all the same to you."

He laughed. "Okay, go ahead, but your back might be a little tender with that bustier tied up close to the skin."

She slipped the thong back on first, then slipped into the bustier and stood with her back to Mitch so he could re-lace it for her. "I'll live with it. What happened to the crowd?"

His gentle fingers tied the bindings, leaving them slightly loose against her back. The stinging sensation was still there, but he kissed a spot on her shoulder blade, and she shivered at the softness of his lips after the harshness of the whip.

"I sent them away. You'd had enough."

"I'm sorry I put you in that position."

He grunted, turning her around again to face him. "Tell me, why didn't you use your safe word?"

She looked down, wondering what he would make of her answer. She was supposed to be a submissive after all, but it seemed to her now that she could only be so with him. Taking a deep breath in and blowing it out slowly, she looked up again to meet his eyes square on.

"I didn't want to let her win."

Surprise filled his face. Obviously it wasn't what he expected her to say. "You weren't getting off on it then?"

Blushing, she looked away again. "Okay, I'll admit that I was a little turned on in the beginning, but after a while I realised that this was wrong. I don't want to submit to anyone but you, Master. She wanted to beat me into submission, but that isn't what submission is to me."

His smile kicked in, and he leaned forward and kissed her lightly on the forehead. "It seems like you learnt more than you expected to tonight, my love."

"Yes, I suppose I did."

He grinned as he reattached his chain to her collar before leading her out of the club. She didn't mind. It showed everyone that she was his alone and that was how she wanted it to stay.

## Chapter Seven

*Fuck, she's beautiful.*

Mitch sighed as he watched Elise sleeping peacefully in his bed, her sexy blonde hair spread all over his pillow. When they'd gotten to his house, he'd placed her in the spa bath while he prepared her a hot chocolate. She'd gone to sleep while he'd massaged some arnica into her back. She'd certainly gotten more than she'd bargained for tonight.

He frowned when she turned over, the sheet slipping down giving him a clear view of the tiny red marks on her back. That bitch Stephanie had gone too far. He was going to get her banned for her code violations. He'd wanted to show Elise that BDSM wasn't a game, but he'd never have agreed to have Steph involved in that scene if he'd known she was going to be so brutal. Fuck, if he hadn't stopped her when he did, Elise would have deep cuts instead of red lines now. Drawing blood had never been his plan. He knew other Doms and Dommes who had a proclivity for it, but he wasn't one of them. Even if he had been, he would never subject a new sub to it. He didn't believe in having to break them into submission by force. Sure, he was strict, but he wanted his sub to know that what he was doing was out of the need to care for her.

He hoped Elise realised that now. They hadn't spoken about the evening's events since they'd left the club. He'd been more intent on making her comfortable. She wasn't in that much physical discomfort, and by tomorrow, she would be mostly over the aches and pains. It was the whole emotional thing that had exhausted her.

Yawning, he realised she wasn't the only one who was tired. He stripped his clothes off and slid in beside her, smiling to himself when she cuddled next to him and rested her head on his chest. He drank in her gorgeous scent. He'd never known another woman to naturally smell so good with just a clean soap smell. Running his hand over her shoulder and down her arm, he revelled in the softness of her skin. Thinking about what happened, he realised that he never wanted to play a scene at the club again. There would be no more training either. The only woman he wanted to dominate was right here in the bed with him. If someone had suggested last week that he would give up Club Fetish so easily, he would

have laughed. The BDSM scene had been a part of his life for so long, even though he'd never before lived it outside the club. What started as a bit of a joke with a mate had turned into something that fulfilled a need in him that he'd never been able to satisfy.

Now that need was over because in Elise he'd found his other side. She wasn't a true submissive, that much was certain. It was pretty obvious by the way she'd fought so hard not to submit to Steph last night. Bloody hell, he'd almost laughed out loud when she'd told him she didn't want Stephanie to win. What a joke. Here she was, his submissive, being totally alpha with another dominant.

How lucky was he? This amazing, strong and gorgeous woman wanted to be with him. The problem would now be making sure she stayed. Charlie had warned him to make sure he treated her properly, and Mitch sure as hell was going to try.

She stirred next to him and opened her eyes. She blushed when she realised he was watching her. What a contradiction she was? One minute she was a wild woman willing to push incredible boundaries with sex, and the next being embarrassed by small tokens of affection.

"Hi, beautiful. How are you feeling?"

She stretched out her limbs next to him and stifled a yawn. "Better. That cream you rubbed on my back seems to have done the trick. I can hardly feel any soreness now. Thanks, Mitch."

He leant forward and kissed her nose. "You're welcome. Can I get you anything?"

She looked puzzled. "Hang on. If I'm the sub, aren't I supposed to be serving you? Not vice versa?"

Laughing he reached over and smoothed a curl behind her ear. "Somehow I don't think we have a typical Dom/sub relationship. Besides, I feel responsible for what happened last night."

Elise pushed herself up in the bed and sat up, her creamy breasts peeking over the top of the sheet, making his dick twitch. "It wasn't your fault. I had this illogical need to experience a scene and nothing anyone could say or do would have stopped me. I wanted to do it with you present because I knew you would keep me safe, and you did. You saved me. Not just from that Domme, but from myself." She smiled over at him, her eyes dancing with humour. "My hero!"



He frowned, remembering how vulnerable she'd been in that scene, and how it killed him inside to see another person punishing her. If he hadn't known how much she'd wanted it, he would never have let it happen. "You know I only let it happen because you wanted it so much. I thought I could trust Stephanie." He pushed his hair out of his eyes as he hugged her to his chest. "Fuck, I nearly lost it when she started using that flogger. I'm sorry it turned out the way it did."

She giggled against his chest, her breath tickling his skin. "It wasn't all bad. I was getting pretty turned on there for a while. I've never had a woman suck my clit before. That was different."

He tensed. Shit. "Are you saying you'd like to do a bondage scene without the pain play?"

"Don't get me wrong, I was turned on by it. What it did teach me was that I wanted it to be only you."

"You're a bad girl, Elise. You loved the audience, didn't you?" He supposed he could live with that. Although, from now on, he'd hoped to have her to himself in the privacy of his play room. He could always invite some friends over to play.

He felt her smile against his skin. "So sue me. Maybe I'm an exhibitionist after all." She pressed against his chest softly and moved away, smiling up at him, her blue eyes twinkling. "But not for a while, mate. For the time being, I am all yours. You are the only Master I want, and all the audience I need."

Relief flooded through him. Now for the first time, he felt she was truly his. And he intended to prove it to both of them. "In that case, out of the bed now!"

She froze in place, her mouth gaping open. Good, he'd caught her unawares. She wouldn't think. *Just feel, little one, just feel.*

"What?"

"You are my sub. Your body is mine. What else is there to do but obey me?" He reached out and touched her shoulder, urging her to move. When she started to slide to the edge of the bed, he slapped her lightly on the rump, deliberately avoiding her painful back. She arched her back and sighed in pleasure.

As she stood by the edge of the bed, she bowed her head and waited for his next command. So she had learned something this past week after all. He smiled inside,

maintaining his control on the outside so she knew he meant business. His cock grew hard just looking at her amazing body. Sex on legs, and all his. Her skin was coloured that delicious pink colour and her nipples were so erect they must be painful. He had just the cure.

"Come to my side."

"Yes, Master," she said, demurely.

The closer she got the more he could smell her arousal. Sweat had formed on her forehead and top lip, and he longed to lick the salty taste. As she arrived at his side, he pointed to the floor and she knelt before him.

"Touch your breasts."

She frowned. Not what she was expecting, but why should he do all the work? She'd said she liked that woman touching her... Well, he liked to watch a woman touching herself.

"What are you waiting for? Do it now. Show me how you pleasure yourself."

Her smile was wicked as she settled in to her place, shimmying from side to side, jiggling her plump breasts. "I'm sorry, Master, I didn't understand, but I do now."

She placed her index finger in her mouth and pursed her lips, slowly sucking it in and out until it was shiny and wet. Circling her nipple with the moist digit, she tweaked the end with her other hand until it was even more erect than before. Her head rolled back, and she sighed as she moved over to her other breast to repeat the exercise.

"Open your eyes and look at me." He needed that contact. That conduit from her arousal as it fuelled his own. If he was a piece of flint, he'd be lighting the sheets any minute.

Her head came back up and she smiled at him, looking not in the least contrite. "I am sorry, Master. It won't happen again."

She resumed working her nipples, rolling them and tweaking them as he watched her pupils dilate and the blush increase all over her body. The tiny beads of sweat he'd noticed before had now multiplied and trickled down her neck in the valley between her breasts. She was so fucking responsive. He shifted in the bed as his cock became more and more restless.

He gritted his teeth, determined to finish this exercise. She wanted this. She wanted to be submissive to him, and he sure as hell wanted her in that role too. They needed to get back on track. He took in a calming breath and blew it out slowly, hoping his voice wouldn't fail him now and sound like a wimp. "Now touch your clit."

Those vibrant blue eyes widened, and her lips parted, her velvety tongue running over her top lip as one of her hands slowly inched lower towards her smooth pussy. God, he loved that she'd allowed him to keep her shaved and silky. It gave him an uninterrupted view of her sexy body. She pulled her folds apart with one hand and her index finger found its mark, rubbing back and forth. She sucked in her breath in a whoosh as she came closer and closer to breaking point.

She cried out, her voice low and breathy. "May I come, Master?"

He smiled. *Let her hover on the brink for a little while longer.* "No."

She whimpered, slowing down her movements. He couldn't allow that. "Pick up the pace and go inside as well. I want to see your juices dripping. But no orgasm until I say the word."

Immediately she complied, her face drawn in concentration as she fought the natural urges of her body in order to comply with his orders. He slipped off the bed and walked around to stand behind her. She started to turn towards him, but that wasn't what he wanted.

"Stay where you are."

"Yes, Master. May I come soon, please?"

He laughed, his own release not far away, and all from the visual show she was gifting him with. He wrapped his body around hers, pressing his hard cock into the crease between her buttocks. He needed to be inside her soon or he would burst.

Her moans became more urgent as he covered her hands with his and added power to her strokes. Originally he'd thought about moving into the playroom, but somehow he thought they'd reached the point of no return. He gently pushed on her back, urging her forward.

"Lean over the bed, face down."

She landed on the tousled sheets with a soft thud and let out a long sigh. Without having to remind her, she lifted her ass, allowing him access and a great view of the glistening moisture dripping down her inner thighs.

"That's right, open yourself up for me." His thick penis prodded her vagina, teasing her and eliciting a soft moan. "What do you want, little one?"

"I want you to fuck me."

"What was that you said? I didn't quite get that."

Her voice rose slightly. "I want you to fuck me. Please, Master, please fuck me!"

"Do you think you deserve a reward, little one?"

"Yes, Master, if you wish it, Master. Please..."

Oh shit. How could he resist this amazing woman begging him for sex?

He placed his hands firmly on her hips and plunged in. Fucking hell, she was so tight!

Elise arched her back and angled her behind higher, allowing him to go in deeper.

"Ahh..." She felt like heaven. She *was* heaven.

He rocked back and forth a few times, her muscles encircling him and urging him to finish the damn thing. He was almost there, but he wasn't going to relent until they could come together.

"Please, Master, I need to come. Please..."

Just a few seconds more. That was all he needed.

One thrust. Two thrusts. His body went rigid, almost completely over the edge. "You. May. Come!" Oh Jeezus!

Elise exploded in wave after wave of muscular contractions. Her breathing became frantic as she milked and milked his spasming body. Bloody hell. Fuck.

Elise fell forward to the bed, Mitch falling softly on top of her. Kissing her shoulder, he wiped her hair off her face, catching her satisfied smile.

"Wow."

That was an understatement if ever he heard one.

He smiled as a feeling of contentment settled over him for the first time in so long that he couldn't remember. "Thank you."

"For what? For trying to top you from the bottom? For forcing your hand and letting the scene get out of control?"

"All of that was my fault. You don't have the experience. I do. I shouldn't have lost control like that and left you open to abuse." He rolled her over with him, cuddling her to his side, her head resting on his chest. "That's why I feel the need to thank you. For being here. For trusting me enough. For forgiving me for stuffing up at the club. For the whole week of the best hot damn sex I've had in living memory. All of the above."

He could feel the heat in her face as she blushed scarlet. "I don't quite know what to say after that."

"First, you can tell me you love me, and then you could agree that it was the best hot damn sex you'd ever had, for starters."

Elise moved around to face him, the joy in her face was a sight to see. She kissed him gently. "I do love you Mitch, and the sex was pretty good." Her husky laugh was music to his ears. She grinned up at him, a mischievous grin if he ever saw one. "Although...there was that one time in Tahiti..."

He playfully slapped her buttock. "Witch!"

Their eyes met in laughter, but quickly turned to passion with a burning kiss. It was a long, long time before either of them came up for air.

## About the Author

Living in a fantasy world as a child, Maggie was fascinated with telling stories. Whenever she shared her adventures of imaginary friends and saving the world from bad guys, her mother called it 'Romancing'.

Actually it was more likely a good ploy to get out of doing chores! Little wonder that after a life spent in many different occupations, Maggie has settled into writing romance fiction. Her stories range from dark erotic thrillers, to fantasy tales of bondage and submission, to romantic suspense and paranormal.

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