

COBBLESTONE PRESS PRESENTS



WICKED

Terri Pray

Control



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By

Terri Pray

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Dedication

For Sam, my One. Always.

Chapter One

"That—that bastard! He cheated on me!" Jen stormed into her shared apartment and slumped down onto the couch. "I can't believe he did this to me, again!"

"And this is news why?" Kate glanced over the top of her computer, the sound of her fingers dancing over the keyboard never even faltering.

"Because I thought it would be different this time. He did it again, and dumped me. I should of, well...fucked him and moved on. Got him out of my system once and for all. Maybe then he'd realize just what he's missing out on."

"You mean you wish you'd taken control, rode him hard and put him away wet?"

"Hell yeah!" Now there was a daydream she could enjoy. It wasn't that she didn't have the strength to do it—it just took planning, and Greg always managed to catch her off guard at her weakest moments. "I just want to see that stunned look in his eyes for once. Show him what it feels like. A little—well—revenge sex."

"Revenge sex? You?" That got Kate's full attention and she stood up, walking away from computer. "That's not like you at all. You're normally the 'accept-what-happened-and-move-on, cry-for-a-few-days-

then-forget-it-happened' type. What happened to change things?"

"He pissed me off completely this time. He rubbed it in my face—his cheating, I mean." Jen closed her eyes and rubbed her temples. "I just can't believe I let him do that to me, *again*. I must be stupid. I knew what he was capable of doing."

"You'd broken up with...Dave, wasn't it? Greg always seems to show up when you've had a rough time with a guy."

"Yeah, but I know what he's like. I should have kept my damn distance. I should have known better—he doesn't change. He'll never change."

"Jen, I saw what he did. The wine, flowers, promises, cards. Even jewelry. He set out to get you. How long did it take this time? Even I thought he might have changed, until this past week. Four months of chasing and gifts before you finally went out with him for more than a coffee. You're not a fool, you just feel like one now. He likes the chase. The hunt. It's obvious. He'll dump this new one two weeks after he's got her into his bed. What he needs is someone to get him in bed, have mad, wild-monkey sex, get showered, dress, and dump him before she walks out that night. Just so he knows what it's like. I've love to see that happen to him, just once."

Kate dropped down into the chair, curling her feet up under her bottom, her voice soft. "All right—and what if there was a way of doing that to him?"

"There isn't." Nice thought, though—the idea of playing that trick back on him left a smile on Jen's face. "We both know that."

"What if there was? Would you do it? If you had a way to be there, ramming it down his throat, and walking away afterward, would you really do it?"

"In a heartbeat." After everything that man had done to her, oh yeah, in a second she'd do it. "I wouldn't even think of saying no, or granting him any mercy."

"And if there were consequences?" Kate spoke calmly.

"Like what?"

"Say he came back after you, wanting to be with you again?" Kate

spoke softly, her eyes half-closed. "Would you be with him again, spend your life with him? Could you deal with that?"

"The entire idea would be to show him how it felt to be treated badly, not to end up in his arms and bed again. I'm not about to permit him to use me like that again. As for the rest, I can handle that."

"Not even if you fell in love with him? Or the heart within him was revealed to be one you had never dreamed of?"

"Fall in love with that rat? Not a chance in hell." Was Kate nuts? Drinking something? Not that it mattered. Turning the tables on Greg wasn't going to happen. He'd know something was wrong the minute she spoke to him. "Besides, he'd assume I was crawling back to him, trying to get him to change his mind. We've bounced back and forth too often now."

Kate didn't speak, not for several long minutes, her eyes fully closed now. One long finger tapped slowly against her jaw. "Are you sure you'd want to do this if you had the chance to? And you'd accept any consequences? Even if that revealed something to you about yourself that you had never known before? Something you then had to deal with and live with?"

Consequences? Okay, now Jen was more than a little curious about all of this. Something she didn't yet know about herself? Sure, she could deal with that. It couldn't be that bad. "Yes, I think so."

"All right. Go take a shower, calm down, and focus, and I'll have an answer for you when you come back." Kate opened her eyes and looked calmly at her roommate. "Take as much time as you need I've got a few things I'll need to prepare."

"What are you talking about, Kate?"

"A spell. It's easy enough to do. You just have to be prepared to accept the outcome."

"Spell! You're joking, right? I thought that was just a hobby. Spells don't work." Well, not that Jen knew of. Sure, she watched *Charmed*—but that didn't mean there were real witches around casting magic spells to travel through time and space, did it?

"No, I'm not joking. This is real. Now go and shower. I'll have

everything ready by the time you come back. You'll find out just how real magic is when you return to the living room." Kate pushed herself out of the chair and walked into her bedroom, leaving Jen frowning, with her confusion and curiosity fighting for control. Witches weren't real. Not in the full magical-spell-casting kind of way. Sure, there were people who practiced such, or worshipped that way...but real magic?

That was nothing more than a fairy tale.

Still, at least this "spell" would get her mind off Greg. Not something she was going to complain about.

A joke, yes—it was Kate's idea of a joke. Fine, she'd play along with it, and the hot shower wasn't such a bad idea after all. What did the old song say? *Wash that man right out of my hair?* Something like that, at least.

Whatever the song was, Jen could use the shower and the feeling that went with it.

Minutes later, with the shower on, steam curling upward and fogging the mirror, Jen was just about ready to step into the warm water and relax. Her favorite soap rested in the basket with the new sponge—even a couple of candles flickered close to the sink. Who needed a man when she had this moment of luxury to herself? She should take as much time as she needed—Kate had made that clear, and that was exactly what she intended to do.

She sighed, a wave of delight as the warm water hit her nude body. A dozen fingers of water massaged across her skin, teasing her taut flesh as she closed her eyes and surrendered to the welcoming embrace of the shower. Her nipples hardened under the play of the warm water and she arched her back, lifting them into the caress of the playful water.

The evening had been ruined. All of her plans with Greg had been tossed to one side, the night of delicious sex tossed out of the window when she'd walked in on him with his new girlfriend. He hadn't even been subtle about it. He'd known Jen was planning to come and see him, they'd arranged it only two days ago, and yet there he'd been, waiting for her to walk back in with the his new girlfriend on his lap, barely in her dress, her breasts in his face.

Jen growled, shaking her head as she let the water play over her

face. She'd known what he was like, so why had she ever expected him to act any differently?

Because this time he promised, chased me, worked at it?

The hunt. Kate was right: he was in this for the hunt. That's all that man would ever want. Nothing would change that.

Turning the tables on him would be sweet. Pity it can't be done. Jen frowned and washed her face. Trying to make him see, understand, just what it was like to be treated that way would be the best revenge; however, short of a major miracle, it wasn't going to happen. He'd see this coming a mile off, and she had to accept that.

Now she was left with a body that was hungry for sex. That left only one option. If he wasn't going to give her what she needed, then she'd see to it herself. She knew exactly where to touch herself, what to do—and he could go to hell.

A shiver claimed her being as she stood beneath the showerhead. Her nipples ached, hardening at the wicked thoughts that danced through her mind. Her breasts tightened, and heat rippled through her core. She groaned, a soft, long roll claiming her hips. She slid one hand down between her breasts, sliding over her belly until she teased between her thighs.

The reaction was instant. Her core clenched as heat and hunger throbbed through her being. She couldn't ignore the way her body felt, and she began to realize just how hard she had worked at clamping down her needs until tonight. Relying on a man—never again. There were always other options. Toys. Her own fingers. She didn't need to act desperate in order to find some measure of release. She'd always known that—but for a while, with Greg, she'd forgotten it.

She wouldn't forget again.

Jen tapped one finger against her throbbing clit. Her hips jerked and she shuddered, trying to bring her body back under control. Slow. She wasn't in any hurry. She had all the time in the world. Enough to enjoy this moment without fear of being late for something, or someone.

Her fingers danced between her thighs, teasing at the tender flesh, taunting it with the promise of pleasure to come. She whimpered, her lips

pressed tightly together. Hunger rolling through her being. A rippling, demanding heat she had no control over, had no desire to even try to control, claimed her being.

Jen's knees weakened, warning her to find something to lean against. She turned, resting her shoulders and back against the tiled wall, her feet jammed against the side of the bath to prevent her from slipping. Her hips rolled with each soft touch against her throbbing clit. Liquid heat coated her inner walls, demanding that she touch, tap, seek out pleasure and find that one moment of sheer delight.

She didn't need him.

She didn't need any man, not as long as she could touch her own body.

Time lost meaning.

She cried out, water massaging her body, her thighs taut, desire claiming every inch of her being until she collapsed onto the bottom of the bath, shaking, sated and content.

Chapter Two

"You're looking more relaxed than you did earlier." Kate smiled as Jen walked back into the living room. "The stress is gone from your face. You look far more at peace. Good. I was worried about you."

"I needed that." Jen tugged the thick robe around her body and re-tied the belt snugly around her waist. "I didn't realize just how worked up I was after that."

"The shower or the orgasm?" Kate grinned.

"Both." Jen flushed; was it that obvious? She took a long look around the living room. Kate had lit a dozen candles and marked a series of odd-looking symbols on the floor in wide ribbon. "What's going on? It looks pretty, but..."

"A spell, if you're still willing to go through with this. A time spell, for want of a better name. A way to travel back and teach him a lesson."

"Are you serious?" The joke had gone far enough—this wasn't funny. "Come on, this is a joke. You can't really send someone back through time."

"Yes you can. I'm serious, and we'll both be moving back—I can't send you alone, or the spell won't work fully. My family has been practicing forms of magic for over ten generations." Kate spoke softly, tracing her fingers over an elegant-looking script on a cream-colored piece of paper. "I have to be there to travel back into my body, just as you'll travel back into yours—otherwise my other self will try to stop you and force you back into the right time line. Once this is done, history will

change for us, and you'll return to this time to face the consequences. Are you sure you want to do this? This is the last chance to turn back and change your mind. Once I start the spell, it would be dangerous to stop."

This was real, and not a joke after all? A chance to show him just what it felt like to be in her shoes? Oh, hell yeah was she ready. More so than she'd ever imagined she could be. "Let's do it."

Kate nodded and looked over her preparations. Candles. The markings. The piece of paper. Jen could see her roommate marking them all off, one at a time, before she closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Her friend's face was calm, all traces of stress and worry vanishing from her visage.

The words slipped into the air, brushed against Jen's consciousness and then vanished, leaving no memory of them for Jen to grasp hold of. She tried to listen to them, remember them; but no matter how hard she listened, it was impossible to truly hear the words. Was that how spells worked? Only those who could use them could hear the words? She'd have to ask Kate when...

Reality shifted.

Her stomach lurched.

Everything she knew and accepted as a part of life shifted around her, and she struggled to keep the panic from gripping her. Jen closed her eyes, trying to focus past the rolling in her stomach and the blurring of the walls, the floor, even her own body. Cold sweat coated her body. Her chest tightened. She couldn't breathe. No, this wasn't supposed to be happening. No one warned her it would work this way. Her hands tightened on her robe. She opened her mouth to scream, to tell Kate the joke was over, but nothing came out. Her throat tightened. Her vocal cords locked. Panic clutched at her heart and soul alike and she opened her eyes, searching for Kate.

Darkness.

Nothing but darkness.

Fear claimed her heart. A silent scream split her thoughts as her mind fled, and she crumpled to the floor.

* * * * *

"Jen?"

She groaned, blinking as she tried to open her eyes.

"Are you here, did you make it with me? I need you to answer me. Are you all right?"

Cold, there was something cold beneath her cheek. Tiles? No, it was slick but not that cold. The kitchen, she was on the kitchen floor. Okay, that didn't make sense—she'd been in the living room when this had started. "I'm here, I think." She pressed her hands against the floor and forced herself back to her feet. "What happened? How did I end up here?"

"Take it slowly—it will feel a little odd at first. When the spell moved us, it moved you into your body. You didn't move, your mind did, if that makes sense. Don't move so fast—you'll be sick. Your mind and body have to adjust to what happened to you."

"Yeah, tell me about it," Jen muttered and forced herself to her feet. Her legs wobbled, her stomach rolled, and nothing felt right. Her balance was off completely and she leaned against the kitchen counter, trying to regain some measure of control. "Why do I feel so strange? Adjust to what?"

"It's your mind trying to come to terms with what happened. It will take a couple of minutes, but then you'll be back to normal."

Worked, the spell must have worked. That was the only thing that made sense. Why couldn't she think straight? Was that part of needing to adjust to everything? "How far back did we go?"

"The day after the breakup with Dave. I thought that would work well enough."

Jen nodded—then decided, with the fresh wave of protest in her stomach, that nodding hadn't been wise. "Before the first flowers?"

"Those should be arriving in about thirty minutes, which gives you enough time to resettle yourself. And you need to take that time. Don't push things, and don't try to run before you can walk. Use the time you have to take a deep breath and focus." Kate rested one hand on Jen's

shoulder. "This will feel odd at times, because you'll be reliving some things. But you'll become used to it. Just remember, don't tell others about the future. They'll assume you're insane, or they'll use the knowledge to change things, which will make the consequences even harder to deal with."

Consequences? Blah, the only consequence of this would be that Greg would finally find out what it was like to be the one who was dumped. She swallowed hard, bringing her stomach fully under control. Or so she hoped. She rolled her shoulders and stood up, looking around the kitchen. A few dishes in the sink. The remains of two empty wine bottles and two glasses. All right, that made sense. She'd emptied two or three bottles with Kate the night she'd broken up with Dave. There'd be another empty one in the living room.

"We drank a lot last night. I had a hangover—why am I not feeling it now?" The wine, she could remember how good it had felt drinking all that wine with Kate. They'd laughed, cried, plotted revenge and eventually fallen asleep watching *Music and Lyrics*. Other than the fact she'd been dumped, it had been a wonderful evening with her best friend.

"A side effect of the spell. Your body had a lot to drink, but your mind didn't this time. It will balance out shortly, and you'll begin to feel the effects of the alcohol soon. I'd suggest having a couple of glasses of water and some of your vitamins to help. Not sure how much good it will do you, though." Kate chuckled and moved to the sink herself. "I'm expecting my head to start pounding shortly. From what I remember, I drank just as much as you did that night, and it was all heady red wine."

"At least it was good red wine." Three bottles of very good red wine that had been delicious paired with chocolate. She still had a couple bottles of River Bottom Red stashed away in the back of a closet for a special occasion, but she'd have to put an order in for some more to bring her stocks back up.

"True. Nice stuff, from what I remember."

"Very." Jen turned and looked around the rest of the kitchen. But every time her body turned, her mind protested. The memories of what had happened, and what she knew was about to happen, continued to

clash. She took a step away from the counter and almost collapsed. "All right, that wasn't fun. Why can you walk while I'm stumbling?"

"I was mentally prepared for what would happen. I've worked with magic most of my life."

"And you didn't try to do the same for me?"

"When you didn't actually believe what was about to happen? Would it have been worth the time or effort to do so?" Kate arched one eyebrow, a smile tugging at the corners of her lips. "Be honest, you didn't believe this was going to happen. You thought I'd mumble a few words, and then admit it was a trick, or say revenge would take place at the right time?"

"Something like that. I've never seen you work any form of magic before now I thought—well, it doesn't matter what I thought now, does it?" Jen shrugged. She couldn't argue this one. She hadn't believed it would happen. I mean, who would? Witches? Magic spells? Those things didn't happen. They just didn't. Not outside of movies, stories, and, well, dreams. "Fine, you got me there. And I think I can feel that wine now. God, my head." She groaned and leaned all the way over the sink.

Being sick wasn't a good way to start the day.

"So, just take things slow, and it will all become easier. If you've changed your mind, I can reverse the spell now. It wouldn't be easy, though, and the headache would make the one you're starting to feel seem like a minor irritation." Kate ran her fingers through her short-cropped hair. "Though I think I already know the answer to that one."

"No, I haven't changed my mind." She was here, this wasn't a dream, and she planned on making the most of this. "I just need to get the dizziness under control. By the time he arrives, I'll be ready to face him and show him just what it feels like to be used and dumped"

* * * * *

Thirty minutes later, the doorbell rang out.

"That would be the flowers Are you ready for this?" Kate looked up from her book, the same book she'd been reading the last time the

flowers had arrived.

"Yes, I am." As ready as she'd ever be. This time she was thinking straight. No matter what Greg said or did, she was ready for him. She knew the lines and wasn't wallowing in self-pity after a breakup. With a deep breath, she walked to the door and opened it.

Greg stood there, flowers in hand. A beautiful arrangement of roses and lilies that had taken her breath away the last time. Not red roses, but white and yellow, with the delicate lilies interspaced between them. She could remember how they'd turned her heart to water last time.

Not today.

"Jen, I'm sorry. I heard about you and Dave. I thought you could do with a little cheering up." His smile flashed across his face. His short blond hair tumbled about his face, tempting her fingers to smooth the loose strands back from his temple. "Are you all right? I know you two were together for several months, and I thought everything was working out between you."

Jen leaned against the door frame and smiled. "Thank you, they're very pretty." Had she gushed last time? That would have been about right for how things had worked out.

"You look—erm—well." Greg faltered, the confidence slipping from his smile. He looked at her, then away, licking his lips, an old nervous habit, before he spoke again. "I thought you'd be upset about Dave?"

"I was, but that was last night. No point dwelling on these things, as I'm sure you know." He shifted his weight from one foot to the next, his gaze nervously flickering from Jen to the floor and back again. Good—she'd never seen him like this before. The power that rippled through her heart and soul only added to her conviction. She wasn't about to let him walk all over her this time. "Are you planning on standing there all day, or just holding them?"

"Them—oh, the flowers. Sure. Here." Greg thrust them into her hands. "I hope you like them."

"I'm sure they'll brighten up the place." She flashed a smile as she turned and took them into the apartment. "Don't just stand there, then."

Either come in or head off somewhere, but I'm not leaving the door open all day."

"Right, sorry. Just wasn't expecting you to be so calm." Greg frowned and walked into the apartment, closing the door behind him. "Normally these things upset you."

"People change." She didn't even look back at him as she walked into the living room. She noticed Kate hurrying out of sight, flashing a grin her way. Good, this was working so far. Would she have a chance to pull this off after all?

Yes, of course she would.

"Yes, of course they do. I just wasn't expecting that change to happen overnight. It's very—dramatic. What happened?"

"I just took a good look at my life." Jen settled down into the chair, giving Greg no chance to sidle up to her, which he'd done the last time. No, she knew exactly what to do this time. No mistakes. No—he'd come to her on her terms, not on his.

"I see. And what did you see about yourself that you wanted to change?"

"A lot, but there's no point in discussing it now. You came to see me to make me feel better? Thank you, that was very sweet of you." She curled her feet up beneath her bottom. "I thought you would have had some plans today. Don't you normally spend Saturday with your friends?" She let her gaze linger on his chest, then down over his groin.

"Something like that, but I thought, maybe, we could take a walk?"

"Ah, I have a better idea." It was now or never. If she was going to pull this off, it had to be done now. He wouldn't be expecting this. She normally made him wait at least a couple of weeks. Or longer. The hunt. Turning the tables on him should shake him, and that's what she wanted: Greg shaken and off-balance. It might not be the best of plans, but it would teach him a lesson he'd never forget. "Unless, of course, you have other plans for the day."

"And what did you have in mind?"

"A little recreation." Jen let the tip of her tongue slid over her lips. "Something to spice up the afternoon. Though you're welcome to turn me

down and go back to your friends. I can always find someone else to sport with."

"Sport?"

"Yes, a little bed sport."

Heat flushed through his cheeks, and his breath caught in the back of his throat. "Are you serious?"

"Yes, of course I am."

"Then what are you waiting for?" *Instructions? A written invitation? The stunned look to vanish from your face?* It took every ounce of self-control Jen laid claim to in order to keep from speaking those words out loud. "I haven't got all day."

"It's just that I've never seen you like this."

"I'm turning over a new leaf." Jen pushed up from her chair, taking a step toward her bedroom. "But if you're not up for this, then you know where the door is."

"No, I am. Really I am." He moved without further warning, hurrying after her.

Like an eager puppy dog. What did I ever see in him? Jen frowned as she walked into her bedroom and turned to watch him follow her. His eyes were alight, curiosity bright within his gaze, and his lips parted as his gaze moved openly across her body.

"I think I like this new you."

"We'll see." She smiled, smoothing her hands down her jeans. "Now, if you want to continue, then you'd best start stripping off. Now."

He didn't even hesitate, stripping off his shirt and jeans. "Not even a kiss first?"

"Is that necessary?" Her heart skipped a beat. A kiss. She remembered his kisses. Delicious, intoxicating—but if she kissed him she'd forget what she was doing. How she wanted this to end. With him wanting her touch. Needing her. No, she'd stick to the plan, no matter what the small voice at the back of her mind said.

He would come to want and need her, not the other way around.

"No, I guess not." He kicked his jeans across the room, tossing his briefs to one side. "Aren't you going to undress?"

"When I'm good and ready. On the bed, on your back."

"What?"

"This is my game, my rules So on your back." She smiled, tracing one hand over her breasts, her nipples tingling into firm points. "Unless you want to leave?"

He didn't say another word and headed for her bed, naked as the day he was born.

Submissive. She'd never seen him so eager and submissive before. Was this what she needed? Not just the revenge, but the glimpse into her own heart, to understand her desires? He'd said she was too demanding. Had that been the first step to their breakup, when she'd tried to take control of their relationship?

She hadn't thought it through back then. Now she knew what to do. Understood her desires and needs If this was the answer, then she'd explore it, fully.

Her core clenched at the sight of him, nude and prone on her bed. His gaze fixed on her still-clothed form. A smile claimed her heart. Yes, she'd play this game to the full. She'd show him just what it was like to lose control of his feelings and his body all in one.

"Close your eyes, lift your hands above your head, and put your ankles together. Don't move, and don't fight me."

"Hmmm, getting kinky, are we?" Greg chuckled.

"You've no idea." She waited for him to obey her, to assume the position she'd ordered him into and then walked to her dresser, pulling out two cloth belts and a scarf.

Am I ready for this?

Can I do it?

Those two questions swam through her mind as she looked at the naked man. The answer was a simple one.

Yes.

Chapter Three

"So, do I lay here forever?"

Greg's words snapped her out of her thoughts. "No, not forever. Patience. You'll soon begin to enjoy it." She hefted the belts and scarf, smiling. He'd look helpless once she bound him, and then she'd be able to take full advantage of the situation and the man. She walked over to the bed, looking over his nude form.

His cock had thickened and pressed against his thigh. It reached out from a nest of blond wiry curls, begging to be touched, stroked, teased—and she planned to do all of that and more. But first she needed to secure him to the bed. Using the cloth belts, she bound his wrists together and tied them to the frame.

"Damn kinky indeed. You've never tried this before."

"Let's just say I'm experimenting." Jen chuckled. Experimenting—that was one way to describe what she had in mind for the now-helpless man. "I think you'll appreciate this. In time, at least." She checked the belt on his wrists and then moved to the foot of the bed. It didn't take long before she had the second belt bound about his ankles. She tied him to the foot of the bed, leaving him helpless—well, almost.

"I think I really do like this new you, Jen," Greg murmured, testing the bonds she'd placed on his body. "I guess I could get free if I wanted to, but right now this works for me."

"There's one more piece that's needed before we take things any further." She lifted the scarf in her hands. "A piece of the puzzle to

introduce you to the new me.” Jen leaned down and bound the cloth around his eyes, smiling as she did so. With his sight gone, he would truly be helpless to her touch. Hungry for what would happen next.

His hips rolled, his cock twitched, and a small bead of desire glistened from the head of his cock. He groaned—and she hadn’t even touched him yet, except to bind him in place.

“So what now?”

“Now, you don’t say a word until I say otherwise. You can whimper, moan, but not actually speak, or I’ll stop.” Jen smirked; she might have never dominated anyone before, but it felt natural to her now as she flung herself into it.

“Hey...”

“I mean it. If you speak again, I’ll untie you, and you can leave. Nod if you understand?”

Greg muttered under his breath, then nodded.

“Good.”

So where to begin? She had a naked, helpless man with a hard cock on her bed, and she had no clue what to do next? Jen turned, looking at her bedroom. There had to be something she could use? To tease him?

Her gaze fell on her new makeup brushes. Could she do that? Yes—she just had to keep control of herself and make sure she watched his reactions. Jen ran her fingers over the brushes, trying to decide which one she needed to use on him first. The brand new lip-liner brush would work very well indeed. Thin. Delicate. She picked it up and walked back to the bed.

Where to start?

She leaned down, tracing the tip of the brush over his left nipple, teasing the tight bud. He groaned, arching on the bed, his bound heels pressing into the bedding. His hips rolled. Even with such a light touch, he was writhing for her.

Good, this works. Or it was so far. But then again, she’d only touched him once. There was more to come. So much more.

Jen traced the brush from one nipple to the other, stroking lightly, teasing back and forth across his well-defined chest. He squirmed on the

bed, his hands clenching into fists, his jaw tight. If it hadn't been for his thick erection, Jen wouldn't have been sure he was enjoying this. His hips lifted, pressing upward, begging silently for attention. No, he could wait. It wasn't time, and she planned on enjoying every single moment of this before she finally sank onto his hot, thick cock and brought herself to release.

Silently she trailed the brush over his chest, around his nipples, brushing over their erect points without saying a word. His pulse raced in his throat. It throbbed through his cock. His muscles tightened in his thighs, buttocks and chest. He squirmed with each new touch and pleaded in a series of low moans.

Power. She'd never felt such power, such a sense of complete control as she did now. Intoxicating. She could easily have become drunk with the desire she experienced as she trailed the delicate brush over his chest. And this was only the beginning. There was so much more she could do to him.

Jen leaned down, caressing his lips with hers, little more than a feather-light brush. He growled, lips parting, his low demand making it clear he wanted so much more than a light kiss, but she wasn't about to give it to him. Not now. Not when she knew it would make her lose control.

She had it now. She wasn't about to give it up.

"I know what you want." She whispered against his lips, smiling. "You might get it, you might not. That will be at my discretion, not yours. I'm in control. Not you. Remember that. As long as this goes on, you will not be in control. The minute you try to gain that control, you will be told to leave and never come back."

He frowned, his jaw tightening.

"You want to speak, don't you?"

Greg nodded.

"Denied." She whispered and moved back, tracing the brush down his belly, teasing it through the curls around the base of his cock. "I don't need to hear you speak. I have what I want. Your body, at my mercy. To do with as I please. A helpless little pet..."

He growled, but still he didn't speak, and his cock jumped, seeking out her touch. He might protest verbally, but his body craved what she was doing and wanted more.

Jen edged along the side of the bed toward his hips. What next? The brush was only a start. She turned enough to lean close to his groin and blew, gently, over his throbbing erection. She blew again. His cock leaped, the small bead of pre-cum glistening at the tip.

His balls tightened, pressing against his groin. It wouldn't take much to bring him to a point where he needed to cum—if he wasn't already there now. Her core rippled. It would be so easy to strip off and mount him...

So do it. Why not? He's all laid out for me.

Yes, he was. And she was here to teach him a lesson. Why not take it all the way and enjoy herself? Why not indeed. *Because something's missing from all of this. Something I'm not seeing, or don't know how to do.* When this was over, she'd find a way to learn. Someone to teach her.

Now that she'd tasted this, she wasn't about to turn her back on it. Not now, maybe not ever. She stripped slowly, her voice little more than a whisper. "You can't see me, but you can imagine what I'm doing. My fingers are on my breasts now, stripping off my shirt. It's opening one button at a time, you'd like to see that, wouldn't you? I know you want to see them. To see what I'm doing."

He nodded, lips parting, his cock thick and heavy.

"But you can't. You can only imagine it. Hear my clothing falling on the floor. That soft rustle as my shirt goes...my bra...now my jeans sliding down my thighs. Yes, I can see it in you. The urge to move. To touch me, be touched in return. It's all there in the way your body is moving. But you can't, and you know it. If you try to break free, then this will be over, and you'll have to leave. Nod if you understand."

Greg nodded.

"Good." She kicked off her jeans, then shimmied out of her panties. "I'm naked now. Nothing but a smile. You can imagine it, can't you? Nude, standing so close to the bed, so close to you. Your hands are itching with the need to touch me, but it's my choice, not yours."

He bit into his bottom lip, a low tremble running through his nude, bound form.

"You know what could be offered to you right now. You know what it would feel like to have your cock buried into my body. To feel those muscles working on your cock. Yes, you know what it would feel like, don't you?"

He nodded, whimpering, his hips rolling, thrusting forward.

"You want it, now more than ever." She leaned forward, brushing her breasts over his legs, letting him feel the hardened tips of her nipples as they touched him. "You'd give anything to feel that one last time with me. To know what it's like. To have my thighs pressed on either side of your hips. The way my body would ride yours. Is that what you want?"

He growled, nodded quickly.

"Beg, without words. Beg for that."

He whimpered, moaning, his lips parting, hips rolling as he sought a way to tell her just how deeply he wanted her. How he craved the feeling of his cock within her body. He wanted this, needed this—she could see it in everything he did, but still she made him wait.

Why? He needs it. I can see that. Why am I being so cruel to him? This has gone past revenge!

Because she wanted to. It felt right. He belonged to her. He was her slave? No, not a slave Submissive? A toy? She couldn't be sure right now. Whatever was going on, whatever she felt about him, about the way she was treating him, it seemed right. And she wanted to know more, experience more, explore this until she had all the answers.

Not just with him, but with others.

"You're mine, remember that." She climbed up onto the bed, her body heated, hungry to feel his cock within her. Not the man, just his cock. She'd never felt this aroused and detached at the same time. But there was one thing she needed to take care of first: she picked up the small, foil-covered packet she'd placed on the bed earlier. She tore it open and carefully removed the condom, sliding it over his cock before she settled over his body, knowing full well he hated using rubbers.

Jen rolled her hips, feeling the head of his cock play over her

swollen lower lips. Her body cried out for more. Her clit throbbed, aching with a hunger she'd never felt before. This was where she belonged. On top of him. In charge. In control. This was where she would remain.

Slowly, an inch at a time, she lowered down onto his cock. It eased into her body a fraction, her walls clenching tight on his erection. She groaned, closing her eyes, her hands caressing her breasts, thumbs teasing her own nipples. His body nothing more than a living toy for her amusement.

Nothing more than a human dildo. An instrument for my pleasure.

The thoughts shocked her, disgusted her and thrilled her all at once. How could she be so cruel? So cold?

Because this was who she was. This was the secret within, the one Kate had warned her about. The one she might not be able to deal with, or live with.

I can live with this. I can embrace this.

She could and would.

He groaned, his hips lifting, rolling beneath her. Only the tip of his cock was pressed between her walls, but he wanted more. Needed more.

"My pace, remember that." Jen smiled, lowering down a little further onto his cock. "Not yours."

She slid down onto his cock, claiming it fully. Rolling her hips, dancing on his cock, her inner walls clamping on his thick erection. She groaned. Every inch of her body ached with the need to fuck him. Own him. Control him.

He moaned, his lips parted, the tip of his tongue sneaking out from between his lips. He arched beneath her, his buttocks tight as she rolled her hips down on his cock. Her inner walls slick with the heat of her own desire. Greg was forgotten as anything other than a means to an end.

Sweat beaded across her body. Her thighs tightened. Her belly was taut, her hips rolling as she rode him, using him, giving in to the desire that claimed her being. Her nipples tight, throbbing, demanding. Her clit cried out to be touched, and she slipped one hand between her thighs, strumming her fingers across the tight, slick nub. She groaned, head tipping back, hips pressing forward as she rolled them. Dancing on him.

He whimpered, pressing deeper into her body, but even then she remained in full control. Her thighs tight about his hips, her body holding his, the bonds keeping him in place, he had no choice but to accept what she was doing to him. Even if he wanted to cum, she'd be able to see it before it tore through his being.

Faster her fingers slipped across her clit, teasing her senses, her breath catching in the back of her throat. Pressure built in the pit of her body, tightening her core on his cock, setting a demanding pace that she gave into until she could hold back no longer.

She had to cum.

Greg whimpered beneath her, but she shut out the sound.

"Going to cum!" She sobbed, her hips never ceasing in the taut, erotic dance.

"Please!"

"Silence!" She slapped one hand down on his taut belly. She didn't stop. Her muscles rippling on his cock. "This is my time. Not yours."

He shook his head, trying to fight what was happening, but it was too late. She cried out, sobbing her need, her thighs tight as her core rippled, clenching fully, delight singing through her body. This was what she had craved, this moment, the pleasure of his body at her disposal—and there was no turning back. Now that she'd tasted the power, the sheer thrill of dominating another human being, she could never go back to the way things had been.

No matter what the cost.

Chapter Four

Jen's legs still shook. Even as she eased herself off the bed, she could feel the trembles running through her body. Sated; she'd never felt this content and sated before, and it had been worth it, worth tying him to the bed.

Greg whimpered, tugging at the belts that bound him in place. "What are you doing? I haven't finished."

"I have."

"What? You—you can't mean that. You can't mean to just leave me like this," he spluttered, pulling at the cloth belts.

"No, not entirely." She moved, using a handful of wipes to clean herself before redressing. A shower could wait until later. She needed to be dressed in order to deal with this next step.

Only after she was completely clothed, she turned to look back at the bed. "I'm going to untie you, and you can get dressed."

"You're kidding me!"

"No, I'm not." Jen untied him and stepped away, leaving Greg to remove the blindfold himself. "Get dressed and get out."

He tore the scarf free of his eyes, blinking. "What the fuck are you doing? I haven't finished."

"I have. It's over, Greg. Dress and leave. I don't need you any longer." Jen folded her arms beneath her breasts, keeping her voice calm. "It was fun while it lasted, but quite frankly, you're not that interesting to keep around. So you have a choice: you can leave of your own free will, or

I can call the cops and have you escorted out."

He paled, then reached for his clothes, tugging them on. "I don't know what's going on, but you'll come back to me. You always do."

"Times have changed. I've changed. There will be no second chances here, Greg. I'm finished with you." She didn't even wait for him to leave her bedroom before walking out into the living room. There, easily within her line of sight, was Kate. "I've told him to leave. If he doesn't in three minutes, hit 911."

"Understood."

"Do you know what that bitch just did?"

"Used you the same way you've used a dozen women before her?"

Greg blanched at Kate's words. "That's not the same thing."

"Isn't it?" Jen shot him a cool look. "That's where you're wrong. You've done this and far worse to women. I never pretended this was a sign of love, or that I was interested in you for anything other than sex. You, on the other hand, have played hearts and minds, made false promises, always knowing you would turn your back on the women the minute your interest in them waned."

"You make it sound as if I'm doing something wrong."

"Aren't you?" Jen took a step toward him.

"No, of course not. I don't hide what I am." He stammered, taking a step back from her.

"And how do you feel right now, after what we did in my room?"

"Used." He growled.

"Did I hide what it was that I wanted?"

"No, but..."

"Did I say you'd get to cum?" Jen smiled.

"No, but that's different!"

"Why? Because you're a man?" She rested the tip of one finger against his chest. "Greg, you're pathetic. You're nothing but a lying little boy who can't even admit what you're doing is wrong. You hide it behind self-lies like, 'they wanted it,' 'they knew what they were getting into,' but you're nothing more than a tired, hungry little boy who just had his knuckles rapped. Get out of my home, out of my life. I don't want to see

you or hear from you again."

"I..."

"Leave, now."

Greg blanched, stuttered, turned to look from one woman to the other, and then fled the apartment, the door slamming shut behind him.

Chapter Five

Reality shifted on Jen. The change in memories flooded through her mind, leaving her gasping on the floor of the living room. "What the fuck!"

"Wait for everything to settle down, remember what it felt like last time," Kate warned as she slowly sat up. "The spell was over, and you accomplished what you wanted, so we were returned to our own time."

"You never warned me this would happen."

"I wasn't sure it would work this way. I haven't used this spell with two people before now." Kate rubbed her temples and looked around the room. "I've only done this on my own until now."

"You experimented with me?"

"Not entirely." Kate pushed up and sat on the chair. "Sorry, I should have gone over the options with you. I thought I'd have the chance to do that during the shift, but it didn't work out that way."

"Yeah, you're telling me." Jen groaned and waited for her head to stop spinning. "I think I'm going to have to take something for this headache."

"I know the feeling." Kate lowered her head between her knees. "So, did you find out something about yourself? The consequence, I mean?"

"Yes." In more ways than one.

"Is it something you can live with?"

"Yes, and I plan on learning a little more about it." *Not just learning,*

but exploring, fully. Dominating Greg had opened up an entire new world for Jen. One she wasn't about to turn her back on. "Just as soon as I figure out where to go to learn a little more about it."

"Interesting."

"In more ways than one. I didn't think I had it in me."

"To dominate? Yes, you do, and if that's what you want to do, then more power to you. There are plenty of men out there, and more than a few women, who would love to serve you as their dominant—you just have to figure out what you want from this. Do you want it as a bedroom only thing? Or a new lifestyle?"

"I wish I knew." This wasn't something she was going to rush into. "I don't even know where to start."

"With finding someone to teach you?"

"State the obvious, why don't you?" Jen laughed, shaking her head. Bad idea. Her head was pounding. Moving quickly was out of the question for the time being. "You knew, didn't you—before the spell, I mean?"

"Knew about what?"

"The secret, the thing about me I didn't even know?" The answers had come too quickly to Kate's lips.

"No, I didn't know, but I guessed. There were signs—or there were to me, at least. I thought that when you were angry enough at Greg, you'd finally do something about it and let the walls down." Kate sat up slowly, taking a deep breath. "I don't know if I can help, but I'm glad you've decided to be yourself."

Be herself. Yes, that was one way of describing it. Had she been hiding, even from herself? The answer was simple. Yes.

"Has everything changed then?"

"Yes, and no. Greg's life has changed, some of his actions have, and you have. You'll be able to sort through the memories in the coming hours. Just don't try and process too much at once—it will leave you confused."

Had anything important changed? Other than the way she felt about herself? Too many memories to sort through. Doubts. Desires. It would take time to deal with all of that, but one thing wouldn't change.

She was a dominant. Controlling and taking revenge on Greg had taught her that, and she wasn't about to turn her back on who she truly was.

Author Bio

Originally from England, Terri Pray now lives in Iowa with her husband and their two genre geeks in training, better known as their children. Her work ranges from the mild to wild, fantasy, romance, erotic romance, erotica, and even a little RPG fiction thrown into the mix.

She lives in a world where dragons battle vampires or shape-shifters for a moment at the keyboard, and children scream out the words to the *Buffy* soundtrack, or plead for a chance to watch *Hell Boy* one more time. A world where the day ends with Terri wrapped in the arms of her own knight in tarnished armor...