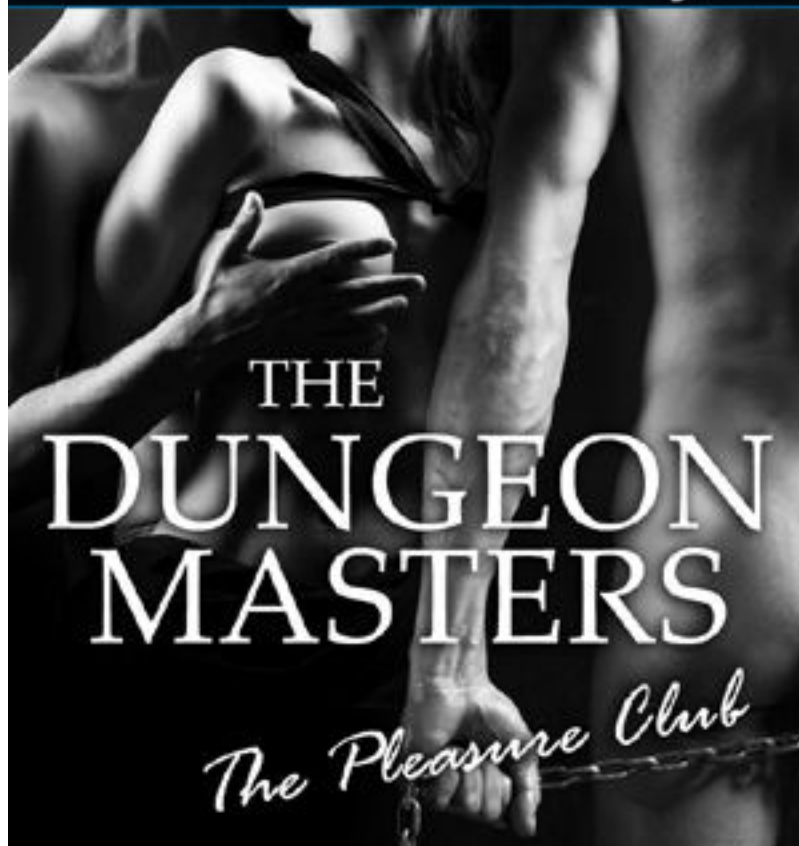


COBBLESTONE PRESS PRESENTS



WICKED

Madison Layle



THE DUNGEON MASTERS

The Pleasure Club

The Pleasure Club

THE DUNGEON MASTERS

By

Madison Layle

The Dungeon Masters by Madison Layle

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

The Dungeon Masters

Copyright© 2009 Madison Layle

ISBN: 978-1-60088-482-5

Cover Artist: Croco Designs

Editor: Susan Greene

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced electronically or in print without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in reviews.

Cobblestone Press, LLC

[Uwww.cobblestone-press.com](http://www.cobblestone-press.com)

Welcome to the Pleasure Club

Dear Ms. Simons,

We're pleased to welcome you to The Pleasure Club.

As you have already signed and returned the contract and filled out all the necessary forms to ensure you receive your every wish, we will be in touch with you shortly with the details of your first Pleasure Night. Your Wish List and Pleasure Forms have been turned over to our staff of highly trained Pleasure Guardians, and they are hard at work finding your perfect match.

We will endeavor to meet your personal fantasy.

When you are contacted again, you will be given a location where your Pleasure Night will begin, and you will also be given a safe word to use should you at any time become uncomfortable. There is no shame in changing your mind. We're here for your pleasure, and should your safe word be used, your match for the evening will cease all activity, and the game will be put on hold until a mutual agreement between you and your Pleasure Master can be reached.

Once again, welcome to The Pleasure Club.

Please feel free to contact the office at any time should you have any questions.

Yours truly,

The Pleasure Club Management

* * * * *

The Dungeon Masters by Madison Layle

Ms. Simons,

Your Pleasure Night will begin Friday the 27th, 8:00 PM in the dungeon of Montebello Castle Winery, located at 1800 Mangrove Lane.

Your safe word is Control.

Sincerely,

The Pleasure Guardians

* * * * *

A dungeon?

With a worried frown, Natalie Simons squinted through the downpour that blasted her windshield and waged a ruthless war against her wipers, which were set to the fastest speed possible. Through the darkness and rain, she could just make out the outline of an imposing stone façade from where she sat in her parked car with its engine still running and headlights on high beam.

A real dungeon?

She couldn't believe a place like this even existed in the States, but that castle was too large to be a hallucination. She remembered filling out the questionnaire about her fantasies and using terms like slave and dungeon, but that was because she'd run across those words on BDSM Web sites. She'd never actually been in a pleasure dungeon, much less a *real* one inside a life-sized castle.

A loud crack of thunder shook her car and startled a scream from her.

Had she made a mistake already? Was she in over her head? She nibbled on her bottom lip while she thought through her decision to join The Pleasure Club. It was supposed to be like that fictional Fantasy Island, only modernized for the online dating and match-making scene—the chance to have her most secret sexual fantasies become reality, for one night. If she was brave enough to go through with it.

Are those gargoyles up there?

Another bright bolt lit up the evening sky a split second before a thunderous boom shook the windows of her hatchback.

The butterflies in her gut swarmed in protest of the very idea of getting out of the car and approaching that mammoth stone structure.

From the semi-secure confines of her trusty jalopy, she dug through her purse for the last letter she received from the Pleasure Guardians and checked the address again.

She was in the right place and, judging from the vines she'd driven past to get this far, it was a winery. A well-maintained one, she told herself even as her mind played tricks on her from the dry shelter of her car's interior.

The thunderstorm, with its smoky clouds, flashy electric bolts, and rumbling roars, caused her to envision every B-rated horror flick ever made—in particular, the ones with vines that come alive to drag hapless victims toward their doom.

Nerves made her jittery as she put away the crumpled letter and recited her safe word over and over in her mind. *Control*. They'd chosen the perfect word for her. This was her way of taking control of her life...experiencing her fantasies in a safe manner. On her terms.

Dark nights and a bit of lightning wouldn't stop her from that goal. What kind of a wuss would she be if she never even got out of the car and met the man she came here to meet? She peered through the storm at the waving trees just as another thunderclap struck, which made her tremble, close her eyes, and take deep breaths.

It's just a storm. I'm a big girl. I can do this.

She'd had submissive fantasies all her adult life, but reality never proved to be as erotic or stimulating as her dreams. She'd married too young and divorced a short time later after she'd wised up.

Her boyfriend-turned-ex-husband would never grow up enough to become the caring, take-charge man she needed him to be. He was too busy with his drinking buddies and all-night parties—part of their formerly single lives—to devote much time to building a relationship with her, much less a long-lasting marriage.

Beyond that, she discovered they had little in common. And her naïve dreams of a happily-ever-after ended pretty damn fast when she awoke to an aggravated husband suffering from morning-after hangovers.

Their lovemaking had dwindled from new and forbidden to infrequent and mundane. Any suggestions of experimentation fell on deaf ears. And all the while, her imagination and body longed for untamed spontaneity, forced orgasms, and domination.

Once the newness wore off, the marriage became a farce. But even after the divorce, when she was free to engage in any fetish she desired, she'd been too fearful of picking up strangers at bars. Dating didn't exactly hold any appeal because she wasn't interested in permanent relationships.

Maybe later, but not yet. Not until she'd experienced more of life.

At least TPC provided assurances that all Pleasure Masters were screened, just as she had been. And the questionnaire enabled them to pair her with those of similar fantasies. She didn't have to waste time searching for a compatible date. She just hoped he was more experienced in BDSM than she was.

A glance at her car's clock told her it was time—one minute past to be exact. She eyed her umbrella and the distance to the front door, not really looking forward to running in heels, but she couldn't delay any longer. The rain wasn't going to let up as she'd hoped it would.

Why couldn't tonight be an evening of romantic sunsets and clear skies? *Instead of a night better suited to Dracula and Frankenstein.* She scowled at the angry black clouds as she turned off the wipers, headlights, and engine.

The lightning transformed the castle, which was probably spectacular in the rays of daylight, into a very ominous place.

"As if I don't have enough things to make me a nervous wreck."

She took another deep breath.

Focus on the man, not the building, and you can do this. He's a Pleasure Master, emphasis on pleasure!

"And I'm making him wait. Not good on a first date," she said with a snicker. "Okay. Let's do this." She snatched up her purse, yanked the

door handle, and shoved out into the rain before she lost her nerve. The raindrops whipped her into a run, and she barely noticed the crunch of gravel along the walk during her mad dash that ended with her hands slamming into the stone doorframe.

She huddled under the eaves out of the downpour that fell like a waterfall just a few feet away. A giggle bubbled up from the exhilaration of the run, but it died as she swiped the water from her face and eyed the massive front door, which was left slightly ajar. Her next breath was more of a shuddery gasp.

"Hello?" She pushed and discovered that it took a bit of effort to move the heavy wooden door. "Is anyone here?"

Lightning flashed like strobe lights behind her, which illuminated the interior even more than the candles that flickered from various iron sconces along the wall. Hesitantly, she stepped inside. The clicks of her heels and their slight echo sent goose bumps across her skin.

Aside from the thunder and constant beat of raindrops, silence met her.

"Hello?" Her voice echoed off the walls. "Okay..." This wasn't exactly the kind of reception she'd expected.

More tapers burned on an elegant mahogany table situated in the center of an impressive and somewhat eerie foyer of dark marble floors and slate colored walls. The staircase beyond it was a masterpiece of elegant ironwork and detailed carvings. At least the place wasn't filled with spider webs or bats. She glanced up at the lofty ceiling to be sure and discovered an impressive crystal chandelier that glittered in the candlelight.

Any other day she might've enjoyed a tour of the castle. Standing alone, dripping all over the marble floor on a dark and spooky night, she fisted the TPC letter inside her purse and considered high-tailing it back to the familiarity of her car. Shadows danced around the room to the beat of the flickering candlelight.

Then she noticed the signage propped up on the table beside a crystal vase full of fresh cut red roses and baby's breath. The scripted letters *TPC* were prominently displayed along with her name scrawled in

black ink with a masculine flare.

She glanced around as she made her way to the table, leaving the door ajar despite the raging storm outside. The hint of roses filled the air with a pleasant fragrance, but it did little to calm her nerves. Her heart hammered in her chest, and she listened carefully for the first indication that the door moved.

One creak and I'm out of here.

Reaching for the note, she spotted a small audio device next to it. She held her breath and flipped the note open.

Push play.

The brief instruction was written in the same heavy scrawl as her name. Her finger hovered over the audio player's button. The note and audio device were tangible.

No more daydreaming in the comfort of her home or private fantasies enacted under the covers of her empty bed. No more pretending in the shower. This was for real.

Would the reality live up to what her mind envisioned? The idea of being dominated thrilled her, but would she be able to face it? She stood motionless while she wavered over whether she could go through with her plan.

Her fantasies had brought her here, but now that she was here...

She balled her hand into a fist, her short nails biting into her palm.

I've wanted this for a long time. I can do this. I can.

Chicken, taunted that little chastising voice inside her head.

She frowned and pressed Play.

"Welcome, Natalie."

She blinked and smiled. *Mmm, sexy voice.*

"If you are listening to this tape, then you should know I am pleased by your bravery in having come this far."

Her smile became a cheeky grin.

"But there is much more for you to do to prove yourself and earn the privilege of becoming a truly submissive slave. Are you bold enough to obey, despite the nerves and fear, the second thoughts, and the unknown?"

That was something she'd asked herself more than once on the drive over. It was one thing to dream about a man ripping her clothes off in a fit of desire and fucking her into a subjugated puddle of goo, and quite another to bow before a hot-blooded Master with whip in hand.

"We shall see. Your first command is to remove those wet clothes. Fold and place them in the chair near the front door along with any other belongings you brought with you. You'll need only what I provide you this night."

All of my clothes?

"Everything, Natalie," the recording continued as if he'd anticipated her reaction. "I expect and demand complete obedience."

A heady thrill of excitement skittered down her spine at his words. *This is it!*

"Then I want you to face the door and kneel in front of the table until I come for you. Patience is but one method of testing a person's devotion toward a goal. When that goal is a desire for pleasure, patience or the lack thereof becomes even more telling. What are you willing to do...to endure...to earn pleasure?"

She waited for more but the recording stopped.

The rain continued to fall. Thunder growled. The door was open. She could leave now, but she didn't move, at least not in that direction.

He was testing her, and she would not fail. Getting out of her wet clothes didn't seem as daunting a task as it might've been moments earlier. Like he'd said, she had come here with one goal in mind. Pleasure, *sexual* pleasure.

That he'd surprised her with the candles, flowers, note and recording was a bonus. It was everything that her mundane marriage hadn't been.

Mysterious, unique, a bit scary, and a touch romantic.

Before she lost her nerve, she shimmied out of her drippy clothes and piled everything up on the chair as instructed. She shut the front door before returning to the spot in front of the table where she took up a kneeling position and waited with bated breath.

Time crawled. She licked her lips and looked around. The thick

castle walls muffled the fury of the storm. She stared at a candle as a teardrop of wax slid down its side.

How much time had passed? She glanced at her things nearby where her watch lay on top. Unfortunately she couldn't see its face. She squirmed a bit on her knees as the hard marble became very uncomfortable, but she didn't move from her spot.

Just when she'd thought he meant to make her kneel all night, a soft thud sounded upstairs followed by another and another.

She clamped her eyes shut tight and struggled with the urge to turn around, to watch him descend. Too curious to stand it, she opened her eyes, casting a quick glance toward the footsteps.

She startled and tried to regain her composure, failing miserably when a tall, bare-chested man in a black mask and skin-tight pants stepped into view.

"You're late, Ms. Simons." He crossed his beefy arms. "For that, you'll be punished, although I'm happy to see you can follow instructions."

She gaped. Not because of the threat of punishment, but because of the man before her. Her stomach dropped to her toes, and her heart leaped into her throat. She didn't mean to stare, but who could blame her? The guy was tall. And *gorgeous*, at least he was from what she could see of him. Hard. Tanned. She wanted to jump up, grab his arms, and squeeze those biceps, or run her hands and lips over his pecs just to prove he was real and not a figment of her vivid imagination.

"What have you to say for yourself?"

Oh, that deep bass voice of his caused her heart to palpitate.

She'd listed many fantasy ideas from ménage to D/s play as possible scenes. He more than fit her concept of the perfect Dom. She wished she could see his face, his hair, but the mask covered his entire head. *Damn it*. Only his lips and green eyes were visible in the soft rays of candlelight.

Okay, she did have to admit, if only to herself, the mystery of his identity hidden beneath the mask added to his allure.

Bless you, Pleasure Guardians!

"Are you mute? Or do you need a flogging to loosen up that tongue?"

She blinked. "I—I'm sorry. No, I can talk. It's just that..." She bit her lip and lowered her gaze to the floor. Hadn't she read somewhere that it was the proper thing to do whenever one addressed a Dom?

Oh, crap. I'm naked. Look up! Don't look down. But her hands crept together to cover herself or as much of herself as she dared.

"Just what?" he asked with a curious gentleness.

You're my walking talking fantasy. How stupid did she want to sound? "I...I don't know what to say."

"The truth is always the best choice."

She peeked at him through her lashes and decided to brazen it out. "You're stunning."

His lips twitched.

God, she hoped that was a good sign.

"Is that so?" Yep, that was definitely amusement lacing his tone.

"Yes, but I'm okay now. And I'm sorry I was late."

His expression under control once more, he said, "We'll see about that. To the dungeon..." The man's voice swept through her like savory heat from a sip of fine whisky. Her pussy clenched at the prospect of his large hands pinning her down and spanking her ass.

Something swooped over her head, and everything went dark.

"Hey!"

Strong fists banded her arms at the elbows and pulled them back. She tossed her head but couldn't shake free of the cloth bag, which someone tightened around her neck—not enough to choke, but enough to foil her attempts to fling it off.

Her pulse raced now as a healthy dose of fear squashed what was left of her nervous composure.

"Do not fight, slave." The masculine rumble was different and came shockingly close to her ear, which made her tremble. Something closed over her wrists with a *snick*, tight and secure. "Tonight, you are ours to possess, to command."

Oh, God. There's two of them.

The bondage they'd imposed on her didn't hurt, but their forceful grips and husky commands set her blood to boiling while one of them helped her to her feet. This was what she'd dreamed of—to be taken and controlled. Mastered.

And as scared as she was, somehow, she suddenly felt so...*alive!*

She sucked in an unsteady breath and stumbled forward when her unseen captor tugged on her upper arm to get her moving. Although she could hear heavy footfalls, she couldn't see where they were taking her, so her steps faltered.

They stopped and turned her. Something ground and clanked. Then the floor dropped. She winced before she realized they must be in an elevator, a service elevator judging by the sound the doors made when they reopened.

Another merciless tug moved her forward again, but they didn't make her walk far.

"On your knees, slave." A firm hand on her shoulder reinforced the order, so she dropped to the floor, her hands still bound behind her back.

Adrenaline made her tremble with excitement.

"What—where am—"

"Silence." The command was quick and sharp, and it sounded as if it came from the original green-eyed Dom.

When the cloth bag was yanked from her head, she blinked and scanned her new surroundings. The walls appeared to be made of stone, ancient and gray. And very daunting. An antique wood and iron chandelier hung overhead but offered no light. Instead, that came from candles in sconces scattered about the space. Along one wall were three barred cells, empty of anything remotely comfortable, and spread about the room were furnishings that seemed more appropriate for torture than sex. Stocks, a saw horse, chains, and ropes. Shackles, floggers...and whips.

Her tummy flipped. Her heart lodged in her throat, and she swallowed hard. A heady sensation surged through her body. No turning back now. She'd find out once and for all whether her fantasies were worthy of excitement or convicted her of lunacy.

She settled her gaze on her masked Dungeon Masters. They

appeared to be of the same height, both athletic and similarly dressed, although the green-eyed one she'd seen earlier was more bulked up, and the other was hard and leaner. Neither sported any chest hair, but both filled out their tight pants rather well. She'd always been a sucker for a fine male ass.

A giggle burst from her lips, and she gasped.

They turned toward her in unison. "You find us amusing, slave?" Master Green Eyes asked.

Her eyes widened and lifted to their masked faces. Fearful, and somewhat embarrassed, she rapidly shook her head.

"Lower your gaze, slave," he commanded. "You've not earned the right to look at your masters."

She dropped her gaze and chewed her bottom lip.

She was scared.

She was thrilled.

And she loved the sexy undertones of that one's voice.

Her chest heaved with impassioned pants. Peering through lowered lashes, she eyed their sexy abs and attention-getting bulges in their tight, black pants. The shiny black latex hid their flesh but not their size or form.

Impressive. Where did the Pleasure Club find guys like this?

"Your owner signed you over to us," the leaner one was saying, and she had to concentrate to catch it all. "Banished you to the dungeon, slave, until we've tested your mettle and determined you worthy."

Owner? Tested? What the hell — Then she realized *she* was her owner, having signed the Pleasure Club contract. She'd admitted in the questionnaire that some of the things she listed stemmed from a desire to test herself, to try new things and see if she would like doing what her mind dreamed up. She didn't want to mislead anyone into thinking she was actually experienced in BDSM.

A small smile tugged her lips. She could play this game.

Mr. Green Eyes spoke up again and gained her attention. "You will do everything we say when we say it. There's no room for hesitation. We are demanding, but not unreasonable. With the exception of your safe

word, your only means to earn release from this dungeon is to please us. Until you succeed in doing that, you're our prisoner, our property to fuck and fondle, punish and dominate, however we choose."

She hadn't thought herself a prude, but his use of that F-word shocked her sensibilities. Her pulse quickened, and concern crept into her thoughts.

Would she be able to pleasure both of them? She'd never been with more than one guy. She didn't want to disappoint....

"I am Master Jared," the larger of the two said. "This is Master Lance. While you are free to say your safe word at any time, you are not permitted to speak otherwise unless asked a direct question, for which you will answer and refer to each of us by the title of Master. Understood?"

She nodded.

"Speak!" Jared said, his demand echoing off the walls.

She flinched and said, "Yes, Master Jared."

"Any questions?" That came from her other Dom.

She kept her gaze low. "No, Master Lance."

He lifted her chin with a couple of fingers. "You seem obedient enough, but we'll see how much of it is real and how much is an act. First, your processing and punishment for tardiness."

Processing?

When she dared to look him in the eye, she noticed his were very blue. Her heart skipped. She swallowed hard and lowered her gaze again when they each took her by the upper arm and forced her to stand.

They walked her into the far cell where she got a quick glance of what appeared to be shower controls on the wall and snake-like tubing that hung coiled on a hook. A drain in the floor told her this cell was unique from the others, although all three contained an array of pulley devices affixed to the ceiling overhead.

They positioned her over the drain and facing the bars that separated her cell from the next. The wall of controls and hoses was behind her.

Jared unfastened her cuffs but held her arms in place while Lance

eyed her from head to foot.

"Do not move," was all he said.

Those butterflies had multiplied in her tummy with every inch of flesh he studied. The tiled floor was cold, but the air in the room was warm. Still, she shivered.

Then Jared stretched her arms above her head, and she heard the telltale *snick* of wrist cuffs, only these were different—padded and tighter than before.

Panic? Or arousal? She couldn't decide what she felt. Maybe a bit of both. Did they like what they saw? Damn, she wished for some sign. A smile. A wink.

"Spread your legs," Jared said. "Wider. That's it. Keep 'em apart like that."

Her feet were a little more than shoulder-width apart. A tug on her arms made her rise onto tiptoe. And a hook on a chain, hung from the ceiling and affixed to the links between her cuffs, kept her there.

"New arrivals to the dungeon are searched for contraband and prepared to serve their new masters." While Lance spoke, Jared ran his hands all over her body. He was methodical and never lingered long in one spot, but everywhere he touched her body came alive. "You'll remain naked so long as you remain here—your nudity ours to enjoy."

Did they enjoy the sight of her body? God, she hoped so. She worked out enough to stay fit, but she didn't have a Barbie-doll figure.

It had been a while since she'd bedded a man; ever since her ex-husband if the truth were known. Her sex toys that she'd ordered anonymously online had helped soothe some of the ache, but nothing ever felt as good as the touch of another—a touch she couldn't control.

She closed her eyes and took a deep, steady breath. *Mmm*. She loved being touched, stroked all over.

Without warning, Jared dipped a long finger into her pussy. She lifted a leg and squirmed.

"Oh, yeah," she said, her eyes closing tighter as he wiggled that finger inside her pussy.

But then he pulled out and pinched her clit.

"Ouch!"

"Don't speak," Lance said. "You've earned a second punishment for disobedience."

Wary, she bit her lip and eyed them. Sex she'd had. Punishment? Nothing more than a swat or two to the backside when her parents caught her acting up. What form of punishment did they have in mind?

Her nostrils flaring, she panted with unleashed nervous energy.

I can do this.

After a few seconds of suspended silence, Jared went back to his *inspection* of her body. His fingers returned to rub her clit and delve into her pussy once more, but after a few deep strokes, he slid out. Master Lance stepped in front of her, grabbed and lifted her left leg at the knee. She hopped slightly to find her footing and wrapped her fingers around the hook above her head. At that same moment, Jared touched her anus, pressing, probing.

Natalie's eyes shot open with surprise, but she squeezed them shut again and gritted her teeth. Aware of each inch pushed into her ass, slightly stretching the puckered sphincter, she held her breath in anticipation.

She squinted at Lance who stood in front of her and caught him watching her, his hand still holding up her leg. Jared added a second finger and suddenly sucked on her clit.

She gasped and moaned, hoping incoherent sounds were permissible.

"Have you ever been fucked up the ass, Natalie?" Lance murmured, his calm voice at odds with the riot of sensations in her body. The use of her name spurred her to open her eyes once more.

"No, M-master."

Jared was doing the most amazing things to her with his tongue and teeth...and fingers. She'd never been fucked in the ass, but she'd also never had a man suck her clit either. Her husband made a face at the idea when she first proposed it, but he hadn't rejected her when she'd gone down on him. He simply wasn't willing to return the favor.

She wiggled her butt a bit, although it was tough to do while forced

to stand on one foot, up on tiptoe. Jared responded with a wiggle of his fingers in her ass and a hard suck to her clit. She hissed and panted.

Her climax was building. She could feel it draw near. So close...

But he stopped too soon, and Lance released her leg.

When she opened her eyes again, they'd vanished from view. She started to twist, to try and find them, but a swat to the butt gave away their location and stopped her in an instant. At the slight sting, she jerked.

"Spread your legs again. We didn't say you could close them." A firm hand to one thigh forced her into motion. With her legs apart, it was impossible to stand flat-footed. Her calves tensed from the need to remain on tiptoes.

An abrupt sound, like the crank of a handle, preceded the sound of water, but the latter would start and stop behind her, as if they wanted to tease her with it—make her wonder if and when they would strike. The teasing worked. She wanted to turn, to face them, and know what they had planned for her.

A few clicks and then more water sounds, and she knew at least one had a hose with a nozzle that offered various forms of spray.

Water struck her back, causing her to jolt. It wasn't cold but, even though she knew to expect it, the suddenness of its reality shocked her senses. Lance moved around the cell and stood within view, watching her, letting her know Jared controlled her fate right now.

Jared had chosen the more powerful jet setting, which he ran up and down her spine, across her shoulders, over her thighs and calves. Then the water massage stopped. A click, and the spray returned, soft and wide like a heavy mist. He circled her then, wetting her body down and leaving not an inch dry.

Her hair slicked to the sides of her head, and she shook to clear some strands from her face.

The spray ceased.

She blinked, but before she could focus on anything, Lance stepped up and gripped her wet hair in a tight fist. He held her in place and took her mouth with a hard, vigorous kiss.

Stunned and breathless, she whimpered and dueled with his

tongue.

He grabbed one breast, his grip sudden and firm as he kneaded it without a single pause in their kiss.

Ohh...

She bucked against him, her back arching toward his hand. He flicked the beaded tip a few times, gave it a pinch that was hard enough to sting, and pulled away.

Before she could catch her breath, before the sting had abated, a thud next to her caught her attention. She looked down, off to her left, and saw a round block of wood about ten-to-twelve inches tall. It looked as if it had been cut from a fence post.

Jared shoved it between her spread feet until it was positioned on its end next to the drain. "Put your foot on that."

It was only wide enough for one foot.

"Stand on it."

Curious and nervous, she pulled herself up with the hook and balanced, with one foot over the other, on the piece of wood. The pulley contracted above her, the insistent tug of the chain once more stretching her arms to the fullest. Although the cuffs were padded, she clung to the hook with her fingers for added support.

Anticipation heightened. She wanted so badly to ask what they planned, but she feared what her punishment might be if she disobeyed again. They already had her in a rather precarious spot, stretched out as she was, although the unknown caused arousal to simmer inside her pussy.

"You were two minutes and fifteen seconds late, slave," Jared said as he moved into view and took up a stance in front of her. He held up his wrist and pressed a button on the side of a wristwatch.

Lance struck the first blow to her buttocks with a leather flogger.

The swat didn't hurt so much as it startled her, and she almost lost her balance on the block of wood.

"That's to show you, slave, the punishment we have decided to mete out. Master Lance..." He looked down at his watch and pushed another button. "You have a hundred and thirty-five seconds. Proceed."

Smack. Thwack. Whap!

Natalie winced and tightened her grip on the hook until her fingers ached from the strain. Lance focused his swings on her backside, ass and thighs, until her legs quivered and her butt burned.

Swat. Pop. Whap!

She gritted her teeth and clamped her eyes shut against the barrage of thin leather strikes.

A soft flick of her nipple. *Pop*. Another flick and a light pinch.

Smack.

Ohh...

Jared continued to tease and toy with her nipples while Lance flogged her ass, and she swayed clumsily on her perch. The contrast was heady. Her pussy moistened. The initial pain, renewed with each blow, faded fast into a warm throb of need.

She moaned.

"Sixty seconds left," Jared murmured, his face close to hers.

She didn't open her eyes. *Sixty seconds!* She'd never known time to pass so slowly.

"Can you stand it, slave?" His lips brushed her cheek.

She yelped and bucked her hips when Lance landed a solid strike. The block wobbled under her overlapped feet, but she righted herself.

Smack, whap, whap. Pop!

Jared dipped a finger between her closed legs and found her clit. "Mmm, you're so wet." His sexy voice rumbled. "Don't come, or we might decide this isn't punishment after all."

Her moans grew louder. Her jaw ached from grinding her teeth. Her knees weakened and buckled. She struggled to maintain her death-grip on the hook, but her fingers gave way. The cuffs, still looped over the hook, were now the only things holding her arms—her body—up.

By the time the last blow fell, she was breathless and horny beyond her wildest dreams. The climax was right...there...just out of reach.

Jared gave her one last rub across her swollen clit, a slight tweak that shoved her closer to orgasm, but then he lifted her left foot off her

other one with a hand under her knee.

When she glanced at him, he wasn't looking at her. Instead, he held her leg in place with her knee about waist high while Lance, who'd discarded the flogger for now, slipped a loop of rope over her foot. He slid it up her leg until it took the place of Jared's hand beneath her bent knee. Then, Lance stretched to toss a smaller loop on the other end over the hook above her head.

The result left her perched one-legged on the block of wood, her arms raised overhead and her other knee lifted above waist level.

"Comfortable?" Jared asked.

She glanced down, concentrating hard on not doing anything that might topple the block beneath her foot. "Uh...not exactly, Master."

Hearing his deep, yet brief, chuckle, she looked up in time to see him raise the water nozzle again. He squeezed the handle and a solid stream of water splattered across her breasts, her nipples.

"Ah!"

She lifted her face away from the spray, although he lowered his aim to redirect the droplets at her navel. Lower...lower...

She hissed and screamed when the massaging jet struck her clit. Though she didn't climax right then, the longer the spray pummeled her pussy, the closer the orgasm approached. Barreling at her like a tidal wave, it abruptly receded, swept away instead because he stopped the water a split second too soon.

She panted as the tingly sensations subsided, only to screech when he resumed his erotic torture.

"Please," she begged and felt the strike of Lance's flogger across her ass in response.

He didn't stop with one swat, though. Instead, from behind her, he swung the flogger to the right and left so that the bouquet of leather straps wrapped around her body and whipped the damp ends across each breast.

Her cries were incoherent grunts, wails, and whimpers of pleading. A riot of sensations washed over her, unsurpassed and out of control. At least out of *her* control. She thrust her hips against the merciless water, as

if she could fuck herself to completion by doing so.

Thwack...thwack...

She arched into each swing of the flogger, reveling in the warmth that radiated through her and increased with every sting of the wet leather.

Oh...

Jared swirled the stream up and around her breasts, and then returned to tease her clit again. "We control your body, slave," he said, his voice growing stronger as he drew nearer. "You are ours to command."

The pressure of the massaging spray became almost unbearable. She couldn't take it. So close...so—

Oh, fuck! She struggled to catch her breath, to hold off the inevitable.

"Come." Jared cut the water and jabbed two fingers deep into her pussy.

Simultaneously, Lance kicked the block from under her foot.

She came hard, her own arousal wetting Jared's hand, but she was too caught up in the currents of her orgasm to care. Later...much later, she could think back on her first experience of female ejaculation but, at the moment, she was too enraptured to ponder how these total strangers managed to gain so much power over her body so fast.

Jared pulled his hand back a bit and pumped her pussy with a few hard thrusts that kept the electric shockwaves rippling through her body. She gasped and panted for every breath of air she could inhale while dangling from the binds that held her wrists and knee.

"Mmm," Jared murmured, attracting her attention. She blinked away the post-coital haze to watch him lick her juicy cum from his own fingers. The musky scent of her sexual excess mixed with the masculine aroma of their cologne. She closed her eyes and breathed deeply.

The pulley system emitted a mechanical sound as it lowered her to the wet floor. One of her masters—she didn't open her eyes to see who—swept her into his arms, while the other worked her leg and arms free. Unsure whether her legs could hold her weight after such an intense, erotic ride, she was grateful for the support.

"I believe our slave enjoyed her climax," Lance said, identifying himself as the one who carried her from the cell.

Natalie laid her head on his shoulder and draped her arm around his neck.

"I know I did," Jared replied, "but there's one more punishment we have yet to do."

That made her open her eyes.

"We'll take care of that, right now." Lance set her on the end of a padded sawhorse. "Bring that over here." *That* proved to be the stocks, a modern version of old-fashioned beams with semi-circles cut into them so that when locked together, they held a prisoner's neck and wrists in place. Jared moved the stocks to the opposite end of the shortened sawhorse.

A firm open palm on her chest pressed her into a prone position, her back aligned with the padded beam.

"But—?"

"Do *not* talk, slave," Lance interrupted with a frown, "or I'll increase the punishment already owed."

Jared held her hands, helped her scoot up, until her neck lay across the lower stock, her head on a pillowed rest she hadn't known was there at first. Lance lowered the top beam over her neck and wrists, and then locked it down.

She tried to look around, but they moved out of view. All she could do was turn her head from side to side to see her hands trapped in the same manner. Wiggling her body on the beam, she tried to find purchase for her feet, but the beam, which stopped just short of her ass, prevented her from touching the floor. She startled when each man grabbed an ankle and forced her legs to bend.

"Your punishment for speaking without permission," Jared said, "is your inability to see what we do next." She couldn't see what he did, thanks to the beam beneath her chin, but she could feel and hear it. They folded her legs in half and bound each one separately, ankle to thigh, with some sort of tape.

Her butt hung off the end of the beam, her arms were bent and bound by the stocks, and she stared at the only thing she could—the

ceiling.

But she strained to hear every move they made, tried to follow their actions as they prepared for whatever came next.

A hand cupped her right breast, and she sucked in an unsteady breath.

"How do you feel, slave?"

How do I feel? Eager, aroused, curious. Strange. Scared, yet intrigued.

She had her safe word, but there was no true guarantee that the two men would abide by it. All she had to go on was the promise of the Pleasure Guardians. Regardless, she couldn't escape or stop them from doing whatever they wanted to do to her. That knowledge caused her heart to race. Although, their kind voices, the amazing orgasm they'd given her, and the fact that they hadn't truly harmed her helped relieve much of the fear.

"Nervous, Master," she admitted. "Excited."

Suddenly one of them began to tickle her. She burst out laughing and tried desperately to squirm and wiggle free of the gentle, but effective torture.

"So sensitive, slave," Lance observed aloud, his fingers continuing their excruciating, exquisite torment.

"Y-y-ye-yesss, M-ass-t-ter!"

His hands and Jared's stopped tickling and began to caress her skin, soft brushes across her sides, tummy, legs and arms. Then they took turns suckling her clit, her thighs held wide, or laving her nipples to hard, pointed beads.

She moaned with pleasure as they nipped at her inner thighs and touched her with free rein.

Blindly she gazed at the ceiling, her mind focused on what happened beneath the stocks that bound her in place. So relaxed and tingly she was that she barely noticed when one of the men squirted something on his fingers and then rubbed it around and into her asshole.

Then Lance's masked face appeared before her. He reached up and tenderly brushed a few wet strands of hair from her face. "Your very tight,

slave, so we'll not fuck your ass tonight but instead use a little toy to show you what pleasures can be had with anal penetration. It's smaller than we are, so it shouldn't hurt as much. Just relax while Jared puts it in."

She tensed a bit at his words, but he fondled her breasts with light, soothing strokes. Then she felt the soft touch between her buttocks turn to mild pressure and build to persistent twists. She sucked in a quick breath just as a solid jolt lodged something into her ass. The sting was minor, but the fullness was unsettling.

Her Dungeon Masters left the plug in place as they returned to their previous foreplay, which heightened her arousal to points beyond anything she'd ever thought possible. Yet, the moment she thought she'd peak, the sensations would level out along a sharp edge.

"You're behaving beautifully, slave," Jared murmured.

"So responsive," Lance added with a flick of a fingertip across her clit.

She whimpered with unadulterated need.

"Your *owner* should be proud to know you're quite the treasure," Jared said as he moved away, down her body, to pause between her bent legs. "One we intend to sate ourselves with tonight, starting right now."

He slammed his cock into her pussy with one solid stroke. She cried out, a scream that became louder when a sudden buzz erupted inside her ass.

"Oh, oh! Oh, damn!"

She'd missed him unfastening his pants. She couldn't recall anything before the extreme tantalization of his cock and the vibe in her ass.

"Shh," Lance chastised gently before he took her mouth in a fevered kiss that matched Jared's rocking thrusts.

She climaxed quickly only to be held aloft on that cloud of sensations by Lance's fingers tweaking her nipples, Jared's continued strokes against her cervix, and the constant, ceaseless vibrations of the toy. He rode her long and hard, and she reveled in each and every mating of their bodies.

And when he paused at last with his own release, she had little

more than a heartbeat to catch her breath before Lance took Jared's place. The furious ride continued at an orgasmic pace. They overwhelmed her with a physical vigor that toppled her over one climactic cliff after another.

Her pulse raced. Her breaths came short and fast. And her entire body felt hot and energized as Lance bucked inside her to completion. His hands curved around her waist, warm and secure. With a deep, masculine shout, he plunged in deep one final time and pulsed into her moist core.

After a long moment, the vibrations stopped. Lance pulled out, and Jared removed her anal vibe. Then the two men released her from the stocks and unbound her legs. When they pulled her to her feet, her stance was a bit shaky. Jared held her by the arms until she steadied.

"You've pleased us, slave, and have earned a boon," he said, turning her face up to his with one finger. With a tender smile, he removed his mask to reveal chiseled features and a face she'd never forget, would dream about for weeks and months to come. He dipped his head and pressed a soft kiss to her lips, a kiss that turned passionate the instant her lips parted on a sigh.

Jared wrapped his arms around her and hugged her close as the kiss lingered. When he pulled away, he gripped her shoulders and turned her to face an unmasked and smiling Lance who gave her another kiss that curled her toes.

"It has been our pleasure to serve as your masters," Lance said, "but we do have one final command of you, before we're through."

She lowered her gaze. "Anything, Masters."

"Close your eyes," Jared began, taking her by the hands and pulling them behind her back. "Lace your fingers together and remain just like that."

"Don't move," Lance added. "And don't open your eyes again until you hear the ding of this timer go off."

She heard them wind something up. It sounded as though they put the timer on the beam she'd been on moments earlier. They each brushed a hand over and around her breasts, gave her one more peck on the lips, and pulled away.

When the timer went off several minutes later, she opened her eyes to find herself alone in the dungeon, the service elevator door open a few feet in front of her. She turned off the buzzer, set it back on the bench, and made her way into the elevator. There was only one way to go, so up she went. After she exited onto the main floor, she followed the flicker of candlelight down the hall and back to the foyer where her clothes and personal belongings awaited her.

But that wasn't the only thing on the chair.

Left atop her clothes was the anal vibe, freshly cleaned with a satin bow tied around it. Attached to the bow were a rosebud and a small business card with the words *The Pleasure Club* on it.

She flipped the card over and read:

For a worthy slave.

We won't forget you, Natalie.

Masters Jared and Lance

Her smile remained on her face long after she redressed, gathered up her things, and left the storm-ravaged castle behind in the rearview mirror.

The End

Author Bio

Madison grew up on a farm. No kidding. She did...a farm complete with cattle, chickens, a passel of kids, and rows of vegetables. So, when she wasn't dodging siblings, feeding animals, or pulling weeds, she was hiding away in her bedroom with a book.

With maturity came love and marriage, and a real understanding of why her parents kept their bedroom door locked. *wink*

Now, she's turned her love of books into a sensual journey through

the steamy world of erotic romance. Or is that romantic erotica? Well, one thing's for certain, her heroes and heroines have a great time as they fall in love.

One half of the author duo known for the best-selling, award-winning erotic series, Incognito, Madison now has nearly twenty books published, and she loves to hear from readers, so please visit her at <http://www.madisonlayle.com/www.madisonlayle.com>. Or you can sign up for her newsletter at http://groups.yahoo.com/group/desires_unleashed/. To learn more about her Incognito series, written with Anna Leigh Keaton, visit: <http://www.incognitoseries.com/www.incognitoseries.com>.