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A romantic close-up of a man and a woman about to kiss. The woman, on the left, has her eyes closed and is wearing a white button-down shirt. The man, on the right, is shirtless, showing his muscular physique, and is looking towards the woman. The background is a soft, out-of-focus light color.

THE SENATOR'S DARK DESIRES

The Senator's Dark Desires: A Novel of Bondage
by Powerone

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ISBN 1-58873-991-0

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A Sizzler/B&D Edition

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A Renaissance E Books publication

CHAPTER 1

In the Beginning

Lorinda graduated from Pepperdine University, the ceremony held on the campus overlooking the beautiful blue Pacific Ocean. It had been attended only by a few of her close friends, her parents had passed away a few years ago, and Lorinda was still unable to fully cope with their absence. She had no other siblings and her other relatives were distant. The majority of her friends were seated next to her, graduating with her. It had been a rough four years, but Lorinda managed to scrape by with the small inheritance she received, student loans, and the usual part-time jobs that students took to furnish them with an adequate supply of Top Ramen. She had majored in Political Science, as politics had always fascinated her. The interest was probably hereditary, her father was the Mayor of Carlsbad for over 12 years and a succession of lower political positions had gotten him to the Mayor's position. He was destined to go farther up the political ladder, but an automobile accident had snuffed out her parents in a second, a slick, wet road the ultimate cause to the end of his career.

For the majority of her life, Lorinda grew up in Carlsbad, a small ocean community in Northern San Diego County. She had loved the city as a child, but it now held too many painful memories, making it impossible for her to remain there. She still had to decide what to do with her life now and where she

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was going to live. But she would postpone those thoughts until tomorrow, as there was a graduation party to attend.

The party was in full swing as Jaz, a friend, watched Lorinda, loving the excitement in her voice as she talked politics with the best of them. She had such a passion, almost matching hers in intensity. They could have been sisters if one didn't know otherwise. They both had slim figures, due to four years of cheap food, for the only luxury of enjoying fine cuisine occurred when they managed to find a date outside of school where the boy could actually afford to pay for a good dinner. Lorinda had blonde hair, a product of both heredity and the Southern California sun, while Jaz kept her hair a dark brown, refusing to dye it as so many others did. *"He'd know the first time he got my panties off."* she always said.

Jaz was a bit jealous of her friend Lorinda's breasts. While hers were certainly nothing to scoff at, Lorinda's were even fuller. And Lorinda's areolas were darker, which made her nipples stand out even more. And stand out they did, as Jaz was always teasing Lorinda about the fact that they got hard at the merest hint of arousal, which in Lorinda's case was often. Lorinda kept her bush neatly trimmed, Jaz preferring being shorn of all hair. *"I want them to see what they are panting about."* she would say. They had been roommates for the last two years, sharing all of their most intimate secrets. When you live in a small room with another girl, there was little privacy, and both of them were usually studying. So even when it came to masturbation they had no modesty, openly performing regardless of the other being in the room. In most cases they would both engage in self-pleasure at the

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same time, often revealing their deepest desires. And then there were the occasional times when they would touch each other, not often, but doing it as if it were the most natural act, more exploration than passion.

Lorinda smiled at Jaz, seeing her looking over at her. "Excuse me," she said to the people around her, letting the conversation pass her by, and got up to join Jaz. They had drunk a little, but not much more than usual, the exhilaration of their graduation more of a high than alcohol could ever provide. She moved close to Jaz, putting one hand on her waist, looking down at the short blue dress she was wearing. She moved in close, kissing her gently on the cheek.

"How could you ever be standing here by yourself in that outfit? The guys must be chained to their chairs, afraid to get up and expose their hard cocks that are most likely pushing out their pants!" she laughed. She inhaled Jaz's perfume, which was not as subtle as hers, but was still alluring.

"I just dumped a bunch of them." Jaz responded. "I was enjoying you from afar. I love the passion in your eyes as you talk. If you only had a cock I'd be happy." She laughed, rubbing her cheek against Lorinda's lips.

"Hell, if *I* had a cock, I'd be happy. Then I could fuck myself and not have to put up with these boys." Lorinda giggled. "They fall over us too easily. For once I'd just like to meet a real man that would sweep me off my feet." They had talked about this for years and assumed that once they got off the campus their sex life would pick up. Or at least they were hoping it would.

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Jaz whispered into Lorinda's ear. "You don't want to be swept off your feet. You want to be lassoed with a rope and bound," she said, teasing her.

"And that's a bad thing because...?" Lorinda asked. They had talked about this, or at least Lorinda had. Her fantasies always tended toward being taken by a strong man. At least sexually. In any other way it was the complete opposite, her personality overpowered those men that tried to stand up to her. She had even tried to get Jaz to participate in her one of her fantasy scenarios, but Jaz had refused, unsure of what would be required of her once she got Lorinda bound. She looked at Jaz. "Let's change the subject, I'm getting horny."

"Fine," Jaz said, refusing to engage Lorinda in the same line that had always ended the same way. "What do you want to do when you grow up?"

"I was thinking. You serious about not going home to Kansas?" She needed a roommate and Jaz was her best friend.

Jaz grunted. "Do you remember the tornados in Kansas last year? And the cold winters? My parents have given up on me coming home. In fact, they're talking about moving to Arizona to retire in two years. Arizona is only about a four-hour drive from Southern California. Are you thinking about Carlsbad again?" She knew it was still a painful memory for Lorinda.

"No," she shot back quickly. "But I do love San Diego. What do you think?"

"The city of San Diego. Damn girl, it's a Republican stronghold. What'll a couple of Democratic girls do in San

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Diego except get their asses kicked in any election that they work on?" It was a beautiful city and the weather was the best you could find in the country. They had gone down for a couple of weekends, staying down at the beach, enjoying lying out in bikinis, teasing the boys with their half-naked bodies.

"We could get a monkey elected if he could qualify. I still have some connections, I think we could find something to amuse us. And it might even pay. How about it, San Diego, maybe the beach?" Lorinda crossed her fingers.

Jaz looked at her. "Oh, what the hell. Why not?" She hugged Lorinda, secretly hoping they were doing the right thing. San Diego was an expensive city to live in, but then again, all of Southern California was costly.

The next day they slept late, the first time in a long time. No school, slight hangovers, and the excitement of graduation had sapped their strength. Lorinda looked over at Jaz, her half-naked body sprawled over the bed, her taut ass cheeks naked in the thong she wore. It was a shame that they both slept alone most of the time. Lorinda got up, going into the bathroom, sitting on the toilet, picking up the current issue of the National Journal that was always conveniently located on the top of the toilet. While being a student, one always read whenever possible and the time spent on the toilet was not to be wasted. When she finished she got into the shower and turned on the water.

The hot shower felt good, and Lorinda soaped her body, the wash cloth rubbing gently over her skin. Her nipples perked up as the cloth rubbed over them. Jaz was right, they

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got hard with just the thought of sex. Not that the reaction was a bad thing. She soaped her hand, sliding down between her legs, the lather slipping between her lips as she began to rub her slit. Her eyes closed as her mind wandered, her hand gently gliding up and down her slit, her legs parting wider. "Mmmmmm," she moaned softly, her finger finding her clit, rubbing the wash cloth against it, the material harsher than her finger, igniting a thrill through her body. It wasn't long before she found two fingers inside her, spreading her open as she began to masturbate. As she felt her orgasm approach, she pinched her clit and dropped the soap, cumming as the water rushed over her sex. She shuddered in ecstasy, her body shaking as she came under her solo masturbation. Finally, after the quaking had subsided, she slipped her fingers out, letting the water cascade over her body, rinsing the soap and her orgasm from her body. She stepped out of the shower, drying off with the towel and wrapping it around her body.

"Damn, Girl! I hope you didn't waste all the hot water. You have to stop masturbating under the shower. I'm the one that ends up with the cold shower." Jaz was sitting up in bed, waiting patiently for Lorinda to exit the bathroom, knowing instinctively that long showers meant orgasms for Lorinda.

"Sorry," Lorinda answered, unashamed. Jaz went into the bathroom while Lorinda finished getting ready.

* * * *

Lorinda rushed into the apartment, barely able to contain her enthusiasm. She had tried Jaz's cell phone but it was

either busy or she had forgotten to charge it again. "Jaz! You home?"

"What's up?" Jaz was in the bathroom when she came bursting in, changing out of her bikini, having spent the afternoon at the pool.

"I did it!" Lorinda said excitedly.

"Did what?"

"I got us jobs." Lorinda had been working on it for a week, making two trips down to San Diego, calling in all the markers that her Father had accumulated, playing on their sympathy to get what she wanted. She had no qualms about using her feminine charms, politics was still a male-dominated field in spite of the Hillary Clintons and Barbara Boxers of the world. A short skirt could almost get you as much as a Masters degree in Political Science, though it wouldn't keep you on the job for long. *That* still required political cunning.

"Where?" Jaz was excited. Though they had a little money, college loans would become collectible in six months and both of them were saddled with hefty payments plus interest. Politics usually didn't pay well at the beginning, only after a string of successes would one be sought out for advancement.

Lorinda turned to her with a smug look on her face. "Where did I tell you? San Diego of course," she said, answering her own question.

"Does it pay?" That was the most important question.

"Damn, I'm good and we're lucky. You know that "Eagle" Thoringham has been in the papers for the last month, the San Diego Union Tribune reporting that he took bribes. He's

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been denying it for weeks. This morning in an abrupt about-face, he announced that he was guilty and had agreed to a plea-bargain with the government. He's resigning. I never saw so many happy Democrats in my life. It was almost as if they had won the White House. This will be the first chance they have at power in a Republican stronghold. No entrenched incumbent to try to unseat. The Democratic Party is putting all the money they can to take the seat from them. *Big* money. Because the special election will take place in only two months and there's no time for a bunch of amateurs to do it. They are hiring savvy political professionals." Jaz was following her every word, Lorinda still teasing her.

"And how do we fit in?" Jaz almost laughed, their only experience being some volunteer work while going to school.

"We've been hired. To help run the campaign." She waited for a moment to let it sink in. "At thirty thousand dollars a year." She paused for a second. "Each!" She knew it wouldn't last that long, but even with the special election, the winner would have to run again in nine months, and another campaign would have to be waged. If they could show their political savvy then maybe for the next campaign they would be sought out. She hated to even let the thought of what would happen if they won enter her head. Maybe Washington. It was too much to even say out loud.

"Between the both of us, that's sixty grand. I haven't made that much money since ... well, never." This was the chance of a lifetime. A chance to make their mark in local politics. Hell, national politics. The Democrats only needed a couple of seats to gain back control. If they were successful,

they would be in demand. She raced up to Lorinda, grabbing her and hugging her close. "You're a doll. Did you have to promise to sleep with many of them?"

"No, but *you'll* have to" she teased back. "So what do you say? A big, artery-clogging steak tonight, a bottle of wine to celebrate, then back to salads tomorrow."

"Great. When do we start the new job?" She wanted so badly to leave.

"Monday. So this weekend it will be a road trip to find a place to live. You ready for the beach? It's off season, so we should at least be able to find something reasonable. Most of the college students are already settled in, so landlords that rented year-round without tenants should be desperate. Maybe we can snatch up something cheap. And then see how it goes by the summer time." Lorinda was so excited.

"I never like to miss the chance to wear a bikini." Jaz said happily. This was proving to be more than they both had ever hoped for. A real chance to help elect an important Senator from the most powerful state in the United States.

* * * *

They had searched craigslist.com for apartments in Mission Beach, a small stretch of beautiful beach along the San Diego coastline. It was a unique location, made up of a tiny peninsula about a mile long, surrounded by the bays on one side, the ocean on the other and the jetty entrance to the bay at the end. Lorinda had discovered it one day while walking around in Pacific Beach and had fallen in love with it. The three-mile boardwalk was always packed with joggers,

skateboarders, rollerbladers and tourists. Not to mention the attractive men that lived there as the high prices of San Diego beachfront attracted the wealthy.

They were driving Lorinda's Volkswagen Cabrio. It was fairly old with a lot of miles on it, but it was a convertible, a girl's car for Southern California. "It's on the corner of Mission Boulevard and Ashcroft. Almost at the end, the quieter section of the beach." Lorinda slammed on the brakes, looking in the rear-view mirror a moment after, glad no one was following her. She turned into the alleyway, spying the street sign a bit farther up. Most of the streets were just sidewalks to the beach or bay, the alleyways providing entrance to the garages and parking spaces behind the buildings. She took a sharp right turn into the alleyway, a sharp left into the parking spaces behind the building, seeing the large "No Parking" sign. "Reserved for Tenants" it read.

"Damn, I'm glad you're driving. I would have driven through the building." Jaz looked around, the building appeared to be neat and clean. They got out, both of them dressed in short skirts that clung to the bikinis underneath them, small, tight pullovers clinging to their breasts. They walked around the building, finding the front door located on a lovely landscaped patio adjacent to the sidewalk. Jaz could see someone inside as she knocked on the door.

The person that came to the door was an older man, the same one Lorinda had talked to on the phone, his voice almost trembling as he talked. "Bill Steffel?" Lorinda inquired, helping him with the door as he opened the screen door to let them in.

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"You must be Lorinda and Jasmine?" he asked. He looked at the girls, trying to size them up to see if they would be bring any trouble. He had already had problems once this year, the two girls he rented to at the beginning of the year having ended up to be four girls and four guys. The neighbors had complained about the noise, the police having to show up two consecutive Saturday nights. That had been enough for him, and he had evicted them, the girls that signed the lease not putting up much of a fight, losing half a month's rent in the process. Now the place was empty. He had toyed with the idea of renting the condo by the week to the tourists, but he was getting too old to do all the work required. He just wanted some nice tenants that wouldn't destroy the property.

"Yes Sir, I'm Lorinda, and this is Jasmine." Lorinda's eyes scanned the condo, a small two-bedroom in a building with two other units, both much larger and having three bedrooms. It was small, but it was close to the beach, and the furniture that was provided was nice. And though the kitchen was small, it was not a deterrent, as they never cooked much.

"What do you girls do for a living?" the landlord asked. He wanted to make sure he got paid this time. The girls were dressed nicely, their age not stopping him from ogling the young girls' bodies. That's what kept him so young.

"We just took jobs with the Democratic party of San Diego." Lorinda hesitated, hoping he wasn't a die-hard Republican.

"You girls are lucky." He smiled.

"Why?" Jaz shot back.

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"Because I think you just found the only Democratic landlord down here. At least from San Diego." He had been a major contributor to the Democratic Party since he moved down here fifty years ago, always active in politics. "Are you going to give us the first Senator from San Diego in a long time?"

"Exactly," Lorinda rushed to answer.

"Well, I guess I have to do what I can to support my party. You can have the place if you want. For \$1,600 a month."

Lorinda hadn't even told Jaz the price yet, afraid of scaring her away. "But you said \$2,000 on the phone?"

"Consider it a political contribution." He smiled. He liked these girls. And such lovely tits, he thought, eyeing the tops that clung to their breasts. Lorinda looked at Jaz.

"Okay!" Jaz was just so glad to get a place, even \$1,600 sounded reasonable. This job better last a long time.

"Six-month lease, with an option on another year?" She crossed her fingers.

He knew what their problem was. "I'll tell you what. You can break the lease with just a months notice." He paused. "Should you lose the election. But I don't expect that to happen."

Lorinda rushed up and hugged him. "A deal."

He felt her body pressing against him, feeling a stirring he hadn't felt in a long time. She finally pulled away. "You keep that up and I'll have to reduce the rent even more."

Jaz raced over and hugged him. "Don't forget me."

"I love it when girls fight over me," he said, smiling, his cock hard after over two years, even without Viagra.

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They signed the lease, made plans to move their things in on Sunday as, Monday morning would be their first day at work.

It didn't take long for them to gather up their stuff, mostly clothes. They both drove down, pulling into the parking spaces behind their new home, Jaz's older car first, Lorinda's parked behind it. It took all of three hours to move in, most of that time spent shopping for groceries to fill the refrigerator. Real food—salads, vegetables, even some meat, Top Ramen a thing of the past. They sat on the couch, looking out the large glass windows that took up most of the wall in the living room, watching the people walk by on their way to the beach, which was one of the few beaches that allowed fires in the fire pits at night. "To our success," Lorinda toasted, raising up her glass of wine to Jaz.

"To us," Jaz said, toasting back. They finished a bottle of wine before going to bed, both of them almost too excited to sleep, tomorrow their first day at work.

* * * *

The morning came quickly, they both of got up early, glad that their new apartment had two bathrooms. Finally they would not have to share the same mirror. They dressed to impress, each wearing a neatly tailored suit that clung to their figures, a white blouse underneath and high heels. There was no need for panty hose. They both sported a good tan, having splurged on tanning salons and spending as much time as they could in the sun. The tanning salon afforded them an all-over tan, and they both secretly desired to lay naked in the

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sun someday. They both headed out to the parking lot, ready for their first day of work.

"How far to work?" Jaz asked as she got in the car, Lorinda already putting the top down, the sun brightening up the clear day.

"About fifteen minutes," Lorinda responded, "even with traffic. It's not where you think it would be."

"The office isn't downtown?" Jaz asked, disappointed, hoping to spend a lot of time downtown, the Gaslamp quarter being a vibrant section of the city.

"No, it's in Clairemont." Lorinda could see the look of disappointment on Jaz's face. "Not to worry. Many of the social and fundraisers are downtown. Only Headquarters is in Clairemont."

The wind blew as they drove east on the 8 freeway, quickly getting on 163 north, the traffic backed up in the other direction. "That would be our traffic if we had to go downtown," Lorinda commented. It was only a couple of exits before they got off the freeway, turning quickly into the Kearny Office Park. She pulled the car into a parking space in front of the low, modern building. The sleek architectural design of the office building was not what they had expected. The parking lot was almost filled in spite of it just being nine o'clock.

Their heels clicked as they walked along the sidewalk, a good-looking man in a dark blue suit holding the door open for them, Lorinda felt his gaze on her ass as they walked inside, and thanked him politely. He got into the elevator, looking back and smiling at Jaz as the doors closed. The

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Democratic Party headquarters was located on the first floor, a wide expanse of glass windows giving it an almost voyeuristic view of politics from the outside. They opened the door and the din of chatter raised a few decibels, the room was crowded with people. Seated at the receptionist's desk, two girls busily answered the phone lines that appeared to be ringing constantly. They were also present to take care of the constant barrage of visitors.

"Can I help you?" a young girl who looked to be barely eighteen inquired sweetly. She was sitting behind the massive wood and marble desk.

"We're starting work here today," Lorinda piped up, as the phone rang loudly.

"Welcome." the girl responded with a smile. She handed them both a large packet, a clipboard and pen. "Fill out the usual ten pounds of paperwork. If you have any questions, I'll try to answer them. It'll take about a half an hour, so have a seat." She smiled politely again and went back to answering the phone before anything else could be said.

Lorinda and Jaz found a corner of the room where they could spread out, opened up the packets, and began to fill out the numerous employment forms that were nestled along with the volume of brochures and employment rules. After completing them they headed back to the receptionist, who was still on the constantly ringing phones.

"Second door on the right," she directed them, pointing them through the main entrance. "Mr. Albright is expecting you both. Give him your paperwork."

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"Do you know Mr. Albright?" Jaz asked Lorinda as they walked through the entrance, surprised to find a wide hallway cluttered with people rushing in and out of offices and conference rooms. The hallway seemed endless, the entrance of the building deceiving as to the size of the offices within.

"He's the one who hired us. He knew my father, though I had never met him before the interview. He's He's HVICE Chair of the San Diego party. We wouldn't be working directly for him, but he's the one who will assign us, so don't forget to use all your feminine wiles on him." She grinned mischievously at Jaz. "Don't worry, he's harmless—happily married from what I got from him."

They knocked on the door that read "William Albright, Vice Chairman" and saw through the glass window a man seated behind a mahogany desk wave them in. "Hello Lorinda." He said as they entered. He rose from his desk as they walked in. "A pleasure to meet you. And this must be Jasmine?"

Lorinda guessed him to be about mid-fifties, with a slight bulge to his stomach and receding hairline. He was dressed in a white shirt and tie. Jasmine smiled and extended her hand. "Jaz, you can call me Jaz." She shook his hand, and he responded with a powerful grip that most likely was forged by years of practice, a strong handshake being the most formidable weapon in politics. He turned towards Lorinda, shaking her hand before nodding for them to have a seat. Jaz noticed that his eyes didn't even wander down to their legs as they sat down, their short skirts leaving a wide expanse of naked leg available. *I guess Lorinda was right about being a devoted family man*, Jaz thought.

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He spoke, "I hope you have the same enthusiasm that Lorinda has, Jaz. We're going to need it. I have so many Washington party officials breathing down my neck, throwing ungodly sums of money around. It's almost as if we're going to elect the next President from San Diego! In fact, one of them is waiting in the next office for the both of you. He already has a staff of twenty and he's only been here for a week. You are the final two additions to our team. And the most politically savvy. The rest of our workers are only here to earn a paycheck, most of them politically naïve. But they're good for office chores, mailings, making appointments and the hundreds of details that must be done. I'm betting you both are here to elect our candidate, whoever that might be. And you have the necessary skills to do it." It was apparent to the girls that he was putting a lot of faith in the both of them, but then he had known Lorinda's father for decades and was sure that he had passed down his political savvy to her. They both had the credentials and the references. This would be their chance to prove themselves.

Lorinda answered him first. "You can count on us. We're here to make sure that the next Senator from California is a Democrat. And we're going to start here with the half million Democrats in San Diego." Lorinda already had the excitement in her voice as she talked.

"Any idea who the candidate is?" Jaz chimed in.

"Your boss and you are going to be instrumental in deciding that." Mr. Albright responded. "In the next month. Things are going to move fast." He stood up. "Let's go meet the boss."

They walked down the hall to another office, Mr. Albright smiling and greeting the busy co-workers they passed along the way. When they opened the door, Jaz was finally impressed. The man seated in the room stood up when they entered.

"This is Guy Singer. He's the Assistant Political Director for the DSCC. He's on loan for a month until we pick our candidate." Mr. Albright explained as he made the introductions.

Lorinda knew that the DSSC was the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee and the Assistant Political Director was a very powerful position. This was not going to be the usual campaign. They really wanted to win this one.

"Lorinda," she offered, holding out her hand, receiving another firm handshake in return.

"Jasmine," Jaz added, "But everyone calls me Jaz." She gripped his hand tightly, longer than required. *God, this guy is gorgeous*, she thought to herself. He looked like the Kennedy men had when they were young and powerful, with a smile full of straight, white teeth and boyish good looks.

"Jaz it is then." Guy acknowledged, with a nod of his head. He motioned to a couple of chairs situated by his desk and watched as they sat down, his eyes lowering quickly to Jaz's legs as she crossed them, smiling at her as his cock stirred in his pants.

Jaz liked the way he looked at her, especially at her legs. She made sure that her skirt hiked up high, leaving his eyes to imagine what lay beneath the brief bit of fabric.

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"I'll leave you in capable hands," Mr. Albright said, quietly exiting.

"Why San Diego, Guy?" Lorinda burst out, embarrassed when she heard her own voice call him by his first name, as if they were already on familiar terms with each other. He didn't however, appear to be offended.

"I presume you are asking why we are kicking off a campaign to elect the next Senator smack in the center of the Republican stronghold." He liked her question. It meant she was already thinking.

"Yes. I'm sorry. Sometime I get ahead of myself, thinking the train of thought of whomever I'm speaking with is in sync with mine. Which obviously was the case here?" She added, laughing. She liked the way he picked up on what she was asking.

"We're down to two candidates. Surprisingly, they're both from San Diego." He waited for a moment to see how politically astute they were.

"Hector Chavez," Jaz answered. "State Judge, Latino, popular among the voters, especially in a state that has a rapidly increasing Latino population."

"And probably Michael Haff." Lorinda added. She had been following him for years. He was from San Diego and had risen quickly in politics. From a fairly wealthy family, he had a series of ever-increasing important elected positions, each time having won by a landslide. A charismatic figure, he was also extremely handsome, single, and without a doubt did well with the female voters, an increasing vocal group within the Democratic Party. "He is currently the Congressional

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Representative from the 50th District. He won by a landslide. Even in San Diego. Great crossover numbers. If he became Senator for California, he would probably be in line for the Presidential nomination in 2116. That would barely make him fifty."

"Right on both accounts. Guy said, impressed. "Mr. Albright was right about the both of you. You're very smart. Though it would be 2112 for Michael Haff." He liked them. He needed some great political talent to help him choose a candidate. And once he did, they would end up on the winner's campaign. "Which would you choose?" The question was directed to both women.

"Are they both willing to help the other win the election if they didn't get the nomination?" Jaz was the first to answer with a question of her own.

"Yes." He liked the way they didn't automatically decide, but rather asked probing questions.

"Then it doesn't matter. Either one. You play the strengths of the winner and the loser plays his strengths for the candidate." Lorinda could back either candidate, sure that both of them would attract voters from the Republican Party—just the thing they needed to win.

"My sentiment is the same. Except I have to give my recommendation to the DSCC. And my recommendation is the one they usually pick. And you are going to help me. We're going to be throwing them both out to test the waters. During that time I need your input as to where their strengths lie, as well as their weaknesses. I want to know everything about them. And I want it in two weeks." He was glad he had them

both. He would get the women's angle on both candidates. And he knew they would dig deep into the candidates. "We have a fundraiser on Friday for Hector Chavez. My staff started putting it together, but I need both of you to make sure it runs smoothly. And gets us a lot of money. It will be downtown, I'm sure you are both familiar with the Gaslamp District? It will be about a thousand people. One thousand very important people. You should get to know him very well by then. The following week we repeat the fundraiser but for Michael Haff. Same number of people, but a different bunch. By the time that one is over, I'm going to need your recommendations."

It was a lot to do in a short time period, but that is what makes politics so rewarding. Lorinda loved the immersion. "Just lead us to the staff."

"I presume you are going to be around for a while," Jaz smiled at Guy, loving the way his eyes were still on her legs.

"Don't worry girl's, you'll see more of me than you'll care too. Though I will leave most details up to you. I'll help more with the major contributors. This campaign is going to cost a ton of money and while the DSCC is throwing a lot of money around, they do love for the locals to contribute. And it's not that San Diego or Southern Californian Democrats are broke."

"I think you will find us very good at getting the dollars. We can be very persuasive." Lorinda knew how important fundraising was. Even when she was young, she was always raising money for her father at every occasion. It almost came naturally to her.

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"I knew I could count on you. Both of you were highly recommended. Have you found a place to live yet?"

"Just moved in this weekend. Mission Beach." Jaz responded to his questions.

"I should have known." His cock stirred at the thought of Jaz in a bikini. "I get to stay in a downtown hotel. But with the Gaslamp District, that is proving to be very enjoyable. You'll have to show me around." He was speaking to both of them, but he was eyeing Jaz.

Lorinda hesitated, she had already seen the spark in Jaz's eye when she met Guy.

"We'd be honored. Jaz knew that it was going to be a lot of long days and nights until the election, but they were both ready for that. She just hoped that with Guy it might just be a bit more. "Let's meet the rest of the staff. See who you got for us to work with." Jaz got up, her hand smothering her skirt down over her ass, Guy's eyes following her every movement.

CHAPTER 2

Dueling Dinners

The staff was a bit overwhelmed when they started, but Jaz and Lorinda had managed to get them all headed in the right direction. They were all qualified for their jobs, but to them it was just a job. Lorinda and Jaz saw it as an opportunity that would require dedication, long hours and lots of sacrifices. But they both knew it would be worth it. Guy was watching them carefully, and if successful, they knew their political prowess could become legendary in Washington.

It was already Thursday, the final plans for the first dinner for Hector Chavez and reception completed. It was just a matter of going over them one last time to make sure that everything went off without a hitch.

"I'm meeting with Hector Chavez at seven tonight," Lorinda stated at the meeting with Jaz and Guy. "At his house. I want to meet his wife and family before the dinner. Just to make sure there is nothing that we missed. We've talked extensively with him during the week, but I would like to see him on his own turf where he might be less inclined to be on his guard." Lorinda had set up the dinner yesterday, knowing that it would leave Jaz the job of meeting with Guy to go over the plans for tomorrow.

"I guess that leaves you the job of briefing me on the dinner and reception. I hope you have time tonight. We could have dinner at my hotel." Guy would love the opportunity to

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meet with Jaz on a more personal nature. Even though this would be business, there would still be time to actually learn more about Jaz. He had been watching her lately, more like eyeing her. She was not only attractive, but intelligent. And politically savvy, a talent in a female that was almost refreshing.

"I think we could probably do better than that. I bet you ate there almost every night this week." Jaz perked up, hoping to entice him into somewhere that might be a bit more romantic. After all, no use wasting the entire Gaslight District's ambiance on a hotel restaurant.

"Actually, yes. It's not very inviting to sit in a restaurant by yourself, though the food is excellent." He looked at Jaz. Not only smart, but sexy. He'd have to watch himself. Her cunning was not only political.

"Seven o'clock. I'll meet you in the lobby of your hotel. Dress casually—after all, this is San Diego. But not too casually, though I'm not sure I could even imagine you in a pair of jeans." She teased him about the suit and tie he wore to work every day, though Lorinda and Jaz also tended to wear suits. You had to dress for success, especially when you were a female in the male-dominated political world.

* * * *

"What do you have, a date tonight?" Lorinda teased Jaz as she watched her getting dressed in the bathroom. She whistled at her when she saw the dress that Jaz pulled over her head. "You just took the little black dress to the next level."

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Jaz had rushed to buy the dress after work, leaving Lorinda to fend for herself to get home. She wanted something to impress Guy with and if Lorinda's reaction was anything, the dress was it. "Just a little something I picked up after work," she smirked as she said it. She had tried on at least a dozen dresses until she spied this one out of the corner of her eye. It was easy to see, almost standing out like a beacon. It was the red version of the little black dress. Bright red. She smoothed it over her hips, liking the way the short skirt left a lot of leg showing and the fabric clung to her ass. She turned her back to Lorinda. "How does it look?"

"If you're asking if you have a nice ass, the answer is yes. Just don't bend over unless you intend to entice." She laughed hard, never seeing Jaz so intense with a man before.

"There's a nice red thong underneath this in case I get desperate." She almost felt bad for Guy. It was going to be so easy to catch him. Not that she thought he would mind.

"Shall I wait up for you?"

"Oh, he's not going to get this lovely body that easily. He's going to have to work for it, though I don't think he'll mind. Half the fun is getting there." Jaz slipped into the red, three-inch heels, hoping she wouldn't have to walk far. Her short hair, easy to care for at the beach and great for someone that had a convertible and loved to keep it down, had been trimmed last week and framed her bronzed face. She stood in front of the full length mirror. *God, you look great*, she thought to herself. She walked into the living room, Lorinda was also ready to leave for Hector Chavez's house. "Good luck with Hector Chavez."

"Thanks. It should be a good dinner. I don't expect any surprises. The dinner is booked solid for tomorrow. A great turn-out and I'm hoping that we'll raise a lot of money." She turned to look at Jaz. "And I hope your meeting is successful. Whatever you might consider successful." She was glad that Jaz had found someone interesting. Now she just hoped that maybe she could as well. It had been a long time since she had a steady boyfriend, since school took so much time out of her life. They both pulled out at the same time, but Jaz quickly pulled ahead as if she were in a great hurry.

Jaz parked her car in the hotel parking lot, giving the attendant her keys as he held open the door for her. She slid out, the attendant's eyes trained on her legs as she did, Jaz giving him a glimpse of a lot of naked leg. "Thanks," she acknowledged, turning away, feeling his eyes on her ass as her heels clicked along the concrete, the doorman had already opened the door for her. The Omni was one of the newest hotels in the Gaslamp. Twenty one stories, over five hundred rooms, it was connected to Petco Park by a skybridge. Guy had picked a nice hotel. It had McCormick and Schmick's restaurant in it, which boasted fabulous seafood. But Jaz wanted to get Guy out of his comfortable place. She walked over to the Terrace Bar, her red dress catching the eyes of all the men as she passed.

Guy couldn't have missed her if he tried. All he had to follow was the men's heads at the bar as she entered. And it wasn't just the bright red dress that caught their attention. It was that lovely body encased so temptingly in it. Her flesh shimmered as she walked, the click of her heels on the tile

floor almost hypnotizing. He felt like the luckiest man in the world when she walked over to him, leaving the rest of the men jealous.

She saw him instantly when she entered. He was dressed in a pair of kakis, and a blue pullover that clung to his chest. He looked even more tempting out of a button down shirt and tie. The short sleeve shirt showed the bulge of his muscles, pleasantly surprising Jaz. The gym must be part of his daily routine. He stood up, his eyes looking directly into hers. She moved in close to him, inhaling his after shave, a subtle blend, a shiver running through her as he kissed her lightly on the cheek, his hands on her arm as he did. *God, she wished she could press up hard against him.*

He pulled away from her, his eyes feasting in the sight of her in the red dress. It clung to her figure, her breasts hugged tightly by it, a slight hint of her nipples pushing out. "You look ravishing." He could barely contain himself. While she looked great in a suit, this was a new side.

"Just a little something I threw on," she teased him. "And I must say you look so much better out of a suit and tie."

"Would you like a drink?"

"No," she answered quickly. "We have reservations in a half an hour."

"Where are you taking me?" He wished it was upstairs to the twentieth floor, he so desired to see what was beneath that dress.

"The House of Blues. It's less than a mile away. I thought we'd walk." Even with three inch heels she wouldn't have a problem. She saw the look on his face. "Don't worry, the

restaurant is fairly quiet. We'll have time to go over the plans. Afterwards Brandston is playing. An Indie band that is pretty good. I heard them before. I think you'll like them."

"I trust your judgment impeccably. You know you are going to disappoint all the men here for not staying." He got up, his arm touching hers as they walked out of the bar.

"I dressed for you, not them," Jaz replied, feeling comfortable with his arm on hers.

The walk didn't take that long, both of them already talking about the plans, Jaz hoping to get the business out of the way quickly. She snuggled up almost against him as they walked, Guy holding her almost possessively as all the men watched her as she passed by.

The Maitre d' seated them at one of the best tables. Jaz had made sure that they realized Guy's importance with the Democratic Party when she made the reservations. She sat next to him, using the excuse that it was easier to discuss the plans, and Guy definitely did not disagree as he eyed her legs as she crossed them.

They ordered a bottle of wine, holding off dinner with an appetizer of Calamari, but Jaz was not sure if Guy realized what it was. They were Mediterranean style, tossed with Chili Garlic sauce, parmesan cheese, olives and virgin olive oil, both of them slowly nibbling on them as they went over the plans. The bottle of wine went quickly and so did the business. Jaz didn't even move away from him when she put the papers away, enjoying being so close to him.

"I'll have the Grilled Fillet of Salmon," Jaz requested, wanting some seafood. It came with Jambalaya Risotto and asparagus. She didn't want anything too heavy.

"I'm going to have the Creole Jambalaya." McCormick and Schmick's were known for their seafood, so Guy wanted something a little exotic. "A little meat instead of seafood," he commented. Though the dish did have shrimp in it, it was composed mainly of chicken, ham and sausage.

Dinner was small talk, a bit of business and more personal, Guy trying to find out as much as he could about this ravishing beauty sitting next to him. At twenty five, she was ten years younger than he was, but it didn't seem to bother her. He could see that she was interested in more than a business relationship. It would be a delicate balance to keep, but he couldn't resist the temptation. They had time for a cup of coffee before the band played, both of them enjoying the time when they could learn more about each other.

"So how come you'd never been married? You're not married, are you?" She asked him.

"No, I'm not. I guess it is because I get too wrapped up in politics. There have been some distractions, but nothing serious. I never found someone with the same passion for politics that I have. I'm not sure whether the relationship would work if they didn't share my enthusiasm." She was certainly forward, not afraid to ask anything.

"Is that what you call it, distractions?"

"Well, at the time they weren't distractions. After they were over that is how I look back at them. How about you? Anything serious with you?"

"No. I spent too much time with school. I'm a bit older than most students. I didn't really spend much time jumping into bed with someone just for the heck of it. Masturbation is a much better solution." She smiled at him when she said it, watching his face for his reaction.

His cock stirred as he imagined her naked on a bed, her legs spread slightly, her fingers running up and down her slit, her eyes closed, her face contoured in pleasure as she came under her solo masturbation.

"You have a very vivid imagination," Jaz remarked knowingly, seeing the glossy look in his eyes. He was thinking of her masturbating, she was sure of it. She uncrossed her legs, letting them part slightly, one hand on her naked leg to make sure that he saw her movement.

His eyes followed her hand as it went down to her leg, her partly spread legs igniting a new vision in his mind. "A very fertile imagination."

She rubbed her inner thigh, letting it slowly push her short skirt up a little higher, not even sure if he could catch a glimpse of her red thong. "I like men that have a good imagination. It can be very fulfilling." She wished she were brave enough to reach over and put her hand on his cock, her eyes catching the bulge in the front of his pants. Maybe she had lied to Lorinda. Maybe Guy might get lucky tonight. She finished her coffee. "Shall we move to the show? I think you'll enjoy it."

"I'd enjoy anything with you," he teased her, paying the check as they got ready to leave. He let her get a bit ahead of him, his gaze falling on her ass. She had two pert cheeks that

the dress clung to, and his eyes were able to discern the crease between them. Or maybe it was just his imagination.

She turned to him when they got to the theatre. "Did you like the view?"

"Loved it. No wonder so many men follow you around. Your ass sways so sensuously. Almost as if those two cheeks were hypnotizing you." He imagined her ass naked beneath the dress, sure that she was wearing a thong. And no bra.

"Though I never heard my ass explained quite that way, I do find it refreshing. But I think your mind was conjuring up much more than that." They moved to their table, Jaz finding that she was walking self-consciously, sure that Guy was watching her ass.

He sat down next to her, pulling his chair closer to hers. He didn't hesitate, his hand falling on her naked leg. "Much more." He let his hand stroke her naked leg, enjoying her silky skin. "Maybe the image of a servant girl and the Master of the House." He wasn't sure if he should have said it, but it kind of blurted out unexpectedly. He hoped she wouldn't take it the wrong way, finding him too perverted.

She looked over at him, breaking out with a laugh. "That certainly was refreshing. And honest." She enjoyed his hand on her leg, making no move to stop it or discourage it. She suddenly found her pussy wet, the thought of him sitting back as she had to perform as if she were a servant girl to be used for his pleasure. *God, this was one of Lorinda's fantasy, not hers.* At least she wouldn't be bound as Lorinda would prefer.

Guy was glad that the lights were dimmed and the band was ready to play, finding himself a bit embarrassed to be

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revealing such intimate fantasies to a girl that he was trying to impress. "I hope I didn't scare you." He leaned over to her, just as the lights came back on, the band already on the stage.

"I don't scare easy," she cooed into his ear. She let her legs spread slightly, one hand reaching down to place it on the hand that was on her leg. She enjoyed his firm grip on her leg, pushing his hand down until it slid between her legs on her inside thigh. She hesitated a minute then moved it up a bit. His hand didn't hesitate. She removed her hand, his hand remaining, poised only inches from her pussy, her panties wet with desire.

He could almost feel the heat of her sex, his hand so close, snuggled tightly between her smooth thighs. He felt her clench her thighs, imaging his cock inside her, her thighs gripping him tightly as he took her. His hand continued to rub her thighs as the band played, feeling her hips move slightly when he went high up under her skirt and teased so close to her pussy. He could almost hear her shuddering as she held her breath each time he came close to her pussy. The music started off softly and then got louder. Jaz was right—the band was good, though he would have rather loved nice slow, seductive music as he stroked her thighs.

She found it a bit difficult to continue to have a conversation with him all the while he was caressing her thigh. And caress he did, his hand moving sensuously so close to her pussy, yet never quite giving her the pleasure of touching her there. When the intermission was just ending, the band came back on for their final set. The lights dimmed,

his hand was still on her thigh, her panties drenched from his constant teasing. She put her hand on his thigh, barely touching his balls, pressing harder with her hand to make sure that he felt her unmistakable touch.

He thought he would cum when she touched him, his body jerking from the unexpected touch. A sudden gasp shot from his mouth.

She reached over close to him. "Don't worry, I'll be gentle." Her fingers reached higher, feeling his cock jerk in his pants as she got as close as she could without actually touching his cock. "I wouldn't want to tease you," her fingers rubbed harder. She could feel the muscles of his thighs, imaged herself between them, her mouth on his cock.

The show lasted longer than both of them wanted, the sexual tension increasing as each tried to tease the other. They were grateful when it ended, Guy already paying the bill, ready to get up.

"I hope you can walk," Jaz said, teasing him one last time, brushing her hand across his throbbing cock. God, she wanted it so bad, feeling it jerk in pleasure beneath her fingertips. She pulled her hands away and got up before he could reciprocate, though not sure why. She found it comforting that he held her hand as they walked back to the hotel, unsure of how the night would unfold. He looked into her eyes without saying anything, the silence almost deafening among the noise on the street, the music blaring out of some of the clubs.

He held the door for her to the lobby of the hotel, letting her pass. She turned to him before they got very far.

"Would you like for me to come up? For a drink," she added, her voice not very convincing.

"Are you sure that you are ready for this?" He wanted her so badly, but he was afraid that sex was too soon. It would be difficult enough with him being her boss while dating, but with sex it complicated things even further.

"After teasing me all night?" She pushed the button for the elevator. The bell rang, the elevator door opened. "Is that the Master ringing for the servant girl?" She stepped into the elevator.

Guy stepped into the elevator, the door closing silently behind him. She was in the corner, leaning against the wall. He didn't say anything; the elevator glided quickly to the twentieth floor, where the door opened. He ushered her into the empty corridor, his room the first one on the right. He already had the electronic key card out, slipping it into the door lock, the slight click the only noise as it opened.

She walked into the room. One wall was all windows, opening up to the bay, the lights of the Coronado Bay Bridge glimmering off the calm water. It was actually a suite, made up of a living room and a bedroom behind the closed door to the right. Jaz was nervous, almost as if this were her first date. But she didn't have time to think, for Guy was in front of her, his face leaning in towards hers. She closed her eyes until she felt his lips on hers, the first touch almost electric. His lips were softer than she had expected, his kiss tender. She opened her mouth, allowing his tongue complete access, her tongue greeting his. She pushed up against him, her hips moving forward until she felt the unmistakable bulge of his

cock against her pussy. She moved her hips from side to side, enjoying the way his cock rubbed against her pussy. He finally broke the kiss, her lips wet from his, her body tense in desire. He sat down without saying anything, looking up at her as she stood in front of him.

"A scotch and soda, please. Lots of ice. And you may get one for yourself." He put his feet up on the table in front of him. "And what should I call you, servant girl?"

She looked at him, smiling. "Jasmine, Master," she replied, exaggerating the *Master*. "Anything else you desire, Master?"

His hand went to the front of his pants, purposely stroking his cock as she watched him. "I desire Jasmine to pleasure me. But first, I must inspect her to make sure that she is suitable. Bring the drinks and then stand in front of me." He was going to enjoy this game.

She got the drinks, making them hurriedly, her panties soaking wet. She brought them over to him, putting his down on the table next to him, taking a sip out of hers before she set it down. She stood in front of the table, looking at him. "You may do anything you want with me," she paused, almost afraid of her own response. "But you can't fuck me tonight," she said outspokenly. She paused. "For that, I require flowers and chocolate. And romance!" She waited for his response.

He was surprised by her comment, but not taken back by her candor. She wanted it to be special and so did he. He didn't often jump into bed with girls he just met. Especially employees. He was looking for something more than a one night stand. "I agree. I'll enjoy seducing your lovely body into

bed." He smiled at her. There would still be other ways for both of them to be satisfied tonight.

She was glad that he agreed. The game they were about to play was more like Lorinda would enjoy. Not that she didn't think she would enjoy it tonight. She would make sure that they both went home satisfied. And home she would go tonight. Just as she had promised Lorinda. She switched roles. "I hope Master finds me satisfactory. I will do what he asks of me." She decided to play a bit more. "I'm not very experienced, Master. You will have to teach me to please you."

"As long as you are obedient and willing, I will teach you all you will need to know to pleasure me. Leave your heels on, but take off your dress Jasmine." He waited patiently, his cock straining to bust out of his pants. There would be time for that, Jaz's hands and mouth would satisfy his lust tonight.

Jaz looked at the bank of windows, the drapes drawn open into the darkness of the night.

He saw her concern, adding, "Don't worry about them outside. Only the voyeurs are looking up at the twentieth floor. And I think they deserve something for all their efforts. Now obey my command."

The chance of anyone seeing was slim, so Jaz brought her attention back to Guy. She reached back to find the snap, quickly opening the top of the dress, her hand gliding the zipper down almost noiselessly. She turned her back to him, teasing him with her naked back, a hint of her naked ass, the band of her thong revealing what secret lay beneath the edge of the dress. She turned back to him, her hands slowly pulling

the dress off of her shoulders, one hand holding it against her naked breasts beneath the fabric, feeling her nipples already hard. She finally pulled it from her breasts, pushing it down until it hung at her waist. She arched her back straight, her arms at her side as she saw his eyes pinned to her naked breasts. She paused for a moment to allow him to take in her beauty. "Does Master approve?" *God, she was wet with desire, wishing he would run over and suck her nipples.*

Guy didn't want to appear too eager, though his cock pushing out the front of his pants gave away his lust. He enjoyed the way the red dress clung to her waist, teasing at what lay beneath. But it was her lovely breasts that kept his attention. She had hard nipples that seemed almost pointed. Dark areolas surrounded them in a sea of dark brown, highlighted on her tanned flesh. He could only imagine his cock nestled tightly between them, her hands trapping the firm flesh into a pillow as his hips drove his cock up and back, cradled in her bosom. "Put your hands behind your neck. Put those beauties on display for me."

She did as he ordered, her hands laced behind her neck, bowing out her elbows until she felt her breasts straining upward. She arched her back, sticking them up higher as if offering them up. She turned to the side so he could see them in profile, then faced him again. "I hope you appreciate them Master."

"I will soon enough, but take off the dress. I want to see more." He quickly added. "Servant girl."

She was enjoying their game, her hands moving down to pull the dress up, her hand gripping the hem and slowly

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pulling it up, teasing him as her panties slowly came into view. She spread her legs slightly, afraid he would see her arousal, sure that the wet patch on her panties would reveal her secret. She inched it up slowly, watching his eyes as if she could see her own reflection in them. She felt the cool air of the air conditioned room on her sex, knowing that he had a good view. She gathered up the dress, pulling it over her head, folding it slowly before him and placing it neatly on the chair as if she didn't even mind the strip tease she was doing for him. She turned back towards him, his eyes never leaving her half naked body.

"Turn around." He didn't hesitate, knowing that she was wearing a thong, wanting to enjoy visually her firm ass. He had admired it all night, imaging this moment when he would finally see it almost naked, the thong leaving only the tiny hole nestled between her cheeks protected from his view. There would be time to reveal her darkest secrets.

She hesitated for a second before she turned her back to him. She tightened her cheeks for him.

"Spread your legs," his voice broke the silence as his commands became more insistent. He wanted to see all of her.

Jaz parted her legs, sliding her heeled feet across the soft carpet until her legs were spread about two feet across. Not too far to be obscene, just enough to entice him with what lay nestled between her silky thighs. She could hear a faint rustle, knowing that he was probably stroking his cock as he gazed at her firm cheeks. She was proud of her ass, strict

exercising and good genes helping to keep her them firm and taut.

"Very lovely. Now bend over and grab your ankles. Hold the position for me."

This was more embarrassing, the blood rushing to her head, her hair hanging down as she submitted. She grabbed her ankles, looking upside down between her legs to see Guy staring so intensely at her outthrust ass. She could feel her cheeks parting, her thong tightening on her anus, rubbing almost harshly. It sent shivers up her body, a fiery touch in her anus. It was obscene to be forced into such a degrading position. She waited what seemed like hours as he stared at her ass.

"You are very obedient, Jasmine. You may stand now and turn this way." He liked the way she played along with their game, sure that it was humiliating to be forced into such provocative positions. But he had much more with which to test her willingness. He looked down at her panties, seeing that the wet spot had become bigger now. She might protest, but her body was being aroused at being subjected to his whims. "Excellent. Spread your legs again. Your thighs must never be together when you are in my presence." Her legs parted immediately. He liked the way her breasts heaved up and down on her chest, her breathing heavy as she waited for his next command. "I want to see your pussy beneath your panties. Pinch your lips together and use your finger to push your panties between your lips. I want to see how pronounced your labia is."

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Jaz paused for a moment, uncertain of whether she was brazen enough to submit to his last request. She hadn't ever thought that he would make her touch herself. While she had masturbated in front of Lorinda, she had never masturbated in front of a man. She wasn't even sure if she could do it, but the desire to please this good-looking man in front of her gave her enough courage to try. Her hand slid down over her stomach, slowly rubbing over the front of her panties, feeling how wet they were, ashamed at her own arousal. She spread her legs a bit wider, her fingers gripping both sides of her lips and pushing them together, feeling the puffy flesh bulge out. With her other hand, she slid one finger up and down her slit, sliding her silky panties into her slit, feeling her lips closing over them, trapping them inside. She ran her finger up and down her slit, each time pushing deeper, feeling her panties tighten as they pulled tight. She felt a rush of arousal as her finger ran over her clit, surprised to find it so swollen in pleasure even before she touched it. She looked down, the creases of her sex displayed so prominently, her fingers rubbing herself as her body shuddered in pleasure.

"You may stop now. I don't want you to pleasure yourself too much. There will be time enough to show me later. Now it appears to me that your panties are soaked. Take them off and put them in your mouth." His hand reached down to his cock, stroking it publicly as she watched him.

Jaz had tasted her own juices before—what girl didn't? But to put her panties into her mouth, well that was not something that had ever occurred to her. It would be like a gag, to silence her with her own panties. Her legs went

together as she bent over slightly to tease her panties down over her hips. She felt them pulling out of her lips, the material feeling rougher now as they slid down. She didn't stop until they were at her feet, lifting one foot at a time to pull them out from under her, never looking up at Guy. She gathered up the tiny thong in her hand, stood back up, her eyes looking directly at his. She almost forgot, parting her thighs for him again, feeling more naked now because she was still in her red high heels. It was almost obscene. He was smiling, fully dressed, watching and waiting as Jaz's hand slowly rose, her mouth opened wide and she used a finger to push the panties into her mouth until her lips closed over them. She could feel the panties soaking up her saliva, her salty taste filling her mouth with her juices. Her cheeks were bulging out, the tiny thong now feeling like a large lump in her mouth. She couldn't say anything now.

He looked down at her pussy, her bush neatly trimmed, highlighting her puffy lips. Her slit was wet with her juices, glistening in the light of the room. Her lips were parted slightly, teasing him with a peek of her pink insides. His cock throbbed with desire as her gazed at her naked body propped up high on the red heels, her legs spread submissively for his next command. "Very lovely, servant girl. A very lovely pussy. Would you like to show me more?"

She could only nod her head, knowing she couldn't deny him his pleasure. She waited, knowing what would be required of her. She didn't have to wait long, as Guy was getting eager.

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"Spread those puffy lips open for me. Show me the treasures that they protect."

She didn't hesitate, her fingers gripping her lips, holding the slick flesh tight as she pulled them back, feeling the cool air of the room rush over her super-heated flesh. She continued to tug them open until Guy nodded his head in approval. She held them open, spread wide, waiting.

"A dark, forbidden treasure deep inside. Put a finger inside so I may see how wet you are."

She let go of her lips, one finger slipping into her mouth, getting her finger wet in spite of the thong that filled her mouth. She let her finger slide down her slit, gathering up more of her juices, pressing it against her tight hole. She hesitated, teasing him before sliding easily in, her legs spreading a bit wider to accommodate herself. She almost wished she had not denied him the pleasure of fucking her, her arousal peaking, her finger reminding her of the pleasure his cock would bring to her. She began a gentle rhythm, her finger sliding in and out with ease, tightening her muscles in it.

"Stop now!" He could see she was already getting too much pleasure from the masturbation. "Turn around and bend over. This time, reach back and spread your cheeks for me."

She turned red as soon as he said it, her eyes pleading with him to not force her to do that. She had never shown her ass to anyone. At least not the way he wanted her to. To spread her cheeks and let him gaze intimately at her asshole was just too humiliating. But she saw the demanding look in his eyes. She had said anything, and for the first time Jaz

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found herself doubting her absolute consent. Yet still she obeyed, turning around, bending over, her legs spread. She pushed her ass towards him, her hands coming behind her, gripping her cheeks and pulling them back. She spread them wide, feeling the pucker go out of her anus as the cool air rushed over her wrinkled hole. Jaz felt her muscles contracting, her anus feeling as if it were winking open and closed, unable to control her muscles. She could only imagine how it looked as she pushed her ass back towards him, her anus grossly exposed.

Guy stroked his cock, imaging how tight and hot she would feel if he was in her asshole. Her hands submissively held herself open for his inspection. He let her stay in the pose for long minutes, prolonging the humiliation of exposing herself in such a manner to him. "You may rise. Step over here and wait while I change into something more comfortable. You have made my cock hard, servant girl. You will have to accommodate me." He got up, leaving her standing naked in the middle of the room. He almost raced to the bedroom, quickly taking off his clothes and slipping into the bathrobe, wrapping it around him.

She saw him move back into the room, a bathrobe failing to hide his hard cock pushing out the front. "MMMM," she moaned into the gag.

"Yes, you may remove it." he granted. He would need her mouth soon. But first he wanted to inspect her some more, this time with his hands and fingers.

She was relieved to spit out the thong and putting it on the chair, she waited.

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"Lie down on the sofa on your back. Hands over your head." He helped her, situating her until he was satisfied with the position. He moved to her feet, gripping her slim ankles in his hands and pulled her legs up. His hands smothered down her sleek thighs, teasing close to her pussy without touching it.

She thought she would cum when he touched her, her body had ached to feel his caress all night. Her legs were up in the air as his hands caressed the back of her thighs, teasing her with his touch. She felt her legs pulled back over her head, her ass rising up from the couch, his hands holding her ankles. She could feel her anus exposed again and knew Guy was looking down at her pussy peaking out from between her thighs and at her anus exposed by the bent back position.

"Hold one leg over your head." He hooked her hand behind her knee, letting the other leg fall back down, pushing it to the floor, her legs parting wide. Her pussy opened up, the lips pulled back, her dark forbidden hole beckoning for his probing. Even her anus was open, the tiny hole begging to be touched.

She felt split down the middle, Guy standing over her, gazing down at her exposed sex, his cock jutting out from his robe. She wasn't prepared for what he did next, Guy kneeling down behind her, his hot breath blowing on her sex. She waited, her body tense, not knowing what to expect. "OOHHH," she moaned loudly, feeling his hot, wet tongue licking slowly up her the inside of her thighs. She loved it when a man went down on her, it was dominating to have a man servicing her for her pleasure, the opposite of taking a

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cock in her mouth where she would be the submissive. Her hips began to move as his tongue licked closer to her pussy, feeling her juices running freely as she braced for the intimate touch of his tongue on her sex. His hands caressed her flesh, his tongue following, moving up her thighs and Jaz shuddered when she felt his hands on her ass cheeks. *No, he couldn't be considering that. It was too much for Jaz to even fathom that someone would do such a thing.*

Michael's cock jerked in appreciation as he gazed at her spread pussy, glistening in the lights, beckoning his tongue to taste her arousal. His hands moved up to her ass, his fingers gripping her cheeks tightly, enjoying the taut flesh that had teased his eyes as she walked. He now had her naked, his hands sliding up to her crack, gently parting the twin cheeks. He felt her muscles tightening, a sharp slap to her right cheek breaking the sound of her ragged breathing.

"EEEEHH," Jaz screamed in unexpected pain, her cheek burning from the slap. No one had ever done such a thing to her, most men falling all over to please her. The skin felt hot where he slapped her, and she could still feel his hand on the spot. It hurt, but with the pain there was also something else. The juices ran down her thighs when he had slapped her, and for a moment Jaz was almost afraid she would cum. She didn't understand the strange feeling that raced through her body. It wasn't so much pain as it was pleasure and, trying to understand it, Jaz spread her legs wider, loosened her cheeks to allow him the unfettered access he demanded. She felt his wet tongue swirling so close to her anus, her body tense as

she fought the urge to clench her cheeks tight and stop him from committing this unnatural act upon her.

Guy could feel her body quiver beneath his tongue as he licked her ass cheeks, his hands holding them open as he moved closer to her tiny asshole. It was barely visible, and he pulled back her cheeks further until she moaned. He inhaled her scent, enjoying the humiliation he was subjecting her to as she waited for him to rim her tiny asshole. His tongue moved up, running around the edge of her asshole, feeling the spasms as she felt the unmistakable touch of his wet tongue on such an intimate hole.

"NNNOO!" She cried out in shame, feeling his tongue licking her ass. She couldn't control the muscles in her asshole, feeling her asshole quiver and open as his tongue raced around the edges, leaving a trail of wetness that chilled in the cool air of the room. She fought as hard as she could to keep the position, wanting to close her legs and hide her asshole from his probing touch. But the pain of the slap on her ass reminded her of the consequences and her hand held her leg back high over her head, keeping her open and spread. "OOOHH," she moaned, not sure what she was feeling as his tongue pressed against her opening. She would have never believed the feeling she having his tongue igniting pleasure sensors that she never knew were there. His tongue felt hard, battering at her tiny hole almost as if it were a small hard cock. She pushed back, not fully understanding why she was aiding him, feeling his tongue slowly slipping into her anus. She felt a stretching, the tongue bigger than she expected, her anal ring forced open as it slowly sank

inside her. "GGGGGODDD," she moaned in ecstasy, feeling his tongue slip inside her rectum. How degrading and exciting, all at the same time. She couldn't believe it was his tongue in her asshole until she felt the unmistakable bulge of his nose against her ass. The tongue began to wiggle inside her, feeling like a tiny animal moving around. She couldn't stop her hips from moving.

Jaz was torn between humiliation and lust. Never had any man tried to place his tongue in such a forbidden place. Her muscles were rigidly locked, proof to her sense of embarrassment and uncertainty. It wasn't that Guy's tongue was causing her physical discomfort—far from it, in fact. His tongue was warm and slippery, his saliva acting as a natural lubricant to allow him easy access to her depths. It was just the idea itself of a man wanting to put his mouth in such a place. Perhaps it was because of the very taboo and erotic nature of the act that Jaz felt herself get wetter. Just the idea of a man doing something so forbidden to her was enough to heighten her sensitivities dramatically.

Guy enjoyed the tart taste of her asshole as his tongue pushed inside her rectum, feeling her muscles trying to push him out. He made his tongue hard, digging deeper inside her, wiggling it from side to side as he pushed deeper into her asshole. He knew if he touched her pussy she would cum instantly, his tongue bringing her to the edge of an orgasm. But not yet, he wanted her body on the edge, making her more amenable to anything the Master required of his servant girl. She would only be allowed to cum when he did, and it would be in her mouth when he did. He pulled his tongue out

of her asshole, feeling her hole clench tightly, rimming the tiny hole before he moved up towards her pussy.

Oh, please, she quietly begged when she felt his tongue running over her perineum. She wanted his tongue on her pussy so badly, her hips rising up, offering up her wet pussy to his mouth. If only he would eat her pussy—she was sure that she would cum right away. She wanted so badly for him to lick her. As if to answer her unspoken plea, his tongue slowly moved along her perineum until it touched the bottom of her pussy. She felt his fingers move from her ass cheeks to her pussy, his fingers feeling so good as they gripped her lips and began to spread them wide. Even the slight pinching she felt from his fingers failed to extinguish the lust she felt. "OOOOHH," she moaned loudly as his tongue slowly crept up the inside of her lips, teasing along the edges, his fingers keeping her open as his tongue explored her.

He enjoyed her sweet nectar, licking her slick inner lips as he moved up and down the insides. He pulled her open wide, his fingers stretching her, his tongue poised at the entrance to her pussy. Her body shook in pleasure as he teased around the dark hole, suddenly pushing the tip of his tongue inside her tight hole, hearing her gasp as he took her.

God, it felt so good, his tongue pushing inside her, her cries of pleasure ringing out in the room. She regretted denying him from fucking her as his tongue began to fuck in and out just like his cock would. She could feel her juices flowing into his mouth as his tongue wagged back and forth over her pussy. Jaz felt pressure on her mound as he pressed his face firmly into her open pussy so that he could better

penetrate the depths of her. She felt his strong tongue push deeply, then curl upward to caress the top wall of her vagina. Jaz's inner muscles contracted around his tongue, trying to suck it in even further. It felt so damn good that her hips began to rock as she tried to get into a rhythm.

Suddenly Guy stopped, and Jaz opened her eyes, surprised to see him standing back up, afraid she had done something wrong. "What's the matter?" Her eyes pleaded with him.

"The servant girl needs to learn to pleasure her Master. Kneel on the floor between my legs." He sat down on the couch once she got off of it, her naked body kneeling submissively at his feet. He spread his legs, letting the robe part open, his cock popping free of the confines.

She got back into the game. "I'm sorry, Master," she pleaded with him. "I will do as you want but I don't know how to pleasure you." She looked up as his cock popped out of his robe, it being as much as she imagined. It was over six inches long. And rock hard. She could see the veins running thick up the shaft, the head of his cock a dark red, almost purple, the tip glistening with his juices. Beneath it laid his twin balls, the sack cum laden. She wanted to shove it deep into her mouth and suck it until he came, but she would tease him first. After all, it was his game. "It's so big Master. Too big for me," she whimpered.

"Nonsense, Jasmine. Take it in your hands. Feel it grow beneath your touch." He thought he would cum when she moved closer, feeling her hot breath on his cock, one small hand cupping his balls so tenderly, her other hand barely able to go around the shaft, her fingers tightening on the flesh.

It jerked in her hand the minute she touched it, causing Jaz to tighten her grasp. She could feel the blood pulsating through it, her hand cupping his balls, closing loosely around them as she squeezed her hand. "Oh Master, it's alive in my hand," she cooed.

"Explore it with your hand. Let your hand run up and down the shaft." Her hand began a gentle masturbation, her fingers ringing around the shaft, her grip tight as she slid up and down his shaft. She stopped when she got to the head, her fingernail running around the edge of the head, making his cock jerk in pleasure. It was a combination of pain and pleasure as her sharp fingernail rubbed the sensitive tip. His cock jerked in her hand and then he felt a small jet of cum shoot from the head.

"I'm sorry Master," her tone almost apologetic. "Did I do that?" She let her fingernail rub over the head until it got to his piss hole. She let her sharp fingernail rub back and forth over the hole, rewarded with his sticky cum dribbling out the hole. She rubbed the slick cum over the head of his cock, then circled the head with her slick thumb, rubbing it in broad circles. She let her finger glide around and around the head soothingly, as if to make up for the sharpness of her nails.

"Yes Jasmine, it is the magic of your fingers that did it. The only thing better is your tongue and your mouth. Lick the head of my cock. Taste the seed of your Master." He held his breathe as he waited her hot mouth to wrap tightly around his shaft.

She couldn't wait, her head moving towards his cock, her hand holding it upright. Her tongue slid out of her mouth,

licking over the head of his cock, taking his salty cum into her mouth, savoring his taste. Her tongue ran over the head of his cock again, her head moving down until she felt his cock running over her lips. She opened her mouth wider as she began to take the thick head into her mouth, her waiting tongue lapping at it passionately. She felt it shudder in her mouth, her tongue bathed with his hot, salty seed.

He put his hands on her head. "I will guide you Jasmine," Guy said, using his hands to push, moving her head up and down. "Make your lips tight. Please me." Her mouth felt like a pussy, hot and tight, gripping his shaft as he began to pull her on and off of his cock. Her tongue never stopped, bathing the head and shaft as his cock slid in and out, her lips wrapped tightly around the shaft as it slid in.

She liked the way he controlled her, making her take more and more of the thick cock in her mouth as if she didn't know what he wanted. She felt his cock move to the back of her mouth, the big head banging against the opening of her throat. She faked being panicked, pulling her head back. "It's too big Master," Jaz managed, "It's choking me."

Guy pulled her back onto his cock. "You'll take it all servant girl." He yanked her down hard, working his cock back into her mouth, pushing until it banged against the opening of her throat. "Breathe through your nose. You'll take my cock into your throat." He pulled her closer against him, eager to feel Jaz deep throat him. She fought for a second, then he felt the head of his cock slip inside her waiting throat. She choked, not faked this time, sure that she was gagging on his cock, but she didn't attempt to pull away.

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Jaz felt a shiver between her legs, surprised that she was willingly allowing Guy to have his way with her just as if she were his servant girl, debased for the Master's pleasure. When he pulled his cock out of her mouth, she looked at him, puzzled. He had pushed his cock into her throat, had she not pleased him. It had made her choke.

"Lie down on the couch again." His voice was rougher, more impatient as he gave this command, his cock needed release and soon. After Jaz lay prone on the couch, Guy climbed on top of her, his knees on each side of her, his head between her legs. He lowered his hips down, while at the opposite end, Jaz used her hands to eagerly guide his cock into her waiting mouth. Guy began to lick her pussy all the way from the bottom to the top, his fingers exposing her clit, his tongue rubbing back and forth over the hardening bud. His lips encased the swollen bud and sucked it deep in his mouth, his tongue rubbing back and forth over it. He felt her take his cock into her throat, almost as if she were swallowing a sword, so effortlessly.

His hips were pumping his cock in and out of her mouth and as before, Jaz swallowing it deep into her throat as his tongue lashed back and forth over her clit, his mouth sucking it in, dragging it deep inside, stretching the bud until his tongue lashed at it. Her hands went up, one hand running up and down the thick shaft, masturbating his cock into her hot mouth, her other hand gripping his balls, coaxing his cum into her waiting mouth. It took only minutes, feeling his cock jerking, almost feeling his cum run up the shaft. The first blast of cum filled her mouth, her cheeks puffing out from the

thick crème. It was all she needed, cumming on his tongue, his fingers slapping her clit back and forth, his tongue pushed deep into her pussy, her muscles gripping it tight as she flooded his lips with her crème. She swallowed, only to find her mouth filled again, and Jaz savored the flavor as her body trembled beneath his tongue, the orgasms racing through her body. He came three times into her mouth before she finally felt his cock becoming soft, her tongue licking it clean before it slipped through her lips.

The orgasm ripped through his body, his ass cheeks clenched tight as he pumped his cock into her mouth, her hands forcing the cum from his balls. She took it all, three massive loads of cum, swallowing load after load. And as Jaz came, his lips and mouth covered with her juices, his fingers finding her swollen clit, pinching and teasing the pleasure button as she shuddered beneath him. He fucked his tongue inside her pussy, feeling her clench on his tongue as if it were his cock. He even teased her asshole with his fingertip, driving her hips high off the couch, driving his tongue deeper into her pussy.

They both lay exhausted on the couch, Guy getting off of her to lie next to her, his hand lightly caressing her abdomen, her breasts pushed up against him, her labored breathing making her breasts rise and fall. She was the first one to say anything.

She looked up at him. "I hope the servant girl pleased her Master."

He smiled back at him, her hand cradling his limp cock. "The servant girl learns well. And pleurably. I hope you enjoyed it."

"You know I did. But now I must go home."

"Are you sure you can't spend the night?" He was enjoying lying next to her, finding her very comfortable.

"No, I promised Lorinda. My boss is a real hard-ass. Expects me to walk on water and make miracles. Important day tomorrow." She got up, Guy watching her as she got dressed. She slipped the red dress on, his eyes still on her as she did. It didn't embarrass her, after all he had licked most of her body already. She looked over, his cock already beginning to grow. "You'll have to take care of that," pointing to his semi-rigid cock.

Guy closed the bathrobe. "See what you do to me." He walked over to her, taking her into his arms, her body molding against his almost perfectly. He kissed her passionately, their tongue meeting, her hips gently rubbing against his growing cock. They broke the kiss, their lips wet. "I think you're teasing me."

"Don't forget. Flowers, chocolate and romance. It wouldn't be the servant girl next time," she reminded him, taunting him.

"I wouldn't forget it for anything. See you in the morning." She slipped out quickly, and Guy locked the door behind her, leaning against it, his cock already hard again. He enjoyed her, hoping there would be more.

CHAPTER 3

First Campaign Dinner and Romance

It was true that Hector Chavez was Latino, but he was a far cry from the majority of Latino's in Southern California. He lived in National City, but in the nicest section of the city. His house was large, a fitting abode for a successful Attorney-turned-State Judge. Lorinda pulled into the large driveway parking next to the black Mercedes. She rang the doorbell, surprised that his wife answered the door.

The entryway revealed an attractive, petite dark-eyed woman. Her dark hair was swept up in an elegant twist, and she smiled warmly. "You must be Lorinda." She had been expecting her, and the dinner was almost ready. "I'm Margarita. Come into our house." Margarita knew that this meeting was important. She had expected someone older, because Hector told her that the guest was very important and would be instrumental in selecting the candidate. This girl must be in her mid twenties.

"Thank you," Lorinda looking around as soon as she walked in. His wife was very beautiful, probably ten years younger than he was, not uncommon. She knew they had been married for over twenty years, with a stable relationship that's such a good selling point to the voters. The house was finely furnished in the Spanish style. They both entered the living room. Hector stood up as they entered.

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"Welcome to our home." He had met Lorinda and Jaz numerous times, and knew that this meeting was set to catch him off guard, hoping to catch him in a comfortable setting, his home. She would be looking for any chink in his armor, but he was sure that she wouldn't find any. "Would you like a glass of wine?" She sat down next to his wife, across from him.

"Thank you, that would be nice." Lorinda could see that he felt at ease here. She liked Hector, a great politician and with the Latino vote behind him, he was a formidable candidate. Lorinda had not met Michael Haff, though she had heard a lot about him. The two candidates couldn't have been more different. Michael was twenty years the junior to Hector, single, his strength with the female voters, Hector's with the Latino's, both of the groups growing in power.

They made small talk until dinner, Lorinda sitting across from Hector as they ate. He was an excellent speaker, able to articulate his positions, which he did with such enthusiasm. Especially those issues that dealt with the Latino community.

"Latino's are a very vocal community. And they are becoming much more so, especially with issues that affect them personally. All you have to do is look at the large turnout at rallies opposing the current administrations immigration policies. They will no longer sit back and let Washington dictate policy that will harm them. Important issues like immigration, a living wage, minimum wage, all of these will have to be addressed in the future. California needs an advocate in the Senate to support the voters. The Latino voters. I know what they want and have their support."

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Hector had to stop himself, afraid he was getting too carried away.

Lorinda could see that he was passionate in his cause, something that the Democratic Party badly needed. Too many Senators got elected and then forgot why the voters elected them. "You are correct. I have lived in California all of my life, and my Father was in politics. I have seen the power of the Latino increase in strength every year, the voters are no longer willing to be silent. The Democratic Party needs their support." She was hoping that he would stay on board should the party nominate Michael Haff instead.

"My allegiance is also to the Democratic Party, no matter the outcome as to the candidate for Senator. I have always supported the Parties decision for candidates, willing to work behind the scenes to help the party. It will not change if you choose another for Senator. I know that there will be other chances to serve the party in the future." He wanted to leave open his chances in the future. He still had many years of active political life and didn't want to burn any bridges. After all, this was his first chance, not his last. He felt privileged that he was even considered for the Senate position, a giant step from his current Judgeship.

"The Party recognizes all of your contributions. That is why you were considered for this important position. And they are confident of your current support and future support for the party. It will not go unnoticed." Lorinda liked Hector. Michael Haff will have a hard fight to overcome him. The political conversation seemed to have ended, and Margarita seemed to know exactly where, interjecting at the appropriate time.

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"You seem rather young to be so immersed in California politics, Lorinda. Do you enjoy it?" Margarita liked her, for she seemed to be very intelligent and displayed knowledge of politics that went far beyond her years. She looked down, noticing that she didn't wear a ring.

"I guess you could say that I've been in politics since childhood. My father was in it, becoming the Mayor of Carlsbad. I majored in political science and just graduated. The position I have just opened up with the sudden resignation of Senator Thoringham. I guess I was just in the right place at the right time. It is very demanding, but also exciting. The Democratic Party is pulling out all stops for this election." The dinner was winding down, coffee served.

Margarita already knew of her parents, and avoiding saying anything. "I think you will be very successful. I've seen many people come and go, but you seem to have a passion for it. I hope it continues, you never want to lose that."

Hector did all he could to convince her, and then dinner ended, and Lorinda got ready to leave. "I want to thank you, Lorinda. And Jaz. Both of you are going to make the end result very successful." He shook her hand as she left, Margarita already ushering her to the door.

Lorinda drove back to Mission Beach, going over and over in her head the night, tomorrow morning Guy would want a full report. She pulled into the back of the condo, and noted Jaz's car was not in the parking spot yet. She went into the house, had a glass of wine, and let her mind put the evening into perspective before she went to bed, making a few notes on her laptop. She slipped into bed, a pair of men's boxers

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and a tee shirt leaving her comfortable. She fell asleep almost instantly, lucky to be a sound sleeper, the outside noise in Mission Beach hard for anyone that wasn't.

* * * *

"So tell me, what time did you get in?" Lorinda was already having her coffee when Jaz came out of the bathroom, a towel wrapped around her waist.

"Give me a chance to get dressed and I'll tell you all about it." She left Lorinda waiting impatiently, not knowing whether she came home last night or had walked in not long ago.

"I can tell by the grin on your face that you came last night. Did you or he do it?" She loved to tease Jaz, her face showing her sexual frustration or conquest.

"You'd love him," Jaz responded, getting a cup of coffee while she let her comment sink in. She breathed in the smell of the coffee, taking a sip, black with just a hint of crème to cool it off, no sugar. She wanted and needed the caffeine.

Lorinda waited impatiently until Jaz sat down. "Well, did you make it home last night?"

"Yes." She paused, letting it sink in first. "But I did stop in his suite before I did."

"Did you lie to me?" She teased her.

"No, I was a good girl. I didn't let him fuck me. I told him he would have to romance me first." She waited then added. "But we did play 'Master and the servant girl'."

"You what!" Lorinda asked laughing. She hadn't expected to hear that!

"I figured you'd like that, though I'm sure you'd prefer Master and the slave girl."

"And how did that happen? And tell me how you played." Lorinda never thought that Guy had that in him. She had a way of knowing which men were more likely to be dominant. It wasn't that they didn't respect woman or treat them nicely. It was more an attitude, a presence that was there. It was hard to explain.

"We were talking about his fantasies and the next thing I knew he was blurting out that he was imaging me as his servant girl and he was the Master. I don't know why, I guess I've been around you too long. The next thing I knew, I was calling him Master and obeying his every wish."

"God, here I am interviewing a candidate and you're playing with our boss. I'm so jealous. I didn't even masturbate last night. What about you? What did your Master do to his servant girl?"

"He made me strip naked for him while he watched. It didn't take much, just to slip my dress over my head. He made me show him everything. And I do mean everything."

Lorinda could only imagine what she did, her pussy getting wet at the thought of it. "And?"

Then he had me lay down on the couch where he explored my naked body. With his hands." She waited again, seeing the look of excitement on Lorinda's face. "And his tongue."

"Damn, I should have had dinner with him." She hadn't had a guy go down on her in years, almost forgetting the pleasure.

"You stay away from him. He's mine." Jaz said it half in truth, half in teasing.

"But I thought you said he was the Master. What did you have to do to make the Master happy?" This was not like any Master that she knew.

"He made me take him in my mouth. He had to teach his servant girl to pleasure him with her mouth."

"Yeah, like you didn't know what to do." She could imagine Jaz kneeling before Guy, her mouth wrapped around his cock.

"We were still playing. I was the inexperienced servant girl. He taught me to pleasure him with my mouth. When he was ready, he climbed on top of me and ate me while he fucked his cock in my mouth. God, I came all over him and he did the same, making me take three loads of cum in my mouth." She could feel herself getting wet again. She even had to masturbate last night when she got home, reliving the whole thing in her head as she played with her pussy.

"Well, I have a new respect for our boss. Does he know anyone else that is predisposed to Master and the Slave?" Lorinda badly needed to feel a real live cock inside her. Soon.

"I don't even think he has that inside him. I think servant girl is far enough for him. At least I hope. I'm not into the whole rope and bondage thing that you are." Jaz didn't get the thrill of being controlled sexually as much as Lorinda.

"You make me sound like the bondage Queen. My experience is limited to my imagination. I've yet to trust anyone enough to let them tie me up. Never mind do anything else. But the way you describe your encounter, I hope I find someone fast. I'm horny enough to cum in a

second if someone tied me up." Lorinda finished her coffee, the conversation ended. "We better get going. The dinner is tonight and we have a ton of things to make sure that they get done."

They both drove off in separate cars, both of them responsible for different aspects of the dinner tonight, each might have to rush out to take care of the crisis at a moments notice.

* * * *

All eyes were on Jaz and Lorinda at the dinner. Not only for directions on the running of the dinner, but all of the male guests and even some of the female guests eyed their luscious bodies.

"God, you look beautiful." Guy had not seen Jaz since she changed her clothes, the guests just starting to arrive.

Jaz had spent a lot of money for the dress, at least it was cheaper at bluefly.com. Guy better had noticed her, the salmon, satin Nicole Miller dress standing out in a sea of black dresses. She noticed his eyes feasting in the generous cleavage exposed, compliments of the over the neck halter strap and the slit all the way to her waist. Her full breasts required no support, a tease of a hard nipple brought on by Guy's presence. "There's more to me than my tits," she teased him, turning around to let his eyes catch the dress clinging to her ass, the three and a half inch heels keeping her buns tight.

His cock tugged at his pants, the vision of his "servant girl" rushing into his brain. He brought her over to their table, showing her the present on her plate.

She looked at the table, seeing the red rose and the single chocolate in the center of the plate. She looked at him, the black tuxedo cut to his body, clinging to his firm physique. He was smiling at her when she looked into his face, his blue eyes staring at her. "Hoping to get lucky tonight?" She moved next to him, looking around the room to make sure no one was watching. She let her hand slide against the front of his pants, feeling the cock that was in her mouth last night. "Is this for me?" She wrapped her fingers around his cock, quickly letting go when she felt it jerking in her hand.

"I have a very large bed that would be empty without you." Her hand felt so good when she touched him. "Only for you," he repeated, giving her a peck on the cheek before they were interrupted by the early guests moving towards them.

"Mr. and Mrs. Swanson, glad you could make it. You both know Jasmine, one of our talented staff that is responsible for this dinner for Hector Chavez." Guy's hand was already holding Mrs. Swanson, Jaz shaking hands with Mr. Swanson. Guy was already jealous as Mr. Swanson's eyes took in Jaz's naked cleavage.

"Thank you for coming, Mr. Swanson. And your very generous contribution." She held his hand while his eyes ogled her naked cleavage. She had no qualms about using her beauty to get what she wanted, as long as she didn't have to trade off her morals to do it. With Guy it was different, or at least she hoped it would be.

Lorinda finished up directing the kitchen staff with the final instructions. She joined Hector Chavez and his wife on the floor, meeting the guests as the hall filled up quickly. Some were already seated at their tables, but most wanted to meet Hector, eager to meet the man that was receiving their money. Most had business interests that they hoped Hector would endorse, their money used to open the door for the opportunity to give Hector their views.

"I want to thank you, Lorinda." Mr. Moore's wife was still talking to Margarita Chavez over to the left.

"You're welcome. I'm glad you could help Hector. He appreciates your support." Lorinda felt Mr. Moore move closer to her.

He let his hand slide down to her waist, his cock throbbing since the first time he saw her. The U-neckline dress with the spaghetti straps gave him just enough of a glimpse of her naked cleavage to excite him, and he was not sure if he was imagining that he could make out the outline of her nipples but it was enough to arouse him. She didn't move away when he touched her, so he became bolder, letting his hand slide down her hips and moved back to gently cup her firm ass. "Anything you need, just call me. I can be very supportive of your causes." He made sure that his wife wasn't watching, his hand gripping her cheek tighter.

She let his hand play with her ass for just a moment before she conveniently moved away from him. She smiled at him, not wanting to offend him, but making sure that she drew the line on how much she would do for the Democratic Party. "I think your wife wants you," ushering him over to

her. She had seen many like him before, some of them even making passes at her when she was younger at her father's fundraisers. She knew how to keep them happy without making them happy. "Thank you both for your support," bringing the couple together again. "If you'll excuse me," she pardoned herself, going over and brining Hector and Margarita over to the next donor waiting to meet them.

The dinner went off without a hitch, Hector rousing the guests with an impassioned speech aimed at bringing the party together behind the candidate, no matter whom he was. The guests responded with record donations.

"Thank you," Hector shaking both of the girl's hands. "Both of you are very good at what you do. With your help, we will win the election." He paused. "No matter whom the candidate is."

"I don't know what I would have done without them," Guy chimed in. "They have proved themselves tonight. We still have a long way to go but with everyone's support I know we will be successful." Guy was glad the night was almost over, he couldn't take his eyes off Jaz all night. He loved the way her body moved, maybe it was his imagination but he could imagine her naked as she walked, able to make out the details of her body beneath the dress that clung to her figure. The people cleared out quickly and Guy was eager to leave with Jaz.

Lorinda stood next to Jaz, seeing her eye Guy. "Should I expect you home tonight?" She saw the single rose in her hand, knowing what it meant.

Jaz smiled at Lorinda. "No, I don't think so. I have a bit of romance to take care of first." Jaz felt sorry that Lorinda didn't have someone to go with, but it always seemed that way, the two of them never having men in their lives at the same time.

"Well I bought batteries today so at least I will be satisfied tonight," Jaz kidded her. "Though I'm sure not as well as you will be." She gave her a peck on the cheek, jealous that she was going home alone tonight. *Damn, I hope my sex life picks up soon.*

Guy followed Jaz to his hotel, pulling into the underground parking, finding a parking space next to her easily. They took the elevator up to his room and Jaz was still excited as to how well the evening had gone. He hugged her close to him, Jaz's body fitting so easily against his. He kissed her gently in the elevator, her mouth opening to accept his tongue, her soft lips rubbing so sensuously against his. He pulled her body against his, pressing his hard cock against her, her hips moving gently from side to side. The elevator bell rang so loudly that it broke the moment, and the doors opened too soon.

"I can't wait much longer for you," Jaz said anxiously to Guy. He fumbled with the electronic door key, the click finally releasing the door. The door opened wide, both of them stepped inside the room.

A large vase stood in the middle of the room that had to have at least three dozen red roses in it. Jaz turned to him, kissing him gently. "The single rose was sufficient."

"They still pale to your beauty," Guy said, kissing her back again. "Have a seat, dessert will be here soon."

Jaz sat down, making sure a wide expanse of naked leg was exposed. "I was thinking of you for dessert."

"I'm the main course," he returned. A knock at the door broke the conversation and Guy went to open the door to a waiter who discretely pushed a cart into the room.

The waiter put the dishes on the table, setting it for them. "Will there be anything else?" He looked over at Jaz, smiling at her.

Guy signed the check. "No thank you. And thank the chef for doing this special for me." It cost him a small fortune for the chef to stay this late to prepare the dish, but Jaz wanted romance, chocolate and flowers and he intended to deliver in style.

"Good night Sir." Just as discretely, the waiter quickly exited.

"And what have we here?" Jaz got up and walked to the dining area where Guy pulled out a chair for her. She sat down, pulling the metal cover off from the plate. Immediately, her senses were assaulted. "Crème Brule?" Then she noticed that it was darker than usual. "Chocolate?"

"Of course, I wouldn't want you to compromise your standards." He sat down, both of them savoring the sensuous chocolate custard. They both stared at each other as they ate, silent, their eyes doing all the talking, each one eager to begin the love-making.

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Jaz opened up the small bowl on the table, seeing it filled with real whip crème. "Too late for it now," she said as both of them had already finished the crème Brule.

"Actually it's for you. A bit of topping for my lips to taste off of your naked body." He pulled her chair out, picking up the bowl. "I can't wait any longer to get you into my bed."

She got up, her heart racing, unable to contain her enthusiasm to begin their lovemaking. Guy lit the candles that were on the dresser, the sweet smell of rose filling the room, the candles bouncing off the walls as they flickered. "Let me," she said as he began to take off his suit coat. She moved next to him.

Guy stood while she pulled the tie loose and he felt her fingers brush against his neck before she took the tie and tossed it on the chair with his coat. Her hands moved down his chest, slowly unbuttoning the shirt one at a time, her soft fingers caressing his chest as she did this. He stood there as she pulled the shirt from his pants, helping her as she took it off. Now, standing before her in his pants, his hard cock throbbed to be released from the tight confines.

She saw the bulge in his pants, her hand sliding down to rub his cock. "Is this for me?" Her fingers gripped it, tightening on it as she stroked it up and down. It wasn't going to be the master and servant girl tonight, Jaz thought, unbuckling his belt. She felt his hand on her hip. "Not yet," she said, moving his hand away from her body. She wanted control for a while, wanted to strip him naked for her eyes and hands. Only then would she allow him her body.

He kicked off his shoes as the sound of his zipper being pulled down echoed loudly in the quiet of the room. "MMMM," he moaned softly as her hands slipped inside his pants, gripped his cock, her hand tightening on the thick shaft. Her other hand pushed his pants down, and Guy felt them slide down to his ankles, the hand moving up to cup his balls, surprising him, his cock jerking in her hands at the unexpected pleasure.

"Step out of your pants. And your socks," Jaz ordered him, and Guy, not protesting, did as she asked, eager for the return of her hand on his cock. She looked down at him standing naked except for a pair of black shorts, his cock barely contained in them. She kneeled in front of him, her hands returning to his shorts, both hands encircling his cock, pushing it straight out until his shorts would stretch no farther. She kissed the front of his shorts, her lips separated from his hot flesh by the thin material of the shorts. She opened her mouth, turning her head sideways to nibble on his shaft as if it were an ear of corn.

Guy fought the urge to grab her head, instead letting her lead their lovemaking. She had given him *his* fantasy last time, the servant girl and the Master. It was her romantic lovemaking that she wanted now. HeeHe felt her hands on his naked ass cheeks, her mouth gripping the top of his trousers and slowly and sensuously pulling down his shorts, his cock finally bursting free of the tight restraints. He kicked the shorts off of his feet, standing naked in front of her.

"I love it," she cooed as she cupped his heavy balls in one hand, her other hand encircling the thick shaft, bending it out

until the head was only inches from her mouth. "The whipped cream?" she asked. He held it out for her and Jaz gathered up a dollop of crème, lightly touching the head of his cock, rubbing it over the head until it was completely covered.

Guy had thought the whip crème would be good to lick from her body, but Jaz had other ideas, his cock not protesting as her hand bent it down towards her waiting, open mouth, her tongue slipping out to lick her lips. He closed his eyes as he felt her hot breath on his cock.

"GGGGGGODDDD," he cried out in ecstasy as her tongue began to lap at the head of his cock, her hand fighting to keep it still as it jerked in pleasure. She lapped at it softly, like a little cat, her eyes closed in pleasure.

The whip crème didn't last long, her tongue lapping it off eagerly, finally able to rim the under edge of his cockhead, her hand holding it tightly as it throbbed in her lips. She tightened her lips as her head moved forward, engulfing more and more of the thick shaft as her tongue lashed out at it. She pushed her head forward, sucking his cock deep into her mouth, her lips tightly clasped around his hot flesh. Out until only the head was trapped by her lips, back in again, this time deeper, her tongue continually bathing his jerking cock as she began the rhythmic sucking. She used her strong suction to pull the head over and over into her mouth, her tongue swirling to catch the lingering taste of the sweet cream. Her other hand reached under to cup his balls, feeling the twin balls heavy with his seed. She tightened her hand on them, feeling his hips jerk forward, filling her mouth to overflowing with his thick, pulsating cock. She could taste his

cum now, the thick, salty flavor of his seed filling her mouth with his precious cum. She let her tongue slap against the end of his cock, tasting his juices as her hand coaxed the nectar from his balls. Her other hand reached around to grip his naked ass cheek, pulling him deeper into her mouth until the head of his cock banged against her throat. She choked, but held firm, his large head threatening to breach her throat. She took a deep breath, pushing her head forward, gagging as she sought to shove his cock down her throat, her hand holding the shaft rigid as it pushed into her resisting throat. "GGGHHH," she gagged, feeling his cock come alive, jerking as it entered the tight restraints of her throat. "EEEEHHH," Jaz breathed deeply through her nose, buried at the base of his cock as her mouth was plugged tightly by his thick flesh.

Guy struggled to keep from cumming, his hands clenched tightly at his side as he fought the urge to grip her head possessively. She had swallowed his cock, over three quarters of his shaft buried between her split lips, her green eyes opened wide, her throat bulging and bobbing up and down. After a few more up and down motions, she slowly rocked her head forward and allowed his cock to remain motionless in the back of her mouth, her throat providing a warm cradle for his pulsating cock. He could feel her throat muscles rippling along the head of his cock as if it were being caressed in velvet gloves. She struggled, finally allowing his cock to pull from her throat, glistening now with fluids from her throat and her tongue lapped at his shaft as it slid along her equally wet lips.

"MMMWWW," Jaz's breathing returned to normal as she fought to cough, relieved that his cock was pulled from her throat. She looked up at Guy, his eyes closed as he enjoyed her oral ministrations.

Guy lifted her up, eager to get her naked. He enjoyed her mouth, but he wanted to explore her body, her naked body. "My turn," he said to her, turning her around, his hands quickly finding the zipper on her back. He pulled it down, revealing her naked back, and kept sliding the zipper down until he could catch a glimpse of her naked ass cheeks, the black thong doing little to hide her tightly luscious ass.

Jaz pushed her ass up against his cock, feeling its naked warmth fighting to get closer to her. His hands moved to lower the dress, pulling the halter strap from around her neck, pushing it down her naked arms. Jaz pushed hard against him when she felt his hands on her naked breasts, sliding between her arms to cup them possessively from beneath, and she felt them lifted up by his large hands. She shuddered in pleasure when his fingers began to play her nipples as if they were an instrument, finding the pink tips hardening beneath his expert hands. "God, yes," she moaned, his fingers tightening on the growing nipples, two powerful fingers gripping her twin nipples as if they were in a vice, the steady pressure increasing as his hands lifted her breast up higher. She stood on her toes, her long legs stretched taut as Guy teased her breasts with his hands.

He loved her hard nipples and was eager to taste them. His hands slid the dress down, pushing it forcefully over her hips, fighting to keep it from tearing, his eagerness getting

the better of him. He stood back from her, seeing her naked ass pushing back to find his cock, his eyes devouring her lovely ass cheeks. "Turn around," his hands already turned her until she faced him, her hands at her side, her full breasts revealed in all their glory. "My turn," Guy said, scooping up some of the whip crème, lightly topping her pink nipples with the rich crème.

She felt the cold whip crème on her nipples, Guy's head bending over as she felt his hand clasp onto her waiting breast. "OOOHH," she moaned in pleasure as his lips engulfed her nipple, his tongue making short work of the whip crème before it lashed out at her waiting, aroused flesh. She felt her nipple swell in pleasure, his lips clasped tightly on the areola, sucking the nipple deep into the hot confines of his mouth, his tongue slapping back and forth over the trapped bud, the blood pounding in the tip. He suckled noisily, his saliva making wet smacking sounds around her nipple. Jaz's head fell back in pleasure. Guy certainly knew how to treat a woman's breasts the right way, Jaz thought. So many guys underestimated the importance of spending time on a woman's nipples, thinking that only a few quick flicks of the tongue over their tips constituted adequate foreplay. But Guy was sucking her tits like he enjoyed it, pulling strongly on her nipple until it was coaxed into a rigid little pyramid of flesh. He would then let it pop out, allowing the flesh to relax slightly before sucking it back in, drawing upon it firmly and continuously. It was almost as if he were eating her breast, pulling in large mouthfuls of her flesh which he sucked and licked like a glutton. Her other breast was treated to his

fondling hand, her large palm grasping it, her nipple pushed into the center as he clenched tightly on and off her firm flesh.

Guy wished her hand would touch him again, his cock eager to feel the pleasure of her soft hand. He moved his mouth to the other breast, teasing the other bud to hardness with his lips and tongue, his hands keeping the neglected breast aroused by his fingers.

She pushed her breasts deep into his face, his head moving from one to the other, his hand fondling the other. She pulled his head close, feeling his face snuggled between her breasts as if they were pillows. She looked down when his mouth left her, her breasts gleaming with his saliva. Guy looked up at her, his hands sliding down her naked sides until she felt his fingers hook into the waistband of her black thong. She spread her legs, eager to be naked for him. She felt the urgent tug of his hands, then her thong slid down her legs to gather at her ankles. She lifted each leg up, tossed her thong to the side. She spread her legs again, waiting, hoping.

Guy inhaled the sweet smell of arousal, licking his lips as he gazed at her bald mound, her puffy lips, already glistening with her dew. He didn't have the time or inclination to get the whip crème, eager to taste her juices. His hands slid between her thighs, feeling her silky skin, rubbing from her knees to her crotch without quite touching her pussy, teasing her. He applied outward pressure with his hand, urging her to spread her legs wider so he could explore her sex with ease.

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She shuffled her feet wider apart, his hands demanding that she obey and spread her legs for him. She felt her pussy lips separate, the cool air hitting her hot sex, a shiver running down her back as she felt the air on her wet pussy. She stood poised up high on her heels, naked, her naked breasts heaving up and down as she waited for the first touch of his tongue between her pussy lips. "MMMGGG," she moaned, feeling his hot breath as Guy knelt between her legs, his hand on her naked ass, pulling her onto his waiting tongue. Luckily his hand on her ass kept her pulled tightly against his tongue, feeling the hot, wet flesh slide between her lips to run sensuously up and down her slit. "EEEEHH," she cried out in pleasure, her legs barely able to hold her up as his tongue extracted so much pleasure from her body. She didn't even protest when his finger slipped between her cheeks, feeling the pulse in his fingertip as it pushed against her defenseless anus, pressed up against her tiny hole, poised but not forcing its way inside her.

His tongue danced up and down her slit, drinking in her juices, lashing from the top of her clit to her perineum as her body rocked back and forth. He held her pinned against his mouth, his finger pressing on her tiny anus, feeling the muscles clenching uncontrollably from the unfamiliar touch. He slid his tongue down to her pussy, making it hard and pushing inside, feeling her tightness engulfing his tongue as it plunged into her insides. He began to fuck it in and out, her body trembling uncontrollably as she moaned in pleasure from his talented tongue. His hand slipped up to her clit, pulling back her clit hood to reveal her red bud, throbbing in

desire. He moved his mouth up, his lips tightly onto the swollen bud.

She pushed her ass backwards at the sudden shock of his tongue on her clit, finding her anus impaled on his waiting finger, his fingertip buried inside her rectum, a sharp gasp pulled from her lips. She felt his fingers on her clit, teasing it, suddenly finding his lips clasped around it, finding his mouth suctioning, feeling her clit stretch as his tongue lashed the swollen bud, back and forth. He would alternate between fast flicks and long, slow licks, not allowing her to get into a rhythm. She was pinned between his mouth and his fingers, her hips racing back and forth, confused as Guy played with her body. She was ready to cum, her hands pulling his head from her sex. "Please. I don't want to cum that way. I want to feel you inside me," she begged him.

Guy got up from the floor, eager to feel the pleasure of her hot, tight pussy wrapped around his cock. He pushed her over to the bed, both of them slipping down onto it, side by side, his hands eager to return to her firm, naked flesh. Their hands were all over each other, Guy finding his cock teased by her soft hands, two fingers sliding inside Jaz as she spread her legs wide for him, her insides wet with desire, his fingers slick with her juices.

She pulled him over her, Guy not protesting as he settled between her wide spread thighs, her hands guiding his cock up and down her slit. His hips moved back and forth, her hands teasing him, not letting him enter her.

Her legs were bowed out, Guy's hips between her legs keeping her open for him. She felt him pressing down on her,

her hand guiding his throbbing cock against her pussy. She felt herself opening up, her pussy pushed open by his demanding cock, his hips moving urgently forward. She raised her hips up, eager to feel him inside her, wanting to enjoy the fullness of having a large cock between her legs. "OOOOHHH, yes, deeper inside me," she urged him, her ass rising up from the bed, his hands sliding beneath her to guide her higher.

It felt as if his cock was trapped in a hot furnace, her insides clenching uncontrollably on his cock as he moved his hips forward to meet her thrusts. He gripped her ass cheeks, driving more of her pussy onto his waiting cock, pulling out, then plunging back in, each time deeper inside her. Her insides clung to his shaft as he began to fuck her, his hands moving her hips from side to side as he plunged into the hot depths of her pussy.

He was so big, stretching her pussy as he plunged in and out, his hands guiding her movements as he took her so fully. She could only moan in pleasure as she felt her pussy swallow up his cock, each stroke driving deeper inside her, pushing aside all resistance as he took her. His mouth came down on hers, kissing her, his tongue driving deep into her mouth at the same time his cock drove deep inside her pussy. She felt it jerking in pleasure inside her, Jaz gripping his thick cock with her muscles as he kissed her passionately. Her hips moved from side to side, his cock stretching her farther.

He had almost all of his cock buried inside her, enjoying the way she tightened on his cock as he slowly pulled his cock from the hot, deep depths of her pussy. He struggled as she

gripped him tightly, finally drawing his cock out until only the head was trapped by her tight pussy. He made his cock jerk inside her before he thrust forward, impaling her pussy with a sudden push of his hips, driving his cock deep into her pussy.

"AAAGGG, that feels so good," she cried out as she was suddenly impaled on his cock, his jerking, throbbing member sliding effortlessly into her pussy. She felt him deep inside her, tightening her muscles onto his shaft. "So big," she moaned softly. "Fuck me hard," she begged him, feeling his hands grip her ass cheeks tighter as he pulled out.

"YYEEESSS," she yelled as he took her swiftly, his hands forcing her ass up high to take his powerful stroke. Her hand moved around to grip his ass cheeks, yanking him hard onto her.

He rubbed up and down when he was buried deep inside her, feeling her return the movement, her clit stimulated by the side to side movement, her moans louder. She wouldn't last much longer and neither would he. He began to fuck her, taking her in powerful strokes, his hands forcing her up to receive them as his stomach slapped against hers when he was buried deep inside her. He felt her hands slide between his legs from behind, gripping his balls as he began the rhythm movement. His powerful leg muscles tightened as he pushed into her with lunges that rocked her body forward. Jaz moaned in encouragement, and Guy let his cock slide out almost all the way until only the head was at her entrance before rocking back in swiftly, letting her feel six inches of cock sliding through her walls in one stroke. Jaz panted heavily, almost dizzy from the intense fucking. Her insides

clenched and unclenched on his rigid cock as he pumped her with long, measured strokes.

It had been too long since she felt such pleasure. No amount of masturbating could equal the feeling of having a hard, thick cock inside you. "Make me cum," she urged him, gripping his cock as he pulled out, her legs pulled wide to the side, the plane of her sex buffeted by his powerful strokes. She was sweating, her body glistening, his hand sliding between her slick crack to rub salaciously over her sensitive anus. His finger pushed on her resisting hole, her ass rising up higher to escape the probing finger, driving his cock deep into her wet pussy. She felt him bury his cock deep inside her, the shuddering of his body against hers as his cock jerked in pleasure. His finger pushed hard against her anus, driving up inside her clenching hole as he came inside her, the first blast of cum shooting inside her like a cannon. It was all that she needed, her body trembling as she came with him, his cock growing inside her as he shot his hot crème deep inside her, his finger wiggling inside her rectum.

"Take it Jaz, take my cum inside you," his cock buried deep inside her as her fingers coaxed the cum from his balls. He could feel it shooting up the shaft to blast her hot insides, bathing her hot, tight pussy with his cum. He felt her hot asshole, the end of his finger buried in her resisting hole, feeling her muscles grip it so possessively as she came with him.

Her pussy rippled up and down his shaft as he pulled his cock out, spraying another load of cum inside her as it withdrew, only to push back in, driving his abundant sperm

deep inside her. He jerked inside her, a third load of cum bathing her insides as she came again, her hard sensitive nipples rubbing painfully against the hair on his chest, her asshole gripping his finger as if it were enjoying the rude fondling of her asshole.

Guy finally pulled up, letting her catch her breath, both of their breathing ragged. He rolled over to her side, pulling her over until she cradled in his arm, her naked body glistening from their intense lovemaking. Her hand was cradling his semi-hard cock, his hand lightly playing with one of her nipples. He kissed her, their tongues meeting, lashing back and forth over each other. He pulled back. "I hope that was up to your expectations?"

Jaz stroked his cock, feeling it get harder. "It will be as soon as I get this hard again."

It didn't take long before Jaz found herself on her knees, her head lying down onto the bed, Guy spreading her thighs wide as he kneeled behind her. His large hands pulled her cheeks apart unceremoniously, revealing her tiny anus and her wet pussy. She found herself impaled again on his thick cock, his hands on her hips controlling her movement as he fucked her for the second time. His hand reached under to find her clit, gripping it with two fingers to drive her hips up, his cock buried deep inside her. He fucked her for twenty minutes, his lust insatiable, finally cumming deep inside her for the second time while his fingers teased an orgasm from her, her clit pulled and slapped until she came. She fell asleep next to him, waking early. "I have to go," she whispered,

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kissing him on the mouth, her hand touching his hard cock, almost wishing she had time for one more fuck.

"And what am I to do with that?" he asked mournfully, teasing her as he gestured to his cock, which was already beginning to stir. Her hand felt so good on his throbbing flesh.

"Save it for me. It'll make the next time so much better." She bent her head down and kissed the tip of his cock. "See you at work," closing the door behind her as she went down to retrieve her car. It was six o'clock, just enough time to get home, take a shower and change her clothes.

CHAPTER 4

Lorinda Meets the Candidate

"You're smiling too damn much," Lorinda was jealous of Jaz. She shouldn't be that way this early in the morning. Only one thing could make a girl like that. Great sex. Lorinda was finishing up getting ready for work, listening to Jaz whistling as she got ready. Although she had used the vibrator last night, her mystery man was just a blur in her dream as he took her so demandingly, cumming as the fake phallus buzzed away between her legs.

"Sorry," Jaz tried to look less satisfied, but it was difficult.

"Well, at least tell me about it. Maybe I can live my sex life vicariously through you."

"He had a chocolate crème Brule, more roses and a large bed. It was the most romance I've had in a long time." Jaz paused, thinking. "If ever." She waited to see if she should tell Lorinda more. Her face looked as though she wanted to hear more. "And he took me in bed, sweeping me off my feet, his hands and mouth playing with my body." She paused again, letting it all set in. "And his cock drove me wild. I've never felt so satisfied in my whole life."

Lorinda was glad for Jaz, but also jealous. She needed someone. Not necessarily like Guy. While romance was nice, Lorinda was looking for a lover that would overpower her, bending her to his will. Using her body for his pleasure, Lorinda sure that his power over her would be more of an

aphrodisiac than anything she had ever felt. She moved close to Jaz, hugging her close to her. "I'm glad you're happy, though I resent your satisfaction a bit. I hope Guy is the man you are looking for."

"We'll soon see, since I will be around him quite a bit this week again. This week's candidate Michael Haff is going to be another tough one. We have so much to do again for his fund raising dinner." It would be long days again, but Jaz remembered how fulfilling it was when the dinner finally came around and proved to be so successful.

"At least he's single," Lorinda recalled seeing pictures of him, her mind already putting him in her dreams. He had the looks of a young Kennedy, a bit rugged but handsome. He was a charismatic speaker, able to charm the female voters while not alienating the male voters. He was thirty five and Lorinda wondered why he was still single, hoping that he wasn't gay. No, it couldn't be, some reporter would have caught it sooner.

"I'll let you meet with him the night before the dinner. Maybe he is the man you are looking for." Jaz felt a bit sorry for her, but she knew that Lorinda would have no trouble finding men to date, it was just going to be hard to find the man of her dreams. After all, dominant men didn't advertise and it was still the age of woman's liberation. If men weren't for female entitlement, they at least acted as if they were. Not exactly the type of man that would tie you down on the bed and take you forcefully. Not unless he was a rapist.

"Unless he has real dark desires that never were revealed by the countless reporters that delved into his life, I doubt it.

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We better get going, our boss will be looking for us. Especially you," she teased Jaz.

Jaz and Guy managed to keep their secret from the rest of the staff, though Lorinda caught their little glances at each other, but she was looking for such things. Everyone else was too busy, another hectic week of preparing for the second and final dinner before they would have to choose which candidate to back. Jaz spent most nights at their condo at the beach, though she did managed to have dinner with Guy one night, returning home late, Lorinda not even asking for details.

* * * *

It was Thursday night, and Lorinda was driving over to Michael Haff's house to go over the last minute details of tomorrow's fund raising dinner. She drove the short distance to La Jolla, finding his place easily, a large contemporary house overlooking the Pacific Ocean. She was a bit relieved when a maid opened the door, as she did not want any look of impropriety of a single girl visiting the single candidate to tarnish the dinner tomorrow. She was led into the living room, a wide expanse of glass opening up onto the ocean, the sound of the surf hitting the rocks in the background. She could smell dinner cooking, and could see the kitchen on the other side of the wall. A small window cut into the wall affording Lorinda a view of the staff and at least two others were preparing dinner. She looked around the room, it was different from what she expected. For a bachelor, it was definitely a home, not a house, with a lot of personal

possessions and pictures gracing the tables and walls. She looked at some of the pictures, mainly of Michael Haff with many important people, including the last Democratic President, Bill Clinton.

"I smoked a cigar with him," the voice came out from the other side of the room. Michael looked at Lorinda. He had heard of the two girls that were setting the world on fire, Jaz and Lorinda. He looked at Lorinda, the blue suit doing little to hide the gorgeous figure beneath it, the short skirt giving him a great view of long, tanned legs. *Settle down*, he said to himself. *This is business*.

Lorinda turned, a bit startled as she saw him. He was more handsome in person, and had a five o'clock shadow on his face, rugged features and large hands. Strange that she noticed his hands. "I wouldn't tell too many people that story. It might bring up strange images in their minds." She could only image Monica Lewinsky with a cigar in her pussy, Bill Clinton standing over her.

"I never thought of it that way before. Would you like to take off your jacket? I don't think we need to be that formal." He was dressed casually in a pair of jeans and a pullover, Lorinda having the advantage over him by dressing so formally.

"Thank you." She let the jacket slip off of her shoulders, laying it down on the large couch. She was wearing a white button down blouse, the top two buttons opened, leaving a bit of cleavage exposed. "You have a beautiful home, have you lived here long?"

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"About five years now. I love the ocean. I hear you live in Mission Beach." The maid came in, carrying two glasses of wine. "I hope you enjoy wine."

Lorinda took the glass of wine. "To a successful fund raiser tomorrow," she toasted, walking over to him until she could click her glass against hers.

"And more. To a successful campaign." He watched her as she took a sip of the wine.

"Yes, Jaz and I love the ocean also. I'm originally from Carlsbad." She enjoyed the wine. She sat down on the couch, Michael sitting in the chair across from her. She crossed her legs, his eyes not moving from her legs until she spoke again. Definitely a ladies man, she would have to watch him carefully if he was the one that ended up being the candidate, the party was ill equipped to handle a sex scandal.

"Yes, I know. And Jaz is from Kansas. What brought you to San Diego?"

He seemed to know quite a bit about her, just as Lorinda had learned all about him. "A chance to make a difference in Democratic politics. To win an election." She added. "And you can't knock the weather and the culture." She looked at him, very much in control and confident. Just the sort of person they needed in order to win the election. And his looks were a definite asset with the female voters, though they wouldn't be fooled by just good looks. There would have to be substance behind him and from what Lorinda had learned, Michael was very good.

"Well, you both come highly recommended and the party expects many great things from you. I understand Hector

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Chavez's fund raiser was very successful. I'm hoping that you can do the same for me." She was a beautiful girl, he thought. The tanned completion and blonde hair gave her the look of a California girl. He looked down, a lovely bit of cleavage showing. And those damn legs, so long and lean, his mind conjuring up too many images. *Control yourself, you need her to win the election, not to win her into your bed.*

"I guarantee that it will be just as successful if not more so. There are just a few details to discuss so that there will be no surprises tomorrow night. We want the fund raiser to go smoothly." Lorinda discussed the reception, the dinner and finally his speech, going over the important points that he was to stress, making sure that he would push the party platform and not his own agenda, at least until he became the candidate.

She was very intelligent and her wisdom of politics far exceeded her age. She learned at a young age through her father and always seemed to be one step ahead, an important trait to have in politics. Most elections were won by avoiding the unforeseen. But his eyes always traveled back to her legs. They continued to discuss tomorrow night's events until dinner was announced.

"Dinner is ready sir," the maid's voice intervened when their conversation stopped.

Michael got up, moving to the couch. He helped Lorinda up, his eyes taking in her body as she moved. He let his hand slip around her waist and Lorinda did not object to the movement as they walked into the dining room.

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He comfortably put his hand around her waist, and Lorinda held her breath, trying not to react to his touch, but she felt a strange shiver run through her body. He touched her with such confidence as if he already possessed her and the strange thing was that she accepted it so naturally. The dining room table was huge, but was set with both of them at one end, Michael pulling out her chair as she sat down. Dinner was excellent. "Do you eat like this all the time?"

"Heavens no. Most of the time I cook myself. I do have a maid here during the day. It's rather a big house to keep clean and my life is a bit hectic. I have a cook when I am entertaining, it makes it much easier to pay attention to my guests. With the excellent weather I entertain a lot outside, what with the ocean at my doorstep. It's a lot easier to entertain your guests and still barbecue." He watched her eat, watching her lips as she took each fork full of food into her mouth, his imagination conjuring up to many sexual visions. "Would you like some coffee in the living room?"

"Yes, that would be nice. Tell your cook it was a fabulous dinner." She waited until he pulled out her chair, his eyes glued to her legs as she got up. Lorinda made no attempt to cover the wide expanse of naked leg as she stood. They went back to the living room, Michael sitting opposite of her again. Lorinda crossed her legs. His eyes never left her legs. "Thank you," taking a sip of the coffee the maid brought out.

"Are your plans to stay with the campaign once the party decides on the candidate? You and Jaz," he added.

"We are in for the long haul. We both feel we can do a lot to help the candidate get elected." *She watched his face,*

wondering what was going on behind the large, blue eyes. What it would feel like to have those large hands touching her.

"And after the election? What would you like to do?" She was a beautiful girl, he was sure that she had a boyfriend, and found himself jealous of the unknown man.

"I can't speak for Jaz, but I hope to stay with the winner. I want to help in making the campaign promise into reality, to be able to fulfill the promises we gave to the voters." She had thought a lot about what she wanted to do. She hated leaving San Diego, but Washington was where it was all happening. If she was lucky enough to stay with the Senator that got elected, she could have both, shuttling back and forth between the two cities.

"A Senator needs a strong staff. People that can take charge and will get results. Too many politicians promise a lot and deliver little. One man, or woman," he added, "cannot do it alone. I'm not doing this for the money or the power. I have more than enough of both. I want to make California a place that the people can be proud of. The politician's reputation has been seriously tarnished by ex-Senator "Eagle" Thoringham. We need to make it up to our voters." He stopped, almost feeling as if he were making a speech. Maybe he was, making a speech to a party of one, someone that could either help or hinder his chance to be nominated by the party. He wasn't even sure if Lorinda realized the power Jaz and she had.

"I don't know if I should stand up and clap," she teased him. "I hope your speech tomorrow night is just as

empowering. She liked him. Liked him a lot. She looked at her watch. "It's getting late and there are lots of things to do tomorrow." She started to get up, and Michael rose with her.

"I hope I wasn't too pushy. I tend to be passionate about things." He helped her on with her jacket, enjoying the way her breasts pushed out the front of her blouse, catching a glimpse of a pair of lovely tits between the two open buttons on her blouse. His hand slid around her waist as he led her to the door, feeling almost too comfortable with her by his side.

"Are you passionate about everything you do?" His hand felt so protecting as he clutched her waist.

He led her to her car, opening the door, almost disappointed that his hand had to leave her body. "More than you can imagine," his eyes devouring her naked legs as she squeezed into the drivers seat.

"Thank you for the dinner. I'll see you early tomorrow afternoon. Don't worry, everything will go like clockwork."

"I expect nothing less from you," he added, closing the door. He watched as the lights of her car grew smaller in the distance, his hand reaching down to his hard cock. A very beautiful girl. And smart. An interesting combination.

* * * *

It was costing her a fortune, but she bought another new dress for the dinner, not wanting to find some of the same people seeing her in the same dress.

"Where is our candidate?" Jaz stood next to Lorinda, the staff bustling around getting the tables set up for the dinner. She had already checked on the kitchen staff, and the dinner

was already on the way to completion, ready for the thousand expected guests.

Lorinda turned to the door, seeing Michael walk into the room, all of the female's eyes on him as he entered. He was wearing a black tuxedo that Lorinda was sure was cut to fit him to perfection. God, he looked good.

"Stay away from him. It can only lead to trouble," Jaz seeing it in her eyes.

"And you should talk." She laughed. "Sleeping with the boss," she whispered to her.

"Okay, you got me there." She had seen Guy often, but Jaz made sure that she went home, not wanting to make it too serious. Yet. "If the election was by looks, he would win hands down."

"Yes, and look at those hands," Lorinda added.

Michael walked over to them, finding them easy to spot. "The two most beautiful girls in the place," his eyes ran over their bodies in the dresses that clung to their figures. "And the smartest politicians here," he added, hoping to not get into trouble.

"You were lucky you added that, otherwise we would have to sue you for sexual harassment." But Jaz could see the way he was looking at both of them, his eyes taking in every curve of their bodies. Not that it was bad, this guy was gorgeous. If she didn't have Guy she would probably be falling all over him. She saw the glint in Lorinda's eyes.

"And you must be Jasmine, I've heard many good things about you," taking her hand, his gaze met hers.

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"You can call me Jaz," she felt his powerful handshake, though it was more than that, his hand holding hers as he talked to her.

"Call me Michael. I want to thank you ahead of time for the success of tonight." He finally let loose her hand. "And good to see you again Lorinda," his hand took Lorinda's. He put both hands around hers, looked into her eyes, his cock stirring at the sight of her luscious body in the tight dress. He could make out every curve of her body, though he was sure that some of it was his imagination.

"I have some final arrangements to make," Jaz excused herself, and Lorinda and Michael barely noticed her leaving.

* * * *

The night went well. Every time Michael needed something, Lorinda was always nearby to jump in. She helped him when a guest took too much of his time, the guest almost forgetting him as a pretty girl took his place, ready with the right response. The speech went without hitches, with the crowd responding energetically to his positions.

"It was very successful Michael. Financially and politically. The guests seemed to be attuned to your speech." Lorinda was glad it was over, the crowd was leaving, Jaz had already excused herself, and Lorinda saw her and Guy slip out one of the side doors.

"It was as much your doing as mine. I was astonished to see you at my side all the time, ready to bail me out with just the right thing. You are very good at what you do. Both of you," Michael almost felt as if he were gushing too much,

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afraid it might have a negative effect on her decision. He left her to finish up, comfortable that the Democratic Party would make the correct decision.

* * * *

Jaz, Lorinda and Guy met early the next morning, going over the details of the two candidates.

"Michael made more money than Hector did, about 20% more." Guy was going over the financial aspects of the two fund raisers. "His contributions were all a higher dollar amount. Michael has been more prominent in Southern California politics than Hector so his reach is larger. Hector has a greater reach in San Diego local politics, especially in the large Latino districts."

"The survey results show that Hector's backers would be more inclined to support Michael, than Michael's backers would be willing to support Hector. There is still some political backlash after the problems Washington stirred up with immigration. Especially Latino's in California. They are just starting to feel their growing power, but are fearful of bucking the power of the party." Jaz was interrupting the results of the two surveys taken of the guests at the two fund raisers.

"Michael is way ahead with the female voters. Even the female Latino's. He has the Kennedy charisma from the sixties and seventies. He's handsome and a very persuasive speaker, able to sway an audience. His platform is broader to all of the population of Southern California while Hector's is targeted more towards the larger Latino population. I felt Hector expanded his platform to please the party, but his

main agenda would be to help the Latino population. It could prove hard to defend if the Republicans attack it. Lorinda had already made up her mind, but she tried to be unbiased in her reporting to Guy.

"I've heard some of the same things from the Party in Washington. They're afraid that Hector would be representing only a select group, though a powerful and expanding group, to the detriment of the rest of the populace." Guy had already heard of some of the misgivings. "It's important that we have broad based support." Guy let all the information sink in. "I know it is difficult, but I need a decision from both of you. Politics is a quick game, there is never enough time to gather all the data. A lot of it is pure gut feeling. And I need your recommendation now. The DSCC is waiting my decision. Jaz?"

"As much as I like Hector, the evidence points to Michael being the stronger candidate, more broad based support and able to win against the Republican candidate." Jaz felt good, at such a young age she was instrumental in deciding the fate of Southern California voters in the months to come.

"I agree. Plus Hector will be a strong backer of Michael. He realizes the importance of keeping within the confines of the Party. If it isn't him, then another Latino will soon get the nod from the party. He'll keep his backers together behind the candidate." Lorinda liked Michael as the candidate.

"Than it is unanimous. I concur with both of your excellent conclusions. Both candidates will be here at one. The DSCC will stamp their approval on the decision. I will tell them, Hector first, then Michael." Guy waited, letting the girls bathe in their decisions. "I will go back to Washington, but I expect

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to make frequent trips out here." He looked at Jaz, both of them had already talked about the change. While not trying to be too possessive, they already talked about a long-distance relationship and the problems associated with it. But with the busy election, they hoped it would work. And then there was the hope that Guy might talk Jaz into coming to Washington in the future.

"Michael will have the final choice, but I don't think he would be foolish enough not to have both of you being instrumental in his campaign. It's a short election, only two months. He needs to begin running tomorrow and will need all the help he can muster. Expert help." Guy was impressed with both of them.

CHAPTER 5

The Election Begins

"Do you know where we are going?" Jaz got into Lorinda's car, both of them dressed for work, but not sure where and why.

"I have the directions," Lorinda quickly transferred onto the 5 Freeway north, a short distance to La Jolla. She got off at University Drive, turning right, the tall buildings of the financial part of town looming up quickly as if they were out of place in the beach community. La Jolla was the Beverly Hills of San Diego County, the place where the affluent lived, the financial firms following the wealth. She took the second right, pulling into the first parking lot, a large, black modern building with Bank of America on the top. She stopped the car in the first parking space, the parking lot was half empty, with most firms not starting until after nine.

"Nice building. Did Michael say why he wanted us to meet him here?" Their heels clicked on the concrete as they walked to the front entrance, opening up the door with ease. As soon as they entered the large lobby they heard his voice.

"Over here girls."

Lorinda caught sight of him first, Michael, dressed in a sport coat and slacks, without a tie, was standing next to the suite closest to the elevators. He held the door open, the windows of the suite covered with paper preventing anyone from seeing inside.

"Welcome to the Michael Haff for Senate Campaign Headquarters." It had been going over and over in his head since he learned that the party would back his election. He liked the sound of it, but would like Senator Michael Haff much better. That was why Lorinda and Jaz were there. He was impressed with their work, and Guy's recommendation carried a lot of weight. Guy had told him about his relationship with Jaz, not wanting to unduly influence him because of his personal relationship. Michael had suspected it since it was not hard to see it in both of their eyes as they looked at each other. Both girls were extremely attractive, but what attracted him more to Lorinda than Jaz was how smart she was. She had this innate skill in politics, always one step ahead of everyone else and she seemed to be always around when a difficult situation arose, always ready with just the right thing to say or do that would allow him to slip from the noose. This was a very powerful tool in a public political race, devastating revelations were exposed every day during a campaign that could kill the candidate if not handled with finesse and skill. He opened the door, letting them enter the cavernous lobby, their heels clicking on the tile floors. It had been a law office of a very large firm that had merged with another. He had gotten in relatively inexpensively, because the owner of the building was his friend and willing to let him have it for the short time that the election would take. And it would be a nice donation for his tax return.

"Very impressive. Worthy of the next Senator from Southern California," Lorinda smiled at Michael.

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"And close to home. For all of us," Jaz added. "I presume you want us here to do more than show off your new digs."

"I was hoping you would be impressed and be willing to be my first employees. The election is only two months away and I desperately need two people that can put together a staff and campaign in a short period of time and get me elected." He looked at both of them, hoping for the right answer.

Jaz looked at Lorinda, nodding to her. They had talked about being part of the campaign, but they didn't expect this much responsibility. Not that they couldn't handle it, just not sure they would be afforded the opportunity with so little experience. "We would consider it an honor."

Lorinda quickly interjected. "But we will have to discuss pay. It cost us a small fortune just for clothes for the campaign events." Lorinda was pushing their luck, but her credit card bill was already increasing at astronomical rates.

"I can do even better than that. I think you were underpaid by the DSCC, but then they didn't know how skilled you are when they hired you. I will increase your pay to \$70,000 per year, each." He saw their eyes light up. He needed them enthused, not hungry for money. "As far as clothes, I have some friends in the entertainment industry. One of them supplies clothes to the film studios. Not only for the shooting of movies, but also for the stars. He supplies the dresses you see on the red carpet for the stars that aren't on the "A" list. The ones that the top designers wouldn't give their dresses away to for free. You will have your choice of any of his clothes. He just so happens to have a small warehouse and studio in La Jolla and if you can't find what

you want, his main warehouse is in LA." He hoped that would satisfy them, knowing it was important that they looked good, a male donor never turning down a sexy girl for a donation. It might sound sexist, but it was true.

The thought of an unlimited wardrobe was more than they could have imagined, never mind the time they would save in shopping. "Sold," both girls chimed in.

"Well step this way to your offices girls." He stopped for a second. "I hope you aren't offended when I call you both girls, I call all females girls."

"Politics is still male orientated. We don't offend easily. Now show us our offices," Lorinda responded.

Their offices were large and plush, sure that they were previously reserved for the partners of the law firm. Both of them were right next to Michael's, always available to their boss.

They were sitting at the small conference table in his office, at their first meeting. "Jaz, I want you to handle all of the media buying and strategy. You can get all the talent you want, but I want your judgment to be final. Some of these people having been doing it so long they know only one way, which is not necessarily the right way. I want fresh ideas. Can you handle it?"

"The budget?" Jaz responded enthusiastically.

"I have a campaign Treasurer coming in today. He is another friend of mine, a CFO of a very large biotech company in La Jolla. He's taking a two month leave of absence to help out. He will give you the current budget, though I am sure that it will change rapidly. The DSCC wants

this election and we're going to deliver it to them. As you're finding out, I am well connected in California. If you need something, tell me, I probably have a friend that can help you."

Lorinda waited to see what she would do. Things were getting more exciting every moment.

"Lorinda, you are to coordinate my personal appearances and my platform. You'll work closely with Jaz to make sure that my appearances take advantage of our advertising. This is going to be a high profile campaign. I have no doubt that somewhere along the way the Republican's will turn this campaign dirty. We're not going down that road, but I need you to make sure that my side of the accusations gets more prominent treatment than theirs." He waited to let it sink in. "As you know, I can sway a crowd when I speak. I need you to get me into the right places, places where I can meet the voters that will turn this election. And I need your help in sculpting my message to the voters. Especially the female voters."

"Don't worry Michael, we wouldn't let you down. You'll be heading for Washington before you can pack your bags." Lorinda was psyched up, both of them eager to get started.

"You'll both have a large staff, so make sure you get good people to help oversee them. You can't do everything yourself, and I'm going to take large amounts of your time and effort. And long hours. By time this election is over you probably be sick of me. Don't forget the opportunities after the election. You get me elected and you can write your own ticket. Or you can stay with me, I'm going to need a staff as

Senator. Here and in Washington." He wanted their dedication.

The meeting ended, as there was much work to begin. Michael stopped Jaz before she left, closing the door for a moment. "I hope I can count on you for the full two months. Guy told me about your relationship. I just need your assurance that you'll be around to the end."

Jaz knew of Guy's conversation with Michael, and was not surprised that he brought it up. "Guy and I discussed it last night. You have my undying support at least to the end of the election. When you become Senator," she confidently added. e Hee He

"Thanks, that's all I can ask. Now let's get to work."

* * * *

Jaz remembered their conversation last night, a hint of something in the future, but no promises. She had shown up at his hotel room, dinner on the patio as the sun slowly set, the night already turning cooler.

'Let's go inside. You look like you're getting cold." Jaz was still wearing the clothes from today, the jacket gone from the suit, her short skirt revealing her shapely legs.

"Why, are you trying to seduce little old me?" She gave him her best southern accent.

"I was hoping you would seduce me," pulling out the chair, his eyes on her legs as she got up. He sat down on the couch next to her, his arm around her shoulder, Jaz cuddling up to him. She pulled her legs up onto the couch, snuggling close to him. "You know I have to leave tomorrow."

She nodded to him. She knew it would happen someday, it just seemed so fast. She hadn't met a man like Guy before and she hated to see him go.

"I'm confident that Michael will hire you for his campaign. You and Lorinda have done a tremendous job and he needs both of you to get elected. And I think it would be great for you. And your career. I would love to ask you to come to Washington, but I think you need to finish up this with Michael first. I don't want you in Washington as my lover. I could see it in your eyes on your first day, you have a passion for politics. This campaign will be your turn to shine. And put you in demand." He could smell her perfume, growing accustomed to having her so close to him, feeling so comfortable with her snuggled next to him.

He was right. She didn't go to college to waste her degree. She enjoyed the last couple of weeks working on selecting the right candidate, proud of how she had responded to the challenges thrown in front of her. She wanted more, much more. Yet she also wanted Guy, but she couldn't pass up the opportunity to work on Michael's campaign. Opportunities like that didn't come around very often. To some, they never came around. "What about us?"

"I'm going to be out here often, at least every two weeks for a couple of days each time. You're going to be busy, extremely busy. It's going to be a hard campaign, but I have every confidence that you'll pull it out." He waited to judge her reaction. "When it's over, we need to talk again. To see where we want to go with our relationship."

She lifted her head up, her hand lightly touching his cheek, the familiar smell of his cologne filling her nose. She wanted to say I love you, but she knew it was too soon. Afraid that she might scare him off. Instead she kissed him, her lips gently touching his, the feel of his lips on hers almost natural as if they fit together. His tongue moved into her mouth, Jaz opening to allow him access, her tongue meeting his as they lashed out at each other. She could feel the familiar stirring between her legs as she sat up in the couch. She felt his hand reach out to the front of her blouse, his large hand encircling on her breasts, her nipple already hard at the thought of his touch. Her hand moved down to his leg, running up and down the top of his leg, teasing him, knowing that his cock was growing, eager to touch it, eager to feel it inside her. "MMMMM," she moaned in pleasure as his hand explored her breast. Their kiss broke apart, her lips wet from his, her breathing already heavy.

He touched her cheek gently, his other hand reaching down to the front of her blouse. She didn't stop him when he began to unbutton her blouse, carefully opening each button, her tanned breasts rising and falling in anticipation. Her hand rubbed his leg, and Guy wished she would move it higher, his cock jerking in his pants as she teased so close to it. "You're teasing me," his hands pulling her blouse to the sides.

She grinned at him. "Play with my nipples and I'll touch your cock." He almost tore her blouse from her, with Jaz helping to unbutton the sleeves, throwing it on the chair. She turned her back to him, but not before she let her hand graze over his cock, feeling it jerk as she barely touched it. His

hands unsnapped her bra with a deft flick of his hand, his hands sliding the bra straps off of her shoulders. She let the bra slip off of her, turning back towards him, both of her nipples hard and swollen, aching to be touched by him. "My, we certainly are eager tonight. Are you going to be this way when you come back?"

"Worse," he exclaimed. His head lowered to one breast, his mouth sucking her swollen nipple into his mouth, his waiting tongue bathing it with his saliva, slapping back and forth over the hard tip. "MMMMM," was the only thing he could say, sucking her breast deep into his mouth as her hand reached out and gripped his cock, her fingers pinching the head of his cock as it jerked in pleasure. His other hand cradled her other breast, two fingers snapping at the hard tip, feeling it throb in desire. He heard the sound of his zipper being pulled down, held his breath when she felt her hand fumbling inside his pants, sighed in pleasure as she gripped his cock, his shorts the only thing keeping her hot hands from his cock.

Jaz leaned back on the couch as Guy played with her nipples, she enjoyed a man that paid such attention to them that he did. Her hands reached inside his pants, finding his hard cock straining to get out. She gripped it tight in her hand, slowly sliding up and down the thick shaft. "How would you like to have your cock cradled between my tits?"

Guy needed no further encouragement, the thought of those lovely tits snuggled tightly around his cock as well as having her mouth so close excited him. He got up, looked down at her as she lay down on the couch, her arms pulled up over her head, her breasts straining up into the air, her

nipples wet from his urgent sucking. He took off his clothes as she watched him, Guy almost felt like a stripper as he lowered his pants, his shorts the final garment to be tossed to the floor. He stood naked in front of her, her eyes on his cock as his hand reached down and stroked it until it grew. "Do you want this?"

Jaz licked her lips, lust in her eyes as she watched him strip naked for her, almost as if she controlled him, making him perform for her, all for the chance to touch her body. "Let's go into the bedroom where we'll have more room." She said getting up from the couch, moving towards the bedroom. She reached down and gripped his cock in one hand. "And bring this along with you," she teased him, leading him by his cock as they went into the bedroom. He didn't hesitate, following her. She lay down on the bed, her arms over her head, arching her back to stick her tits out farther. "Climb on," her hands reached down to cradle her breasts together. "Put them right here."

Guy couldn't wait any longer, her hands on his cock making it throb with desire. Even when she led him by his cock, it was her soft hands on his cock that he thought about as she led him into the bedroom. He kneeled onto the bed, scrambling until he straddled her chest, his balls slowly settling down onto her chest as his hands gripped his cock and settled it into the pillows of breasts that her hands had made for him. He pushed down farther, feeling her folding her warm flesh around his cock, her firm flesh covering his cock as it throbbed with desire. He couldn't help himself, his hips already began to move, and he stroked his cock back and

forth between her breasts as she snuggled them tightly around his cock. He reached over to the nightstand, picked up the bottle of KY warming oil. He rubbed some on his cock, as he settled back between the pillows of breast flesh.

"You have that just in case of emergencies?" Jaz teased him, her hands cradling her breasts around his cock as he settled back down. She pushed her breasts hard around his cock until she felt her nipples touching his shaft. His hips began to move again, this time his cock sliding with ease, teasing her nipples each time he moved back and forth. She could feel his balls rubbing on her, the heavy sack swollen with his cum.

"I was expecting you," his hips drove his cock back and forth between her breasts, her hands making it so tight, almost as if he was fucking her pussy. "I knew the oil would be of some use."

She looked down, watching the head of his cock slip from between her breasts, glistening in the light, Jaz was not sure if it was the oil or his pre-cum, but each time his hips drove it farther out her breasts. She propped her head up on the pillow, his hips driving up and down, her mouth slightly open. She knew what he wanted, her mouth opening into a wide 'O', waiting for him. She didn't have to wait long, his hips pumping his cock with deeper strokes until she felt the head of his cock enter over her lips. She tasted the salty taste of his cum mixed with the oil on her lips, but she knew that he was beyond control now, his hips moving faster with each stroke.

He almost came when he felt her hot breath on the head of his cock, eager to feel her lips tightly around his shaft. He wasn't going to last long, expecting to go again after emptying his first load of cum, sure that she would make him rise to the occasion for the second time. Her lips gripped the head of his cock so tight, her tongue racing from the back of her mouth to slap the end of his cock until he felt his cum leaking onto her waiting tongue. He thrust his hips hard, shoving his cock deep into her mouth, her breasts straining to keep them pillowed in her firm flesh.

She began to swallow his cock into her mouth, releasing her hands from her breasts, Guy more eager to take her in her mouth. She reached around to cradle his balls from behind, her first touch surprising him, Jaz choking as he shoved too far, the head of his cock banging against her tonsils. His fingers didn't abandon her, gripping her twin breasts in his powerful handles, cradling them around his hard cock. She could feel her hard nipples rubbing along his shaft as he pumped his slick cock up and down her cleavage. She heard his raspy breathing, moaning in pleasure as her tongue ran up and down his shaft. Her hips began to move, wishing that his cock was between her legs, but she knew that it would only be a matter of time, not allowing him too much rest before she would get him hard again, a thought racing into her mind. Yes, that would be so diabolical. Hi

She squeezed his balls harder when she heard him cumming, his hips driving his cock deeper into her mouth, her tongue racing over the throbbing member as he came, the

first spurt of his cum shooting up the thick shaft to fill her waiting mouth with his hot, salty crème.

Her mouth was like a hot oven, her tongue dancing over his cock as he fucked her. He came when she grabbed his balls, surprised by not only the touch, but how hard she did it, feeling her fingers gripping his balls, driving the cum into her willing mouth. "OH, GGGODDD," a second load of cum filled her mouth, her cheeks bulging out, her throat bobbing up and down as she tried to swallow his abundant cum. One of her hands gripped his shaft, pumping it until he dumped another load of cum, and Jaz coughed as she tried to swallow.

He kept spewing his cum in her mouth so that Jaz had to breathe through her nose as she tried to swallow the thick crème, her hand pumping his cock as a second and third load filled her mouth and Jaz felt some of his hot cum running down her chin. She finally felt his cock shrinking in her mouth, her tongue lapping at it, cleaning the thick crème from the shrinking shaft. He pulled his cock from her mouth, her lips tightly around it, not wanting it to leave. It slapped on her chin before he moved off of her and Jaz was finally able to breathe easily again. She turned to him, kissing him on her mouth, his tongue moving into her, sure that he could taste his own cum as they kissed. Their kiss broke, Guy lay down next to her, Jaz cradled in his arm again. Her hand reached down to cup his cock. "And don't you dare turn over and fall asleep." Her hand was already stroking his semi-hard cock.

"Don't worry, I still have the rest of your body to explore," feeling his cock already stirring Guy wondered that her body

never failed to excite him. Jaz's hands were already running up and down his shaft, and Guy felt his cock stirring, semi-hard. He was already taking off her skirt, her panties quickly revealing her arousal, the front of them wet with her desires. His hands stroked the front panel, his fingers drawing together her labia, pinching it tight as he stroked his hand up and down. He slipped one finger between her drawn out lips, pushing the panties into the hot, humid depths of her slit, her hips rising up as his finger moved from the top of her slit to the bottom, being careful to avoid touching her clit, teasing her. Her hand moved quicker as his cock rose to the occasion, feeling it jerk to erection from her talented hand. Her fingers would play over the head, a fingernail scratching lightly just under the head to make it jerk in pleasure, just the right amount of pain and pleasure.

She could cum from all of his fingers, but she fought the urge, waiting for him to take her panties off. He grew impatient, eager to get her naked, raising up her ass from the bed, her panties sliding down her legs, having to release his cock as he stripped her naked. She spread her legs, his fingers returning, this time finding her hot and open, sliding deep inside her with a single thrust of his fingers that drew a gasp from her lips.

He pushed two fingers inside her, finding her hot and tight, her insides clenching on his fingers as her hips arched up, Jaz moaning in pleasure as he took her unexpectedly. He put one finger on her clit, driving down to grind her clit onto her pelvic bone as he fingers turned and twisted inside her, her insides drenching his fingers. He pulled her up, his fingers inside her

directing her body, her ass arched up high on the bed. She was ready to cum.

She pulled his fingers from her pussy, almost regretting the decision, feeling empty and unfulfilled. She saw the surprised look on his face, almost as if he had done something wrong. "On your back," she ordered him with a commanding voice.

He didn't know what to expect, her tone had changed quickly, his cock felt deserted, and his fingers wet with her juices. She seemed determined, and Guy was not able to resist her impulses. He turned over onto his back, watching as she knelt up, his eyes staring between her legs as she spread them wide to straddle his hips. Her pussy lips pulled back, stretched, showing her wet, pink glistening insides. "Your wish is my command. What may I do to serve the Lady?" He used his best English accent.

She smiled down as she moved up his body, drawing her body forward until her knees were almost along the side of his head, his eyes staring so intimately at her spread pussy, his breath blowing on her pussy. "Your tongue. Service me with your tongue. Do me good and I will reward you." She teased him back. She watched as his tongue snaked out of his mouth, her hips pushing forward until she shuddered, his wet tongue touching her inner lips so intimately.

Her hips drove forward until he was almost crushed by her body, his tongue licking at her salty juices, driving up and down her slit as her hips began to move back and forth. At times she got so carried away in her passion that she crushed

her mound into his lips, driving her hips forward with a powerful thrust, his tongue crushed between their bodies.

"Inside me. Your tongue inside me," she managed to blurt out passionately, her hips rising up to allow his tongue the access she sought so desperately. She was ready to cum and she wanted to cum in his mouth, just as he had done to her. "Oh, God, YES!" She felt his tongue enter her, just like a tiny cock that bore inside her, pushing aside all resistance, moving like a snake back and forth. Her hips danced on his face, unable to control her passion any longer, her head thrown back, a scream of passion torn from her lips as she came. Came on the tongue that fucked deep into her pussy. His hands gripped her hips, keeping her pinned against him as she spent in his mouth, feeling her juices flooding his tongue. She couldn't control herself, her hips fighting his hands as he held her while his tongue ravished her hot insides, driving a second orgasm that raced through her body.

He finally released her, able to breathe again as she slid off. He licked his lips, finding them soaked in her juices, smiling as she looked almost embarrassed. "Was the Lady satisfied?"

She cuddled up against him, finding his rock hard cock pressed against her hip. "Yes, though I cannot say the same for my Lord."

"There was a promise of a reward. A substantial reward." He waited, his hips moving as he rubbed against her warm skin.

"Give me a minute." Her body was exhausted by the orgasms that raced through her body.

"I can amuse myself." He turned her until her back was towards him. His hands began to stroke her ass, enjoying her cheeks, her butt pushed back submissively against him. His fingers lightly traced up and down her crack, seeing her body tremble as he passed so close between the tightly clenched cheeks.

He was running his finger from the top of her crack all the way down to her wet pussy, a shiver running through her body as she clenched her cheeks together, remembering the way he had played with her anus before. It only took a few minutes before she found herself on her knees, her head lying down on the bed, her legs spread wide as Guy took her from behind, his hands playing with her body as he thrust in and out of her with powerful strokes that slammed his body against her ass with a thud. His hands made her body dance on his cock, taking a long time until they both came again, his hot cum filling her pussy with his seed, her insides clenching onto his cock as she came with him.

She stayed the night this time, making love again in the morning before she took him to the airport, a passionate kiss in the car before she drove off to meet Lorinda for their meeting with Michael. Her emotions were mixed, her lust sated by their lovemaking, sadness at his departure, excitement at the meeting with Michael and what it would mean, all coming together at one time to confuse her. He

CHAPTER 6

Passion Aroused

It only took two days before the campaign headquarters was busting at the seams. Jaz and Lorinda found such excellent talent, all of them seeking out positions, wanting to work for a candidate of such excellent caliber as Michael. All of them wanted to ride his coattails to success. Jaz couldn't believe the amount of money that poured in once Michael announced his candidacy. Many could see the writing on the wall, wanting more influence with Michael when he won. And the DSCC had been more than generous, Guy had explained that Michael's election was one of their more important ones, California important to the party, hoping to counteract some of the power of the Republican Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger.

The days were hectic, the nights almost the same. If they weren't at a fund raiser, they were preparing for it, many nights spent going over strategy at Michael's home, Jaz and Lorinda huddled with Michael until late. The three of them were almost inseparable. Only when Guy came to town did it change. Michael met with Guy, but then Lorinda found herself alone with Michael on Saturday night, when Jaz and Guy took the night off to be alone.

"I hope it doesn't make you uncomfortable to be here alone," Michael said to her. Lorinda had come over as usual, the days just too hectic to get much of Michael's time alone,

at night time when they didn't have a fundraiser was the only option.

Lorinda sat back in the couch, dressed in a pair of shorts and short top that left a wide expanse of naked stomach exposed. She had never even thought about it before, the campaign too intense. Her personal life had been non-existent since she started with Michael. She had been asked out more times than she had ever, but she thought most of them were more interested in getting closer to Michael than her. She looked over at Michael, seeing him dressed casually for the first time, a pair of khaki shorts and a dark pullover clinging to his chest. He seemed more relaxed tonight. The campaign had been progressing with excellent results, Michael ahead in the polls by ten points, but it was still a month away before the election. A lot could happen in a month. It was too early to call it. "Not at all. This has been the first time I have been able to relax in a month. I hope you don't mind the casual dress. I just had to get out of skirts for once. It's been a while since I even been to the beach, yet I live just eighty-six steps from it."

"I know, both of you have been working your asses off. And with great results. You two were the best things for me. I appreciate what you have given up for this campaign." He looked at her. Really looked at her. Not as a person that was working for him but as a female. A very attractive female. "We can remedy that. I just happened to have one of the nicest beaches around. It's fairly lit up. How about a walk on the beach? It's warm tonight." He stood up, extending his hand out to her.

She reached out her hand, feeling his large hand encircle her so gently. She remembered the first day she met him, his hands one of the first thing she noticed about him. How large they were. She almost blushed when the thoughts returned about his hands. How they would feel around her. How they would feel touching her naked flesh. She got up, Michael still holding her hand as they walked out the back door. Many of the houses near Michael's had lights shining on the beach, illuminating it. She could smell the salt air, hear the pounding of the waves on the rocks and beach as they moved down a flight of stairs among the rocks, finally reaching the sand. She bent down and took off her sandals, Michael kicking off the moccasins.

"You can leave them here. I don't think anyone will steal them." They walked down to the edge of the water, letting their feet get wet as the surf came in. They walked, talking, not about politics, but about life and each other. Personal things.

"Do you mind if I ask you why you never married?" He always seemed to find a date for the fund raisers, and Lorinda recognized the names, girls in the social register. All eligible and single, Michael would be a catch for any of them. But each time he had a new one, as if a second date would be a major commitment for him.

"A combination of things. Politics is a jealous mistress. She doesn't like to share, taking much of my time to get to this place in life. I have been very successful in life, able to join the high society, a place where I feel comfortable, but where the type of girl I enjoy is not prevalent." He looked over at

her, her figure highlighted by the moon, his cock stirring.
Settle down, business and pleasure doesn't mix.

"And what type of girl is that?" This was getting interesting, maybe he had a dark side that he would reveal to her.

"Don't get me wrong Lorinda. It's not that I'm looking for hookers on the street." He waited, seeing her reaction. "I guess I'm looking for a down to earth girl. Yes, I love beauty, but I also love brains and power. They are a much more attractive feature. I want someone with ambition to be something more than Mrs. Michael Haff. I don't want to share my life, I want someone to share our life."

"You don't find that type of person very easily. Especially with a powerful figure as yourself. It would be hard to stand along side you equally. Are you willing to wait to find that special someone?" Lorinda had always found Michael interesting. And handsome. Driven, almost to fault, wanting perfection, driving the people that worked for him to perfection, something that Lorinda understood and respected. There were many politicians that would do anything to get elected. Anything, morally right or wrong.

"I never compromised my ideals yet in my life. I'm not about to with something as important as a life partner." They continued to walk.

"And sexually. Do you want your partner to be an equal in bed?" Lorinda was brazen, the dark night giving her a cover for her bold question.

"You don't pull any punches, do you?" He was a little shocked by her question, but also enticed by it. There were

not many girls he knew that even discussed sexuality, preferring to found out in bed, often when it is too late to find that they weren't sexually compatible.

"I'm not a reporter," she joked. "You don't have to answer if it makes you uncomfortable." She gave him the out, not wanting to embarrass him.

"No," he interjected. "I just don't want to offend you. I tend to like my women in bed to be the opposite of what I like in public." He let his sentence sink in.

"And how might that be. On her knees in front of you." She laughed as soon as she said it, the image flashing through her mind. "Sorry, I didn't mean to make fun of you."

"Not at all," grinning at her comment, the thought of putting his hands on her shoulders and forcing her to her knees, his cock bobbing in front of her face her mouth opened in surprise.

"I'm sure there are many submissive women out there. Ready to cater to you sexually." The conversation was getting intense.

"Yes, but don't forget, I still want the strong, ambitious woman in public. Otherwise, I'm back to the street hooker," he laughed. They began to turn back, the night becoming cooler.

"And you think there are women out there like you want?" She wondered what he was looking for.

"I can only hope. Do you think there are? Or should I give up?" He had always been under the assumption that his ideal girl was out there. *What if she didn't even exist?*

"I guess it would make a difference on how dark your desires are." They were nearing the back steps of his house again. The darkness would be gone, the conversation too intense for the light of the house.

"I think for a truly submissive girl, it wouldn't matter."

"So it wouldn't matter to her. Her role would be to satisfy you. No matter what your desires." She looked at him as they were about to enter the house, trying to see if he was just playing with her, or these were his true desires.

"It sounds worse than it is. Many women now do the exact thing, willing to do anything in the bedroom to keep their husbands. But this would be different. The girl I'm looking for would enjoy this role. Even relish it sexually."

Michael opened the door for her, the bright lights of the living room taking away the anonymity of the darkness. "Just be careful you don't tell any reporters of this philosophy. It's safe with me though."

Once they entered the living room again, the conversation turned back to the election. They discussed next week's schedule as if the conversation never happened.

All the while Lorinda was talking to Michael her mind was racing, trying to fathom what he meant. Trying to imagine what he desired. She had always had these strange dreams and desires, even going so far as discussing them with Jaz. Wanting to be taken by a strong stranger. Not raped, but almost as if a lover would take her, tying her down, forcing his intentions on her body, Lorinda was unable to resist his advances, forced to perform for him, no act too perverse. Each time she thought about it, she would find her hands

between her legs, masturbating until she came, a powerful orgasm racing through her body as her lover took his lust out on her bound body.

Michael could see that her mind was elsewhere, hoping that their conversation didn't hinder their relationship. He decided to end it early, excusing himself, Lorinda almost grateful that she could leave. "I hope I didn't scare you with my secrets." His hand reached out, touching hers, feeling a shock run through them as they touched.

She felt his hand on hers, her heart racing at the thought of him in her bed, his hands holding her down as he slowly stripped her body naked. "Not in the least. I enjoy a man that is not afraid of his own desires." She looked down, almost making out his cock pushing out his pants, or was she just imagining it, his thoughts arousing her. She couldn't wait to get home, her vibrator ready beside her bed. Tonight her thoughts would return to Michael, this time in a new light. The stranger in her bed would be Michael. He walked her to her car, holding the door open for her as she got in.

"See you tomorrow. And I hope Jaz." They would be working Sunday, a big fundraiser in San Ysidro, compliments of Hector Gomez. He watched as she drove off, their conversation arousing him. He went back into the house, quickly closing it up, going to bed. He slipped between the sheets, his hands finding his cock still hard. He closed his eyes as he stroked his cock, the sight of Lorinda in the shorts and top racing through his mind, cumming in the handful of Kleenex that had lay next to the bed. He fell asleep, but

found himself awake before the sun came up, his hand already stroking his hard cock.

Jaz wasn't home, though Lorinda really wasn't expecting her. She turned off the light, going into the bedroom. Alone. She slowly stripped off her clothes, her imagination getting the best of her, forced to strip naked for Michael, sitting in the chair watching her as she got undressed. Lay on the bed, legs spread wide, she could hear his voice in her head as she lay down on the bed. Her legs began to open until they touched the edges of the mattress, the queen size bed making her legs ache as they spread so wide. She could imagine the ropes as they tightened on her wrists, her arms thrust up high over her head, touching the top two corners as Michael prepared her. She could see his eyes, staring between her widely spread legs, his cock jerking in his pants as he took the rope and tied them around her slim ankles, the harsh rope digging into her flesh. She tugged on each leg, the rope holding her fast to the corners, her naked body began to sweat, even in the cool air of the room as she found herself naked, her limbs spread in an "X", Michael taking off his clothes, stroking his naked cock next to her face. He pulled her head to the side as he kneeled on the bed, Lorinda suddenly found her mouth impaled with his hot flesh, her lips speared by his hard cock. His hands urged her head back and forth, her lips stretched wide around the shaft of his cock as his hips pumped his cock in and out of her unwilling mouth.

She pushed the vibrator between her legs, finding her sex drenched in her juices, the buzzing breaking the silence of the room, her body jerking as the unyielding plastic vibrator

pushed aside all resistance, sliding unopposed into the hot depths of her wet pussy. She could feel it vibrating inside her as her mind moved back to Michael, his hands more demanding, forcing more and more of his thick cock into her mouth, his cock jerking as she choked and gagged. She fought him, but the bondage prevented only token resistance and his hands held her head tightly as he bounced her up and down on this cock. He pushed to the back of her mouth, paused as she gagged, the thick helmet of his cock pushing against the resisting opening to her throat, her heart racing, sucking air through her nose, her mouth plugged with his thick cock. She shook her head back and forth, his cock following her every futile move to escape, a sudden jerk of his hips shoving his cock into her throat as she choked, her throat opening, his cock head racing to plug the tight opening. It felt like a giant snake forcing its way inside her gullet, alive and moving as his hips forced it deeper into her throat and her muscles fought every painful inch. She could only imagine his pleasure, her muscles rippling up and down his shaft as she choked and gagged, her cheeks covered with her tears, his balls sitting on her lips as he forced his cock deep into the depths of her throat, holding steady as she gagged.

She moved the vibrator over her clit, her body jerking in pleasure as she came, three fingers inside her clenching pussy as the orgasm raced through her body, her nipples swelling in pleasure as she came, the vibrator relentless in extracting every last ounce of pleasure from her swollen clit. Her mind raced back to Michael as he pulled his cock from her

throat, just in time to shoot the first of many loads of hot, salty cum into her unwilling mouth, her cheeks bulging as she was filled with his crème. He was relentless, his hand pumping his cock into her mouth, another load of cum making her choke, his cum slowly sinking to fill her stomach with his seed. She came one last time as he made her lick his cock, licking the last of his cum from shaft, forcing her to clean it as it withdrew from her mouth, his cum dripping down her chin, her lips shiny with his cum. She fell asleep quickly, the vibrator back in her drawer, but not before it entered her mouth, her tongue licking it clean as if Michael was forcing her to do.

CHAPTER 7

The Election

Michael wasn't sure if it was luck, skill or both, but it was down to the wire, and the voting booths would be opening in an hour. There had been crises, but between Jaz and Lorinda the problems were avoided and in many cases the advantage taken. He was ahead by fifteen points, but voters could be fickle, and of course, the only poll that ultimately counted was the final voter count. Michael began to get dressed, Lorinda always seemed to be in his head lately. The three of them were inseparable for the last two months, but there seemed to be something growing between Lorinda and himself. Even Jaz sensed it though she never said anything. She just gave them more space to be alone than at the beginning. Michael's thought raced back to the night on the beach and their conversation on Michael's sexual preferences. It didn't seem to scare her off, in fact it seemed to make her more interested in him. He could imagine himself next to her, her perfume in his head, touching her. The telephone rang loudly, breaking the trance he was in.

"Hello." It was Jaz, actually Jaz and Lorinda both on the line.

"Let's get going Senator Elect Michael Haff," they both chimed in together. "We're waiting for you at your polling place. In fact we are the few among a thong of reporters, all waiting for you." They had been there for hours now, calling

up stations that didn't have reporters there, trying to get as much free coverage as they could on this important day.

"I'm leaving right now," he hurried to finish getting dressed, the telephone pinned between his chin and shoulder as he slipped into his shoes. He hung up, racing to get there, knowing how important it was to get his face and name on the early morning news.

The reporters crowded around his car before he could even get out, but Lorinda and Jaz pushed them aside until they were next to him, making sure that the results were perfect. He put his arm around Lorinda's waist, almost as if he were protecting her from the swarm of reporters instead of the other way around. She slipped comfortably next to him as the three of them walked up to the polling place, the flicker of flashes and the sounds of the reporter's voices in the background.

"How confident are you with the election?" One of the reporters shouted out to be heard above the others.

"I have an excellent staff and with the support of the Democratic Party, I'm sure the voters were able to see that I'm the most effective candidate to represent them in Washington." He smiled as he said it, the confident look of the winner on his face.

"There has been speculation that you might be the candidate to beat for President in 2112. Any truth to the rumors?" The reporter's voice rose above the rest.

"I'm running to represent the voters of Southern California in the Senate. 2112 is a long ways away. If I win today, I still have to run again for the same position in six months. I will

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serve the voters and only they can choose what they want me to do. Now excuse me, I have to cast my vote for the next Senator from Southern California." Jaz and Lorinda helped push the reporters aside to allow Michael in the doorway, all of them leaving him alone to cast his vote.

* * * *

A select few of the campaign staff, Jaz, Lorinda, Guy and Michael sat in front of the television in the suite of the Hyatt Regency of La Jolla, catching the final minutes of the polling day. The polls closed in five minutes, some of the numbers just starting to trickle in. Downstairs in the Aventine Ballroom, over 1,000 contributors, staff and press waited for Michael to make another appearance, the 12,000 square foot ballroom decorated to celebrate Michael's election win.

"Early results give Michael Haff a commanding lead with five percent of the votes counted in the all important Southern California Senate race. The Democratic National Party had put everything they had to steal this Republican seat with Democratic candidate Michael Haff a strong leader in this predominate Republican district, the special election to fill disgraced Eagle" Thoringham's seat." The announcer's voice boomed from the television, all eyes on the screen as the numbers changed so slowly.

Lorinda was sitting next to Michael, her hip pressed tightly against his. She had her fingers crossed, the day passing so quickly, the final results to be tallied within the next few hours, a test of their abilities to be displayed on the screen for everyone to see. "I can feel it in my bones," Lorinda

stated. "We're going to pull this off. And a big win," she added.

Michael felt her next to him, his thoughts always on her when she was near. He couldn't help himself any longer, their attraction was growing. He could sense it in her, the way they touched, no longer just a quick touch, but their hands would linger on each other, wanting more. He hoped with the election behind them, he would have more time. Out of the eyes of the prying public. "Let's go downstairs. There are a lot of people expecting us to show. No matter what the outcome."

She wanted to rush up and kiss him, wishing him good luck, but she struggled to maintain her distance. God, she wanted so much to feel his body next to hers, to touch him, for him to take those large hands and touch her intimately. She pressed her hand into his, no one able to see. She felt him squeeze her hand, a smile on his face as he stared straight ahead, all eyes on him as they moved out of the room. She let go of his hand when they reached the door, a crowd gathered outside as they left.

"Thank you everyone," Michael shouted to the crowd, over a thousand faces staring at him as the televisions around the room blared the results as they came in. He took the piece of paper that Jaz handed him, reading the scratched results from her poll. If it was correct, they would win by 20%, sixty percent to 40%, a landslide in any race. The Democratic Party in Washington would have to pay attention to his win. As well as the Republicans.

"Quiet," someone yelled out, Channel Five news coming out with the latest results. The room hushed as the televisions blared the news. "Channel Five news has determined that Michael Haff will win the Southern California Senate race by a margin of 59% to 39% for the Republican candidate William Shatney, with 2% to the Independent candidate. This with a little over 40% of the votes counted in this highly disputed seat that has been watched by the country."

The raucous was earth-shattering, the balloons began to fall from the ceiling, floating slowly to the floor. Lorinda turned to Michael, their eyes meeting as she felt him touch her, his hands around her waist, drawing her near to him.

The mass of balloons in front of them blocked the view, just enough time for Michael to move close to her, his lips only inches from hers as he stared directly into her eyes. He could see her approval in her eyes, the electricity jumping from their lips as they touched, her silky lips touching his. He hugged her closer, feeling her breasts pushed against his chest, her mouth surrendering as his tongue pushed between her lips. He felt her tongue touch his, his cock suddenly rock hard as he pulled her against him, letting her feel his passion.

It came suddenly, but not unexpectedly. He was going to kiss her and she knew it wasn't just because he had become the next Senator. It was more and his lips on hers showed him, his tongue entering her mouth with a passion, his hands holding her until her body was molded against his, his cock throbbing against her. It felt like hours as they kissed, then she felt Jaz tugging on her arm, pulling her away from him.

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"Down girl, you can't just kiss a Senator in public like that," she whispered into her ear. Michael was being pulled toward the center of the stage, his supporters wanting to share in his success.

Lorinda found herself being pushed into the back, but Michael moved back towards her, pulling Jaz and Lorinda to the podium.

"I want to thank my campaign staff," he spoke into the microphone. "And special thanks to Jasmine and Lorinda who made this all possible," taking both of their hands and raising them over their heads as the people cheered. Michael read his prepared speech, the party continuing to the late hours. Lorinda and Jaz were at his side most of the night, but they both finally left, Jaz to meet Guy in the room he had in the hotel, and Lorinda to the room she had used during the day, deciding to stay the night, too tired and excited to even drive home.

* * * *

Lorinda lay on the bed in the hotel room, the noise in the hallway breaking the din of the air conditioner that failed to break the oppressive heat of the Southern Californian day. It had been a tough election, but the success she had sought for so long had finally come through. Michael Haff was nominated for the United States Senate today, winning his party's nomination in a landslide that stunned even the party's regulars. The seat for which he was to be voted upon was to take the place of "Eagle" Thoringham, the disgraced Senator that had been forced to resign due to the scandal involving

illegal kickbacks from military suppliers. Although the winner of the election would only serve nine months in the coveted position, the opportunity to serve would propel Michael to the limelight as incumbent and front-runner for the regular election. And Lorinda was responsible for his success, having lead a successful grassroots campaign that had begun in the predominately Republican stronghold of San Diego and then spread, winning converts from the Republican Party for her Democratic boss.

Lorinda felt the cool breeze of the air conditioner make her nipples hard, her half-naked body spread almost obscenely on the pale blue comforter, the excitement of the kiss she received from Michael overshadowing the successful events of the election. She closed her eyes, the incident running over and over again in her head. The first touch of his lips on hers had made her legs feel like jelly, barely able to hold her slim figure erect. It had felt as if she had been shocked by a thousand volts when his tongue had slipped into her mouth, leaving no doubt that the kiss had been of passion, not gratitude. She had felt a rush of arousal between her legs, and had clenched her thighs tightly together, looking for any type of gratification in her pussy as she returned the kiss, her tongue battling his in the hot confines of her mouth. It had only lasted a minute, the rush of well-wishers breaking up their brief sexual encounter, leaving her panting for more, as Michael was whisked away to the congratulatory salute of his followers. She had stayed for a while, standing next to him, their eyes meeting secretly as the party continued. Exhausted, she had then excused herself, wishing that

Michael would go with her to her room, but knowing that it was not going to happen tonight.

She slipped the black thong from her body, leaving on the black thigh-high stockings, her white thighs contrasting in color. She spread her legs, forcing them to touch the edges of the king-size bed, her crotch aching, as if having been forced to do so. Her hand grabbed the glass of ice cubes from the nearby table, conveniently placed there in preparation. She felt the cold condensation on the outside of the glass, the ice having begun to melt. Lorinda scooped up one of the ice cubes, lying back as her hand wandered down to her breasts. She arched her chest up submissively, forcing her breasts out as if offering them up, the first drop of melted ice dropping onto her cleavage, her body jumping at the unexpected cold touch. The shock of cold moisture was almost painful before it finally dripped down, warmed by her body heat. She put her other arm high above her head, as if it were bound to the headboard, her imagination beginning to take over.

She imagined it was Michael, naked, standing over her, her mouth opened in lust as she saw his cock for the first time. It must have been at least seven inches long. She had felt it pushed up against her before, yet the uncomfortable feeling she had then felt before was not present as she finally began to realize that her love for him was not unrequited. If not love, he at least felt lust for her, the unmistakable hardness having betrayed his secret. She licked her lips as she gazed at his imaginary hardness, the thick shaft covered in bulging veins, the head a dark purple, the ridge around it drenching her pussy in desire as she thought of it sliding in and out

between her legs, rubbing her insides. The head would already be slick with his juices, and she licked her lips, dreaming of tasting the salty nectar of his seed. His heavy balls hung down, swollen with lust, her hands aching to cradle them. She tugged on her arms, picturing the silk ropes that he used tying her wrists to the corners of the bed. *Was it an accident that the bed had four high posts, or had Michael planned it, knowing she would occupy this room?* She almost came when she thought of the silk ropes on her ankles, Michael's hands almost gentle as he tugged the knots tight. She began to pant softly as she imagined him standing between her tightly clenched thighs, staring at her sex, smiling as he slowly spread her legs out until they touched the corners of the bed, then quickly tying them tight so he could hurry back to rape her sex with his eyes. In her mind she tugged on the ropes, trying to calm the panic that set in when she found herself bound so obscenely.

"EEEEHHH," Lorinda gasped, her scream muffled by a washcloth that gagged her as she touched the ice cube to the tip of her nipple, feeling as if a dagger was shoved straight through her breast. Her eyes began to tear in pain. The sharp pain was slowly replaced by a dull ache as the numbness of the ice spread. She held her breath as she moved the ice around her areola, goose bumps instantly popping out on the dark brown flesh, water dripping liberally down her tanned cleavage as her hot flesh melted the ice. She rubbed her nipple with the ice, surprised to see how long the pink flesh had grown, as if begging for more anguish. She pinched it, a finger on one side, the ice on the other, trapping the

throbbing flesh. It hurt. Hurt pleurably, as she imagined it was Michael doing it, his cock jerking in pleasure as she wiggled to escape his powerful fingers. By time she was finished, her cheeks were covered with tears, the burn making her nipples feel as though a branding iron had been taken to them instead of an ordinary ice cube. Lorinda looked down and saw that both nipples stood out brazenly, like hard erasers, throbbing in pain and pleasure. The pink of the buds had turned a ruby red, her flesh marred by the long drips of water sliding down her sides to wet the bed beneath her.

"Please. Touch me," she begged him, lost in her fantasy as her legs tested the ropes that kept them spread. Michael chuckled back at her, his hand stroking his massive weapon and Lorinda wished that she could take it deep into her mouth, wanting desperately to please him.

She sucked in her gut as the ice cube slid down her abdomen, leaving a trail of wetness and goose bumps. By time it reached her neatly trimmed bush it had almost melted, her belly button a puddle of warm water, her diamond belly-button ring sparkling brightly. A fresh ice cube was quickly thrust between her legs and Lorinda fought the urge to close them tight when the ice slid between her lips, searing her sensitive inner lips with the horrific pain that shot through her loins. She would have woken up the entire hotel if it weren't for the washcloth gag that left her whimpering in pain as her super-heated pussy quickly seared the ice into a puddle between her widely spaced thighs. It melted, but not before the pain raced to her head, giving her the sensation of a hot poker being pushed into her pussy, the pain beyond her

comprehension. She took another ice cube and shoved it ruthlessly inside her pussy before she lost her nerve, her thighs trembling as they fought to close. The ice cube felt huge, and it ruthlessly spread her open as it sought out the hot depths of her sex with its burning coldness. A river of water pushed out of her pussy, the ice no match for the heat of her arousal, her hot, tight insides melting it in seconds. She could only imagine what it would feel like for Michael to shove his hard cock into her frozen pussy. Lorinda was willing to sacrifice her pain for his pleasure. Twice more, her hands shoved ice cubes inside, finally thrusting two in at once, her body shivering as the sharp edges of the ice pushed her tender insides apart to rip deeply inside her. She could barely sob now, her sex a mass of pain as she struggled to stay in the position that she imagined would please Michael.

She felt his fingers placed on either side of her clit, sliding the hood back to reveal the hard button of pleasure. Michael smiled as he dripped the ice cube over the sensitive flesh before rubbing it back and forth over the swollen nub.

Her body exploded as the orgasm ripped through her. The burning ice rubbed harshly over her clit, driving the deep masochistic thrill through her body until she came, wishing that it were Michael's cock that was inside her as her body clenched unsuccessfully on her vacant pussy, looking for a thick cock. "GGGMMMGG," she screamed out as she came again, her nipples felt as if they would burst, the relentless ice following her bucking hips as it continued to freeze her pleasure button. Her body finally slumped down in relief as

the ice melted, her pussy drenched in water and her juices, the bed underneath her soaked.

She felt Michael's hands on her, untying her and flipping her over onto her stomach, the silky ropes returning to spread her obscenely to the four corners of the bed. A pillow was unceremoniously shoved under her hips, forcing her ass up in submission as Lorinda shivered in fear. He was after her asshole, a thought that always terrified her yet thrilled her. She had never let anyone touch her there, though there were many that had tried. She had never even ventured there herself. It was a dark and forbidden place that was more suited for imagination than for reality. She panicked when hands pulled her cheeks apart, the cool air of the air conditioner blowing on her hot pucker, sending spicy spasms to her nerves that sent her muscles into an uncontrollable clenching. She could only imagine how obscene it would have looked as her pucker danced for his eyes, opening and closing to give him a brief glimpse into the depths of her bowels. "NNNNO," her mumbled scream in the gag resounded as she felt the pressure of the ice cube on her hot asshole, Michael's fingers relentlessly pushing it into her until her anal ring engulfed the shrinking ice and swallowed it into her hot rectum. It melted so quickly that she barely felt it, but Michael had other ideas, two ice cubes were shoved into her asshole, one after another, and Lorinda felt the stretching as her virgin passage sought to accommodate the slick ice. Her body shook as she sought to shove them out, her ass arching up high, straining as she struggled to push them out.

"*Make that lovely little hole dance for me Lorinda,*" Michael said, laughing like a school boy as she turned red in humiliation while forced to perform for him.

The shrill ring of the phone startled her, causing her to drop the glass of ice cubes onto the floor as she scrambled to grab the receiver. "Yes Michael," she answered when she heard his deep voice on the line. "You're welcome. It was a pleasure to serve you." She almost already regretted the words that had come out of her mouth, embarrassed at how they sounded. She hung up the phone, Michael's voice having excited her again. She lay back down on the bed, her fingers extracting another orgasm from her body before she fell back into an exhausted sleep, the image of Michael's dominant figure driving her body to the orgasms that she sought.

* * * *

She got home by nine, and turned on the news. Michael was still making headlines on all the channels, even the major networks. Before she could even put her things away, her cell phone rang, the number that only Michael and Jaz had.

"Good morning Senator," she said.

"I missed you last night." He was home, finally able to get some peace and quiet.

"I wasn't sure how long it would go on. So I went up to the room upstairs and slept there." She wished he would have come up, to her bed. "I just got home."

"I already spoke to Jaz this morning. She's taking a well deserved vacation. A week in Washington I suspect."

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"Yes, she and Guy are going to spend some time together. Finally." She waited for a response.

"How about lunch today." He paused. "Just you and me."

"I would love that. Away from all the prying eyes of the public. Your house?" She couldn't wait to see him alone.

"I'll make lunch. I don't want anyone here but us," he would let the staff take the rest of the day off.

"Are you sure you know what you are doing?" Lorinda wanted no doubts in his mind.

"I've never been so sure in my life. Hurry over," he begged her.

* * * *

Lorinda was excited as a school girl, changing her clothes three times before finally deciding on a short skirt and pull over sweater that clung to her breasts. It was cashmere, hoping that Michael would love the tactile feel of it, hoping that he would touch her breasts through the thin cashmere material. She put on a pair of high heels, looking in the full length mirror, seeing the way it made the muscles of her legs taut. "Eat your heart out Michael," she said to her reflection in the mirror.

She was speeding along the freeway before she realized it, glad the exit was so close, not wanting to get a ticket, too much in a hurry to see Michael. The kiss of last night played over and over in her head. She pulled up in front of his house, glad that that part of the beach was a gated community, the press not allowed even close. They had a press conference at three today, Jaz staying around long enough to attend before

she left tonight for Washington with Guy. She took a deep breath as she got out of the car, smothering her short skirt straight as she walked to the front door.

Michael was peering through the open windows, his excitement increasing as her car pulled up. He caught a glimpse of her legs as she got out of the car, admiring them as the short skirt did little to hide them from his view. She turned, allowing him a glimpse of her ass, the skirt pulled tight across her cheeks. He rubbed his cock as she walked towards the front door, the gentle sway of her hips enticing his eyes. He almost raced to the door, opening it before she even knocked, the surprised look on her face as he greeted her.

God, did he look good, dressed in a pair of dark blue slacks and a white pullover, all clinging to him. She turned red as her eyes were immediately drawn to the front of his pants, seeing his cock straining the material, unable to hide his arousal. She felt the same way, her panties wet with arousal, the thought of Michael touching her sending shivers through her body. "Good morning Senator," it sounded so good to say that.

He almost pulled her into the house, eager to kiss her again. It was almost electric when he touched her, the smile on her face as she called him Senator, so much more important that it was her, not the hundreds of others that had already done it. He closed the door, pressing her up against the back of it, his hands around her waist, staring into her beautiful blue eyes. He liked the way her lips sparkled. He

could feel her hips pushing out against him, slowly grinding her pussy against his cock.

"I hope that is because you missed me." Her hips moved from side to side, feeling his cock jerking, her pussy getting wetter and wetter.

He didn't answer her, instead his lips engulfing hers with a lust, his hand sliding down to cup her ass cheeks, pulling her closer against him. Her tongue unexpectedly entered his mouth before he could respond. It moved inside his mouth, her hips grinding back and forth over his hard cock. They moaned in desire as they kissed for long minutes, Michael found her mouth hot with desire as he plunged his tongue deep into her mouth, their tongues playing back and forth over each other, their hips continually moving back and forth.

She could almost cum, his cock dredging up such desires in her body, her nipples pressing hard against the thin bra that she wore as she felt his chest pressed against her. His tongue took charge of her mouth, darting in and out her lips, demanding her tongue as his lips pressed tightly against hers. She could barely breathe when he finally released her, her lips wet with his touch, her panties soaked with her juices.

"I wanted to do that so bad since last night." He felt her hand reach between them, jerking unexpectedly when her hand reached around his shaft. She began to rub slowly, his cock jumping with pleasure at the touch of her hand. He couldn't say anything, enjoying her hand.

"I waited a long time for that kiss last night." She squeezed his cock through his pants. "And to do this," squeezing the head of his cock almost too hard, wanting to

make sure that he felt her presence. She felt his hand cupping her ass cheeks, rubbing over the short skirt that was her only protection. She wasn't sure if they would make love today, but somehow they would both be satisfied before they left. She wanted their first time to be romantic, just like Jaz. But she knew that her passion had to be squelched today as was his. His cock jerked in her hand. She finally pulled her hand away from him. "Can I go inside?" She teased him.

"Sorry, but if you kept that up I would be here all day." He pulled away from her, but his hands slipped around her waist almost possessively. He looked at her as they walked into the kitchen. "You are so beautiful," turning to kiss her lightly on the cheek.

"Gosh, you'll make a poor girl blush," she teased him. She looked in the kitchen, seeing that he was already making lunch. "Can I help?" She needed time to gather her wits about her, her heart still racing from his kiss, her hand still feeling his cock as if it her fingers were still curled around the thick shaft.

"Yes, I'm making a salad, hope that's okay. I'm famished, but not hungry."

"My, we certainly are bold," liking his desires. She knew she would not get out of the house until she satisfied him. One way or another.

"You don't become a Senator without letting your intentions known." She was already cutting the lettuce, Michael stood behind her, his cock pressing up against her ass. "Careful cutting," he warned her, his hands on her waist.

It was hard to concentrate, his hands seemed to be everywhere, his cock always rubbing against her. He pulled her hips back until he had her cheeks settled onto his cock, his hands guiding her hips to move from side to side. She continued to cut the lettuce, the knife moving slowly as he released her hips, Lorinda continued to move as he wanted, his hands sliding up her sides, the shiver running up her back as she waited for his large hands on her breasts.

He loved the feel of her sweater, Michael had a fetish for the touch of a cashmere sweater, especially when it cradled a firm breast. He didn't wait, his hand slid beneath her breasts to caress them from below before he cradled them so gently. His mouth nibbled her neck as he squeezed her firm flesh, a low moan escaping from her lips as her ass pushed hard against his cock. He loved the feel of her breasts beneath the cashmere, the touch as good as the expectations.

"It's getting hard to cut the salad. Beside other things that are hard," her ass sliding sensuously over his throbbing cock. His hands took possession of her, Lorinda unable or unwilling to stop him as they raced so intimately over her body. He slipped his hands down her hips, sliding until she felt his hands on her naked legs, moving back up, this time beneath her short skirt, casting it aside as he caressed her naked flesh. His hands went over her ass cheeks, finding them naked, the thong hiding little from his touch. She almost came when his hands touched between her legs, her juices flowing from her pussy as he teased her so close. She finally pulled away. "Time for lunch first." She saw the look in his eyes. "Salad, not me."

That sat on the patio, the sky so blue, the marine layer cleared already, the gentle pounding of the waves on the rocks below a background to their conversation. They temporarily put aside their sexual expectations and talked politics, but Michael's eyes didn't desert her, watching her every move as she ate, sure that he was conjuring up sexual images in his mind for her every movement.

"I want you to become my Chief of Staff. And Jaz to be my Press Secretary." He waited to see if he could see a response in her face. "This could get complicated. Between us. But I want you for the job because of what you did for my election. And what you can do for me in the future. The rest will just have to sort itself out."

"Will you be able to handle it if it doesn't work out between us personally?" She waited for his answer. She didn't want to dance a fine line, protecting her job but compromising her personal life. She liked Michael, but it was never a sure thing, they might find that they see life differently.

"You and Jaz got me elected. And will get me reelected in six months. I don't want to jeopardize that, no matter what. I think we'll be good together personally, but you can never be sure. I'm willing to risk that, not wanting to lose someone that I might enjoy. I guess the answer is yes, I can handle having only a business relationship even if the personal relationship doesn't work."

"Where will it be, Washington or San Diego?" She knew that Jaz wanted to go to Washington, to see if Guy and she had something that would last. Lorinda was up in the air.

Washington was the center of politics, but she also enjoyed the climate and culture of Southern California.

"Oh, by the way, Jaz has already accepted, but I'm sure that she is waiting for your phone call. The answer is both. I will spend a lot of time in Washington, but the election is only six months away, so I will have to spend a lot of time running again in Southern California. The Republicans are going to throw everything they have at getting my seat back, but the DSCC is going to do everything to prevent that. So what I proposed to Jaz, subject to your acceptance is this. Both of you keep your place in Mission Beach. The DSCC or my organization will pay for an apartment in Washington for the both of you. That way you don't have the double expense, but will be free to work in either location. It will take a bit getting used to, with clothes and such, but I'm sure that both of you will work it out. It's not that you will have much use for bikini's and such in Washington." His mind quickly conjured up an image of Lorinda in a bikini, lying on a beach next to him, both of them lying out in the hot sun.

"Since Jaz has already agreed, who am I to say no. I think you have a deal, though I will allow Jaz to negotiate a pay structure."

"That's what she said too, which I agreed to discuss tomorrow with her. By phone since she is leaving already for Washington. She will have an excuse to be there, to find an apartment for the both of you. I'm sure that Guy will help her."

"And as far as us, personally. I don't want to move fast. I know it has been growing in both of us, but I enjoy the

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romance, the chase. I'm not going to jump into bed with you just like that." God, she hated to say that, wishing that she could feel his cock between her legs, his body over her as his cock pressed deep inside her. She was surprised that she didn't see the disappointment in his eyes that she expected.

"As much as your lovely body excites me, as your hands can testify. I also like the romance, the exploration. Half of the fun is getting there." Their conversation about his sexual preference popped suddenly into him mind. "Remember our conversation on the beach about a month ago?"

"How could I forget," she teased back to him.

"Does that scare you?"

She paused for a second before she answered. "Actually, it excites me."

Michael looked at her in a new light, eager to explore their new relationship, anxious to test her resolve, to see if Lorinda was really the submissive girl that had always eluded him. They finished lunch, going back to the living room, Lorinda sitting next to him. She kicked off her heels and curled up on the couch, pressing up against Michael. "We still have an hour before we have to go to the press conference."

He looked at her, her skirt crawling high up her thighs, Lorinda made no attempt to hide from him. He felt her hand reach into his lap, his eyes on her hand as her fingers curled around the shaft of his cock, instantly coming to a hardness that strained the zipper of his pants. "Is this the part where we are going to take it slow?"

She rubbed his cock through his pants, feeling it jerk in pleasure as she molded her fingers around it, moving up and

down, her mind conjuring up an image of his cock as she touched it like a blind person would do to see it. "I wouldn't want to leave the Senator in such a state for his press conference. It would be so undignified."

He could only nod his head, her hand already bringing such pleasure to him.

"Do you mind?" Her hand moved to the zipper.

"You seem to be in control. For now!" He made his point that he would be in control in the future. The zipper slipped down nosily, her hand reaching up to undo his belt buckle and the snap on his pants. She pushed his pants to the side, her hands reaching down to touch his cock again, this time only his shorts in the way of her hands on his cock.

"Briefs, I like that." Her hand rubbed up and down his shaft, able to discern his cock beneath the material, her fingers exploring the head of his cock seeing a drop appear on his shorts, her fingers extracting his pre-cum. "Lift up," she urged him, slipping down his pants to his knees. Her other hand slipped between his legs to cup his heavy balls, her other hand returning to stroke his cock. She squeezed his balls, his hips urging up into the air, a moan from his lips as she felt his heat in her hands. They were swollen with lust.

Her hands played with his cock, slipping the edge of his shorts down so the elastic band slid along almost painfully over the head of his cock as it peeked out from beneath his shorts. It jerked and throbbed, eager for the touch of her hands on his naked flesh. "Take off my shorts," his voice took on an edge of demanding satisfaction.

She used two hands to slip his shorts down his legs, his large cock popping free of the restraints, jerking up and down in the air. "Put you head next to my cock as you stroke it." She found his hand on her head, pushing it down until she felt his cock almost burning her cheek as it touched her. He kept his hand on her head, her hand returning to his cock, this time her fingers finding his hot, naked flesh. It had suddenly changed, Michael was now telling her what to do, how to perform and the tone of his voice made her pussy gush in pleasure. *So this is what it was going to be like?* His cock was so hot, the head glistening with his juices as she stroked it, making her fingers tight as they raced over the head. Her other hand gripped his balls as they were a baseball, cupping them firmly. She began to stroke his cock, her other hand tightening on his balls with each stroke.

He could feel her hot breath on his cock, her head only inches from his throbbing flesh, his hands on her head. He fought the urge to shove her mouth over his cock, but he wanted to see what she would do, his hand a reminder that he was the one in control. Her soft, silky hands felt so good on his cock, his balls aching in lust, their playing make him hard so long with no climax making it painful. He needed to cum and wouldn't be able to last long. Her fingers went to the head of his cock, one fingernail running around the edge of the head, making his cock jerk in pleasure. She teased a finger over the slit in the head, Michael felt her fingernail urging out his pre-cum, her fingers rubbing the wet sticky crème over the head. She took full strokes with her hand, from the bottom of the shaft, running over the head to slide

back down again. Each time she would tighten her fingers, as tight as he imagined her pussy would be. He settled back into the couch, breathing heavy, ready to cum. His hand pushed her head closer to his cock, her cheek on his stomach, her hands stroking his cock into her face.

It looked so strange to see his cock only inches from her eyes, his hand moving her until she was poised in front of his cock. She could hear the pleasure in his breathing, he was ready to cum and Lorinda was not sure what to do when he did.

"I'm going to cum on your face. Stroke my cock until I do." He pushed her head closer, until his cock almost touched her nose. Her hand continued to comply with his request, her hand squeezing his balls, forcing his cum out. "YYYYEEESS!" That was all he needed, feeling his cum shoot up from his balls, racing down the shaft, her fingers squeezing it out. "AAAWWW," he came, the first load of cum shooting from the head of his cock, his asshole clenching, his balls tingling. He only wished he could see her face as the first load hit her, the splat almost loud. He tightened his hand on her head as she jerked from the unexpected shot of cum on her face, holding her in place as her hand continued to pump his cum from his balls.

His cum was so hot she almost thought her skin would burn, the thick, hot crème blasting out of his cock to smack hard onto her nose. She continued to masturbate his cock, her hand sliding easily on his cum as her other hand sought out another load of cum from his balls. His hips were high up into the air, his cock only an inch from her face, the second

load of cum hitting her on her lips as she closed them tightly, not wanting to taste the foul cum. She hated the taste of cum, the salty crème was too thick and made her choke. His hand held her tight, her hand continued to masturbate him, the hot cum slowly dripping down her face and chin, her lips clenched shut as the third and final load of cum shot on her face, this one directly on her lips. She felt his cock begin to soften, his hips moving back to the couch as he almost purred in pleasure. Even his hand on her head loosened and Lorinda was able to pull back from his cock, her hand lightly touching it as it slowly shrank in her hand.

Michael passed her a Kleenex, but not before lifting her head up, wanting to see his handwork. Her beautiful face was covered with cum, her tightly clenched lips glistening in his juices, a drop hanging down from her chin. His finger grabbed the drop of cum before it could fall, spreading it on her lips as if it were lipstick. "I enjoyed that," he said, finally handing her the Kleenex.

She wiped her face, especially her lips. She opened her mouth, the unmistakable taste of cum still on her lips, the small drop quickly filling her mouth with his salty taste.

"What about you?" Michael pulled up his shorts and pants, an air of respectability back around him.

"As long as you are happy I can wait." She didn't want to be masturbated, she wanted more but her watch told her that they were to leave soon. "I have a good supply of batteries at home."

"I'll make it up to you," Michael promised. Lorinda went to the bathroom to freshen up her makeup, it wouldn't be

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dignified to show up at a press conference with cum dried on your face.

"Yes you will. I'll have high expectations that you will have to fulfill."

CHAPTER 8

Playing Doctor

Michael didn't know if he should do it, but it would be the only chance they had. It's not that you could go back to the beginning, the first time he would see her naked. The chance for the humiliation would be gone. Though they had kissed often, their hands touching each other during their passionate embraces, they still had not had sex, though Michael felt it was close. It had been hard to keep their lust from the rest of the world, their eyes meeting too often, brief passionate kisses when no one was looking. They were sitting across from each other at lunch, just another business lunch for anyone that didn't know their secret. He had hoped that he had her right. He had seen little hints in her behavior with him. The way she let his tongue explore her mouth so passionately, her hands at her sides as his hands touched her body intimately, the way she allowed his hands to take hers, touching his cock while his hand guided her motions. He had never allowed his darkest fantasies to become reality. He was taking a chance that she would react negatively, forever tarnishing their relationship. He had it all planned out, all he needed was her acceptance.

He was looking at her strangely as if he was imaging something, a thought that excited her. *Was Michael the man that would rock her sex life? The man that would overpower her and take her as she wanted to be taken?* All her life she

had these fantasies, even going as far as telling Jaz of them, jealous when Jaz told her of playing Master/Servant girl with Guy. "You have a strange gleam in your eye." She looked at him, almost seeing him blush when she said it.

"I want to ask you something, but I'm almost afraid it will ruin our relationship." He waited, looking into her big blue eyes to see if he could ascertain a response.

Was he asking her if she would go to bed with him, her body eager to enjoy their first lovemaking? "If we're to continue to have a relationship, it must grow beyond what it is now. I'm ready to go to bed with you, if that is what you are asking." In fact she was eager to have him take her. Her statement didn't seem to ease his fears, his eyes still searching. *What was he talking about?*

"So am I, but I'm not sure that we have the same thing in mind." There, he had opened up the subject, no turning back now.

She smiled at him, hoping to make him at ease. "I'm not exactly a prude regarding sex," she added. "A good relationship is one that satisfies each others desires." She hoped he would satisfy her desire to be dominated. The word quickly raced through her mind, never quite admitting to wanting to be dominated, though all the actions she desired were precisely that. A far cry from what she desired in her business life.

I enjoy fantasies, and I have one that I would like to share with you." He waited to let it sink in. "This one would only be realistic as long as we have not had sex yet." His cock jerked

to attention, pushing out his pants at the thought that raced through his mind.

Lorinda was puzzled, not sure what he was talking about but eager to learn more. Maybe Michael had a real dark side to him, and that thought had her pussy getting wet at what he wanted to do to her. "You have my attention," she said, slipping her foot out of her shoe and moving it up between his legs. She saw him jump when her toes wiggled on the inside of his thighs, Lorinda wished she could slouch more in the chair to caress his cock with her toes. She stretched them instead, finding a hard cock only inches away. "And your attention, I see," she said smiling coyly.

It startled him when her toes touched him, and he looked down to see her toes between his legs, wiggling so close to his throbbing cock. He almost came when her toes touched his cock. "This is hard," he replied jokingly. "You make it that way."

"I enjoy making it hard for you," she teased him back, the awkward moment broken. She pulled her foot back, slipping back into her shoe. "Your wish is my command." There she said it, surrendering her body to his desires, hoping that he would fulfill her desires at the same time.

"I have a friend of mine that is a gynecologist. A very good friend." He waited to let it sink in.

"A very interesting profession. I imagine many men envy him, able to explore so many women intimately." She had a woman gynecologist, not sure that she would be at ease with a man looking so intimately at her in such a sterile

surrounding. "Continue," she said, eager to find out where all this was going.

"As I said, he has been a friend of mine since high school, both of us sharing our most intimate secrets about women. And fantasies. I told him about one of mine many years ago, but had never found the right person to share it with. He had agreed to help me if I found the right person. I think that person is you." He waited with bated breath until Lorinda leaned closer to him.

Did he want her to be examined by him while he watched? She gave him a puzzled look, but was eager to hear more. "You have me wet with desire," she whispered across the table.

"Since I have never seen you naked or had sex with you, our bodies are new to each other. Before that happens, I would like to examine you in his office." He waited, seeing her widen at his suggestion. "As Doctor Michael." There he said it, glad it was out in the open. "He said I could use his office on Sunday."

Her pussy gushed with juices when he said it. Doctor Michael. The images raced through her mind, her body in the dreaded chair, Michael between her naked legs, his hands pushing a speculum deep inside her pussy, opening it up as he peered so intimately inside her. "Why would you enjoy this?" She wanted to know.

"I think I would enjoy the humiliation of you submitting to such an intimate examination by me. This would be the first time I would see you naked." He waited, hoping his desires were not too perverse for her.

She leaned in closer to him. "It makes your cock hard to humiliate me?" She waited for a moment. "There would be no one else there? Just me and Doctor Michael?"

"Doctor Michael would explore you intimately. Far more than your gynecologist. You would have to submit to him. And he would be alone, no nurse to watch for improprieties. You would be subject to his whims." He wished he could grab his cock, better yet he wished she would.

She leaned back in her chair and smiled at him. "It's been a while since I had an exam. What time and date is my appointment?" She said it, her panties drenched at the thought of it.

"Sunday at one. This Sunday." It was the day after tomorrow, just enough time for Michael to get prepared.

"I'm always prompt." The waiter came over, interrupting their conversation. It was hard to order, her mind racing to the thoughts of Sunday. She finally managed to order a salad, Michael doing the same. When the waiter left, their conversation had already turned to the campaign as if the whole thing had not even taken place though Lorinda could see a different sparkle in Michael's eyes as he looked at her. As if he could see through her clothes and was already seeing her naked for the first time. She could almost feel her skin becoming flush as if she were embarrassed by his lustful gazes. She could only imagine how it would be on Sunday with Doctor Michael.

* * * *

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Lorinda put on the clothes, looking in the mirror at her reflection. She had shopped all day yesterday to find just the right thing. She walked into the living room, where Jaz was reading the Sunday paper, waiting for Guy to pick her up for Sunday brunch at the Catamaran Resort. Jaz looked up quickly from the paper, then her eyes opened wide in surprise. "Damn Girl, what are you up to?"

Lorinda stood in the middle of the living room in the outfit she bought yesterday. It was a blue plaid schoolgirl skirt, high up her thighs, barely covering her panties. She had a plain white button down blouse that hugged her breasts, the demur top doing more to highlight them than hide them. You could make out a glimpse of a white lacey bra beneath it, though the blouse was buttoned to the collar, a tiny blue scarf tied at the neck hanging down almost to her waist. She wore a pair of long blue socks that went almost to her knees, a pair of black Patton leather shoes finishing out the outfit. "I have a Doctor's appointment at one o'clock," she said almost a matter of factly.

"This is Sunday. And personally, you look like a schoolgirl looking to get molested." Jaz laughed, sure that there was an explanation, though she was sure that it would be logical.

"I have a gynecological exam at one." She waited as Jaz tried to fight from laughing out loud. "With Doctor Michael." Her pussy got wet as soon as she said it.

"I'm sure you do," Jaz added. "Just get the hell out of her before Guy sees you and wants to play the same game. I still haven't got past the Master/Servant girl fantasy, and I'm not

sure if I have the nerve to play Doctor/Patient." Jaz waited for a moment. "I thought you two haven't had sex yet?"

"We haven't. I guess you can call this foreplay," Lorinda wasn't sure what to call it. All she knew was that she couldn't keep her mind from it since Friday. She even restrained herself from an orgasm, though she couldn't keep her hands from herself. After two days she really needed to cum, sure that Doctor Michael would find some excuse to masturbate her during the exam, her pussy dripping at the mere mention of the word exam.

"You two have a good play time," Jaz kidded her. "And try not to break the toys."

Jaz was still laughing as Lorinda went out the door, rushing quickly to her car, not sure if she wanted the neighbors to see her dressed like this, though at the beach, it was not that uncommon. Lorinda raced to the address Michael gave to her, a small single story building in Pacific Beach, the parking lot empty. The sign read Pacific Beach Medical Offices. Her shoes clicked noisily on the sidewalk as she walked into the courtyard, offices all opening up onto the central courtyard. She found the one she was looking for, 714, Doctor James Haster on the sign. She tested the door, finding it open, a chime ringing noisily as she pushed the door open. The reception area was empty, and Lorinda was not sure what to do.

Michael waited until the chime rang though he already knew Lorinda was coming, catching a glimpse of her as she got out of the car. God, she looked the part in the outfit. He walked out behind the reception counter. He smiled at her.

"You must be Lorinda. I'm Doctor Haff, but you may call me Doctor Michael. All my patients do." His cock throbbed as he saw her up close in that outfit, excited at slowly stripping it from her body.

She shook his hand, the electricity shocking her as their hands touched, his hand feeling so much softer, though she still noticed how large his hands were. He was dressed in a long white doctor's coat, a stethoscope around his neck. God, he even looked the part, a pair of glasses on his face. "Hello Doctor Michael. I'm sorry I'm so nervous. I never had a gynecological exam before. I'm afraid I don't know what to expect." She gave him that innocent look, her eyes pleading with him.

He held her hand a bit longer. "Don't worry Lorinda. I know just the right way to handle a young, innocent girl like you. I will tell you exactly what to do, all you have to do is obey me." He liked the way she was playing along, knowing this was going to be even better than he expected.

"I will do whatever you want Doctor Michael," grinning sheepishly. "Just be gentle with me."

Michael took her hand, leading her off into the exam room. He opened the door, watching her eyes as she took in the room.

It was even more elaborate than her doctor's exam room. She looked around the room, her eyes drawn instantly to the black leather exam chair. It was different, this one had a back that was up like a chair, though she was sure that it would recline. In the front were the dreaded stirrups, but each one had a thick black leather strap around it, sure that they were

meant to hold a slim ankle securely in the stirrup. She noticed more leather straps on the chair, something she never saw in her doctor's office, sure that Michael had brought them himself. She got excited at being bound in the chair. "Why the straps Doctor Michael?"

"Those are for your protection Lorinda. They will keep your body still and prevent sudden movements that may cause you internal damage. It is much easier that way." He answered quickly, surprised by her question.

Not only was there that chair, but a long padded table was nearby, as well as a low padded table that was very low and odd shaped, Lorinda not sure of its use.

Michael saw her puzzled look at the one table. "That allows the patient to be bent over, the head lower than the body, the posterior thrust out for examination." He had added more straps, including one that wrapped around the waist, pinning the body in the bent over position.

It never occurred to Lorinda that he would exam her anally, the one table obviously built to open her anally to probing by the Doctor. "Will it hurt? To be examined anally?"

"It's just a bit uncomfortable, not painful. It's important to be examined internally." *Was she afraid of that?*

It all of sudden became so much more humiliating, never realizing that he would touch her backside. She had never let a boy touch her back there, never even thinking it as erogenous. But she was sure that Doctor Michael would have no qualms about doing such a thing. "Yes Sir," she answered nervously. She saw the tables with the white cloth over them, sure that they covered the instruments he intended to use on

her, including the dreaded speculum. *How would it feel to have it inside her, his fingers opening it up to expose her most intimate secrets to his prying eyes?* She was getting real nervous now, this being far more than she had expected, her arousal diminishing, her fear increasing.

"Let's begin Lorinda. Please lay down on the table," his hand pulling her over to the padded leather table. He watched as she sat down on it, the short skirt pulled up high on her legs, her legs coily together, hiding from his view the white panties he was sure that she was wearing. She had played the part to perfection, the outfit enticing. "Lean back," his placed his hand on her shoulder to guide her back until she reclined on the table. Her legs almost went up in the air as he did so, his hand gripping her ankles and swinging them up onto the table until she was spread out on her back. He stood over her. "Relax now," he said hoping to reassure her. "First there are some questions I need to ask you. They are very personal and intimate but it is important that I know your sexual history. One in four women gets a sexually transmitted disease during their lifetime. These diseases can cause sterility, cancer as well as problems with pregnancy, childbirth and infant health," Doctor Michael stated to her. "Very often, women have no symptoms. That is why it is important for me to know whether you are at risk for sexually transmitted infections. Don't let your embarrassment become a health risk."

She took a deep breath, staring up at him in his white doctor's coat, the look of prim and proper as he stared down at her, her body spread out on the table for him. She kept her

legs pinned tightly together. "Yes Doctor Michael," she answered.

"Are you a virgin?"

"No." She waited for the next question.

"I need a bit more of an answer each time. The questions are meant to invoke a necessary dialogue about your sexual history, not a yes or no answer." He rebuffed her, setting the tone of the examination.

"Sorry. I've had sex a number of times. I lost my virginity at the age of sixteen." She added, "I enjoy sex."

"Much better. How about oral sex?"

"Not sure whether you mean giving or receiving. I much more enjoy giving oral sex than receiving it. I have engaged in it a number of times. All of them satisfying." She watched his expression, looking at the bulge in his pants. "I had boys cum in my mouth, but I have never swallowed." She paused. "I'm not sure if I like the taste of cum," the taste of the thick salty crème suddenly flooding her mouth as if in a dream.

"Any particular reason why you enjoy giving more than receiving?" He was curious.

She wasn't sure if she should tell him. If he was truly her doctor, she would have no qualms, but this was giving her future lover all of her secret desires. "I get a strange tingling between my legs when a man puts his hands on my head, guiding my movements for his satisfaction. It's hard to explain."

"How about anal sex? Have you ever been sodomized?" He waited patiently for this one, sure that she was still a virgin in her ass.

"NO!" She blurted it out so loud that she even shocked herself. She had never even considered that before, the thought of having a cock up her ass reminding her of gay men. She wondered what it was going to be like when Doctor Michael probed her backside, sure that he was going to.

"You seem to be very adamant about sodomy. Any particular reason?" He wanted to know.

She calmed down, not sure why it provoked such a rebuff. "I never even considered it an erogenous zone." She waited, not sure what else she should admit to. "Never mind a place to have sex."

"You'd be surprised at the nerve endings in the anus. You might find it very stimulating. And some women enjoy the pleasure they can give the man when she receives his organ in her anal tract. It has a different feeling for the man's organ, the muscles much more stimulating to the organ, the woman often not able to control the clenching and unclenching of her muscles on his organ." He wanted to see her reaction, Michael very much of a lover of anal sex.

"Isn't it painful for the woman?" Jaz hadn't experience anal sex before, or at least she never mentioned it, sure that it would have come up in one of their talks.

"It does require a bit of discomfort for the woman, having something that thick and long in her anal tract. But with the proper stimulation of her clitoris during anal sex, many women are able to achieve orgasm while being sodomized."

"And it would be the ultimate submission to the man by the woman," she added. "To give pleasure in spite of the pain."

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"Yes, many women find pleasure in submission. It is the ultimate gift a woman can give to her mate. In some cases, the female submits to pain for the male. There is a fine line between pain and pleasure, especially when the female is sexually aroused." He waited for her response, seeing her look up at him with a strange look in her eyes.

"And what about the man? What gratification does he receive from inflicting pain on the woman?" His questions were going far beyond what she would have considered even discussing with a new lover.

"Some men enjoy a submissive female. Having a bound, naked female on your bed can be very stimulating. Unable to stop the man from taking her in any manner he chooses, from her mouth to her vagina to sodomizing her. The woman often finds that bondage prevents her from having to choose, her body having to accept whatever the man desires." It was time to end this line of questioning, it was going far beyond what he had expected. He thought he could catch a hint of submissive in her, but he would soon find out for sure. "Let us begin with the exam," he said by way of cutting off the conversation.

He put on a pair of plastic gloves, making sure he did it slowly as her eyes watched. He moved to her head, fumbling with the top of the table. He pulled a button, holding her head as the tip of the table slipped away, Doctor Michael gently letting her head fall backward, her head now unsupported from behind. He took out a tongue depressor, seeing the look on her face as he moved closer to her mouth. "Open your mouth," he urged her. "Wider. Real wide now."

Her head was tilted back, her mouth opened wide, Doctor Michael putting the sterile plastic gloves between her lips. "UUUUGGG," she choked as she felt the wooden tongue depressor slip through her lips and slide on the tongue until she felt the unfamiliar thrust of it in her throat. He held it in her throat, her stomach turning as she gagged on it. "UUGGGGHHH," she belched again, the tongue depressor doing in deeper this time.

He pulled the tongue depressor out of her throat, but left it in her mouth, pushing down on her tongue. His fingers slid into her mouth, rubbing the inside of her cheeks, watching as they bulged out, imaging it was his cock that was doing it. He had two fingers in her mouth, than three, feeling her lips stretched tightly around his knuckles. "Very good gag reflexes." He pulled his fingers out, pulling back the white cloth on the metal table, uncovering the instruments beneath it. "Close your eyes," he ordered her.

It felt strange to have his fingers moving around inside her mouth, the thought of his cock doing the same thing arousing her. She saw him picking up something from the table nearby. She shut her eyes, not knowing what to expect, a fear rushing over her body. But the fear brought more arousal than dread. She felt something at her lips pushing in until she felt her lips part by sheer force, her mouth opening wide as something thick and rubbery entered her mouth. It continued to push in, her lips opening wide, wrapped tightly around it. Her tongue touched the rubbery object, feeling the thick crown and the veins running up the side. She knew what it

was, a rubber cock. It was large, continuing to force her lips open wider as it pushed to the back of her mouth.

"Relax now. I just need to test your gag reflexes again." Michael wished it was his cock instead of the black rubber cock that was inside her mouth. He could see her hands clenched tightly at her sides as he pushed it in her mouth. He felt the pressure as it sat in the breach of her throat. He waited for her to gag, her mouth opening wider as her throat opened in response to the waiting object at her throat. He pushed in harder, her throat bobbing up and down as he pushed the rubber cock into her throat. "Swallow it," Doctor Michael voice instructed as he pushed it in deeper, watching as the long rubber cock slipped deeper into her lips. "Breathe through your nose," he urged her, watching as her chest heaved up and down as she fought for air. "Yes," he cooed to her, "very good Lorinda. Just hold it a bit longer," he wanted to test her resolve. Another gag and he pulled the cock from her throat, but left it in her mouth. He could see her tongue bathing it as if it were his cock, his throbbing shaft pushing hard against his pants.

Her breathing was ragged as the thick rubber cock pushed into her throat. She had never taken a cock, real or fake in her throat, trying hard to stop the panic that hit her body. Her hands turned white as they clenched on the side of the table as if she were bound to it, forced to take the thick rubber cock in her throat. Her stomach turned over and over, as she choked and gagged on the fake cock, Doctor Michael left it in her throat. She was relived when he finally pulled it from her throat, her mouth opening wide as she sucked in as much air

as possible, not sure if he would push it back in again. She let her tongue run over the thick shaft as if it were a cock, feeling the ridges running up the shaft, fake veins sending blood to the hard head. She felt relief when it pulled from her mouth, Doctor Michael's hands pulling her head up until the table slid beneath it again. She opened her eyes, the rubber cock gone from his hands, his face smiling down at her.

"Very good Lorinda. You respond well to the stimulation. Now raise your arms above your head." He pulled her hands up from the table, pushing them over her head, watching as her firm breasts rose up higher, straining the buttons on the white blouse. "I will begin with the breast exam." He waited as her hands went behind her head, finding the bar at the end of the table. "Yes, grip the bar and hold real still."

The position forced her back to arch up, seeing her breasts straining as if they were begging to be touched. And they were, aroused by what Doctor Michael had already done to her and excited at what he would do. She felt him moving until he was near her head. He pushed in closer to her as he bent over her starched out body, his hands already reaching out for her breasts. She could feel his crotch pushed into her hands as she clenched onto the bar, his rigid cock pushed against her knuckles. It felt huge, hard and pulsating, feeling it jerk in pleasure as his hands gripped her firm breasts and tightened on the flesh.

His large hands were able to encircle her twin breasts, his hands tightening on the flesh and squeezing them, feeling the flesh push between his fingers. "I must test them for resiliency," his cock jumped at the touch of her hands on it.

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He squeezed harder, feeling her back arch up as if she were offering them up for his touch. He pushed them together, the buttons on the blouse straining, his hands gripping her breasts harshly, her muffled breathing beneath his crotch as he moved his hips from side to side, feeling his cock slide along her knuckles. "Does that hurt?" He squeezed harder, feeling the firm flesh beneath his powerful hands.

His cock was sliding back and forth over her hands, making Lorinda wish that she could grab it and masturbate it, but she knew that he would soon find a way to relieve his sexual frustration on her body. His hands were rough, not like most boys she dated, Doctor Michael taking her body for his pleasure only. "Just a bit," she moaned.

"It is necessary to test the breasts for tactile stimulation. This may require a bit of pain but that is necessary to make sure that the nerve endings are responsive. I have various instruments for this. But your breasts will have to be naked. Let me continue the preliminary exam first." He released her breasts, his hips driving his cock harder onto her knuckles. He stepped back from her, her face flushed. "Don't be ashamed, many girls get sexually aroused during an exam. Some even manage to achieve orgasms. It's allows the Doctor to check that you body lubricates naturally." Lorinda would cum today, many times, and Michael was sure that her body would respond.

Lorinda watched as Doctor Michael moved to her side, her breasts still thrust up, her white blouse now wrinkled from his hands. She could feel her hard nipples pushing out in her bra, her arousal hidden by the virginal blouse. She watched almost

as if in slow motion as his hands touched her stomach, sucking in her gut as if she were burnt by a hot iron, his hands almost demanding as it rubbed her skin.

"Hold still," he urged her, his hands moving lower onto the short skirt, her legs pressed tightly together as if she could protect her sex from his probing hands. His hands slid down over her hips, moving down until he found the naked skin of her leg. She cringed when his hand touched her. "Relax now," he whispered to her, his hand sliding back up, this time his hand under her skirt, finding the naked skin of her hip. His hand moved up until he touched the edge of her panties, her skirt bunched up around his wrist, her legs uncovered, the edge of her panties revealed between her legs.

His hands were moving under her skirt as her body trembled in arousal. He was staring down between her legs as her skirt moved higher up her legs, slowly revealing the virginal white panties she wore. She felt his hands become more aggressive, his hands gripping the edge of the skirt, slowly raising it up until it was at her waist, feeling the cool air of the room on her naked legs. Only her panties were covering her half naked body, her legs clenched tightly together.

He could almost make out a wet spot on her panties. Soon he would have her panting in desire, her panties drenched in her juices. "Nice full hips," he commented to her. Built for pleasure, he thought to himself. His hands returned to her legs, this time to the top of one leg. "Relax your legs. Let your muscles relax," his hand sliding beneath her tightly clenched thighs. He pushed them apart, feeling her surrender

as he pushed one leg open, his hand finding the smooth, silky flesh of her inner thigh. "Yes, that's a good girl," his hand taking her other leg and bending it back, opening up her crotch to his eyes and his hands. Her legs parted submissively until one was bent back, his hand lightly running up and down her inner thigh. He moved higher each time, almost touching the edge of her panty, teasing her before moving back down again. He could see the panties get damp as he teased her.

She felt herself being obscenely exposed by Doctor Michael, her leg bent back, feeling the cool air on her crotch as she felt his hand rubbing her inner thigh. Her ass began to arch up, Lorinda not even realizing she was making the movements as she unconsciously sought out the touch on her sex. She moaned softly as his fingers teased her, feeling her pussy getting wet. *Please touch me*, she silently begged, her ass rising up higher, offering up her pussy to his waiting hand.

Doctor Michael could smell her arousal as he teased her. His hand moved down to her ankles, gripping the two of them in one hand, his other hand lifting up her legs. He bent her body in half, her legs pulled up until they were up to her head, the white panties stretched tightly over her taut ass cheeks. His hand touched her ass, sliding down to cup one of her cheeks, her short skirt pulled away leaving only the white panties protecting her sex from his probing eyes. "Tighten your cheeks for me," he ordered her. "I need to test your muscles," he explained.

Lorinda suddenly found her legs yanked high up until her ankles were in her face, his large hand easily gripping her

slim ankles. Her skirt fell away from her body as her panties pulled tight over her ass cheeks. His hand gripped her ass so possessively, squeezing her flesh with his powerful fingers digging deep into her skin. She tightened her cheeks, his hands slowly and sensuously running over her clenched ass cheeks.

"Very good Lorinda. Nice tight muscles. Now relax," he ordered her, one finger finding the tight crack in her cheeks, waiting for her muscles to relax before it slid her panties deep into the divide, his other hand pulling her legs farther back, her ass now the most prominent part of her body. She felt her body tighten again when his finger sought out her crack. He drew his hand back and slapped one cheek, a resounding crack shattering the silence of the room. "I told you to relax your cheeks," his voice was now more demanding.

Her ass cheek stung, stung terribly, Lorinda's quiet existence was shattered by the unexpected slap on her ass. She found herself inexplicitly relaxing her cheeks, his finger straying deep in the divide of her cheeks, finding herself being touched in a place that she had always considered off limits. Her hips danced when his fingers tickled her anus, lightly tapping at the exposed opening, a strange burning as she was touched in the most unexpected and intimate place.

He let his fingers dance over her anus, his hands holding her tight as she moved under his rude fingers. He could see that she was very sensitive back there, excited at the prospect of further probing of her anus. He was sure that he would be able to elicit the most unusual reactions from her body when he would fully explore her ass, sure that his

fingers inside her rectum would draw deep gasps from her. He gave her one last slap on her other cheek, his hand rubbing over the injured flesh as she gasped in pain. He looked at her hands, still clutching the bar behind her head in spite of his spanking on her ass. "That's what happens to girls that don't obey. Do you understand Lorinda?" His voice was demanding.

Things changed, his hands slapping her ass twice as if she were a little girl being punished. His voice was demanding obedience, and Lorinda was almost afraid of what he would do to her. But she still felt the unmistakable arousal between her legs, his spanking raising goose bumps on her body as she responded unnaturally to the punishment. "Yes Doctor Michael." She waited before she added. "I'll do what you say."

"It's time to begin the examination. Please go over to the chair," he pointed at the gynecological chair, the dreaded stirrups shooting high up into the air, the thick, black leather straps so ominous. He watched as she got up, slipping her skirt down over her panties, but not before rubbing her spanked cheeks just like a bad girl would do. "Remove your panties first." He watched as she bent over, sliding her hands under her skirt, revealing little as she slipped the white panties until they fell to her ankles. She pulled her feet out of them one at a time and picked them up to place them neatly onto a nearby chair.

She walked over to the chair almost as if it were her last steps, the strange feeling of being naked beneath her skirt making it more embarrassing. She looked at the chair and cringed. It was not like the exam table at her gynecologist.

This was more of a chair, with a leather back that would provide support for her back though it did seem to have some sort of adjustment that would allow it to recline. The hated stirrups swept up into the air, small cranks on each one that would allow them to raise and lower under the scrutiny of the Doctor. They were already spread wide, Lorinda felt the tug between her legs as she imagined how it would split her apart, her most intimate secrets revealed to Doctor Michael. And see them he would, a small black stool conveniently placed between the stirrups, the white towel covered table hinting at the instruments underneath, instruments that would find their way deep into her most intimate body. Strong lights shone from the side, lights that would reveal her darkest passages to Doctor Michael. She wished she could run away, forget that she ever said she would do this, not sure that she could stand the humiliation of the sterile environment of the Doctor's office.

Doctor Michael could see her hesitation, slipping behind her, one hand lifting up her skirt to reveal her naked ass, the other hand coming down hard to slap against her naked flesh. "Quickly now, do not hesitate," the sharp slap of his hand caught her off guard again, her hips shot forward as her naked cheek absorbed the powerful blow. He didn't let the skirt slide back down until he saw the flesh turn red.

She was brought back to the reality of the situation from the spanking on her ass, his bare hand touching her naked ass cheek with a powerful slap that shook her body. Her body was propelled forward, all thoughts of not obeying quickly giving away to submission as she crawled into the chair,

Doctor Michael standing nearby to help get her body into position. The leather seat felt cold on her ass, reacting to the heat of the blow of his hand as her skin was pushed out of the way. She looked at Doctor Michael, seeing a new look in his eyes as his hands went to her leg.

"Relax your leg muscles," he ordered her, his voice more urgent now, wanting to get her into position, the leather straps waiting to hold her into position no matter if she changed her mind. He lifted the leg, his eyes peering beneath the darkness between her legs as he swung one leg wide, feeling her body slide down on the chair as he lifted it up and fitted her ankle into the waiting stirrup. Her skirt barely covered her sex, a long expanse of naked leg revealed. He moved behind her, moving to the other side to grip her other slim ankle and unceremoniously swing her other leg into the opposite stirrup. He heard her moan as he stretched her leg wide, fitting it into the stirrup. He stepped back, admiring his handiwork.

He laid her out in the chair, her body limp as he fitted her into the stirrups, her crotch aching as he spread her wider than she had ever been, thankful that the short skirt still hid her sex from his probing eyes. She could feel her pussy lips pulling back from the wide expanse and the unfamiliar tugging of her anus, knowing that she would be obscenely exposed.

"I'm going to strap your legs to the chair. It prevents you from getting injured in case you unexpectedly move while being examined." He went to her ankle, taking the black

leather strap and tightening it around her slim ankle, pulling it tight. "That's not too tight is it?"

He was tying her spread eagle to the chair and then had the audacity to ask her if it was too tight. But she almost came when she felt the first strap on her ankle, the leather tightly binding her spread open to whatever he desired of her body. No matter how perverse, feeling the cool air rushing over her stretched anus, shivering at the thought of what he might do to her. Her voice trembled as she murmured her response. "No Doctor Michael," surrendering to this game.

"Now the other," walking slowly behind her to take the other strap and bind her ankle to the other stirrup. He picked up the remote and pushed the button, the sound of whirling breaking the silence of the air.

"NO!" She could feel the stirrups moving outward, not believing that he would spread her wider. Another tug and the two stirrups moved higher, feeling her ass rising up from the seat, relieved when he finally stopped, her breathing ragged, her chest moving up and down.

He moved to her side, seeing the panic in her eyes. She had not expected it to be like this. The humiliation was bad enough, now it was the helplessness of the situation, her body bound in the chair, her legs spread wide, ready for his intimate exploration of her body. He went close to her face, leaning in to kiss her lightly on the cheek. "Don't worry, I'll take good care of you."

She never felt so helpless in all of her life. She had often fantasized of being taken while bound, her body ravaged by a stranger, taking his pleasure from her bound, naked body,

but this seemed so much more real and scary. She could feel the cool air of the room between her legs, not sure how exposed she was, sure that she would soon be naked with her legs bound wide. She could only shake her head, her throat to dry to even speak.

Doctor Michael stood over her, leaning to slowly unknot the scarf around her neck, liking the touch she added. He slowly pulled it from the collar of her blouse almost as if it were a strip tease. It pulled from her blouse, the long scarf in his hands. "Put your wrists together in front of you," his voice demanding of her.

She wasn't sure why she did so quickly, her arms trembling as she felt the scarf wrapping around her wrists, Doctor Michael tying a thick knot that held them securely. She tugged, the knot tightening, her wrists bound successfully together. Her helplessness just got intense as Doctor Michael moved behind her, Lorinda finding her arms tugged back over her head. She felt a fumbling, then the scarf released. Lorinda tugged on the scarf, finding her arms bound high behind her head to something unseen, but secure. She could feel her blouse hugging tightly to her breasts, looking down to see the buttons straining as the position thrust her breasts out obscenely as if asking to be touched. And touched they were, Doctor Michael's hands coming out of nowhere behind her to encircle her taut breasts in his palms.

"Good girl," his hands reached around to finally grasp her firm breasts again, delighting in the way they felt beneath his hands. He released them, his fingers moving around to the button, slowly unbuttoning one button at a time, the blouse

drawn back to the side as the position she was in strained the blouse. He looked over her shoulders, her firm, tanned bosom slowly revealed, the bra of sheer lace barely hiding anything from his eyes. Her nipples were unmistakable, the blouse drawn to the side, her nipples pushing hard against the thin fabric. He pulled the blouse from her waist, pushing it down off her shoulders, leaving her clad in only the thin, lacey bra.

His hands excited her, the large hands so powerful as they crushed her breasts beneath his touch. While he squeezed them almost too harshly, she couldn't contain her nipples, exploding beneath her bra to push them out brazenly for him to see her arousal. She blushed when his fingers lightly tapped at the swollen tips, her body shuddering each time his fingers touched her aroused flesh, ashamed at how the bondage excited her.

"You seem to have very large nipples," he loudly proclaimed. "And they seem to crave attention." He could see her blush at his comments. He pushed beneath her back, finding the thin bra strap, unsnapping it with a deft motion, the bra falling loose in the front. He picked up a pair of scissors, quickly slicing through the shoulder straps before she even noticed, the straps falling uselessly off of her arms. He snapped away at the blouse hanging from her arms, the white material soon just shredded cloth falling to the floor. Only her firm breasts kept the bra on, his hands eager to make them naked.

She was almost naked to the waist, hoping that he had something to cover her up when he was finished with her, her blouse now a useless pile of cloth on the floor. Her bra hung

precariouly from her firm breasts, and she was sure that if she took a deep breath it would slip from their perch. She felt his fingers lightly touching her sides, Lorinda squirming in the chair as his fingers tickled, her bra shaking as his fingers slid up to slide along her breasts, teasing the flesh, her nipples crying out to be touched. She felt the bra slipping over her nipples, teasing the hard points as it slowly slipped from her body until Doctor Michael threw it to the floor. She looked down, her nipples swollen with lust, the tips throbbing. She watched as if in slow motion, his hands coming up from beneath to gently cradle her breasts, his fingers touching just below the tips, teasing them. "Please touch them," she begged, her hips moving gently, her wide spread legs making it look so obscene as she sought out the attention she needed so badly.

Doctor Michael's fingers moved up to slowly run around her areolas, watching as tiny goose bumps appeared around her nipples, the hard tips erect and straining to be caressed. Her back arched even more obscenely, her hips moving, her body aroused to a fever pitch. His fingers moved to her nipples, grasping them in a powerful grip, squeezing them tightly.

"MMMMMM," she moaned, expecting a light touch, surprised, yet excited when his fingers gripped her twin tips harshly. "GGGGGODDD," she moaned again, her nipples feeling as if they were in a vise as his fingers began to twist them. Her pussy dripped with desire, not surprised at her reaction. She had always enjoyed a harsher touch on her nipples, she had just not met many men that would treat her

that way. Most men tried to pamper her body with their touch, her body always craving for more.

Lorinda didn't protest his rough touch, in fact her moans of pleasure encouraged him, twisting her nipples beneath his touch as her back arched up submissively. He pulled her nipples, watching them stretch out. He was encouraged, the tray containing many lovely instruments that would attach painfully to her nipples. He teased her with his next comment. "Does that hurt Lorinda? Would you like me to stop?" He knew that she was enjoying it, but he wanted her to admit to it.

Lorinda played the game. "It's okay Doctor Michael," she admitted. "It hurts a bit, but I trust you." She felt his response, her nipples twisted and yanked harshly, Lorinda gasping in pleasure.

"Close your eyes," his voice demanding obedience from her. He saw her obey instantly, his hand reaching down to draw back the white cloth from the metal table, a tray of shiny instruments revealed. He picked up the nipple clamps, the small vibrators attached to each one, adding to the heavy pull that they would inflict on her pinched flesh once he clamped them onto her swollen tips.

She felt the fumbling with his fingers as he tugged on one nipple, her eyes clenched tightly closed, the darkness bringing about a new found arousal as her mind raced to imagine what he would do to her. She shivered when she felt cold metal touch her one warm nipple, preparing her body for the expected bite of them metal on her nipple, sure that he was going to clamp her nipple tight. She had never felt a nipple

clamp before, masturbating often to the feel as she imagined it would be when attached to her aroused nipples. But nothing could have prepared her for the actual experience.

"AAAAGGGHH," she screamed out as the unyielding metal clamped onto her aroused nipple, the flesh squeezed so tight that she was sure that he had clamped her nipple with a pair of pliers. Her back arched up, feeling the tug on her nipple as his hand released the cruel instrument, feeling her breast pulled down by a sudden weight that bit even harder into her clamped tip. The sharp pain diminished to a dull ache that raced through her breast. "NNNNO," she cried out when his fingers prepared her other nipple, teasing it to hardness, the cold bite clamping onto her inflamed tip. The sharp pain raced to her brain, feeling the tug on her clamped nipple as Doctor Michael released the unseen device. She could feel both of her breasts yanked out of shape, the heavy weights pulling them down.

Doctor Michael's cock throbbed with desire as he looked down at her breasts, the proud flesh now drawn out of shape, her nipples turning a dark red as the metal clamps squeezed them unmercifully, the vibrators weight tugging them down almost to her waist. He could see the look of anguish on her face, but she didn't protest his rough treatment, instead bearing up to the pain that he was sure that he was inflicting on her nipples.

The dull pain suddenly turned to pleasure, the clamps coming alive to vibrate on her pinched flesh, the quiet of the room coming alive with the sound of a vibrator. She felt a hand slide beneath her short skirt, Doctor Michael's hands

slipping between her legs to find her sex, his fingers running up and down her wet slit, her ass rising up high as his finger rolled over her swollen clit.

Doctor Michael found her slit soaking wet, his fingers sliding apart the petals of her sex to explore the slick inner lips of her pussy. He felt her shudder when his finger found her clit, hard and swollen, his fingertip slapping it back and forth as her body trembled beneath his touch. Her breasts jumped up and down as she shook her upper body, the tingling vibrators on her twin peaks teasing them, the bite of the clamps testing her ability to stand the pain.

His fingers were all she needed, shaking her breasts, making the clamps dig deeper into her sensitive flesh as the vibrators on the metal sent her body into a series of shudders as she came. "OOOOHHH, GGGGGGODDDD," she cried out in ecstasy as his fingers drove up and down her wet slit, touching her clit to drive the orgasm that shot through her body. She tugged on the bondage that kept her legs spread obscenely wide, the helplessness igniting an orgasm that raced to her brain. The pain of the clamps on her nipples, combined with the pleasure of the vibrators and his masturbating finger sent a series of orgasms that ripped through her bound body, Lorinda experiencing the pleasure that was only allowed in her dreams as she came while bound and spread for Doctor Michael, her half naked body at the pleasure of the Doctor, to do as he pleased.

The chair beneath her ass was soaked in her juices, his fingers wet with her cum as a faint sheen of sweat covered her half naked body. The last shudder ran through her body,

his finger snapping at her clit one last time, her thighs clenching tightly as Lorinda tried to close her legs, the bondage of the chair holding her open and exposed. He let his finger rest on her clit as he went to one nipple, opening up the clamp to let the blood rush back to her nipple. She screamed out in pain.

"EEEEHHH," she couldn't believe the pain as the blood rushed back into her nipple. She had expected to find relief, instead the sharp pain returned as the blood rushed painfully back into the tips. "NNNOO," she begged when his finger fumbled with the other clamp. She would rather endure the dull pain than the sharp bite, but Doctor Michael wouldn't listen to her cry, the other nipple released from the tight clamp of the unyielding metal, falling down to her waist as her breasts swung back up. The pain shot instantly to the crushed flesh, another cry torn from her lips, his gentle masturbating of her clit doing little to stop the sharp pain. His fingers moved to her nipples, gripping them, bringing them both back alive again.

"You may open your eyes now."

She opened her eyes, Doctor Michael standing to the side of the chair, his fingers wet with her juices. She watched as his fingers moved to her lips, two fingers running around her lips, feeling her juices smeared on her mouth. She let his fingers enter her mouth, her lips closing on them, her tongue reaching out to lick them clean, the taste of her arousal filling her mouth. She tightened her lips as he slowly pulled them out, wishing it was his cock instead,

His cock jerked in his pants as she sucked his fingers as if she were sucking his cock. Her wet lips glistened with her juices. "You responded well. But we have more exploration. He moved to her side, his hand moving down to the top of her naked legs, finding the edge of her short skirt. He slowly pulled it up until her naked bush was exposed, the spread of her legs forcing her labia to peel back to reveal her pink insides, her juices glistening in the strong light, revealing all of her treasures to his gaze.

She never felt so exposed, the bondage preventing her from protesting the embarrassing stripping of her body, her wide spread legs making it humiliating to be forced into such an obscene position. The orgasms had diminished some of the excitement of the game they were playing. It was just humiliating to be exposed as she was, especially being bound and spread.

Doctor Michael gazed down, her neatly trimmed bush, her blonde hair making it hard to see. Her labia were still covered with her juices, glistening in the bright lights of the room. He moved until he was in front of her, standing between her spread legs, the chair keeping her so open and vulnerable. He pulled up the small stool, sitting down in front of her, staring openly at her wide open pussy. He moved closer, inhaling the sweet scent of her arousal, licking his lips in anticipation. He put on the rubber gloves, making sure he made a lot of noise doing it, Lorinda's head back, her eyes closed tightly as she tried to block out the position she was in. His hands slid up her silky thighs, seeing her muscles grow taut as he moved closer to her pussy. "Relax Lorinda." His hands slid between

her legs, running up and down the edges of her labia, her body jerking from the unexpected touch.

She shut her eyes tightly as his hands began to explore her body. She could feel his fingers running up her labia, teasing along the edge of her slit as her ass unconsciously rose up from the chair, the reality of the situation brought back when the straps strained her ankles, reminding her that she was bound spread open. She hated it when she felt the tingling in her loins, her pussy beginning to get wet again, ashamed at how Doctor Michael was playing her body. She felt his fingers gripping her lips tightly and then felt the gradual parting of her lips, the cool air of the room blowing on her super-heated pussy. She felt her lips being pulled wide apart, stretching wider and wider his fingers not stopping, Lorinda turning red as how she must be exposed.

"Very good Lorinda," Doctor Michael encouraged her. "So nice and pink and wet," he teased her. Two fingers of one hand kept her lips spread wide, his other hand free to explore the pink, wet flesh exposed to his gaze. Her body jerked when his fingers ran up and down the insides of her lips, touching her so intimately, exploring the smooth, wet flesh. His fingers ran up and down her widespread slit, her juices flowing freely now. He could make out the dark, tight hole that beckoned his exploration, the cold, sterile speculum lying on the table ready to enter her intimately. Her hips were rising up and down as his fingers continued their exploration.

She was beginning to enjoy his touch again, not sure how she could be aroused again so quickly after just cumming. His fingers moved closer and closer to her clit, her body trembling

as he almost touched her there. She felt two fingers move around her clit, the pressure increasing as they pushed together, her clit hood shoved aside, her clit bursting free, open and exposed.

"Such a big clit Lorinda. Almost like a little cock," he continued to tease her, her red, swollen clit revealed by his fingers. He pinched it close to the base, watching as the head swelled in pleasure, the blood pushed to the end. Her ass rose up higher, Doctor Michael catching a glimpse of her tiny anus snuggled tightly between her cheeks, her juices running over the tiny hole. His fingers snapped over the head of her clit. Her body jerked in surprise.

"EEEEGGGG," the unexpected sharp bite on her clit catching her by surprise. His fingers pinched it tight, one fingernail snapping across the sensitive head driving her body into tremors of pleasure. *Was he going to make her cum again? So soon?* She felt like such a slut, Doctor Michael able to control her emotions, able to arouse her with such ease.

Doctor Michael manipulated her clit just as she would a cock, his finger rubbing it back and forth, her hips moving up and down to the gentle masturbation. When he had lulled her into a false sense of security his fingers would pinch her clit, eliciting a gasp of pain from her lips and a gusher of her juices from her pussy, her body reacting to the duel emotions that rushed through her body. He felt her body shuddering, knowing she was close to cumming again. He stopped abruptly, her eyes opening wide in surprise.

She looked down at him, his grinning face staring up at her. She was aroused again, eager for him to please her.

Then she saw his hand reach over and pick up the gleaming, metal speculum. God, it looked so big and formidable. Her thighs tried to tighten together in response, but the leather straps held fast, her legs widely spread, her pussy vulnerable.

Doctor Michael slowly spread the lubricant on the speculum, making sure that Lorinda saw every movement. He peered down between her legs, her lips drawn back, wet and glistening with her dew, the dark, forbidden hole so tiny compared to the stark metal speculum. She jumped when he touched her, his fingers running around her hole, pressuring in as he circled the tight hole, finding two fingers suddenly sucked deep into her hot, tight pussy. Her pussy closed over his fingers, her muscles gripping them tight as she bucked on the chair. "Very tight," he commented, his fingers pushing deeper inside her, pushing aside her tightly, clenched muscles, finding her pussy a hot furnace of lust.

"MMMM," she moaned in pleasure, forgetting the speculum, enjoying the pleasure as his fingers probed deep inside her. She clenched her muscles on the thick fingers, wishing that it was his cock that was taking her. They twisted and turned inside her, Lorinda feeling his knuckles as they turned inside her, rubbing along her silky insides. She clenched tight as his fingers withdrew, not wanting the pleasure to stop. Then she felt the cold, unyielding metal pushed against her pussy, his hand pressuring behind it as she felt her pussy pull back as the large object forced its way inside her. "AAAAWWW, it's cold," she cried out, her pussy ring gripping the ever expanding shaft of the speculum, gripping tightly the cold metal as it slid effortlessly inside her,

pushing aside all of her resistance. The rigid metal flanges on the speculum pushed her walls aside ruthlessly, entering deeper and deeper with every thrust of Doctor Michael. It was far worse than she could imagine as the cold, sterile instruments invaded her most intimate body, the metal unyielding as it shove aside her muscles as she tried to force it from her body.

"It will be easier if you relax and let me have my way." He could see her heavy breathing as she strove to accept the impalement with the speculum. He pushed harder, a groan from her lips as the thickest part of the speculum pushed aside her tight opening, seeing her pussy cling to the metal as it slid inside her.

Lorinda couldn't forget the hard object that spread her painfully open from the inside, a fullness that was so much more than when a cock was inside her. This one was hard and unyielding, her pussy unable to clench on it. She never felt as vulnerable as she did now, waiting for the final indignity as Doctor Michael opened the speculum inside her, able to peer deep into the depths of her body.

"I'm going to open the speculum," he said with a matter of fact tone as if it was a normal occurrence. His fingers turned the screw, his eyes peering into the darkness as he opened her up intimately.

The speculum began to move inside her, a strange feeling as the sides of the speculum flowered open against her constrained pussy walls, forcefully pushed outward. She could only groan and gasp as she was slowly spread open from the inside, her vaginal walls pushed out by the hard metal. Each

time she thought he had stopped, the relief was only temporary, as if he needed to get a better grip on the device that opened her up, each time it spread again, the pain inside her began anew. She had never felt a cock inside her as big as the speculum, her insides aching from the wide spread. She could even feel the cool air of the room blowing deep inside her super-heated pussy, ashamed at how she must look. She saw the light from the flashlight, knowing that he was shining it inside her, able to see the part of her body she had not even been able to see. She felt the eyes peering between her legs, so close their hot breath touched her open sex, knew he was getting an intimate glimpse inside her, a glimpse that none had before and hoped none would again, humiliated at being so exposed. She couldn't even have imagined it would be this humiliating.

Doctor Michael was amazed as he stared deep inside her, the speculum keeping her spread and open as the flashlight illuminated deeply inside her. His finger moved up to find her clit, swollen and hard, lightly tapping at it as his hand touched the speculum, moving it inside her. Her hips began to move as he stimulated her, his finger becoming more urgent as he played the hard bud back and forth, his other hand tapping at the speculum, reminding Lorinda at how exposed she was. It still didn't stop her from silently moaning in pleasure as his finger played her body like a fine instrument, rubbing the hard bud lightly with his fingertip, then suddenly surprising her when his finger would pinch it tight, her ass rising up from the chair as she gasped in pain.

She never felt so full as she did now, Doctor Michael tapping the speculum, Lorinda feeling it move unnaturally inside her as he masturbated her again. *How could her body respond so easily to his touch?* "EEEEHH," she cried out, not sure if it were pain or pleasure, his finger suddenly gripping tight on her swollen clit, squeezing the blood from the tip. He released it, his finger tapping the head again as the blood rushed back in again, her pussy slick as her juices flowed freely. She opened her eyes, Doctor Michael stopping his masturbation.

"Relax, I'm going to take out the speculum." He began to close the speculum inside her, releasing his hand from the end, watching as her muscles pushed the slick metal speculum from her pussy.

She pushed on the speculum, feeling strange as the thick, metal object slowly shrank from inside her, her insides closing on the retreating object. Her pussy closed up as the speculum shot out of her pussy, Lorinda relieved at ridding her body of the intrusive probe. She just wished he would touch her again, wanting badly to cum again. "YYEESS," she moaned loudly as his finger returned, sliding up and down her wet slit, running over the head of her clit.

Doctor Michael began to masturbate her again, his other hand sliding under the seat to cup her ass, feeling her lift her cheeks up at the unexpected touch of her ass. Her ass was wet with sweat, his finger sliding up and down her crack, feeling her asshole tremble as his fingers grazed the tiny opening. She was too engrossed with his masturbating finger to realize what he was about to do, her asshole relaxed and

open. He gripped her clit with two powerful fingers, stretching it, Lorinda moaning as her ass rose up in the air as he stretched her sex button. It left her open and vulnerable, Doctor Michael slipping his finger inside her anus until he felt her rectum grip his finger.

"OOOHH, GGGGODDD!" Lorinda was suddenly impaled on a thick finger, finding her asshole stretched open, her anal ring gripping tightly around the knuckles of Doctor Michael. She tried to move her hips to dislodge the finger but only succeeded in allowing the finger to move around in her rectum, pressing hard on the muscles that worked to push it out. Her clit was stretched, his powerful fingers pinching it tight, but the pain was overshadowed by the disconcerting finger that probed her asshole.

Her asshole was so hot and tight, her muscles trying hard to push his finger out, clenching and unclenching on his finger as he began to twist and turn the digit in her asshole. He pushed harder, fighting the muscles as he plunged his finger deeper inside her, plunging into her colon, over half of his finger inside her, her anal ring gripping his finger like a rubber band. "Relax," he encouraged her, his finger returning to lightly masturbate her clit, hoping to make her cum, this time while her asshole was probed by his finger.

No matter how much she moved her hips, his finger followed, twisting and turning inside her, always going deeper, pulling back until only the tip of his finger was grasped by her anus, then shoved back in, each time touching spots that should be left untouched, probing inside her bowels, skewering her on his finger. It felt so uncomfortable

to be full back there, the finger moving like a tiny animal burrowing into her bowels, nipping at her insides as her muscles uncontrollably tried to push it out. Her sphincter fought unsuccessfully his finger, a burning sensation as her anal ring stretched farther than it should, impaled on the thick finger. His finger felt as if it was a baseball bat inside her, stretching her to immense proportions. "MMMM," the pleasure returning as his fingers continued the gentle masturbation, sliding back and forth over her clit. One finger slid down, sliding into her pussy, Lorinda gripping it possessively as it spread her open. She never felt so full before, dually impaled on his fingers, front and back, the fingers relentless as they moved in and out of her. Her muscles were confused, Lorinda was not sure if they were trying to push the fingers out or pull them in, and she was unable to control them. She let her body slump in the chair, surrendering to the fingers that impaled her, her eyes closing as her orgasm drew near.

Her asshole felt as if it were trying to suck his finger deep inside her, Doctor Michael burying his finger so far in her colon that his knuckles banged hard against her anus. It was like a hot furnace that trapped his fingers, her muscles rippling up and down it, Doctor Michael imaging that it was his cock that was being pleased by her hot insides. He plunged a finger in her pussy, feeling his finger in her asshole on the other side of the thin layer of skin that separated them, fingering both of her holes. He felt her surrender, his fingers becoming more urgent, hoping to drive another orgasm from her bound body. It didn't take long, the duel

masturbation of her holes bringing her body to the brink of ecstasy.

It almost felt like one fat finger between her spread legs, the fingers moving in unison to plunge deep inside her, only to withdraw until her muscles clung to them defensively, than impaled again with a powerful thrust of his fingers. His other finger kept her clit hard and swollen until Lorinda could no longer contain her arousal. "EEEEWW," she cried out in pleasure, her insides trapping the fingers so tight as she tried to clench her thighs together, only to feel the bondage that kept her helpless in the grips of Doctor Michael, the helplessness being the last straw, the tremors racing through her body as her juices bathed his masturbating finger. His finger in her asshole felt as if it were coming out her mouth, his knuckles bashing hard against her anus as his fingers twisting and turned in her guts as she came. Two fingers plunged into her pussy, impaling her with the thick flesh as she came again, her juices dripping down between her legs. "MORE!" She cried out for more stimulation, Doctor Michael not letting her down, two fingers pushing against her anus, her juices allowing them to penetrate her as her ass rose up high from the chair. "NNNOOO!" She came again, both of her holes stretched to the limit, her asshole feeling so stretched around the thick fingers trapped inside her. Her body trembled and shook, sweat glistening on her breasts as she bucked under the fingers that masturbated her to another orgasm.

It took a few minutes before she finally breathed normally, Doctor Michael slowly letting his fingers slip from her, his

fingers slick with her juices, the chair beneath her soaked from her orgasms. She didn't try to close her legs, even when he removed the leather cuffs that kept her spread to the stirrups, letting her hands loose, her body slumped in the chair, exhausted.

He wiped her body with a wet, hot washcloth, paying particular attention to her pussy and asshole. She looked up at him and smiled.

"I hope my regular gynecologist doesn't do anything like Doctor Michael did. I'm not sure I can even drive." She never felt so relaxed, even the gentle burning in her anus could fail to diminish the feelings. She looked down to the front of Michael's pants, seeing his cock straining to get loose. She reached over and touched him, gripping his cock, feeling it jump as she touched it.

He was surprised when she touched him, not sure what he was suppose to do, standing there while she stroked his cock beneath his pants.

"Would you like me to take care of that?" She squeezed it with her hand. "With my mouth," she added.

"That would be a pleasure." He decided to push it a bit farther. "But I'm going to cum in your mouth." He paused. "And you are going to have to swallow it." She had already told him she didn't like the taste of cum. He wanted to see how far he could push her.

He waited, looking up at him. He was testing her, seeing how far she would go. Go to please him. "You will have to tie my hands. Then you can do what you want with my mouth. You have only to guide my head with your hands."

Michael put a pillow on the floor. "Kneel." It was an order, Lorinda quickly rose up from the chair and knelt submissively on the floor in front of him. He gathered up the tie again, taking her hands and tying them behind her back. He stood in front of her, letting his pants fall to the floor, eager to feel her lips wrapped around his cock. His shorts were next, his cock jerking in front of her face. He stepped out of both of them, moving forward until he pushed his naked organ over her face, rubbing it up and down her cheeks. She looked up at him, her eyes almost pleading with him, as his hand aimed his cock at her lips.

She felt the cock rubbing on her lips, her tongue retreating into her mouth as she sought to escape the trail of cum he left on her lips. His finger pushed into the corner of her mouth, opening her lips, the hand on the back of her head tilting her head up and back until her mouth opened, his hips driving his cock between her reluctant lips. She felt the hot flesh slip between her smooth lips, Lorinda had no choice as the thick cock split her lips apart. She waited, her bound hands leaving her helpless again, kneeling naked with Michael's cock in her mouth.

"Run your tongue over the head of my cock," his voice commanded her. It was no longer Doctor Michael, but Michael lording over her, his hands tightening on the sides of her head.

She reluctantly let her tongue swipe over the head of his cock that split her lips apart, tasting the thick, salty taste of his pre-cum. She shivered in fear as she imagined what it would be like when he came, filling her mouth with his seed.

But she didn't have time to reflect, his hips began to fuck his cock in her mouth, his hand held her head still as his cock pierced her lips and began to plunge into her waiting mouth. She let her tongue run over the shaft, feeling the bulge of the vein that ran up its side, relieved that the taste of his cum mixed with her saliva, a faint reminder of the taste. His hands were urgent, pushing his cock into the side of her mouth, making her cheeks bulge out by the large shaft. She felt her mouth fill with his flesh, her tongue pushed aside as his hips drove it to the back of her mouth.

He tilted her head back so he could drive his cock deeper, seeing her eyes open wide as he filled her oral cavity with his throbbing member. One hand slipped beneath her chin, one on the top of her head, holding her head tight as he pumped his cock in and out of her reluctant mouth. "Keep your lips tight," he ordered, driving his hips back and forth, over half of his cock plunging in and out; he wouldn't last long before he came, his orgasm long overdue from the extended play in the chair.

She was breathing heavily, trying to suck as much air through her nose as she could, his cock plugging her mouth and threatening her throat as he fucked her face. Not a blow job, or oral sex. This was a face fuck, her mouth just a receptacle for his driving hips, his cock plunging in and out of her mouth while his hands controlled her every movement. He would pull his cock out of her mouth, let her take a deep breath, most of the time just having enough time to choke or cough. Then his hands would grip her head again, tilt her head back, and Lorinda reluctantly opened her mouth wide

while his hips drove his cock back into her waiting mouth. "GGGGRRRRGG, MMMGG," she could only gurgle, as his cock speared her lips and plunged to the back of her mouth.

He tugged her up against his abdomen until his pubes were touching her lips, her head struggling as he pulled her throat around the head of his cock. She choked and gagged as he held her still, his cock feeling her throat muscles rippling up and down the head as she gagged, her throat opening, his cock head pushing deeper into the hot confines of her throat.

Lorinda didn't know how much longer she could stand it, almost wishing he would cum in her mouth and end the choking. He was driving his cock in and out of her mouth with such urgency, his fingers hurting as they dug into her head to keep her in position so he could force his cock into her reluctant throat. She heard him moaning in pleasure as his hips picked up speed, driving in and out, her mouth just a hole for his cock to receive his pleasure.

Michael was lost in his pleasure, Lorinda's hot mouth a receptacle for his lust. He could feel the tingling in his balls as he pulled her harshly onto his waiting cock, filling her mouth with his pulsating flesh. In and out he plunged as he began to cum, feeling his juices race up from his balls. He pulled his cock from her throat, pausing the head of his cock just inside her mouth. "Flutter your tongue on my cock. NOW!" He saw her react, her tongue wagging back and forth over the head of his cock. Just in time, the first load of cum shooting out with the force of fire hose.

She knew it was time, Michael was beyond reason, his voice ordering her to tongue his cock head, knowing that he was going to shoot his cum into her waiting mouth. Her tongue was forced to extract the pleasure he desperately sought. She didn't expect the powerful blast of cum that bathed her tongue with the thick, salty fluid, her tongue moving back and forth as her cheeks bulged out from the abundant cum that filled her mouth. It tasted terrible, filling every corner of her mouth with the thick crème. She swallowed hard, the thick crème resisting, slowly sliding down her throat like a hard lump. Before she could swallow the first load, he shot a second load, shooting to the back of her throat, making her choke, choking on the abundant crème that filled her mouth to overflowing. She tried to pull back, but Michel was prepared, his powerful hands pulling her back onto his spewing cock, her mouth filled with another load of cum. She didn't think he would ever stop. Lorinda swallowed as fast as she could, only to feel another load of cum replacing it. She was relieved when she felt his cock softening in her mouth, the foul taste of his cum now prevalent. She felt his cock sit limply on her lips, unsure of what she should do.

"Lick it. Lick it clean," Michael ordered her, her tongue bathing his cock. He pulled it from her lips, cum dripping down her chin as it popped free. "You did a good job," lifting up her chin until she was staring into his face.

She hated the taste of his cum, but the bondage prevented her from protesting whatever he wanted from her. And it had made her excited, wishing that Michael would make her cum

again, but afraid to ask. Afraid to reveal her secret to him. That she liked when he forced her. She suspected that he had an inclination, but that was a far cry from admitting it, leaving her open to whatever he would do to her. She bowed her head down, almost in shame. "Thank you. Sir," she added. Michael watched as she dressed, Lorinda feeling almost self conscious. He was a changed man, helping her to her car, his arm around her side possessively.

"Did you enjoy it?" He waited for her answer.

"I hate to admit that I did," she blushed, not sure why.

"Did you enjoy it? When you took me in my mouth?"

"I think you know the answer to that, your mouth extracting such pleasure from my cock. How about going away with me this weekend? We can enjoy each other away from prying eyes. And talk about what is happening between us. I think we both deserve a vacation. I have a place on the Island of Molokai. Very secluded where we will not be disturbed."

"Do I have to worry about my virtue?" Lorinda was getting her sense of humor back again, her strong personality taking over after being so submissive in their sex.

Michael smiled back at her. "Why, of course you do. I don't think you would want it any other way." He closed the door, but not before getting a quick glimpse of her naked legs as the short skirt slid up her thighs.

She saw his gaze. "You can go home and masturbate. Just like I'm going to." She smiled. She drove off, home to masturbate, to relieve the experience of the day. And to dream of what lay in store for her in Molokai.

CHAPTER 9

Vacation of Lust

Lorinda loved the apartment Jaz found, a condo in the heart of Georgetown. The street even sounded so East coast, Cherry Hill Lane. It was a two bedroom, two baths, but the second bedroom was up a spiral staircase and was more of a loft. It had hardwood floors, a fireplace, all that you needed once the weather got cold in Washington. "It's great, but the second bedroom is a bit small. And not very private." Lorinda looked around the condo as they talked.

"I'll flip you for it," Jaz grinned. She didn't expect to spend much time here, but she didn't want to make it too easy for Lorinda.

"Heads," Lorinda watching as the coin fell on the hardwood floor noisily, spinning for long seconds before finally coming up tails. "You win." She conceded defeat.

"But I did negotiate for you a good salary, didn't I?" It was easy to negotiate with Michael, Lorinda and Jaz's success was what brought him to Washington.

"Yes you did. And we've got so much to accomplish this week. We are moving into the new offices. I want to get them up and running before the weekend." Lorinda was anxious to get to work, the excitement of Washington was almost too much to bear.

"And I hear you are already taking a vacation. Now I didn't negotiate that." Michael had already asked Jaz to take care of

the office for a couple of days, because he and Lorinda were planning to go to Hawaii for five days.

"Yes, we need some time alone to figure out where our relationship is going, away from the prying eyes of the public." Lorinda couldn't wait, privacy at last, five days of Michael.

"And how is your relationship going?" Jaz wanted the juicy details. "Is he what you are looking for?"

"Well, we didn't play Master/Slave, but he is creative. I can only say that our Doctor/Patient play at his friend's Doctors office was more than I could ever imagine. Much more!"

"I'm not even going to have you describe that one to me. I'd much rather have my own images of it." Jaz and Guy's sexual relationship was much more vanilla, and Jaz liked that, though she was sure that Guy would sometimes surprise her with some bizarre act and she would willingly comply with his wishes. "And this weekend. Is he going to rope and brand you?"

"I hope so," Lorinda laughed with a nervous laugh. She was getting what she had already dreamed of, or at least she thought it was what she wanted. Their play Doctor had excited her more than she could have imagined, especially when she was bound and helpless. But this vacation was going to be different, five days of living with Michael, finally having sex with him, though she wasn't sure how it was going to be, her mind continually raced through hundreds of scenarios, each one always leaving her wet with desire.

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The Senator's Dark Desires: A Novel of Bondage
by Powerone

Lorinda caught Michael staring at her a number of times, sure that his mind was conjuring up images that she wished she could see. The sexual tension between them was immense during the week, but they had little time for themselves. Most nights Michael had to rush off for dinner with the party heavyweights, all of them eager to find out what made him tick.

They caught an early plane on Friday and with the three hour time difference they arrived in San Diego almost the same time they left. Michael had surprised her, taking her to the private terminal, a private jet almost ready to take off. "I'm a Director of Telefile Corporation. I used to be President." He saw her look. "Don't worry, they don't do any work for the government. And I disclosed it on all my reports. They have a number of employees going to Maui for a meeting, though I expect it is more of a golfing outing. They are going to drop us off on Molokai first and will pick us up on the way back."

"So I have to be good for a while longer," Lorinda teased him, letting her short skirt ride up higher on her legs.

"Oh, I imagine you're going to be good all the time," he answered, taunting her back. "Once on Molokai we'll be by ourselves. There are only 8,000 residents and where my house is, Halawa, it is even less populated. I'll have you all for my own."

"That sounds so sinister. Should I be worried?"

"I hope so," a smile crossed his face. "I enjoy the unexpected."

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The plane trip to Molokai was uneventful, the day was starting to get later, and everyone was tired from a long week. Most of the others on the plane were quite cordial, though Lorinda noticed that the women were more interested in Lorinda, not sure if it was curiosity or jealousy. The plane finally touched down on the small runway, Michael and Lorinda were the only ones to depart. As soon as they disembarked, the plane took off. A black car pulled up along side them when they did, a driver took their luggage and put it in the trunk as Michael and Lorinda got into the back seat. It was almost midnight.

"It's about 35 miles and the roads are not the best around. I didn't want to drive it so late. I have a car at the house for us to use next week. Don't worry, we'll have our privacy." They settled back into the seat as they drove off into the night. The outside was black, there was not much in the way of street lights and houses the further they drove from the airport. They traveled along Highway 450, hearing the ocean but the darkness didn't let them see much. It was over an hour before they pulled up to the house and the bright lights inside were so inviting.

The driver disappeared before Lorinda turned around again. It was a big house, at least by Hawaiian standards. Open beams and hardwood floors made it so attractive, along with the wide expanse of glass along the back. The outside lights were turned on, lighting up the beach, and the sound of the surf as it hit the beach was almost hypnotic.

"This end of the island has Hawaii's only barrier reef, so the waves dissipate until they gently lap at the beach. It's not

much for surfing." Michael looked at Lorinda, moving until he stood next to her. His hand reached out under her chin, lifting her head up as he kissed her, her mouth opening quickly to accept his searching tongue. Her hands reached around to pull him next to her, and his hands slid down to her hips and moving back to cup her ass ever so gently.

Their kiss lasted for several long minutes, the prolonged days of being in such close contact but separated was finally gone. Lorinda began to rub her pussy against his hard cock. Michael finally pulled from the kiss, leaving her feeling unfulfilled.

"You are so beautiful," his hands still held her close to him. It was after one A.M. by Hawaiian time, but it was almost eight A.M. in Washington. He knew they were both tired. "Your bedroom is in here." He took her hand and showed her to the first bedroom. It wasn't very big, but all the rooms had wide expanses of glass onto the beach.

"My bedroom!" Lorinda was a bit taken back, sure that they would share a bedroom, wanting so badly to.

"Don't worry, it's just for tonight. We're both tired from a long week and day. And I know I wouldn't be able to take my hands off of you if we slept in the same bed. I don't want our first lovemaking to be a hurried affair to satisfy a lust. I want it be something we'll both remember." He opened up the door that connected the two bedrooms. The next room was almost twice as big. In the center of the room stood a high four poster bed, the posts rising up from the corner, ornately carved pineapples gracing the top. A small sitting area was next to the windows, a couch, chair and ottoman of padded

upholstery beckoned to the ocean view. "Tomorrow you will sleep here." It was more of an order than an option.

She hated to admit he was right. She was tired, a leisurely bath and snuggling into bed sounded good. But she hated to postpone it any longer. "I guess if you can wait, so can I."

"If you want something to eat or drink, the kitchen is fully stocked." He turned to leave, but suddenly turned back to her. "And don't masturbate. I want you wet with desire." He said this and shut the door connecting the rooms without waiting for a reply.

Lorinda was taken back by his last comment. It was almost as if he was controlling her, controlling her sexual urges. Her first response was to rush into the bedroom and masturbate noisily. But she put it out of her mind, she wanted their first night together to be something she would remember and she knew that it would be so much more that way if she was aroused, eager to see how Michael would make love. *Was he the man that could quench her dark desires, satisfying her as no one had ever been able to do?* She left her clothes in her suitcase, taking only what she needed to take a bath. As she settled her naked body in the warm water, she found some bath oil on the edge of the soaking tub. She had to fight the urge to touch her pussy as she closed her eyes, lay back and let the warm water engulf her body so blissfully. She almost fell asleep in the tub, but she finally got out and dried off her naked body. The soft towel felt so nice as it rubbed over her nipples, bringing them to attention. She put on a pair of pajama bottoms and a camisole that highlighted her hard nipples. *Eat your heart out Michael. Look at what you are*

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missing tonight. It didn't take her long to go to sleep, the ocean sounds was soothing, like a lullaby.

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She woke up confused, looking at the clock next to the bed, seven o' clock. It took her a minute to realize where she was. The sun was already creeping into the room. She got out of the bed, opened up the connecting door, hoping to surprise Michael. Instead she was disappointed to find his bed was empty. She looked out the sliding glass door, seeing Michael get out of the surf. God he looked good, almost naked, covered in only a pair of bathing trunks, his rugged chest glistening from the ocean water. He looked up, caught her watching out the window and waved as he picked up the towel. She went back to her room, stepped into the shower, getting ready for him. She heard his door slide open and close, his shower running. She fought the urge to join him in the shower, and instead quickly washed her hair.

Michael had the coffee already done by time she came out, and the table on the lanai was set with fruit and cereal. He had learned from Jaz what she ate for breakfast. He was dressed in shorts and a tee shirt as she entered, wearing a bikini, a see through thong wrapped sexily around her hips leaving little to the imagination. His cock sprung instantly to erection. They wouldn't be waiting for bedtime, and Michael was not even sure if he could wait until breakfast was finished. He could smell her before she even got close, her scent seemed to be with him even when she wasn't around.

"Good morning. I slept like a log in spite of everything." She sat down at the table, famished. The coffee smelled good, and Lorinda always enjoyed two cups of coffee before she did anything.

"You look ravishing this morning," he sat down across from her, unable to take his eyes off of her breasts, the bikini top doing little to contain the bronzed beauties.

She laughed at him. "There are more than my tits."

"I'm sure there is, but that's all that I can see for now." His cock strained his shorts. He looked up, watching as her lips curled around the coffee cup, taking a drink, his imagination running wild. "Did you masturbate last night?"

The question came out of the clear blue sky, and Lorinda could feel herself blushing, but she wasn't sure why. "No," Lorinda managed to stammer.

"Why?" He waited for an answer.

Lorinda hated to answer, knowing that she would be revealing so much of her desire for him with her response. "Because you ordered me not to." It wasn't because he had asked her not to, but that he had ordered her not to. The conversation ended abruptly, and Michael had a smirk on his face. She knew then that she had surrendered her body to him. She ate a bit more, then finally spoke. "Do you always get up early?"

"With days like this I hate to waste them." He looked at her hungrily. "But I could be persuaded to stay in bed by you."

"You'll have to wait until I have my breakfast and coffee. You remember waiting, don't you?" She wanted to get back at

him for making her wait last night. But she also felt a sense of giddiness, of excitement as to what would occur with him. She looked at him as he ate and he looked different. Bigger somehow. His hands looked stronger, his smile all the more wicked with the knowledge of what Lorinda had given him when she didn't masturbate last night and publicly admitted it. He had a possessiveness that she hadn't noticed before. Lorinda felt the dampness between her legs.

Michael got up and brought back more coffee for Lorinda, seeing her shiver when his hand touched her naked shoulder. He whispered into her ear. "After breakfast I'm going to take you to my bed. I'm going to penetrate you in every hole you have, making you pleasure me with your lovely body." He walked off, leaving her trembling.

Lorinda was sure that he could see the fear in her eyes, though she wasn't sure if it was fear or excitement. He openly told her of his intentions, her body was not only to be penetrated by his cock, but her mind was penetrated by his dominance. She no longer had a choice. And it aroused her. She could hardly finish her breakfast, so eager was she to let him explore her. Finally she put down her fork, and finished up the last of her coffee. "Thank you for the great breakfast." Jaz had told her about Michael's inquiry about what she ate for breakfast. It was strange, he was so gentlemanly, complimenting her, always making her feel beautiful and intelligent. It was the mixture of his commanding ways tempered with his complimentary actions that was her undoing. It left her in a state of constant arousal whenever he was around.

"I enjoyed making it for you." He finished his coffee, pushing back a bit from the table. "Stand up."

His voice was demanding. It was not a request, and Lorinda rose from the chair.

"Move away from the table so I can see you better." He watched her as she stood in front of the door. He could see the doubt in her eyes. "Don't worry, no one is around for miles. You are only mine."

He had taken possession of her as she stood in front of him, feeling just as Jaz probably did when she played servant girl with Guy. *But this was different, for Lorinda knew that Michael would always be this way, and she hoped that it would be what she craved.* She knew what his next command would be, but she waited patiently.

"Slowly take off your clothes for me. Show me that lovely body that I am going to possess." His hand went down to his shorts, straightening his cock as it strained to be free of the constraining shorts. Her eyes watched him. "Now!"

Her hands quickly went to her waist, untying the thong and letting it slip to the floor. She only had a tiny bikini on and was already half naked. She reached behind her, her breasts straining the cups of her top as she unsnapped the bikini top, one hand moving in front to hold the cloth over her breasts as the straps slipped from her shoulders. Her hands went to her sides as the top fell to her feet, the cool air of the morning breeze blowing on her nipples, the tiny buds growing hard as she stood half naked in front of him.

His mouth was eager to explore her breasts again, but first he wanted to see the rest of her. "Continue," his voice demanded.

Lorinda bent over to pull the bikini bottom down, self conscious of the way her breasts hung down as she slid the material off her hips and down her legs. Her legs were coyly together as if she could somehow prevent him from seeing her. She stood up, naked in front of him, a slight blush on her body as he sat in front of her, fully dressed, his eyes racing up and down her naked body. It was as if the doctor/patient play had never happened and Michael was seeing her naked for the first time.

"Turn around," his next command came in a louder voice. He wanted to see her ass again.

She was at least glad that she couldn't see his face and as his eyes explored her ass, Lorinda remembered how he had touched her back there in spite of her protests. That is what scared her the most. He paid special attention to her ass.

"Go into my bedroom and lay down on the bed. I want your legs spread. I will be in as soon as I clean up the kitchen." He dismissed her.

She almost ran from the room, picking up her clothes and racing out. She never felt so aroused as she did now. Her bare feet padded on the floor, and opened the door to his room, she entered only to find the bed was already made, waiting for her. But it was different now, the table near the sliding door was piled high with ropes and leather straps. She almost came when she saw them, the terror racing through her body igniting a lust that she had never felt before. He was

going to tie her up and there was nothing she could do about it. She had already surrendered. She went over to the ropes, her hand reaching out so gingerly, finally touching it, feeling the harshness against her hands. She could already imagine them tightening on her limbs as he spread her open.

It almost felt cold in the room, lying naked in the center of the bed. Her legs spread open, wider and wider as she imagined Michael standing at the foot of the bed, staring between her legs as her thighs spread wide for him. Her crotch ached as her feet touched the edges of the mattress. Her pussy lips pulled back, the cool air rushed upon her super heated sex. Even her clit popped out, begging for Lorinda to touch it, but she fought the urge, knowing Michael would not approve. She jumped when the door opened, and Michael entered the room in silence. He looked larger than he should have, and his presence filled the room. As he walked over to the bed, a predatory look crossed his face and he pulled the tee shirt over his head, his eyes intent on her naked pussy. He looked, in short, like her every desire manifested. Had he not been good-looking in his own right, the confidence he exuded would have more than made up for it. All of Lorinda's fantasies were about to become realities as he slipped his shorts down his legs, his large cock visibly outlined. The shorts fell quickly, and finally, Michael stood naked in front of her, his hand stroking his cock to even greater hardness.

He walked over to the table, picking up two lengths of rope, knowing that Lorinda was watching his every move. He turned back, her eyes on his as he moved to the top of the

bed. "Put your hands over your head. Stretch them out to each corner. I'm going to tie you up for my pleasure."

Lorinda didn't hesitate, she was too scared and aroused. Her arms stretched out, and she knew her body was spread into a big X as her limbs opened up, waiting to be bound by Michael. She felt her juices rush down her inner thighs when the rope touched her right wrist, then Michael's large hands wrapped it with the rough rope, again pulling her arm to the side. She felt him release her wrist, and when he did, Lorinda tugged on her arm, finding them tied tightly to the large bed post. The ropes dug into her wrist as she pulled. Michael didn't move to the other side of the bed, instead he stretched over her upper body and head, and his naked body pressed against hers as he tied her other wrist. She felt his hot cock bobbing on her face, his abdomen pressing against her, his cock rubbing back and forth over her face as he tied her other wrist to the bed post. His cock almost slipped into her lips as he pressed hard on her face as he tied the knots, securing her to the bed post. She never felt so helpless as she did now, his cock rubbing over her lips, Michael free to shove it deep in her mouth, with her unable to do anything but protest verbally.

Michael enjoyed the feel of her face rubbing along his cock, but he had more urgent desires to fulfill. He got up from the bed, looked down at her naked body, saw her body glistening with sweat, and knew Lorinda was growing frightened of his increasing power over her. Slowly, he kneeled on the bed at her waist. He wouldn't tie her legs yet, as he preferred to allow her to offer her own body up for his pleasure. It was

more of an aphrodisiac to mentally enslave than to physically enslave. "Are you wet for me?"

Her lips trembled as she replied. "Yes." She almost came when his hand touched her inner thigh, his calloused hand rubbing her silky skin as she allowed him to bend her knee, pulling her leg up and back, her sex opening up to his gaze. And his touch.

"Spread your other leg like that," he ordered her, bending her leg back until it almost touched the edge of the bed, her ass having to rise up from the obscene spread. He knew that her crotch ached, but that would be the least of her worries. "Don't move!" His voice was commanding.

Her legs shook as she waited, the unknown was scaring yet exciting her. His hand returned to her thigh, but this time his touch was not gentle, did not caress. He began to lightly slap her inner thighs. The skin was tender, his touch harsh, and Lorinda felt the heat of his hand as he moved up and down her inner thigh, from her knee to her crotch, her pussy juicing each time he came so close. It began to hurt, but the pain mingled with the pleasure each time he came close to her pussy, and Lorinda wished he would touch her there, knowing that even the briefest contact would drive an orgasm through her body. "AAAAHH," she screamed out. He had slapped her, but not her thigh. He had slapped her pussy. Although it was a light slap, it still stung, but just the touch was all she needed. She was ready to cum, her heavy breathing made her chest rise and fall. All she needed was another touch of his hand on her pussy.

He could see that she was ready to cum, but he didn't want that yet. He wanted to keep her on the edge so Lorinda would be willing to allow him to continue with the increasingly perverse acts on her body, all in the expectation of cumming. He pinched her inner thigh hard, and Lorinda's body jerked from the unexpected pain.

"OOOOWW," she screamed out in pain, her thigh still stinging from the firm grip of his fingers on her sensitive skin.

"I don't want you to cum yet. I'll tell you when." He slapped her pussy again, this time harder, seeing her ass pushing into the mattress as she tried to escape his touch.

The pain of the pinch had shattered the orgasm that was so close, but his hand surprised her again, slapping her pussy with the flat of his palm, his large hand made her skin sting in pain. She couldn't ever imagine someone spanking her pussy, but she forced herself to keep her legs spread obscenely wide, allowing him unfettered access to her most intimate flesh. She clenched her thigh muscles when he slapped her pussy again, fought the urge to close her legs and stop him from spanking her pussy, and her hands at the opposite ends of the bedpost, bound in ropes, clenched into fists.

Michael's hand was getting increasing wet with her juices, the spanking of her pussy was exciting her. Her labia grew puffy, suffering under his palm, miserably abused. He concentrated on her slit now, her wide spread legs peeling apart her labia like ripe fruit, exposing the tender pink flesh of her inner lips to his hand. He began to slap her with his fingers, three fingers slipping between her lips to rasp harshly

against her wet inner lips, her body jerking in pain with each loud slap against flesh.

The pain was more pinpointed, focused between her lips, his strong fingers beating the inner flesh, igniting a sharper pain that raced through her body. But it also brought a rush of juices to her pussy, coating his fingers with her abundant crème, and Lorinda grew ashamed at how her body was so openly betraying her dark secrets. She looked at Michael's cock, growing in excitement as he spanked her pussy, and Lorinda realized how much pleasure he was getting from inflicting the pain on the most intimate part of her body. She spread her legs wider in spite of the pain, anything to please Michael. She was moaning loudly now, ready to cum again. "Please let me cum." She wanted the orgasm so desperately, was willing to do anything for the sexual relief she sought. "I'll do anything," she begged, her hips moving from side to side as the strong slaps of his fingers continued to ravish her inner pussy.

"Yes you will," he smiled at her. Bound and naked, she couldn't do anything to stop him, in fact her bound body drove the darkest fantasies from his mind. "You may cum now for me." He began to slap her pussy again, this time harder. He would slap her pussy, then run his fingers up and down her soaked slit, his fingers riding over her swollen clit, the tiny organ popping up like a little cock begging to be stroked. She began to hump his hand and fingers like a two dollar whore, wanting so desperately to cum.

Her body went from pain to pleasure, his hand inflicting both on her, with Lorinda no longer able to discern the

difference between them any longer. All she wanted was his hand on her pussy, spanking or rubbing, it didn't make a difference to her. Her nipples were swollen, hard and throbbing as the blood rushed to the peaks, the tingling from her pussy all the way to her anus, her tiny anus clenching uncontrollably as she felt his hand slapping so close to her backside. His eyes were staring into hers as she came, the orgasm ripping through her body.

"Keep your legs spread!" He yelled out the order as she came, the natural reaction to close her legs to trap his hand, masturbating on the tightly clench fingers. He could see her muscles fighting to close as Lorinda struggled to obey him. He slapped her pussy hard to punctuate his command, and her ass rose up as she screamed in pleasure.

"OOOOHHH, GGGGGODDDD," she screamed as her pussy flooded his hand with her juices, running down between her legs to play over her anus, sending a fiery burning in her bowels as she clenched tight. He screamed at her as she tried to close her legs, and fighting her own reaction, she hesitantly spread herself wide again. She felt her wet pussy open up, Michael's hand come crashing down to slap on her swollen labia, his palm pushing apart her lips as the pain rushed to her brain. The intense pain sent another orgasm ripping through her body, her arms pulling on the ropes that pinned her tightly to the bed, the helplessness of the situation increasing the orgasm that spread through her body. She could see him smiling down at her as she squirmed salaciously on the bed, his hand extracting the pleasure from her body. He had ordered her to cum under his command and

she had obeyed just as a trained puppet. Two fingers plunged unceremoniously inside her pussy, pushing aside all resistance. His other hand captured her swollen bud, pinching her clit until her ass rose up high from the bed, his fingers in her pussy guiding her to obey. She came again, the sharp bite of his fingers on her clit overshadowed by the pleasure of feeling his fingers deep inside her tight pussy. "EEEEEGHG," she screamed out in pleasure as he drove another orgasm from her body. She collapsed on the bed, her body exhausted by the orgasms that ripped through her body. He still had two fingers inside her pussy, slowly moving them from side to side, intimately exploring her body just as Doctor Michael had done.

He pulled his fingers from her pussy, both of them glistening, the sheet beneath her ass wet with her arousal. Her eyes watched as his fingers rubbed around her lips, and Lorinda tentatively stretched her tongue out to lick her own juices from his fingers. "Clean my fingers." He pushed two fingers into her mouth, splitting her lips, feeling her tongue obey him, lapping at his wet fingers like a hungry kitten.

She sucked his fingers just as he had made her suck his cock, energetically and thoroughly, licking all of her nectar from them before he pulled them from her mouth. She looked at his cock, hard and throbbing, knowing that she would have to service his lust before he would let her go, scared as how he would satisfy that lust, her bound arms leaving her no option to protest whatever he might do to her.

Michael held her close to him, his hands running slowly and gently over her naked flesh, but he made no attempt to

untie her hands. She felt the wetness between her legs, knowing that she had soaked the bed with her juices. Michael got up, returned with a warm washcloth and gently bathed her between her legs. The soft washcloth felt so nice as he rubbed her pussy, the warm water washing away her juices. She shivered when the washcloth slid between her cheeks to rub over her anus, her tiny hole quivering as she felt his fingers beneath the soft cloth. He put the wash cloth aside, his hands returning to her body, sliding down over her abdomen. She sucked in her stomach as he played his fingers over her bush, teasing the tiny hairs, sending tremors through the follicles. *He was arousing her again. How could he do such a thing after she came so intensely?*

"Has anyone treated you like I did?" His fingers slipped between her lips, finding her getting wet again.

"No," her voice trembled as she answered him.

"Has anyone ever made you cum like that before?" His finger found her clit, rubbing back and forth over it, causing her hips to move once again.

She was afraid to answer, afraid to admit her submissiveness so openly to Michael, especially while bound and his fingers masturbated her again. "Never," she finally admitted. "It makes me afraid of what you will do to me. What I will allow you to do to me."

"It is no longer your choice. Your body is mine, to be taken for my pleasure." It was a statement of fact, not a subject to be discussed any longer. He moved to her wrists, untying them, rubbing as he did so to get the circulation back in

them, rubbing away the red marks that the harsh rope had left on her tender skin.

She was surprised that he released her arms but was grateful, for it felt as if tiny needles were in her arms and the feeling began to leave as her wrists were freed. Michael pulled her up from the bed, turned her body over, his hands moving her around as if she were a doll, positioning her to his liking. Lorinda found herself facing the headboard on her stomach, with Michael at the foot of the bed. She felt his weight on the bed and her head was buried in the mattress as his hands unceremoniously spread her legs, his knees shifting to move between them. She was ashamed when her cheeks spread apart, the cool air of the room blowing on her exposed anus, her backside exposed so brazenly.

Michael grabbed her hips in his hands. "Up on your knees," he said as he forced her into position. His hand pushed down on her back when she tried to get up on her hands. "Just your ass," he ordered, his eyes watching as her ass rose so submissively. He pushed on the inside of her thighs, forcing her legs to spread until he was satisfied. He slapped her ass hard, seeing one white cheek turning pink. "Good Girl!"

Lorinda always hated this position, she'd always refused boyfriends that tried to put her in it. Doggy style, treated like an animal. What scared her most was how defenseless her backside was, her cheeks pulled apart, her legs spread wide, leaving her tiny hole open. Michael got up and quickly returned with a pair of leather cuffs. Actually they were double cuffs, each one connected to the other in pairs. The leather was thick.

"Put your hands between your legs." He waited until she complied, hesitantly moving her hands between her legs, her head submissively pushed deeper into the mattress, causing her ass to thrust up higher. Michael took one of the cuffs, wrapped the thickest band of leather around her slim ankle, made sure it was tight before he moved and repeated the process on her other ankle. From each ankle dangled the other smaller cuff, connected by a short three inches of metal chain.

Lorinda felt her body being bound again and the excitement raced through her body as it did before. The leather felt so tight around her ankles, and she was intrigued with the clanking of metal chains as Michael played mysteriously between her legs. Her hands hung uselessly between her legs, waiting to be bound. She felt one wrist being pulled back further which in turn made her ass rise up higher and was ashamed as she felt her anus opening and closing uncontrollably as the cool air blew on the exposed hole. Soon, the leather strap of the cuffs wrapped tight around her wrist and Michael, pulling her other arm back, fumbled with the leather strap. He released her hands and Lorinda pulled on them. The chain quickly shortened and Lorinda found herself unable to move her arms, the cuffs keeping her pinned to her ankles.

She was so vulnerable now. Michael ran his hands over her up-thrust ass cheeks, his fingers digging deep into her cheeks to peel them apart, the crack in her ass disappearing, her asshole brazenly exposed to his eyes. And his hands. Her ass was arched up so high, her body almost bent in two as

Michael posed her for him. He was going to fuck her, his cock needing relief, but he wanted her vulnerable, her body available to his hands as his cock took her deeply from behind, unable to stop him from probing any part of her body.

She felt a burning in her backside as his fingers pulled her open, feeling the stretching of her tiny hole. She knew he could almost see inside her, his fingers pressing her anus to open wider, peeling her open for his exploration. Lorinda was scared that he would ravish her backside. She was grateful when he eased away, moving off the bed to the head, climbed on the bed again and lifted her bowed head to sit in front of her face. She saw his cock shooting up from his crotch, his hands on her head, and knew what he wanted. Her back ached as he forced her upper body up and her arms tied to her legs pulled her down. Her back was arched obscenely. His hips pushed forward, the flesh of his cock hot as it rubbed on her face, back and forth, his pre-cum leaking on his silky skin. His cock jerked in pleasure when her lips touched it, jumping as Michael positioned it over her lips, rubbing the head of his cock on her lips as if he were painting her lips with his cum. "Please don't cum in my mouth again," she begged him, but her mouth was already opening, knowing that she had no choice in the matter.

Her hot breath on his cock drove his lust, her mouth opening willingly gave him the opportunity. He held her head tightly in his hands, one hand on each side of her head, his hips driving his cock deep into her mouth until he heard her choke, the head of his cock banging painfully at the back of her mouth. "YYYYEEEESSS," he moaned in pleasure. Lorinda's

lips closed on his shaft, holding it tightly as if it were her pussy. He could see the tears in her eyes as he held her head up and back, painfully pressed backwards to allow him the maximum penetration of her mouth. He delighted in the way she gagged on his cock, her throat forced open, his hips driving it deeper into her throat. The muscles of her throat seemed to ripple up and down on his cock and pleasure it better than just her mouth and tongue could provide.

He didn't even give her a chance to get used to his thick flesh in her mouth, his hands held her head trapped tightly, his hips drove his cock into her mouth until she choked and gagged, forced to swallow the swollen head of his cock into her throat, burning as it sank inside her, her muscles pushed aside by the powerful thrust of his hips. The tears ran down her face, her mouth opening and closing as she choked, unable to do anything but submit to his lust. He began to pump her with his cock, her throat going from empty to full with each thrust, and Michael delighted in her choking as he plugged unmercifully. She didn't know how long she could stand it, saliva dripping down her lips as his powerful hands pumped her head up and down his cock like a doll. She was relieved when he pulled his cock from her mouth just as fast as he had plugged into it and he got off the bed. Lorinda looked at his cock, the head swollen in lust, the shaft so long, glistening with her spit. She was afraid of where he was going to put it, her vulnerable anus clenched expectantly.

Michael couldn't wait any longer, he was eager to feel the tight hot pussy between her legs. He kneeled behind her, his hands digging into her hips as he drew her up higher, his cock

bobbing on her ass cheeks. As much as she protested the taking of her mouth, her pussy glistened with her nectar. He fisted his cock and placed it at the entrance of her hot hole, feeling the thick head pushing aside all resistance, his hips pressing forward. He breached her pussy, her hole stretched open, clinging to the bulbous head as he pressed his hips forward feeling like a rubber band wrapped too tightly around his cock. He shoved hard, burying the head of his cock in her hot, tight hole with a grunt, his hands keeping her ass raised up submissively.

She found herself going from empty to full, his throbbing cockhead snuggled tightly inside her, jerking in pleasure as her muscles fought the brutal intrusion. He had filled her pussy with the head of his cock and Lorinda felt her body quaking as she was fully penetrated. Michael didn't leave her time to grow accustomed to his cock, his hips immediately began to pump in and out of her pussy with powerful strokes that shook her body. Her crotch ached as his legs forced her legs wider, her bound arms forcing her ass up higher, almost bent in two, her pussy opened to the deep, powerful strokes of Michael's cock inside her. It felt as though he was trying to drive it through her body, his cock banging painfully against her cervix with each punishing stroke. His hands dug painfully into the flesh of her hips, driving her hips from side to side, her insides forced to massage his cock with each stroke.

Michael couldn't believe how hot her moist pussy was, how her walls pushed aside by his plundering cock as his abdomen slapped noisily against her ass cheeks with every powerful stroke. Her tits danced beneath her body as he pounded his

cock inside her. He fucked her harder, his hips a blur as he drove in and out of her pussy, needing to unload his cum deep inside her. One of his hands slid between her legs, finding her clit, snapping aside her clit hood to expose her red pleasure button to his fingers. He snapped his fingernail against the sensitive flesh, causing Lorinda to jerk her hips in pain, her insides clenching onto his cock from the unexpected pain that raced through her loins.

She groaned in pleasure as Michael took her brutally and unmercifully, pounding her pussy from behind, her body buffeted back and forth from his driving hips. She found the bondage let her body escape being taken so fully by Michael for his own pleasure. Unlike other boys that only tried to please her, Michael took the full pleasure from her body, not caring whether she was enjoying it or not, his only concern was for his own pleasure. She wagged her hips from side to side, trying to escape the thumb that pressed onto her anus, feeling his pulse from his thumb as it pressed onto her defenseless anus. "No! Not there!" She tried to escape his finger, but it followed her every movement, and Lorinda felt the strange fiery stretching of her anal ring as his thumb sought entrance to her bowels.

As he pressed his thumb into her asshole, Michael felt her muscles fight his intrusion, her hips danced on his cock, her insides clenched tightly onto his rampaging cock as he took her. He snapped her clit twice in succession, her body jerked in pain, her anus relaxed for a second, long enough for his thumb to sink into her anus.

"OOOWW, that burns!!" It felt as if her anus were torn, his finger plunged deep into her rectum, her anal ring forced wide around the thick thumb. It twisted and turned inside her backside as his cock continued to take her pussy. She couldn't take it any longer, feeling Michael jam his cock so deep inside her that she slid an inch on the bed, buffeted by his powerful strokes.

His head shot up, screaming in pleasure as he came inside her, her clenching insides drove the cum from his balls to shoot deep inside her hot, tight pussy. His thumb dug into her anus, her muscles fought uselessly to shove his finger out. He snapped his finger back and forth over her clit, her ass urged up as he forced another orgasm from her body.

She felt impaled on both ends, his thumb moved salaciously inside her ass, stirring up deep emotions that she couldn't understand. His cock began to shoot inside her, the shaft grew in size as the cum raced through the shaft to spray deep inside her like a fire hose. His fingers played with her clit, driving her over the edge, her body played to success by his fingers and cock, cumming just as she received a second powerful blast of hot cum deep inside her. She felt him pump her hard two more times before he buried his cock deep inside her, letting loose a third blast of cum that mixed with her juices as she came, the pleasure racing through her body. The thumb in her ass hurt, but at the same time it was Michael taking her body for his own pleasure.

Her body was covered in sweat, jerking back and forth as she came with him, her insides clenching his cock and finger with a new found passion. He filled her with his seed, the cum

dripping down her thighs as he pulled his cock from her pussy with a noisy pop. He kept his thumb in her asshole while she tried to regain her breathing.

"Please."

"What do you want Lorinda?"

"Please. Take your finger out of my backside." She paused. "It burns."

He gave her asshole a twist, his thumb pressing hard against her rectal muscles. "Will you allow me back in again?"

"No, please, take it out."

He twisted his finger brutally inside her, her anal ring stretched wide around his thumb, his finger pushing hard on her rectum. "Will you allow me back in again?"

"Yes," she screamed out in pain from the brutal finger in her asshole.

"Tell me." He twisted his finger again.

"You can put your finger back in my ass again. Just take it out now." Tears were running down her cheeks, a fiery burning in her ass.

He took his finger out, feeling her muscles pressing hard against it as it slowly pulled loose, almost as if she didn't want him to take it from her. He pulled his finger completely out, watching as her dark hole stayed open for seconds before closing, her anus fluttering. He rolled her over until she was lying on her back, her legs drawn up by her hands, her legs still spread. "Would you like to go for a swim?" He had suddenly changed, almost as if he was a different person.

"Yes, if I can." She felt him take off the cuffs and was finally able to close her legs, feeling his sticky cum already drying on her.

"You don't need a bathing suit. It is very private here." He helped her up, seeing his cum running down her legs as they walked to the door.

His cock had grown smaller, though it was still semi-hard. She walked as fast as she could to the water, wanting to get the sticky cum off of her. The water was warm as they both walked in, Michael holding her hand as if nothing had happened. Lorinda felt the warm water wash over her body, the gentle waves splashing against her. She suddenly felt better, reaching into the water, her hands reaching down to spread her pussy lips apart, the warm water washing over her flesh.

He enjoyed watching her, her naked body glistening from the water, the sun beginning to shine brightly. He could see that her nipples were still hard. He moved closer to her, pulling her close to him. He reached for her hand, slipping it into the water.

She knew what he wanted, her fingers searched and found his cock beneath the surface of the water, her fingers closing around the shaft. She began to pump her hand up and down his shaft, sliding effortlessly in the water, feeling it begin to grow in her hand.

"Is it everything you expected it to be?" He felt a tingle in his balls as she masturbated him so gently.

"You mean us?"

"Yes."

The Senator's Dark Desires: A Novel of Bondage
by Powerone

"Yes and no," she replied. "I wasn't quite prepared for it all. My fantasies weren't as vivid as reality." She waited for a moment, looking into his eyes for a response. "Is this your dark desires you spoke of?"

His cock was growing harder by the minute, her hand bringing such pleasure to him. "Partly. Does it scare you?"

She felt his cock grow bigger in her hand, knowing the conversation as well as her hand was arousing him. "It scares me. But it is myself that scares me. My willingness to allow you to do those things to me."

"I will forever test you. Push you even farther each time."

"I know. One minute you are gentle, the next moment you are spanking my pussy, or pinching my clit. My body is unable to comprehend it sometimes and that is what drives me over the edge. The mixed emotions, pleasure and pain mixing together until I crave both of them, not caring which one you do."

He didn't say anything, his hand moved to turn her to the side. "Spread your legs," he ordered her. She obeyed, not missing a stroke as she continued to run her hand up and down his cock.

His hand slipped into the water and Lorinda hoped that he would masturbate her. Instead, his hand went to cupping her ass, and he registered the look of fear in her eyes.

"Remember what you said," he reminded her. His fingers slid along her crack, the water making it easy. He could feel the tiny bump that was her asshole, his finger moving up and down to tease the tiny hole, feeling her hand stop stroking his cock each time his finger caressed the vulnerable opening.

His finger was on her anus, the strange feeling was in her bowels again as she waited for the inevitable. He was going to stick his finger up her ass and she couldn't do anything about it, hoping that the water would erase the burning she felt before. "OOOOHHH," she gasped. Michael stared in her eyes as she felt his middle finger press hard against her resisting anus. With a deft flick, Lorinda found her anus impaled on his finger and standing on her toes, she tried to escape the cruel ravishment. She felt the stretching of her anal ring as his knuckle slid through, the tip of his finger in her rectum. It felt strange, a live finger moving around in her ass.

"Put your feet back on the bottom," he ordered her. He felt her body settle down, her asshole sliding over his finger, impaled with half of his finger. "Good girl." He twisted his finger as he began to corkscrew it deeper into her asshole and her breathing grew ragged as he fingered her bowels.

The water helped, but nothing could stop the strange feeling of fullness as his finger bore into her guts. She felt a sharp pain in her stomach as his knuckles slid along her insides, her anus fluttered as her anal ring stretched wider, the thicker part of his finger pressed deeper into her asshole. She could feel the water entering her ass as his finger moved in and out.

Her asshole rippled along his finger as he massaged the silky insides, twisting and turning his finger as he drove it deeper into her bowels. His knuckles banged harshly against her anus until his finger embedded as deep as he could go without forcing her to take more than one finger. Or his whole hand. She could barely talk, her breathing was ragged as she

suffered under his probing finger. "Continue to stroke my cock."

He wanted her to masturbate him while he fingered her asshole, his finger never stopping, turning and twisting painfully inside her backside. She didn't think her anus could stretch any bigger without tearing, but Michael didn't seem concerned. She stroked his cock harder, running her fingers over the head, keeping them tight as possible, hoping to make him cum so he would abandon her asshole. It felt like a corkscrew in her bowels. She reached another hand in the water, cupping his balls, squeezing gently as she increased the length of her stroke.

He would let her make him cum, suffering under his probing of her asshole, forcing her to masturbate him. He could feel her hand gently coaxing the cum from his balls, squeezing, releasing, squeezing again, her other hand moving up and down his thick shaft, the water lubricating her hand. Her asshole was so tight, clenching on his finger until it was almost painful, her muscles uncontrollably clenching on his finger as he plunged it in and out with deep strokes, leaving her empty then full, his finger twisting inside her. "MMMM," he moaned in pleasure, his hips moving up and down as her fingers gripped his cock so tight. It reminded him of how tight her pussy was when he was in her. "Mmmggg," Michael felt a tingling in his balls before his cum shot up the shaft as her hand squeezed the cum from his balls. It felt strange to feel his cum shooting out into the water, stopped by the water as soon as it left his cock. Her hand pumped up and down as he came a second time, both of her hands masturbating him

expertly. He gave her one final shove with his finger, forcing her up on her toes as he impaled her as deep as he could, watching the pained look on her face as he dug his finger into her guts. He pulled his finger from her asshole, seeing the look of relief on her face.

"You like assholes," Lorinda spoke bluntly. It still burned even with his finger gone.

"It's more of a matter of control. You'd be surprised how easy you will be to manipulate when you have a finger in your ass." He let it sink in. "It's also a different feeling, the muscles naturally try to force anything out, bringing about exquisite pleasure to my finger. Or my cock."

She knew that he wouldn't be denied the pleasure of sodomizing her. She just hoped it would be later than sooner. "Will it hurt?" She knew the answer, his finger alone hurt, never mind his fat cock.

"It doesn't matter. It's for my pleasure."

They went up onto the beach, laying down on the lounge chairs, naked, the sun drying them off quickly. "The sun feels so good. I think I could get used to being naked all the time." Her body was tanned all over, the good thing about tanning booths.

"That's good. I like you that way. That and bound for my pleasure." He laid back in the chair, his cock content, at least temporarily, his eyes gazing at her naked body. She had kept her thighs together as if she were trying to hide her treasures from his view. As the sun grew warmer, his cock grew harder.

Staring at his body, she couldn't believe that he was getting hard again. His abs were tight and Lorinda knew that

was because he worked out in the gym every day, no matter what. Not only did it keep him in good shape, it also took the tension away. His cock was smaller now, but it seemed to grow while she looked at it, even though he had his eyes closed. *What was he thinking about that aroused him? Was he already planning what he would do to her? If only she could be in his head, knowing what was in store for her. But maybe she would run away if she knew the perversions he had in mind.*

They lay outside for about an hour, Michael finally opening his eyes. "How about a ride around the island and maybe a nice lunch somewhere along the way? Though I hate the thought of you covering up your delicious body, I'm sure that my mind will conjure up some nice images." He looked down, his cock hard in the warm sun.

"I would love that." She started to get up, seeing how hard his cock was. "I thought I took care of that." She reached out and grabbed his cock in one hand, her fingers curling around the shaft, feeling it jerk in pleasure when she touched it.

"I'm afraid that it has an insatiable appetite concerning you," He enjoyed her touch again. "But I can wait. I have a lifetime to enjoy you."

* * * *

Lorinda couldn't get his comment out of her head since he said it. *A lifetime.* She tried to watch the scenery, the drive along Highway 450 running along the east and southern coastline. They had stopped at Moaula Falls, both of them brining their bathing suits, swimming in the pool beneath the

250 foot waterfall. It was fairly deserted and Michael hugged her in the water, his hard cock always pressed against her. They dried out, changing back into shorts as they headed along the road to Kaunakakai.

"Are you hungry?" They were pulling into the town, if you could call it that. The town was only three blocks long, with Malama Street only one block long, but it contained a potpourri of eateries.

"Physical or sexual?" Lorinda teased him.

"I already know the answer for sexual. I could feel the gentle movement of your hips as you rubbed against my cock in the water. Is your stomach hungry?"

"I better watch out or I'll find myself tied to a tree with you ravishing me."

"Don't give me any more ideas than I already have. I do have some rope in the trunk. You never know when you will need it." He pulled up in front of the Outpost Natural Foods. "They have nice fresh lunches here. I wouldn't want to fill you too much. With food that is."

Did he really have rope in the trunk? Everything with them seemed to have sexual innuendos. Were they both that aroused that sex became an overpowering trait? "I would love a salad."

* * * *

They spent the rest of the day driving around the island, stopping at different places to see the view of the ocean. The weather was perfect, a gentle breeze blowing, the sun not too

hot. Michael pulled the Mercedes into the driveway, eager to explore Lorinda's body again.

Lorinda walked ahead of Michael, her ass swaying exaggerated, teasing him. "I hope you're not hungry. For food." She was standing in the middle of the living room.

"Lorinda, are you trying to seduce me?"

"No, but I will. You freshen up while I change into something that you'll like. I stopped at your friend's, the one that lent me all the dresses. I found some other things that I think you'd like. Especially one."

"I can hardly wait," Michael's cock sprung to life.

"Give me a half hour to take a shower and change. Don't worry, I'm worth it." She left him without a reply, rushing into the other room, going through her suitcase until she found it. She rushed into the shower, her hands lightly dancing over her body as she showered, teasing her nipples until they were hard, her fingers sliding along her slit, running up and down until she began to get wet, looking through the shower door at the garment she would wear. "Let's see what his imagination does with this."

She couldn't believe how she looked as she gazed into her reflection in the mirror. She was perched high on a pair of three inch heels with straps wrapped around her ankles, The black opaque thigh high stocking had red satin bows, leaving a wide expanse of white naked thigh from the top of the stockings to her panties. The black upstairs maid costume left little to the imagination, the short skirt barely covering black lace panties that clung to her like a second skin. The top was cut low, her breasts pushed up high by the bra, her cleavage

exaggerated. It was meant to show a lot of her breasts if she bent over, as well as the skirt riding up high in the back leaving her panty covered ass exposed. The outfit was designed for the pleasure of the Master of the house. It was meant for the maid to learn her place in life in the 1930's, forced into sexual servitude to the Master in exchange for a comfortable living.

Michael saw her startled look when she saw him, surprised.

She couldn't believe it, the owner of the dresses must have told Michael. Michael was sitting on the chair, dressed in a black suit, crisp white shirt and bow tie, a dapper figure straight from the 1930's. He was even sporting a very realistic moustache, curled up in the corner from the moustache wax. He was sipping a cup of tea, a demanding look on his face.

"It's about time you showed up Lorinda. I called for you over ten minutes ago." His voice was sober, not a hint of a smile, his eyes devouring her half naked body as she stood in front of him.

She curtsied in front of him, not sure exactly if it was right. "I'm sorry M'Lord Michael." He was already ahead of her in the game. Way ahead of her.

"Stand up straight girl, don't slouch." His voice boomed in the room.

She snapped to attention without even thinking.

"You've been here for a month and your work is terrible. I should throw you out into the street." He stood up and Lorinda stepped back from his sudden movement.

She backed up when he rose, a strange shiver went down her back as that she didn't know the reason for. "No Master. Please forgive me. I wouldn't survive on the street." Her eyes begged him. "I'll do anything."

"Yes you will," smirking with an evil smile. "I think you need to be punished first." He paused as he let it sink in. "Then we'll see how cooperative you can be and what you will do to make up for your insolent behavior. Into the other room," he ordered her. He followed her, his cock hard at the sight of her luscious ass swaying sensuously back and forth beneath the short outfit.

She should have been surprised, but she wasn't, Michael was well prepared. The first thing she noticed was the high padded bar in the center of the room. It was covered in black leather, about eight inches wide. It was supported by heavy legs that would prevent it from falling over. A shiny metal bar was on the front, a couple of inches from the floor, worn in the center from use. On the other side were two wooden blocks in each corner about four inches high. The table next to it scared her. On it laid a collection of whips, paddles and crops. These weren't toys or props. They all looked formidable. And painful. She fell to her knees. "Please don't whip me Master." She begged, not sure if she was even acting. His pussy spanking was bad enough, these instruments really looked like they would not only sting but hurt.

"You'll either submit or out in the street my little wench." He yanked her up and swung her around, pushing her over to the bar. He slapped her ass hard.

"EEEEYY," her ass stung where he hit her. He twisted her around until she was facing the bar, his hand pushing her forward until her hips bumped the padded bar.

"Put your feet on the blocks. Hurry now, I don't have much patience with you."

She put one foot on the first block, finding it hard to balance on the heels. She had to stretch her leg wide to reach the other, finally stepping up on it. She put her hand on the bar to steady herself as she balanced precariously on the blocks. Her crotch ached from the wide expanse. The extra four inches of height exposed more of her body beneath the short skirt. But she was sure that would be the least of her problems. Michael had moved around to stand in front of her.

"Now bend over and grab the bottom bar with your hands. One hand on each end." He put his hand on her head shoulders and began to pull as Lorinda began to bend over, his eyes on her half naked breasts as the dress pulled away from the front.

She felt her ass pushing up obscenely as her abdomen rested on the padded bar as she bent over, Michael's hands on her, guided her as Lorinda tried hard to keep her balance on the blocks. She put her hands out in front of her, reached for the bar, her short skirt rode up almost to her back as she was bent over so obscenely for him. The blood rushed to her head, making her feel a bit giddy. Her breasts almost popped out of the dress. Michael moved out of her sight, but she knew he was behind her, her mind conjured up what she must look like from behind.

Her hands had turned white as they grasped the rail so tight, spread wide, just as her legs were. Her skirt had ridden half the way up her back, the wide expanse of her legs made the already tight panties pull hard, leaving little to the imagination as they pressed into every crease and cavity of her body. She would have to take care of his hard cock soon, the organ threatened to pop open the buttons of the pants. He could make out the wet spot on the black panties, Lorinda was so aroused.

She jerked away from the shocking touch on her naked thighs, Michael's hands slid up and down her inner thighs. Her pussy got wet from the touch, teasing close to the split of her legs. "Please Master, don't touch me there," she begged him in a desperate voice. He responded with a sharp crack on her right cheek, followed quickly by one to her left. It took a second before the pain raced to her brain, a yell followed quickly. Her body lurched from the powerful blow, the rail holding fast. Her hands began to sweat as he touched her again, this time Lorinda knowing not to protest.

His hands cupped her up thrust ass cheeks, delighted in the heat beneath the thin panties, ignited by his spanking. She didn't move. He slapped her ass again, making sure that he covered as much skin as he could, her panties pushed so far into the center that both of her cheeks were almost naked. His fingers slid her panties into her crack, leaving two pink cheeks perched up high, begging for punishment. He didn't delay, slapping at the twin peaks until they turned red, finally stopping, his hand making her body flinch when he rubbed the abraded flesh. "Good girl."

Her ass burned, his hand bringing a fiery glow to her ass cheeks as he plummeted them with his hands. He finally stopped, his caressing now reigniting pain in her battered flesh. Her hips wagged from side to side as soon as he touched her pussy from behind, sure that he found her panties drenched in her juices. His fingers seem to tap on her pussy, the panties tugged tightly between her legs, almost splitting apart her slit. She forgot the burning in her cheeks, replaced by the pleasure of his masturbating fingers.

"I think you're enjoying your punishment too much," her hips moved quicker now, her ass up thrust and shifting in circles as he played with her from behind. He reached over to the table, picked up the paddle. It was over a foot and half long, made of thick leather, two separate pieces, sewn together at one end. When she was struck, the paddle would make a loud snap as the two pieces crashed together, the resounding noise much worse than the bite of the leather.

Lorinda knew it was going to get worse and her body trembled as she waited, her nerves on edge. She could hear a whoosh, and then the loud repeat of leather slapping against her flesh before she could even feel the pain. It almost sounded like a gun, her body braced, her hands white from holding so tight, waiting for the pain to race to her head. The pain burst on her right cheek, the large paddle covering a lot of naked flesh, exploding with such a force. Her body was driven into the bar, luckily it was padded. "AAAAWWWW, Please Master!" The pain shattered her ass.

Her ass turned red, the leather paddle taking its toll on her naked flesh. He could hear her begin to sob, and was sure

she was not faking. He didn't give her time to think, his hand returned to slap the other cheek with the paddle, the whoosh and slap of the leather on her ass resounded in the room. Her body jerked in pain, but she held the spread position.

The pain burst in her ass again, a scream torn from her lips as the pain shot into her ass cheeks. She could hardly breathe, relieved when his hand returned to caress her battered cheeks. She raised her ass up higher when his fingers slipped between her legs to play with her pussy again, anything to get her mind off the pain that radiated from her ass cheeks. It didn't take long, his fingers ignited the lust in her, sliding up and down her soaked panties, pushing the taut fabric between her lips. He masturbated her for a few minutes, stopped as suddenly as he started, leaving her body aroused, but unsatisfied.

"This panties need to come off now," Michael's voice declared.

"No Master. Don't make me naked," Lorinda begged him. "I've never been naked in front of a man."

He slapped her ass. "You'll do as I say."

She stayed perfectly still when she felt the knife sliding over her naked ass, moving between her legs, afraid that Michael would accidentally nick her. Or worse. It didn't take long until she felt the pressure of the stretched panties released, but they didn't fall away, pushed too deep in her wet slit and crack. His hands pulled the panties aside and Lorinda moaned as they rasped along her slit, yanked painfully between her legs until she felt the cool air of the

room on her exposed sex. Now she was naked and vulnerable.

"You're quite exposed," he teased her. He gazed down at her tiny anus, her cheeks pulled wide apart by the exaggerated spread of her legs, the bent over position making her cheeks taut. Her slit was pulled open wide, her pink insides wet and exposed. Even her dark forbidden hole was exposed. "Just one more time wench. Than I will show you how to make it all up to me. It's the Fat Friend Flogger for you this time. Hold still!" He picked up the flogger. The red deer hide flogger was short, thick and thumpy, the strands eighteen inches long, at least twenty of them came out from the handle. Each stroke of the flogger would cover all of her exposed flesh, none immune from the bite of the deer hide. He let it dangle over her up thrust ass, the end of the flogger touched her exposed anus lightly, seeing her hole begin to pucker from the intimate touch.

She couldn't control her asshole, the leather touching her anus so delicately, teasing the pucker, Lorinda knowing that no matter how soft it was, it would still sting when he hit her with it. And she knew it wouldn't be her ass cheeks that would bear the brunt of the punishment. It was her asshole and her pussy. He had masturbated her, aroused her flesh, making it so vulnerable to the flogger. The flogger slid down her crack to touch her pussy from behind and Lorinda was unable to control her own hips as the deer hide felt good on her slit. If only he would just caress her with it, but she soon felt it disappear, bracing for the inevitable pain. *It suddenly dawned on her, she was waiting for the pain. Not with dread,*

but almost with anticipation, knowing that she would soon receive the caresses that she so desperately sought. What was Michael unleashing in her? Or was it always in her, he was just bringing it out? The rail rattled on the floor as Lorinda screamed with unexpected pain, the flogger bit into her crease, attacking her anus with a vengeance, burning as the ends of the flogger tugged at her tiny hole, fighting to find their way into her bowels. The rest of her crack and cheeks suffered under the multiple snaps of the individual deer hide. But it was her asshole that suffered the most, her muscles clenched uncontrollably, her hole fluttered open shamelessly. It felt as if they flogger was driven deep into her body.

Michael enjoyed the way her asshole danced for him, the pucker opened and close, giving him a brief glimpse into the dark, forbidden passage. He heard her sobbing louder, but she continued to allow him access to her crease, her legs spread wide. He slapped the flogger between her cheeks again, this time harder, a louder scream tore from her lips, her asshole turned red and swollen from the sharp bite of the flogger on the delicate opening. He didn't give her time to gather her thoughts and swung the flogger up from the floor, striking her on her pussy, the ends of the flogger taking advantage of her spread lips, pushing them aside to beat at her delicate inner lips with a vengeance.

She bounced up and down, not believing the pain that raced between her legs. Her asshole was already aching, now Michael had struck her between her legs, the pain much worse than the pussy spanking he forced her to suffer under before. The flogger hit her pussy indiscriminately, some of the

individual flogger hitting her labia, while others searched out and found her slit, pushing her lips aside to strike her most tender skin with a pain that rocked her. One end of the flogger even found the opening to her vagina, hitting it with such a vengeance as her body jerked up and down in pain. "EEEEEEWWWW," her scream almost inhuman, her body racked with pain. She could hardly breathe.

Michael knew that he couldn't give her time to decide, striking her twice more in succession. The first one slapped harshly on her anus, the next one shooting up between her legs before she could even scream from the first one. He heard the sound of the flogger hitting her wet pussy with a powerful thud that rocked her body up and down as she shook in pain.

It felt as if the flogger was everywhere, her asshole feeling as if it were torn, the flogger slapping harshly onto her clenching opening, her insides screaming with pain. And then it came up between her legs, striking her pussy again, shoving aside all her defenses to beat deep in her body, biting into her inner pussy lips and her vagina, her body racked with pain as she sobbed. He was no longer playing, between her legs ablaze in pain.

Michael took the flogger and ran it up and down her slit, her body jerking in expectation of pain, not pleasure, her sobbing and moaning louder now. He touched her asshole, feeling the tiny hole jerk from the unexpected touch. He began to masturbate her, finding her body begin to rock back and forth as the flogger slid up and down her slit.

He couldn't do that! He was masturbating her after making her suffer under the lash of the flogger. She fought the urge as long as she could, not wanting to surrender to his touch. The pain still radiated from her pussy, but the flogger felt good now, not harsh as it struck her, but soft and gentle, sliding easily along her slit, Lorinda unable to control her own arousal, getting the flogger wet with her juices. She even fought the finger that played with her asshole, teasing the tiny hole, the spasms making her tighten her pussy on the flogger. "NO! Don't make me cum!"

Michael was relentless, the flogger moving to go with her hips, never letting her escape. She was enjoying the same instrument that inflicted the sexual pain on her body, unable to control her own emotions. He pressed his finger on her asshole, feeling the heat, the tiny hole now swollen from the flogger.

She bit her lip as she tried to stop the orgasm that raced through her body, her body trembled and shook as the cruel flogger forced her to cum, her bent over body just a sexual plaything to Michael. He forced her to accept the pain, racing back and forth between pleasure and pain until she was willing to accept either one, the end result the same. An explosive orgasm made her cum on the flogger, flooding it with her juices as she screamed in pleasure. Her nipples swelled and she felt the blood rush to them as they throbbed. It never stopped, the one continuous orgasm even raced to her anus, with Michael's finger pressed hard on the abused hole, reminding her of the control he had over her body.

She finally slumped over the rail, her body spent, the leather rail wet with her juices. He pulled the flogger from between her pussy lips, her body jumping, her sex sensitive after the multiple orgasms that raced through her body.

"Now it will be your turn to service my needs. Or it will be back over the rail again, only this time I'll take a cane to your ass." He helped her up, almost gentle again, his cock needing attention quickly.

Her face was flushed, her pussy drenched, Lorinda was embarrassed at how Michael had extracted such an orgasm from her body. She wished she could just crawl into bed in shame, but Michael was already on her body, bringing her into the bedroom, wanting his sexual relief from her body. He threw her onto the bed, just like the wench she was, already taking off his clothes.

"This is for you wench." His hand stroked his cock, making it harder.

"Please M'Lord. I've never done such a thing. It's too big."

"Don't worry I'll teach you. You'll either learn or suffer under my whip." He threw the last of his clothes aside, scrambling onto the bed next to her. Her skirt was flipped up, her pussy already exposed. He almost attacked her, pushing aside her arms as he spread her legs wide, his hands behind her knees, pulling her legs up and back until he bent her in two again, her legs thrust up high over her head. He pushed down on her legs, watching as her pussy spread open, still red and swollen from the flogger, slick in her juices. "Hold your legs open," he commanded her loudly, gripping her

hands until she cupped them under her knees, forcing her to expose her sex so openly to him.

He slapped her ass again, forcing her to pull her legs up higher until they were almost behind her ears. She could feel the air rushing over her wet sex, blowing on her spread pussy and anus. She felt his hands between her legs, his hot cock placed between her lips, fisting it as he slid it up and down her wet slit, getting it ready to plunge deep inside her.

"EEEEYYY," she arched up from the bed, finding her pussy suddenly impaled with his rock hard cock. It filled her like she had never been filled before, pushing aside her silky insides as it took her so fully. He had half of his cock buried inside her, Michael making it jerk, pushing against her insides.

"A nice hot, tight pussy to plunder," Michael smiling down at Lorinda as she held her sex open for his cock. He pulled out, than plunged back in, a whoosh coming from Lorinda's mouth as she was emptied and than suddenly filled again, his thick cock plunging back inside with a vengeance that buried three quarters of his pounding cock in her. Her insides clung to his cock, gripped the shaft as he began to pump his cock back and forth inside her. Each time he would go deeper, driving into the hot depths of her pussy. "Tighten your pussy on my cock like a good wench. Or it's the cane for you."

He already felt so big inside her, tightening up her pussy muscles made his cock jerk in pleasure, growing bigger as he began to fuck her with powerful strokes that shook her body, burying his cock into the depths of her pussy. His weight sank down on her, his cock twitching and jerking deep inside her as he made her take the full measure of his thick shaft. His

hips moved from side to side and Lorinda found her swollen clit rubbed salaciously by Michael. He pulled out until only the head of his cock was trapped by her pussy as Lorinda clenched her muscles on the throbbing head. She relaxed her muscles just in time as Michael plunged into the hot depths of her pussy. She tightened again as he pulled out, drawing as much pleasure as she could from his thick cock that split her open, her clit hard and swollen. She felt his hands reach under her ass, cupping her cheeks as he began the rhythmic fucking, his hands holding her in position so he could take her with the full measure of his cock. The head of his cock drew strange feeling between her legs, rubbing along her silky insides with each powerful stroke of his hips, pushing aside all resistance with ease. His hips were a blur as he fucked her, the sound of slapping flesh filling the room as they both groaned and panted from the energetic fucking.

Michael knew he wouldn't last much longer, one hand sliding up to her asshole, feeling her body jerk from the unexpected touch of his finger on her pulsating asshole. He pushed his finger into her asshole, her muscles fighting every inch of the way as he bore into her rectum, her hips driving up to escape the cruel ravishment of her asshole, only to be speared deeply by his cock. Her body jerked back and forth between his cock and his finger.

She found her anus suddenly and harshly impaled by his finger, driving deep inside her, twisting and turning, pushing on her rectal muscles as she tried to escape. His finger drove her hips up, meeting his powerful thrusts with her own, her cervix battered by the head of his cock as he jarred her with

his rampaging cock. The finger caused her pussy to tighten, his cock driving faster and faster as she felt him ready to cum. She moved her hips side to side, her clit receiving the stimulation it needed to cum, tightening her pussy on his cock as he drove it one last time inside her, Lorinda sure that he was trying to drive it out her mouth. She felt it jerk and twitch inside her, then found her insides bathed with his hot cum, feeling like a fire hose shooting inside her. His finger twisted and turned deep in her rectum, her clit bursting in pleasure as she came with him. "AAAAAHHH," she screamed in pleasure, her hips jerking back and forth as she came all over his thick cock.

He pumped her with his cock as he came, filling her pussy with his abundant crème, her hips driven by his impaling finger in her asshole, her pussy so tight, feeling like a giant rubber band on his cock. He felt her cum with him, pulling her up onto his cock as her juices bathed his cock. He finally slowed down his hips, his cock beginning to soften inside her. He pulled off of her sweat drenched body, her pussy leaking his cum, running over the finger he still had in her asshole, her insides clenching uncontrollably on the digit.

She released her legs, her back feeling better as her legs settled down on the bed. Michael pulled her next to her and Lorinda snuggled up against him, her anus still burning from his probing finger. She still couldn't get used to Michael's obsession with her ass, each time forcing her to accept his rude fingering of her backside, leaving Lorinda ashamed each time that she still managed to cum under the dual ravishment. She feared the day he would sodomize her,

knowing it was inevitable if she continued with Michael. She found her maid's outfit stripped from her body until she lay naked next to him, his hands rubbing over her nipples. He took her hand, placing it on his cock, making her rub it up and down. She found it growing beneath her touch, surprised at how quickly she could arouse him again. His lips touched her, kissing her gently, his tongue finding its way inside her mouth. She turned towards him, her hand still rubbing his cock as they kissed passionately.

* * * *

Lorinda lay back on the airplane, her eyes closed, the trip back to Washington long, made worse by the time change going the wrong way. Michael had already dozed off, on the final leg of the journey, the flight from San Diego to Washington DC. The five days had passed too quickly for both of them. Molokai was a small island, most of their time spent on the beach, sailing or making love. Lorinda's definition of love making had even changed since she met Michael. What used to be gentle lovemaking expanded to include submission to Michael. Lorinda couldn't count the number of times that she found her naked body tied up. On her knees, on her back, even on her stomach, a position that terrified her, the thought of sodomy always entering her brain. Unable to defend herself, Michael would bring out his instruments of pleasure. Or pain. Whips, paddles, riding crops visited her body, frequently intimately. But even more, nipple clamps that bit so painfully into her nipples, bringing tears to her eyes as Michael slapped them back and forth, igniting fresh

bursts of pain in the throbbing tips. Or vibrators, all sizes and shapes, Lorinda forced to take them deep inside her, her legs spread and bound, some of them tickling at her anus as she trembled in fear, hoping that Michael wouldn't plunge them up her delicate backside.

Michael would extract the orgasms from her body, Lorinda surprised that it was often the pain the ignited them, not just the pleasure. She might find her anus being whipped by a riding crop, the leather ends feeling like it was tearing at her tiny hole, while her pussy engulfed the large vibrating dildo, feeling as if she were being split up the middle. The end result a shattering orgasm that raced through her bound body. Only then would Lorinda find herself servicing Michael's needs. Her pussy and her mouth were often filled with his cock, Lorinda finally accepting the large amounts of cum that he would shoot in her mouth, forcing her to swallow the thick crème, in spite of her revulsion to the distasteful crème. She had little choice, her arms and legs bound, her mouth forced open by his fingers, his thick shaft forcing her lips painfully wide to plunge deep into the depths of her mouth. And throat, her choking and gagging bringing such joy to Michael, his hands forcing her head up and down on his cock, Lorinda unable to stop the deep penetration of her throat.

And Michael relished her distaste of his ravishment of her anus, his fingers and even his tongue forced into her backside while she squirmed in revulsion, unable to stop the fiery burning as her anal ring was forced to stretch to take his rude fondling. But it was the deep fiery burning in her backside that often drove her orgasms, the submission of her most

intimate hole to his probing dredging up the dark desires in her body.

Michael's eyes opened, seeing Lorinda staring straight ahead, deep in thoughts. "Are you thinking about us?"

She was jolted back to reality by Michael's voice. She thought he was asleep. She smiled over at him. "Yes."

"Any regrets?"

"You make me do things that I don't want to. Many just to please you. Sometimes it scares me, especially when you play with my backside."

"You mean your asshole?"

"Yes," almost blushing.

"Why does it scare you?"

"Because you always make me cum. You always surprise me with something new. Things that I couldn't even fathom. And no matter how perverse, you force me to have an orgasm."

"You never fail to satisfy me Lorinda. You almost relish what I do to you, your body always ready to satisfy my lust. I enjoy that. Yet, I also enjoy the way you ran my campaign, taking me all the way to Washington. Your passion for your job is just as intense as your sexual passion. When I look at you I don't see your naked body tied on my bed, I see you standing beside me on the podium when it was announced that I had won the election. That one kiss was more powerful than all of the orgasms I had with you."

She leaned over to him, kissing him gently on the mouth. "I want to serve you. In any way. I'll be by your side as long as you want me."

CHAPTER 10

Ultimate Submission

It had been two months since their vacation, their romance growing stronger every day. Michael was very successful in Washington, his charisma, the political cunning of Jaz and Lorinda and his successful campaign had made him a sought out individual among the party regulars, the papers never failing to mention his chances at a presidential candidacy.

Jaz and Lorinda were having dinner at a small restaurant near their condo.

"Are you sure you want to go through with this?" Jaz thought she was crazy, but Lorinda had finally decided. Lorinda didn't hide any secrets of their sexual relations, telling Jaz generally what Michael and she did in the bedroom, though Lorinda did leave out most of the details. Jaz enjoyed the one time she played Master/Slave with Guy, but it was a one-time occurrence, both of them preferring a more vanilla sex life. Their relationship had grown, with Jaz spending most nights at Guy's house. There was even talk of going further, marriage and children having been discussed in detail, both of them wanting children.

"I know you think I am a little perverted, but you knew that when you met me. I just didn't know my own desires and what I would be willing to do to fulfill them. Michael makes me complete, just like I do to him. We work well together, along with you we have made him very powerful in politics.

And our own reputation. We also are very compatible as companions, both seeking the same thing. I know it's hard for you to comprehend my need to submit sexually to Michael and his need to dominate me, but it's what we both want. And is very satisfying. This is my ultimate sacrifice to him." Lorinda wanted understanding from Jaz.

"I'll always support whatever you want to do. And if this is what you want, I'll help you." Jaz knew that she would never do what Lorinda was planning and Guy had never even contemplated such a thing. They finished dinner, a salad, Lorinda not wanting to be full for the long evening ahead.

Jaz waited in the living room for Lorinda to come out. Michael would be here in fifteen minutes at which time Jaz would leave them both. Jaz whistled when she came out. "The heels really make the outfit." Jaz teased her.

Lorinda was in front of Jaz, standing on a pair of three inch black stiletto heels. And nothing else, naked. Lorinda was nervous. "Just wait until Michael gets here. Don't let him in until you leave." Lorinda wanted everything to be perfect, but she didn't want to go ahead with this and find out Michael was late or didn't show up. It would leave her in a very precarious position.

"Don't worry. God, you look like the lamb being led off to slaughter. Everything else is set up. You ready?" They both walked over to the spiral staircase that led to Lorinda's bedroom upstairs. The metal staircase corkscrewed up to the next floor, made of heavy cast iron railing.

Lorinda walked over to the staircase, raising her arms over her head until they touched one of the upper stairs of the

staircase. She felt the cold metal handcuffs slip over each wrist and the loud click as Jaz tightened them on her wrist.

"Are they too tight?" Jaz put them both on until Lorinda's arms were spread up high, her naked body spread out. Her back was to the front door.

"No, now the ankles." Lorinda spread her legs wide until she felt her ankles touch the bottom of the metal staircase.

"Damn, these are heavy." Jaz put one of the black ankle bracelets on Lorinda's slim ankle, the thick iron wrapped tightly around it until it snapped shut. The chain from the bracelet was secured to the staircase, leaving Lorinda little room to close her legs. Jaz moved to the other side, securing her other leg. She stood behind, admiring Lorinda's naked body, spread in a wide 'X', her naked ass so exposed, the sweat already glistening on Lorinda's body. Jaz looked at the small table next to Lorinda, the various items arranged neatly. A bottle of KY warming oil, two nipple clamps with weights that looked heavy and the most sinister, a clit clamp, a one pound weight hanging from the delicate chain. "I hope you survive this."

Lorinda turned as best as she could. "Thanks. I'll be okay. I hope."

There was a loud knock on the door, and Lorinda jumped at the noise. "He's here. Thanks Jaz."

Michael was surprised when Jaz opened the door. "I wasn't expecting you."

"Lorinda is inside waiting for you." She moved past Michael into the hallway. "You be careful with her," she said, walking away without waiting for a response.

Michael opened the door. "Lorinda?" He couldn't figure out what was going on.

"Over here," Lorinda's voice answered back.

Michael shut the door and walked in, greeted by Lorinda's naked body. She was spread and bound. She was facing the staircase, her luscious ass exposed to him, the wide expanse of her legs making her crack go away, her tiny asshole just a tiny opening that peeked out so provocatively. He looked over at the table, glimpsed the warming oil, but also catching the shiny metal clamps, all with weights on them. The clamps would bite terribly as the weights pulled down. He was surprised to see three of them. Two nipple clamps and a clit clamp. The weight on the clit clamp looked twice as heavy as the others. He walked over to it, hefting the weight. "Very heavy."

Lorinda didn't say a word, her position and the props said it all. Michael didn't hesitate, locking the door before beginning to remove his clothes. She watched him until he was naked, his cock harder and longer than she had ever seen it before. He slapped her ass cheeks, from one to the other until they glowed pink. He knelt down behind her, his tongue running over her ass cheeks, teasing close to her asshole as he felt Lorinda's body trembling before him. His fingers pressed her ass cheeks even wider until Lorinda's asshole was exposed so obscenely, his tongue ready to taste her tart little hole.

His fingers were stretching her anus, the tiny ring pressed open by his powerful fingers. He licked her ass, his wet, hot tongue moving so close to her backside. "EEEEYY," the

sudden touch of his wet tongue on her anus sent a shudder through her body. It felt so shameful as his tongue stiffened and pushed on her anus, trying to enter her intimately. He slapped her ass hard.

"Loosen up," he ordered her. He made his tongue stiff and began to force it in her asshole, her muscles clenched on his wet tongue uncontrollably. He enjoyed the tart taste of her asshole as she struggled to allow him the perverse task of rimming her. He pushed hard, his tongue suddenly forced her anal ring to stretch, a groan from her lips as he impaled her asshole with his tongue. He pressed his head deep in her ass, his nose pressed against her cheeks as his tongue bore into her rectum, her muscles pushed aside.

It felt strange and shameful, his tongue intimately probed her backside, ashamed at how she must taste. His tongue never stopped moving, feeling like a hot snake that bore into her bowels while the ankle bracelets rattled as she tried to close her legs. He finally stopped, stood back up, the cool air of the room blew on her wet anus. She didn't turn around, hearing Michael open the bottle of warming oil. "EEEEEH," her body jerked forward until the bondage prevented her from escaping any farther, his oiled finger deftly shoved in her anus, her anal ring forced open, gripped his knuckle as he twisted and turned his slick finger in her anal tract.

"So hot and tight. It's going to bring such exquisite pleasure to my cock. You're going to enjoy the fullness of being taken in such a tight hole." He twisted his finger in her before removing it, her asshole closing with a noisy pop. He stroked his cock as he poured the warming oil on his cock

until it was glistening, the thick shaft grew larger as his hand pumped up and down, Michael imagined the feeling of being nestled so tightly in her asshole.

She felt his hot flesh push against her anus, feeling so large, all of a sudden the terror rushed into her body. *Would he split her up the middle, his cock looking so big compared to her tiny hole? What if she couldn't stand it, knowing that Michael wasn't about to stop, having to suffer the brutal sodomy until he dumped his cum in her guts.* Michael pressed his body up against her, his hands closed around her waist, Lorinda felt his hands as he cupped her naked breasts. She felt the cold metal on her nipples, the hard bud throbbed as he traced the ridged metal clamp around her areola. She held her breath, biting her lip as the first clamp bit so terribly on her nipple, crushing her beautiful tip between the unyielding metal. "EEEEGGG," she moaned in pain as the pain raced to her breast. She could barely breathe, afraid of moving her chest, the slightest movement of her breast would ignite the pain in the clamp that stood out so harshly from her chest. "EEEHHH," the other clamp repeated the painful procedure, both of her nipples throbbed beneath the harsh clamps.

Michael began to push with his hips, his cock bent painfully, his hand reached down to fist it as he sought to breach her defenseless asshole again. "Relax your asshole. It'll go easier if you accommodate it. Push back like a bowel movement. Let your asshole flutter open and take my cock." He pushed again, this time his cock bore into her anal ring. Michael felt the tiny hole force open and expand as he grunted, exerting himself as he fed his cock into her asshole.

He wanted her to help him and his cock was relentless as it shoved aside all her resistance and began to stretch her open painfully. She was sure that he had torn her, the head of his cock continuing to bore into her like a drill. She felt his hands between her legs, holding her breathe as she waited for the inevitable pain that she knew was coming. Michael had used nipple clamps on her before, so she knew what to expect, but she never felt a clit clamp, unable to comprehend the pain that raced through her body. His fingers fumbled with her slit, finding her clit, peeling back her clit hood, exposing her swollen bud to the cold metal clamp. It felt as though he had crushed it, Lorinda bit her tongue as she fought to contain her scream of pain, not wanting the neighbors to call the police. She shoved her pussy away from the clamp, trying to shake it lose, succeeding in shoving her ass back onto his cock. Lorinda suddenly found her asshole full of thick cock, the head snuggled tightly in her rectum. Her anal ring burned and throbbed, stretched so thin she was sure it was bleeding, gripping his cock head almost passionately.

Michael struggled to keep his cock in her asshole, her muscles fighting to push it out, her tight anal ring cutting the circulation of his cock head. He looked down, his thick cock sticking out her asshole obscenely, the long thick shaft remained, waiting to be embedded in her bowels. He paused a second to let her grow accustom to having something that big in her asshole, and used his fingers to slap at her nipple clamps and finally on her clit clamp, making them dance.

"AAAAHHHHH," she screamed in pain as Michael snapped the clamps. The intense pain had finally died down, replaced

by a dull ache that refused to go away. Lorinda tried to stay as still as possible. The sharp bite raced through her nipples and clamp and Lorinda jumped at the unexpected pain, finding her asshole filled with thick cock as Michael's hips drove his cock in her ass. Her insides clenched uncontrollably on the thick meat that bore into her guts, jerking and throbbing as it moved relentlessly into the depths of her bowels. She hated her decision, his cock caused her to cramp as it dug into her stomach. She could only pant, unable to protest the steel bar that seemed to be pushing into her guts, relentless as it tore her silky insides apart.

Michael could contain his lust no longer, pulling his cock out until her anal ring stretched to the maximum, he shoved back in, burying his cock into her bowels in one swift thrust while she screamed in pain, filling her up with his thick meat.

It felt as if he was dragging her insides out when he pulled out, then she went from empty to full, her stomach feeling as if she just ate a Thanksgiving dinner as her round tube was filled with his thick cock. It jerked and throbbed inside her, her insides rippling up and down his shaft as they fought the unnatural intrusion. Her ass was used to pushing things out, not accepting them in. But soon his cock began to fuck her, making her take the full measure as he plunged into her. She was sure he would shoot it out her mouth, the thick cock boring so deep her stomach cramped on the rampaging member. Michael delighting in her clenching.

He wouldn't be able to last long, her hot tight asshole brought such pleasure to him, her muscles gripped his cock as he plunged it in and out of her ass, his abdomen slapped

against her ass cheeks with every powerful thrust inside her. He reached over, his cock buried deep inside her, grabbed the heavy weights. She screamed in pain when he they dangled from the nipple clamps, her proud, firm breasts pulled down by her nipples as the heavy weights yanked them harshly out of shape.

The pain in her nipples were bad enough but nothing could have warned her of the pain as the heavy weight tugged her clit until she felt sure it was being yanked painfully from her body. It felt like it had to be over six inches long, stretched beyond comprehension, the pain so intense that her face was covered with tears. Just when they would stop moving, Michael's fingers would snap at the weights, making them dance again in pain. All the while his cock chugged back and forth in her asshole, tearing and pushing aside all resistance as he took her fully in this perverse act of sodomy.

Her asshole tightened each time on his cock when the weights swung, the pain ignited in her. He was sweating profusely, the exertion of sodomizing her tight hole making his orgasm rapidly approach. He cupped the weight on her clit, taking some of the pain temporarily off of her clit, his other hand teasing the weights making the clamp bite into her nipples. "Cum with me Lorinda."

It was a command that Lorinda couldn't deny him. She was giving him the gift of her virgin asshole to his plundering cock, her pain bringing him the pleasure that he sought. The simple act of submission is what drove her, his hand cupping her pussy as he jiggled the clit clamp and weight. The pain and pleasure raced through her body as she felt his cock

buried so deep in her asshole, sitting in the hot depths of her guts, jerking and twitching as he yelled in pleasure.

"AAAGGGH," his cock hosed her bowels with his cum, giving her a cum enema that she would never forget. He yanked the clamp off of her clit, his fingers rubbing the injured organ until she came. Her orgasm rippled along his organ, a second and third blast of cum filling her guts with his crème.

He had done it again, forced her to cum while suffering under his brutal sodomy, her nipples and clit gripped painfully in the sharp metal clamps until he released her clit, his finger snapping it back and forth until she shuddered, cumming with him. Her asshole burned, stretched to the limit by his thick cock, her stomach gurgling with the abundant cum that filled her. Her bracelets and handcuffs banged noisily as she shook in the bondage.

Her asshole pushed him out, his slick cock popped free, his cum dripped down the insides of her thighs. He took the handcuffs and bracelets off of her and Lorinda was unable to move as he helped her onto the couch. In the final act of submission, he pressed her head down on his lap until her mouth was only inches from his soiled cock. He lifted her head up, his fingers prying open her lips, his other hand feeding his semi-hard cock into her mouth until her lips clamped down on the shaft. "Lick it clean," he ordered her.

She didn't have any choice, her body spent, unable to move as Michael fed his soiled cock into her mouth. The taste was terrible as she tongued it, feeling it growing in her mouth as she struggled to swallow the terrible tasting fluids that

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coated it. He didn't let her stop until he was satisfied, his slick cock pulling from her lips. He kissed her on the lips as they lay huddled together on the couch. She never felt so close to anyone as she did now.

Michael had found the elusive girl that he had been searching for. Lorinda had given him her ultimate sacrifice, her anal virginity. She did it to satisfy his pleasure and had ultimately received her own pleasure in the sacrifice.

CHAPTER 11

Epilogue

They lay in bed at Michael's house in La Jolla, the sun shone brightly in the window, the surf hit the beach with a rhythmic sound that made it so relaxing. Michael had the paper in his hand, Lorinda curled up next to him.

"Read it to me," Lorinda asked, her hand reached beneath the sheet to find the source of the bulge, her hand encircled his hard cock.

His cock throbbed in pleasure as her silky hand encircled the shaft, already sliding up and down. It had been two months since Michael's election, and they had become inseparable. The vacation in Hawaii had opened a floodgate of sexual emotions within both of them, each of them finally able to explore the dark emotions that had been buried deep in them.

"Michael Haff announced his engagement to his Campaign Director, Lorinda Jacobson today, the wedding to be an intimate gathering of his closest friends at his home in Hawaii next month," Michael read from the front page of the Union Tribune. Her hand slid over the head of his cock, her fingernail lightly snapped across the ridge, igniting a painful jerk of his cock. He enjoyed her playful attempt to dominate him, allowing her the luxury of the brief attempt at domination. His hand pushed her head down as he pulled the sheet off. "Open your mouth," he ordered her, feeling her hot

breathe on his cock before he felt her mouth engulf his cock in the warm, wet confines, her tongue already working up and down his shaft like he enjoyed.

"The rumors had been flying around Washington for months of their romance," he continued to read, his hips rose up as he fed more of his cock into her willing mouth. His free hand pushed her head down farther onto his cock, hearing her choke as it banged against the tight opening of her throat.

His hand was urgent on her head, feeling his throbbing cock dig deep into her mouth, banging against the tight opening of her throat. She breathed deeply through her nose as she felt his hand on her head, the sudden push on the back of her head sent his hard cock to breach her throat with a powerful thrust, his hips driving up. She choked, her throat opened, allowing the head of his cock to plunge into her throat, her muscles clenching on his cock with a passion. She gagged, his hand insistent, holding her onto his cock as she was forced to swallow the thick cock.

Michael went back to reading the article. "But sources were unable to confirm the romance until the announcement yesterday. Lorinda and I have found a love that transcended our professional relationship, Michael Haff was quoted at the announcement. Lorinda Jacobson, along with Jasmine Anderson his Press Secretary was instrumental in his stunning victory over his Republican challenger two months ago to propel Michael Haff into the limelight of the Democratic Party. It had been rumored that he could throw his name into the ring for the Presidential election in 2112." Michael took his

cock from her throat, her lips tightened on his shaft as her tongue danced over the head of his cock.

She could taste his cum leaking from his cock as she sucked his cock in and out of her mouth, her lips so tight around the shaft. Her hands slid down to cup his hot balls, hefting the heavy sack with her hand. She didn't know whether he would cum yet, often using her mouth to incite his cock, preferring to take her in other ways. Michael never failed to excite or surprise her. Just when she thought she knew him, he would surprise her, Lorinda often found herself bound by Michael, her body a plaything for his increasing perverse demands. And Lorinda would find her body reacted to the new assault on her senses, responded with fervor that only Michael could quench.

Michael wouldn't last much longer unless he stopped her and he had more planned than a casual oral embrace today, the other bedroom ready for their lovemaking, his new toys already placed conveniently by the bed, the ropes on the floor nearby. He finished up the article. "His Press Secretary, Jasmine Anderson was married last week to Guy Singer, the Assistant Political Director for the Democratic Senatorial Campaign." Michael pulled Lorinda's head up from his cock. "What they didn't mention was that Jasmine is pregnant." Michael smiled down at Lorinda, her lips glistening from her saliva and his cum.

"The first of many they both hope," Lorinda added.

"And you, do you want to have children?" They had spoken about children many times before.

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"Yes, but first I only want you. I hate to be selfish, but I don't want to share you with anyone yet. Except maybe the American people when you become President." She felt his hand creep down her stomach, her eyes watched as his large hand cupped her sex, reminding her of the first time she met him, his hands popping instantly into her mind. Her hips moved up as one fat finger slid between her lips, finding her wet with desire. She began to rock back and forth as she found herself impaled on two thick fingers that buried deep inside her. She almost came when he said it.

"I have a new surprise for you in the other room." He pushed a third finger inside her, finding his words igniting a wetness inside her, her insides clenched on his fingers.

She didn't even protest as one finger slid over her anus, tickling the tiny hole as her hips moved up and down on the masturbating fingers. Her mind quickly filled with images of her bound on the bed, Michael standing over her, his hard cock jutting out in front of him, waiting to take her body in any manner he wanted. He pulled his fingers from her, allowing her to stand and walk to the other room, opening the door, her eyes catching the rope on the floor and then quickly shooting up to the instruments on the night stand. She felt his finger sliding into her unprotected asshole, thrust her body forward as he prepared her, her pussy dripping down her thighs in expectation of the passion.

THE END

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