

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE



HIS
Intimate
SUBMISSION
ANNE
DOUGLAS

His Intimate Submission

Anne Douglas

Months ago, on a hot Florida night, three friends explored one another. It'd been good enough that they'd explored together some more.

But while the sex is as amazing as ever between the couple, Jason's shutting Lucy out of the everyday things. He's searching. Lucy doesn't know what Jason is seeking, but she's scared that might mean leaving her behind. It's time for her to pull up her big girl panties and figure out what's wrong before things go really bad.

Jason surprises her—he's not cheating and he's not about to leave her, but he has an overwhelming desire he's worried to admit. Lucy will have to demand her lover's intimate submission to set them back on the path to happiness.

Reader Advisory: Contains a little male/male action, ménage elements, and some very erotic female domination (plus one envelope-pushing scene that shall remain a surprise). This is the continuation of Jason and Lucy's story, which started in Curious Intimacies. While this book can be read as a stand-alone, do you really want to miss the events that led them here?

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His Intimate Submission

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Chapter One

She was a woman on the edge.

The empty glass Lucy Harker had been staring into for the last few minutes made a hollow clink on the floor as she discarded it with little thought. The book that was supposed to be a distraction landed beside it with a thump—not even her favorite author had the ability to make her forget these worries. And Lucy wasn’t just anxious, she was damn scared as she imagined the relationship she’d thought was “The One” possibly foundering.

It was October now, four months after she’d nudged Jason toward their best friend Shane with the idea of a ménage to help Jason with his newly realized attraction to men. They’d all been satisfied with the results of their sexual explorations that night, not a single pretension had been harbored toward the other with regard to their relationships—it was sex, damn hot, amazing sex that let them all explore each other’s bodies. They’d played again over the long months of summer, enjoying one another immensely, but for the last few weeks Jason had closed off from her, both verbally and emotionally, even while being as sexually open as he’d ever been. Frantically so, even.

A confrontation was coming and Lucy had no clue why. Every time she made a move to talk with him about it, he managed to fend her off or just downright avoid the issue.

Lucy had enjoyed having Shane there with them—even knowing his preference was for men. She’d never asked for more than he was willing to give and she thought even he was surprised at how much he’d enjoyed their interaction. Seeing Jason and Shane together—Jason enjoying his fantasies safely—was exquisite. Maybe it was just because it was Jason and Shane, but she’d never thought to enjoy two men touching—fucking—one another. She’d never thought to enjoy watching, period. Men fucked so

differently than a man and a woman—the veneer of gentleness wasn’t just cracked, it was literally blown away. Manlove could be so much more rough and tumble. *And how absolutely sexually delicious was that?*

Jason had appeared happy at the start, and even now, when in the moment, he appeared satisfied. It was when they returned home that things would get strange. Jason would become almost frenzied with the need to assert himself as her lover again. His efforts to simultaneously please her and demand from her were conflicted—but she didn’t know why. Lucy loved him with everything she was, her heart would be shattered if he left. She was sure he felt the same, yet every day he felt a small step further away from her. Fading.

Shane was easier to read. She’d seen right from the beginning that Shane’s sneaky looks, and now his preference for watching, was rooted in something more simple. Yearning. He wanted what they had—not with them, but like them. He saw the commitment, that need to be with the other, the desire, and wanted it for his own. Lucy couldn’t blame him—though she wanted to warn him that with the kind of connection she and Jason shared, when something went wrong it felt like your world was tearing in two.

Keys rattled against the front door before it opened then closed and footsteps came down the hallway. Lucy waited for Jason to come around the corner, eager to see him after a long day apart, despite all her uneasiness. Being home late was an occupational hazard—Jason managed the local boutique grocery store and he was the type of manager who dug in and helped the staff when things got busy. And judging by the tiredness in his voice during his earlier phone call, today had been super busy.

Ambushing Jason after such a long day was wrong, but she’d hung over the canyon, waiting for the gust that would topple her in for long enough. They needed to sort some things out tonight—or at least make a start.

“You’re still up.” Not a question, a statement.

“Yeah, I wanted to talk to you.”

"Oh." Jason paused for a moment and just looked at her. His resignation was visible as his shoulders slumped and he tugged at his tie. "All right then."

Lucy waited as he tucked his tie into his jacket pocket and tucked his briefcase away alongside the side table. The man looked knackered. "Jase? Go shower first, honey, I know you want to."

Slow feet made their way back down the hallway and she heard the click of the bedroom door before she moved. The bedroom was supposed to be a place of relaxation and safety and she hated taking this conversation there, but tonight it seemed it was the venue.

Since she'd already secured the rest of the house, Lucy double-checked the backdoor locks and followed Jason to the bedroom. The echoes of water droplets splashing on the tile shower floor drew her to the bathroom. Steam from the super-hot spray Jason favored billowed out, washing over her, warm and sticky, when she opened the door.

She slipped off her clothes, and they fell to the ground with barely a whisper before she slid into the shower behind Jason. He stood, hands against the wall with his head hanging down between them, tension radiating from his hunched shoulders as they strained, the muscles taut as he held himself rigid.

"Jase?"

"Yeah?" Sound in the shower stall was unusually clear, despite the water running, and she heard his barely there whisper clearly.

"What's wrong? You've been distant these last weeks—since the last time we were with Shane—and I don't know why."

She took the grunt Jason made as an affirmative reply. He shivered when she reached out and ran her hand down the muscular length of his back. As she swept down and over his backside, he seemed to make an involuntary movement that thrust his ass back into her hand. The man had the most delicious ass, hell, the whole lot of him was sexy. Not as rough-and-tumble-looking as Shane was with his physical

outdoor job, Jason still filled out his business shirt and tie rather nicely. He had the “might be a bad boy” thing to go with his slightly too-long shaggy hair and strong jaw.

“Why are you so angry, Jase?” Lucy stepped closer, her chest against Jason’s back, only separated by the drops of water racing down their skin. “Have I upset you somehow? Did something happen with Shane you didn’t like...or maybe liked too much?”

“It’s not Shane and it’s not you, not really.” Jason’s voice contradicted the anger his body radiated. Hoarse, rough pain colored his words, tinting them with agony.

“I don’t understand.”

“It’s me, okay? It’s me, and...*shit*.” Jason turned around and Lucy saw the conflict, the confusion in his eyes. “You really want to know?”

“Not knowing isn’t an option for me, Jason, tell me.”

Instead of answering her, Jason sank to his knees, his eyes closed against the spray bouncing off her skin. He reached out blindly, his hands snaking their way around her hips before he jerked her forward, seeking her clit with his mouth. He suckled her briefly, then released, using his tongue instead to circle, then to dip and dive into her pussy.

It was pure avoidance, but she crumbled in the face of the pleasure his tongue gave her. Jason did this to her every time. Never had she not gone up in flames at his touch—she suspected that even when they were old and gray they would have this effect on one another.

Jason pulled back, water running in rivulets down his shaggy dark hair and across his upturned face, twisting and turning as the tiny streams changed paths over and over again. He took her hand in his and placed it on his head, forcing her hand closed so it clenched around his hair, pulling at the strands.

“Tell me what you want me to do, make me do it. Use me, fuck me.” Jason sounded desperate, pleading, and Lucy found the clarity she’d been seeking in his words. *This was it. This was the heart of the matter.* Nowhere near as direct as this plea, not quite so

desperate, but this desire for her to lead, to give him orders or instructions to obey, was what he'd been trying to ask for.

Dominance.

He wanted her to dominate him. Not a question, but the answer.

Lucy pressed her fist tighter, pulling at the wet strands of Jason's hair. "You want me to tell you what to do, Jason." She made it a statement. "You want me to use you for my pleasure, use your body as I see fit...to finally put that dildo into the harness and fuck you properly." The greater potential of their steadily increasing play with more extreme toys now expanded in her mind and this time she crudely, baldly demanded, "Do you want me to cane you, punish you? Maybe you want me to fist you, Jason?"

A visible shiver ran across Jason's skin as she spoke and a thrill of power ran through Lucy at the prospect of what he asked. His body quaked and his penis, standing at attention, jerked, his hand dropping from her hip to fist around his cock, his knuckles tight as his fist squeezed. He was desperate not to come.

She'd never been shy, never afraid to ask for—to take—what she wanted from a man, but this request from Jason was a definite sharp turn in their relationship. Fear came rushing along behind the thrill of power. But even then it felt right. Felt right to take what Jason begged her for, offered to her freely—the privilege of mastering him.

Did she have the skills to do this? History said no, but the present said yes. Greatly experienced she might not be with these sorts of games, but she had nothing if not good sense and enough love for Jason to be able to call a halt if she felt they were about to go too far. *After all, I've done it before. But the toll...*

She reached behind Jason and flicked the shower off. Looking down, Lucy studied her kneeling lover a moment. Jason looked plain beat...horny...but looking like his world was about to go up in smoke. His eyes opened with the sharp tug she gave his hair. His eyes were almost empty as her gaze caught his.

She gave her first order, "Stand up. Slowly – you're tired and it's hot in here." Her head swam from the heat and tension, so for Jason, down on his knees, tired from a long day and emotionally overwrought by his admission, it would be worse.

Lucy released her fingers and Jason slowly stood. She took his hand and led him from the shower stall, leaving him naked and dripping on the bath mat. Lucy took the large, slightly scratchy towels they liked and began a slow, easy process of drying Jason up.

It was oddly satisfying to be Jason's caretaker. He wasn't the sort you'd think would stand for it, not with the solid, I'll-fix-it presence he radiated. She didn't feel the least motherly completing the task, instead, she felt a sense of pride at the vulnerable strength her lover allowed himself to show. All the while Jason kept his head bent, his breathing hitched and off kilter.

When she finished and stepped away, Jason looked up, questioning. "Shall I dry you now?" His eyes were full of trepidation, so cautious.

"No."

Disappointment shone through the cautiousness and Jason ducked his head again.

"Before we go any further, we need to talk properly. I think I understand what you're asking of me, but we need to be clear and know exactly what the other wants, feels. Right now you're tired." Lucy moved closer, reaching up to cup Jason's cheek, tilting his chin back up before letting her fingers whisper over the skin, trail down his neck and along his shoulder. "I need a little time to assimilate too. We'll talk in the morning."

Jason gave a small nod and moved past her, padding his way into the bedroom. Quickly drying herself she followed—with her short hair she was lucky: no need to blow dry.

Jason sat on the edge of the bed, waiting. He looked distracted and when she came up beside him he focused on the here and now again. "Do I disgust you?"

"What?" Her voice went up, animated by her shock.

"It's not a very *manly* thing to ask, is it? To ask your girlfriend to make you submit to her." His angry self-denigration collapsed into despair and Jason hung his head again.

"Jason?" He continued to look down. She made her question a command. "Look at me, Jason."

His head lifted and the pain she saw in his eyes punched her in the gut. Her lover was torn in two, lost.

"I don't think we're strictly by-the-rules people when it comes to our sex life. What we decide to do in our bedroom is up to us and only us." Lucy leaned over and brushed her lips over Jason's. "This is heavy stuff and we're both tired, and since neither of us has to work tomorrow let's sleep on it and talk in the morning."

Her lips pressed harder, and Jason welcomed her kiss, using his hands on her hips to pull her between his legs. Her hands cradled either side of his face, possessive, as she pulled her lips away so she could whisper along his mouth. "I love you, Jason Talbot. All your kinky requirements included. I don't think anyone or anything could convince me otherwise."

Jason's body relaxed against her. His tense muscles went soft again, his hyperventilated breathing evening out until it was just irregular from their passionate kiss.

"Up and into bed, mister." Jason stood and turned around, bent over and reached for the cover, and just as he pulled it back, Lucy laid a full-handed slap on the tight, rounded bubble of his right butt cheek. A satisfying, resounding crack sounded out and Jason jumped. But when he turned, rubbing his ass with a rueful look on his face, he laughed at her.

It was a stupid little game they played—who was quick enough to get a slap in when the perfect curve of ass was exposed—one of those "just between us" things that sent them to bed with smiles on their faces.

Chapter Two

"You want me to control you during sex."

"Yes."

They'd awoken and quietly gone about their morning routine, minus their usual bout of morning sex. Now they sat beside each other on the couch—Lucy sitting sideways on her crossed legs, facing Jason who sprawled back into the couch back—cradling the last of their morning coffee.

"Just during sex?"

Jason looked up from his cup at her question. "I'm not sure. Other than acknowledging that giving up control to you in the bedroom flips my buttons, I've not thought about what happens the rest of the time. I've been confused enough about the sex side of things as it is." He frowned as he thought about it more. "I don't think I can handle that kind of switch outside the house, I've too much to lose."

That was half his problem. There was a war going on in his head. One half wanted Lucy to order him around, take control and make him do the twisted sexual things he craved to do. But the other? The other insisted that this was no way for him to act and that he was on the road to becoming a pathetic excuse of a man. It was so far from the Alpha male he was told—expected—to be that he was quickly becoming lost, unable to reconcile the façade of strong, in-charge man he was at work to the pussy-whipped slave he craved to become when he walked through his front door at night.

There was no humor in Lucy's face as she nodded. "I can understand that, you're in a position of authority and you don't want to undermine that." How quick she was to understand him—it was one of the things he loved about her.

"I can also understand wanting to relinquish control, and looking back over the last six months or so, I'm having a bit of a 'duuh!' moment."

"Why?" And here he'd thought he'd been covering his desires well.

"You've been getting lost in the giving rather than taking. Going to excess to make sure I've been satisfied and only then getting your own release from giving me mine."

Huh. He'd not looked at it that way or analyzed his actions that minutely. "You spent a long time thinking about this last night, didn't you?"

"Yeah, I did." Lucy smiled. "Your confession surprised me, but not unpleasantly so. I'd been thinking money troubles or—" She broke off with a sigh. "Well, I'm just glad it wasn't some of the other stuff I've been contemplating."

Silly woman. She'd been wondering if there was someone else. *That* was so not even close to happening. There was no way on this earth he was letting go of the good thing that was Lucy.

They both took a sip from their coffee. Lucy took a deep breath, obviously about to say something, so he held his tongue and waited expectantly for what she was about to say. Quietly she asked, "What if I told you that I've experienced something like this before? How would that make you feel?"

His brain rang from the shock wave that blasted his brain. *Well, this was a turn he'd not expected. Had Lucy been on top or bottom, though?* Totally floored, he shrugged, unsure what to say, but needing to encourage her to expand further.

"There was a guy when I was twenty-one. He was older than me—thirty-two—and much more experienced. We'd been dating for about two months when he took me to a sex toy store and got all sorts of things including restraints and floggers." Lucy smiled as she remembered. "Sex I was very much into, but this kind of kinky sex was totally new. So I was pretty keen to try out some of the new toys—you could've knocked me over with a feather when we got home, and he emptied out the bag, stripped off his clothes and fell to his knees, then told me to tie him up as tight as I could and discipline him for being bad." The clarity of Lucy's eyes had faded a little. "I shook like a leaf as I did it, but once he was tied up and I'd given him a few licks with that paddle I was

flush with my own power—I think I channeled some sort of inner, sadistic dominatrix or something. I liked it. Liked being in charge like that.”

Lucy was quiet for a few moments. “He’d been pretty well trained—it took three hours and me riding him to my own climax three times before I let him come. I was awed by the look of ecstasy on his face when he came. Most of his enjoyment had come from me *allowing* him to come. It made me feel good too.”

“What happened? Something must have, because I’ve got you now.” He was dead serious. When it came down to it, Lucy or his pride, Lucy would win every damn time. He had all of those beautifully rounded curves of hers all to himself, and he was planning on keeping it that way. He would do whatever it took to keep her—including denying a part of himself.

“It came out over the next few months that he’d had what he thought was a proper Mistress/sub relationship for a number of years. It wasn’t until an extreme escalation in his ‘punishments’ that he realized it was really abuse—she didn’t care for him at all, he was just her punching bag. She called him weak and useless, not enough of a man because he craved to be dominated. Until me, he’d not trusted anyone enough again to let that side of himself out. But he believed that in me he’d found someone who wouldn’t think less of him for his desires. And I didn’t, I still don’t, but I wasn’t the woman he needed.” Lucy shrugged; there was obvious pain in the recollections. She looked sad, a little emotionally weary and worn.

“I was only twenty-one and I just couldn’t give him what he wanted...in the end I couldn’t handle how intense it became, how he wanted me to hurt him.” She looked uncomfortable even now as she talked about it, as a young woman it must have weighed heavily on her. One thing Jason was sure of about Lucy: she would never cause anything—anyone—physical pain if she could help it. “He felt release in extreme pain, but I found no enjoyment in hurting someone like that. Eight months after that shopping trip we broke up after a big fight about...there was a phrase he used...” She nibbled on the edge of her lip for a second or two. “Oh yeah, a scene. That’s what he

wanted to do. The fight was nasty, and in the end we went our separate ways – maybe not as *friends* but at least not blaming one another – and having learned quite a bit about ourselves.”

Jason understood where this was going now. Lucy, in her own way, was outlining her limits, how far she was willing to go. Now all he had to do was figure out what the hell it was *he* wanted from her – something he still didn’t know.

“I bumped into him a couple of years ago and he proudly told me about his new Mistress. He described her as nonjudgmental and caring as me, but she totally got off on making him submit as painfully as possible.”

Jason sighed, shaking his head, mystified still. “There’s so much more to this, isn’t there. A whole world...what is it they call it – lifestyle? – that I’ve no clue about.” He paused. “I’m not quite sure what I want, but seriously, getting beat the hell up isn’t it.”

She frowned at his description, but her shoulders softened.

“So he figured out what he needed, but what about you? Did you like being in charge?”

“I’ve never enjoyed being totally submissive, so yeah, I got off on it. If being controlled during sex is what you need...well, I can’t say I won’t enjoy it...” Lucy paused and her eyes narrowed. “But when it comes to the rest of our lives, Jason, I want to share your life, not command it. You need...*we* need to take that into consideration.”

The silence echoed as they stared each other down. “Look, I’ve no idea if that’s how it’s ‘supposed’ to be.” She made air-quotes as she spoke. “But as far as I can see what works for us is what we do.” Lucy’s head crooked to one side and there was a little smirk on her lips. “We just have to figure out what works.”

* * * * *

Lucy knocked on Shane’s door – just a nod at politeness before she opened the door and stepped into the house. She and Jason had long been given run of the house and

carte blanche to pop in when they felt like it—though they usually did call ahead of time, especially when they knew Shane was dating someone.

Shane called out from the back of the house, “Hey, honey, wanna sandwich?”

Her heels clip-clopped on the terrazzo floor as she made her way down the hall to the back of the house. “Would it be wrong to say I’ve been hanging out for a PB & J all day?”

As she walked into the kitchen Shane laughed and held up a knife with a big blob of crunchy peanut butter stuck to the end. “Childish minds think alike, it seems.”

He spread the sticky mess out over the slice of bread, slapped it on top of a second that was already covered with jam and handed it over. “Here ya go, fresh from the jar.”

Lucy grabbed a pair of glasses down from the shelf and detoured past the fridge. Putting the milk and the glasses on the small kitchen table, she took a seat. Shane set a plate piled high down on the table before seating himself with a small groan.

“Sore?”

“Yeah, I spent the morning digging up an old irrigation system and I pulled something trying to get this one pipe out of the ground. Seems there was a tree root grown over it I didn’t know about.”

“Poor baby.”

Shane laughed at her facetiousness then took a bite of one of his wall of sandwiches—the guy did a physical job after all. “So, you needed to talk with me about something—should I be worried?”

Lucy finished her mouthful carefully. “Not worried, as such.”

“Hrmm...if you say so.” He chewed as he contemplated her, swallowing before he stated, “Things with Jase have finally come to a head, huh?”

How the... “What do you mean?”

“Jason wants something, *needs* something sexually, that he’s not getting at the moment. Especially if we are all together.”

Lucy stopped mid-bite and backed away from her sandwich, placing it on the plate delicately. "What gives you that idea?"

Shane kept eating but raised one eyebrow up as if to say "excuse me?". He swallowed and then took a swig of milk. "It's amazing what you can see when you're really watching someone, watching two people in love fuck one another." He reached for one of the napkins on the table and wiped his mouth. "We've switched seats often enough over the last few months, you can't deny you've made your own observations about me."

She held her tongue a moment, pursed her lips and let Shane's statement coalesce. She'd never underestimated Shane, no matter what his choice of occupation might suggest. The man was no idiot and could always be relied on to share a pithy insight about a person at the most appropriate moment. He watched, involved in life as only a person standing slightly to the side can be, measuring, noting, assessing.

She looked Shane head on. "You're searching too. Only your search is not for a physical relationship, but for a true, shared, emotional blending."

Shane dipped his head in acknowledgment of her assessment before reaching for another sandwich. "Touché. You have a way of finding the heart of the matter of the most simple yet twisted, gut-wrenching thing in the world."

"Simply stated, maybe. But no less in its complexity or elusiveness." As the saying went, true love was hard to find, and even harder to hold on to. She and Jason had found one another, now they just had to hold on to what they'd built.

"So how can I help?"

"I feel kind of awkward asking this, but I thought you might know where to start." She felt almost disloyal by asking for Shane's help, but a short relationship that included BDSM was not an entrée into the lifestyle. Shane more than likely had resources she couldn't even hope to find.

"You know what's said here, stays here," Shane said seriously, the last of his sandwich left on his plate as he gave his attention to her. "And I'm not one to judge any

sort of lifestyle you choose—unless I think you are going to hurt one another, and then I love you both too much to stand aside and let you self-destruct. So out with it.”

“I want to do this right—or at least safely, ‘cause right, well that’s kinda subjective, isn’t it?” She heard herself rambling and stopped before she made a real ass out of herself.

Shane’d had a few wild years back in his early twenties, getting involved with some of the darker, edgier and very private clubs around the city. He’d told them once he’d played both sides of the field—both top and bottom. Jason had told her he’d heard through the grapevine that despite his age Shane had become known for his skill at getting into a sub’s head. But he had an abrupt u-turn about the scene a couple of years before she’d met them both. Shane was usually open about most everything, but his reasons for leaving the clubs he’d kept close to his chest. Asking his help was...tricky.

“I hope I’m not opening old wounds, but can you recommend someone who can give me advice on how to do this right for Jason?”

“Lucy, love, that doesn’t tell me much. Just what kind of advice do you need?”

“How to be Jason’s Domme.”

Not sure quite how Shane would react to her request, she waited, nervously nibbling at the inside of her lower lip. There had been moments when they’d played as a threesome when his preference for being on top had showed. He could subdue his need to be in charge for a time, but eventually it shined through. Flashes of time when his restraint dropped and fun-loving Shane was replaced with an intense, commanding man.

He was quite a dichotomy. The free and easy pseudo beach bum hid a man very much into control. And she didn’t know if asking him about what had been silently avoided all this time was going to cause a problem between them all.

Shane stayed silent, sitting back in his chair as he contemplated her, his seriousness making his usually animated face dark. The subtle lines of laughter and too much sun were gone, now sharp sober planes that hinted at hidden pain took their place.

Too much. I shouldn't have asked. Lucy ducked her eyes, breaking their contact, embarrassed that she'd brought the topic up. "Look, forget it. I shouldn't—"

"Don't," Shane broke in harshly and Lucy looked up again. "I—" Shane turned away from her as he struggled for words. He took a deep, ragged breath before blowing it out, then turned back. If the struggle that had played across his face was any measure, whatever—whatever—had happened was something Shane still was fighting with his demons over.

"Sha—" But Shane's raised hand stopped her, so she waited.

"I'll have to talk about it at some point."

"Today doesn't have to be that day," she replied quietly.

"Maybe not, but that doesn't mean I have to ignore everything from back then." He sure looked like he wanted to though. "I know someone. I don't know if I have her number or if she's even still in the lifestyle." Shane made an unconscious gesture with his hand, "Hell, even if she's not, she's more than likely forgotten more about being a Domme than most would ever hope to know."

The lingo of BDSM fell off Shane's tongue with an ease she didn't yet feel. The relationship that'd given her a taste of power had been almost a game—until the moment it had nearly become a disaster. The twenty-one-year-old young woman didn't have the same point of view the twenty-nine-year-old woman did. She was now both older and wiser and no longer scared by the differing forms sexuality could take, but it still felt awkward.

This wasn't a game, it was her life. It hadn't been a game back then either, but she just hadn't been mature enough to see it until it was over. It was Jason's life too, and potentially, she held the power to make or break what they'd built together.

Shane was studying her again. "You ask some tough favors, you know that?"

Lucy nodded and uh-hummed a positive response.

He smiled slowly, the pain on his face breaking up, the laughter showing through again. A little like sunshine peeking through clouds. "But then, you *are* the woman who suggested her boyfriend get laid by a guy to see if he liked it...then got off watching..."

She couldn't help it, she tried to keep a straight face, but the giggle came out anyway. "I wasn't quite sure how to ask...what to ask, even. I couldn't just roll up and stand on the front step and ask 'Hey, Shane, buddy old pal, you know anyone who likes to dominate other people for a living' now, could I?"

"I don't see why not." Lucy raised her brow, showing rather than telling Shane "yeah, right?", and he raised his right back at her. "Luce, no matter what, please don't ever be afraid to ask me for help. With anything. When push comes to shove there is nothing in this world I wouldn't do for Jason and you. Especially important stuff like this."

"But—"

"But nothing. You two are like family to me and family is everything."

Lucy nearly snorted the mouthful of milk she'd just taken out her nose as an image of the three of them in bed popped her head then burst, complete with sparkles. "Well, except for the whole sex thing," she gasped out.

"Hey, that's just the way this family rolls—incest, it's the game the whole family can play." She choked and coughed and Shane laughed his ass off while he slapped her on the back.

Chapter Three

"So what you're saying is there are all these 'rules', but feel free to break them."
Color me confused then.

"No, not at all." Diana Foster was a tall, statuesque woman who radiated calm and poise and an authority that lent her an air of total competence. She was a handsome woman, but not pretty in the conventional sense. "Rules exist for a reason, but apply them in a fashion that works in your relationship. No relationship is the same, neither is any individual, so you have to tailor the rules appropriately."

Lucy thought on that for a moment. "I see what you mean."

"Even for me, each sub is...*was* different, each requiring a different set of rules for their safety." That had surprised her the most. Shane hadn't just sent her to talk with a Domme, but one who'd, until recently, been a ProDomme for hire.

A man, obviously younger than Diana, came into the room, a jug of iced tea in his hand. "Mistress, would you like more tea?" In opposition to Diana's essence of control, the man Diana introduced as Daniel was quiet and assured, but at the same time dutiful, biddable. There was no doubt he was the submissive to her dominant.

Diana broke into a smile that changed her face entirely, lighting her face up from the inside out, making her quite beautiful. In love. "Thank you, Daniel."

Daniel bowed his head, a slow nod to show it was his pleasure.

"It's not only the rules for the sub that change with each relationship. My rules, as a Domme, changed considerably after I met Daniel." Daniel had moved lightly behind Diana, his empty hand tenderly grazing her shoulder. She caught his fingers in her own and caressed them. "Daniel is quite the rising star in his firm and his company requires a lot of socializing by their management. I had to learn that it didn't diminish our relationship whatsoever to just be Daniel's girlfriend, Diana; not Diana, Daniel's

Dominant. I also learned that there is a distinct difference between being a ProDomme and being in a true relationship. Here I can be the person I am, not the Dominant a sub hired me to be – and believe me the difference is enormous.”

“She was a hard-ass when I met her, now she has a gentler whip hand, so to speak,” Daniel cheekily declared, but he edged closer to Diana despite her raised eyebrow that announced she might just be demonstrating her whip hand on him later. “I like that, it shows me she loves me, cares for me. I’m not just a job she didn’t really enjoy all that much.”

Lucy cocked her head to the side and studied them. “You need him just as much as he needs you, don’t you?”

Diana nodded. “Exactly. When I first started on the scene I *was* a hard-ass. I was so determined to make my subs bow before me, to show everyone I was the female in charge. But it jaded quickly and I really found no personal joy in it. I’d started as a ProDomme in an attempt to find that elusive satisfaction, but was still searching. The subs got what they needed, but I was nothing more to them than a tool to make them feel good. It wasn’t until I met Daniel that I learned what *I* needed, and in the process he taught me a lesson I will never forget.”

She turned to him, as if asking for his permission. He smiled back and nodded, “Tell her.”

“We had been flirting around each other for a while and for the first time were playing a scene together at a club. It was intense – brutal even – the way I *thought* he wanted it. But at the end, instead of finding release, Daniel broke down and cried. He was so upset. Hysterical. It took me half an hour to get him calmed down enough that he could actually speak. When he did, what he said slayed me – he wanted to know why I hadn’t enjoyed it when he’d done everything I’d asked, taken every lash I’d given him even though he wasn’t a pain slut. Why had he not pleased me? All he’d wanted to do was please me. Me. Not him, not the crowd. Me. And all I’d done was hurt him and not even got off on it.” Diana paused, still affected by what had happened.

"I'd never felt so ashamed in my life as I did that night. This lovely man had submitted everything to me, but I'd failed as his Domme, I'd failed as his partner in the scene by not seeing what he'd been giving *me*." Daniel put the jug of tea on the table and embraced Diana from behind, his arms linking above her breasts, his chin resting on her shoulder. "In one gut-stabbing moment I finally 'got' what I'd been searching for all those years. Hard to believe, really, a ProDomme who realizes she had it all wrong."

"She did make it up to me though. She bundled me up that night and brought me here to her home, and for two days waited on me hand and foot. A week later I still hadn't left and I've been here ever since." Daniel beamed, "And now Diana's pregnant and next month we are getting married."

The love that flowed between them was an awesome thing to see. Theirs was definitely no one-sided relationship, it was based on respect, the need to give and the ability to take.

"So now we are nothing like the people we used to be. We have what works for us, our rules that fit our needs. Our relationship revolves around mutual giving and that we both *desire* what the other gives."

This was everything she wanted with Jason—and what had been missing with the relationship with her ex. It was so easy to see now, in the light of Diana's revelation, what she hadn't been able to see back then for the emotional roadblocks. She'd beaten herself up for months over that breakup, trying to understand why it had escalated to a point they couldn't return from. Now she saw it all came down to the simple fact they desired different things from one another. She'd only wanted to please her ex, when he'd needed her to *desire* disciplining him. Lucy didn't feel that same unease with Jason's desire to be dominated. She was nervous, but eager, to see where this change to their relationship would lead them.

"Thank you."

"For what?" Diana questioned back.

“For showing me that there is so much more than just whips and chains and who gets to order who around.”

Both Diana and Daniel smiled and nodded at her. But it was actually Daniel who replied. “Porn gives people unrealistic expectations about BDSM, when really it’s so much more. That’s not to say that it’s not about whips and chains, but like with any good relationship giving and taking goes both ways. Neither one of us is more important than the other, no matter who is on top. You can’t have a top without a bottom, nor a bottom without a top.”

Diana’s hand caressed Daniel’s as she agreed, “Precisely.”

* * * * *

The shop was a rainbow of color, but a study in black. A plethora of toys, accessories and appliances hung from the walls and lined the shelves. Leather and lace, chain and rope, slick and rough warred—an explosion of sexual sensation and stimulation.

Good Lord, where to start?

Her afternoon with Diana Foster and her sub Daniel had been eye opening to say the least. Shane hadn’t steered her wrong by sending her their way, but what she’d learned hadn’t been at all what she’d been expecting. She’d figured on an afternoon learning to wield a paddle or a whip, or learning how to correctly assume the dominant role, instead she’d sat down to afternoon tea and learned one of the ways a true, loving relationship between a Domme and her sub could be.

So now she knew that the relationship she wanted and the domination Jason craved could be meshed together successfully, it was the how of it that was still eluding her a little though.

“Can I help you?” The short, not-quite-portly woman behind the counter approached her with a friendly smile.

Heat rushed to her cheeks. “Umm, I’m not sure.”

"Well, maybe I can help. Are you looking for something for yourself or for someone else?"

"Umm..." How dumb was this. She was having voyeuristic sex with her partner and their gay lover and she'd been fucking her partner with a dildo on and off for months. And here she was embarrassed as all hell by standing in a sex shop. *It was so much easier buying this stuff over the Internet.* But these purchases required hands-on inspection to make sure they fit her requirements perfectly. "For me and him, although mainly for him."

"We have quite a collection of different types of cockrings, cock and ball rings too for those that prefer that type. Some of our most popular are the jelly rings, they give a nice sensation without getting too extreme." The jelly ring the shop assistant dropped into her hand was much too soft and malleable for her purposes. Jason had never had an issue with control, but he'd placed her in the lead now and he had to learn to trust *her* control of the situation—not to debase him, but so he could properly relax and rely on her.

"That won't be a problem. Is there something firmer?"

"This?" The jelly ring was exchanged for a set of slim leather straps that had snaps for width adjustment. "The leather doesn't have much give but all reports declare it quite comfortable. The second set of straps wrap around the testicles." A cheeky smile flirted on the clerk's lips. "I can attest to it presenting a very pretty wrapped package."

"Really?" Now she was intrigued, presentation really hadn't entered her mind. *Why not, Jason in leather would make a pretty picture indeed.*

"Now this...this really displays things to advantage." This time there were many straps linked together with metal rings. "It's much nicer on a real man, but here," she reached for a dildo and pulled the metal and leather around the fake cock and balls, "see, it's a cock cage." She looped a finger through the end. "It comes with a metal ring here for attaching weights or threading rope for lightweight cock torture."

Her mental image distorted slightly to an image of Jason in tall, black, lace-up boots, a leather vest that had a hard job meeting over the solid planes of his tanned chest and his cock hard and angry red, caged in leather and metal. With his dark hair and looks he'd look like the devil in leather come to make every woman's fantasies come to life. "Oh my."

"Pretty, don't you think?" The clerk had an obvious amount of fondness for the accessory.

"Indeed, but I don't think it's quite right for us." Lucy handed over the first set of leather straps she'd been shown. "This is perfect though. I'll take two...actually, make that three." She wasn't planning on getting into dominance games with Shane involved, but that didn't mean she couldn't give him a little gift—a thank you, maybe, for his help.

"I'll take these up to the counter. Once you've finished browsing I'll ring you up." The clerk paused for a moment, tilting her head slightly as she contemplated Lucy. "Might I suggest if you *are* looking for something a little less novelty that you look toward the rear of the store." And with that she was gone back toward the counter.

Short and well rounded she might be, and at a guess well on the other side of forty, but she had a confidence about her that said she had quite a satisfactory sex life, thank you very much. *Just goes to show, you can't judge a book by its cover.*

Not entirely sure what she was looking for, she drifted toward the back of the store, touching and feeling different items along the way. She figured she'd know it—whatever it was—when she saw it. If she'd had any sense she would wait until she and Jason had sat down and discussed what it was that he really wanted. But they hadn't yet, and she had this little plan building that she wanted to put into play, so she just had to work with what she already knew.

They'd already established neither of them were into full-on bondage and discipline—although, Lucy figured with a grin, a little wouldn't go amiss. After all most people could get into a little tie me up, tie me down and maybe a touch of spanking now and

then. So she was planning to get a few better quality items that they could use, basics that would make a good starting point if they decided to change the game at some future point.

Sixty minutes later, her credit card many dollars closer to maxed—and with her eyes much wider from the advice she'd been given—she left the store with two large bags to stuff in the trunk of her car. She had a little of this and a little of that and a much clearer plan of what she was going to do with it all.

But first she had something else up her sleeve that she was sure would make Jason a very, very happy man.

Chapter Four

Leaning back on his office chair with a tired sigh, Jason scrubbed his hand down his face in an attempt to wake himself up. He'd been lugging heavy boxes of stock all morning and ached from head to toe from doing the job two men usually did. *Guess those grueling weightlifting workouts are paying off.*

It had been a long few days courtesy of a quick and nasty virus that'd ripped through the supermarket staff, leaving the store shorthanded from the bakery to the deli and staff and managers scrambling to cover shifts and prep work for each day. Today had been the first day out of the last seven where he'd even come close to a full contingent of workers available to cover all shifts. *Thank God.*

When he heard through his open office door the dual tones of familiar feminine voices the aches and tiredness faded and other body parts perked up. The slightly higher tone of Sandra, his admin, and the lower notes of his girlfriend rang out clearly from the admin office that guarded the doorway to his tiny, cluttered-with-paperwork, dustier-than-the-desert lair...aka the manager's office. While it was Lucy's day off he hadn't expected to see her until he got home, but with the week he'd been having he wasn't about to say no to an impromptu lunch date.

"Since I'm sure he's not been taking any breaks, I thought I'd bring Jason some lunch."

"And you'd be right, but I gave up nagging him as soon as I realized I sounded suspiciously like my mother-in-law." The women laughed and Jason smiled along with them as he eavesdropped. Sandra was right—not that she sounded like her mother-in-law—but that he'd been working through. There'd just been too much to do and when push came to shove the buck stopped with him. He had a lot of pride in being a manager whom his staff both respected and would give their best for because they

knew he worked just as hard as they did...it was just unfortunate that it usually related to him having to fill in with the heavy-lifting dirty work.

"I'm going to make him take a whole hour today."

There was a small pause and he could hear a tinge of laughter in Sandra's voice when she replied, "If you want uninterrupted time you might like to lock the door, as I'm heading for lunch myself."

The innuendo was obvious and Jason felt heat rush to his face at the thought of his middle-aged admin basically serving him up on a plate for a little lunchtime nookie.

Lucy laughed outright. "I'll make certain to do that."

Sandra coughed an ahem, "...I think I'll get lunch out today."

The staccato click of high heels on the solid floor made their way closer to his door and despite his embarrassment a stupid grin bloomed on his face at the thought of seeing Lucy. She didn't usually come down on the Saturdays he had to work, but today he was happy that she had.

She sashayed through his door wearing a skirt that hit just above her knees, a tank top and a smile—the uniform of all Beach'ites for ninety percent of the year in Jacksonville. The only difference was she wore red high heels, not flip-flops like most of the people browsing on the supermarket floor.

She caught the office door in one hand and swung it closed. It latched with a gentle click. The lock sliding into place was even quieter. She turned, putting her hands behind her, and leaned back until her shoulders touched the door, thrusting her full, rounded breasts forward, her nipples hard and straining against the tank top. One red patent-leather shod foot pointed out delicately in front of her.

The way she held her body, the sly smile on her face, and damn it, those red shoes and a bright red slick of lipstick applied to match screamed of sex. No wonder Sandra'd had the platter ready...

"Luce, w—" He was halfway out of his chair when she cut him off mid question, raising one finger to her sexy, pursed lips to silently shush him. He sat back down with a thump, not sure what to make of the nonverbal instruction. His brain of course jumped to the most ridiculous thing of all, *were they going to play? Here? At work?*

"Sssh. I don't want to hear another peep out of you unless it's to tell me you're about to come." She pushed away from the door and her heels click, click, clicked again as she made her way across the room, around his desk to stand between his thighs. "Do you understand?"

The office chair creaked as he leaned back and looked up at his lover. He slid a glance sideways to the window that overlooked the supermarket and gulped. The blinds were set almost to closed so he could see down onto the floor below but for anyone looking they'd have to stand in just the right spot at just the right time to see anything more than his ceiling, but still...

Catching his obvious, nervous glance, Lucy reached out and turned the handle just a fraction more so there was even less chance of being seen. "Don't worry, we won't get caught."

The idea of forbidden sex at work had his body twitching as the blood rushed from one head to the other, but he didn't relish the idea of getting caught and committing career suicide. Thankfully, Lucy agreed.

When she leaned in, looming over him by using the back of his chair as leverage, he caught the smell of warm skin, Dove soap and sex. *Mmm, the wonderful smell of Lucy.*

Her fingers pressed gently against his lips, reiterating her command. "You didn't answer me. Did you understand? No noise."

He nodded his assent, knowing that it was twofold: his silent agreement wasn't just in understanding but assent to obey her rules, her dominance. She was stepping into character, into the position of power over him. That thought alone sent a shiver down his spine.

Lucy bent at the knees, delicately perching on his thigh, and with her feet splaying just enough to steady herself that he got a glimpse of lace and of clips holding that lace up. *Oh fuck, she's wearing stockings.* Stockings did it for him every damn time. Lucy wasn't a small woman; she filled that lingerie out like an old-time pinup girl—all sweet curves and soft flesh hiding a core of steel. He could come, just about without a single physical touch, from watching Lucy prance around the house in a garter belt, stockings and bra alone.

Swift, sure fingers worked at his tie, loosening the knot before sliding the whole thing free and draping it over his wrist resting on the arm of his chair. It was both titillation and a warning—affirmation of what would happen if he disobeyed, yet proof of her trust. Then she made short work of his shirt buttons.

When she pulled the shirt wide and leaned in to tongue his nipples, he didn't move a muscle, he didn't even breathe. He was too scared to, just in case she stopped. And, *God*, he didn't want her to stop, he just wanted her to issue him more instructions in that slightly husky, sex-imbued voice of hers. Even the side of his brain that said no, he shouldn't like being ordered around, was conspicuous in its absence.

"It seems to me that you've been working too hard the last few days and you're much too tense." Those able fingers went for his belt, making short work of the leather and metal. "So I figured a little *massage* over your lunch break wouldn't go amiss."

Jason gulped again as the closure on his pants *zipped* down and Lucy reached in and with unerring accuracy wrapped her hand around his cock. He came damn close to swearing out loud as she squeezed, but managed to stifle the word so it came out as a grunt. Lucy released him and sat back, a pleased look on her face. "Good. But that was an easy test." She slipped from his leg and down onto her knees. "This will be the hard part."

The buckle of his belt jangled as she worked at his trousers, opening them wide and pulling them along with his briefs down over his hips.

“Up.” He obeyed her command, lifting up so his pants slid easily over his ass. When he sat back down it was to the feel of the scratchy fabric of the office chair against the back of his thighs. “Now spread ‘em.”

Caught with his pants around his ankles, he tucked his feet under the chair and slid down so he could open his legs wide. His balls dangled in the air, but his cock was ramrod straight and pointing toward his belly. Lucy hummed her approval as she ran her hand over the muscles of his thighs that were flexed slightly as he held himself in position for her inspection.

“Hands stay on the arm rests – don’t move them.”

The direction was a moot point—he’d already grabbed on with both hands, his fingers biting into the armrest so hard that the tips had turned white. His grip got tighter still as her hand wrapped around his balls, her thumb and forefinger tightening into a ring beneath his cock, while her palm cupped his scrotum. The skin pulled tight, tugging on his cock, making it bounce as the excruciatingly slow drag stretched his balls away from his body.

The torture was agonizing. Not because it caused him any physical pain, it didn’t, only the exquisite agony of knowing she wouldn’t touch his cock until she decided herself good and ready to.

Their positions felt strange—Lucy being the one on her knees—odd in the fact that he was getting the vibe that even as she serviced him he was making her happy. He wasn’t a stupid man, but he didn’t quite know what to make of it. This situation wasn’t playing out at all as he’d expected.

A firm, sharp tug brought his eyes up from where he’d been staring at the tiny bit of thigh that had been bared between the top of her stockings and her skirt. “Look at me, Jason. I want you to watch me as I lick and suck your cock.” Her mouth hovered just out of reach of the damp head of his cock. “There will a reward this evening if you succeed...I went dildo shopping today.”

At the thought of what Lucy planned to do with that new fake phallus, just who she'd be fucking with it, his cock jerked, rebounding enough that the soft underside of his dick barely kissed her lips. *Would she be using the harness this time?* All these months she'd been fucking him manually, so to speak, not with the dildo in the harness.

Lucy's tongue made a slow swipe across the shine his precome had left on her lip before slipping back inside her mouth. "Hmm... I had a feeling that idea might excite you." As her lips moved closer, the heat of her breath skimmed along the skin of his shaft, but he kept his eyes on hers, doing his damndest to obey her rules even though his body protested.

"In fact, I've had a very interesting day so far," the words whispered over his skin, "I've not only been on a shopping trip, but a fact-finding mission as well. And one of the things I've discovered this morning is that you've been doing a lot of giving lately, Jason, but not much taking in return." Her tongue darted out, a flicking caress over the head of his cock, just catching the slit at the top. "So today is about me giving you something of what you need."

He'd managed to keep his eyes on hers thus far, but when her mouth slid over the swollen and now throbbing head of his cock, he came close to losing his grip on the rule to not close his eyes. As it was, he lost those first few bobs of her head and strokes of her tongue to blurred vision as he struggled to hold back the groan of pleasure from the hot, wet sensation of her ruby red lips around his dick. The pressure around his shaft increased as Lucy wrapped her free hand around the base of his cock. Steadying herself with her elbows on his straining thighs, she worked up and down his length, tugging his cock in one direction even as she pulled his balls in the other. As she moved, the perfect lines of her lipstick began to blur, smudging around the edges, the red line she left halfway down his cock marking him as belonging to her.

That decadent mouth came away, releasing the suction around his cock with a pop. A quick flick of her head sent the long strands of her bangs out of her eyes, but she kept a tight grip on his cock, using long strokes from his balls to tip and back again. Lucy

stoked the fire building in his cock so easily, so skillfully. He just wanted to close his eyes and wallow in the sensation. But he didn't. He held her gaze, refusing to break, even as his whole body shook, straining toward a climax that threatened to leave him weak at the knees. Yet, even as he obeyed, a small rebellious piece of him was sorely tempted to disobey to see if the punishment would be better than the reward.

"Does this feel good?"

Who was the woman trying to fool? Of course it felt good. He got as far as inhaling a breath to tell her just that before he remembered. He swallowed back the words just in time.

Lucy beamed at him, chuckling under her breath before pouting her slightly swollen lips at him a little. "I was kinda hoping I'd get to punish you," like a cat licking cream, she swiped across her lips, teasing him, "but I might just do it anyway... you'll just have to wait and see."

Leaving his cock weeping and angry-red, her hands slid away, massaging their way over his thighs, kneading the muscles that bunched awkwardly to hold him in place on the chair. The hairs on his legs prickled against the heat of her palms as they coaxed away the shakes before scooping around and underneath his ass. He stiffened as those cunning fingers brushed along the crease of his ass, taunting him with the knowledge that if he followed her rules she'd fuck him with whatever new toy she'd found to lovingly abuse him with.

She continued to touch, her fingers caressing the tight pucker of his asshole as she said, "I know I said no words at all, but I think I'll allow you one."

He didn't even think, he only had one option, "*Please...*" The way it came out—a pleading, begging, groaning wail of sound—came close to being pathetic, but it had the desired effect. The wet heat of Lucy's mouth enveloped him again, her hands digging into his ass, encouraging him to thrust into the suction. The cheap brown chair creaked and groaned as he levered himself up, his hands, forearms, shoulders and neck the fulcrum, with only the balls of his feet to steady himself as he worked in and out of her

mouth. He spared barely a second to thank the head office for the stingy office furniture allowance, as the budget executive chair wasn't able to tilt or recline and send him ass over head and onto the floor with his dick hanging out.

Lucy hummed and the sound waves danced over his dick, tickling, adding another level of pleasure to the best blowjob of his life. Lucy's hands gripped his ass so tightly that there was no mistaking who was in charge, even though he was the one moving his hips to get off.

The barely there rasp of Lucy's teeth was the final straw. That little scrape of pain amongst the warm wet suction sent him crashing into his release. His balls tightened almost painfully as he began to come, emptying himself into Lucy's mouth—having never been a prude in that department, Lucy swallowed. Jason slammed down, half off and half on the chair, a totally wasted but surprisingly energized heap of flesh.

Lucy sat back onto her heels and with a polite, ladylike finger swept an escaped drop of his cum from the corner of her Cheshire-cat-sized grin and into her mouth. She sucked the tip of her finger in, "Mmm, salty."

Using his knees as supports, she pushed up and onto her feet. He watched her from under lax, hooded eyes as she tottered a moment, leaning against the desk and juggling her legs as the blood ran back to her feet, but she kept moving restlessly far longer than the time it would have taken to get rid of the pins and needles. There was a deep breath and some muttering he couldn't catch, followed by a louder exclamation of "to hell with it".

She turned, lifting her skirt high as she did, and propped her *bare* ass on the desk. The garter and suspenders had been more than enough, but if he'd known she'd gone without panties as well he would have lost it well before he did just imagining her pussy bare, but out of his view.

"Sit back in the chair and turn it to face me."

He did as she asked, ignoring the uncomfortable feeling as his bare ass scraped along the scratchy weave of the seat covering. Once he turned, those sexy red heels

came up and landed one either side of his naked hips. He harshly sucked in a mouthful of air as her legs fell open, exposing her pussy to his view. That's all it took for him to go from zero to one hundred again, his cock slowly stirring again as he studied the picture she made with the too sexy straps of her stocking and the garter belt framing her naked sex—she was so slick there was an obvious liquid sound as her fingers dived into her cunt.

Borrowing trouble, he got a hand halfway to her pussy before she tsked at him. "Look, but don't touch," she leaned back on one elbow, "but feel free to tell me if you like what you see."

Like? Like was much too shallow a word for how much he desired to bury his face into Lucy's pussy and bring her to a screaming climax, workplace be damned.

Legs spread so far apart and so wet she didn't even need to hold herself open for him, her fingers stroked around the button of flesh that was standing proud at the top of her pussy. She always did that, played around the edges until the very last moment, but it was deceptive. She didn't caress her sex gently at all—he could see the tension in the tips of her fingers as she pressed hard, just not on her clit.

"Jesus, Luce. I can't take my eyes off your pussy. It looks so wet and hot, swollen and pink and just waiting for a cock."

Lucy's eyes flared as he spoke. She reached farther and slid two fingers into her cunt, her thumb taking up where her fingers had left off, but now strumming up and down over her clit. Her hips worked against the desk, pushing forward as she thrust her fingers deep inside her body. His cock was at full mast, the languor after his orgasm just a memory as every cell in his body craned toward Lucy.

Her breath came hard and fast, her strokes faster and less coordinated, and her small moans grew until she finally bit down on her lip to stop herself from crying out. Her legs snapped together, nearly braining him with her kneecaps as he'd leaned in as he watched, trapping her hand in her pussy as her body shook through her climax. Her

sigh as she collapsed back on his desk, sprawling with her arm thrown above her head, was the stuff of locker room legends.

He'd never be able to look at the work on his desk in quite the same way ever again.

"Lucy?"

"Hmm?" Her eyes were closed, her body looked soft and pliant.

"May I move now?" He really didn't want to, he felt a certain type of pride and enjoyment at having—fairly much—obeyed Lucy, but cramp was about to hit.

"Oh! Yes!" She propped herself up on her elbows and grinned at him a little sheepishly. "So much to remember...and I hadn't planned on being so turned-on I'd—"

"Don't apologize." He moved to his feet and reached for Lucy, helping her to sit upright before using a finger to tilt her chin up. "I loved every single minute of it." He dipped his head, gently caressing her lips with his before deepening the kiss. When they pulled apart they were both breathing heavy again—or at least Lucy was, he'd never gotten over the second hard-on that even now pressed up against the wetness of Lucy's pussy.

He thrust gently against her, sliding his cock in the slick liquid of her come, his groan of pleasure becoming a yelp of pain as Lucy pinched his ass.

"Oh no you don't. That has to wait until tonight. I have plans for that nice hard cock of yours."

"And just how am I going to work for the rest of the day like this?" Jason stepped back, cursing himself silently for sounding grouchy and pouty. His pants tugged at his ankles as he stepped back, and he bent to pull them up before he tripped on them. *Imagine explaining how I bruised my tailbone to workers comp.*

Lucy slid into the space he made as he moved back. She gave a sexy wiggle and shake and her skirt slithered back down over her garters, covering up her pussy and come-slicked thighs. A twist of her tank top, a shake of her head and she looked

presentable again. Meanwhile, he had his Jockeys twisted, his pants only halfway up, and his shirt hanging open. Where his tie was, was a mystery.

Lucy stepped forward and buttoned his shirt as he unhitched his underwear and zipped up his pants. Once she finished with the buttons she reached down and gave his cock a friendly pat. *"That is not my problem really, is it?"*

With a quick twist that set her skirt flying Lucy turned and with her hips swinging loose and free, relaxed after her orgasm, click, click, clicked her way back to his office door. Jason scrambled to get his clothes to rights before she opened the door.

"Just make sure there's no touching involved."

Then she was gone. Leaving him with that stupid grin on his face, a crooked tie and a cock that was as hard as rock.

Chapter Five

Can I do this? Really do this?

Jason's hand hovered over the items Lucy had laid out for him on the bathroom counter. They weren't anything special taken individually – clippers, razor, shaving oil and the lube...the attachment she'd already affixed to the showerhead. But tonight he'd been given specific instructions.

He'd spent a sexually frustrated afternoon stacking more stock and lugging carcasses in the butchery, but managed to get out of work on time and arrive home to find Lucy calmly waiting for him, a cold glass of Riesling in one hand and a book in the other. She wore a simple black robe that bared a bit of cleavage and a little thigh when she walked – for all intents and purposes she was covered up, not really sexy at all. But that was the whole point, wasn't it? It was what the robe hid that made it sexy.

She'd taken his briefcase and then his jacket, casually putting them to the side before leading him to their bedroom. Unlike earlier, she made slow work of undressing him, one item of clothing at a time. She only wrinkled her nose at the butchery smell once before she led him to the bathroom.

The lights had been dimmed enough to take the edge off but not so it was too dull, and a candle or two was lit – just a hint of his cologne was in the air. And once she'd explained what she wanted him to do, how she wanted him to prepare, the items now in front of him were a little less innocuous.

She'd asked him – her soft request just as effective any demand – to shave certain parts of his anatomy clean, but left the choice up to him as to how far he went. The trimming things up with the clippers hadn't been a problem, but the rest...wasn't going down quite so easy.

To be hairy or hairless, that was the question. Jason opened the oil and even though he knew a little went a long way he spread a fairly generous amount over his hands and applied it to his balls and groin. Better to be safe than sorry, after all—razor burn on his balls would be a bitch.

His hand shook slightly as he reached for the razor and he cursed. “Idiot. It’s just a razor.” He bunched his fingers up, clenching them into a fist before stretching them back out again to pick up the razor. “Just get it done.”

It was so stupid, after all the things they’d done together, that he was nervous over this one small thing Lucy had asked of him. After all, he wasn’t any less of a man if he shaved off his pubic hair—but some little irrational part of his brain said he might just be. It was the same part of his brain that had been warring with the rest of his body about liking it when Lucy worked his ass with that dildo.

He set the cold tap running, rinsed off the razor and stood back, studying himself in the mirror and wondered just how to start. How does one contort oneself to be able to shave his own balls? That’s how Lucy found him when she knocked and entered the bathroom just a few seconds later.

She watched him in the mirror with a little smile. “I was just wondering...is this something you can do by yourself?”

“I’m not entirely sure, to tell you the honest truth.” Jason shrugged at Lucy’s mirror image. “I was just about to give it a fighting try.”

Lucy moved closer, resting her hand gently on his arm. “Would you prefer it if I did it?”

“Actually, I think I would.” He probably shouldn’t have felt such a sense of relief at having someone else put a razor near the most delicate part of his anatomy, but one thing he definitely knew was Lucy wasn’t out to emasculate him—she liked his cock too much for that.

As Lucy crouched down, her robe spread open along her thigh until it reached the sash holding it together, giving him the slightest glimpse of pussy before falling closed

again as she moved onto her knees. She looked up, laughter on her face. "I seem to be spending a lot of time on my knees today."

What could he say to that? He just let his smile match hers since as far as he was concerned it wasn't a bad thing whatsoever.

She studied his cock and balls intently, a slight frown on her face, looking a little perplexed. "I really should have done a little research before I asked you to do this, shouldn't I?" She sucked a little part of her lip into her mouth as she contemplated. "It can't be that hard, surely? Heaps of guys do this all the time." She gently grabbed hold of his cock and lifted it up. Of course, his cock more than liked the idea of having her hand wrapped around it and started to perk up at the idea of being shaved.

"How about we do it this way: If you hold your balls and cock up, I'll shave underneath, then we'll move things around and we'll do the top part and around your cock." Lucy cocked her head to the side and looked for his response.

Feeling perversely aroused by her suggestions when only moments before he could hardly bring himself to do the deed himself, he nodded. "Sure. How about I sit up on the counter, though, and you stand between my legs? Might make it easier on your knees." And also a little easier for him to get a good look down the front of her robe...

He was nothing if not opportunistic—he liked a good eyeful like every other man on the planet.

Lucy nodded and he helped her up, then he turned his back to the counter and lifted himself up.

"Holy shit!" He jumped back down just as fast as he'd jumped up and rubbed his ass with both hands. "God damn that's cold!"

"You big baby, it's not that cold." She slapped the ass cheek he'd turned her way and pushed him back toward the counter. "Get back up there, we need to get this finished." He hoisted himself back up and tried to ignore the hot spot on his ass that echoed the shape of Lucy's hand.

Jason settled back, getting comfortable while trying to ignore the cold press of the mirror along his back. His arms prickled, the hairs rose then settled again as the marble-topped counter warmed from his body heat. He wrapped a hand around his junk and pulled everything north, stretching the soft skin of his sack taut so Lucy could shave it easily.

She hummed as she leaned over and stroked the blades over his skin. The rasp of the crisp new blade was in its own way quite satisfying. Like the feeling he had every morning once he'd cleaned his face of stubble—like he was making himself smooth and presentable.

Her fingers were cool, smooth and deft as she worked the razor, being careful not to go over any one spot more than twice—once with and once against the grain. “You seem pretty relaxed right now, considering what comes after this.”

Oh yeah.

The enema.

How could he forget that?

They'd learned the hard way that if you want to play with ass, you better make sure it's clean. You only had to have something “happen” just once before you went off and figured out the best way to not have that happen ever again.

But keeping things clean wasn't necessarily all that comfortable. After a couple of aborted attempts to do it himself, Lucy had taken over. Unfortunately they'd both had a lot to learn, as enemas weren't quite the simple process they'd thought. That first enema had been a cramp-inducing nightmare of pain and had ended up with Lucy making a frantic call to their doctor's nurse. Speed, they'd found out, was not a desired quotient when cleaning oneself from the inside out. Since then they'd refined the process some. Still, it wasn't the most comfortable thing in the world, but there was a certain amount of intimacy about it that he was kinky enough to enjoy.

The metal showerhead attachment though, that had him wondering.

“Luce?” She hummed in acknowledgment as she concentrated on gently pulling his balls down, then applying the razor around the base of his cock. “What’s the extra nozzle for?”

Intriguingly, the top of Lucy’s cheekbones went pink as she blushed. “This woman at the shop this morning was a mine of information...she suggested that you might like it for after an enema. You don’t hold the water in, but let it go right away. She said some guys found the stream of warm water over their prostate really arousing.”

Lucy blushed even further pink. She wasn’t exactly what you could call shy, but neither was she one to just sit down and discuss their sex life with someone else—well, except for with Shane, but that was a different thing altogether—so this woman really must have been forthright to make Lucy embarrassed. “She said it often helped relax them for penetration...especially if I was planning on using my hand at any point.”

Oh. Jason’s mouth dried up. What was he supposed to say to that? It’d not been something he’d even contemplated until that night when Lucy had confronted him in the shower. But once she’d said it, put it out there, it had been rattling around in his head, never far from his thoughts, like a big elephant in the room rambling around bashing into things, trumpeting its discontent while everyone studiously ignored it. Or tried to ignore it, at least. He’d been failing at it spectacularly well.

“Jase?” Lucy’s question brought his attention back into focus.

“Yeah?”

“I asked you if this was enough.” She pointed to his cock and the nicely trimmed patch of hair above it. While he’d been imagining what it would feel like to have her fist in his ass, Lucy had been efficiently shaving and trimming so his dick and balls were hair-free.

His fingers wandered down over his stomach, following his happy trail to the trimmed patch of hair, then around his balls and cock, taking a stroke or two to get the feel. The skin was smooth and the hair that was left felt tailored, tamed, but not

particularly effeminate. In fact, as he stroked, he decided his balls and cock felt more sensitive.

“What do you think?” That was the bigger question. He wanted to please Lucy.

“I thought all shaved off would be sexy.” Using just one fingertip, Lucy ran up and down his length, sending a shiver up his spine that had nothing to do with cold fingers. “But I think I like it like this much better. Neat, but manly.” She gave him a sneaky smile at his half snort, half humph. “Shows things off rather nicely.”

He had to agree with her there—even if it was rather vain to do so—and especially so now that she’d wrapped her hand around his dick and had taken over stroking. Her hand on his cock looked mighty fine indeed and he was having a hard time remembering why he was anxious.

“Will you help me with the rest?” He didn’t really need it, they’d refined things enough that he was able to do the cleanup by himself, but he really liked the feel of Lucy’s hands on him. It was arousing, the way she cared for him.

“All right. I’ll mix while you...err, assume the position.” There was humor in her voice as she reached for the taps, turning the knobs for a nice mix of warm water to add to the enema bag.

Jason slid slowly off the countertop, transferring his weight slowly to his feet to stop the burning feeling from his legs dangling for so long. He turned in time to see Lucy dump a spoonful of baking soda into the bag, then top it up with more warm water before attaching the top.

“Are you ready for your medicine, Mr. Talbot?” She had a mock evil grin on her face as she turned, waving the nozzle at the end of the tube his way. “Because I’m ready to administer it!”

Joining in the fun, he turned and bent at the waist and waggled his ass in the air. “Oh yes, please, Nurse Lucy!” He got two quick slaps on his ass, one for each cheek, that left him with a pleasant sting of heat and a giggle from his lover. Warmth hugged his backside and thighs as Lucy crowded him, pushing him toward the edge of the

bathtub. Taking the hint, he moved, and using the bath as support, relaxed onto his arms, letting his hips and stomach go lax.

The shower curtain rustled as Lucy hung the enema bag on the railing. Then came the click of the lube bottle and the cold drops of liquid that now ran unhindered from his ass all the way down to his balls. The cold slick of liquid sent a shiver up his spine that Lucy soothed away with warm fingers as she made certain the area around his hole was slick.

“Relaxed?”

Surprisingly, he was. There was an odd satisfaction in doing this for and with Lucy. He enjoyed the warmth of the water entering his body, cleansing him in preparation for her fucking him. It seemed to give her pleasure and fulfilled his selfish needs, both. The two were wrapped up in one another—the way she made him feel when she used that dildo on him and the need to give himself to her for doing that.

A groan of pleasure slipped out as two of her fingers pressed against the pucker of his ass, not pressing too hard for access, but more than enough to tease the nerves running close to the surface. Then came the press of a different object, cooler than fingers, harder, more rigid. The enema nozzle wasn’t large—nothing at all like the size of the toys Lucy had used on him—but he blew out a breath anyway, relaxing so it slid in easily.

Lucy teased him a little, sliding the nozzle back and forth gently before she released the clamp and he felt the first flood of warmth from the water. The sensation built, the warmth ballooning as it filled him up, moving up his colon, but stopping just this side of uncomfortable. Lucy pulled back on the nozzle, preparing to remove it, and he tensed—this part always felt awkward.

The hose slipped free and he straightened, feeling oddly bloated in places that normally weren’t. It took a bit to adjust to feeling pinched yet almost a little bowlegged—pinched as he clenched to hold the liquid in, but bent at the knees as he tried to accommodate for the extra volume.

"I'll leave you in peace, but first..." Her hand went into her pocket to pull out some leather straps. "Since you're already getting hard, I think this can go on now."

She was right, he was half hard – he'd been that way since she'd left that afternoon – but his arousal was somewhat muted now that his attention was concentrated on holding the enema. His cock jerked when she reached for him, enjoying the weight of her hand as she stroked him just once before grabbing hold. Kneeling in front of him, she gently twisted his cock this way and that, wrapping the straps around his dick then tightening them before closing them with a snap. It took everything he had to hold still and resist the urge to thrust into her hands as his cock took notice and got harder; to hold the enema instead of pushing Lucy onto the floor and diving into her pussy with his mouth the way he'd been imagining since she'd frigged herself off in front of him. Every day he craved to make her come and today was no exception.

When she let go he sighed with relief, only to gasp it in again when he found his balls pulled high and spread apart and the base of his dick held tight. He looked down and found black leather circling his cock and dividing his balls. What the...

"Ohh, that does look...yum."

Yum? She'd tied his junk up in a pretty package and it was yum?

He twisted slightly, his cock bouncing as he tried to get a good look, his balls and cock tugging against each other in ways they never had before. He didn't really agree with yum, but his cock did look pretty damn good from his perspective.

He wagged his cock again, enjoying the constrained feeling until a light cramp hit. He stilled, waiting for the discomfort to ease, and knew what was coming next. Time for Lucy to leave. *This I don't need an audience for.*

"Ah, Luce? You might like to go now." She looked confused for a moment but as he waved toward the toilet her face cleared with understanding.

"Oh. Sure." She was almost out the door before she looked back over her shoulder. "Remember to try the new shower attachment, I want to know if it's as good as they say."

Another cramp hit as the door clicked shut, this one twisting his gut enough to make him pull a face. The toilet lid hit the back of the cistern with a hollow thunk and he sat down with a sigh of relief.

Chapter Six

It was roughly thirty minutes later before water rushed through the pipes and sounded out against the tiled shower wall. Leaning up against the door, her arms on either side of the frame, Lucy stared blankly at the white bathroom door and contemplated her next move.

Jason had been leery of the new shower attachment and she was intensely curious to know if he'd planned to use it—after all she hadn't specifically *instructed* him to do so, just heavily hinted toward it. This part of the process was private for him, it always had been, and she respected that. It wasn't exactly as if it was a pleasant experience, and who wanted people seeing them at their worst?

But I'd really like to see if he likes it...

It felt a little silly to be standing there, wearing barely there bra and panties with a dick strapped on over the top and to be feeling so uncertain. She was supposed to be the one in charge, wasn't she? So why was she worried what Jason would think? If this pleased her, it should please him, wasn't that the way it worked?

Distaste curled her mouth into an unhappy smile. *Because my being in charge doesn't negate his right for privacy.* Her afternoon of limited research suggested some people didn't believe that and that to "do it right" true submission needed no privacy. Personally, she thought it a human right she had no right to nullify and that wasn't at all the way she thought Jason deserved be treated. Lucy sighed, caught again in the trap she'd made for herself by using the Internet as a research tool. *Maybe I'm just too soft for this.*

Or maybe she was just what Jason needed.

She heard a moan, muffled by the door but still quite clear, and her curiosity got the best of good intentions. The door opened quietly and she peeked around, trying for

unobtrusive, only to get an eyeful of gorgeous man. One intensely focused on the pleasure he was giving himself.

The room wasn't quite steamy, but it was definitely humid—the mirror only lightly condensated versus fully fogged over. Clear drops of water—the evidence of Jason's shower—raced down the clear glass of the shower doors and behind that stood Jason, one hand on the tiled wall, the other behind him holding the smooth, metal nozzle of the attachment.

Rough, raw tension held his face taut as he concentrated, not even the click of the door closing behind her disturbed him. The sound of water through the pipes was slow, not the usual roar of rushing water when the shower was going, and the end of the nozzle was obviously inside his ass, the stream of water filling him up. Jason removed the nozzle then paused. A look of intense pleasure took over his face as he pushed the water back out, his whole body relaxing into the moment, his muscles going fluid and loose.

By rights, just the thinking about it should have been a turn-off, but there was something in the way Jason just let his whole body go that drew her eyes and kept them there. It wasn't the enema itself that attracted her, but the *effect* it had on Jason that had her mesmerized.

Water splashed as he worked the hose in again in small, shallow movements. His pleasure was obvious as he fucked himself with the thin nozzle. His cock, wrapped in those black leather straps, stood proud of his body, the dark, ruddy red announcing just how aroused he was. His cock bounced on even after he pushed the nozzle in and held it there. The look of tension stole back onto his face again as he concentrated on the flow of water.

Lucy pushed away from her spot against the door and slowly moved closer to the shower door. Jason stilled, obviously sensing her in the room, before continuing on.

"Is it good?" her husky, low volume words echoed around the tiled bathroom as if she'd shouted them. Jason nodded and *hmmhmmmed* his reply, the majority of his

attention on what he was doing, on the way his body was feeling. He worked the nozzle free again and she soon heard the sound of him releasing it from his bowels, but she wasn't interested in that. Her eyes were firmly caught by the look of bliss on Jason's face as his body fell into the release. The softness on his face, the whimpering moan that she knew so intimately as the precursor to an orgasm, the beauty of watching Jason let it all go—it was a beautiful thing to watch.

Oh yeah, it was good to him. Maybe too good.

"Lover, I hope you aren't about to come." Her sharp question stopped Jason's hand just inches away from his cock.

Jason's hand trembled with indecision until he finally made a fist and shook his head in the negative before flattening his fist out against the tile wall. The nozzle clinked on the tile as Jason dropped it, the hose bleeding water on the floor with a quiet shush of ambient noise as that hand slid up beside the other.

"Jason, you've no idea how damn sexy you look with your hands up against the wall, legs spread, that tight little ass of yours teasing me." Lucy felt the ridiculous urge to stroke the fake cock she wore, just as a man surveying his female *property* might. Instead, she pulled the towel off the rack and held it out wide and waited for Jason to exit the shower and step into it.

She took her time, first drying off Jason's shaggy mop before moving to his back. Jason stood there, every muscle in his body straining toward her touch as she made her way down and round his body. She crouched down, her fake cock drooping down between her thighs, and pointedly avoided the real cock in front of her face as she dried Jason's legs and feet. When she stood up, she saw Jason's eyes were fixed on the harness and what it held.

"Do you like it?" Lucy palmed the cock and made it obvious as to how it was different from the model they already had. Jason choked. She didn't blame him, really. It was an impressively formed phallus.

She hadn't wanted what they already had but in a larger size. No, she'd wanted a totally different experience altogether for this first time with the harness. Jason had reacted like a wild man to the thick butt plug Shane had used on him and that was what she'd wanted to replicate. The new phallus wasn't any longer than the other, in fact shorter, but when it came to width and diameter? Oh yes, there were some changes.

Jason's eyes were as big as the bulging head of the fake cock. "That won't fit!"

Lucy twisted her fist around again, showing off the way her fingers and thumb couldn't meet, and gave Jason her best horny, evil-woman smile. "Oh yes it will."

Jason lifted his face up to hers and gulped quite obviously. "Yes Ma'am."

Lucy stood to the side and waved Jason past her. His cock bobbed in front of him, tied up, so thick and reddened and calling out for attention. It took all her will to not shove him to the ground and ride him into orgasmic oblivion. *Not what we're here for, Luce. Just keep your horny self for later.*

She was wearing the harness!

Lucy was going to fuck him properly this time. Not just a hand-propelled dildo, instead the power of her hips and the heat of her body over his.

More surprises waited for him out in the bedroom. The lights were muted, punctuated with the glow of more candles and the bed was stripped. The covers were folded neatly and piled off to the side.

Like the bathroom, the side-table held a variety of items. Only time would tell if they were more or less formidable than the last set. The glove and the small tub of Crisco made him anxious though. Would she actually go so far as to use them? Do more than just fuck him with that shockingly thick dildo? An eager thread of desire wound its way through his belly, twisting around the anxiousness, warring with it. But as he stood there waiting for Lucy he knew that she wouldn't insist on doing something he wasn't ready for.

She came up behind him, one of her fingers lightly trailing down his spine, wandering down to the crack of his ass. "Why did you call me Ma'am?"

Jason shrugged. "It just felt right."

"Hmm..." Lucy leaned into him and the lace of her bra scratched delicately along his back as her palms cupped his pecs, that dildo pressing against his ass. A shudder ran up his spine as she rocked against him, forcing the fake cock farther between the cheeks of his ass. "I'm not asking you to."

Why do I? He thought about it and came to a quick decision. "I would like to when we're doing this."

"All right. When we are...*playing*, you may call me Ma'am." The heat of Lucy's body moved away and he felt illogically lonely. Afraid, even, that he'd admitted too much by asking to use the honorific with Lucy as a way of reaffirming his role.

He spoke, just to reassure himself she was still there. "Yes Ma'am."

A small sigh sounded behind him. "Jason. Turn around please."

He obeyed the instructions and turned, linking his hands behind his back because they felt awkward just dangling there. He stood at ease, eyes toward the floor until fingers lifted his chin up so he looked right into Lucy's eyes. Worry shined from those deep-blue eyes of hers and she frowned slightly. "Jason...if you don't want this..."

"I want it." *God, how he wanted it.* Jason swallowed his trepidation and confided, "I — I'm just not sure...scared."

Lucy's frown deepened as she stepped closer, her thigh slipping between his as her arm went around his waist. She leaned into him, her dildo rubbing against the straining length of his cock. He felt warmth and protection.

"Jason, I love you." She shifted, wrapping both arms around him and trapping his linked hands beneath hers as she hugged him tight. "The only thing different about tonight is that we've acknowledged what it is you want...*need*, as part of this relationship."

She was right. He knew she was right, but it felt different. His eyes swung toward the dresser—not because of *that*, but because there was no going back now. He was exposed, open for scorn for wishing to be dominated by a woman, no matter how much he desired it.

“You are no less important in my life than you were before you told me of your desire to be dominated. In fact, I think you showed a pretty phenomenal amount of trust by telling me, and let me tell you, mister,” she tugged him closer, their cocks smooshing against one another between their bellies, “that kind of trust equals a whole lot of horny respect when it comes to this woman.”

“It does, huh.” Some of the anxiousness eased. *Classic Lucy*. She had a way of taking a situation and turning it on its ear and making him laugh. “Horny respect?”

“A-huh.” She took a step back and looked him up and down not once but twice. He rocked nervously, a blush starting on his chest and moving up, heating his cheeks as she inspected him, paying great attention to his cock. “Hands to the side, lover.”

He did and she reached out with both hands and pushed him, knocking him flat on the bed. She stood between his splayed thighs, hands on hips, head cocked to the side with her eyes narrowed and that enormously thick dick waiting to impale him. “Now you’re right where you should be—spread out on our bed, waiting to be fucked.”

The force and desire in her voice turned him inside out. Lucy leaned over him, nipping and kissing her way up his torso until her mouth finally closed over his nipple. She sucked hard on the knot of flesh, drawing it between her teeth and away from his body. A groan of pleasure came from low in his belly and rumbled up through his body. *No he didn’t enjoy pain, but God, this small bite of it did him every-damn-time.*

Lucy straddled his hips, holding him down on the bed as he struggled both toward and away from that small, sharp pain. Everything about Lucy was soft and loving but for this small way she tortured him. Even when she used the dildo in his ass she was so careful to take care of him, cherish him. But once she’d seen how hot and hard it made him to have his nipples abused she’d shown no mercy, only pain. And then, once his

cock was weeping with the pleasure of it, she'd used the most delightful laps of her pointed, pink tongue as she soothed away the aches she'd made.

His cock was harder than it'd ever been before, the leather of the cock rings biting in a way that wasn't at all comfortable, yet pleasurable. After an afternoon of remembering Lucy masturbating on his desk, then how the enema nozzle had felt, fucking in and out of his ass as the water pushed against his prostate, he wanted to come so bad.

"Ma'am, *please*." He was willing to plead.

Lucy's mouth came away with a pop. Holding herself over him on stiff arms, her hands on his biceps, holding him down, she studied him. "Are you begging already, Jason?"

Oh God, he was. And he'd do it again too if it made her fuck him. "Yes Ma'am."

Lucy's hair flicked back as she shook her head, "I don't think so." She sat back, grinding her panty-clad ass down on his dick before she moved back to her feet. "I don't think you want it enough yet."

What? What planet was the woman on? Couldn't she see his dick and the full-body sweat he had going on? "*Ma'am?*"

She stood back and struck a pose, tapping her finger on her lip as she contemplated. Then, as he watched, Lucy reached into the bedside drawer and came up with the satin blindfold she used when she needed to sleep during the day. Swinging it around her forefinger, she knee walked across the bed. "I could tie your hands to the bed, of course, but I think I'll save that for another day. *This* will do the job nicely for today."

His vision went dark as Lucy covered his eyes with the mask. She carefully wiggled it into place and made sure his hair wasn't caught in the elastic strap. Now that his vision was gone, the room impossibly jumped into sharp relief, as if more alive than what it had been visually. The rustle of the covers as Lucy moved; the subtle scent of her body, of her pussy; the candles; the sound of the drawer opening then closing again, and then the swish of Lucy's legs in those stockings as she stepped between his legs.

“Arms up above your head and link your hands together.”

Jason did as she asked, his spine creaking some as he stretched out across the bed. Despite the sexual tension riding him, his shoulders relaxed into the covers, his hips flattening as he centered himself much like he might in a yoga pose. *Sexual Yoga, now there's a thought.* What was it called? Tantric? No way was he patient enough for that.

The light stroke at his wrist surprised him enough that he jumped. Lucy chuckled under her breath but didn't stop, instead she continued on down his forearm, circling, around and around on the sensitive crook of his elbow. As she worked her way down Jason finally figured out her instrument of torture—the pink flamingo feather she'd picked up on one of their weekends away.

Such a delicate touch, it teased him, sending ripples over his skin as she dawdled before moving down until she circled around his pits. It took everything in him to keep his hands above his head as Lucy had instructed, to ignore how it tickled, but he squirmed nonetheless. Lucy replied by flinging herself over his chest, straddling him to hold him down.

“Oh no. You're not going anywhere.” She shifted—her weight moving onto her right thigh—and the touches started again, but on the opposite wrist.

The way she twisted to get a better reach knocked her dildo against his chin. It was plastic and fake, rigid and not at all like the wonderful softness of Lucy's pussy. But without a thought he opened his mouth, let his tongue taste the tip of the dildo.

Instead of the taste of new plastic, his tongue got a hint of strawberry.

Lucy had a way with the little things—scrubbing the dildo ahead of time would have been the right thing to do, but she made it even better by coating it with flavored lube. *How could he not love a woman with a strawberry-flavored cock?*

His tongue flicked out again, going a little further afield as the dildo slipped further into his mouth. The feather stalled in its travels along his arm, just a small circle in the tender spot of his underarm. Jason could almost hear the scrape of the fine little barbs of the feather along his skin over Lucy's shallow, nearly silent breathing.

What am I doing?

In life there were things that you just couldn't anticipate ever seeing until it actually happened. Jason's tongue tentatively tasting her strap-on was one of those things.

How many times had she gone to her knees in front of Jason and felt the power of her mouth around his cock. Looked up to see his eyes burning with primitive need and satisfaction at her *supposed* subservience. Could she show him what many women and men the world over already knew, could she show him the power he held?

When she moved off Jason's chest, his body went tight, his lips becoming a thin line of apprehension.

"Ma'am? Did I do something wrong?" Jason sounded uneasy, as if waiting for a reprimand.

"No, nothing wrong. But you've given me an idea..." Jason's lips got tighter.

It took a little wiggling, but she got her feet to the floor and stepped away from the bed. "Leave the blindfold on. I want you to sit up, then slide down onto your knees on the floor."

Moving carefully, Jason followed her instructions. He settled into position, ankles together, knees apart, hands clasped behind his back with his chin down, staring sightlessly through the mask to the floor.

Jason made a beautiful, beautiful picture in the low light, the candle's flickering light licking over his strong frame. The width of his shoulders narrowed down to his waist and hips—testament to the time he spent with Shane in the ocean—as the strong muscles in his thighs held him still. The heat of knowing all that strength was hers to command burned through her body.

Do it, Lucy, embrace it.

As desire and self-doubt warred she stepped closer, her toes invading Jason's space as she stood between his opened thighs. Her fingers raised that stubborn chin of his,

lifting his face up so she could see his pleasure, his desire and the power he held over her with his submission.

“Always look to me, Jason, never hide your desire or fears by looking to the floor.” Her thumb gravitated to Jason’s lower lip and made small sweeps along the full, reddened flesh. His tongue tentatively tasted her skin and she smoothed the wetness of that touch over his lips.

“Open for me, Jason.” And sweet man who he was, he did so instantly. His trust sliced yet another sliver off the lump of doubt buried in her belly.

With her free hand Lucy guided the head of the dildo to Jason’s lips, replacing the soothing motion of her thumb with the head of the dildo. Only for a moment did Jason back away, only long enough to wet his lips with that curious tongue of his, making them properly slick. Then he held himself still, waiting for what she would do next.

Oh-so-slowly Lucy flexed her hips, pushing the dildo forward into the center of Jason’s mouth. With a finger and thumb on either side of his chin she held him still. It was barely an inch of length before she pulled back, listening for Jason’s protest. But his only reaction was to lick his lips again, leaving them fully slick and glossy.

Lucy pressed forward carefully again, past that one inch and on to two, before retreating, this time only to return in a smooth motion. Jason took the movement in stride, relaxing his jaw to accommodate the width and length of the dildo. His mouth was mainly slack until the third or fourth stroke, it was then he began to participate, his cheeks hollowing some as he sucked against the fake cock, his head and body cautiously moving into the motion of the blowjob.

As she stood above him, desire thrilled through her. Sure, there had been times when Jason had used his mouth on her in this same position and he’d blown Shane that first night they’d played together as a threesome, but never ever had there been any hint of oral play with the dildo. This type of *worship* was entirely new...and she quite liked it.

Desire to see Jason's eyes clamored, and using her forefinger, she pressed the silk mask up the bridge of Jason's nose, wrinkling the fabric up as she pushed the mask up to his forehead. Still not satisfied, she pulled the mask off and dropped it to the floor.

Jason's face was tilted up—as if he was searching for the sun—but his eyes were closed and he very nearly had a frown on his face. Concentration.

He was concentrating too much. *Not connecting with me.*

Jason was internalizing it all instead of finding the connection between them, the power he had over her. And, *God*, did he ever have the upper hand right at this moment—he just didn't have his eyes open to know it.

"Jason, open your eyes." His lids came up, but his eyes were dazed, his focus on what he was doing, not on her. "Look at me, Jason."

Clarity returned with a blink, but in his gaze now lust and distress warred.

"Look. At. Me. Jason." Jason's eyes zeroed in on hers and Lucy attempted to show him all the desire and lust and love she felt for him through her eyes. Just how turned-on she was by what he was doing and just how damned sexy he looked and how much strength he had. Because, damn it, there was no way a weak man could turn her on anywhere near as much as Jason could with the strength he showed her with his submission.

Their bodies swayed together in the act of fellatio, and even when Jason struggled, pushing himself too far, too fast, their gaze was fixed, caught in the other's. The confusion and distress changed, the color of Jason's eyes deepening even further as he discovered what she already knew—that submission had its own power over the dominant partner.

She broke away first, her head dropping back onto her shoulders with a groan. Instinctively, her hands came up, cupping her breasts, her fingers plucking at her nipples through the lace of her bra. When she dragged her head back, he was watching her with fire in his eyes, looking like he'd won. *Oh no, so not going to happen, lover.*

Lucy stepped back, her nipples poking through the lace as her hands went to her cocked hips. The dildo looked slick and shiny from his mouth. Flush with a sense of power, he felt as if he'd won some small battle of wills with her and he couldn't help his slightly cocky grin.

When she'd ordered him to his knees he'd not been quite sure what Lucy had in mind for him. Working blind, he'd felt discomfited when she pressed the fake cock against his lips, but he'd obeyed when she'd instructed him to open his mouth. Those first few strokes of the fake cock were sloppy, but then memory kicked in and he worked his mouth against the dildo, being careful with his teeth. It took concentration not to struggle against the plastic—it wasn't at all like the real thing when it came to warmth and malleability, neither did it have the same texture.

Then Lucy pushed the blindfold off and the whole game changed.

Lust lit up between them, burning hotter and brighter than before as their gazes caught. He'd been uncomfortable with the fake phallus in his mouth with the blindfold on, but once it was removed, he saw just how this act he performed had an impact on Lucy. She might have been fucking his face with a strap-on, but it was *he* who was turning her on, *he* who held the power to keep her turned-on or to make her excitement even greater.

And it was *he* who made her lose enough composure to step away.

But it wasn't a fake cock he wanted to adore—he'd done that because Lucy wished him to. It was the soft flesh of Lucy's cunt he wanted to worship. And that cocky smile would most likely get him what he wanted. That or an awkward face-full of thick dildo as Lucy taught him a lesson.

Of the two, though, pussy won out.

He wanted to drown in her, eat her until he couldn't breathe, give her pleasure until she was limp with exhaustion and would fuck his ass, slow and easy, drawing out the experience until he begged her to let him finish. There was an exquisite, torturous satisfaction in knowing this pleasure was hers to give him.

"Did I do something wrong?"

Her lips pursed and her eyes narrowed. "Not at all, lover. I just have a better use for that mouth of yours."

Oh yeah, that grin was so going to be worth it. Jason's mouth watered at the warm-honey satisfaction in her voice. *Please let her plan be my mouth on her cunt.*

"Up." He stood, hands still behind his back, his legs throbbing some from sitting so long on his knees. Before he could shake the pins and needles out properly Lucy marched up and shoved. Hard.

He fell back onto the bed in a tangle, only just managing to unhook his hands before he landed on his arms. Lucy roughly clambered up his body until her thighs settled around his shoulders and he sensed the damp warmth of her pussy hovering just out of reach. He craned his neck, lifting his mouth until his lips touched warm, slick skin. Then he sucked, his tongue lashing back and forth over the flesh he'd drawn into his mouth, seeking the little pearl of flesh guaranteed to give Lucy pleasure. With a sweet sigh that wasn't quite the sound of surrender Lucy's knees slid wider, pushing his head back into the bed, trapping him there with her sex, her hands around his wrists. The straps holding Lucy's dildo in place rubbed against his cheeks but he didn't really care, he'd just pass it off as razor burn if it was still there tomorrow.

Chapter Seven

This wasn't her plan, but Jason's lips wrapped around that dildo had seemed such a waste of his talented tongue. And that cheeky grin...

Maybe I'm not as strong as Jason thinks I am if I can't stick to the plan.

Did it matter?

Lucy slid her knees out a little farther, sinking down onto the nimble joy that was Jason's mouth and lips, unable to stop the moan of delight as he worked his way around her pussy. Nips and sucks, pointed jabs and wide licks with his tongue—he worked them all together with such intensity she was closer to coming all over his face than not.

She'd wanted to show Jason that being dominated didn't have to be about pain or extreme situations or requests, but could be a gentler, controlled loving. To show him that wanting to be the one to be controlled was not about being unmanned or humiliated, but one of many ways of finding the beauty of sexual release and that he could trust her to take him as far as he needed to feel fulfilled to maximum.

Even as far as hands and fists if that was where he wanted to go.

She'd seen his look of trepidation thrown toward the dresser and known he was wondering just how far she was intending to take him—not as far as he was thinking, that was for sure. Her plan had been to embrace being Domme and sub and finding the spot where they were also still Lucy and Jason, lovers.

Instead, she'd blown all her so-called plans to shit and taken them somewhere entirely new.

Her thoughts about the strap-on blowjob faded away as the swell of arousal carried her along, blinding her to all else but Jason and his exquisite tongue. She felt the strain

in his arms against the sensitive skin of her inner thighs as he twisted his wrists beneath her hands, trying to pull free to grab on to her hips.

Experience told her that's what he was after, but she had to punish him for that grin somehow. Considering how much he liked eating pussy, it really wasn't much of a punishment. She was positive they'd find her one day eaten alive...death by oral orgasm with Jason lying beside her asphyxiated by pussy.

Canting her hips, she pressed her cunt just a breath closer to Jason and his struggles against her binding hands slowed, the rapid flick of his tongue against her clit no doubt taking all his concentration. Sensation sparked as he crossed over her clit and she cried out, her release building swiftly, hovering just a moment out of reach until Jason sucked her clit between his lips and growled against her flesh, turning those sparks into fireworks as her orgasm slammed into her.

She rocked against his face, grinding into him until she could take it no more and fell back onto his chest, his body cushioning hers. Slowly, she slid to the side, boneless in the aftermath, Jason's heaving breaths an echo to her own. Sensible thought rattled around in her empty brain until finally settling on the task at hand — Jason.

It felt like she'd run a marathon as she rolled away from her lover — complete with knees no better than jelly. *Who taught whom a lesson there?* She was sapped enough to take a momentary time out sitting on the edge of the bed. Just a breather, as she contemplated what would come next. Because she'd really shot all her plans all to hell now.

Why does this bother me so much? A little stab of frustrated anger jabbed at her as she moved to her feet. But when she turned to face Jason the anger faded away.

He lay just as she'd left him, his arms above his head, his eyes closed, her juices shiny on his face and with a look — half smile, half awe — of bliss on his face. His cock, rampant and shiny with precum, bobbed above his groin, his balls strapped up and hard, pulled up tight against the base of his cock as he waited. The fingertips of his right

hand were white against his left wrist and hand; stark against the skin reddened by the grip he'd managed to hold...and still held.

Maybe departing from the plan hadn't been a bad thing. Am I miscalculating?

With just the tips of her nails Lucy ran her fingers down the long length of Jason's thigh. The muscle tensed, bringing it just that fraction closer to her touch, testing her by forcing the touch rather than waiting for her to increase it. *Did he even know he was doing it?*

When she looked up, the bliss had been replaced by eager tension. His tongue ran around his lips, tasting the essence her orgasm had left there. A little moan escaped her lover's mouth as she pressed down harder, her nails leaving little red scuff lines down his thigh.

"Bring your hands down and roll over, Jason. I want you on your knees, face down, hands behind your back." Caught with a need to improvise a better punishment, Lucy looked around the room for a temporary binding. She needed two hands free, which meant she would need to bind Jason's arms behind his back rather than hold them herself. The sash on her toweling robe caught her eye. Perfect—thick and soft, but easily tied.

She only stepped away from the bed for a few moments to grab it, but it'd been long enough for Jason to assume the position she'd demanded. When she turned back her breath stalled in her chest at the beautiful sight of Jason, face and chest down in the covers, smooth white ass pointing skyward, feet curled in submissively, with his arms crossed, wrist to wrist, behind his back.

Faced with such a lovely aspect, Lucy couldn't resist her need to touch.

Starting at the tender soles of his feet, she teased the smooth skin of his arch just enough that his ass swayed in front of her as he tried hard not to pull his ticklish feet away. Then she moved up along his calves, using her nails again, working against the grain of the hair on his legs. Then on to the inside of his thighs and a gentle caress of her palms around his hips before she scraped her nails down over the globes of his ass

cheeks, continuing right down over his perineum and over the back of his balls that now hung heavy, dragged down by the weight of his cock.

The bedding muffled his low groan as Jason rocked away from her touch. The slap she gave his ass was instinctive. The crack of her palm against that taut flesh was short and sharp and they both gasped at the shock of it. It was nothing more or less than the playful slaps they stung one another with in jest, but for some reason they'd never put the two together – the sex and the spanking.

Lucy rocked on her legs slightly and surprised herself when she did it again, this time to the other cheek, then twice more each side, alternating. Jason's hips swayed – she wasn't quite sure if he was trying to get away or moving in anticipation of the next strike. The prints of her hand had reddened the skin into two bright spots of color against the white of Jason's ass and a primitive sense of ownership flooded her system.

He's mine. All mine for the taking, mine for the commanding...mine for the loving.

She reached for the sash that she'd absently dropped onto the bed during her inspection of her lover's body. The bed tilted some as she moved up behind Jason, her dildo riding the crease of his ass as she reached over him, pressing him down as she went for his arms, wrapping them carefully with the sash.

"I think, lover, that it's time I fucked that sweet ass of yours properly. I don't know about you, but me? I've been looking forward to it all afternoon." She made a figure eight around Jason's wrists, twisting that sash about itself before tying it into a knot. Not the most secure binding, but enough of a reminder to Jason of where his arms were to stay.

Reluctantly, she pulled away and slid off the bed, moving to the dresser and the all-so-innocent instruments of Jason's terror she'd placed there. She grabbed a glove and slid it over her hand. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Jason's head move, his vision fixed on her.

Perhaps she should put the mask back in place? She contemplated but left it off, preferring to see Jason's eyes.

Jason's ass flinched as the glove snapped around her wrist. Teasing him, her hand hovered over the tub of Crisco. His eyes went wide and his toes curled up with apprehension, only releasing when she moved on to the bottle of lube.

She turned with a hand on her hip, not caring that it must have looked odd with a dildo bobbing in front of her. In fact, it felt empowering enough that she cracked the top of the lube and poured a dollop into her palm, and then, as Jason watched she wrapped her fist around her dildo and stroked—just like she enjoyed watching him do with his cock. She kept stroking as she walked back, putting a little extra all-woman swing in her hips.

"Gonna try something a little different this time, lover." Jason's breathing was rushed, but he nodded anyway, not letting fear get the best of him.

Gently, Lucy drizzled a small amount of lube over Jason's ass, smearing it over the hot red flesh where she'd spanked him, before moving with bottle and fingers to the pucker of his asshole itself. A firm squeeze sent a generous amount of lube down the crease of Jason's ass, sliding down over the smooth skin until she caught it in her gloved fingers. More sticky and thick than their usual lube, this one had been one of her special purchases. It was designed specifically with ass-play in mind, but she'd been advised to give the good old-fashioned kitchen staple, Crisco, a try too. But *that* was for another night.

She pressed against Jason carefully but surely. He relaxed back into her with a full-body sigh, letting her fingers slip in easily. This was the easy part, they'd done this before, with and without Shane, who went about it in a much more rough and manly straight-to-it fashion. Usually the dildo would follow in short order, sliding between her fingers, but tonight she wanted to give him a taste of the fantasy he'd let slip.

There was a small noise from Jason as she slid her fingers free, one that turned into a groan as she pursed her four fingers and thumb together and pushed. The cone of her fingers stretched Jason in a way two fingers had not. Slowly, she worked her hand back and forth, gaining ground with each push, listening to—and strangely enjoying—

Jason's strangled breathing as she worked until she was deep enough that both her finger joints were hidden.

Jason's hands flexed around the opposing forearms as she worked him.

"Does it feel good?"

"Yes Ma'am." He continued in a quieter voice, one laced with tension. "Please don't stop...I mean..."

Lucy took pity on him, knowing this was tough for him still. "You mean you like this, but you're not ready for me to go further. Is that right?"

"Yes Ma'am." That edge that had been building and that had nothing to do with sex, but with fear, faded out of his body.

"I might go just a little further...but anything more needs time and practice." She leaned over him, overshadowing his submissive position to whisper in his ear. "But I *am* going to fist you, lover. Just like you really want me to but are too afraid to ask for. But not tonight, tonight's just the beginning. Tonight is the night I fuck you just like you do me."

Altering the way she held her hand, she slid two fingers in, curling them in such a manner to search for Jason's gland. The full-body jerk told her she'd hit paydirt. She went carefully, gently working her hand gently back and forth, her fingertips stroking over the bump that had sent Jason to babbling.

"Please, please, *please, please...*"

"Please what, Jason?"

"*Please, Luce...Ma'am, fuck me.*" No longer just merely sexually frustrated, he was frantic. After all, she'd left him hanging earlier on. He must have worked himself into quite a state by now.

"Fuck you, love?" As he pleaded again, she worked the dildo in between her fingers. The extra width her fingers gave the dildo surely must have been hurting him

some, but he didn't call stop. Rocking slightly on his knees, he pushed against her, testing his limits again as he tried to force the fake cock deeper.

"Ah, ah, ah!" She pulled fingers and cock free of his body as a warning, and reached between Jason's legs and tugged down on his balls, just hard enough to let him know she meant business. He hissed in reply, his fingers turning a tighter shade of white as they clasped and flexed. "We're doing this on my schedule, not yours."

Jason gulped and followed up with a nod of his head as he whimpered out, "Yes Ma'am."

Moving oh so slowly, Lucy pressed the flared head of the dildo back against Jason's sphincter and watched it enter his body, her thumb pressing down so the fake cock tilted toward that spot she'd found with her fingers.

It was powerful stuff to hold the control over her lover's satisfaction like this. *Is this how Jason feels when he fucks me? Powerful, strong, triumphant in the way he brings me gratification?* Pleasure shimmied down her spine at the thought. Hand fucking him with the dildo just didn't compare.

Just for a second, just one moment out of time, she'd give anything for her dildo to be real, to feel the hot, tight slide of her cock into the body Jason had willed to her, body and heart. To feel the way his body sheathed hers, gripped hers as she fucked him to an orgasm that left him senseless.

A chick with a dick. Now that would indeed give a new dimension to their lovemaking, but it'd be a hell of a confusing way to live, trying to decide if you're him or her that day. A chick with a fake dick then...now *that* she could live with—Jason sure wasn't minding it.

Lucy worked the dildo back and forth, small shoves of her hips until it was half buried. Jason's nostrils flared as she worked him—he'd take it all eventually. Just not yet.

His shoulders ached and the sash rubbed against his skin as he struggled not to rear back and fuck himself for all he was worth on Lucy's dildo. Convincing himself not to was hard. They'd played a little with some hands tied up and looped around the bedstead and some forceful foreplay with hands captured behind backs, but not like this. The other had been quite literally play. Fun. To him this felt so much more serious. *Or is it just because I'm the one submitting...*

His ass burned as Lucy toyed with him, mainly from the heat of those unexpected handprints she'd branded him with, but the new dildo was leaving its mark as well. The length was fine, it was a stretch around the thickness that took some getting used to, and with the weight of her body and the thrust of her hips behind it, the movement felt nothing at all like their previous play.

By the skin of his teeth he'd held it together through the afternoon, then all the way through the enema. The shower nozzle had almost been the end of all his hard-fought self-denial, despite the leather Lucy had wrapped around his cock and balls. Her forceful reminder that he was to come only when she said so had both sent him closer to the edge and helped him to focus on it at the same time. But that edge was getting wobblier and wobblier. A downright roller coaster now, as she worked her way into his body.

Jason slipped ever closer toward the white noise that let him block out everything but the pleasure of sex.

He'd been caught in that haze before with Lucy and Shane, only realizing what he'd done when they'd pulled him out of it. He'd been bloody embarrassed then, so damn confused and uncomfortable at how easily he'd slipped into that space where it felt so good to just *be* while his body was used in whichever way his lovers wanted.

Yet now, here he was in Lucy's arms feeling comfortable and excited and so damn turned-on just because he'd owned up to his need to be dominated. Each thrust Lucy made filled him not just with fake cock, but with a sense of resolve, knowledge that his

submission was accepted and welcomed and that she was encouraging him to find that place and let free.

Breath flew in and out of his nose as Lucy worked slowly deeper. He felt the kiss of her thighs against his now and the softness of her belly against his ass. Lucy was careful with him, nothing at all like the way Shane handled him when the three of them had spent time together. Her obviously feminine hand aroused him in ways he couldn't explain—he wouldn't have known that without having felt the rougher, coarser feel of Shane in and around his body.

Friends with benefits might not have been everyone's idea of a good plan, but without that safe environment he wouldn't be anywhere near close to understanding bisexuality. He sure wouldn't have known that being fucked by a guy was great, but being fucked by Lucy with a fake cock was better...because Lucy was the key ingredient.

Lucy and the way she touched him, the way she took from him, all the while giving herself to him—that above all things was what he needed. And knowing that the moment they walked out that bedroom door she understood him and respected him just as much as she had always done. He'd been so scared about losing that.

Jason's breath stilled as Lucy came to a stop, her body plastered to his from her thigh to belly to breast, one arm visible to his limited view as it hugged his waist, her hand buried into the covers. Heavy panted gasps of air whispered along his back, sending a delicious shiver along his spine. He knew just how Lucy felt. That indescribable feeling of being as far in your lover's body as you can possibly be, that moment of stillness, of self-satisfaction, felt just before the fucking really and truly begins. *God, it was perfect – no matter if you were fucking or being fucked.*

When she withdrew he knew what was coming. He knew it well from plunging that exact same way into her body—a sensation he just couldn't get enough of even as he ached to receive the same from her.

He teetered on that rocking and rolling edge, waiting for the thump of her body against his as she drove into him fully, primitively claiming his body. That held breath released with a harsh grunt of pleasure half-buried beneath the covers as the first thrust became the second, then the third and he teetered, finally falling into the bubble of white noise that let him ignore everything but the pleasure of his lover nailing his ass to the bed as only she could.

Slowly, as the haze claimed him, his knees gave way, sliding down until Lucy covered him, his hips canted up by instinct alone to meet her strokes. Her nipples, hard little points behind the lace of her bra, dragged along the insides of his bound arms. He longed to taste them with his mouth, to curl his tongue around them and tug until she cried out. Seeing, hearing, being the one to make her come—serving her pleasure to her sometimes seemed to be his reason for living.

The hard strokes pushed his groin into the bed and his cock rubbed back and forth along the sheets. A delicious torment that only made his balls and cock ache all the more to explode—he could blow just from that alone, but he hoped not. In that space, where submission was easy and oh-so-right, he imagined Lucy reaching around, the heat of her hand surrounding his straining cock, stroking him as she plundered his ass. His hands were tied and he lay helpless beneath her just as he did now, his final pleasure hers—and only hers—to give or not as she saw fit.

Jason's hazy imagining felt so real it took him a moment to realize it really was. Lucy's fist wrapped around his cock, her slow stroke in total opposition to the fast thrusts of her hips—no doubt designed to drive him crazy.

Those clever fingers of hers slid down and around his balls and he felt the snap-snap as she released the binding around his cock and balls. He cried out as the tension released, and if anything his balls and cock only got tighter and harder. The anticipation of her hand on his cock again, the thump of her belly against his ass and the dildo's caress of his prostate sent his senses flying. Lucy stroked his cock once, used her thumb to spread his precum over and around his glans and stroked for a second time and he

lost it, bucking and thrashing against the bed and Lucy's hand. His ass grabbed tight onto the fake cock and he came, his lower back and thighs—even his eyes—aching from the power of his orgasm.

"Jason?"

His arms were free and by his side—aching a bit as Lucy's fingers dug into his shoulders, massaging. His ass ached along with his shoulders, but instead of pure relief, regret tinged his thoughts just a touch, knowing that it was over.

"Are you back with me now?"

Back? "Wow...I blacked out?" He must have flaked out for a few minutes—enough time for Lucy to have cleaned them up and untied him.

Lucy's deep-throated chuckle was warm and sexy and full of laughter. "Judging by the wet spot you left, I think the phrase is 'came your brains out'." She shifted behind him, moving to the side—something told him she was nervous. While still warm and sexy, the laughter was gone when she inquired, "Was that good, Jason? Did I go too far tying your arms like that? I know you said you weren't into being tied up...but it felt the right thing to do at that moment."

Jason rolled onto his side, wondering if he looked as limp as he felt. Every single bone in his body felt as if it was made of rubber. Curling up with a yawn, he snuggled into Lucy. He wound his legs between hers, tangling them together as his arms went around her waist, her breasts becoming his pillow. "Ma'am, it was wonderful. Strange, new and I'm not quite sure how I'll feel about it tomorrow, but I don't think I've ever felt so...boneless and satisfied."

So close to her, Jason felt and heard Lucy's sigh—it wasn't sad though, but happy, as her arms came around him, stroking along his skin with her fingertips. Her body wasn't totally relaxed—not like his—she was jittery and he knew why. Lucy needed to come again.

Guilt for not providing her release plagued him some, but lethargy claimed him before he could make good on his desire to satisfy her. *Just a five-minute catnap then I'll make her see stars from coming so hard. It's hours and hours yet before we need to get up...*

* * * * *

Morning came slowly, yet with great speed. The air conditioner kicked in for the first time that day, making an annoying racket as they both lay there, drowsy and waiting for the alarm clock to buzz and force them out of bed and on with their work days.

"I swear seven a.m. comes around earlier every day." The alarm blared as she muttered and swatted at the offensive noise. The annoying bleep-bleep-bleep got louder and louder as she missed once, then twice. She was going for a third try for a charm when Jason shoved his hand beneath the bed head and yanked the cord from its socket.

Both of them sighed into the quasi-silence as the annoying beeping went dead.

Jason rolled away, pulling himself up so he sat at the side of the bed, elbows on his knees, bent over like a man in the throes of a wicked hangover.

"You okay?" The little spot of anxiousness from the night before still niggled at the back of her mind.

"Feeling a bit like a Mac truck hit me, reversed, then dropped the clutch as he ran back over me just to make sure he did the job right." He leaned back, fists in the small of his spine as he hyper-extended. "So *ye-ah*, good."

"Good?" Lucy raised an eyebrow, frustrated. *All that planning and worry about getting it right and it was just good?* Her sleepy, first-thing-in-the-morning glow was fast disappearing.

Jason twisted at the waist to look at her and saw the raised brow and the beginnings of her pissed-off attitude and rolled back onto the bed again, cuddling into her and being sweet. His breath fluttered over her skin as he whispered, "Ma'am, if you are that good to me all the time, I might never walk straight again."

She couldn't help the little snort of laughter that escaped. "Smart ass!"

"Me?" Jason pushed up onto his elbow and leaned in, nuzzling at her neck and nibbling on her ear until she giggled and pushed him away. "I think if my ass was that smart, it wouldn't be feeling quite so painful this morning."

"You're sore?" Concerned, she pushed him onto his back and took his place, leaning over him so she could assess his face as he answered. "Why the hell didn't you tell me I was hurting you, Jason?"

"I-I was kidding, Luce." She frowned down at him as he stuttered then shrugged. "Used, a little abused, maybe...in a good way, but not hurt."

She didn't say anything, just searched Jason's face looking for a lie—well, not a lie exactly, but some fudging of the truth. He looked a tad haggard but at the same time loose and relaxed and his eyes were clear—sparkling almost. Not the dull, muddy and confused look he'd been wearing before last night.

Having acknowledged the elephant in the room of their relationship—and last night's first steps towards removing said elephant—seemed to have settled something inside Jason. In her too, she realized.

Emotions she'd not known she'd felt confused about had clarified, and as nervous as she'd been, dominating Jason sexually had felt right for her too. Until she'd taken control—and Jason had submitted—she hadn't known she too had been harboring the desire for a different role in their sexual relationship.

Jason slid away from beneath her and out of the bed, moving with uncertain steps toward the bathroom. Laughter brushed away her introspection as she watched him *mince* his way across the room. "Are you going to be able to sit at all today?"

Jason looked back over his shoulder and gave her a dirty look combined with a solo middle finger as an answer to her question. But just before he went through the doorway he turned his head again and flashed her a big toothy grin, "I might not... wanna come kiss it all better?"

Epilogue

The heat of Shane's thigh burned against Jason's shoulder as Shane moved to stand beside him at the foot of the bed. The soft, silky skin of Shane's cock slid over his cheek as it traced its way to his mouth.

"Enough, Jason. You've made her come three times. She's had enough." Shane's fingers tunneled into the damp hair on the back of Jason's head and tugged, forcing Jason to lose contact with Lucy's clit.

Lucy's legs slowly came off his shoulders as she rolled to her side, curving in on herself as she whimpered and shook. Her body was covered in a slick sheen of sweat that made her late summer tan glow in the burnished orange light of the late afternoon sun.

Seeing her like this made him happy — not because he'd overloaded her system and left her shaking, but because she'd let him. Let him lose himself in her as he'd pleased her, that all his efforts had pleased her, sated her. It wasn't her submitting to him, but entirely the opposite. It was a sensation that still scared the hell out of him, even as it excited him. He loved to serve her, service her and be at her sexual beck and call.

The tang of precome slicked his lips as the head of Shane's cock insistently nudged, willing him to open. Jason flicked his tongue out for a second taste, a quick swipe along the sticky surface of Shane's glans that made the man hiss. "Don't tease, Jase. That's what you've been doing for the last half hour by waving that tight ass stuffed full of that butt plug around as you ate Lucy."

Jason clenched around the plug, feeling the ridges as it moved slightly, back and forth, riding on his prostate as the press on his sphincter titillated him further. Shane had put the plug there after he'd licked and sucked Lucy to her first orgasm. The rough pads of his fingers had stroked over Jason's ass cheeks as he'd squeezed lube into his

ass. Shane had gone slow, firmly pressing each ridge of the thick plug into place yet soothing with gentle fingers the aching burn as his flesh stretched.

They'd all fucked that first time back in July, yet in most of their encounters since, Shane had chosen to watch more than anything else. There was no lack of participation though. Jason had always felt Shane as equally involved even if he'd not been touching their bodies—but he gained something by watching, Jason just wasn't sure what it was. *Maybe he had things he wasn't quite comfortable owning up to too?*

Jason relaxed his mouth and let Shane press in, letting him feel the edge of his teeth before he let his jaw loose. Shane's cock pressed up against the back of his throat and found little resistance.

"Fuck, Jason. Where the hell did you learn to do that?" Shane's voice twisted as he withdrew then stroked in again, the majority of his shaft enclosed by Jason's mouth and throat without Jason choking.

Smooth fingers caressed Jason's cheek and he opened eyes he hadn't realized he'd closed to see Lucy had moved closer so she could touch him. She knew exactly how Jason had learned to suppress his reasonably weak gag reflex, but her eyes told him she'd not tell Shane. That it was his choice to make.

Jason didn't know if he could. It had been hard enough in the beginning to tell Shane that he let Lucy hand fuck him with a dildo, but to tell him that he'd gone so far as to perform fellatio on Lucy's fake cock while she wore it? Not any time soon. That act was much too new.

On the verge of losing himself in his zone again, hazy reality returned when his lover's hands urged him to stand. They moved him to the bed and laid him down and Shane moved over him so they were both face to cock. Thighs gripped his chest as Shane bent, taking Jason's cock in his mouth with a moan of enjoyment.

Shane's hands wrapped around his hips, pulling Jason's feet up until they were flat on the bed, his knees angled up. His hands found the plug, and he began to work it back and forth. Small movements, but highly effective, as Shane mouthed his balls and

nuzzled his dick. At this Shane's experience shone through, his enjoyment of the physicality of the human male was obvious as he reveled in the smells and textures that made Jason a man.

Jason reached for Shane with his mouth and tongue, licking at the small, sticky slit at the end of Shane's cock before he took his length in and with his hands on Shane's hips encouraged Shane to gently fuck his mouth.

The soft touch of smooth, feminine fingers drifted over his forehead, and Lucy whispered, just for him, "You look so damn hot, Jason. You and Shane look beautiful as you fuck one another. Don't worry, baby, just let go and I'll be here to catch you."

About the Author

Anne started writing smutty stories in 2006 on the advice of her girlfriends who declared, "You've read so much of that stuff you should be able to write it in your sleep!" Turns out it wasn't such a bad idea.

Not one to be shy, she jumped into the publishing pool with both feet and is now multi-published, as well as award-nominated.

She's a transplant, like most of the rest of Florida, although she came to the Sunshine Peninsula via Auckland, New Zealand. No, she doesn't know why she moved from such a lovely country (although her husband might have had something to do with it); no, she doesn't know any hobbits or any orcs; and yes, her accent is kinda sexy.

Anne welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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