



Ginny Michaels

*First*  
ENCOUNTER

The Training of Maggie Malone

A Total-E-Bound Publication



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First Encounter

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

**The Training of Maggie Malone**

**FIRST ENCOUNTER**

**Ginny Michaels**

## *Dedication*

To those looking for the passion within.  
Keep searching, because you never know what you might find.

## Chapter One

Julian Daniels had made his decision. Hidden behind a mask, his features blocked from view, he studied the ravishing brunette with a newfound intensity. He still couldn't quite believe his eyes. No, that wasn't correct. He believed what he saw as real. What he couldn't figure out was why. What was *she* doing here of all places?

Maggie Malone, Julian's business partner and friend of three years, wasn't the type of woman he'd ever expected to find here. Shy and unassuming outside of work, Maggie was the quiet type who preferred to blend into the shadows than be in the limelight. What in the name of all that was good and sweet was she doing in a fetish club?

"Welcome to Club Exotica," a man dressed in black from head to toe said as he stepped forward to address the group of would be submissives. "After extensive background checks and clean bills of health, the five of you have been selected to join our exclusive and private club." He walked behind the row of four women and one man, all of whom appeared to nervously shift in their seats.

"As many of you know, our club caters to various tastes. From ménage to swinging to bondage and submission, our clientele are allowed to explore their sexual needs in a safe, non-judgmental environment. Since each of you have shown interest in becoming submissives, tonight each of you will meet your master and enter into a world many find distasteful and taboo. Some of you will decide the life of a submissive isn't for you, others may very well discover exactly what's been missing from their lives. Either way, your very existence is about to change in a way you never could have imagined. We hope you enjoy your stretch here at Club Exotica. Now it's time to meet your new masters."

The man in black turned towards the men waiting patiently to pick their new prey. Julian considered the four men who stood on either side of him. Frado was openly gay so there wasn't any doubt which sub he would choose. Then there was Doug, or Master D as he was called at the club. Doug was an exclusive blonde hair, big boob man, which meant the peroxide-enhanced double D sitting on the end would more than likely be his choice.

Julian's buddy Cain wasn't a picky man when it came to looks. His philosophy ran more along the lines of what kind of fight the sub would put up. More than likely he'd choose the redhead with the long black fingernails who at the moment, held her head up high in an obvious attempt to appear that she wasn't nervous. Yes, Cain would have fun taming the little spitfire. That only left Julian and Xavier to choose from the two brunettes. From what Julian had heard through the grapevine, Xavier was a bastard who would use electrodes and wired toys to torture his poor subs.

Julian eyed Xavier, following his gaze to where Maggie sat. His stomach dropped. Maggie was innocent, at least in the ways of bondage and submissions. No way could he allow Xavier to get his slimy hands on her. As hard as it would be for him to take on Maggie as a sub, better he initiate her to the taboo than some sadistic bastard who only thought about his own needs. The problem lay with choice order. To be fair, each Dom was assigned a number and each number was drawn from a hat. If Xavier's number was pulled before Julian's, he wouldn't be able to save her from Xavier's clutches.

"Number five," the host called. Frado stepped forward and, just as Julian suspected, he lifted the leash held to the only man in the group of subs, claiming his new sub with a click of the clasp.

"Number three." Doug was the next to step forward and lay claim. The blonde Julian had suspected Doug would choose almost seemed relieved when the lock clicked to the hook on her collar.

"Number four." Julian swallowed hard as Cain stepped forward and surveyed the group. Much to his surprise, Cain shot Julian a cheeky grin and promptly stepped in front of Maggie. The click of the clasp making contact with her collar echoed in Julian's ears even as both disappointment and relief washed through him. He hadn't realised until that moment how much he wanted to be the man to show her all the naughty things her heart desired, yet there was sense of relief at knowing Xavier wouldn't get his sadistic hands on her.

"Number one." Obviously frustrated at Cain claiming his choice, Xavier stepped forward and frowned at the two remaining women. With a wicked click of the leash, he claimed the second brunette, leaving Julian with the redhead.

She absolutely wouldn't have been his first choice, but rules were rules. He walked to where she sat and promptly claimed her.

“Now that you’ve all made your choices, training should start immediately. Gentlemen, please show your submissives to your designated rooms on the upper levels, for their initiations.”

Shortening his leash, Julian motioned for the redhead to follow, even though his heart wasn’t in it. On the way out the door, Cain caught him by the shoulder. “Get her settled in the room, and then meet me in the hallway. I want to talk to you.”

Before Julian could ask why, Cain gave a light tug to the lead on his sub’s collar and quickly moved away, leaving Julian more than a little confused. What in the hell had that been about? With a much harder jerk on this own sub’s leash, he headed for the elevator. He’d been looking forward to tonight for over a week. Now it seemed it would be everything he could do just to get through the night. *Damn!*

Julian entered the room he’d chosen for the evening and instructed his new subordinate to strip. She did so without resolve and climbed onto the bed, crawling across the mattress on hands and knees. “I only instructed you to strip,” he commanded, his voice loud and authoritative, pulling her to a quick stop.

“But I assumed you’d want me on the bed,” she argued.

“First rule as a submissive, never assume you know your master’s intentions. Now stand and head to the wall, breasts against the paint.” This wasn’t good. He was aggravated already and they’d only just started. He knew that part of his frustration rested with Maggie and what Cain was probably doing with her in the other room. He couldn’t imagine her stripping as easily as the vixen he was about to tie to the wall. No, Maggie, if she even managed to remove her clothes, would probably be doing it blushing the whole way.

*Shit!* He shook his head as he watched the redhead follow his instructions and move to the wall. He needed to focus and stop thinking about Maggie. She wasn’t his sub and he wasn’t her protector. The club’s screening process was extensive and extremely thorough. At this point, she had to know what she was getting herself into.

He moved up behind his sub and caught her watching over her shoulder while he attached the wall mounted leather cuffs to her hands and feet. Already he could smell her arousal, and despite his frustration, his dick hardened. If a good fucking was what she was after, she’d no doubt have it by the end of this night.

"Master, I want to apologise for disobeying you," she said, her eyes showing neither apology nor regret.

Frustrated at her brazen act, Julian brought his hand down hard across her bare ass. "You are not to speak unless I permit it," he chastised. "Do not apologise for what you are not sorry for doing." He glanced towards the door. He'd agreed to meet Cain. Maybe if nothing else, he could confide in his friend about his association with Maggie. Not that he actually expected Cain to do anything about it. Unless a Dom or Domme was willing to give up their sub, there really was little another Dom could do.

His gut clenched at the image of Cain fucking Maggie, and for a split second, Julian feared he might actually retch. He closed his eyes, drew in a deep, calming breath. In actuality, he should be thanking Cain for keeping Maggie out of Xavier's hands, not freaking out over what he would do with her.

Julian slid a finger between the cuffs and the sub's skin, making sure they weren't too tight. The rule was, one was never supposed to leave a sub while bound, so he'd have to make this quick. "Now stand here in silence and think about all the ways you're going to be a good submissive, while I take care of some business. And remember, no talking."

Already frustrated with the way the night was going, Julian stepped out into the hallway and spotted Cain standing at the other end. He sauntered down to where his friend stood. "Can we make this quick? That little wench I have tethered to the wall is going to need all my attention if she has a prayer at becoming a good submissive."

"I can make this very quick," Cain said, slapping a hand to Julian's back. "You want to switch?"

*What?* Julian's gaze snapped to his friend, gauging his sincerity. From what he could tell, Cain wasn't joking. "What's the catch?"

Cain shook his head. "No catch."

"If you didn't want her to begin with, then why did you pick her?"

Cain smiled. "I saw your expression when you spotted the brunette. She's obviously somebody you know and somebody you didn't want Xavier getting his hands on."

Julian scrubbed a hand over his face. "Am I that transparent?"

"Not usually, which is why I picked up on it so easily. Knowing there was a decent chance you'd end up choosing after that bastard, I took her for you. I also knew there wasn't



any way he'd choose that sexy little redhead. As you've obviously already discovered, she has a spirit about her. Xavier doesn't want to deal with that much defiance. I, however, can't wait to show her who is boss. Now..." he slapped Julian on the shoulder, "go take your girl. You can thank me later."

Julian stopped at the doorway and watched as Cain strode down the hallway and into the room he'd just left. A smile teased his lips as he thought about the redhead still strapped to the wall. At five-foot ten, Julian knew he wasn't a big man, but next to Cain, he looked downright small. Damn, what he would give to be a fly on the wall in that room when she set eyes on Cain.

He slapped a hand against the frame, stepped inside and closed the door behind him. Boy, oh boy, was he going to owe Cain big time for this. His gaze lifted to the bed, and almost immediately, his breath caught in his lungs at the sight before him. Stripped to her panties, Maggie lay on the mattress, eyes covered, arms above her head tied to the railed headboard.

Her pert breasts, barely more than a mouthful Julian imagined, faced the ceiling, the dusky pink nipples puckered and pointed upward, revealing her arousal. Damn if that thought didn't have Julian's cock swelling behind his leather pants. Her tongue darted between her lips, licking them as if they were dry, and Julian found himself stifling a moan. How would it feel to have those beautiful lips wrapped around his dick? He'd wondered that same thing over the past few years, but knowing his affinity for what some would deem the perverse, he never attempted to pursue anything with her. Maggie was as innocent as they came without being a virgin and he hadn't wanted to corrupt her or, worse yet, have her reject him and their friendship because of his lifestyle. They had a business to run and bringing his sex life into work hadn't been an option.

Now, faced with her all but naked, bound and blindfolded, he had a new opportunity before him. The application process for Exotica was extensive and the annual fees pricy for even him. To get this far, she'd obviously done her research, considered her options and decided this was what she wanted. Damn if he wasn't excited as hell at that fact.

He typically liked his women with just a bit more padding. Yet he couldn't deny that, even with her slender build, he was more than a little attracted to her. Hands down, she was the most beautiful sight he'd had the pleasure of laying eyes on in quite some time. Maybe it

was the fact he knew her as a person that made her that much more appealing to him. Whatever the reason for his attraction, he couldn't wait to explore all her most intimate secrets and share a few of his own.

She squirmed against her bindings, her small boobs bouncing only slightly with the movement. He wanted to go to her, rip off her panties and bury his face between her long tapered legs. Knowing that wouldn't befall a proper master, he chose instead to simply enjoy the view.

It was then one very sobering thought occurred to him. He needed to reveal himself to her, let her know the truth of who he was before this little situation went any further. Club rules dictated that the first night was experienced in anonymity, with the Dom hidden by a mask and the sub remaining nameless until the morning after. If at that point the sub wanted to continue the relationship, identities were exposed, and if the sub instead decided to leave, she could do so feeling confident in the security of ambiguity.

The fact that he already knew her identity made Julian feel like a rat. He couldn't in good conscience hide who he was from her until morning. She would no doubt be horrified come morning if she learned of his identity after she'd done all the naughty things he planned for her. Not that he had any intention of letting her back out simply because they knew each other. No way in hell would he let the woman he'd had wet dreams over for the last three years leave now that he had her right where he never thought she'd be. This was simply a move to level the playing field before the actual games began.

He moved to the side of the bed and carefully untied the scarf, letting it fall away without ceremony. She squinted and blinked against the light in the room. "You're not my master," she said, her voice edged in fear.

"The man who claimed you has relinquished you to me, so yes, I am your master."

"W...why would he do that?" she asked.

"He did me a favour," Julian answered. He eased down onto the end of the bed, careful not to touch her in any way. "I know who you are, Maggie Malone."

Her eyes went wide, a look of shock and dismay racing across her gorgeous features. "Management promised me complete secrecy until I was ready to reveal myself."

"Yes, well, I don't think management counted on us knowing each other outside of the club." Before he changed his mind, Julian removed his mask.

## Chapter Two

*Julian?*

Maggie blinked again, knowing there was no way the man of her most wicked fantasies could be standing in front of her. "Julian?"

"That's right, hon." He reached out and stroked a knuckle along her cheek.

Warm skin brushed against her face and the reality of the situation struck her hard. Heat flooded her cheeks as she remembered that she was bound and on display for him.

"What are you doing here?" She tried to appear indignant, but ended up sounding more like a timid mouse that'd been caught hording cheese.

"I could ask you that same question," he replied. The same knuckle he'd dragged along her cheek slid lower, stopping at the pulse point on her neck before continuing its journey south. "What in the world possessed you to join a club like Exotica?" Even while he spoke, he continued his journey along her body. She held her breath and fought to hold back a moan as he slowly brushed along the soft curve of her breast.

"I asked you a question, Maggie. Why would someone as sweet and charitable as you come to a place like this?"

"I...I," she stuttered. Trying to form a coherent sentence while his hand continued a downward slide was nearly impossible. "Can you please stop touching me for a moment?"

He drew his hand away as if he'd been burned and she couldn't help but feel a little bad. Still, she needed to think, to get her mind around the sudden turn of events in her carefully executed plan. "Thank you." She grabbed the bars of the headboard with her fingers and, using what leverage she could, pulled herself into a more dignified position—if there actually was one when bound to a bed. "Now, to answer your question, even someone like me has desires, Julian."

He frowned. "What do you mean someone like you?"

"You said it yourself. Sweet and charitable. Women like me don't attract men who are willing to share their bedroom experiences, much less provide any type of real satisfaction."

"Sweet and charitable does not equal ugly, Maggie."

"It does for me." She blinked hard, struggling to keep back the tears threatening to fall. She always hated talking about her inadequacies, and with her already being so emotionally charged, doing so now wouldn't be easy. "Do you ever notice how all the good-looking men either avoid me or only want to be friends?"

"They do not," He shot back.

The self-pity she harboured started to slowly burn into something more sinister. Being tied, she really wasn't in a position to get angry and argue, but controlling her feelings was out of the question. If he wanted to know the truth, then she was damn well going to tell him. "Oh really?" She arched a brow. "Even you, Julian, have completely ignored my advances."

"I have not," he shot back, his tone defensive.

"Don't you dare deny it. For three years, we've worked together building our business, and for three years, I've done quite a few things to get your attention. Not once did you notice anything I did." That admission stung more than it should, but there was no escaping the fact that attractive alpha men didn't find her appealing.

To keep from losing complete emotional control, she continued, "When I started having all these fantasies and desires that fell out of the norm, I decided that maybe it was for the best that we hadn't gotten together. After all, with us working in the same office, our personal lives and professional lives were bound to clash. I didn't need anybody knowing about the twisted desires I had going on inside my head." Heat crept up her neck and she let her gaze fall away from him. "I thought if I found a safe, private place to fulfil those desires, I could do that without feeling embarrassment or guilt. Now I'm not sure."

"Why not? One of the great things about this place is what goes on here stays here," he said, the concern and understanding clear in his tone.

If she was to have any credibility with him, she couldn't lose her nerve now. Never blinking, never shifting her gaze, she replied, "And that would be true if I wasn't looking at you right now."

Several long seconds passed as he appeared to consider her words. "It could still be true, Maggie."

"How?"

"Did you have any idea that my sexual preferences lay more towards the kink?"

"Of course not." To say she was shocked to find Julian here was probably the understatement of the year.

"Then why should anybody besides me have to know? We both want the same thing, hon—to keep our fantasies out of the work place. Even if you and I share them, I don't think there's any reason why we can't be adult about this and keep it private."

Now it was her turn to contemplate his words. As much as she didn't want to admit it, he was right. Nobody but she and he actually needed to know what went on when they were off the clock. Maybe it was her desperation to salvage something from the night that swayed her thoughts, but she'd come here to explore her forbidden desires, and damn it, was it fair to let unfounded worries ruin it for her?

"Okay, let's say I suspend reality for a moment and agree to move forward with this evening." Even saying the words sent a giddy chill crawling up her spine. "Are you going to have a problem giving me what I want, because my wish list is a bit bizarre?"

His rich laugh warmed her from the inside out. "Honey, you're talking to someone who lives for bizarre. Why don't you give me some examples of what you're talking about and let me decide if they're too strange for even me to handle."

Nervous, she licked her lips and began ticking off her list. "First of all, I want to know what it's like to have kinky sex, to be ordered around and do as I'm told. Second, I want to try out some of the sex toys I've seen in catalogues and read about in books." She could feel the heat flooding her face with her admission, but there wasn't any turning back now. He'd asked, and by God, she was going to tell him everything and let the chips fall where they may. If he wasn't man enough to handle it, better to find out now. She ticked off her third item. "Eventually I'd like to have a threesome with two guys who are willing to screw my brains out and not feel bad about doing so. So you see, for a woman like me, those are pretty bizarre requests. Now if you don't think you can handle that, then maybe it would be best if you left and brought back the other guy, because I don't want you doing it out of pity."

Anger flared in his eyes as he leant forward and planted a hand on each side of her pillow. His face mere inches from hers, he spoke. "Let's get some things straight right now. I do no pity you, Maggie, and I'm not going anywhere."

She felt the weight of his words and knew he spoke the truth, yet she wasn't quite ready to let the situation stand. While moving forward with him would probably allow her

to fulfil a lifetime of fantasies, it would also no doubt set her up for heartbreak. She would no doubt get attached to him and the simple fact was men like Julian didn't stay with women like her. "What if I don't want you as my Dominant?" she challenged.

"Then in the morning you can request a change, but for tonight, you are mine."

Already feeling her heart clench at what the future held, she shook her head. It would be best for her to do this with a stranger and salvage what was left of their partnership. "I can't do this with you, Julian."

"Why? Because come Monday morning at work you might have to look into my face and know that I was the one who gave you the best sex of your life?"

*What an arrogant ass!* "That's an awful big assumption for someone who has never shown any interest in me before now."

Julian snorted and eased off the bed. "You think I haven't noticed you? Hell, Maggie, you star in my deviant little fantasies all the time."

Her eyes widened with his admission and she barely kept her jaw from falling open. He'd dreamt about *her*? "You never —"

"Said anything," he finished her sentence. "You're right." He held his hands up and motioned to the room they were in. "This, my dear, is my sexual domain and I wasn't going to drag you down into it."

"I would have understood."

"I know that now, but from an outside vantage point, you're nearly untouched, almost innocent when it comes to sex and I wasn't going to risk our friendship for this."

"And now?" she asked, her breath slightly more husky than she liked as hope broke through like a ray of sunshine.

He pinned her with a stare that would melt steel. "Now, my sexy little vixen, I'm about making both our fantasies come true."

## Chapter Three

Before she could reply, he moved back to the bed and leant over her. "That is, if you still want to go through with this, Maggie."

Still bound to the bed, she looked up at him. Desire and nervousness waged a vicious war in her eyes, yet she held up her chin. "What if I still said I wanted somebody else?"

"Not gonna happen, sweetheart. If you think for one nanosecond that I'm letting another man in this place guide you through your initiation, then you're out of your mind. This..." he reached between her legs and cupped her pussy, drawing a quick gasp from her, "belongs to me tonight."

Staring up at him, Maggie's eyes were wide as saucers. Julian saw the fear hiding behind her chocolate irises, but he also detected the desire. She wanted this night as much as he did; only she had yet to come to terms with the consequences tomorrow morning would bring. From the moment he'd spotted her sitting in that room, he knew and accepted the shift in their friendship this encounter might cause. That acceptance wouldn't be as easy for her.

"I could use my safe word and then you'd have to let me go." Her tone remained steadfast and defiant despite the desire now streaming from her like tap left running.

So she still wanted to challenge him, huh? He felt like yelling 'bring it on', because he would enjoy shooting down her excuses, just as he was about to do again. "True, but you know as well as I that the damage has already been done. We'll never be able to look at each other the way we did before." He dragged a knuckle over her panties, his flesh dampening with the moisture seeping from her core. The resulting flare of passion in her eyes made his cock twitch with need. And whether she knew it or not, she'd actually spread her legs wider for him. God, he wanted this woman like he'd never wanted anyone before. If she backed out now, he'd cry like a baby.

"Besides," he slipped his fingers beneath the lacy thong and delved between her folds, "you can't tell me that you're not even a little curious to see what it would be like between us." He punctuated the last word by sliding two fingers into her sopping wet pussy. A moan, throaty and deep, tumbled from her lips as her back arched, begging him not to stop,

begging him for more. *That's right, baby. Feel what I can do for you.* "Tell me you want me to stop, Maggie. Use your safe word and I'll walk away."

Yes, he was playing dirty, and no, he didn't feel even the slightest of repentance. She'd come here for a purpose and he wasn't going to let her back out now, simply because she was afraid.

"Tell me, Maggie. This is your chance."

"I...I can't," she sobbed while her head thrashed from side to side.

"You can't what? You can't do this, or you can't tell me?"

"I can't t-tell you."

"I know you can't because I can feel how wet you are for me, honey." He slowly pumped his fingers in and out of her snatch, sending her spiralling deeper into her desire. "Whether you want to believe it or not, you're excited about this situation. Say the words, Maggie. Tell me you want this, that you want me."

"I want this, Julian. I want it to be with you. Please don't stop."

A growl, low and feral, tore from his chest. Tonight, she was all his. He pulled away, and she cried out in protest. "Julian?"

He moved to her side. "I'm not stopping, sweetheart. We just have to set some ground rules."

Her passion-glazed eyes focused on him. "What kind of rules?"

"Rules that will keep you safe and secure during your time here."

"Okay, that makes sense. What do I need to know?"

"You're here to learn how to be a submissive. That means you do as I tell you without question. Do you understand?"

She nodded. "But what if I'm not sure about something?"

The initiation process was tough for a reason. If a potential sub could take everything handed to them during the first night and still want to stay, then they would make a good sub. The process was designed to weed out the weaker people, the ones just curious and not really serious about the lifestyle. Still, this situation fell outside of the standard. He wanted Maggie to stay. The only way for that to happen was to take it slowly and build her trust. Tonight, he would throw out the rule book and carve his own path. "Tonight, I will allow you to ask permission to speak and then ask your question. I will answer it if I can. In the



future, you will have to learn to trust in the fact that I would never cause you any serious harm."

She nodded. "I understand. What else?"

"There's the issue of protection. The club has strict rules about turning in yearly physicals. If a member contracts an STD, they're banned until they provide medical proof that the infection is gone. That being said, some people are still more comfortable using condoms. How do you feel about them?"

He could only hope that she'd chuck the idea of using condoms. Pumping into her with no barrier in between would be the ultimate fantasy come true.

"I think condoms have their place, but I'm guessing that wasn't the answer you were looking for, right?" A slight grin tipped her lips as she spoke, reminding him of all the times she'd been able to climb into his head at work and finish his sentences and thoughts. She knew him pretty well before she'd walked through the club doors. If they connected on that same level during sex, he'd be sunk, ruined for any other woman.

"Correct."

"I'm on the pill, Julian, and we both are clean so why don't we save them for the people who really need them?"

His entire body clenched with her admission. She'd not only come prepared but was also willing to take all the necessary steps to make the night the best it could be for both of them. God, she was amazing. How easy would it be for him to fall in love with her?

"I like your thinking, pet. Now where's your wish list?" He turned to scan the room. Part of the application process for Club Exotica was completing a sexual wish list, and while he wanted nothing more than to sink his hard-as-a-baseball-bat cock into her sweet pussy and fuck her until they were both sweaty and exhausted, he had an obligation to her to fulfil her desire.

"On the table."

Using every bit of strength he had, he pulled away from the bed and gingerly walked to the table. He picked up the paper, unfolded it and began to read. Spankings, clamps, forced and anal sex, ménage and bondage—a veritable feast of deviant sexual behaviour that had him primed and ready to come at just the thought of doing half the things on her list. One thing was for sure, they both would be good and sore by morning.

Even seeing the evidence in black and white didn't make the moment feel any more real. How could he have worked so closely, so diligently next to her over the last few years, building up their business, and not know about this side of her personality? *Imagine the possibilities if you had.* He wouldn't have needed to whittle away his time in this place with all those wannabe women who didn't quite fit the mould.

There wasn't any use in wondering about the what-could-have-beens when the real thing was laying nearly naked and primed right behind him. They would forge their relationship from this point forward. Maybe she didn't realise yet that he was in this for more than one night, but that situation would soon change, or at least he hoped it would.

Julian turned back to her and paused to once again take in the luscious sight of her body open and ready for him. He tossed the paper back on the table and slowly began to undress. The white skin-tight t-shirt he'd been wearing slipped over his head and landed without ceremony on the floor.

"One last thing," he said as he continued to strip, making sure to give her a show. "Inside the club and in all sexual situations, you will refer to me as 'Master' or 'sir'. I prefer you use 'Master', but 'sir' will be acceptable. For just about every situation, there are only two responses you need to remember. 'Yes, Master' or 'Yes, sir'. Do you understand?"

Still on her back and tied to the headboard, she'd been watching, her entire being focused on Julian as he undressed. She nodded, her eyes still glassy with desire.

He reached his black pants and stopped. "What do you say, Maggie?"

Her gaze drifted up to meet his stare. "Yes, Master." The ardour in her words nearly brought him to his knees. Never, in all the years he'd been a Dom, had he heard those words spoken with such sweetness, such desire.

The sound of the zipper lowering echoed through the room and he had to remember to swallow. How long had he dreamt of this exact situation? He paused with his thumbs tucked into the waistband of his pants and smiled, enjoying the opportunity to drag out the anticipation just a little longer.

He needed to take the edge off if he had any chance of surviving what lay ahead for both of them. What better way than to feel her sweet lips wrapped around his cock? "We'll start with something simple."

*Simple?* He nearly laughed out loud. There wasn't a single thing about this situation that was simple, yet by the intense look in her eyes, he knew she understood the words as a warning of things to come.

He worked the snug leather over his narrow hips until the pants finally rested around his ankles. He kicked out of them, then proceeded to walk towards her, his weeping member leading the way.

She turned her head towards him; the look of anticipation on her face nearly had him coming on the spot. She not only knew, but wanted what he was about to have her do.

*Fuck!* He couldn't remember the last time a woman had him ready to blow his load like some hormonal teenager. He mentally counted backwards from twenty in an attempt to regain some control. With his climax sufficiently at bay, he wrapped his fingers around his length and gave one long, slow pull upward, drawing out the bead of pre-come sitting just inside his slit, enjoying the momentary feel of skin against skin.

"Suck me," he commanded, his tone gravely and hoarse.

The rough command caused Maggie to jump, sending pleasure racing through her system with unimaginable speed. Her pussy constricted, begging for fulfilment. It wasn't like she hadn't sucked a man's dick before, but for some reason, being bound and ordered to do so made it feel different, carnal. The fact that it was Julian's prick she was about to devour only upped her fervour.

She never would have imagined herself in this exact situation, yet when she finally saw Julian naked, all she could think of was how wonderful this night would be. Doing this with a stranger would have been a challenge, but she could have managed. Doing this with someone she knew would be just as challenging but in a different way. Maybe it was the long-standing friendship they shared. Maybe it was the years of working side by side to build their business that put her at ease, but somehow, deep down she knew he'd do everything he could to satisfy her curiosity while providing her the safety she might not feel with a stranger.

There would certainly be repercussions for their actions come morning, but to deny him or herself the pleasures that lay before them simply because she feared the unknown wasn't

fair. Right now, in the height of the moment, she couldn't think past having him ram that thick, full stick into her mouth and pump.

"Yes, Master," she replied in a bold tone that surprised even her. His growl started low in his chest and barrelled through the room, sending a new shot of anticipation skittering through her system.

He leant forward just slightly and rubbed his cockhead over her lips. She darted her tongue out to meet him, swiping a wet trail over the tip. Without the use of her hands, she finally began to experience the helpless feeling the information packet had mentioned. Loving nothing more than to wrap both her hands around his cock and pump, she now understood she'd have to settle for what she could get. She pressed her lips to the swollen head and licked away his salty essence, swirling her tongue around the flared edge as though she were licking a lollipop. The heady combination of man and leather had her head spinning and her cunt flooding with cream.

One of Julian's hands darted into her hair, gripping tightly as he slid his dick deeper into her mouth. "Fuck yeah," he ground through his teeth.

His approval helped bolster her sprit. Despite her nerves and her initial reservations about having Julian as her master, Maggie soon found herself lost in the moment. She opened her lips wider, taking as much of him into her mouth as she could. God, she wanted to touch him, to stroke him and feel his flesh slick against her own. Instead, she'd have to be content with draining him dry. Intent on doing just that, she hollowed her cheeks, tightened her lips and sucked. A whoosh of air escaped his chest on a grunt and he began to thrust in earnest, shoving in and pulling out in a pace that had her pussy clamouring for attention.

Her gaze flicked up to his face and she was more than a bit surprised to see him watching her with those penetrating green eyes. Whenever she'd given blowjobs to her past boyfriends, they would inevitably have their head thrown back and their eyes closed, probably picturing some other woman, she realised. Julian was watching her, which meant she was the only one he was picturing. God, maybe he really had meant what he said about her being in his fantasies.

Suddenly wanting to give him everything she had, Maggie again closed her lips tighter around his shaft, hollowed her cheeks and switched her breathing to her nose. A slight tip of her head forward at the same time he thrust forward allowed him to push past her gag

reflex. His eyes flared at the shock then his movements sped up. Quicker, deeper he pushed until he passed the point of no return. His grip tightened on her scalp as he let loose a deep and powerful groan. Warm jets of semen flooded her, washing down the back of her throat, causing Maggie to whimper with need. As good as he tasted, as happy as she was that she'd given him pleasure, she needed more.

Not waiting to be asked, she began to lick him clean, slowly brushing her tongue over his shaft until, unbelievably, his softening rod began to harden once again. He watched her with eyes that burned with something she'd never seen before. Was it passion, desire or something more radiating from those beautiful green irises? Whatever it was, he continued to watch her as she slowly primed him for another round.

"That was absolutely amazing, Maggie. I'd ask you where you got such a talented mouth, but I don't think I'd like the answer."

Oh my God, was he jealous? Her body jolted on that thought. Never had she ever experienced a man being jealous of another about her. To realise he was exactly that sent her self-esteem skyrocketing. She took him deep once again, then smiled around his shaft as she tongued the tip. Whether he knew it or not, he'd just made her feel more special than she'd felt with any man.

## Chapter Four

*What in the hell is wrong with me?* Julian felt every bit the ass he knew he was. The woman of his dreams, naked and vulnerable, lay at his mercy, and what did he do, but force her to suck him off? Sure, maybe that was how he would have handled potential subs in the past, but Maggie was special and required a different approach.

*She's here for a reason, you dickhead. Don't go soft on her now or you're doing her an injustice.* He shook his head at the last thought and desperately tried to get a grip on his emotions. No matter what his conscience said, there wasn't any way he could give her the indoctrination he would have given any other woman. He glanced down at her. Despite her fragile, diminutive exterior, she was here for a purpose and it was his job to fulfil her every desire. If she wanted to be dominated, to give her any less would be cheating her of the experience, but maybe there was a way for him to do it slowly. He could start with light stuff and, depending on how she reacted, he could up the terms as he went.

The first thing he'd do would be to finish binding her. Ropes wouldn't bring her any harm as long as he didn't make them too tight. "As much as I'd love to experience that talented mouth of your again, there's much for you to learn." He slowly extracted himself from between her lips, feeling the rush of cool air over his member as he slid free with a pop. She'd definitely taken the edge off, but only slightly.

He turned back to the dresser where the tools of his trade were kept in each room. He removed the rope and approached her. "I'm going to finished what Cain started with the bindings. It's supposed to be uncomfortable, but not painful, so tell me if I hurt you, okay?"

She nodded as she eyed the rope, a look of anticipation etched into her features.

He stopped, giving her a look of disapproval. "I can't hear a nod, Maggie. What do you say?"

"Yes, Master," her reply barely a whisper. Her words sent a fresh ripple of desire rushing through him and he realised with some shock that he'd never get tired of hearing her utter those words.

Julian slid a hand behind her back and pulled the rope under, careful not to drag it across her skin and create a burn. He wrapped it several times around her mid-section, going both above and below her breasts, creating a restraint that squeezed them up and out. Way too tempted to resist, he took a nipple in his mouth, rolling it around against his tongue before grazing over it with his teeth as he let go.

She shuddered beneath him, her gasp barely audible. As he leaned over to tease the other, he flicked his gaze upward, his eyes meeting hers in a stare so heated he swore he'd go up in flames right where he stood. His first indication that she might actually enjoy the pain was the look in her eyes as he raked his teeth over her other nipple, pulling it with some force before letting it go.

He studied her features, watching the flare in her eyes, feeling the slight arch in her back as she lifted towards him. There was only one true way to tell if she enjoyed the slight bite of pain. Slowly, he eased down her body, eventually hooking his fingers around her panties and pulling them off.

Then he took a second rope and pulled up her leg, tugging it out and up as far as she could comfortably go. He wrapped the rope behind her knee, then attached it to the rope around her waist.

Satisfied that the rope was tight, but not constricting, he moved to the other knee and repeated the process. The position exposed her innermost secrets, allowing him to see how wet her pretty pink pussy actually was. His dick jerked in response, growing long and thick yet again. Damn, he wanted nothing more than to bury his cock deep within her wet core and fuck her until she screamed for mercy. Instead, he made a silent promise not to take her until she'd experienced at least some of what she'd come for.

Her gaze followed his movements, her breathing ragged – with lust or nervousness, he couldn't quite be sure.

"You have a beautiful pussy, Maggie." He stroked a knuckle up through her folds, pulling her juices over her clit. Her body jerked against his hand and he smiled. She was so responsive, so sensitive to his ministrations. This was going to be fun. "Time to get down to business, honey."

With those words, he slid two fingers deep inside her channel, felt her clamp down against his invading digits and watched her struggle to arch her back. Her eyes fell closed in

what he could only image as bliss. He gave her no warning as, with his other hand, he snagged her already hardened nipple between his thumb and finger and squeezed. Her eyes flew open as a gasp tumbled from her lips. Her channel flexed against his fingers as a new flood of warmth coated his digits.

He'd set out to shock her and had done exactly that, but more importantly, he learned her body's response to outside stimulation. While her mind might not be ready to accept the truth yet, her body was quite clear in its needs. It was possible that Maggie was a pain slut, at least to some degree.

Well, wasn't that just a juicy bit of information he'd enjoy exploring with her?

"Julian?" she whispered, watching him with a now wary expression.

"It's 'Master', Maggie. Remember that, or I'll have to punish you."

"Master," she repeated.

"Part of learning how to be a good sub is knowing your own body's needs, pet." As he spoke, he continued to tweak and pull at her nipples. She squirmed and twisted, trying to get away from his hands, yet there was no mistaking the response her nether region gave. He let go of her nipples and removed his fingers from her channel, inciting a whimper of protest from her.

"Hush, little one. I promise you will enjoy what I'm about to do."

*Little one?*

Maggie had read erotic novels where the 'Master' had called his sub 'little one', but never had she actually expected someone to use it in real life. Gee, maybe sometimes fact was closer to fiction.

She watched him, still a bit wary of what he'd do next. While deep down she trusted him not to hurt her, it didn't change the fact that the entire situation had become incredibly uncomfortable. Tied wide and on display for his pleasure, she felt vulnerable and exposed on a level she'd never encountered. Yet, even as she tried to deal with the strange uneasiness weighing on her chest, she couldn't deny her arousal at everything he'd done so far.

He turned away from her to the dresser beyond. She'd spotted the assortment of toys when she'd walked in with the other Master and had chosen to ignore them, hoping if she didn't see them, then they really didn't exist. Now she wished she'd taken a better look. Of



her own free will she'd written down the use of sex toys, so why was that thought now sitting so uneasily with her?

After several long and silent minutes, he turned back to her with what looked to be a riding crop in his hands. *Oh God!* Implements like that had only one purpose, and by the look on his face, he intended to use it on her. He moved next to her and sank on the bed between her legs, his gaze between her legs then back up to her face.

"I want you to close your eyes and clear your mind."

Steeling her nerve, she followed his instructions. This was a big step in handing over control of her body to him and her first real challenge of the night. Her mind screamed for her to stop, to use her safe word and go home, but the pesky curiosity that had brought her here to start with demanded more. She chose to listen to her curiosity.

"Now, pet." Julian's warm timber glided over her like a blanket in the cold, easing her fears, fortifying her trust. "I want to let go of any preconceived notions you have about pain and pleasure. There is no unacceptable type of behaviour or feeling within these walls. Here you're safe to explore every hidden desire without judgement from me or anyone else. Now take a deep breath."

She drew a long, deep breath in through her nose and held it, feeling her muscles relax as she let it go in the same manner.

"Now, baby, just feel," he commanded, his tone stern but also calm and soothing.

The smack registered in her ears a split second before a wildly shocking pain shot through her clit. A scream tore from her chest and her eyes flew open, her gaze landing on where he knelt between her legs, waiting and watching her while he held the crop mere inches above her nether lips.

She shook her head. "I don't want this."

"Yes, you do, Maggie," he replied, his voice uncompromising in his position, even as his eyes showed a gentleness she knew she needed.

"No, I don't," she argued. Even as she pulled frantically at the bindings, a new wave of panic settled in her chest.

In an instant, he was at her head, his hands cupping her face in strong hold. "Maggie, stop!"

She froze, looking up at him with tear-filled eyes. "I—"

He placed a finger over her lips. "Shhh, baby. Listen to me. You're okay. I wanted to see your response to pain. Maybe I pushed you too far too soon." His lips brushed over her cheeks, kissing away her tears, soothing her fears. "I'm sorry, little one. Can you forgive me?"

For several seconds, she considered his words. It was possible that she'd overreacted to the situation. After all, he was doing exactly what she'd wanted when she'd come here—he was pushing her beyond her boundaries. Yes, the strike had hurt like hell, but as she zeroed in on her nether regions, she detected the tingling sensation, the swelling of her lips and incredibly the moisture spilling from her.

*There are some people who can garner immense pleasure from pain.* The words she'd read in one of the online chat groups regarding BDSM bounced around in her head like one of those twenty-five cent super balls. He was trying to get her to find the pleasure in the pain. Knowing now what was expected of her, she nodded. She had a safe word, and if the situation simply became too unbearable, she'd use it. "I forgive you, Master. Please continue."

Julian continued to focus on her, his brow creasing with his frown. "Are you sure? I don't want this to be a bad experience for you, pet. There are plenty of other things we can try."

"No, sir. I want you to teach me to find the pleasure in pain. Please continue." *God, what in the hell am I doing?* He'd given her a way out and she'd flat out turned it down. Maybe she really was some sadist.

He moved back between her legs, readied himself. She started to watch, then instead closed her eyes. At this point, it was probably better not to see what he was doing. This time, when the hit registered, she'd expected it. She whimpered and fought back the tears burning her eyes, but didn't cry out. Somewhere behind all that sting was something she was missing out on.

"Again?" he asked.

She worried her bottom lip between her teeth, then nodded.

The next blow was slightly lower than the first one. This time, her mouth opened with a silent cry, but something was starting to wind deep in her core.

"Again, Maggie?" his voice shaky and hoarse.

“Yes,” she managed to croak, suddenly curious to the intense feeling building low in her stomach.

Her eyes popped open to watch mere seconds before the riding crop landed with a thwack across her drenching wet pussy. She writhed beneath him, gasping as her stomach tightened even more.

“That’s enough,” he announced.

She started to protest, but could only swallow her words when his mouth descended on her sensitive and inflamed flesh. He licked from bottom to top, grazing over her clit, and she exploded. Spasms gripped every muscle of her body as convulsing as waves of pleasure flooded her system. Her vision tunnelled as her lungs seized, paralysed by the intensity of the pleasure coursing through her. White noise filled her ears, rendering her all be helpless to his ministrations. Never, in all her years of having sex, had she ever experienced such a powerful release.

When her brain finally decided to once again function, the first sound to register was the running of water. She opened her eyes to see Julian approaching from the bathroom.

“That was a pretty intense first experience for you, honey. It’s best to ease that sting with a cool bath.” As he spoke, he slowly undid her bindings. Her arms ached as the ropes finally slacked. He moved to each arm, rubbing the cramping muscles until she was able to lower them to her side.

“Are we done?” she asked, her voice reflecting her disappointment.

He chuckled and pulled her to her feet, giving her a moment to gain her balance before directing her to the bathroom. “Not by a long shot, pet. I’m simply giving you a chance to regroup before your next lesson. Now.” He helped her step over the edge of the large whirlpool tub. “Relax for a few minutes while I order us up some food.”

Easing into the tepid bath, she let out a hiss of relief when her still sensitive tissues made contact with the water. The scent of lilacs surrounded her and she realised he must have added some type of oil to the water, because there were certainly no bubbles.

He pushed the button for the whirlpool, then dimmed the lights on his way out. With only two wall sconces providing illumination, the room sank into a soothing and somewhat romantic glow. Maggie eased her head back against the tub and closed her eyes. After what she’d just been through, a few minutes to regroup wasn’t a bad idea. Not that she was having

second thoughts, but with her mind still reeling from their encounter so far, a break from all the intensity was certainly welcome.

## Chapter Five

With Maggie settled into a soothing bath, Julian walked over to the phone sitting on the table next to the bed and dialled the kitchen. "Yeah, it's Julian Daniels, can you send me up a mixed platter and a bottle of wine please. Oh and I need it delivered to Cain Sherwood's room."

He hung up the phone and turned his gaze to the bathroom door. He hadn't planned to use the crop on Maggie like that, but now that he had, he'd have to wait for some of the effects to wear off if he had any chance of continuing the night. She'd be sore, but the lavender in the water would help to draw out some of the heat he'd caused. His dick jerked at the image of Maggie in the throes of her orgasm. God, she'd been a beautiful sight. Now he'd just have to be patient for a little while longer. Letting out a sigh, he raked a hand through his hair. A little food and wine would go a long way in rejuvenating her and he still had a long night of debauchery planned for them.

Twenty minutes later, he set the platter of meats, cheese and fruit on the middle of the bed, then proceeded to open the bottle of wine and pour out two glasses.

Just as he was about to rouse Maggie from her relaxation, the bathroom door opened. She emerged with a towel wrapped around her. He frowned and stepped in front of her, stopping her forward motion. Before she could ask what he was doing, he pulled the towel away.

"As long as you are mine for the night, you'll remain naked."

Her gaze once again dropped away from him and a visible blush appeared on her skin. He curled a finger beneath her chin and tipped her face up so she'd look at him. "Don't you dare be embarrassed, honey. You have a beautiful body, and I want to enjoy it as much as possible."

Someone once told him that the eyes are the gateway to the soul. The fact that he could see the war taking place inside her head made him believe that statement was true. Without the aid of passion to cloud her judgement, she was obviously having second thoughts about what they'd done.

While he knew it was difficult for any woman to make that leap into submission, he'd never expected Maggie to want to go there to begin with, meaning this was especially hard for her.

After several long moments, she finally nodded and turned to walk to the bed, where she pulled the sheet up to her waist. He decided not to push the issue again. If he wanted her to stay beyond tonight and become his perfect submissive, he'd need to take his time and give her a little space.

He took the lid off the large tray and set it aside. Then he picked up some fruit and one of the finger sandwiches, set it on a plate that he then offered her.

"Thank you," she whispered, taking the plate from him.

"You're welcome." He made his own plate then sat down next to her, wondering how to bring her back around to where they'd been before her bath. Maybe complete and total honesty was the way to go. If he could remind her why she'd come here to start, he might have a chance of getting her to stay. "What made you choose to join Exotica?"

She appeared to consider his question for a moment before she spoke. "I guess it comes down to the fact that my curiosity about the dark side of sex finally got the better of me. I started watching videos online and would find myself masturbating to the images. The idea of being spanked with a flogger, being tied up and ordered around was intriguing." She glanced up at him, and he noted how the flush she'd worn minutes before had returned.

"Go on," he urged, picking up a piece of watermelon.

"I don't know why I found it so fascinating, but the more I saw and read, the more I knew I wanted to at least try it myself and see what it was like."

"I take it from your earlier statements that you were unsatisfied with your sex life as it was?"

"Not exactly. I mean, I had orgasms, but more and more when it was all over I found myself feeling restless and empty. The orgasm hadn't satisfied my needs the way I'd hoped it would." She picked up a piece of cheese, set it back on her plate, only to pick it up a second time. Was she nervous or embarrassed he couldn't tell, but one fact was clear. He could totally relate to the feelings she described. When he'd come to Exotica eight years before, he too had been looking for something that was missing from his sex life. It took him being a submissive to find his dominant side and the satisfaction he'd been missing.

He nodded. "I know that feeling. I used to get it all the time before I joined here."

She smiled a little at his admission. "I'm really glad to hear that. You know it isn't easy to admit that I want more out of my relationships than that vanilla sex."

"That's because we're conditioned that way, hon. It took me years to accept that it was okay to want more satisfaction out of sex than one orgasm. It was only after I did that I really freed myself of my inhibitions and dove headlong in this world."

Maggie nodded, her eyes showing the understanding he'd hoped he see. "That's pretty much why I joined, Julian. I wanted to experience the bliss I saw on the faces of those women on the internet video sites, but I didn't know how to go about it. Then one day while I was perusing a particularly interesting site, I stumbled across an ad for Club Exotica. It caught my attention because it was local and I decided to check it out."

He frowned, his need to protect her flaring to life with such suddenness, he pushed a hand against his chest in response. "Not everyone who lives this lifestyle is an upstanding person, Maggie. You could have been walking into something bad."

"True, but with everything I had to go through just to be accepted, it seemed to me that undesirables wouldn't spend that much time, effort and money to get in. They'd simply choose an easier route to get what they wanted."

*Smart girl.* "That's a pretty good assumption. I know for a fact that you would have been safe with any of the Doms downstairs, even Xavier."

She paused. "Was he the really tall, skinny man with the long jaw and dark eyes?"

"That's him."

She visibly shivered. "He gave me the creeps. I think if he'd chosen me, I probably would have backed out."

"Your instincts are right about him. He likes to use electrodes to induce pain on his subs. It's less work for him and produces a quick result. Still, when it comes right down to safety, he respects the rules as much as the rest of us."

"I definitely wouldn't have liked being shocked there." She glanced down at where the sheet currently covered her. "Who's to say doing that kind of thing wouldn't end up changing my cell structure and cause cancer or something?" She shook her head. "No way, huh uh. I'll take a good spanking over electrodes any day."

"Speaking of which." He climbed from the bed, grabbed her list off the table and returned to his original position. "We've only begun to touch your list. There's so much more to do, but there's one thing in particular that interests me." His finger rested next to item number three on her list.

*The ménage.*

Maggie's food suddenly lodged in her throat and she wondered if she could actually swallow without choking. When she'd written a threesome on the paper, she'd been hyped up, into the moment. Now she wondered if there was a good way to backpedal without sounding like a wimp. Would he even allow her to backpedal? "I really wasn't thinking straight when I wrote that on my list. I certainly wouldn't be heartbroken if we skipped that particular activity."

He arched a brow. "So you're telling me you're not even a little curious to know what it would be like with two men?"

She hedged, knowing total honesty was the only way to go in this situation. "Well, I'd have to admit that I am curious, but Julian, I'm really not sure I could go through with it."

"You could go through with it, Maggie, and you certainly would if I ordered you to, but honestly, I don't think you're ready."

Disappointment and relief washed over her at the same time. While she had to admit she'd been curious, and still was, about sex with two men, so much had happened tonight she wasn't sure she could take on that particular task.

"But if we don't do it tonight?"

"We'll simply wait until you are ready." He lifted a hand and stroked a knuckle along her cheek. "You paid for a full year, non-refundable membership, honey. I know you, and you wouldn't have put out that kind of money if you hadn't thought the situation through. Still, I think it would be best to take things slow. There will be plenty of time for us to work you up to the more difficult stuff."

Knowing he wasn't going to push her beyond her current boundaries, she smiled. "Like sex with two men."

"Among other things, yes."

"Does that mean you want me as you submissive?"



"Do you want me as your master?" he countered.

Her smile widened. "I can't think of anyone I'd like to have more."

He leant forward and captured her mouth, drawing out a kiss that left her wanting him again. When he pulled back, she let out a breath. "Wow. I can't remember ever being with a man who can turn me into a blubbering puddle with just a kiss."

His lips tipped at one corner, offering her a cockeyed grin. "Good to know."

She slapped a hand over her mouth. Had she actually said that out loud?

"I'm guessing you didn't mean to speak that thought?"

She shook her head.

He threw his head back and laughed. It was a deep rich sound that caused her pussy to flood with desire.

"You are a gem, Maggie, and I'm going to have fun teaching you exactly what it means to be a submissive."

She was certainly going to have fun letting him. "We have a few hours left. So what's on the agenda for the rest of tonight?"

He grinned. "While I don't think you're actually ready for a real ménage, I do want to give you a taste of what it would be like." He picked up the tray and moved it to the table, then returned for her plate and glass. "Time to play, little one. I want you on the floor in front of the mirrors in the corner."

"Yes, Master."

Nerves danced in her belly for the third time that night as she followed his orders. What would he do to her now? There were many things she'd written on her list that she would have rather forgotten. However, she doubted Julian had any intention of letting any of it slide.

She watched his reflection in the mirror as he approached, ropes in hand. Whatever he was going to do, it would once again involve her being bound. He crouched in front of her, bound her wrists together, then proceeded to once again wrap the rope around her breasts. "Just so you know, I really like your breasts bound. It gives them a sexy look."

Her sexy? She nearly snorted at that idea, but thought better of it. She wasn't in any position to be contradicting his words. He pulled the ends of the rope up her back and over each shoulder, eventually tying them to her bound wrists.

With still another rope, he moved beside her and pulled her leg up and out, spreading her wider and positioning her right leg so that her thigh pressed against her upper arm. He bound them together, repeating the process on her left side until only her feet and head remained free.

Unable to look over her shoulder, she shifted her attention to the mirror and froze at what she saw. Julian stood behind her, holding what had to be the biggest anal plug she'd ever seen. Surely he wasn't going to try and put that thing inside her?

"One of your wishes was to have anal sex, correct?" His question carried with it a sternness that seemed to all but challenge her to lie.

*Oh man!* She eyed the plug with some wariness and nodded. There wasn't any use in lying when it was written on her wish list.

"Good. This," he held up the plug for her inspection, "is going to help achieve two goals. First, it's going to stretch that tight little hole of yours so when I'm ready to give you the ass fucking you crave, you'll be prepared to accept me without too much discomfort. Second, it's going to give you a taste of what it would feel like to have two men buried deep in your body at the same time."

He walked in front of her and crouched. "It's fresh out of the packaging and, from this point forward, will be yours only. Now, since I know you've never used one of these before, I want you to inspect the toy and see what it's all about."

She had to admit that her curiosity was piqued despite the nerves she harboured. Never having seen an anal plug or any other toys besides her trusty vibrator up close, she wanted to check it out, but she couldn't lift her hands to take the item from him. "How can I do that when I'm bound like this?"

Julian smiled. "Open your mouth."

Her eyes widened at his command. That's why he'd made a point to tell her it had come right from the packaging. Still, knowing where it was about to go made the idea of putting it in her mouth even less appealing.

His smile slowly disappeared as he waited. "That wasn't a request, Maggie. Now open up."

Unwilling to use her safe word over such a silly thing, she conceded, parting her lips. The taste of rubber filled her taste buds as she tentatively licked the phallus shaped object.

“More,” Julian ordered his words rough with desire.

She opened wider, allowing him to insert the plug farther. Her teeth grazed over the rubber, showing her the smooth softness of the object. Slowly, he began stroking it over her tongue. “See how it feels, sweetheart. Now imagine it sliding into your sweet ass.”

## Chapter Six

One of her wishes was to be fucked in the ass. While Julian had no problem making that particular wish come true, he wanted to make sure she was ready to receive him. That meant stretching and preparing her for his cock. Oh yeah. He was going to enjoy watching her tight little hole accept the honking plug.

He pulled the plug from her mouth and moved back to the table where he retrieved the lube. "Are you ready, little one?"

"Master, may I ask you a question first?"

He'd given her permission to ask questions, hoping that by doing so it would help to build the trust a good Dom/sub relationship needed to survive. He'd accepted the fact that they'd already be fighting an uphill battle because of their pre-existing friendship. Creating firm, acceptable boundaries between their sex life and friendship would be necessary if they had a hope of making this relationship work. So far, they seemed to be making progress and he didn't want to do anything to derail their path. "Of course. What's your question?"

"Have you... Well, what I mean is...do you know how it feels?"

He arched a curious brow. "How what feels, baby?"

"The plug."

His ass clenched as he remembered one particular night on his path to dominance. At that time, he'd still been learning what it was to be a submissive. His Domme had been an Amazon of a woman who'd lead him down the golden road of pleasure.

She'd taken great joy in tying his balls until they nearly turned blue, then bending him over and fucking him with a strap on. While he wouldn't deny that he'd enjoyed the feel of the fake dick ramming into his ass while in the throes of the moment, when it was over, he'd spent countless hours wrestling with the idea that he just might be gay. It was Cain who'd finally settled his fears when he revealed his own experience and pleasure at the hands of the same woman. At that moment, Julian decided he had no interest in men and what had happened had been a good learning experience and nothing more.

“Yeah, baby, I know how it feels. Trust me, when I say that you won’t be disappointed.”

After several seconds of apparent consideration, she nodded, her gaze never leaving him in the mirror or what he was about to do to her.

If she’d been any other woman, he would have already had the blindfold back in place, under the guise that the lack of sight would heighten her experience. It was much easier to dominate a person, to provide them with both pain and pleasure when you didn’t have to look them in the eyes. However, he couldn’t quite bring himself to do that with Maggie. To watch those wide, expressive eyes change and darken with a touch here or a movement there made his balls ache with a deeply rooted desire he hadn’t known existed. She trusted him to give her the experience of a lifetime and he would in no way breach that trust.

Julian dropped to his knees, flipped open the lube, dribbled some onto a finger, then smoothed it over her backside, testing her entrance with a slight probing. Wow, she was tight. The idea of sinking deep inside her fine ass had his balls drawing up tightly against his body. “Have you ever had anal sex before, Maggie?”

Biting her lip, she shook her head. Damn, he would be the one to take her anal cherry, and more importantly, she was going to let him. Unable to speak with the amount of emotion building inside him, Julian cleared his throat and turned his attention back to stretching her hole.

Inserting one finger to the knuckle, Julian paused, waiting for her to adjust to his invasion before slowly sliding the probing digit out. He repeated the process a few more times before he began to feel her muscles relax around his finger. Pulling out, he reapplied the lube and gently inserted a second finger.

His gaze lifted to the mirror, where he found her reflection staring directly at him. Her eyes flared and her lips parted with a silent cry. The muscles, relaxed mere minutes ago, once again clamped down on his fingers.

“Am I hurting you?” he asked, concerned by the pained expression on her face.

“No, sir,” she managed to reply.

“Good. We’re halfway there.”

As her muscles once again began to relax, Julian began scissoring his fingers, working her hole until he knew he could do no more. Time to see just how far she’d go. Taking his

time, he lubricated the plug in a way that showed in the mirror for her to see, slicking the rubber until it shined in the low light of the room. "When you feel pressure, push against it," he ordered.

He lowered the plug, gently brushed it over her anus, then began the entry process. Slowly, he pushed, then retreated, then pushed farther and retreated a second time. Gently he worked her hole and watched her eyes widen with each deeper thrust. His gaze shifted from her face to the plug. Fuck if that wasn't a pretty sight. Her ass stretched around the flesh-coloured rubber with nearly the entire toy nested inside her tight tunnel. Only the widest part still showed.

"It burns," she said in a choking voice.

"I know, sweetheart. The last few centimetres are the toughest. Breathe and push hard. Trust me – the pain will be worth it."

The plug pushed back against his hand, and without mercy, he shoved it forward, seating it all the way inside her tight little ass. There was pain in her initial scream, which quickly turned into a sigh of pleasure. "Oh. My. God," she whispered.

"Are you still hurting?"

"No. It's weird, because I know it doesn't belong there, yet it feels wonderful," she announced with a renewed desire.

Julian smiled. "I told you it would. And if this piece of rubber can feel this good, just imagine what it will feel like to have my dick there instead."

She moaned. "God, yes. Oh, Julian, show me more, please."

His cock twitched at her plea. Man, how he wanted to sink deep into her pussy. "You want more, honey?"

"Yes, oh yes."

The need to feel her wet heat wrapped around his cock took control. Quickly he removed his fingers, lined up his cock with her pussy entrance and shoved home, filling her in one deep, earth-shattering thrust.

Maggie cried out, her back arched and her pussy throbbed around his member as he pumped in and out of her channel with wild abandon. God, she felt like heaven.

"Yes, yes, yes," she sobbed. Her head thrashed from side to side while she shoved back against him, giving as well as she received. "God, Julian. Harder, please, fuck me harder."

Her naughty words and desperate plea had a fresh surge of adrenaline surging through his veins. Barely remembering his role, he slapped her hard on the ass. "You'll refer to me as 'Master' and stop that incessant chattering."

Truth was hearing her beg turned him on even more, but denying her something that came naturally would ultimately be another form of bondage.

Her eyes flared, but she didn't look away from the mirror, didn't break her gaze with him. "Yes, Master."

He slapped her ass a second time and she narrowed her eyes at him in the mirror. "Why'd you do that?" she asked, knowing her curt tone would probably get her into trouble.

"Because you like it, that's why." He continued to slap her ass, moving his hands from one cheek to the other while he mercilessly drove into her. "Now, not another word out of you or I'm going to gag you." He paused mid-stroke and eyed her in the mirror, a smile tipping his lips. Now that he thought of it, gagging was on her list and wouldn't she look ravishing with a ball gag in her mouth?

He pulled out, hearing the whimper of protest she gave at his absence. Needing desperately to sink back into her body and lose himself in her heat, he hurried to the table and snatched the gag. Her eyes widened at the sight of it and she began shaking her head.

"This isn't a debate, sweetheart. You will wear the gag and more than likely you will enjoy it. Now open up."

She started to protest, but he snatched her chin between his thumb and finger, holding her head still. "The only words that better come out of that luscious little mouth of yours are 'Yes, sir'. That is unless you want to use your safe word and end the evening all together."

He'd been around enough submissives over the years to know that a lot of times the things they protested the loudest over were the same things they enjoyed the most. Maggie had her safe word, which kept the final decision in her hands. However, under the circumstances, he didn't expect her to use it. Though if he was wrong and she did opt out, he didn't know what he would do. Would he negate the rules and beg her to stay? Did she even know how much power she actually held over him?

Several heartbeats passed before he heard the words he hoped for.

Her 'yes, Sir' was followed by her parting her lips to accept the device.

With suddenly shaky hands, he slid the gag in place, thankful for the opportunity to continue. "You won't be able to swallow. It's okay. The ball is made of a soft rubber, so don't bite down too hard."

His gaze followed the red ball as it slipped easily between her lips. *Lucky ball!* Her mouth was just too beautiful, too tempting to ignore. Before the night was over, he'd have her sucking him off again.

Ignoring the growing throb in his dick, he pulled the straps behind her head and secured them in place. There were tears in her eyes as she looked up at him and his heart gave a flip in response. Making her unhappy wasn't his goal. With his thumb, he brushed away the wetness. "Don't cry, sweetheart. You put this on your wish list, so at some point you wanted this, right?"

She gave him a slight nod as she blinked away the excess moisture.

"I know it's uncomfortable, but it's not causing you any physical pain, right?" He watched as she shook her head. "Good, then I'm guessing you're just having issue with the situation itself. Maybe you're a little embarrassed and possibly a little frightened at not having your voice. Am I right?"

Her gaze drifted from him to the mirror where she appeared to study her reflection before she finally gave him a slow nod.

"As I'm sure you're aware at this point, part of adapting to this lifestyle is pushing past your comfort zone. Just hang in there, Maggie. You never know, you might even enjoy this."

Before he could change his mind and take the gag off, Julian moved back to his station behind her. He smoothed a hand over her ass, feeling the heat from her pink cheek against his palm before he delved between her folds.

The moisture he'd felt earlier had disappeared, giving him some concern that maybe he'd pushed her too far.

He brushed a finger over her clit and her entire body jerked. *Interesting!* Apparently she was still aroused. She just needed a little attention.

He pushed two fingers deep into her pussy as he slapped his other hand over her ass, her scream muffled by the gag.

"Close your eyes, pet. Give yourself over to the feelings coursing through your body. Don't fight what feels good."



Her eyes drifted shut and she whimpered as he placed another slap over her other cheek and her cream began to cover his finger buried inside her. "That's it, baby, just let it all go. No meetings, no phone calls to make, no worries of any kind. Just me giving you everything that makes you feel good."

When she was once again good and wet, he prepared delve back into her glistening snatch, then he eyed the plug. Raw lust poured over him as he imagined himself pumping in and out of her secret hole. She'd already admitted that she'd never had anal sex before, so he'd need to go slowly.

"You know, I think we'll just up the stakes a little. I'm giving you permission to scream however loud you want, Maggie and you may want to when you realise what I'm going to do next."

## Chapter Seven

*Oh my God!*

Maggie shook her head and tried to protest—to no avail. With the gag in her mouth, she did little more than make a bunch of noise. She'd finally become accustomed to the behemoth chunk of rubber lodged up her ass and had even enjoyed the full feeling she'd experienced when Julian had pumped in and out of her. Still, this was... Would it hurt as much coming out as it did going in? Before she had time to ponder that thought, the pressure in her rectum began to build and the burn return. In one steady pull, Julian slid the plug from her tight ass.

Relief washed over her, but it was short lived as the feel of cool lube landing on her open hole made her jump in shock. She was about to receive the ass fucking she'd always wondered about, but had never had the guts to ask any of her boyfriends for.

There was something truly naughty about taking it up the ass, and while she knew women did it all the time, the fear of pain had kept her from exploring that particular taboo any further. While she'd placed it on her wish list, truth be told, she would have backed out now if Julian hadn't taken the choice away from her. The plug had hurt going in and coming out, but strangely, the feel of having something shoved up there had caused a weird sensation inside her pussy.

Her mind snapped back to the present the moment Julian's cock breached her tunnel entrance. She cried out at the burning sensation that raced through her bowels, but the gag muffled her cry.

Her mind screamed for the torture to stop and she begged from behind the gag, knowing there wasn't any way he would understand her.

He continued pressing forward in an agonisingly slow movement that drew out the pain. His balls slapped against her before he finally paused. *Wow, is he really in my ass?* Her gaze flicked to the mirrors, her eyes widening when she realised he was indeed completely seated inside her. His head was thrown back, his eyes closed, a look of pure pleasure claiming his features. Communication was impossible at this point. *Endure it, Maggie. You*

*have no choice but to end* – She gasped, her last thought cutting off on a wave of pleasure so shocking and so much bigger than anything she'd ever experienced that it nearly pushed her right into an instant orgasm.

Slowly, Julian moved within her and she was amazed at the exotic feel of him. Nerve endings she knew existed, but never imagined could provide her with such pleasure came to life. The friction of tissue against skin sent gloriously alien feelings racing through her system.

Just when she thought he was going to pull all the way out, he started the process again, sinking deep inside her once more. The burning and pain was still there, a mere ghost of what it had been minutes ago. In a strange and exciting way, the slight sting actually helped to emphasise the pleasure. Now she understood why women did this. It felt incredible!

His speed slowly increased, as did the friction until she knew there was no way she could hold on much longer. Her neglected clit throbbed and her pussy clenched emptily. She desperately wanted to touch herself, to rub that little nub between her legs until she came in a fiery explosion of passion that would incinerate them both. Alas, with her hands tied she could do little more than watch him take her in the mirror.

This was, after all, about learning how to be a good submissive, doing what he wanted and living with the consequences. Still, weren't good subs rewarded by their Masters when they did as they were told?

As if he'd read her thoughts, Julian leaned down, pressing his back to hers, and slid a hand around her waist. His fingers separated her folds and immediately dipped into her slit, pulling the flood of cream she'd produced up and over her sensitive bud. That was all it took for the orgasm which had loomed just out of her reach to barrel over her.

Her body shuddered then splintered apart on a wave of pleasure so powerful she once again saw spots before her eyes. Letting her lids close, she cut loose a scream of mammoth proportions. There was something completely freeing and totally erotic about handing over control to someone else. No longer did she have to think about how to please her partner or worry that he wouldn't be able to please her. Her only job was to feel and do, opening her mind to another level of pleasure she hadn't known existed until now.

Behind her, she heard Julian's groan and immediately sensed his warm cum filling her tunnel. The action was wonderfully intimate and she couldn't help but feel good about her decision.

Obviously spent, Julian reached up to undo the gag and she indulged in the warm feeling his body gave her. She watched as slowly the ball fell away from her lips. Saliva covered her chin, dribbled down her chest and dripped from her nipples.

She met Julian's gaze in the mirror. Slowly, he withdrew, drawing his cock over her sensitive tissues one last time. Both pain and pleasure travelled through her system as she continued to watch him in the mirror. With a hiss, he pulled completely free and she suddenly felt strangely empty.

"Holy hell, baby. You may very well be the death of me." He lowered one hip to the floor and draped an arm over his knee as he gasped for breath. "I think it might be best if we take another break and regroup. Just give me a minute and I'll untie you."

Despite the soreness in her jaw, she couldn't help but smile, knowing that what they'd done had such an effect on him. Never could she remember ever feeling as completely sated and relaxed as she did at that moment.

After a few silent minutes of contemplation, Julian began to untie her, finally pulling the ropes free from her wrists. Before she could move away, he cupped her face in his hands. "I'm honoured and humbled that you allowed me to be the one to give you your first anal experience. I know this entire encounter has been a lot all at once, but it's done like this for a reason."

She eased her bottom against her heels as she sat up straight. "It's done to see if the sub has the will and stamina to handle whatever might be thrown her way. Am I right?"

He grinned. "Pretty close. You see there are a lot of people who are curious about the lifestyle, but few who really have the wherewithal to actually become the lifestyle. While curiosity is a wonderful thing, Exotica is designed for those who want the lifestyle, not just a quick spanking."

"And by shocking the potential candidates you weed out those who don't actually belong."

"Exactly. My question for you, Maggie, is where do you stand after experiencing a taste of what this world is like?"

It was a good question and one she wasn't quite sure she was prepared to answer just yet. "Honestly, I don't really know yet."

He appeared to study her before he motioned with his hand. "Go on in and get a shower started. I'll clean up this mess and be right in."

"Yes, Master," she replied, keeping in character as she stood and made her way to the bathroom.

*Damn!* If hearing her utter those two little words didn't get him fired up all over again, watching her walk away with his semen now dripping from her tight hole certainly did. *Too soon, buddy boy!* As much as he might want to take her up her tight little ass again, there wasn't any doubt she'd be sore from their first encounter. She'd need time to recover then he'd start training her ass to handle more.

He smiled at the idea of Maggie walking around the office with a butt plug up her ass, working her muscles, stretching, preparing her for the next time he might want to take her. He could picture himself calling a meeting with her, behind closed doors. Then he'd bend her over his desk, rip the plug from her ass and pound her right into the cherry finish.

Resisting the urge to stroke his cock, he shook his head to clear away the wayward thoughts. Again, it was too soon for such matters. For all he knew, she'd balk at the idea of bringing their sex life anywhere near work, and in all honesty, he couldn't blame her. Hell, for all he knew this might be the only night he'd have with her. After all, she'd just said that she wasn't sure how she felt about her experience so far. Maybe after she had time to digest everything she might change her mind.

God, he hoped not. While he'd always dreamt of being able to find a woman who would immerse herself body, mind and soul into this lifestyle, if keeping Maggie meant some compromise, then he'd simply have to find the middle ground.

If the look on her face after they'd finished was any indication, he didn't have a thing to worry about. The fear and innocence he'd seen when the night started were gone, replaced with a knowing expression that told him more than words could. She'd enjoyed everything he'd just done to her and would, hopefully, submit to more.

He picked up the ropes, rewound them, and placed them on the table. Then he moved back to pick up the ball gag, his fingers caressing the rubber as he closed his eyes and

pictured it nestled between her perfect lips. Unbelievably, his dick hardened. How long had it been since he'd managed to get it up after two incredible orgasms in the same night? If this kept up, she'd kill him from sexual overload before the end of the night. Damned if he couldn't think of worse ways to go.

Placing the gag on the dresser next to the ropes, he spotted her wish list. His finger touched the edge of the paper, holding it in place as he scanned her innermost desires for the third time, proud of what he'd been able to show her so far. Yet there was much, much more for her to learn.

## Chapter Eight

Sore, yet unbelievably comfortable considering what she'd just been through, Maggie started the taps for the shower she'd now take with Julian. She rubbed a hand along her jaw in an attempt to relieve the ache that the ball gag had caused. Still, if she had the opportunity to do it again, she would. And wasn't that one helluva revelation. Her head told her everything they'd done tonight was wrong, sinful, but she couldn't deny her body's reactions. There was something so damn naughty about being gagged, unable to respond to his comments with anything more than a grunt or moan. And wow, had it muffled the scream she'd let go when she'd come.

Cautious of her newly abused backside which was currently filled to capacity with his cum, she grabbed a towel, covered the toilet lid and gently sat down. Maybe saying yes to the condoms wouldn't have been such a bad thing after all, if for nothing else but to contain the clean up, though even that had a certain erotic quality to it.

And that was another thing. Despite the tenderness she now felt, she couldn't help but wonder why in the hell she'd waited so long to let a man take her in the caboose. Sure it had burned at first, but the pain only served to accentuate the pleasure she felt when he'd finally rammed home. From everything she'd read about anal sex, she'd learned that the nerves in and around the anus were extremely sensitive, just how sensitive she hadn't a clue until now. Mixed with being bound and gagged, she felt thoroughly used and abused in a completely good way, if that were even possible.

She frowned at that thought. Maybe her last boyfriend had been right. Maybe she was a little sick in the head.

"You're thinking way too hard."

Her gaze zipped to meet Julian's stare from where he leaned against the doorjamb. The mere sight of him all naked and hard stirred something deep in her chest. How could her body want something that her mind demanded was wrong? "Why do you say that?"

"Because your succulent lips are turned down in a frown and there are deep creases in your brow."

She'd already shared her body with him in ways she never imagined. Would it really hurt to share her thoughts with him too? He lived this lifestyle, so maybe he'd be able to enlighten her. "I was just wondering about something."

He closed the door behind him and crossed to stand in front of her. Still gloriously naked, he leant against the counter, crossing his legs at the ankle. From her vantage point, his cock, still at half-mast, was eye level with her, making it difficult to keep her train of thought.

"What would that be?"

"Well...um." Exactly how was she supposed to pose a question like that to him? Maybe talking really was more difficult than fucking.

His brow pulled into a frown. "Did I hurt you?"

"No!" She shook her head. "Not at all."

"You're not having second thoughts about all this, are you, because I was under the impression that you were enjoying yourself."

"I am. It's just, I feel like I shouldn't."

"Shouldn't what?"

"Shouldn't be enjoying myself."

His frown immediately tipped into a smile. "Why in the hell not?"

Her gaze dropped away from his. "You know how I was raised, Julian. I'm sure my holier-than-thou mother would be turning over in her grave if she knew what I just let you do."

He crouched in front of her and took Maggie's hands in his. "Answer me three questions."

Her gaze shifted from their joined hands to his face and back. "Okay."

"First, did you like what we've done so far?"

She nodded. "You know I have."

"At any point have I forced you to do anything you didn't want?"

"No." While he hadn't really given her much say in what was happening, she knew if she'd protested enough about any one particular thing, he would have stopped.

"Is anything we're doing in here affecting or hurting anybody else?"

"Of course not."



He squeezed her hands. "Then stop beating yourself up over this. I'll admit that this kind of sex is taboo, but if you enjoy it, who really cares? The person you are beyond these walls can be a totally different person than the one who enjoys being gagged and fucked up the ass."

His harsh description of what they'd just done only moments before caused heat to creep into her face. Why was it she could do the act with no problem, but talking or thinking about it caused her to blush?

His smile returned as he tugged her to her feet. "Let's take that shower and then we'll talk some more."

She rose to her feet, turned and stepped into the shower in front of him. The enclosure, encased in glass and sporting multiple showerheads, was large enough for a group of people to shower at the same time. With several handles placed in strategic places around the stall, there wasn't any doubt it was built with sex in mind.

Shower sex hadn't been on her wish list, but she certainly wouldn't turn it down if Julian wanted to take her there.

Julian enjoyed the warmth of the water striking his skin as he stepped into the spray. To say he was tired would be a huge understatement, yet even now, he was still aroused and ready to go again if she could handle him.

During the eight years he'd been a Dom, he'd taken on more subs than he could count on both hands, with the longest any of them lasted being just over a year. The first time he'd had a sub leave, it had torn at his heart, making him rethink his position as a Dom. After talking to several of the other Doms, he soon realised that it wasn't uncommon for a sub to walk away from the lifestyle. It was, after all, about more than just sex. A relationship between a Dominant and submissive was still a relationship and just like any other. There had to be some connection, some spark between the participants in order to keep the bond strong.

After his first sub left, he'd made the decision then not to get too attached in the future and, he now realised, had set all his other relationships up for doom. His gaze travelled over Maggie as she stood beneath one of the showerheads, her eyes closed, enjoying the spray.

With her, the need to feel, to open his heart and explore the possibilities was strong, but what if she also decided to leave?

An ache started in his chest and he pushed a hand against his sternum in an attempt to make it go away. He'd screwed up big time. With their already established friendship, he shouldn't have taken her on as a sub.

*You wouldn't have been any happier to see her being lead around by Cain or, worse yet, Xavier.* That juicy bit of knowledge did little to ease the ache in his heart. The facts were simple. The moment he'd set eyes on her, the stakes had changed and he'd made the conscious decision to roll with that change. Now it would be a matter of trying to make Maggie see that what they had was more than the sum of its parts.

The sudden need to touch her overwhelmed him and he moved forward, snaking his arms around her waist. Her eyes drifted open, revealing a newfound trust that nearly brought him to his knees. She was giving him something he hadn't earned yet and that humbled him beyond words.

Pulling her close, he lowered his head, brushing her lips with a softness he didn't know he possessed. Water cascaded over them both, slicking their already warm bodies. As he made love to her mouth, Julian lowered his hands, gently cupping a breast in each palm. With his thumbs, he grazed over her nipples, caressing and teasing them until they puckered and stood erect.

Julian couldn't stop his groan as she burrowed a hand between their bodies and curled her delicate fingers around his cock. His gaze flicked downward and he watched as she stroked his shaft until he was hard, the head dark and swollen above her fist. She placed her other hand on his chest. Her fingers glided easily over the surface, her nails gently raking over all the dips and valleys on her way south. Lowering herself, she traced a path with one finger, following the wet, dark trail of hair leading down to his navel. With her knees on the hard tiles floor of the shower, she finally brought both hands to his cock.

He loved the feel of her as she worked her hand up and down his length, squeezing lightly. She eased the crown past her lips, paused to lick around the rim, and Julian clung to his one last shred of control. Finally, after what seemed to be several long torturous minutes, she swallowed him deep. His hands flew to her head, holding her as his hips began to move. Her hands fell away, landing on his muscled thighs to brace herself against his onslaught. .

She closed her eyes and tilted her head back, giving him the room to slide deeper into her throat.

“Damn, Maggie.” Julian clenched his teeth. He curled a hand beneath her jaw and forced it upward, opening her throat even more. He slid deeper, pushing past her gag reflex and held there. Through heavy-lidded eyes, he watched as she breathed through her nose. “Do you have any clue how beautiful you look with your lips stretched around my dick?” He pulled back, allowing the tip to tap against her tongue before he rocked forward again, pushing deep.

“I want to see me come in your mouth, pet. Stick your tongue out. Yeah, that’s it, sweetheart,” he praised as she followed his order. What a good little sub she was turning out to be. “Now, I want you to use your hands and make me come all over your tongue.”

Not flinching at his crude demand, she curled her fingers around the base of his cock and worked it up and down. His hips began to undulate, and he slapped one hand to the tiled wall while the other cupped the back of her head. Fire burned at his spine, filling his gut until his cock began to jerk and pulse in her hand. He barely managed to keep his eyes open to watch as the first ropy jet landed on her tongue. It was quickly followed by another, disappearing into the recesses of her mouth as the dam finally broke and he flooded her mouth until some of it dribbled over her lips and down her chin. Not blinking, she looked up at him and swallowed down the rest, proving just how obedient she could be.

Finally, with nothing left to give, he sagged against the wall, hoping his now shaky legs would keep him upright until he managed to regroup. His eyes fell closed as his head thunked back against the tiled wall. Would he ever be able to catch his breath after she’d so thoroughly sucked the life right out of him?

It was only when he felt her fingers crawl across his abdomen, walking their way up to his chest, did he open his eyes and look at her. Her wet hair trailed down her back as water continued to cascade over her, dripping off her nipples to the floor below. “Master, is there anything else I can do for you?”

He had to give her credit for being able to remember to call him ‘Master’. After the thorough blowjob he’d just received, he could barely remember his name. “No, pet, that will be all. Why don’t you go on out and dry off?”

Her lips tipped into a frown. "Did I do something wrong? Were you not pleased with my performance?"

His eyes widened at her question. "What in the hell makes you think you did something wrong?"

"You're dismissing me, so I assumed—"

He placed a finger over her lips and hooked his free hand under her arm, pulling her to her feet. "First of all, never assume that you know what your Master is thinking. Assuming will only get you in trouble. Do I make myself clear?"

She nodded. "Yes, Master."

"Good. Now as far as the other thing goes, I'll tell you right now, you did a spectacular job. So good, in fact, that I need a minute—or several actually—to recover enough to get out of the shower. Now go on and get yourself dried off, honey. I'll be out in a minute."

He watched through hazy vision as she confidently stepped from the shower and pulled two towels from the rack. Earlier tonight, she'd wrapped herself in a towel, embarrassed to show him her body. Now she strutted around as if she hadn't a worry in the world. It really was amazing how much a person could change in just a few hours.

She turned back to where he stood and tossed the towel on the counter. "Thank you."

She couldn't possibly know how 'welcome' she was. Julian turned off the taps and stepped out of the stall. He took his time drying off while the blood slowly returned to his brain. So far she'd exceeded his expectations in every way. Most women would never have agreed to even half of what he'd put her through so far. And there was still so much more for her to learn.

He frowned at that thought. What if the harder core stuff turned her off? As much as he wanted her to stay and be his sub, he couldn't let her waste her money. She needed to be absolutely sure that this was what she wanted. And he knew exactly how to make that happen.

Tossing the towel aside he strode from the bathroom to find her sitting the bed, hands in her lap as she patiently waited for him. Did she know that she was a natural submissive? With the way she carried herself at work, he would have never guessed it if he hadn't seen this side of her for himself.

He eased down onto the bed next to her and slipped a hand in hers. "You do understand that what we've done here tonight is only a small taste of a much larger pie."

She nodded.

"Would you like to know more about what you'd be stepping into if you stayed?"

"Yes, but you said I wasn't ready to experience the heavier stuff yet."

He squeezed her hand. "You're right, but that doesn't mean you can't get a look at what's in store for you."

"But you said yourself that's against the rules."

"I know what I said, Maggie, but sometimes rules are made to be broken."

He let go of her hand, stood and walked to the table where he retrieved the remote control. "The club has an internal video feed that covers several areas on the second floor. The videos have two purposes. The first is to satisfy the voyeuristic needs of members who, while they don't like to be watched themselves, enjoy watching others. Thus the reason for the television sets in the private rooms. The second reason is for security purposes, which doesn't actually concern you right now. Normally, new subs aren't shown the video feed, but I think under the circumstances it would be in your best interest to view it."

## Chapter Nine

He pushed the power button and the screen came to life. The first image Maggie saw was of a long, rounded bar. Several men and women sat on the barstools, sipping drinks and talking. It could have been a scene out of any bar in the city if it hadn't been for the fact that most of the men were either shirtless or clad in black vests and pants. The dress code for the women apparently varied quite a bit, as they all seemed to be wearing, or not wearing, something different. The one common denominator was their exposed breasts and vaginal areas.

Maggie stared at the screen, studying the figures while they went about their business. Would she be required to dress like that if she stayed? "The women are pretty much naked."

She caught Julian's nod in her peripheral vision. "The second floor rules for subs are clear. They must be dressed in a manner that provides easy access for play. While some people might find a strip tease sexy, that's not what this club is about or at least this particular night at the club. Doms want to be able to show off their subs, especially if they're proud of them. They also want quick and easy access to breasts and pelvic areas. Going to the second floor would require quite a bit of courage on your part."

The hope in his voice was unmistakable and she nearly smiled. There wasn't any doubt in her mind that he wanted her to stay, to immerse herself in the world of bondage and submission. However, the decision to stay had to be hers and he knew it, which was probably why he'd bucked the rules and turned on the video feed. Better for her to make the decision now, when she still had a chance to get most of her money back, minus the application fee, than to wait until later to decide she couldn't handle the situation.

"Can you show me more?" If she was going to make an informed decision, it was best to learn everything she could about the situation.

Julian pressed a button on the remote and the scene on the screen changed. Now poised on what appeared to be a lounge area, men and woman sat on couches and chairs talking with each other, while others, their necks sporting collars that were hooked to leashes like

pets, sat on the floor at their feet. Off to one side, some women sat alone, a few with collars, and appeared to be tethered to the floor by long chains.

“Why are those women alone? Don’t they have Masters?”

“The ones tied to the floor do. Their Masters have been called away for business or might even been on patrol.”

“Patrol?”

“Some of the senior Doms. The ones who have at least five or more years of experience here have the added responsibility of patrolling the playrooms and dungeon to make sure none of the club rules are being broken. Since you never know when a situation may turn ugly, it’s best to leave the sub in a safe area. Tethering them to the floor lets others know that they’re taken, so that Masters without permanent subs will steer clear.”

He tucked a finger beneath her chin and turned her face to look at him. “Do you think you could handle being chained like that, pet? Because I’m sure as hell not going to leave you un-tethered for any asshole to claim.”

There was both challenge and concern in his tone as she watched him watching her. Being chained like a dog seemed more than a bit degrading in her eyes. But then wasn’t humiliation and pain part of what being a sub was all about? She lifted a hand to touch the collar that even now she still wore. Truth be told, she’d already become so accustomed to it, she’d forgotten it was there. However, there was a big difference between wearing a collar and being chained in public. Knowing that he’d accept her answer no matter what she meant a lot. “If I decide to stay, then I’ll figure out a way to handle it.”

His expression never changed, and for a moment, she wasn’t sure if he would accept her answer. “Fair enough,” he finally said, releasing her. “If you’re going to make an informed decision, then there’s still more for you to see.”

He pointed the remote at the screen and yet another picture popped up. This time, it was of a large room with a giant bed in the middle. “This is the main,” he explained. “It’s a reserved area where couples go to put on a show. There are several of these areas on the second floor. Most of which are smaller in scale. All stage areas are reserved in advance. Club members are not allowed to join in unless invited to do so by the participants. They can, however, stand and watch.”

He leaned into her, his body heat infusing her skin until she could feel desire starting to build once more. "One of your wish list items is having sex in public. This would be a safe place for you to do that, and if you stay, I have no qualms about fucking you in front of the other club members." His blatant words, rough with need, sent excitement racing through her veins.

Before she could respond, he reached between her legs and shoved two fingers deep into her channel, causing her to whimper as her head fell back in enjoyment. "You're wet as hell, Maggie. You like the idea of me putting you on display and having my way with you, don't you, my pet?"

"Yes, Master," she replied, the words tumbling from her lips with such ease, it surprised her. He was right. As frightening as the idea was, she couldn't deny the exhibitionist within her. The idea of people watching her participate in such a private act was exhilarating.

Her head hit the mattress and she lost all sight of the screen. Julian followed her down, his lips planting gentle kisses along her neck before moving on to the slope of her breast.

He lowered himself over her. "Wrap your hands around my cock, sweetheart."

Following instructions, she grabbed his stick, loving the way it felt in her hand as it lengthened and grew within her grasp.

"Now guide me."

She barely had time to position him before he thrust into her. He held her for a moment, giving her time to adjust. Her arms wrapped around his back, bringing him closer as her channel shuddered around his cock. She felt deliciously stretched, filled in a way that completed her.

Even though they'd only spent a few hours as lovers, there was comfort in their familiarity with each other's bodies. Maybe that had more to do with the friendship they shared than anything else. Whatever the reason, she was simply thankful to experience the intimacy she'd missed with the few who had made it to her bed before.

He cupped her face and lowered himself down to meet her kiss. His hips rolled, thrusting into her even as his tongue thrust between her lips. She accepted the invasion with renewed enthusiasm and met his tongue with her own, tasting him, absorbing his strength, his tenderness.



The kiss went on and on as his hands slid beneath her. His fingers caressed her back as he slowly cupped the top of her shoulders. He finally pulled away, giving them both a chance for much-needed air. With his face buried in her neck, she heard him whisper against her flesh. "God, Maggie, you make me so crazy with need it's hard for me to remember to be gentle."

"Then don't."

When he remained silent at her statement, she spoke again. "I'm not some porcelain doll that might break if you hold her wrong. I have needs and desires just like you and maybe, just maybe, I like it rough, so ride me, Master." She paused, loving how his eyes flared when she said that word.

His feral gaze penetrated her to her very soul, and for the first time, she felt cherished, like a goddess. He wanted her desperately. No matter what the future held for them, right here in this moment, he wanted only her.

Her hands trailed along his spine, feeling every bump and curve of his vertebrae until she couldn't reach any farther. She raked her fingernails across his back and caught the barely audibly gasp he gave in response. Bringing her knees up, she wrapped her legs around his ass and squeezed. His fingers dug into her shoulders as she continued draw her nails over his back, exciting and enticing him.

"God, Maggie. I'm so close, baby," he groaned. "Come with me. I want you with me." Then his mouth once again fused over hers, greedy and determined. The way he so completely devoured her made her think of ravenous tigers, hungry for their prey. Then he quickly pushed away from her, slowly straightening his back until he towered over her. She whimpered at the loss of heat, but watched as his eyes flared with determination. His hands slid over her hips, gripped her buttocks. He lifted her, changing the angle of penetration as he increased his pace yet again.

The tingling feeling that had been lodged low in her belly exploded as she came on a wave of pleasure so hard tears blurred her eyes. "Julian," she screamed his name, forgetting her role as submissive as she came and came.

"That's it, Maggie." Her name echoed through her ears, registering in her brain at nearly the same time she felt him fill her. With his own release complete, he finally slowed, his thrusts growing more gentle until he lowered himself back onto her, pulling her into a

kiss so deep, so meaningful, she thought she would cry at the tenderness of it. He rolled onto his side, taking her with him, until he was on his back with Maggie coming to rest on top of him, her body limp, satisfied, and draped across him like a rag.

Minutes ticked by as they lay together, still joined and breathing heavily.

"It's official." She yawned as sheer exhaustion took hold. "I couldn't have another orgasm even if I wanted to."

Julian's deep laugh wrapped around her like a blanket, warming her to her core. "I'll take that as a compliment."

She snuggled back against his chest and closed her eyes. It was nice just to lay with him and feel the strength of his arms wrapped around her.

"So," he murmured as he stroked a hand along her arm, "you're going to need to make a decision, sweetheart. Leave tonight and get your money back minus your application fee or stay and stick it out for the next year."

She shuddered and closed her eyes. It would really be best if she had time removed from this place to think clearly. Then again, maybe the rule was done this way for that very reason. Forced to make such a major decision under complicated conditions would probably make many unsure women back out. Was she one of them?

"Are you afraid, honey? Because, under the circumstances, I could understand why."

Yes, she was afraid, and yes, knowing just some of what she might endure was a bit unnerving, but as long as she had Julian by her side, she felt as though she could do anything. Anything worthwhile required a certain amount of risk and Maggie suddenly realised that she'd happily make the leap into the unknown.

After years of living in silence with her desires, thinking she was some sort of freak, it was nice to have finally found a place where she felt as though she belonged. The facts were clear and she'd be damned if she would deny them simply because the general opinion was that such things were wrong. Like Julian had said, nothing they were doing within the walls of this club or even in the privacy of their own homes was anyone's business but theirs. They weren't hurting anyone else so there wasn't any good reason she could think of, not to stay.

"I want stay, Julian and I want you to be my Master, to lead me into the world where I belong."

His smile widened. "You have no idea how happy I am to hear you say those words." He covered her mouth with his, the kiss hard and demanding. She gave, knowing he'd want nothing less than everything.

When he finally pulled away, chest heaving, he looked at her, his gaze filled with unspoken need. "You're the one, Maggie. I can feel it right here." He took her hand and placed it over his heart. The steady beat pulsed against her palm and she closed her eyes feeling it engulf her body. "For years, I've been looking for the perfect sub, the one person that would make me whole and I know just as sure as I'll take my next breath that you're that person."

Her heart swelled. It was way too early to be falling in love with him, but with solid friendship as their base, she could only hope they'd find their way there someday. For now, she'd accept everything he had to offer and give all she held in return.

With a smile, she stared down at him. "We still have a couple of hours, so what's next?"

"Oh I don't know, I think a little bondage, spankings and maybe some voyeurism. What do you think, pet? You up for it?"

Curiosity had brought her here, now Julian would keep her coming back. He understood her needs and desires when others didn't. He'd keep her secret, teach her all about the lifestyle she was so curious about and maybe, if she was really lucky, they'd learn to love each other in the process.

"Sounds like fun."

## About the Author

So you really want to know about me? Well, actually there's not much to tell. Am I a mom? Yes, to two beautiful kids. Am I married? Yes, to one very happy husband (at least he was the last time I checked). How long have I been writing? A long time, only recently did I decide to get serious and put my imagination to work. I love everything romance. I'm also a firm believer that no one should be afraid to explore their forbidden desires, a belief my husband is happy I embrace.

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