



**Velvet Valentines**

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Scenes from Velvet Ice

Violet Summers

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### **Blurb**

Elise and Derek have the perfect relationship. Or so she thinks. When she discovers an invitation to a Valentine's Day Bacchanal at Club Velvet Ice, she begins to wonder. Especially since it's addressed to *Master* Derek. Forcing Derek to come clean about the secrets of his past also forces Elise to confront her own desires, as Derek puts her love—and her courage—to the test. Now they must discover if they have the strength to trust in their own feelings, and in each other, so their love can survive.

## Chapter One

### February 10th

*Master Derek,  
Come and spend the holiday with us—and don't forget the handcuffs.  
Velvet Ice is hosting our annual Wicked Winter Night on February 14th.  
Your room is ready and waiting, enjoy our Valentines festivities.  
Complementary gift bags for all our members.  
Don't forget your golden coin.  
Lust is in the air!  
The Staff of Velvet Ice*

Elise Sanders re-read the silver writing inside the black invitation. What in the world was Velvet Ice, and why was Derek being referred to as Master? She'd read the thing three times and it didn't make any more sense now than the first. She looked back down into the desk drawer the invitation had been in. Lying under the invitation was a shiny gold coin, stamped with a V on one side and a whip on the other.

"Hey baby, did you find the stamps?" Derek's deep voice came from behind her. "Can't mail cards to your nieces without stamps." He nuzzled the side of her neck. She closed her eyes for a second and enjoyed the feel of Derek's tongue behind her ear.

She couldn't help but melt back into his embrace. It had been that way since the first time she'd seen him, staring challengingly across the courtroom at her. She'd met his soulful brown eyes and had forgotten, for just a second, the judge and jury. She'd even forgotten the terrified young man sitting behind Derek at the defense table. For that split second there'd been no one in the courtroom except the two of them, and Elise had known her life was about to change forever.

Two years later Derek could still turn her mind to mush with a look. All he had to do was trail a finger down her shoulder and her body melted like candle wax. If she sometimes thought she saw a shadow of dissatisfaction in his eyes, she'd blamed it on her own insecurities. Now, having seen this invitation, she wasn't so sure.

Elise grabbed the coin on impulse and slipped it into the front pocket of her jeans. "No, but I did find this." She turned to face him, holding the invitation out. "Why is it addressed to *Master* Derek?"

Derek snatched the thick embossed paper from her hand and crumpled it up, tossing it in the small wire trash bin next to the desk.

"It's nothing, baby." He tried to wrap his arms around her but Elise maneuvered free.

"It doesn't look like nothing. It looks like something you ought to tell me about." She wasn't normally a suspicious woman, but something about the words on the invite was nagging at her.

Derek crossed his arms over his chest and blew out a long breath. "Elise, it's just something left over from my past. My *past*, baby."

"If it's part of your *past*, then you shouldn't have any problems telling me about it." The uncomfortable expression on her lover's handsome face sent her nerves twanging, compelled her to push him a little more. "Derek, we're supposed to trust each other. It

can't be so bad that you're afraid to tell me."

Streaks of red marked his cheekbones. She wasn't sure if it was out of embarrassment or anger. Elise felt a knot of worry begin to twist in her stomach. She stood quietly, waiting for him to say something, anything. When he refused to even look at her Elise lost her patience.

"I love you, Derek, and I've shared the most intimate things about my past with you. You *say* you love me, but apparently you don't feel you can do the same." Her anger died, drowned under a wash of hurt.

"Don't ever question my love, Elise." His eyes snapped and she didn't have to wonder why his face was red anymore. The man was pissed. "You are everything to me. *Everything*." He pinned her with a hard stare. His lawyer stare, designed to cow the most resistant witness. "You shouldn't have been snooping in my stuff in the first place."

Elise froze; no way was Derek Thomas going all legal on her. Her normally easygoing nature went up in flames as the famous Sanders' red-headed temper took over, pushing the hurt aside.

"I wasn't *snooping* in your things. The damn thing was lying there when I went to get the stamps. You're the one who told me where to look." He was *so* not going to blame her because she found something she apparently wasn't supposed to see. "What else are you hiding from me?" His deep brown eyes widened, but no words passed his lips.

Frustration drove Elise on. "Dammit, Derek, you look like I ran over your dog. What's so difficult about answering my question?"

He closed his eyes and clenched his jaw so tight she was surprised he didn't crack a tooth. Then he drew a deep breath and met her gaze.

"Fine. You win. Master Derek is who I used to be." He turned and walked into his bedroom. She heard him open his walk-in closet and rifle loudly through the contents.

When he came out he had a whip wrapped around his arm. Her mouth dropped open in shock. The thing had to be at least six feet in length from handle to tip. He held it comfortably, like he'd used it many times before. He stroked his long fingers over it the way he'd touch a lover. His whole demeanor was different. Her passionate, playful boyfriend was now serious, dark, almost menacing.

Elise thought she should be afraid, but she wasn't. Instead, she was confused and a little bit nervous. Not in a bad way. No, this kind of nervous made her heart race, her nipples tighten painfully and her mouth water. She'd never experienced this side of Derek, hadn't know it existed. Their lovemaking was always so sweet and gentle; he treated her body as if she were made of crystal.

"Yes, baby, it's exactly what you think it is." He walked over to her, behind her. His hot, moist breathe slid across her nape.

"In that past you are so desperate to know about I was a sexual Dom, Elise." She jumped as the handle of the whip slid across her shoulders, and around her throat to brush over the tops of her breasts. A shiver worked its way through her, starting at her core and shaking her whole body. Her nipples peaked and her panties grew damp. "My lovers were my submissives, and Velvet Ice is the club where I would go to play with them."

The moment he mentioned ex-lovers the spell he was weaving broke and Elise was left frozen where she stood, unable to form a coherent sentence.

"What's wrong, baby? Can't imagine yourself tied to my bed while I do all kinds of dirty little things to you?" The disgust in his voice broke her heart. The small touch he'd

just given her was far from being *dirty*. No, that small demonstration only managed to fire up her curiosity and make her wonder what else he liked to do. And if she'd like it, too.

"Derek," she paused, not sure what to say. She didn't understand his anger. *He* was the one keeping secrets. She was the one who had the right to be pissed off.

He moved to stand in front of her and let the whip fall to the floor at their feet. He cupped her cheek, his big hand infinitely gentle.

"Baby, I don't want you to know that part of me."

A lump formed in Elise's throat when she saw the sadness in Derek's eyes.

"Why not? Derek, help me understand."

"Remember our first date?" Elise remembered it like it was yesterday. They'd had dinner, then sat at a little jazz club Downtown until closing time, sharing their life stories.

"I knew that night that I wanted something more with you than a few dates," he told her earnestly. "I was attracted to everything about you." A little flame kindled in his eyes, echoed low in her belly, as they both remembered their first, electric kiss.

He sighed. "That night you told me about your first lover. How he spanked you, and how much you hated it. You told me how he hurt you when you had sex."

"Derek, wait a minute. I think you misunderstood what I was really saying." He cut her off with his finger to her lips.

"No, baby, I understood you perfectly. I knew that night I would have to choose between my old way of life and a new way, with you. I chose you." He stroked her lower lip with his thumb, cradling her face in his hand. "I still choose you."

In the back of her mind Elise knew he'd given up part of himself for her, and at some level she was overwhelmed. In awe. But only at *some* level. The rest of her was even angrier than before.

"I never asked you to change for me, Derek," she began, fire in her tone.

"I know," he interrupted. "But I also know you couldn't handle what I liked doing. You're too sweet, too delicate for that kind of lifestyle. Especially when I already knew you didn't like it."

Elise backed away from the man she loved. He was making her question every aspect of their relationship, and it terrified her. Left her feeling adrift and alone. She grabbed her anger and held on tight. At least angry she could ignore the soul-deep hurt.

"You arrogant son of a bitch. How dare you sacrifice yourself for the sake of my *sweetness and delicacy*?" She didn't even try to keep the sarcasm out of the last three words. "I don't even know you, do I?" He flinched at the disbelief in her tone, and her heart broke a little bit. "And if that's how you see me," she shook her head. "Well, then, Derek, you've never really known me, either."

Derek moved in on her, grabbing her arms above the elbow to prevent her escape.

"Yes you do, baby. You know me better than anyone ever has." She turned her face away, unable to look at him as she imagined all the lovers, the *submissives*, who'd known him, far better than she ever had. "Elise," he caught her chin between his finger and thumb and gently forced her to face him, "I've never kept any secrets from you except this. And this is a part of my past."

"It's only in your past because of me. I'm not stupid, Derek. I know enough about psychology to realize that when something is a big part of your life, it's a part of who you are, not just something you do."

"Baby, listen to me." Something close to desperation was in his voice. "I'm no longer that guy." She wanted to believe him, but the doubt was there in his eyes. She felt cheated, cheated out of a large part of who he was.

"For how long, Derek? You already miss that part of your life." She cut off his denial. "I saw the look on your face when you touched me with that whip. So, how long, Derek? How long will it take you to blame me and then resent me for what you gave up?"

Elise pulled herself from Derek's grasp, and he let her go. He swiped his hand through his hair, leaving it in dark, silky spikes around his face. "What do I have to do to make you believe me?"

She backed up toward the front door. "Why didn't you cancel your membership at this club?" He didn't answer, but she didn't really expect him to. It was just another hint, another piece of evidence that he wasn't as free of his past as he claimed. She sighed, suddenly exhausted. "I don't know, Derek."

She was heartsick and soul weary as she made her way to the front door. "I love you, but how can we make a future together without trust?"

Unable to face his agonized dark eyes any longer, Elise grabbed her jacket and keys and stepped out the door, out of the warmth of his condo and into the cold Michigan night.

\*

Derek slammed his fist into the closed front door. Goddammit, why the Hell did she have to find that damn invitation? He scrubbed his hands over his face. Why the Hell hadn't he pitched the damned thing when he'd received it?

He turned and walked to the small trash bin. Bending over, he retrieved the crumpled velum and smoothed it out, stroking his thumb over the embossed silver lettering.

If he were honest with himself, he would admit that he missed this part of his sexuality. But, fuck, making love with Elise was beautiful. He loved every contour of her body. Her every sigh and whisper stroked over him, warming his soul. When she came, he reveled in the feel of her wrapping herself around him and holding him tight. He loved her, loved her more than he could ever have believed possible.

He'd watched her face as she told him the story of her first experience with sex. It tore at him to know that the man she'd given herself to had turned her first time into something ugly and painful. Derek had known in that moment there was no way in hell he could tell her about his Dominant tendencies, much less Velvet Ice.

The notorious Detroit club looked like any normal nightclub on the first floor. It was only by special invitation a person made it to the second; and only members made it to the third floor play area and individual rooms.

He hadn't stepped foot in the place since his first date with Elise. Instead he'd put his coin in a desk drawer and let it gather dust. Picking up the whip from the floor, he moved over to flop onto the couch. He rubbed his fingers back and forth over the supple leather. He'd forgotten how good it felt to just hold the thing in his grip. For a moment when he'd run the handle along her neck, Derek could have sworn Elise's breath hitched and her skin quivered.

He groaned as his cock hardened. He'd been half aroused from the moment he'd seen Elise with the damned invitation. It just fucking figured that the forbidden thought of Elise under his whip, his flogger, would make him hard as a rock.

He gave a little groan and pressed his palm over his erection, as if he could subdue it

by sheer determination. The slight stimulation just made it worse. *What the hell*, he decided. He was hard, and Elise had left him alone and in need. Derek closed his eyes, tipped his head back on the couch, and gave in to the fantasy he'd been denying for the last two years.

Pictures of Elise floated behind his eyes, and he popped the button on his jeans. His cock made a desperate bid for freedom, tenting his dark green boxer briefs and forcing the zipper down. He slid his hand under the stretchy cotton and freed his cock, grunting a little at the sensation of skin on skin. His hand was rough, the skin tough, nothing like the silk of Elise's hands.

He imagined her standing before him, her slender body wrapped in a tight leather corset. It would be white, he thought, the color a perfect match for her angelic heart, but the leather hinting that if she was an angel, it was a naughty one.

He ran his hand the length of his dick, strumming his thumb over the tip as he pictured her perfect breasts lifted high and proud by the supple leather, her pale pink nipples darkening to the rich rose of arousal.

A bead of pre-cum glistened on the head of his cock and he smoothed his thumb over it, using the moisture to slick the sensitive skin. His other hand drifted down to his balls which were drawn tight. He palmed them and slid up and down the length of his shaft.

Her skin was pale and perfect, as fine-grained as a baby's. He knew her ass would pinken up so fucking good if he spanked it. He'd bury his fingers into her tight, wet pussy, and flog her ass until it was criss-crossed in red stripes. He moved a finger to the ultra-sensitive skin behind his balls, rubbing the spot and moaning as another image took over.

Beautiful Elise, between his thighs while he sat back in his chair. Her hands tied to the arms of the chair as she used her sassy, sexy mouth on his dick.

He stroked faster, pre-cum leaking out, lubing his hand. The fantasy took on a life of its own. Elise, sucking him, tilting her head to take him down her throat. Her tongue surrounding his balls, licking further back. Derek spread his legs wider apart and gripped his cock almost painfully hard. Up and down, up and down, just like she would do with her mouth. He would instruct, urge her on, and tell her what a good girl she was being.

His hips surged. He would push as far into her mouth as he could, until she was deep throating him, until the pleasure was too much, too intense, and he came down her throat in an explosion of perfect ecstasy. And she would swallow every fucking drop, the contractions of her throat drawing out every last bit, taking him into her, making him a part of her forever.

Opening his eyes, Derek moved his hand up to his stomach where he'd spilled himself when he came. Damn. He couldn't imagine ever going back into the lifestyle without her. He flat-out didn't want anyone else. Vanilla or not, Elise Saunders was the only woman he ever wanted to have sex with again. The ring in his pocket proved that. He only hoped he hadn't driven her away for good with his secret.

## Chapter Two

### February 12th

Two days later Elise fidgeted anxiously in her chair in the business office on the third floor of Velvet Ice. She'd waffled endlessly before calling the club, and afterward she'd picked up the phone a dozen times to cancel this appointment. But she put it down without dialing every time. Something deep down told her that if she and Derek were going to have a future together, they needed complete honesty and complete trust between them.

She'd spent hours since walking out of Derek's house Friday night online researching BDSM and Dom/sub relationships. She'd never considered herself to be someone who'd enjoy rough or painful sex—God knows her first experience with sex had been so rough and painful it had been years before she'd been willing to try it again—but the more she read, the more she understood it wasn't so much about the pain. No, the kind of sex Derek craved required complete surrender and complete trust. Now Elise realized that, while she'd trusted Derek with all her secrets—all that she was—he hadn't felt like he could trust her with a fundamental part of his personality. She couldn't believe how much it hurt that he hadn't felt safe enough to share all of who he was.

The soft click of the office door closing jolted Elise out of her musings. Oh. My. *God*. The man who moved behind the desk was ... imposing. And by imposing, Elise meant terrifying. His bald head gleamed in the watery sunlight that filtered through the skylight, and illuminated the tattoos winding down both arms.

Elise could make out a dragon's tail coiling below the sleeve of his black t-shirt on one arm. The other arm was decorated with what looked like a complete sleeve of Asian art and Chinese script. His ears were triple pierced, and on any other man the small diamond and silver hoops would have looked ridiculous. On him it was both threatening and sexy at the same time. He wore a plain silver band on his right thumb and another on his middle finger. His left ring finger bore a stark, barbed-wire tattoo.

It took all her courage to accept the hand he offered her, but when his long fingers wrapped around hers, she was surprised by the gentleness of his grasp. His appearance was menacing, but his touch was so soft it only proved that you can never judge a book by ... in this case, by its leather and tattoos.

"So you're the reason we haven't seen Derek in almost two years," he commented as he sat down, facing her across the scarred desk. His voice was a low rumble that went well with his forbidding appearance.

"I'm Elise Saunders," she replied, forcibly keeping her voice level and meeting his eyes.

"And why are you here, Elise Saunders?" There was nothing unfriendly in his voice or expression, but Elise somehow got the feeling she was being weighed, judged and found wanting. For some reason it bothered her, though there was no reason for her to care what this Hell's Angel stand-in thought about her. It made her more determined than ever to follow through with her plan. If she couldn't face this stranger, how would she ever be brave enough to give Derek what he needed? What she suspected they both



needed.

"Two nights ago I discovered an invitation to Velvet Ice's Valentine's party buried in Derek's desk. When I asked him about it, he claimed that part of his life was over, he didn't need that aspect of his sexuality anymore."

"You don't believe him."

"No. I don't." Elise took a deep breath and took the plunge. "I love Derek, and I want a future with him, and I know the only way we can have that future is if he shares this part of himself with me."

"And you think you're strong enough to handle what he needs to dish out?" Again, his voice and expression were perfectly bland, but she somehow knew that he didn't, for one second, believe she could handle *Master* Derek.

"I know I can," she insisted. "Maybe not from any other man, but I know Derek would rather die than hurt me, so I'm ready for whatever he has to offer."

"Oh, but Elise, hurting is what it's all about. Inside these walls, the Dom's and Domme's entire reason for existence is to portion out the pain that leads to their lovers' pleasure." Sea-green eyes raked over her dismissively. "You're a pretty little thing," he conceded in his low, gravely voice, "but you're light years too soft for what Derek needs."

Light played tricks with the black ink scrolling up the back of his skull as he shook his head. "Go home, Elise Saunders," he said, his words like a slamming door. "Take what Derek gives you and be grateful he cares enough to protect you."

"I won't do that." The man's words played on her insecurities, but more, they pissed her off. "I *can't* do that. You don't get to decide what I can or can't take. And you don't get to decide what sort of relationship I have with the man I love." Those intent, sea-colored eyes narrowed on her. "The only thing you get to decide is whether or not Velvet Ice will be a part of our relationship." She raised an imperious brow in his direction. "I suspect I could give Derek what he needs in the privacy of his own home, but this place was important to him once, and I don't want to rob him of that."

"You may not like who he is with a whip in his hand." He leaned forward. Elise knew he was playing the intimidation game. She'd witnessed it every day at her job; as a prosecutor she'd used that same face countless times in court.

"I assure you, Mr. Ryder, there is no part of Derek I don't love. I just have to show him."

Brady Ryder wasn't going to talk her out of what she needed to do. Like Derek, he thought she was too soft for the D/s lifestyle. Brady didn't know her well, but Derek did, and he should know better. She hadn't become one of Detroit's most successful prosecutors by being soft.

And neither man knew how she'd reacted to her research. The more she'd read, the more intrigued she'd become. She'd even browsed the Velvet Ice website. Of course she hadn't been able to access the private, member's only forum, but just imagining it left her breathless and aroused. The final push to make this appointment had come when she found the online diary of a submissive.

The woman wrote about the sex games she and her lover engaged in, and the stories left Elise's pussy wet and wanting. But what left her heart aching were the thoughts the submissive shared about the depth of her relationship with her Dom. The depth of the trust between them.

Elise wanted that relationship with Derek. She needed it. And she would face down

Brady Ryder and ten more like him if that's what it took to get it.

"So you're determined?" He still looked skeptical, but Elise thought she saw a hint of resignation in those cool, emotionless eyes.

"Very."

"All right, then." He leaned over and picked up the phone. "Get me Sin," he rasped into the receiver. After a brief pause he scowled and snapped, "You're on my time, Sinclair, and I'm not paying you to give your woman 'tours' of the club." Another pause and he gave a pained sigh. "I don't want to hear it. I do not want to know. I have a job for you." Those assessing eyes roved her face again. "Master Derek's ... girlfriend," he said the word in the same tone Elise might have said *pet gerbil*, "Wants to arrange a Valentine's surprise for him. Talk to her and set it up."

He hung up the phone without waiting for a reply and focused all his attention back on Elise.

"Master Sin will take care of any arrangements you need to make. I trust you will keep to the non-disclosure policy and you will remember the liability waiver you signed and just who instigated this whole experiment when you get more than you bargained for."

\*

Brady Ryder leaned back in his chair and watched Elise follow Master Sin from the office. He knew somewhere in the club Sin's wife, Kendra Moore, waited for him. Somehow, despite the odds, Sin had found a woman strong enough to love a Dom. Strong enough to survive him.

Brady glared at the door, brooding. He didn't know Derek well, but the Dom had always struck him as a good man. Brady knew better than most how a good man could be twisted when his sub was too weak for the games they played. He hated to think of that happening to Derek, but as he watched Elise sway out of the room he couldn't help but compare her to another beautiful blonde submissive who'd thought she could handle what her Master brought to the table—or to the bed.

Elise's hair was more fire than sunlight, but she had the same elegant, well-bred air that had surrounded Grace. Brady only hoped she didn't share the other woman's fragility.

Brady closed his eyes on a vicious curse. No doubt he'd just made a huge mistake.

\* \* \* \*

## **Valentine's Day**

Derek paced restlessly around the first floor of his home, feeling claustrophobic and caged, in spite of the large, airy rooms. He hadn't drawn a deep breath since Elise had walked out on him three nights ago, and he was very much afraid that if she didn't come back, he might never draw a deep breath again.

He was fucking suffocating without her.

She'd called Saturday morning while he was at the gym. The damned woman knew his schedule better than he did; she'd deliberately called when she knew he wouldn't be home. Her message had been brief and to the point: She loved him, didn't want to end things between them, but she needed time to think; time to accept that he'd kept important secrets from her.

Dammit! Why couldn't she realize his so-called secrets weren't as important as she

was to him? *Nothing* was as important as Elise.

Derek prowled his house like a caged animal, pausing from time to time to pull the black velvet box from his pocket and look at Elise's ring.

He'd dressed up for the evening, calling himself all kinds of fool for it. Elise wasn't coming back; there was no reason to make the effort. Still, he deliberated over elegant black trousers and a cream button down of such fine cotton it felt like silk against his skin. Elise liked the shirt, purred in his arms as she stroked her palms over his chest, savoring the rich fabric. He'd chosen his tie with her in mind, as well. The deep burgundy and pale gold silk was patterned with a tapestry of hearts and fleur-de-lis, and had been an early Valentine's gift. She'd teased him that the judges he faced in his work as a criminal lawyer would be so overwhelmed by his romantic presentation that they'd instantly dismiss any case he brought before them.

Derek tried not to imagine how the rich colors of the tie would make her ivory skin glow as he wrapped it over her eyes, an impromptu blindfold.

He was reaching for the phone—again—to try and call her—again—when it rang. He snatched it up, glancing at the caller ID. He froze, glaring at the number displayed as if it were a striking snake.

"Derek Thomas." He could barely force the words from his tight throat, and the buzzing in his ears almost obscured the voice on the other end.

"Master Derek." The ball of barbed wire in Derek's gut tightened. "This is Sinclair Martin, with Velvet Ice. A woman named Elise Saunders used your gold coin tonight to gain admission to the Valentine's Bacchanal." *Oh, no she hadn't.* "She spent a short time on the third floor in the public areas before accompanying someone into a private room." *Oh, Hell no she hadn't.*

"Because she's not on your approved guest list," Martin continued, "Master Brady thought you should be informed of her presence."

"Master Brady was entirely correct," Derek gritted out. "How long has she been in the private room?"

"Less than ten minutes."

"I'll be there in five." He already had his coat and shoes on and was reaching for his keys.

"Good luck, Master Derek." The amusement in Martin's voice almost sent Derek over the edge.

"Fuck luck," he growled.

\*

Sin hung up the phone and glanced over at his glowering boss.

"Well," he grinned, "let's hope little Elise is as tough as she thinks she is."

Brady snarled and stalked from the room. Sin followed him out. Kendra, the love of his life, was waiting for Sin at a nearby table. She gifted him with one of her beautiful smiles as he grabbed her hand and brought it to his mouth. He tasted the skin of her palm. "Thank you for helping Elise. Derek's on his way."

Kendra stood up, smoothing her hands down her thighs. Sin couldn't wait to get her out of her snow-white knit dress later tonight when they would be able to have their own Valentine's celebration.

"You don't have to thank me, Sinclair. I love helping a woman in love." He wrapped his arm around her waist and led her to room seven.

\*

Elise looked in the mirror for the tenth time. Her hands were shaking as she checked her hair again. She'd managed to curl the strawberry blonde mass and pile it atop her head, leaving soft tendrils to frame her face. She pulled at the red velvet skirt, trimmed in gold lace which just barely covered her ass. She'd never worn such a short skirt in her entire life. The matching red velvet bustier pushed her breasts together and up, giving her more cleavage than she really owned. On her wrists were matching velvet cuffs. Her legs were encased in white stockings and three-inch white ankle boots.

Oh yeah, she definitely looked like a naughty Ms. Cupid.

There was a brief knock on the door before it opened. A gorgeous redhead dressed in white came through the door.

"Hi, Elise. My name is Kendra, and I'm here to help you with the rest of your preparations. Derek is on his way." She approached Elise, looking her up and down with a discerning eye. "That man is going to go crazy when he sees you," she murmured with an infectious laugh.

"I hope so. I've never worn anything so ... revealing." It was true. Elise wore business suits to court all day and when she was home she preferred jeans and a t-shirt.

"I understand. Before Sin I never would have dressed in anything that revealed any part of my body."

Elise couldn't imagine the woman dressed in something plain. Her outfit hugged her ample curves, emphasizing a lush, sensual body. Her confidence was apparent in the way she carried herself.

"Now, let's see. Where should we pose you?" Kendra murmured aloud. Elise watched as the other woman explored the room. "Ah, I have an idea."

Kendra crossed the room. On the wall was a small panel. She opened the door and pushed a button. From the ceiling a long black bar attached to chains descended. With a naughty smile she moved to the bar and beckoned to Elise.

Elise joined her, trying to still the butterflies in her tummy. She couldn't quite tell if they were caused by nerves or arousal. Both, she thought.

"Okay," Kendra directed. "Arms up. When he sees you dressed like this, stretched out for him like a belated Christmas present, he'll pass out for sure."

Elise moved her hands over her head. She really liked the idea of Derek passing out at the sight of her. She liked the idea of him not passing out better, though.

Using a discreet loop on Elise's velvet cuff, Kendra attached her right arm to the bar. She repeated the process with Elise's left wrist. She moved a small triple step platform in front of Elise and helped her straddle the bottom two steps. The width of the steps spread her legs wide and Elise felt the cool air in the room skim her thighs. Kendra went back to the wall and pushed another button, and the chains holding the bar raised, stretching Elise upward. The position pulled her to the balls of her feet. It wasn't uncomfortable, exactly. But it did make her very aware of her body, and of the air currents stroking over every inch of bare skin.

Kendra stepped back and crossed her arms. "Nice. Very nice. Okay, we're close to passing out, but I think we need a few little touches."

Elise didn't respond. She was too bemused by the dual reactions coursing through her. There was fear, of course, but there was even more arousal. Both emotions surged almost unbearably at the thought of what Derek would do once he walked through that

door.

Kendra moved gracefully around the room lighting a multitude of scarlet and white candles. When Elise had met with Sinclair Martin, she'd given a detailed description of how she wanted the room to look. She'd wanted a gothic, romantic chamber, and that's exactly what she'd gotten. The bed was decorated with a thick down comforter covered by an ivory and burgundy duvet. The deep red of the walls was emphasized with ornate brushed brass candle sconces that featured a heart motif. A thick, golden brown bearskin rug dominated nearly half the room.

Kendra came back to Elise with a bottle of oil. "May I?" she asked.

"What is it?" Elise's voice was nothing more than a whisper as a cloak of sensuality surrounded her.

"It's only a light body oil. When he touches you it will give you a small tingle, and when he looks at you, your skin will be glowing and luminescent in the low lighting."

Elise nodded her head and closed her eyes as the other woman gently rubbed the oil along every inch of her exposed skin. The oil *did* feel warm and she felt her skin grow flushed and sensitive as it soaked in.

"If you like this," Kendra commented, obviously noting Elise's reaction to the oil. "You might like Indian Tobacco Oil." The redhead gave a reminiscent smile. "It's much more intense. Positively sinful," she added with a low laugh.

Kendra backed up and flicked off the overhead light. "Oh my goodness! Girl, you're gorgeous. You have to see yourself."

She moved to the wall directly across from Elise, which was covered by a long, gold velvet curtain. When she pulled back the curtain, it revealed a mirror-covered wall.

Elise gasped as she caught sight of her reflection. Her hard-assed prosecutor image was gone as if it had never existed, and so was her comfy at-home look. In their place was naughty minx, ready for some serious trouble.

Her flesh was dewy from the oil. The slight flush gave gentle color to her normal ivory paleness. Her breasts looked fuller in the bustier, her nipples clearly visible against the stretchy velvet. Her skirt had risen to just below her mons, baring what looked like miles of smooth, bare leg. The woman in the mirror was seductive and looked ready for what was coming for her.

"Thank you." Elise felt a lump in her throat, nearly overwhelmed at the thought of what she was about to do, at what it meant.

"Don't you dare cry now. Your man is coming and it's time for you to teach him a lesson." Her smile warmed Elise, and two women who would do anything for their men came to a silent understanding.

Kendra moved to the door. "Good Luck, Elise. Happy Valentine's Day."

### Chapter Three

It took every ounce of Derek's willpower to keep from pushing every single person in Velvet Ice out of his way the moment he entered the place. His single focus was on getting to Elise before she did something they would both regret.

Damn, his woman was stubborn as hell. He didn't really believe she'd give herself to anyone but him. But he knew she was out to prove a point, and his lawyer lady was relentless when she believed she was in the right.

In the midst of all his anger, he was agonizingly hard.

The club was decorated for a very boisterous Bacchanal. The normally dark club was awash in glittering snow covering most of the walls and even part of the floor. Crystal hearts were strung with invisible wire from the ceiling at various heights. Red and white twinkle lights climbed the walls. The wait staff was wearing what could only be described as very tiny Cupid costumes, complete with glittering gold wings and arrows. He may have enjoyed the spectacle if he hadn't been so desperate to get to Elise.

He took the stairs two at a time until he reached the third floor. A bouncer stood with his arms crossed. A red security shirt took the place of the normal black ones.

He held out his hand. "Coin."

"Fuck," Derek growled as he realized that Elise had his coin. "Listen, man, my girlfriend is up there and using my coin. She's a total novice. I have to get to her before she gets in over her head."

The bouncer raised a questioning eyebrow at Derek and asked his name. Still eyeing Derek doubtfully, he spoke into his radio. The answer came back after endless seconds, and the bouncer started to move to the side and allow Derek to pass.

"Glad to see you again, Master Derek." Sinclair Martin was waiting at the smoked glass doors leading to the play area.

"Dammit, Sin," Derek gritted out, frustrated at the delay. "Why the fuck did you let her in?" Derek didn't know what reaction he expected, but it wasn't for Sin to laugh and slap him on the back.

"Oh, man, you have a lot to learn about loving your woman."

"There is nothing you can tell me about loving Elise." Derek barely kept his anger in check. He wouldn't accomplish anything beyond wasting more time by punching Sin in his smirking face. "And since when have you become an expert on the subject of love, *Master Sin*?"

"Since he *fell* in love." Derek turned his head toward the smooth feminine voice. A tall voluptuous beauty dressed in a snow-white dress that showcased some truly impressive curves walked up behind Sin and wrapped her arms around his waist.

"I'll be damned," Derek murmured. He'd never imagined Sinclair Martin would be off the market, but from the rock sitting on this woman's finger, the Dom was well and truly bought and paid for.

The ring in his pocket felt like a lead weigh. "Where is she, Sin?" Derek demanded. "I never wanted this world to touch her."

"You know damned well you have to let her make that decision for herself," Sin chided. "Or you should know. You've forgotten one of the golden rules, buddy. Trust."

Sin's woman ducked under his arm to settle comfortably against his chest. The look she gave him was clearly adoring, and Sin was sending back a look that was every bit as intense. "And that trust goes both ways. She's willing to trust you here, with her body and with her heart. Now you have to trust in her strength."

Sin's woman added, "Master Derek, I think Elise is much stronger than you realize. And she loves you. You have the chance at something really special, so don't screw it up."

Sin held out Derek's gold coin. "She's in your old room," he stated. "You'd better get there before someone else with less trust issues decides to give her what she came here looking for." The Dom dropped the coin into Derek's hand.

Anger dropped a scarlet veil over Derek's vision at the thought of another man with Elise, Mastering her. He took off through a set of double doors and down the hallway. Taking a deep breath, he slammed the door opened and stalked into the room.

\*

Kendra looked up at Sin, the love of her life and the only man who would ever Master her. "Low blow there, Master Sin," she commented. She'd seen a kindred spirit in Elise Saunders, and knew that another man was the last thing Derek had to fear.

"Sometimes a man needs a nudge, Red," he replied, dropping a kiss on her fiery hair. "Not all men are as easy as I am," he added, and ducked her punch with a laugh.

\*

Derek opened the door and jerked to a halt, the breath knocked out of his lungs at the sight awaiting him. Elise, *his Elise*, stood displayed in the middle of the room. Her cuffed hands attached to the bar stretched her deliciously, and he devoured her with his eyes. Starting at her white, fuck-me boots, he let his gaze travel the length of her long, stocking-encased legs. Her tiny red skirt barely covered her pussy. In fact, if she breathed too hard, he thought it might ride up and bare that sweet flesh entirely.

His mouth went dry while his eyes continued to feast. The red bustier pushed her perfect breasts up, displaying pale areoles. He knew that with just a little attention from his mouth they'd draw up into ripe berries. Her normally straight reddish-blonde hair was in a curly, messy pile on top of her head. Her skin glistened and her own breathing was quick and shallow as he pushed the door closed behind him.

"Christ, Elise. You're beautiful." He moved slowly to her, his steps measured as he took deep breaths. His first instinct was to turn her over his knee and spank her perfect ass until it was red and marked by his hand prints. "What are you doing, Elise?"

"I'm waiting for you to Master me." Her voice was smoky and drove Derek fucking nuts.

"You don't know what you're asking for, baby." He reached out a forefinger and stroked her red painted lips. He hoped she didn't hear the desperation in his voice. The last thread of his rapidly fraying control was an inch away from snapping. The thought was thrilling and terrifying at the same time.

"I'm asking you to trust me with all of you." Her blue eyes met his, filled with calm acceptance. "I love you, Derek. I want a future with you." She pressed a soft kiss to the finger he still was tracing around her full lips. "But we can't have a future if it's based on denial." She looked him straight in the eyes, all the passion and intensity of her personality burning straight to his soul. "So, yes, I know what I'm asking for. I'm asking you to make me yours in every way possible."

Her conviction was his undoing. He wanted what she did, a future wrapped in her warmth. He only hoped this fire wouldn't leave only ashes behind.

"And you think you've got what it takes to please a Master?" It was unbelievably easy to slip back into the role of Dom, into the rhythm of command and control.

"I have what it takes to please *you*." She smiled; it was a wicked, wanton kind of smile that reminded him of the true power in any D/s relationship belonged to the sub, and Derek wanted nothing more than to fall to his knees and worship the glowing goddess before him.

"I guess we'll just have to see about that now, won't we?" He loosened his tie, moving around behind her. "There are rules, baby." He traced one finger down the line of her spine, bared by the bustier.

"I know the rules, Derek." He raised an eyebrow and lifted his hand and gave her a stinging little smack to her rear. Her surprised little yelp was music to his ears.

"Rule one: in here I am Master, and you will address me as such." He smoothed his hand over her buttock and smiled as he felt the blood rise to the surface, causing it to pinken. "Do you understand?"

"Yes," she was rattled, and it was making her snappish. Derek knew that tone well.

"Yes, what, baby? If this is what you truly want, then we're going to do it my way, not the way you think it should be done." He landed another smack to the opposite cheek and she let out another small shriek.

"Yes, *Master*," she replied. Her voice was a little shaky and Derek felt a rush of arousal that almost had him shooting in his pants. At the same time he was more afraid than he'd ever been in his life. He'd given in without consciously deciding to. He was going to give Elise exactly what she was asking for. He could only pray she could handle the reality of his Dominant side.

He pulled his tie off and pulled the silk through his fingers, remembering how a mere hour ago he'd imagined the deep, jewel tones against her ivory skin. With a slow smile he knew would have made her rethink her plan if she'd seen it, he lifted it up and over her head, settling it over her eyes and blindfolding her. Derek knew that without sight all her other senses would be that much more intense.

"Excellent, baby." He pressed his lips to her nape, reveling in her quick intake of breath, her involuntary shiver. "Now, do you know what a safe word is?"

"Yes. If I want to stop I say the word." He knotted the tie snugly behind her head, making sure her eyes were completely covered.

"That's right. If you say the safe word we stop and take stock. Your safe word is snow." It was easy enough for her to remember. "Rule two," he continued, "Unless I specifically tell you not to speak, you may ask questions. You may not argue," he added, knowing his little lawyer far too well. She knew him too, and her lips curved into a wry little smile. "But you may ask for explanations."

"Yes, Master." There was way too much amusement in the words, but he'd work on that.

"Now," he was practically rubbing his hands together in anticipation, all but drooling at the sight of her. "Do you have any questions?"

She shook her head slowly, and he smiled.

"Then it's time to begin."



Elise drew a deep breath, closed her eyes behind the silk tie and wondered what the hell she'd gotten herself into. Gone was her sweet, funny Derek. In his place was a dark, seductive stranger who could demand her soul if he chose. His eyes were a shade darker, not hard exactly, but uncompromising. His sensual mouth set in a serious line. He was a gorgeous man, she'd always thought that, but now he was *more*. His sexual potency surrounded her in a cocoon of anticipation, making her ache with an unfamiliar need.

It shocked her how freeing it felt to be bound and blinded. She could hear him moving around the room, opening drawers and crinkling plastic wrappers. He said nothing and didn't seem in any particular hurry to start the evening. With each second that passed, she felt her body draw tighter, her pussy swell and soften.

Elise's ass was warm from Derek's hand, and when he'd spanked her she'd felt it all through her body. It left her tingling and wishing he'd done it *more*. That had been the real stunner, that she liked the smack of his hand on her bare butt. She couldn't sort through the myriad of feelings running through her mind at the moment, she only knew she wanted more.

"Spread your legs wide for me. I want to look at your bare ass." His hand wrapped around one thigh while she moved the other one. She felt him move her skirt up and run the tips of his fingers along the cheeks of her behind.

He opened her up with two hands, and more cool air than she'd expected hit her vaginal lips. When she'd planned her attack, Elise had made a special preparation, subjecting herself to a Brazilian wax. The painful procedure had left her pussy absolutely bare except for a narrow strip of downy dark blonde hair. She smiled to herself, imagining Derek's reaction when he finally worked his way to the front of her. He began tracing one finger over the base of her spine and Elise shivered, forgetting about her surprise, forgetting everything but the feeling of his finger, coated with cool, slick lube and moving down her crack to the dark opening where no one had ever ventured.

"Have you ever taken anyone here?" His voice was low, as if he were distracted by what he was doing. God knew *she* was distracted.

She must have taken too long to answer, because he dropped another stinging smack to her ass, causing her to jerk a little in her bonds. It was just enough movement to press his finger against the tightly budded opening between her cheeks.

"Tell me, baby. Have you ever taken anyone into this tight ass?" She managed to shake her head, completely absorbed in the dark, shockingly good sensations streaking through her from where his finger pressed deeper with every pulsing movement. "Have you taken *anything* here? Maybe worked your vibrator up this tight little hole and fucked your own ass?"

"No, Master," she managed to choke the words out. She squeezed her eyes behind the tie, his frank language thrilling her. When they made love neither of them made much noise beyond moans and a few pretty words. Who knew hearing him talk dirty would have her creaming in a flood that slicked the insides of her thighs?

"This is just one of the places I'm going to take you tonight, baby." He emphasized his words, pressing his finger deeper. Elise couldn't hold back a squeak of surprise and pleasure at the unfamiliar intrusion. He tapped her ass. "None of that. You wanted me to take you, to Master you. By the time we're done here, I'll own you, baby." He pressed harder, and whispered, almost too softly for her to hear, "For better or worse."

"I'm going to stretch you now," he murmured against her nape. His breath stirred the

tendrils of hair that had escaped her up-do and sent little licks of fire over her skin. "There will be some pain." He paused to stroke the tip of his tongue over the tender skin behind her ear and she let out a little mewl of pleasure. "There's supposed to be some pain." She thought she should be scared. She probably would have been if everything he did and said wasn't flooding her pussy.

His finger retreated and she whimpered in disappointment. God, he hadn't done anything more than smack her ass and finger her rear opening and she was ready to come. Something cool and smooth prodded her tingling opening, and she instinctively tensed.

"Relax, baby, and let me in." The slim, hard object worked through the tough ring of muscles, stroking over nerve endings she'd never guessed existed.

"Just breathe into the burn and push out for me." His voice was darkly seductive, and she obeyed instinctively. In her mind's eye she imagined him standing behind her, his silk shirt loosened at the collar, those black trousers cupping his oh-so-fine ass. He was working a wand vibrator up her ass. She recognized the shape of the thing, though she'd never taken one *there*.

"You're still so tense, baby." She rolled her eyes behind her blindfold. She was tense, but he knew her body well enough to recognize it was a very good tension.

"Maybe this will help you to relax." A low buzz made her jump. Then his fingers were sliding along her slit, from anus to clit, drawing a smooth, vibrating egg along her sensitive lower lips.

"That's it," he murmured. "Just relax into all these soothing vibrations on your clit."

He'd always been a tease, but now his teasing took on a dark edge, a wickedness that thrilled and amused and infuriated her all at once.

His fingers glided along her silky smooth, bare pussy lips and she felt the exact second he noticed her little surprise. His cock leapt, pressing into the curve of her ass as he whispered a low curse.

"What have you done to yourself, baby?" His voice rasped like sandpaper, stimulating all her senses.

"A surprise for you," she answered, forgetting everything but the press of his cock and the relentless pressure in her ass, the relentless vibration against her clit.

His hand fell sharply on her ass three more times. Her skin burned but her pussy throbbed with every blow.

"How do you address me?" His guttural tone was undoing Elise. She could hear his hunger, his need for her to comply.

"A surprise for you, *Master*," she moaned. It felt good rolling off her tongue. Derek. Her lover. Her Master. It was as natural as waking in the morning, and they'd only just begun.

\*

Damn, but she was a feast for the senses. The vivid colors of the silk tie covering her eyes made her skin glow like a moonlit pearl. Her body gleamed in the candlelight. She smelled like vanilla and cinnamon and spice, and he knew from long experience that she tasted just as sweet.

His fingers slipped easily along the bare, velvety skin of her pussy. The *bare*, velvety skin. She was always so soft down there, so delicate. He'd never imagined she could be even softer, silkier.

He moved around her, unable to wait a second more to see his surprise. Slowly,

taunting them both, he grasped the hem of her postage-stamp sized skirt and began to draw it up. Her breath came in quick, soft pants, and he found himself breathing in time to her rhythm. Too hot, too fast, too *much*. He was glad she was blindfolded. It wouldn't do for his delectable little wanna-be submissive to see him lose his mind at the sight of her bare pussy.

He tucked the hem of her skirt into her waistband, leaving an uninterrupted view. The skin of her lower tummy and thighs was like smooth, pale satin. Her golden curls were trimmed to a fine, downy line that pointed like an exclamation mark. *This is the spot. This is where everything warm and sweet in the world lies.*

He realized his hands were trembling. Shit. Fuck. He had to get himself under control. He knew now, maybe too late, that in order to keep Elise he had to give her everything. He had to love her enough, trust her enough, to Master her. He couldn't do that if he melted into a puddle at her dainty booted feet.

"What made you do this?" he gritted out when he'd regained enough control to speak.

"It's in all the books," she whispered back. He loved that she whispered, like she was sharing a naughty secret. Hell, this whole night was a naughty secret. "Sometimes the women do it on their own, sometimes their men ask them to." She paused and her tongue glided over her plump lower lip. "Sometimes their men command them to..."

Derek smiled, a hungry, dangerous smile, and dropped to his knees at her feet.

"You're beautiful, Lise." He blew a light puff of air against her bare lips and watched her shudder. "You've always been beautiful. But, baby, seeing you all bare like this, you are a fucking work of art."

He couldn't resist any longer. Her pussy was glazed with cream, sweet and spicy, and he needed to taste. Without warning, he leaned in and swiped his tongue in one long, luxurious sweep along the length of her slit. She jerked in surprise, then moaned and melted into the caress.

He dipped back again and again, each sip just making his craving for her deeper. Each taste leaving him wanting more of her. Hell, he wanted to lap up all her cream, all her pleasure, her fucking soul if he could.

Slowly he brought himself under control. She was twisting in her bonds, her body performing an unconscious dance of arousal. He rimmed his tongue around her opening and felt the muscles flutter, a sure sign that orgasm was mere seconds away.

"Ah, ah, ah." He pulled back just enough to speak, letting his lips graze her ripe, swollen flesh. She moaned his name, her hips thrusting, trying to regain contact. "This is *my* surprise. I get to enjoy it." He waited for her breathing to calm just a bit before he continued. "You don't get to come. Not yet, and not until I give you permission."

"Derek," her voice was a raw whimper, and she cried out when his palm made sharp contact with her pussy.

"How do you address me?" He kept his voice as sharp as the smack to her private flesh.

"Master," she panted. "Master, I don't think I can control it. You touch me and I need to come."

That was sweet music to his ears. Their lovemaking had always been so gentle, so tender. Knowing that even this little edge was a welcome addition to their sex life felt like an anvil had been lifted off his back.

"But my love," he'd gotten back enough control to speak in a silky, threatening voice.

"My precious baby, that's part of the fun. You wait until I give you permission," he paused to lick delicately at her clit and she jerked and gave a high, bright cry. "And when you disobey me, I get to punish you."

## Chapter Four

Elise had never been so turned on in her life. Every inch of her was stimulated in one way or another. Her skin tingled gently from the oil Kendra had applied. Her pussy, bare of any protective covering, was almost unbearably sensitive. Even the whisper of Derek's breath sent shudders through her body. When he flicked the flushed, honey-glazed lips with a mischievous tongue, she couldn't stop her hips from jerking toward him, begging silently for a firmer touch.

But even more than the physical sensations, her mind was completely engaged. The knowledge that Derek, *her* Derek, was there, watching her with that sinful, sexy, almost predatory look, sent shivers up her spine.

He'd known just what he was doing when he'd blindfolded her. Every other sense was heightened. Her skin glowed with heat. Her nose twitched at the scent of vanilla from the candles filling the room. She found herself straining her ears, trying to catch the slightest hint of movement from him; trying to guess what his next action would be...

"You've already disobeyed me, though, haven't you baby?" His voice flowed over her like caramel, hot and smooth and sweet. He had stood, and with each word his breath stirred lightly over her neck. Elise caught her breath at the sensation as delicious chills washed over her body.

"Answer me, baby." He caught her chin in his fingers, his grip just short of painful. "You've already been very, very bad."

"I..." she couldn't focus on what he was asking; couldn't think of how she'd disobeyed him. "I haven't done anything wrong, Master."

That wasn't the answer he was looking for, because his grip on her chin tightened, and he tilted her head back until, she knew, he was looking directly down into her face.

"Did I tell you to let the past stay in the past?" His voice was hard, implacable. His courtroom voice.

"Yes." She felt a stirring of unease, not the first but certainly the strongest.

He rubbed his thumb roughly over her lower lip, smearing her lipstick.

"Yes, *what*, baby?" His hand slid down from her chin to wrap around her throat. Not hurting. Not even threatening, exactly. More of a reminder.

"Master," she hurried to add. "I'm sorry," she murmured, wondering for a second at how strange it was for her, a well known and respected prosecuting attorney, to apologize for not calling a man Master. "I forgot."

"Don't forget again." He whispered the words against her lips, and she found herself leaning toward the sound of his voice, the taste of his breath. "Now," he flicked his tongue over her lower lip, moved to nip at the angle of her jaw. "Where were we?"

He was moving now, stepping behind her, sliding his hand over the arch of her neck before trailing his fingers down her spine to where the bustier stopped him.

"Ah, yes, I remember." She felt the pressure of his finger as he dragged it down her back, lightly bumping over the satin ribbon that laced up the back of the corset-styled garment. "We were discussing how you've disobeyed me." He reached around, pausing to skim his hands over the line of her arms, stroking the sensitive skin of her inner arms, even brushing lightly over her arm pits. Chill bumps bloomed all along the path his

fingers took.

"I told you to leave Velvet Ice in the past, correct?"

"Yes, Master." Anxiety and arousal kept her voice low. She didn't understand the spell he was weaving, but God help her, she couldn't get enough.

"Excellent." His hands came to rest on her hips, just above the waistband of her skirt, and he gave an approving little squeeze. "Did you leave Velvet Ice in the past as you were instructed?"

"No, Master." Anxiety was beginning to get the upper hand, and Elise wondered yet again what the Hell she'd gotten herself into. The dual feelings of aching arousal and a healthy dose of the unknown literally made her want to cry. She had never needed to come as badly as she did at this moment, at Derek's hands.

"No," he agreed, "you didn't. So, you must see that you disobeyed me, right, baby?"

"Master," she rushed out, fear and arousal and confusion getting the better of her. "You said I could ask questions." He stilled for a moment, then flexed his fingers against her waist in a gentle caress.

"I did. Ask."

"Derek, are we okay?" She didn't know quite how to put her fears into words, a truly unusual situation for an accomplished trial lawyer. "I mean," she hesitated, searching, "how angry *are* you?" She bit back a curse. That was what she wanted to know, but at the same time, it wasn't. It was immediately clear that he'd missed her deeper meaning when he moved around her and pulled away her makeshift blindfold. The eyes that met hers were icy, his face nearly expressionless.

"Are you asking me if I'll hurt you?" He gave his head a quick, angry shake. "That's the point, isn't it, baby? By agreeing to accept me as your Master, you're agreeing to be my slave. You're agreeing to entrust me with your body and your heart. With your pleasure and, if I deem it necessary or desirable, with your pain as well." He'd stepped back, taking the drugging heat of his body away, and she rather desperately wanted it back. "If you aren't ready to give me that trust, you should never have started this."

He moved toward the wall panel, as if he were going to lower her arms, and Elise saw their future moving away with him.

"Dammit, Derek, stop." She spared a moment to notice the irony of her decidedly not submissive tone. He stopped, but didn't turn back to face her. "It's hard for me to blindly trust you," she said in a softer tone, "when I feel like you don't trust me."

He finally turned to face her, his brown eyes unfathomable in the dimly lit room.

"I'm willing to give you everything, Derek. I *want* to give you everything. I just need to know that you're doing the same for me."

Finally he moved closer, so close the satiny cotton of his shirt brushed against her bare skin.

"I love you, Elise," he said, looking steadily into her eyes. "I love you enough to do anything, to give up anything, in order to be with you."

"That's just the thing, Derek. I don't want you to give anything up."

His hand rose to cup her chin again; this time his grip was gentle. "I guess we've both got a learning curve here, baby," he finally said. He dipped his head and pressed a sweet, almost chaste kiss to her lips and Elise felt a rush of relief so overwhelming she might have fallen if it weren't for the cuffs securing her hands to the bar.

Pulling back with an edgy smile, Derek let his eyes trail over her body, lingering at

all the interesting parts.

"You're right," he conceded. "I haven't given you a reason to trust me. I've thrown a tantrum, then acted all righteously angry when you responded to it." He trailed his index finger along the top edge of her bustier, leaving a line of fire in its wake. "So here's how it goes," he said firmly. "I *am* angry, at myself as much as at you. But I will never punish you out of anger. When I punish you, the ultimate goal is your pleasure, because that is ultimately where my own pleasure comes from." He toyed with the lace of her lingerie, letting his eyes slide hotly over her breasts before dragging them back to meet her gaze. "Can we work with that?"

"Yeah," she whispered, throat clogged with tears of relief and the release of tension. "Yeah, we can work with that." She blinked a couple of times, trying to clear her suddenly blurry vision. He gave a devilish smile that made her mouth dry, and her pussy very, very wet.

"Yeah we can work with that, *what?*" he asked in that sinful, caramel voice.

She shivered and had to clear her throat before she could respond.

"We can work with that... Master."

\*

Derek moved slowly around to Elise's back. He stroked the lace ties of her bustier, then slowly untied them to release her beautiful breasts. Finally he unzipped the back of the skirt and let it fall to the floor. She stood gloriously naked except for her stockings and boots. Her ivory skin glowed in the dim light of the room. He wanted nothing more then to bend her over and order her to take him in her mouth. That would come soon enough, though. First she needed to feel his flogger against her soft flesh.

He went to his toys and selected a soft leather flogger, along with a few other surprises he intended for her. The temperature in the room seemed to have risen several degrees, or maybe it was just his natural reaction to Elise's glorious nudity.

Standing behind her once again, he raised the flogger and skimmed it along the top of Elise's ass. "I'm going to spank that naughty ass of yours for disobeying me several times this evening."

"Is this... Is this my punishment?" The uncertainty in her voice made shivers run up and down his spine. Elise was never unsure about anything in her life, never caught by surprise.

"No, baby, this isn't your punishment. This is just a little taste of the pleasure you're going to experience tonight." He slid the flogger slowly over her body, allowing the individual straps to brush gently between her shoulders, tracing the path of her spine.

Derek pulled back and struck her lightly, sending the soft leather tails of the flogger over her ass and between her thighs; not hard enough to give her any real pain, but enough to get her attention. He moved to face her, flicking the flogger lightly over her breasts, the ends of the leather kissing her tight nipples, wrapping around each hip.

Her eyes slid half closed as she grew accustomed to the sensation, signaling to Derek that she needed a deeper stroke. He flicked his hand and the leather tails cracked across her mons. Her eyes opened wide and she let out the smallest moan. He raised his hand again and snapped his wrist down harder. The flesh along the front of her thighs started to glow pink.

Derek watched Elise in wonder. Already her lips were red and damp, her nipples tight and swollen with excitement. For the first time he wondered if maybe he'd been

wrong, if maybe Elise was not only his love, but his beloved submissive.

He let the flogger sting over her from neck to thighs, marking every inch of bare white skin with thin pink lines of sensation. He covered her front with his marks, gritting his teeth in an almost primal satisfaction at the sight, then moved to repeat the process on her back. She twisted slightly under the blows, giving breathy little cries that stroked over his dick like a feather. So beautiful. So his.

Once he'd layered another round of lashes over her creamy skin, he stepped back to survey the result. Her eyes were big and damp. She looked unsettled, but not upset. Her body was flushed a deep pink from her neck to the tops of her fishnet stockings. He circled her slowly, enjoying the sight of her full ass, glowing red from his flogger.

Setting the flogger aside, Derek moved in close behind her. He had a sudden craving to taste her silky skin, to feel the heat of her against his tongue. He crouched, blowing lightly against the base of her spine and laughing a little as she shuddered in reaction. Still smiling, he traced a heart on the sensitive spot before dragging his tongue up the length of her spine. She moaned softly when he tickled the soft hollow behind her ear with the tip of his tongue, and whimpered more sharply when he nipped at her lobe with impatient teeth.

"You taste so sweet, Lise," he whispered hotly. Reaching around, he cupped the full globes of her breasts, squeezing deeply. He didn't let his touch become brutal, but he did let her feel the power in his grip. Her back arched; she pressed her breasts tighter into his grasp and ground her ass against his groin.

"Huh-uh, baby," he scolded, releasing her breasts and moving his hips out of her range. "I get to do the touching."

She stopped the movement, but he could feel the tension vibrating in her, as if it took a lot of effort to remain still. He smiled. This might be a completely new and unprecedented turn in their sex life, but Elise's reactions were right in character. She was a take-charge woman—take no prisoners, no holds barred. Giving over even this much power must rankle.

He had a burning need to make her give over even more.

Stepping away, Derek moved back to the control panel on the wall. With the press of a button he lowered the bar restraining her hands enough for her to step off the platform. When he was satisfied she had enough slack, he moved in front of her, wrapping one hand around her hip to steady her.

"Step down and stand here." He indicated a spot about four feet in front of the platform. She did as he said without comment, her big blue eyes damp and locked on his face.

"Elise?" Her lips parted and her gaze became questioning. "Eyes on the floor, baby. You don't get to look at my face unless I give you permission." Those gorgeous eyes shimmered with irritation and that luscious mouth closed and pressed into a firm line, but she obeyed, again without comment. "Excellent, baby," he praised her, letting his amusement show in his voice. Her eyes narrowed in offense, but she held her tongue. Pity. He'd have enjoyed punishing her for being mouthy. She'd have enjoyed it, too.

Once he was certain she was steady on her feet, he went back to the control panel and gave her more slack. "Kneel," he ordered, keeping his voice brusque. She did, somehow managing to make the movement graceful even with her hands bound and spread wide above her head. When she was on her knees he took up the excess chain until



her arms were pulled far above her, stretching her beautifully until she was almost lifted off her knees. The tension in her arms would quickly become uncomfortable, he knew. It would help her keep her focus as she followed his next set of directions.

He walked leisurely back and stood in front of her. Her position put her mouth level with his dick, a situation his dick appreciated. The agonizingly hard flesh was pressing so hard against his zipper, Derek wouldn't have been surprised if the damned thing burst under the pressure.

Elise's gaze had fastened on the formidable bulge it made in his trousers, and this time Derek didn't scold her. He wanted her attention there. He wanted her to see just how turned on he was by her submission.

With slow, taunting movements, he worked his belt loose. He pulled it free of the belt-loops with a low hiss of leather on wool, and draped it around her neck. The black leather made her ivory skin glow like a pearl.

He flicked open the slide closure on his pants, then worked the zipper carefully down. His dick was throbbing, leaking pre-cum until there was a wet spot on his crimson boxer briefs. He gingerly lifted the soft cotton of his briefs and pulled them and his pants down just enough to free himself entirely. He let the layers of wool and cotton bunch low on his hips. let his dick wave free in the cool air.

He gave a little sigh of relief as his dick slapped his belly, painting a damp line across his abdomen. The relief was short lived, though. Elise was staring at him with hungry eyes, lips parted, the tip of her pink tongue slicking over them.

*That* was what he wanted. Where he needed to be. Her soft, wet, *hot* mouth.

"You're going to suck me, baby," he told her. She shivered in reaction to the words, and he loved it. "You're going to keep that pretty mouth open, and I'm going to fuck your face." Sharp white teeth sank into her bottom lip. He recognized the gesture; she made it when she was ready to come. He took hold of his dick and slapped it lightly against her cheek. Her breath quickened and he felt the rhythm course through his blood like single malt Macallan.

"You aren't allowed to come," he continued, ignoring the throbbing in his balls. "I, on the other hand, will." He rubbed the head of his dick over her cheeks, painting her skin with pre-cum. "I'm going to shoot all over you, baby," he promised her. "I'm going to mark you until every Dom out there knows you belong to me."

Her panting breaths were now punctuated with little whimpers. Oh, yeah. His baby needed to come in the worst way. Unfortunately for her, that wasn't part of the plan yet.

He took her chin in a gentle grip, and tugged her mouth open. What a gorgeous sight. Then he gripped his dick and slowly thrust the head between her lips. He let her give a soft, startled suck before pulling back out. His eyes wanted to cross, but Derek kept control. Barely.

He spent a long time making shallow thrusts, letting her sweep her tongue over the sensitive skin beneath the head of his dick, letting her suck just enough for his balls to draw up tight to his body. Every so often he'd pause to rub his dick over her mouth. Sometimes he'd rub it over her cheeks, or slap her gently with it.

Eventually, though, he didn't have the self control to keep playing, and he began to fuck her mouth in earnest. Each thrust took him deeper into the hot, wet haven. He gave her more, more, and still more, until her eyes were tearing and she was gasping between thrusts. His orgasm was barreling down on him like a freight train; there was nothing he

could do to stop, or even slow it.

With a low, guttural groan that felt like it was dragged out of his gut, Derek pulled out of her mouth and gripped his dick brutally. Two quick jerks and he was coming, shooting like a fountain to coat her chin, her chest. Just when he thought he was done, Elise snaked her tongue out and licked the cum off her mouth. The pure eroticism of the movement wrenched another spurt out of him, and this one he aimed at her open mouth.

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Elise's body was humming, her pussy throbbing. She'd always enjoyed sucking Derek off, had positively craved his taste and the silk-over-steel strength of his cock. But what they'd just done, no what *he'd* just done to *her*, put mere enjoyment in the shade.

Something about being helpless, stretched to the point of pain, focused her arousal like a laser. And the feeling he was using her, just using her body for his own release, ramped it up all the more. The tiny rational part of her brain that was still functioning told her she should feel degraded. But she didn't. She felt more desired than she ever had before, even in the most intimate moments of their lovemaking. Seeing that last, helpless pulse of cum had shot such a feeling of power through her that she'd had to hold her breath and clench every muscle in her body to keep from coming herself.

Derek stood over her for a long moment, chest heaving with his breaths. She knew her chest was heaving, too. God, she wanted him. Wanted him like never before. He kept her waiting for several minutes before tipping her chin up with one finger. His eyes were nearly black, intense and penetrating. He ran his finger gently over her cheek, gathering up the cum spattered there, and brought it to her lips. She sucked it in without thought, savoring the taste of his skin and his cum. He gave a low, groaning laugh, and pulled back.

"You are dangerous to my self control," he murmured, taking a step back and looking admiringly at the picture she made. She felt like a not-so-virgin sacrifice, all spread and stretched for him to do with her as he willed.

He walked over to the small sink that was positioned near the control panel and let the water run, she assumed, until it was warm. He shrugged off his shirt while he was waiting, baring the sleek muscles of his back to her greedy gaze. Then he soaked a thick cloth, which he brought back to her.

"I want you to feel my cum on you, but you don't need to drip with it," he commented wryly as he stroked the warm, wet cloth lightly over her body. She was so primed that even the soft rasp of the cloth over her nipples nearly sent her over. He seemed to sense her distress because he stopped and tapped her nose lightly with a finger. "No way, baby. You don't come until I give you permission, and that's not going to happen for a good long time." She couldn't throttle back her moan of denial, and he laughed as he returned the cloth to the sink.

"Now," he said briskly as he walked to the cabinet where a dizzying variety of toys was displayed. "I think I'd like to show my submissive off." He shot her a wicked look. "You are so fucking sexy in nothing but those stockings and boots. The other Doms will be panting for a chance at you." She felt her eyes widen. She hadn't really considered that he'd let others touch her. A little shiver made up of equal parts dread and arousal tickled her spine. What if someone recognized her? This, she realized, was where the trust came in. She had to trust Derek not to expose her to scandal. And she did.

Derek was standing in front of her again. His cock was already stirring, and she

couldn't hold back a small, feline smile at the sight. He'd just come like a geyser, and the sight of her had him nearly ready to come again already.

He cupped his cock firmly, not making any attempt to arouse. She hadn't noticed what he held, but now she felt her eyes widen as he worked a thick rubber circle over his semi-hard length, stretching it between his fingers until he could work it under his balls as well. He didn't say anything, but Elise savored the idea that he needed the cock ring to control himself.

It seemed he'd shown her all he intended for the moment, because he walked back to the control panel as he settled his briefs and pants back into place, doing them up efficiently. "Stand up," he commanded, and pressed the button that took up the chain so she was all but lifted to her feet.

"You seemed to like seeing me ... adorned," he commented. He was sorting through a drawer of the cabinet as he spoke, and Elise felt a slow shiver work down her spine. She didn't know what he had planned next, but she knew it would push her even farther past her preconceived boundaries, and she couldn't wait. He found what he was looking for, and moved back to face her.

"Maybe you'll enjoy being adorned, too." His voice was a low, husky growl. She loved it. Reaching out, he caught one of her nipples between thumb and forefinger and pinched, hard. Elise cried out sharply at the sensation, and also for the sheer pleasure of the sound. Derek sent her a surprisingly sweet smile at the sound. She'd never been a vocal lover, and she knew he recognized the significance of her cries. She was deliberately giving him more than she'd ever given before. She was giving him everything.

He worked the bud of her nipple for a minute or two, pinching and pulling; sending wild shafts of pleasure through her chest to arrow down to her clenching pussy.

"Master," she gasped in distress. He kept up the stimulation as he gave her an inquiring look. "Please, Master," she panted. "I need to come."

He shook his head and lightened his touch on her nipple. "You may not," he said firmly. "But I'll help you to hold off," he added. With no other warning, he clipped a red jeweled clamp on the aching flesh.

She couldn't have held back the scream if she'd tried. The agonizing pleasure of his touch bled into the agonizing pain of the clamp, then back to pleasure as he engulfed the nipple, clamp and all in his hot mouth.

"Oh God, oh God, oh God," the chant was involuntary and utterly out of her control. The pain was excruciating, the pleasure scalding. Her body was in shock, icy cold and burning at the same time. Her pussy didn't seem to share the confusion, though. It clenched and clutched at emptiness and wept for fulfillment.

Derek lifted his head and smiled into her eyes. His held such an expression of affection and approval that Elise thought she could happily drown in their warmth.

Then he applied the second clamp.

When she came down off the rush of the bite of the metal and the velvet of his tongue, Derek had his hand buried between her legs, two fingers burrowing deep inside of her.

"You really need to come, don't you baby?" he asked, pulling his fingers almost all the way out before thrusting roughly back in.

"Yes, Master," she wailed, not recognizing her own voice. "Please, Derek. Master.

Please."

Damned if the begging didn't turn her on as much as it seemed to do to him.

"Not yet, Lise," he said sympathetically. He removed his fingers and lifted them to his mouth, licking her juice from the digits with obvious relish. "Just think, though," he added. "It'll be so much more powerful, so much stronger, if you wait."

More powerful than when he'd applied the nipple clamps? Her heart would explode.

He reached up and unhooked her wrist cuffs from the bar, and reached around her, re-hooking them to each other behind her back. Elise drank in the moment, soaking up his closeness and the almost-embrace. Then the moment was over, and he was standing back to slip his belt from around her neck. He tossed it to the side with a smile, and produced a white leather collar, which he buckled snugly around her neck.

"That is so pretty, baby," he commented, running the tip of his finger along the edge of the collar. "White skin, white stockings, and those pretty red cuffs." He leaned in and kissed her throat just above the white leather. "And my collar around that beautiful throat."

Raising his head, he clipped a gold chain to the collar. *Oh my God*, she thought. He was going to lead her around like a pet on a leash. The thought sent a secret thrill through her.

"Now here's what's going to happen, baby," Derek began in the same voice he used to address a jury. Calm and matter of fact. She shivered. "I am going to parade you around the third floor." She shuddered. He smiled. "I am going to show off my possession to every Dom and sub out there. They will covet you, and if they ask nicely enough, I might let them touch you. You'll allow it, Elise. You'll crave it, because you know it pleases me." He cupped her chin and brought her gaze to his. "It pleases me, because I know how hot it will make you. I know how high it will send you." A rough sigh escaped her. He was already sending her through the stratosphere.

"One more thing, baby," he added with a wicked twinkle in his eyes. A delicious dread filled her at the expression. "You're going to be following me on your knees."

Elise gulped. *Oh God*.

The parade passed in a blur. Derek led her out of the private room, keeping up a pace that was just a little too fast to be comfortable. At first she was so focused on keeping up that she couldn't focus on what was going on around her. After a few minutes, though, she began to get impressions of the room around her.

The music was hypnotic. It was loud enough for her to make out the words about a woman who needed to learn to crawl before her man walked away... Ironical or fitting? Elise was too turned on to decide which. Another few minutes and she became aware of the eyes on her, the soft, complimentary comments to Derek and his steady, pleasant responses.

She jumped violently when a strange hand trailed down her back, and couldn't stop herself from looking up sharply. An older man, maybe fifty, looked back at her with one brow raised. His silver-dusted hair glittered in the white twinkle lights. That was the only glimpse she got, though, because Derek gave her leash a sharp tug. When she looked quickly at him he was frowning and pointing bluntly at the floor. Elise hastily lowered her eyes.

He led her around the entire room, first circling the perimeter, then weaving through the tables. Occasionally he would pause and speak to another Dom or Domme. Their subs

sent furtive looks at Elise; sly, conspiratorial smiles. Elise found herself returning the secretive glances. It was as if they, the subs, all shared a secret, silent language. *We know who's really in charge*, the glances said. *We know who holds the power, and it's not them*.

At last, when her head was spinning from the music and her body was humming from the random touches, he led her to a small platform and stopped.

"Are you ready, baby?" he asked softly. She nodded silently. He unclipped the leash and draped it over his neck, then offered her his hand. He lifted her to her feet, and his eyes roamed possessively over her body. "Then let's continue," he said and turned her to face the platform.

## Chapter Five

Derek helped Elise up onto the small stage. It raised her about twelve inches off the floor, showing off her mile-long legs, and placing her delectable breasts at eye-level. He laid her arms along two leather bound supports and gently pushed her back so that the upper part of her back was supported by more soft leather.

She looked like a sexy, erotic winter fairy. He bound her wrists to the arm rests with black silken ties and repeated the action to her slim ankles encased in her fuck-me boots. The apparatus left her completely accessible from the waist down, front and back.

Her perfect tits stuck out straight and proud, her nipples a cherry red from the clamps holding them tightly. Derek couldn't have been prouder of her than he was at this moment. He'd been wrong, he realized. She wasn't some little fairy sexpot. She the goddess of sex, ready to sacrifice herself on the altar of pleasure. He rubbed the front of his pants trying to calm the ache in his dick. He'd never been so fucking attracted to her as he was in this one glorious moment.

Before parading her into the public room he'd been terrified that it would be too much for her and he'd be forced to pack away his Dominant side again. A sacrifice he'd been more than willing to make for her. At least up until this point. Now he didn't know if it was possible to go back. For either of them.

As he posed Elise in the middle of the public play area of Velvet Ice's third floor, Derek realized that this was the final test. Could she handle being on display to anyone who cared to look? Could she take it when he allowed others to bring her pleasure?

Her head was bowed meekly, but he caught the glitter of her eyes scanning the surrounding area. He knew what she was seeing, naked or barely clothed submissives engaged in a multitude of erotic activities. Some leashed, some acting as tables while others were strapped to various walls, frames and apparatus as their Masters whipped them into sexual frenzies. Moans permeated the exclusive area, men and women alike performing any act their Masters desired of them.

"I will ask you one last time, Elise, so think carefully before you answer. Can you handle this part of who I am?" He held up his hand as she started to open her mouth.

"Lise, listen. You have felt my whip. I have shown you how I expect you to behave and how I will parade you as I choose to. The last thing you have to understand is that when we are here, when we are within these walls, I will allow others to touch you, maybe even to take you, for your pleasure and for mine." Her small hiss did not escape his ears.

He moved close to her, his bare chest to her bare breasts, his hard cock pressing against her belly through his trousers. He moved his mouth to her ear.

"I want to see others touch you. I want them to bring you pleasure on my command. Nothing turns me on more than seeing you come apart, and I want to make that happen as many ways as I can think of. Sometimes I will want you to suck or fuck another man." He slid his tongue along the delicate shell of her ear. "Oh, yes, Lise. I want to see your sweet pink mouth swallow another man's dick. The idea of seeing you bent over and taken by another man, knowing he wouldn't dare to touch you without my permission, has my cock ready to explode."

He nipped her chin. His hand slid to her clamped nipples and he flicked them. "Does the idea of me watching you get off excite you, baby?" He backed an inch away from her face. "Let's see how wet *my* pussy is."

He pushed two fingers between her plump lower lips and the hiss that escaped into the room this time was his. "Oh, fuck, Lise. You're gushing. You love the idea of all the things I'm going to do with you, don't you?" He removed two fingers and pushed four of his fingers into her pussy. The flesh was supple and tight and he slid his thumb along her heated clit and pumped into her. "Fuck, baby. You're stretched so good for me. Look how much you can take."

She opened her eyes and locked her gaze on his hand, watching him finger her, stretch her. Her pussy got softer, wetter with every thrust. He pulled out his fingers and brought them to his mouth, sucking three of them.

"Baby, you taste like honey." He traced his last finger along her lips. "Lick your juice, baby. Taste what I taste, what I crave, what I love."

She looked him dead on and slowly her pink tongue traced her lips. He knew the look she had in her eye. It was the take-no-prisoner's look she wore in the courtroom, during a high profile case and the light bulb went off in his head. Elise was totally in her element here, splayed out for the world to see. It was the same way in the courtroom. He'd seen her in action often enough. She loved the attention, loved capturing the minds of the jurors. Elise loved being pushed into stepping up her game. It was one of the reasons she was among the best of her peers. Now she'd turned that need to perform on Velvet Ice's third floor.

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Elise was going to die. Not from being bound and displayed like the newest decadent treat to enter the room, but from sheer need to orgasm. She didn't really care how at this point; no, all she cared about was the sweet release only coming could produce.

She was stunned by the absolute power she felt. She didn't feel like a slave; she felt like a queen upon her throne waiting to be serviced. Before the night was over, she knew Derek would make her come so many times, and in so many ways, that she'd never be free of the sensations. Elise had thought this night was about proving she could handle Derek's sexual preferences. Instead, she was discovering her *own* sexual preferences.

When he talked about letting another man touch her, taste her and fuck her, she wanted to jump out of her skin. Not in shame or disgust, but in triumph because she knew that by doing these things Derek would lift her to new sexual heights they'd never shared before. The things they'd already done tonight had simply cemented her feelings for him in a way time together never had.

The logical part of her mind told her she was crazy, that her thinking was muddled. Other parts of her, her heart, her body her very soul, knew this was right for her. Even without Derek looking at her like she was a feast set out for a king, Elise was having a life-altering discovery.

She liked this place. She liked the way she was dressed and how she felt. She was bathed in erotic delights, and she loved knowing she was at the center of a fantasy like no other. Elise had never felt so powerful before, not in even court facing down a hostile witness. There was no fear inside of her. She was a sensuous creature pleasing the man she loved. She wanted to please him, needed to make him burn for her the way she burned for him.

Derek gently brushed a finger across her cheek and sat down in a wing-back chair next to where she was bound. He raised his hand to a waitress who nodded and disappeared into the crowd. It didn't take long for the striking older man who'd been the first to pet her to approach Derek.

They weren't close enough for her to hear their conversation, so she focused on observing them. The stranger was tall, his dark hair brushed with silver at the temples. He was dressed elegantly in a designer suit. He shook Derek's hand and then moved to stand in front of her.

Elsie dropped her head, knowing better than to meet his gaze, and the man laughed. "Your Master told me you are a remarkable woman. I see he was correct." The waitress reappeared with a tray filled with plastic-wrapped toys. He looked over the offerings and picked up a vibrating wand with a large head. He unwrapped the new toy and laid the plastic on the tray. The woman left.

He turned the wand on, and moved it along her nipples. She whimpered at the sensation, feeling the buds draw even more painfully erect. The anonymous Dom gave a low chuckle and slanted a glance at Derek. "Your slave's nipples are so responsive," he murmured. Elise closed her eyes as the vibrations jolted through the clamps.

"They taste even better," Derek answered. Elise looked sharply at Derek, who only raised an amused eyebrow in her direction. She knew a dare when given one. She stuck her chest out and offered herself to the stranger. Derek smiled knowingly.

The Dom bent and took one nipple in his mouth, clamp and all. She cried out in pleasure as his teeth scraped the very tip and tiny electric bolts of pleasure moved up her chest.

He gentled his lips and sucked lightly, almost tenderly, until her breathing evened out a bit. Then he moved over to sample her left breast, giving it the same exotic treatment as the first. When she was twisting in her bonds, arching her back and trying to force him to take more, to suck harder, he straightened, set the vibrator at her feet and moved away. She whimpered in frustration and unfulfilled lust.

When she finally was coherent enough to pay attention again, Derek was talking to a man of Asian descent, his features striking, his bone structure perfection. He turned his attention to her, dangling a long scarlet rope in his hands.

She watched in fascination as he brought the rope around her waist to the front, wrapping it snugly under her breasts. He then criss-crossed the piece and made an equally snug band above her breasts, caging them in a red nylon harness.

"I'm using twisted rope, *koibito*," the man told her conversationally, "because it will leave beautiful marks on all this creamy white skin." With a quick twist of the ends, he began to wrap the long tails of the rope around first one, then the other full breast. The rope was tight, but not uncomfortable. The pressure caused her breasts to swell between the heavy strands which, in turn, caused the nipple clamps to pinch even tighter.

Elise moaned in sensual distress.

He wrapped until there was only a small amount of slack left, then took it and knotted it behind her neck like a halter. He worked slowly and carefully; the precision of his long, nimble fingers kept her entranced.

He stepped back and smiled, and her breath caught at the beauty of his expression. Then her breath caught again, as the slight shift in position tightened the ropes just that tiny bit more. With a brief bow, the lovely Asian man stepped off the stage.



"Close your eyes, baby," Derek commanded, and she did.

The music was low, trancelike. The air filled with the sound of flesh striking flesh, leather whispering through the air to kiss tender skin. Elise could hear her heart beating, could feel the blood coursing through her veins. The skin of her breasts swelled still more, as blood rushed in to fill the tissues, only to be trapped by the rope so intricately wrapped around her. Each breath, each heartbeat caused her breasts to become more sensitive, more aroused, until it seemed her entire consciousness was centered on the crack of nearby whips and the pulsing of her nipples in time with her heart.

She'd begun the slide into herself when a shock of something slippery pooled briefly in the dimple above her ass before sliding in a cool rush between her cheeks.

Her eyes snapped open and she turned to look at Derek. He was smiling as the unknown hand explored her rear. A single finger swirled what she knew to lube around her tight hole, teasing the sensitive skin stretched around the plug. Her lover's eyes were hooded as he watched her arch into the touch. Streaks of red slashed over his cheeks. His lips were damp and heavy, and he didn't even try to hide his incredible hard on. The front of his dress pants was tented and he gripped the base of his erection firmly through the material.

He looked more turned on than she'd ever seen him, sitting there like Eros taking pleasure in her surrender to his desires and fantasies. A Domme lounged in a chair next to Derek, and he turned his attention away from Elise. Jealously spike within her as Derek threw his head back and laughed at something the petite, flame-haired woman said.

She was jolted out of her jealousy when the invisible person who'd continued probing her rear entrance suddenly pierced her with a thick finger. The finger was quickly removed and replaced with a well-lubed probe. She cried out involuntarily at the sensation of being so deeply impaled, and Derek's eyes jerked back to her. He gave a slow smile, nodded to whoever was behind her, and then turned back to speak to the woman at his side.

At her feet sat an impressively naked man. He was young, and very attractive. His Mistress spoke softly to him. The young man turned his attention to Elise and nodded his head, then crawled over to where she stood. Without saying a word, he rose to his knees, his head parallel with Elise's pussy. He simply leaned forward and began to lick her. His tongue split her plump lips and surrounded her clit. He suckled it gently, teasing her to the brink of madness. She turned her eyes back to Derek. His pants were unbuttoned and his cockhead was peeking out.

Her entire being focused on her lover, watching, waiting for him to do something. She felt every lick and suck of the sub on his knees but it was Derek's face that held her gaze. His desire was written plainly across it, his brows were drawn and his breathing was growing harsher by the second.

But he seemed determined to torture them both.

Elise lost track of time, she wasn't sure if she'd been tied up for an hour or days. Derek allowed others to touch her, bring her to the brink of bliss only to be denied in the final moments. She was lightly flogged. The clamps were removed from her nipples, sending a flood of fiery sensation roaring through her. She was penetrated front and back with vibrating dildos. She was licked and sucked from head to toe softly, powerfully, so roughly it was almost painful... Her body was wound so tight a cool breeze across her nipples would surely send her over the edge. And through it all, Derek watched, his face

a mask of dangerous passion, eyes nearly black with lust.

As the last Dom removed his teasing fingers from her clit, tears of frustration gathered in Elise's eyes. Every neuron in her body was misfiring, she was trembling with need. A need only Derek could remedy. He finally seemed to hear her silent cry, or maybe he just couldn't restrain himself anymore, because he was suddenly there, close enough to touch; filling her vision and heart.

His eyes were glazed over with pure lust and something more. Something deeper, needier. He was as wrecked as she, and it gave Elise a thrill to know she'd made him tremble for her. But there was more to it than the arousal. Derek had offered her the kind of pleasure most women never even dreamed of, and in return she'd given him all of herself; her body, of course, but her heart, her very will. It was all in Derek's hands now.

A tear escaped her eye and fell down her cheek. Derek leaned his head against hers; his hands cupped her face. "Elise, I love you." His quiet declaration overwhelmed her as nothing else during the long night had, and she allowed the tears to fall freely. It didn't matter if the room was full of strangers, in this moment there was only her and Derek.

Elise chanced a glance around, wondering if submissives sobbing their eyes out was a normal occurrence. It had to be if they regularly felt anything close to what she was experiencing. To her surprise, the room was nearly empty. No one left was actively playing, though several Doms and the flame-haired Domme from earlier were gently tending their submissives. The music had even stopped. Elise realized she'd been so lost in feeling Derek's body next to hers that she'd never noticed the room clearing out.

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Derek carefully released Elise from her bonds, pressing each slender wrist against his mouth as he freed her from the heavy satin cord that secured her to the brace. Once he'd made sure she was steady on her feet, he began to unwind the scarlet rope that Wicked had bound her with so decadently. She gasped and clutched at his shoulders as the blood flow returned to something approaching normal. Derek gasped himself at the sight of the beautiful, twisted rope pattern the bindings had left on her ivory skin. He'd told Wicked he wanted her marked, and knew Wicked had shared Derek's vision. Even more powerful, Elise had taken it, had welcomed it.

He was humbled by her compliance with his wishes. He was *devastated* by her surrender. For the first time in his adult life Derek knew that someone held a real power over him. The power to satisfy him, the power to please him and the power to break him in two.

A surrender like hers was a gift to cherish, a gift far beyond anything he deserved, or had dared to hope for. In return, Derek knew he'd spend the rest of his life making her every dream come true.

She swayed a little in those fuck-me boots, and he scooped her into his arms with a soft smile. While it was true that the third floor had mostly cleared out, he knew that the public portion of their evening had come to an end. What was left between them for tonight was private.

He carried her easily into his private room, glancing briefly around at the furnishings he'd chosen so long ago. He'd been right in a way, he realized. When he'd met Elise, his life as Master Derek had been permanently altered. The Master Derek before Elise had never really understood the power of seeing the woman he loved glowing, incandescent from his control over her. D/s would never be a mere means to sexual release for him

again. Not now that he'd had it rock him to the foundations of his very soul.

He laid Elise gently on the bed, then unbuttoned his pants and dropped them to pool on the floor. He was crazed to have her, to feel her wrapping around him and pulling him so deep they couldn't tell where she ended and he began. He pulled his dick out of his boxers and jerked loose the cock ring with one rough motion. Derek gave a short, vicious oath at the pull, but he was glad he'd thought to use the thing. It was all that had kept him from shooting off more than once at the sight of Elise, bound and writhing in ecstasy. Finally freed, he dropped to his knees between her legs, grabbed each of her thighs to open and lift her, and thrust balls-deep in one smooth motion. Her cry filled the room and her instant orgasm tightened her around his shaft.

He waited for her to calm, then moved closer to her, allowing his hands to move from her thighs to her ass. He dug his fingers deeply into her cheeks and moved slowly inside her. Every thrust took him deeper, wrapped him in her luscious juices. Neither of them spoke. No words were necessary. Instead, their lips touched, stroked and licked each other in time with his thrusts. She gasped, and began contracting tight around him as another powerful orgasm took her. He could no longer hold back, and as she let go, he pounded into her in a furious pace, branding her body with his.

He opened her mouth even further with his tongue and she swallowed his cries as he shot deep within her. He lost track of time as he came over and over again. He'd never come so hard, or for so long. When it was finally over, he dropped bonelessly on her, too wrecked for a moment to remember that she might need to breathe. When he did remember, he raised his head and rasped her name. She blinked up at him with eyes that could barely stay open. Derek forced himself to roll to the side, then pulled her across his chest like a silky blanket. She murmured happily and cuddled in, already mostly asleep.

A deep contentment filled him. He'd thought that to have Elise, he'd have to give up a big part of who he was. He'd been so very wrong. Elise had given him back his life as a Dom, and she'd given him so much more, besides. She held the key to his happiness, and he gladly gave it over to her unconditionally.

## Chapter Six

Elise stroked her hand slowly across Derek's bare chest. Her skin glowed pale ivory in the weak sunlight filtering in through his bedroom blinds. He held her close to him in his king-sized bed, unwilling to let even an inch separate them. After the Bacchanal, he'd brought her back here, to his home. He'd stripped her and bathed her gently, with a reverence he'd never known he possessed. She'd been asleep almost before her head hit the pillow, and he'd held her for hours.

"I don't think I will be able to move for a week," her voice was soft and sleepy, and his body began to stir again.

Derek kissed her brow. "You worked hard tonight, Lise. You were so fucking beautiful."

She rolled onto his chest, straddling him. "I *felt* beautiful." A giggle escaped her mouth; as soon as it did she clamped a hand over her mouth. Derek bit back a smile. His Lise was *not* a giggler.

Derek sat up, pulling her into his chest. "Mmm, baby, do you have any idea how pleased I was watching those Dom's teasing you, tasting you? Taking you to the edge?"

She smiled, and her eyes glowed with remembered pleasure. "I know that I have never been so wet as I was watching you watching me and knowing you were pleased."

He raked his hands through her red-gold hair. Locking his fingers in the thick tresses he brought her down to meet his mouth. "That's my good girl. Your Master is more than happy with you."

Her teeth caught at her lower lip, and her lids slid partway closed. "Is there anything else I can do to please you, Master?"

Derek grinned as he wrapped his hands around her waist, lifting her off of him. "As a matter of fact, there is."

He rolled off the bed and walked to where his pants were folded neatly on a chair. He waited for the nerves, the insecurity, as he removed the small velvet box from his pocket, but they didn't come. Any doubt he'd ever had about Elise's love had been burned away in the incandescent light of her surrender. In Derek's heart, what came next was a mere formality.

He gestured for her to sit on the edge of the bed, and smiled into her questioning eyes as he dropped to one knee in front of her.

She still wore his collar, the white leather making the line of her neck look even more delicate than usual. There were faint lines criss-crossing her chest, lingering evidence of the rope binding. Her lips were red and slightly swollen, and she was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen.

He held the box out on his palm, and her eyes went wide.

"Elise." For a moment there was nothing more, just her name. Because there was nothing more in the world, just her.

"Derek?" Her voice trembled.

"Baby, a week ago I knew I loved you. I was ready to give up anything in order to be with you forever, no questions asked."

"Oh, Derek," she whispered, and he put a finger on her lips to silence her.

"A week ago I couldn't have imagined loving you any more than I already did." He smiled ruefully. "Baby, you blew that out of the water with one glimpse of you in that naughty little cupid outfit." He cupped her face in his hand, stroking the satiny skin.

"Last night you showed me that the love I thought I felt was a pale imitation of the love I'm capable of feeling. The love I feel for you."

A tear shivered on her long, sooty lashes.

"You gave me everything last night when you gave me yourself. By submitting to me, you made me your slave." He brushed away the tear with his thumb. "Your very willing slave."

Sitting back on his heels, Derek flipped open the box on his palm, revealing a cushion-cut diamond solitaire. She gasped, her hand flying up to cover her mouth.

"Elise Sanders, I love you with everything in me. You gave yourself to me, and now I want to make it legal. I want to bind you to me in every way there is. I want to belong to you, every bit as much as you belong to me." Her tears were flowing freely now.

"You've already made me the happiest man on Earth, Elise. Now, if you'll be my wife, I'll be the happiest man in the universe."

She didn't speak, just held out her trembling left hand. He slid the ring on, then pressed a fervent kiss to the silky skin below the diamond.

All at once she began to laugh, a deep joyous sound. She slid off the bed, parting her legs to straddle him where he knelt beside the bed.

"I love you so much, Derek," she said, pressing urgent little kisses over his jaw. "I can't imagine a more perfect life than being your wife," she kissed his right cheek. "Your lover," she kissed his left cheek. "Your very willing submissive and slave." She pressed her lips to his for a long, sweet kiss.

He speared his hands into her hair, holding her in place as he took control of the kiss. His cock rose as he thrust his tongue into the seductive recesses of her mouth. She lifted slightly, just enough to set the head of his dick against her hot, swollen opening, then sighed as he used his grip on her head to urge her down.

She engulfed him in flame, drowning him in her desire and his own. She pulled back, meeting his eyes with an intensity that was more intimate than anything that had passed between them, and began to contract around him.

Derek didn't move, caught in the spell she was weaving around him. All he could do was try to breathe back the pleasure that threatened to erupt at any moment. She worked him relentlessly, never moving outwardly, massaging his dick with slow, strong clenches of her pussy. Just when he was certain he couldn't stand another second of the irresistible torture, she caught her breath on a low cry and came, convulsing around him in hard, rhythmic waves.

That was all it took to send him over the edge. The orgasm was beyond strong, beyond intense, beyond anything he'd ever experienced before. It was an endless flood of fire through his veins, and endless rush of cum into her hungry body.

When it was finally over, Derek held her shaking, sweaty body against his chest. Her legs draped limply over his hips, and he felt utterly surrounded by her. And as he cuddled her closer, he knew that was where he'd always want to be; surrounded by the submissive who had enslaved her Master.

**The End**

## **About the Author:**

Violet Summers is a married mother of three beautiful children, including one set of twins, one rambunctious puppy, and one husband, except when she's a single mom of one spoiled teenaged God-child and three spoiled kitties. Both of Violet's personalities are very busy!

No, Violet has not suffered a psychotic break yet (though she may after dealing with creating web pages and MySpace accounts). Violet is actually the writing team of Sierra Summers and Violet Johnson.

Both women read voraciously, and in a multitude of genres. Sierra classifies them as "readers, as opposed to readers of romance. This means when we write, we're as concerned with the story as we are with the sex." That said, Sierra has been known to boycott books where the characters haven't "done the deed," by page 125.

Sierra and VeeJay live in Southeast Michigan, and the spice of the Metro-Detroit area often flavors their work. "Why look for a more glamorous setting," VeeJay asks, "when we've got the beautiful, re-vitalized Downtown area to draw from?"

Violet Summers writes in a variety of genres, from contemporary to paranormal; from soft BDSM to fantasy. The two things all her stories have in common is their deep emotional and their scorching erotic love scenes.

Sierra and VeeJay love to hear from their readers. You can contact them at [VioletSummers@yahoo.com](mailto:VioletSummers@yahoo.com)

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