

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

Brown Paper
Packages

CHRISTINE MCKAY

ELLORA'S CAVE
Quickies®

Brown Paper Packages

Christine McKay

My dear sex-deprived ladies, getting quality sex out of your lover (and if you're reading this, I use that term loosely) is not as impossible as catching a falling star or getting your mother-in-law to praise your domestic skills. All it requires is a little creativity, some solid and ingeniously placed eyebolts and a generous length of rope.

Mistress Paige here. I've taught thousands of women—just like my mousy neighbor Anne—how to take control of their relationships, capture their lovers' attentions and demand quality sex. The mythical pool boy gets it. As does the mistress of the overworked white collar male. Why not you too?

Note: Part of the proceeds from this book is being donated to the family of Lara Anne Punches, whose life ended tragically and too early.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Brown Paper Packages

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BROWN PAPER PACKAGES

Christine McKay

Dedication

This story is lovingly dedicated to the memory of a lovely young lady.

Lara Anne Punches

10/4/1989 to 2/12/2009

You touched the hearts of more people in your short nineteen years on Earth than
you could have ever imagined possible.

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Prologue

"Our culture has an interesting double standard: men with strong sex drives are considered virile, sexy and manly; women with strong sex drives are considered 'loose' or 'slutty'".

– Michele Weiner Davis, Author of The Sex-Starved Wife

Tending Your Garden column by Mistress Paige, *Wanton* magazine, January 2008

Why am I sitting here alone on a perfectly good Friday night, hornier than a Purity Party reject while my husband, with his now flaccid but perfectly acceptable cock, snores in the other room? In particular, why am I perched in front of the computer gobbling up yet another author's erotic words and fantasizing when I could be settled on my husband, rocking myself to bliss?

I'll share a secret with you. Come closer. A little closer. There. Whew, girl, either you or I need a breath mint.

Well, that could be one of the problems. But the fact of the matter is God, evolution or whatever higher power you believe in blessed man with a hair-trigger orgasming device and an arm long enough to trip it while woman got eight miles of detonator cord and a detonator that can only be ignited using flint and a lot of blowing to produce a spark – which then may or may not reach its destination before it burns out.

Let me put it in simpler terms.

Man is horny. Man grabs his cock, thinks of any good piece of ass he might have seen in the office/gym/store/anywhere but in his own home, strokes himself a couple times and orgasms. Man promptly falls asleep, sometimes before cleaning up after himself.

Woman is horny. Woman preps the bed then realizes the sheets don't smell as nice as she'd like. (In fact, the comforter bears an interesting stain *CSI* could probably identify with their handy fluorescent flashlight as semen.) She strips the bed, puts the dirty sheets in the wash, realizes she hasn't emptied the washer from this morning's load, empties the dryer, remakes the bed, remembers she's stolen the batteries from her vibrator to power her clock... At this point supper is either ready or needs to be cooked or the phone starts to ring.

You get the picture.

That brings me back to sitting here, freshly showered, shaved and primed for romance while Prince Charming is spooning the pillow and drooling on the mattress. Thank goodness for books and authors' creativity. Threesomes, foursomes and more. Oh my. Bring me the fan. Vampires, centaurs, shape-shifters, werewolves, demons, spurned gods and destined mates. Add your alcohol of choice, be it a bottle of wine or a healthy shot of Captain. Heroes who can't resist ripping the clothes off the heroine. Take ice cube out of alcohol and moisten affected parts. If books and authors' demented imaginations are to be believed, generally any male creature in this world—and the Otherworld—craves more sex than my aforementioned sleeping spouse.

What a shame my newfound knowledge is going to waste.

What's that? You have a spouse or significant other who's also squandering his time?

Wait. You're a lesbian and your "cock" is sitting in a drawer, constantly ready and three times the size of my man's? Oh, to be turned on by perfumed skin, soft lips and pillowy breasts...

Sorry, I digress. I am straight. I am married and according to the book I just read, if I did happen to wander to the other side and indulge in a little girl-on-girl action, I'd still be cheating on my hetero spouse.

But it's a double-headed dildo, has twelve vibrating settings and look, self-warming lube just appeared on my nightstand. Begone vile temptress.

Being an avid reader, I turned to the written word to find a solution to my lazy cock and his equally slothful snoring attachment. And uncovered Michele Weiner Davis' book *The Sex-Starved Wife*. Look out, epubliishers and erotica authors. Goodbye demons and dark-eyed knights. Ms. Davis will save me from becoming a forcibly born-again virgin.

Hmm, what does the book say? Lose weight. Be loving. Give blowjobs.

Where's the husband's responsibility in this whole fiasco?

The only use this book's going to get is acting as a paddle. Thank goodness it came in hardcover.

Chapter One

Anne loved her husband. She truly did. Even if he didn't always express it the way she desired, she knew he loved her as well.

But there were days—today for instance—when she wanted to wrap her hands around his neck and squeeze. *Stupidity, thy name be man.*

She'd snuck out of the office earlier than usual. May God spare her the office manager's wrath when Mrs. Elderidge discovered the drawn blinds, music and turned-on lights masked an empty office. Damn it, it was their wedding anniversary. She deserved a break and the illusion of a life. Three extra hours devoted to the merger wouldn't save it from its self-imposed death spiral.

A whirlwind housecleaning with pine-scented cleaner masked the dog scent and, aided by the air freshener, hopefully gave the aura of domestic bliss. The washing machine hummed and rattled, the contents of the hamper haphazardly shoved into its maw. Imp, their mischievous and blatantly possessive Jack Russell and Lab mix—yeah, try explaining that cross—was being held prisoner at the neighbors' house across the street.

Sexy lingerie. Check. Nonpoisonous food. Check. Candles. Romantic atmosphere. Check and check. All she needed was Mike. He should be home any moment. She fluffed her hair. She hated wearing it loose but Mike loved it that way. The spill of auburn curls over her shoulders, its soft springiness compliments of a very expensive product worked through the mass, mingled with the light scent of lavender. Five o'clock came and went.

No Mike.

She turned the stove burners to low and stirred the congealing mass. Should she wait? Give up and rewarm it later? She opted to open the bottle of wine and let the mess simmer. Three quarters of a bottle later she glanced at her watch. Six-thirty. Still

no Mike. She needed to pace herself. At this rate she'd be plastered before he got home, not that he'd notice.

The candles continued to spill their pumpkin-scented fragrance, their flickering light winking off gleaming glass plates, polished silverware and non-water-stained glasses. Supper burned to the nonstick pans. She turned off the heat and picked at the more edible portions with a fork. Damn, she should have put something in her stomach before she started drinking.

She buttoned up her white blouse, which had been opened to nearly her waist, revealing a lacy black push-up bra. A tear spattered the back of her hand. When had they let their work slip between them? When had money and careers become more important than sex and intimacy? He obviously didn't remember their anniversary.

She should stop with the self-pity act and just call his office. Her hand hovered over the phone. Damn it. They shared only one special day of the year. He remembered client meetings, umpteen business appointments and his dart team schedule. She was not his mother nor his secretary. He was a big boy with big boy responsibilities. Time he made her one of his priorities.

Retrieving her mail, she sorted the bills from the junk. Anger and hurt made her toss his *Playboy* magazine in the recycle pile. Sighing, she almost immediately retrieved it. They paid for it and it wasn't cheap. Trashing it wasn't the solution. Flipping open the magazine, she leafed through it. *Blonde. Brunette. Those couldn't be real. College girl.* She turned the magazine sideways and revealed the centerfold. A blonde with braids and double Ds stared back at her, finger hooked in her mouth. The other hand fisted the material of her cheerleader skirt, revealing her lack of inhibitions.

With a sigh, she pushed the magazine away. She kept up her appearance but she'd never be as svelte as a starving eighteen-year-old. Another magazine caught her eye. Covered with a brown wrapper, it was addressed to her neighbor across the street, the delightfully sensual Ms. Lyssa Page. Anne had caught Mike staring at her neighbor's ass while she tended her flowers more than once.

She held the wrapped magazine between her thumb and forefinger. She didn't recognize the return address. *E-lectrifying Industries*. Folding the paper, she glanced beneath the wrapper.

Jesus, Mary and Joseph. She exhaled slowly. Had she really seen what she thought she'd seen? Wobbling to her feet, she kicked off her heels. Seven-thirty. Why bother to keep up appearances? The meal was ruined, as was the ambiance. She pulled the fillet knife from the knife block, returned to the table and slit the labels trapping the magazine inside its camouflage.

A glossy magazine slipped out. *Wanton*. The title emblazed in red on a black background, the W shaped by two artfully arranged and corseted women on their knees, the middle crest formed by their twined arms. If she didn't know better she'd think they were lovers, what with the way they eyed one another, their matching bright red lips puckered for a kiss.

She couldn't help herself. She opened the first page. A polished aluminum cock with attached ballsac stared back at her. Bypassing her wineglass, she picked up the bottle, tipped it back and downed a long swallow. She nearly choked. Expensive wine was made to be sipped rather than downed liked a ten dollar bottle of alcohol-laced Kool-Aid.

She'd never peeked into anyone's mail before. Her fingertips rested on the page, her nails tracing the shiny silver contraption's impressive outline. It came in six, eight, ten or twelve inches in length. A dildo or a strap-on, depending if you shelled out an additional forty dollars for its leather harness.

Feeling a tingling wetness, she pressed her thighs together. She should throw the magazine away. Instead she pulled up a chair, took another swig and started flipping through the pages.

* * * * *

Across the street, Lyssa Page stepped back from her telescope. Her darkened upstairs room gave away no trace of her presence. She liked the couple across the street.

Anne's husband, Mike, though an obvious idiot to ignore something as hot as his wife, wasn't bad either. She herself preferred workmen, their roughed hands reminding her of the loofah she sometimes used to pleasure herself. Their stubby nails could still scratch and mmm, the scent of oil and sweat they couldn't wash away damn near drove her to orgasm all on her own.

Of course, she considered herself a wanton creature, though she'd not always had this breadth of experience to fall back on. Poor Anne had no idea what adventure she was about to undertake. Lyssa smiled at her stroke of genius. Sticking that magazine into Anne's mail had been about as passive an undertaking as she could get. She liked women to find their own way to happiness. And it was obvious even to a casual observer like Lyssa—hey, there were other people on her street she watched, those who didn't insist on drawing their blinds the moment they engaged in anything exciting—that Anne Cameron was unhappy.

* * * * *

Tending Your Garden column by Mistress Paige, *Wanton* magazine, February 2008

When I married, I took implied vows to be exclusive to my mate. At the time that didn't sound so difficult. Safe, clean, consensual sex was only a handsbreadth away. Look how sexy he looked in his tuxedo. On our wedding day he rivaled any character ripped from the pages of a Christine Feehan novel. My dark hero. My lover. Why would I be tempted to stray?

But as any shape-shifter-loving reader knows, there is a dark side one must always battle against. My husband's dark side? The sweet siren call of fresh sheets and a darkened room. The quiet masking whir of the ceiling fan. The gentle embrace of the mattress. The easily accessible Playboy Channel with its airbrushed and enhanced, deep-throating, semen-swallowing blondes.

As Dylan Thomas once wrote, “Do not go gentle into that good night. Rage, rage, against the dying of the light.”

And so I rage and fume, cursing the loss of my husband’s libido and his slow spiral into spousal neglect.

According to Ms. Davis, I am not alone. Millions of women crave more affection, attention and love from their spouse. While trudging through the desert of neglect though, I’m told I should remain a sweet, loving wife. Of course, it would have helped to have started out as one. Be loving? Does that mean even though you’re tempted to replace all your husband’s underwear with identical pairs two sizes smaller you shouldn’t? That I shouldn’t swap all the CDs in their cases, leaving them (outwardly) in perfect order but in reality in complete disarray? Good luck finding AC/DC’s *Back in Black*. Check my Enya case, the one that used to actually house Enya. Since the CD had to be tossed when it was mysteriously uncovered—horribly scratched—in the dog’s crate, I might as well put the case to use. My bad.

I haven’t actually seen the word “revenge” written in my soon-to-be paddle but I have run across the words “compassion” and “caring”. That’s why I ordered an extra large bottle of warming lube and an eight inch dildo instead of a twelve. His virgin asshole will thank me later.

What’s a married woman to do when she no longer attracts her husband’s attention? Why, think outside of the box. Yes, the pun is intended.

Every woman, no matter what size, looks sexy in a corset. Go out and buy one. Better yet, buy several. Deliberately use your husband’s credit card, particularly if he pays the bills.

One corset must be leather. Ah, the smell of freshly conditioned leather mingled with the musky odor of sexual fluids. Yes, it is simply a must. The second should be more feminine. Satin and lace. Don’t feel comfortable dressing like a whore?

You’re not dressing for him. You’re dressing for you. And dearest, your breasts look exquisite trussed up in a corset. Narrow and A-cupped? See how a tightly bound

corset gives you Victorian curves? Big-busted? Look how your breasts spill out of the top, like snow-capped peaks, the gorge between them beckoning like a dark dizzying descent into carnal pleasure. Give your nipples a tweak. Feel them pucker and scrape across the leather or lace.

Loving your man starts with loving yourself. Didn't he swear to love, honor and cherish you? You're simply picking up where he left off or assuming duties he neglected to do in the first place.

* * * * *

Dildos, glittering, luminous, glass, metal, fake flesh. Double-headed and vibrating. Gag balls and bits. Corsets. Nipple clamps. Saddles, full riding outfits, butt plugs with horsetails attached. St. Anthony's crosses. Swing sets. Suspension gear. Branding equipment. Paddles, whips and handcuffs. Chastity devices.

Each page was more fascinating than the last. Anne couldn't look away. She'd never seen the likes of these between *Playboy's* pages. Looking at a shiny glass dildo with embedded sparkles, she touched herself, surprised to find her panties wet. What would the bubble-headed magazine cheerleader do if something like that was rammed up her ass? Anne squirmed.

Probably soil her skirt, that's what.

Speaking of which... Anne leaned forward, working her pencil skirt up her thighs. When it was bunched at her hips she slipped two fingers beneath her panties' slick fabric. *Wet*. She rubbed her fingers between her labia, enjoying the tickle of her pubic hairs against her fingertips.

She should go pick up the dog. She should call Mike and make sure he was okay. She should quit with the wine instead of contemplating opening another bottle.

Instead she grabbed a pen and started circling what looked interesting in the catalog. Before she could lose her nerve, she filled out the order form, sealed the

envelope and tucked it in her purse. Rising, she headed for the paper shredder, getting rid of all evidence.

She didn't own a dildo. Silly her. She always thought she'd be one of the lucky ones who wouldn't need one. Now she wished she had a toy box full of treasures. She bet Ms. Page did. *Enough*. What Ms. Page did in the privacy of her own home was none of Anne's business.

She blamed the alcohol for the blush to her cheeks and the path of her thoughts. Shedding her clothes, she stepped into shower. She didn't need Mike. Adjusting the handheld sprayer, she pressed it between her trembling thighs.

Warmth spread from her core, as languid as chocolate oozing from a fresh baked cookie. The sprayer switched to a slow pulsing motion. Her toes curled. Desperately wishing for one of those fancy massage showers with the multiple and conveniently placed jets, she splashed the water across her belly and aimed for her breasts. Despite the water's heat, her nipples tightened. Water beaded off the sensitive flesh, tracking down her skin, teasing her strung-out nerves. She couldn't stand it any longer. Pressing the nozzle between her thighs once again, she let the pulsating water do its job.

And a fine job it did.

Her whole body convulsed, a quick pleasurable stab to the senses that made her gasp. Grabbing the shower bar with one hand, she tipped the sprayer. God, she ached. No matter how prettily or crudely crafted, a dildo would never satisfactorily stand in for lips, teeth, tongue and hands.

Damn, she wanted Mike.

After her shower, Anne cleared away all signs of the ruined supper. The candles, snuffed out, went back into the cabinet. The neighbor boy dropped off Imp. Mike must have called while she was in the shower. The blinking message on her answering machine revealed that he'd be working late. A client's plans had changed and that

meant returning what items he'd already acquired and placing an order to fulfill their new wishes.

She crammed her bra and panties into her nightstand. Lord knew he never looked beyond his nose. There were cabinets and dresser drawers he'd not touched since they were married. She, on the other hand, was responsible for inventorying every piece of minutia they owned, from the awful "heirloom" ornaments he'd inherited from his grandmother to the file drawer containing the receipts of everything they'd ever purchased as a couple. And she was expected to pull any requested item out of her ass like a frickin' magician the moment he inquired about it.

When had love turned to duty? She wanted the breathless passion they'd shared. With a ferocity that startled her, she knew she just wanted to be loved again. Treasured. Desired. Wanted.

She glanced at her purse, remembering its contents. She'd fight for her marriage, even if it meant dabbling outside her self-imposed boundaries.

Just like a martini, life was better shaken than stirred.

Mike didn't stand a chance.

By the time Mike snuck into the house, Anne had already downloaded several risqué e-books. An ad in Lyssa Page's fetish catalog had prompted the inquiry. The breadth of what was available on the Internet both startled and intrigued her. Fortunately, taking her laptop to bed was commonplace. She finished up her paragraph, bookmarked her page and set the computer aside.

She'd leave him be tonight. He'd need his rest for what she had planned. And she needed to gather some supplies.

A short time later he crept into bed, wet from the shower. Leaning over her shoulder, he kissed her chastely on the cheek. "Sorry I was late. Did you have a good day?"

She shrugged. "An average ending to an average day."

He ruffled her hair. "Stayed late again," he said sympathetically. "You shouldn't let them treat you that way."

She wanted to roll over and smother him with her pillow. Yes, she *enjoyed* bowing down to her manager, taking the implied insults in stride and working extra hours to make up for those with families who couldn't be asked to give up some family time and contribute to the merger. She *loved* being thought of as substandard just because she couldn't pop a kid out like a dozen other women she shared the office with. Anne could work first *and* second shift because she didn't have soccer practice or a ballet recital to attend. But she did have a marriage and a sex life to salvage. And she was done letting herself feel guilty and resentful because one of the working moms couldn't attend a child's function.

"Don't want the retirement fund to starve," she murmured. Mike had no IRA. It was just another thing he relied on her for.

"Such a trooper." His arm wrapped around her and tenderly squeezed her breast through her tank top.

"How about some slow side sex?" He nibbled on her earlobe.

"How 'bout me tying you down and you licking me 'til I come?" she muttered. The characters in the erotic novel she was reading made it sound pretty good.

He stiffened. "What?"

"Nothing." She gave him the cold shoulder.

His hand slid down her hip. For a moment she thought he might find her trembling clit and touch her. Instead his arm went slack.

Beside her, Mike began to gently snore. With a mischievous grin, she yanked open her nightstand and plucked her panties from the drawer. Rolling over, she jammed the panties in his mouth.

He woke up with a snort and muffled cough. Extracting the panties, he whispered, “Annie?” The mix of surprise, shock, and confusion in that one word forced her to bury her face in the pillow to keep from laughing.

She kept her her back turned to him and feigned sleep.

Chapter Two

Tending Your Garden column by Mistress Paige, *Wanton* magazine, March 2008

Many well-meaning but oblivious and obviously happily married or single folks suggest marriage therapy. Have you ever tried discussing anything other than sports, the current economy or the size of the centerfold's breasts with your spouse? They get that glazed look in their eye, the one that instantly transports them to Never Never Land, where wives and responsibilities fail to exist.

Can you imagine sitting in an office discussing the intimate failing of your marriage with—eek, perish the thought—another man? How about another woman? This time with your man at your side, discussing premature ejaculation or worse, the ability to, cough, rise to the occasion.

And let's say, for sake of argument, you do wrangle an agreement from him to attend. Do you want to share your sullen thirty-year-old boy with another person at that moment? Take a look at him. Arms folded across his chest, slouched in his chair, maybe even his feet crossed as well. Once luscious mouth pressed into a flat line, eyes as hard as the ill-suited sofa sleeper mattress you've slept on a time or two as you tried to teach him a "lesson".

No, ladies. This is not a subject to be dissected by the faint of heart. And lessons are best addressed with a submissive, or at least attentive, your instructions imprinted with the lash of a whip.

I guarantee if you have him handcuffed to the bed, you'll have his complete attention.

Handcuffs?

Caught your attention, didn't I?

And I don't mean the fuzzy, pink gag handcuffs with the links held together with twist-ties and glue. If you wouldn't trust the set to hold a rapist chained to the water pipes while you sodomize him and think about calling the cops, don't bother purchasing them. Think of real handcuffs as an investment. Get a discount. Buy in bulk.

Even in this day and age, women are taught to defer to their spouse. Think I'm being too harsh? Pull out paper and a pen. Draw a vertical line down the center of the sheet. Label one side *His*. Label the other side *Hers*. Now make a list of all the household chores you do. Switch to his side. I see a lot of white space on that side of the page. Stop doodling.

Go a step further. List all the times your significant other has voluntarily spread your luscious thighs and commenced, with gusto, licking and sucking your clit. Cross out the special days: birthdays, holidays, anniversaries. On the *His* side, jot down all the times you've popped him into your mouth and given him, if not an award-winning at least a conscientious, blowjob.

Need I say more?

Handcuffs, ladies. Buy them and I'll teach you a new meaning for the phrase "women's liberation".

* * * * *

Mike arrived with flowers one day too late. And judging by the drooping though brightly colored bouquet, he'd picked them up at either the mini-mart or the neighborhood grocery store. If she'd wanted flowers on September ninth, Anne would have been married on that date, not the eighth. Gritting her teeth, she accepted the flowers, ignored the package's directions and dumped them into a vase.

He kissed her on the cheek. "Bet you thought I forgot. I know they're late but I'll make it up to you. I promise."

Oh, he would. He just didn't know how yet. "You did forget," she pointed out. She sounded bitchy and she knew it. That only made it worse.

As usual, he either didn't sense her mood or didn't care. His arms circled her waist. He nuzzled her neck. "What can I do to atone for it?"

She wished to god her package had already arrived but she'd been too chickenshit to call and order the products with her credit card. She wasn't certain she could read off the names of some of the items without having a major panic attack. This from a woman who'd been married for twelve years? Instead she'd snail mailed the order and now it would take two to twenty days depending on the mailman's temperament.

God, if she was too worried about talking to a complete stranger about an order, how was she going to explain the strap-on to her husband? And worse yet, what she wanted to do to him with it.

She turned in the circle of his arms. Kissing him back, she gave him a body-shoving, breast-squishing open-mouthed demand. Screw the polite welcome-home kiss they'd added into their routines and blindly followed, as integral to their moods as was removing one's coat and shoes. *That* kiss got her a pat on the head and about as much attention as the pile of mail on the counter. *This* kiss made his cock surge against her leg.

He pulled back first and wiggled his eyebrows. "Why, Mrs. Cameron, if I didn't know better I'd say you were looking for something other than a welcome home."

"You wish." She shoved at his chest but he caught her wrists. Bringing her hands to his lips, he kissed each of them.

"Bedroom?"

It was now or never. "Kitchen table?"

She thought he might pass out. The color bled from his cheeks, perhaps pooling in his groin. He gripped her hands tighter. She tugged him in a gentle half circle and perched on the edge of the table.

He stared at her in mute shock. "Now? Really?" He glanced at the clock.

She knew what time it was. His favorite sitcom came on in less than ten minutes. She suspected it was the one reason he managed to get home early on Thursday nights. She ignored his look. Already her nipples were pressed against their silk prisons like children slathering over Christmas window displays. Wiggling free of his bruising grip, she started to undo the buttons on her shirt. Two slipped out before he caught her hands again.

“Annie.”

“Michael,” she mimicked him. Twisting her wrists, she mutely asked for freedom. The fool actually gave it to her. Reaching for his pants, she undid his belt and button and started in on his zipper.

“What are you doing?” he asked, voice choked.

“Isn’t it obvious?”

“But-but the lights are on. At least let me draw the blinds.”

She shrugged and relented. He looked cute half stalking, half baby stepping to the window. In the meantime, she wasted no time unbuttoning her shirt and hiking up her skirt. She even had a start on her nylons by the time he returned.

Emotion warred in his eyes. Desire? Shock? Amusement? She lowered her gaze. She didn’t want to read any more. He’d started it and be damned if she would let him tease her and move on. She wasn’t the dog, to be pet and coddled then tossed aside when something more interesting attracted his attention.

He traced the edges of her bra cups with a fingertip. The soft sensation made her raise her hips and sigh. One of his big hands slipped between her legs, cupping her mound. She knew she’d soaked her panties. She wondered if he felt her wetness. His blue eyes deepened. She was always such a sucker for them. Craving their attention. Needing it.

“You’re wet.” His hoarse tone reminded her of their dating years, frantic coupling in shared spaces and cramped nooks, all places her then-teenaged – and flexible – body accommodated without complaint.

She closed her hands around the bulge in his briefs. "You're hard."

His lips quirked. "Touché."

Sliding a finger beneath his briefs' waistband, she circled his trunk as far as she could reach.

Still in disbelief, Mike sucked in a breath. "Really? Here? Now?"

In answer, she tugged his pants down his hips and started on his briefs. He stepped back and out of his pants and then it was as if an invisible barrier broke. He pounced on her. The quickness of his invasion left her gasping. His cock bumped her cotton-imprisoned entrance, tangling in the crotch of her nylons. His mouth descended on her breasts. Gasping, she arched her back. His hands caught her hips as he ground himself against her. Clever fingers found her bra's clasps and then her aching breasts were free. Dark pink, her nipples jutted like furled rose petals. A brush of his thumbs across them made her areoles darken and tighten, begging to be sucked. He lowered his head to suckle, hair brushing her chest and sending a thrill to her core. Her hands slid beneath his shirt. How she ached to see him saunter around the house shirtless and in jeans. And yet he resisted the suggestion every time she voiced it.

Even now he remained more dressed than she. She wished for superhuman strength. Instead she was left with tugging on his briefs until he obeyed her and eased them down his hips. His cock sprang free, cradled in a nest of dark curls. Her lips curved. Those would go. Soon. She wondered what lay beneath the thatch. If he was good boy and she didn't lose her nerve, he'd find out what lay beneath hers.

She touched her finger to his shaft's tip and came away with pre-come. His eyes glazed as she brought the drop to her lips. She thought he couldn't get any harder. She was wrong. The ends of his shirt brushed his hair-dusted thighs. What would he look like with his ass turned toward her, a strap-on buried into his tightly puckered hole?

She pushed the thought away. Not now. Not the time. But soon.

He ripped her nylons. She didn't care. Her panties came next, comfortable and serviceable cotton but tough. Those had to be eased down her hips. They caught below

her knees. Of course, Mike ignored her entrapment. Grabbing her hips, he groaned as he buried his shaft in her.

She was definitely wet but it could have been so much more. She *wanted* so much more. Her breasts ached to be sucked. Didn't he see how glorious they were, gentle white mounds adorned with pink-hued tips? Her hands crept to her breasts, twirling her nipples between her thumbs and fingers. Reason bled into his gaze. His furious pumping slowed. Her hands grazed her sides so slowly she was tickling herself then she twined her fingers with his, forcing his grip off her hips. She brought their joined hands up, skimming her sides again, to cup her breasts. His skin burned hers.

His hands took over the rubbing and kneading of her breasts. See? He could be trained. His cock slid slowly out of her, teasing her vulva. When she arched her hips he jammed himself into her, drawing a groan from him and tears from her. Not painful tears. Surprised, pleasurable, touching tears. A jumble of emotions flicked through her as quickly as a man channel-surfing on Friday night.

She touched herself, rubbing her throbbing little nub frantically. When she was alone and pleasuring herself she could come in under five minutes. But then, she controlled everything: the pace, the friction, the level of wetness, the fullness. Here she had very little control.

His eyes rolled white. Lips slivered. Brows furrowed.

"Don't you dare," she whispered.

His jaw worked back and forth. He paused, as still as a Roman-Greco statue. Every muscle in his body went rigid. His nails dug into her breasts.

No. No. No! She worked at her release, pulled every fantasy she could think of out of her magic hat. To no avail. He came regardless, his hot seed spurting inside her.

She tried to muffle her retort. She really did. "Motherfucker." She clapped a wet hand over her mouth and closed her eyes.

He gave a few more halfhearted thrusts but he was already softening. She wished he'd substitute his fingers, his empty beer bottle or even the candlesticks. To no avail. He brushed his lips across her sweaty forehead. She wanted to break his fingers.

"Sorry, honey. Too much stimulation all at once. It's just that it's been so long... I'll do better next time."

He always said that. And he was never any better, any longer or any more arousing. She blinked away tears. He'd even managed not to miss more than the first few minutes of his TV show.

He stroked her cheek. She kissed his palm.

"It's okay." She made herself sound cool, detached. Inside she seethed...and plotted.

* * * * *

Tending Your Garden column by Mistress Paige, *Wanton* magazine, April 2008

Timing, as Ms. Davis, author of my new impromptu paddle, states, is everything. If your husband is a sound sleeper, wait until he's nestled into his REM sleep. Time to pull out the restraints. Handcuffs make a pretty clear (and solid) point. Silk stockings, scarves or belts might confuse him. Cotton rope is also quite functional, but buy your own. Using the neighbor's clothesline, while kinky, is not good for neighborly relations. And if you plan on making your husband scream, you'll need those good neighborly connections to explain away the odd noises.

Start with the hands. You can always wrestle down his legs but once his hands are free you're screwed (or most likely, *not* screwed). A sturdy headboard or previously wall-mounted or bed frame-mounted restraints are necessary. The men at the local hardware store can be particularly helpful in this endeavor, especially if you wear your new corset beneath your clothes.

He may wake before you secure his second hand. Do not panic. Repeat after me, "I will not panic." Obviously securing him face up is to your advantage but don't overlook

the pleasure of a double-headed dildo and penetration of (or threat of penetration of) his ass.

Reply to his pointed questions with vague answers. Assure him you don't intend to kill him but make sure the telephone or cell phone is out of reach just in case you can't get that idea out of his head. Though I've yet to find the statistics on how many wives kill their spouses dressed in nothing more than a corset and heels, I suppose there's a small minority out there who has done so. I'd hazard a guess that it's more likely the male dressed in the corset and heels that is doing the killing than the woman similarly attired. What woman would risk getting blood on her new clothes?

Don't have a sound sleeper? Pity. Try alcohol. No, not the kind you pour on a rag and smother him with. Plain ol' fermented grain or grapes. Get him tipsy, not puking drunk. Lure him into the bedroom or, if you cannot, close to any major appliance or piece of furniture that will not budge.

Be prepared for this situation. Seduction beside a strategically placed and previously enhanced coffee table works well. Screw eyes and marine cleats can be hidden beneath the lip of heavy coffee (or kitchen) table and provide suitable anchorage.

Encountering resistance while tying him up?

Biters, like bad dogs, get spanked. The first time he gets warned. The second time, let him have it. A hairbrush, poorly written hardcover book you paid too much for, wooden cheeseboard or ping pong paddle will work quite nicely. No matter how tempted you are to smack him across the face, aim for well-padded flesh that won't bruise or, if it does bruise, can be inconspicuously covered with clothing. After all, you will have to release him sometime.

If he yelps and you're worried about him waking the neighbors, the kids, your live-in mother-in-law, etc., threaten to gag him, preferably with panties warm off your body.

Hopefully at this point your spouse or significant other should be focused on you, particularly if he's been secured face up. Though it's nice to actually have eye contact,

now is not the time to discuss finances or other mundane matters. You've gone through all this work to get laid. Make sure he understands that.

He's been a bad boy and you intend to right matters.

Do you see his cock? Is it hard?

No?

Straddle your lover's body and lean into his face, giving him a good glimpse down the corset. Rub yourself across his chest. Is he wearing pajamas? Cut them off with a pair of surgical scissors. Feeling naughty? Instead cut the buttons off one at a time, thereby baring his chest bit by bit. Run your hands over his chest. Like the feel of his coarse hairs whispering across your palms? Close your lips around his nipple, gently taking the bud between your teeth. Nip or suckle. As always, it's your call, but I recommend nipping. Pain will sharpen his senses and ensure his focus is all on you. Prefer a bare chest? Today's your lucky day. Crack out the shaving cream and a sharp razor and cleanse your palate. Ooh, I do love a naked chest, so baby smooth, so deliciously touchable. Rub your cheek across those newly exposed abs and glory in your power. Because, darling, while it may only be for an hour or two or three—you shameless creature, how delightful—you are in charge until you unlock his cuffs.

I recommend dangling the key between your exposed breasts.

* * * * *

Anne found a note taped to her door, indicating that Lyssa Page had noticed a delivery truck that morning and had signed for Anne's package. How considerate, she thought, until she realized what it probably contained. Her cheeks flushed and she wondered if the sex toys company had really discreetly packaged her purchases as promised. It was one thing to anonymously surf the 'net, checking out one bizarre site after another, another entirely to actually come face-to-face with the objects of her attention.

Stuffing today's purchases under the sink where the cleaning supplies were held—Mike never ventured there without prompting—she mustered her courage and headed across the street.

She'd barely raised a hand to the door when it was opened. Lyssa Page wore a shimmering silver tee shirt that clung to her curvy body, accenting her small high breasts, narrow waist and generous hips. A gray knee-length cardigan was thrown loosely over the top, sheltering her from the brisk weather. It did nothing to protect her breasts, Anne noted. Either that or Lyssa wasn't wearing a bra. Her nipples puckered the fabric.

"I saw your car pull in." Her dark hair gleamed like she'd recently swam, sleek against her skull. Even in the shelter of her home she wore makeup, emphasizing her dark eyes and moist lips. "Come in while I fetch it. I hope you didn't mind I signed for it."

"No, not at all. Thank you. I hadn't thought it'd need a signature."

Returning with the package, Lyssa shrugged. "Usually goes by dollar value. Ordering jewelry from the Home Shopping Network?"

It took her a moment to realize Lyssa was teasing. Realizing she was trapped and that the woman might have a pretty good idea what lay in the box, she colored. "Umm, no."

Lyssa raised an elegant dark eyebrow. "My, my."

Her color deepened.

She set the package on the entryway table. "Care to share?"

Anne didn't know Lyssa beyond the holiday and neighborhood gatherings. No idea what the woman did for a living, though she worked at home. Her home was too elegant to possess children or pets. Just as she thought that, a fluffy white cat wandered through the living room, jumped on the back of a brocade sofa and studied Anne. Satisfied or disappointed, she didn't know, it jumped down and wandered away, tail arched high over its back, floating like a feather held before a fan.

Lyssa glanced in his direction, her expression softening. "That's Squire."

"You live here alone then?"

She waved her hand, the silver bangles on her wrist jangling like choir bells. "Mostly."

Anne's gaze settled on a portrait of Lyssa over the mantle. Dressed in a corseted traveling gown complete with feathered hat, she looked like she'd stepped out of another era. "That's amazing."

"Thank you. My husband was a painter. Artists, so inspired in some areas. Completely unimaginative in others."

Anne was afraid they were treading awkward ground but Lyssa didn't appear upset. In fact, she seemed more amused than anything.

"Umm, thank you for picking up my package. I'll let you get back to work."

Lyssa's eyes gleamed. "Do you need anything else? Cup of sugar? Chicken broth? Toolkit?"

Anne couldn't imagine ever even thinking of borrowing anything from this woman, let alone baking ingredients. She froze and nearly slapped herself on the forehead. How did she think she was going to get those eyebolts into her bedframe? Was the woman psychic? Duh. The return address was on the package and the catalog came from Lyssa's mail. The woman might not know exactly what was in the box but she probably had a pretty good idea.

Anne colored yet again.

"Toolkit then," Lyssa said briskly. "Wait one moment." She spun and walked into another part of the house. Anne heard her heels clicking lightly on the floor, muffled when the woman must have stepped on carpet.

She returned with a black case the size of a briefcase, the contrast between its utilitarianess and Lyssa's manicured nails startling. This woman would be more comfortable carrying a designer laptop bag or a leather briefcase.

She set it atop Anne's package, picked up both and handed them to her. "Pre-drill your holes. It'll save you scuffing good furniture."

"I-I... It's not —"

"Nonsense." Lyssa waved a pretty hand in front of her. A whisper of exotic perfume drifted past Anne's nose. Lyssa opened the door. "If you have any questions...regarding the toolkit, give a call."

She'd let the words linger long enough to make Anne blush even deeper.

"Everyone has to start somewhere, darling. No need to get your thong in a snarl over it."

Anne found herself on the porch. "Thank you. For both. For the offer."

Lyssa nodded. The sunlight glinted off her bangles and the discreet row of silver studs following the curves of her ear. Anne had never even been bold enough to double-pierce her ears. Where did she think she could summon the courage from to sport a corset and carry a riding crop?

She and her friends seemed dowdy in comparison. Sighing, she headed back home. One way or another, she'd see her plan to its end.

Chapter Three

Liquid courage, that was what alcohol was. Anne took only a sip from the glass, just enough to mark the rim with her lipstick and quell her nerves. It didn't do much to silence the running commentary in her head, the one that had convinced her she would fail, Mike would think her a pervert and she'd end up banned from church.

On this, of all inconsequential and unimportant nights of the year, Mike arrived home on time. Anne unconsciously ran her hand down her outfit. Did her breasts look too big? Too plump? Could he tell she'd swapped her bra for silk laces and boning? With each breath she took she could tell. *Inhale*. The corset's somewhat elastic material sucked in with her, holding her tight, an intimate embrace that cradled her from breast to hipbone. *Exhale*. Boning shifted. Laces held her to the tight hourglass shape she'd created when she'd laced herself in the first place.

She'd opted for a slim charcoal skirt and simple white blouse, nothing that would raise any red flags.

Mike spared her no more a glance than any other night, planting a quick kiss on her cheek before he plopped on the couch to shuck his shoes. She plied him with his favorite foods, whisked the meal off the table and the dishes to the sink then shooed him to the shower under the pretense they were up late the evening before.

Actually, they had been. But while Mike had lapsed into snoring bliss as soon as his head hit the pillow, she'd lain awake, staring at his sleeping profile, shadows layered upon shadows.

Freshly showered, he headed to the bedroom to catch the news before drifting off. She followed.

He glanced at her face, gaze sliding to take in her prim white blouse and skirt. "Not going to shower tonight?"

"Maybe later." She climbed onto the bed. Her skirt hiked up her hips and revealed the corset's straps holding her thigh-highs in place. Little white bows adorned each clip. She'd thought about cutting them off then changed her mind. They presented a nice contrast, innocence mixed with wickedness, even if she did feel a bit silly wearing them.

One finger slipped between the silk strap and her skin. His thumb stroked the bow then his finger slid up her flesh and stopped at her waist. Lips pursed. Brows furrowed. "What's this?" Puzzlement laced with curiosity.

She met his inquisitive gaze with an even one of her own and didn't answer.

His hand roamed higher, scooting beneath her skirt's waistband and finding the corset's edge. His voice hitched. "What are you wearing?"

Was he excited? Appalled? Shocked?

A twitch of the sheets at groin level answered that question.

"If you want to find out, you'll have to do something for me."

Lips twitched. "Okay," he drawled.

The dice were tossed. She could only read the die and continue. "Hands on the headboard," she said in her best no-nonsense voice.

He gave her thigh a squeeze. "Are you certain?"

She pulled back. His fingers trailed down her thigh, over the silken bows and her nylon-clad knee. "Perhaps I should shower. I am more tired than I thought."

Immediately he snuggled beneath the sheets and spread his arms, hands gripping the headboard. She pounced before her conscience could rear its ugly, stifled head and ruin it all. *Click* went the first handcuff. Before he had the word "Hey" out of his mouth she'd secured the second hand.

Her eyes widened. That hadn't been so difficult. She'd pictured struggling and angry words spoken. Mike simply stared, mouth gaping like that of a beached fish. Of course, that might have more to do with her straddling him, breasts mashed into his face, than finding his hands were bound.

"Annie?" He experimentally tugged. The restraints held. After they died antique dealers would study the odd pattern of holes and wonder what prompted someone to drill into the backside of a perfectly serviceable Craftsman-era four-poster bed. In the meantime, she marveled at the simplicity of her solution. All attention was on her.

Sitting back, she snagged the television remote from the nightstand and flicked the annoying set off. *Just in case.*

Mike's Adam's apple bobbed as he turned his head to study the sheepskin-lined cuffs. The sheepskin had been her addition. She didn't want to hurt him, not really.

Ignoring him, she began to unbutton her blouse.

"Jesus, woman." He blew out a breath. "What are you wearing?"

She paused and looked down at herself. Her breasts swelled above the cups. For once, she actually had two perfect globes. Nipples poked through the lace inserts. She grinned, pleased. "They're quite nice, aren't they?"

"Why don't you unlock my hands and I'll show you how nice I think they are? And by the way, where in God's name did you get handcuffs?"

"I have more," she murmured, continuing to undo the blouse's buttons.

"More handcuffs?"

The blouse slid down her shoulders. Sparing him a quick glance, she slipped from the bed to shimmy out of her skirt. She thought his eyes might fall out of his head. *So far so good.*

"Annie, what's going on?"

"I'm making sure I get my needs met too."

"Needs?"

Was he that daft? Or had all the blood in his body pooled in his groin, leaving his brain oxygen-deprived? She strolled to the end of the bed, wishing for heels rather than bare feet but...oh well. In her fantasy there'd been heels and candles and flowers but

she'd been fucking a young Harrison Ford, not her husband. Substitutions had to be made and dealt with. She nearly laughed at that thought.

Crawling onto the bed, she straddled him as she moved up his body. Her nipples scraped across the sheets, pointed reminders of what lay beneath the satin and lace, of what he'd given only halfhearted attention to. His gaze riveted on the cleft between her breasts. She was breathing a little heavier by the time she reached his face.

She lowered for a kiss. He eagerly strained to meet her halfway. She kissed him innocently, a brush of skin to skin. His hips bucked and a soft moan escaped. "Annie, my Annie."

She swept aside his hair and kissed his forehead, giving him an eyeful of her imprisoned breasts. His tongue flicked out, trying to capture more than a taste. Easing back, she studied him. So eager to please now. Where had he hidden that enthusiasm before?

"I'm going to shave you."

Her words fell in a pool of confused silence.

His hips sank into the mattress though his shaft still tented the sheets. Impulsively, she wrapped her hand around his sheet-clad cock and stroked him. When he began to moan and wriggle she left him to gather her supplies.

Scissors. *Check*. Razor. *Check*. Warm water, antiseptic wipes. *Check and check*. Libido rejuvenated. Dear god, she swore she dripped moisture. It took all her willpower to force herself to walk normally instead of clenching her thighs together in an effort to relieve the dull ache between her legs.

She returned to the bedroom, refusing to meet his gaze while she arranged her things on the nightstand. Still keeping her gaze averted, she peeled back the sheets and placed the warm, wet washcloth over his groin. His shaft bobbed once. He twisted his hips in an attempt to dislodge the cloth.

"I do have more handcuffs. If you insist on wriggling I'll secure your legs as well."

He blew a breath out. "Shit," he muttered. "Oh shit. Anne, what is this? What have I done?"

She realized he only used the mature version of her name when he was angry with her. *Nice*. And she was the person with issues? Her hand trembled a little when she picked up the scissors. "This is me being assertive." She kept the quaver from her voice. Would Lyssa Page balk at cleaning her partner up?

"Men don't shave their pubic hair. A lot of women do though," he offered in his Mr. Helpful voice.

He'd see that she'd picked up on the trend soon enough...or if he kept talking, maybe not. Setting the towel aside, she ran her fingers through his dark curls. She made her first snip with a wobbly hand. Picking up the clump of curls, she held it above his chest and let the individual hairs drift down.

Mike seemed unable to find his words. Swearing, he thrust his hips up. Anne quickly closed the scissors. Without thinking, she smacked his half-erect shaft with the cool stainless steel. He immediately stilled.

She resumed trimming while he pleaded his case, everything from the guys at the gym would laugh at him to how emasculating it was. When she finished with the safety razor she used the hand towel to wipe away all evidence. Bereft of hair, his shaft looked extra large.

Mike had lapsed into a sullen silence. *Pity*. Had he been more accommodating she might have told him how sizeable his cheerful friend appeared now that she could see all of it.

The need to soothe his injured male pride had long since fled. He had had the opportunity to be creative and he'd failed. Oh, she knew she should shoulder some of the blame. She'd continued the charade of enjoying vanilla sex far too long. Sexual hang-ups be damned. She refused to turn thirty without experiencing the Rabbit. *Look out, vagina. You're about to get the workout of your life.*

She could still fix matters, she hoped, and if not— Well, better to not dwell on failure.

She stepped out of her panties then scooted her butt onto the bed just enough to prop herself up while she slowly unrolled each stocking. The position intentionally bared her ass to him in all its curvaceous glory. He sucked in a breath then let out a low, appreciative whistle.

Pausing, she glanced at him over her shoulder. “So which will it be, Mr. Cameron? Righteous indignation or admiration of my innovativeness?”

He tugged on the handcuffs then licked his lips. “How long did these cuffs dangle behind the headboard?”

Not a question she expected. “At least one night.”

He groaned.

She set her rolled-up stockings on the pillow beside his head. Buoyed by his response, her confidence returned in piecemeal. “You’re not very observant,” she pointed out. “I could have erected a full swing set in the dining room and you wouldn’t have noticed.”

His eyes narrowed. “Did you? What else have you tucked around the house?”

She spread two fingers, pointed to her eyes then pointed at him. “Focus.”

“Is that what this is all about? Believe me, you’ve got my attention.”

Climbing onto the bed again, she straddled him on all fours, giving him an excellent view of her breasts. “Really? If I had your complete attention you wouldn’t be nattering on about irrelevant things. You’d be thinking of a way to get this,” she grabbed his cock, “into this.” She rubbed his shaft’s head against her damp panties.

He pressed his lips into a thin line then blew out a breath. “Good point. I—”

She put a finger over his lips. “Too much talking.”

With a wink, he kissed her fingertip. Her heart flip-flopped. The man she’d married stared back at her.

Leaning across Mike, she snagged the scissors from the nightstand. Mike placed another wet kiss on her breasts. Sitting back, she carefully slid the scissors between her panties' fabric and her thigh. She snipped through the first leg hole and moved to the second. Grabbing the bunched fabric between her thighs, she flung it aside like a magician tossing aside his silk scarf to reveal the rabbit in his hat.

Only this was no fuzzy bunny but a sleek, pale-skinned mound.

Mike made a gurgling noise, as if he'd swallowed his tongue.

Placing her hands on his chest for support, she left a trail of wet labia kisses from his nipples to his navel. Beneath her, his hips shifted ever so slightly. His cock pressed between her ass cheeks. She rubbed her smooth skin against his newly shaven flesh. Dear god, the novel sensations assaulted her. So soft. So arousing. It made her want more. Her nipples peaked.

Mike moaned. What an incredible noise from her normally grunting and sweating spouse.

Laying atop him, she rubbed her corset against him, wringing more moans and wiggling from him. She teased his cock, her smooth, shaved skin a new sensation for both of them. He strained, arching his hips. But for every inch of leverage he gained she rose up a little more. When he collapsed back on the bed, eyes closed and mouth open, she followed his downward motion and abruptly impaled herself.

He yelped. May God have mercy on the jumbled mix of oaths and prayers that escaped his lips.

She savored the full sensation, drawing back to let his head stretch her opening. Her clit hummed. She rubbed a finger in her wetness and stroked the vibrating nub. Sweet clamping sensations echoed inside her. Closing her eyes, she inched lower, taking him all in a slow, satisfying descent. Her orgasm built as she moved up and down his shaft, her pace, her rhythm. Nearing her peak, she felt him stiffen beneath her. She refused to increase her pace even though he softened inside her.

Her orgasm crashed around her like the tide consuming an abandoned sandcastle. Bit by bit, claiming more and more until her world blurred into one pulsing, heart-pounding ride. Her nails dug into his chest. Her back arched. Her nipples begged to be tweaked. She could only gasp and hold on.

"Anne?" he whispered, breaking her private reverie.

She opened one eye.

He looked apologetic. "I'm —"

"Shh."

His cock, now flaccid, slipped out. Ignoring him, she yanked open her nightstand's drawer and pulled out her newest purchase. The strap-on harness and its attached behemoth dildo landed on Mike's chest. He eyed it warily.

"I didn't tell you you could come."

"I tried. I really did." His faced screwed up. "I tried to think of grandmas in flannel nighties and those *National Geographic* women with their breasts drooping to their waists —"

"Shut up," she snapped. The pleasant wave lingered in the background, awarding her muscles a well-deserved lassitude. She could make it return. She wanted it to return, to sweep her away and make her forget all the past failures.

The sound of hook and loop fastenings ripping cut into her fantasy but she endured. "Buttocks up."

"What?"

"It's going on you." Her vagina salivated just looking at the dildo's girth.

"Me? Oh hell no."

"It's either on your or in you. Your choice."

He arched his hips.

"Good boy."

Adjusting the straps, she positioned the dildo just above his spent but rapidly resurrecting cock. Before her courage failed her, she gripped the soft rubbery “flesh” with one hand, closed her eyes and impaled herself. Tears pricked the corners of her eyes. A satisfied moan leaked out. Wriggling her hips, she ground down. *Not bad. Not bad at all.* She could certainly get used to this. The best of both worlds. A never-flagging cock *and* a warm body attached to it. No worries about Mike coming too soon, her pace being too fast, her lover only getting it to half-mast...

Her stroking quickened. The orgasm—sweet Jesus it seemed too tame of a word—struck her like a blow to the back of her head. She gasped and shuddered and probably looked ridiculous but the toy was worth every penny. She’d pay double to consistently get it this good.

Collapsing on his chest, she tried to steady her breathing while her heart beat in triple time. The dildo still rested inside, comfortably stretching her. He shifted his hips in rhythm to her movements.

“If you unlock the cuffs I’ll give you a hand or two.”

She opened one eye. Umm, had she suddenly fallen into some sort of Bizarro world? Where had her recalcitrant spouse gone?

“Please, Annie.”

When had she last heard him use the word “please”?

“One hand.” She spoke before thinking.

“You do have two breasts.”

“You’re pushing your luck.”

“And you’re not?”

Good point. With a sigh, she scooted up his body and unlocked his left hand. He was right-handed.

He acknowledged her deliberate decision with a grim little smile. “Turn around.”

“Uh-uh. My game. My rules.”

"I want your ass in my face while I work that dildo in and out of you," he murmured, voice gruff. He slid as far down the bed as the other set of handcuffs allowed. It wasn't much but it was enough room for her to sort of comfortably fold her legs.

Shuddering, she obeyed.

Her knees bracketed him on either side of his head and neck. Rising up, he kissed her wet mound, tongue tracing her folds. He murmured his approval, left hand groping for something to insert into her. Instead of freeing the dildo from its harness, she handed him a slim glass dildo. It'd caught her attention the moment she'd seen it sparkling in the catalog. Bubbles trapped and frozen within the glass, a grown-up child-princess-turned-woman's wand.

He didn't even pause to grouse about its femininity, just snatched it from her open palm, flipped it over and inserted its knobby handle into her. Rolling it around, he didn't insert it deeper. Instead he teased her entrance, popping the knob in and out, in and out. She gasped.

His tongue and teeth worked just as hard to prove their usefulness, alternating licking and sucking. He halted long enough to murmur, "If I had my other hand free I'd be playing with the cute puckered little hole on your backside."

That thought was enough to put her over the edge yet again.

"I don't think you realize what you've just done."

Anne didn't bother to raise her head, only turned her face a little so the words wouldn't come out muffled. "Come at least three times in under a half hour?"

He slapped her lightly on the ass. "There's that," he agreed. "But you've opened a whole new can of worms. I hope you're prepared for the repercussions."

That almost sounded like a threat. Already half-asleep, she chuckled, unfazed. Sure, in the workplace he was a brilliant wizard when it came to finding a solution to make

his clients happy. When it came to creativity at home however, she'd yet to see him even suggest a different wall paint color let alone dredge up another position besides his favorite four: missionary, her on top, doggie-style and his personal favorite, lazy-ass side sex.

She'd like to see him try to top what she'd just had. She fell asleep, oblivious to the fact that she'd voiced that request out loud.

* * * * *

Tending Your Garden column by Mistress Paige, *Wanton* magazine, May 2008

Use "I-Messages". We wouldn't want to damage the male's fragile ego, would we? I think the importance of I-Messages should be reinforced with a cane, a riding crop or a nice cat-o'-nine-tails. Be my guest. Select your translator. Or better yet, send him out to the yard to choose his own switch. If he comes back with a twig, as my sarcastic spouse would, he has implicitly forfeited his option to choose.

What are I-Messages, you ask? In an attempt to deflect your spouse's negative attitude, you will place blame solely upon your sexy shoulders. A big cross to bear, I know.

Again, best applied while your man is restrained and you are in possession of a teaching tool. But your man is capable of learning and soon you'll need to be more creative about getting him bound. Of course, if you stumbled over a naturally submissive one and he's not gay, you have a rare possession in your grasp. Treasure it.

But I digress. It comes from having one's vulva licked while one types. Back to I-Messages.

For instance, "While you are looking at girlie magazines and jerking off, making the pages sticky and the articles impossible to read, my breasts feel neglected."

Or perhaps something less subtle. Men often need to be bludgeoned with the obvious. "I suggest you take your hand off your cock and place it on my mound."

Other suitable phrases:

“I require servicing. Taste me.” Make sure he understands the taste part, though if you want to be taken right there, by all means sow confusion.

“I want your fingers in my vagina and your tongue on my clit.” Always best requested after discreetly checking to make sure his nails are trimmed and his hands clean.

Action-oriented requests work best. While a woman is used to multitasking, men’s minds operate on a single slow-pulsing frequency. A hummingbird’s wingbeats compared to an ostrich’s, if you will. Write it down if you must, numbering each step. Don’t worry. He did learn to tie his shoes, use silverware and brush his teeth. He *can* be trained.

Chapter Four

Tending Your Garden column by Mistress Paige, *Wanton* magazine, June 2008

Has your spouse or significant other called you a sick fuck? Accused you of being a nymphomaniac? Did he hide your handcuffs, burn your rope or remove your eyebolts? Threaten divorce?

Resist the urge to injure him or his belongings. Remember, if it really comes down to divorce, half of what he has is yours. Try not to destroy anything you like. Then again, if there's something hideous lurking in your household, now's the perfect time to have it accidentally wrecked in the heat of the moment.

Rein in your emotions. Yes, yes, I know we of the "weaker" species have a tendency to cry and rage. Indulge, if you must. IN PRIVATE. Have a sip of wine or the whole bottle if you're in that sort of mood but please, always drink from a glass. Only alcoholics, campers and teenagers drink from the bottle.

Do you like being a Dominant? Maybe secretly you'd really like to submit to him. Don't worry. You're not giving up any power by swapping roles. In fact, you're gaining some. The submissive can always stop the play at any time. If you don't trust your spouse to stop, you may have some more serious issues that transcend the bedroom.

If you started this journey of exploration with me because your spouse is a lazy fucker, odds are with him being the Dominant you might lapse into lack of sex again. Playing captive maiden to his mighty spear might lend you nothing but blasé sex and a tender asshole.

There's always divorce...

No?

Pity. You're starting to intrigue me. Ever think of checking out our team? No, again? My, we're awfully negative today. Let me share another secret with you. This is

a biggie, something a famous psychologist once nicknamed the “Id”. Don’t run, precious. It’s the golden nose ring that’ll allow you to lead your Prince-Charming-in-training anywhere without so much as an oink of protest.

Monsters, big and little, from the harmless Muppet-looking to the truly *Labyrinth*-style icky, lurk in the corners of everyone’s minds, including your significant other’s. So bondage isn’t his gig? Start with the simple fantasies. Play nurse to his doctor. Whore to his police officer. Cheerleader to his captain of the team. Or step it up a notch. Temporary piercing, pony play, rape, the Wurtenburg wheel, branding.

Intrigued? Why don’t you grab a flashlight or illuminated dildo, flip him onto his stomach and see if you can’t track down one of his fiendish friends? The anus is a great place to start.

I guarantee he’ll let you know when you’ve discovered his fetish. And if you’re a lucky girl, he’ll have a lot of them.

* * * * *

If she had a bum ticker, Anne would have known the second she walked in the door. Perched on the edge of the dining room table, Mike waited for her. Occasionally he beat her home and that part of this scene was normal so far. The perching part was a little out of character for him. But what he wore completely floored her.

Where the hell had he found a poet’s shirt? Unlaced to the waist, the shirt tucked into a pair of beige riding breeches. Black, calf-hugging boots completed the ensemble.

Hopping off the table, he struck a Captain Morgan pose. “You like?”

She tried not to giggle. “I’m at a loss for words.”

Reaching behind him, he snagged a book off the table and held it up. “My inspiration.” He glanced at the cover. “I’m missing the mullet and the war horse.”

“Thank God.” She stepped forward and slipped her arms around his waist. “Do you want me to change into one of my old bridesmaid gowns?”

He matched her mischievous grin. "I warn you, the hero's a pretty harsh dude. I'm to take you over my knee and spank you with your hairbrush. And when you're suitably mortified, thrashing and scratching and confusingly aroused all at the same time, I fling you onto the bed, tear your skirts and take you."

"You've read it?"

"Just the good parts."

"I don't think that particular novel has any good parts."

He pulled back far enough to thumb through the pages and select a bookmarked section. "Here's one."

She closed the book before he could begin. "I believe you." Her hands strayed to his thin white shirt and gripped its sides. "You look pretty hot."

"You think so?" He glanced over his shoulder to check his ass. "You're right. My ass looks mighty fine."

Laughing, she shoved him away.

"Oh no. I didn't get all gussied up to be mocked and left in a virginal state."

"What'd you have in mind?"

"Exactly what I said." And before she knew what was happening he caught her around the waist and draped her over his shoulder.

She let out a yelp. "Put me down! You'll throw out your back."

"Argh, you'll be getting an extra swat for doubting me skills." The false accent wavered from Scottish to Irish and added some Johnny Depp ala Captain Jack Sparrow.

She couldn't stifle that laugh. "Are you a pirate? Or an Irish guy? Or something else entirely?"

"I'm your man," he said with mock seriousness and tossed her on their bed.

"My man? What makes you think I want a man now that I have my trusty dildo?"

"A dildo can't do this." He squeezed her breasts through her cardigan. "Or this." Bending over, he kissed her hard, grinding his hips into her.

Oh my.

"Now take off your pants before I tear them off."

Arching her hips, she hurriedly complied, wriggling the fabric down her legs.

"Roll over."

"I don't think so."

"Sassing me will earn you another swat."

She couldn't tell whether he was serious or not. She didn't own a hairbrush that would hold up to a licking. Then again, he had managed to purchase an entire outfit all on his own. Picking up a hairbrush wouldn't be his most exotic purchase of the day.

"My parents didn't believe in spanking," she said.

"Mine did." He nudged her bared hip with his knee. "Now hustle up...before the pants wedge permanently in my ass crack and give me a soprano voice."

"Being spanked as a child doesn't make you qualified to spank."

"My fantasy. My right."

He had a point. And there was plenty she wanted to try yet. Biting her lip, she rolled over.

"Mmm, delicious enough to lick." He rubbed one butt cheek then bent over and planted a kiss in the dimple of her ass. "How many swats do you think it'll take to make you a complacent wench?"

"Enough to make your hand ache."

He slapped her on the lower half of her butt cheek. The sting came first, followed by a warm glow and a curious echoing twitch in her cleft. "Ouch!"

"Tell me, lass, what are you doing straying so far from home dressed in men's clothes?"

Face down, she grinned into the sheets. "My husband is an evil man and makes me work for a living."

He slapped her again, this time on the other butt cheek. "I don't believe you." She wriggled, rubbing herself against the bedding.

"He does," she insisted.

Sliding onto the bed, he caught her legs and dragged her over his lap. "Confess. There is no husband. You're just a working girl."

"I have a wedding band."

One hand slipped between her thighs to tease her while the other rubbed her behind.

"A clever prop." He smacked her again.

She rose up this time, arching into the blow. Her clit trembled and one of his fingers slipped into her cleft. She rode the finger down, vulva greedily swallowing the digit.

The next blow struck her completely by surprise. Bristles imprinted her ass cheeks. At the same moment he stuck a second and third finger into her and curled them, carefully rocking back and forth. He rubbed the flat of the brush in a circular motion, soothing the reddened skin.

Removing his fingers, he leaned over her to rummage beneath the pillows.

"What are you —"

The impromptu slap by his hand caught her a little higher up, tearing a yelp from her throat. She rose up. Ignoring the gesture, he promptly inserted a dildo into her cleft. The yelp turned into a whimper. She started to sit back but he placed a hand on the flat of her back and shoved her down. One leg slipped off the bed. She shifted to keep her balance and he moved to accommodate both her and the dildo. He worked the dildo like an expert, fast in, slow out, head teasing the entrance and all its little sensitive nerves before plunging back inside her.

"Michael Robert Cameron."

He punctuated each name with a particular deep stroke. "I know no wretch by that name. If you wish to give credit to someone in the midst of your orgasm, it must be my name, Charles Hawksworth."

Her laugh lodged mid-throat, interrupted by one of the most shuddering orgasms she'd had yet. It started not at her toes but at her very core, tearing through her body like an earthquake. The laugh turned to a gurgle and then a high-pitched keen.

Mike murmured soothing words but she couldn't understand them.

The wave rushed through her as quickly as it struck, leaving her limp and oh so satisfied. Mike rolled her over and repositioned her, draping both legs off the bed. Unzipping his pants, he squirmed out of the body-hugging breeches. Like a jack-in-the-box, his cock sprang free. He shook a leg, trying to free himself from the last of his confines, failed and gave up, one leg still boot-clad and partially dressed. He entered in one swift thrust—another first among the many firsts of the evening—and drove deep.

"You didn't scream my name."

"You didn't make me come," she protested.

"Bullshit." His hands seized her hips, jerking her faster. Veins popped out along his neck and forearms. "Say it," he said through clenched teeth.

"Michael."

He shuddered.

"Michael." She drew a finger down his sweat-slicked, and possibly oiled, chest. She could tell he was close to his own release. "Mike, oh, Mike," she whispered. Wrapping two fingers around the base of his cock, she tightened the hold.

He came. He held completely still, cock twitching, jaw slack, muscles relaxed.

"You're a bad pirate," she murmured, wiping her fingers on his chest. "If you are a pirate at all, Charles Hawksworth."

He collapsed atop her. Sliding an arm around her waist, he tugged and rolled them both completely onto the bed. Turning his head, he nibbled on her earlobe. "But a good husband?" he whispered, hopeful.

"A pretty good husband," she amended.

He growled. "I think my lass still needs a fuckin'."

"And my lord still needs to be taken down a notch."

He yanked her tighter still. "Truce?"

She pulled back far enough to look him in the eye. "Truce? Is this a war then?"

Grinning like a little boy, he ducked his head and rubbed his brows across her breasts. She didn't hear what he murmured.

"Battle's on, pal."

He lifted his head. "What's good for the goose is good for the gander."

"Meaning what?"

"Cough up those handcuffs."

She slipped through his grip and stood. "Catch me and maybe I'll tell you where they are." She took off through the door...and promptly froze when she heard a crash and an oath. She peeked through the bedroom door.

The loose pants leg had wound around his free leg and sent him tumbling. He'd bit his lip somewhere amid the fall. The blood-filled lump darkened even as she stared. "Let me get some ice."

"Nurse," he called after her. "Bring a thermometer. I think I'm running a fever too."

She grinned to herself.

Epilogue

Tending Your Garden column by Mistress Paige, *Wanton* magazine, July 2008

Did the suggestions help you? They certainly helped me.

Don't believe me?

Wait a second, let me call my spouse. He's on his hands and knees scrubbing the kitchen floor, his toothbrush clenched between his teeth. Doesn't he look sweet? Bare-assed with his legs spread, the bottom of his shaved sac peeking beneath the curves of his ass.

Where was I?

Oh, good luck training your spouse and saving your marriage.

* * * * *

At the sound of a dragging chain, Lyssa looked up from her computer. Her husband crawled on his hands and knees toward her, the chain attached to a leather collar at his neck and trailing between his legs. When the workman had remodeled her kitchen she'd had them install eyebolts into studs throughout the house. A request which earned her odd looks but she'd offered no explanation.

William had said the magic words, "'Til death do us part."

She intended that to be a very long time.

He glanced at her through his lashes. Darling man. She uncrossed her legs, his signal to approach. The chain whispered across the carpeting. He rubbed his body against her legs. She absently patted his head and noticed, out of the corner of her eye, his cock twitch.

"You're up early."

"Yes, Mistress." He lowered his head, expecting to be cuffed. She gripped a fistful of hair instead and gently tugged, forcing him to look at her.

Lowering her head, she kissed him on the lips. He tasted minty fresh. Pulling a key from where it dangled on a chain between her breasts, she unlocked his chain from his collar. "You may prepare my supper."

"Thank you, Mistress."

She waited until he'd reached the door to speak. "And William?"

He turned, head bowed and eyes averted. It made her wet just looking at him. "Yes, Mistress?"

"Freshen the sheets. We'll be having guests tonight. The Camerons."

She didn't miss the gleam in his eye and smiled a predatory smile herself. Anne had so much to learn yet.

About the Author

Christine McKay was born and raised in northeastern Wisconsin, graduated in a class of less than 54 students, and earned a Bachelor's Degree in Computer Science at a local college taught mostly by nuns. She is the oldest in her family, with two brothers and one sister.

Christine lives on a farm with her husband and an assortment of four-legged creatures including goats, mules, dogs, rabbits, cats, chickens, a donkey and a llama. Her favorite authors include Robin McKinley, Patricia McKillip, Anne McCaffrey, Ayn Rand, Andre Norton and Nora Roberts.

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

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