



# SHIELD'S SUBMISSIVE

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Shield's Submissive

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

# **SHIELD'S SUBMISSIVE**

**Trina Lane**

## *Dedication*

To all my friends on Carol's Yahoo Group. Thanks for supporting me!

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## Chapter One

The steam swirling around Erica created a dreamlike atmosphere. The clouds obscured her vision, but she didn't need to see clearly to know just who walked into the room behind her. For some elemental reason, she always knew when he was near. She felt his presence like an invisible force, an eddy that quickly towed her deeper then left his lingering existence in her own soul. She didn't know if it was his scent or if he had a unique heat signature that allowed her to track him like the most sensitive of military ordinance.

She stood still near the corner of the small cubed space. Her breathing was almost as loud as the steam hissing out of the pipes. She felt every fibre of the soft terrycloth towel wrapped around her naked body. Her nipples strained against the threaded material, begging for his touch. Slick moisture gathered on her skin from both the steam and her own intense desire. A soft groan escaped her lips, and she tried to cover it with a soft cough, but apparently, he heard the sound anyway. His hands curved over her shoulders as he pulled her into his body. She felt every hard line and defined muscle of his broad chest against her back. His deep voice whispered seductively into her ear.

"It's time to stop playing this game we've become so fond of, Erica. It's been amusing, but now the rules are going to change. You'll be mine before the day is out."

"What rules do you speak of, Sir?" Her voice sounded strange to her ears, slightly elevated and whisper soft.

He bent his head, and a lock of his soft hair brushed her cheek. His hand trailed from her shoulder to graze the slope of her neck with one finger.

"You will follow my commands when and where I see fit. You will heed my desires, and I will fulfil yours. I can tell this excites you. I feel your pulse rushing just under your skin. I hear your breathing getting shallower."

"Maybe it's just from the workout and the steam congesting my lungs."

His finger moved further down to glance across her collarbone, down her chest and without any hesitation slipped beneath the towel to cup her left breast.

"Maybe, but if so, why is your nipple hard?"

The first intimate touch of his hand against her skin was pure sensation. All thoughts evaporated like the steam cocooning their bodies. She leaned back and put her head on his shoulder, exposing her neck in invitation. His fingers gently massaged her nipple, learning her texture and sensitivity. His palm cupped the underside of her breast.

His other hand came around and loosened the towel. As it fell to the damp floor beneath their feet, Erica gasped and started to bring her hands up to cover herself before she recognised that the increase in steam prevented him from seeing anything below her breasts. It was actually quite arousing knowing she was completely bare but still retaining the mysteries of her body. His hands skimmed down her sides, exploring the curves of her shape.

"Your skin is so soft, like satin. I'm dying to taste every single inch. Every soft curve and valley will know my touch."

He spun her around and, cupping her breast, leaned down. Her nipple was sucked into the hot cavern of his mouth. An irrepressible groan left both their throats. His tongue rasped across the sensitive peak. Her other nipple was rolled between his fingers.

His hand glided down her back. Arching into the touch, she wordlessly showed him how incredible he felt on her skin.

"Just one little touch, my dear. I need just one touch burned into my memory until we meet again," he insisted with a growl.

Slowly, his hand moved around to caress her rear then his fingers inched towards her aching, wet centre—

Erica's eyes flew open as someone tapped her shoulder. She almost missed a step in her stride and had to correct her rhythm before she fell on her face like a moron in a YouTube video. The music from her MP3 player was loud enough to drown out the noises of the gym around her, hence the escape into fantasy world. She looked to see who'd so rudely interrupted her erotic dream and saw the object of her fantasy staring back at her. Keeping her stride on the treadmill, she removed the ear bud from her canal and tried to play it cool.

"Can I help you, Mr. Shield?"

"I was just wondering how much longer you're going to be? The other treadmill isn't working, and I was hoping to get in a run before my meeting later this evening."

Erica looked down at the digital output of the machine and noticed she had just crossed the four-mile mark.

*Wow, time flies when you're imaging your own erotic videos in your head.*

Normally, she did five miles.

"Another few minutes, and it's all yours." She had to repress a groan when he flashed that hundred-watt smile he was so infamous for.

"I appreciate that. I'm going over to the bench press, but I'll keep an eye out for when you're done with your cool down."

Oh Jesus, that man made her body ramp up better than any workout ever could. Even the sound of his name, Mark Shield, brought forth images of medieval knights protecting their ladies fair by sheer will and strength. Fanciful, she knew, but what did you want from a history major? The extent of her fantasies tonight must be a result of so many sleep-deprived and dateless nights. Her brain and hormones had finally gone haywire.

He was a partner at their firm, Aspen Advertising, and was known in the office for being the most eligible bachelor, but to everyone's knowledge he'd never dated within the office. His powerful thirty-three year old build topped out at six-foot-two inches, his strength apparent in both the sharpness of his mind and physical presence. He carried himself with an animalistic grace. Erica had always likened him to a Bengal tiger, overtly refined but with an inner power one didn't dare ignore. His features were so sharply honed that he couldn't be considered pretty but rather striking. She'd noticed on more than one occasion that male and female clients had a hard time looking away. He had thick, dark hair. The top layers had a tendency to wave and fell softly over his forehead, and the bottom caressed his collar. He had the most expressive crystal-green eyes, capable of instantly changing from intense determination to humour. Erica wondered what they would look like filled with desire.

Their Denver-based company specialised in outdoor sporting events and equipment manufacturers. Her position as vice-president of graphic imaging allowed her to work closely with Mark quite often. Many long evenings were spent in the boardroom, brainstorming for new campaigns.

She crossed her five-mile mark and started to reduce her pace to cool down her muscles. She glanced over at the bench press to see him smoothly raising the bar. His muscles contracted, and sweat glistened over his chest and abdomen. Her body temperature

spiked, and her mouth was suddenly dry as she imagined that heavy body glistening from the exertion of driving his hips between her own. Looking her fill, she noticed his powerful legs, chiselled calves and thighs bulging with strength. As her gaze continued, she noticed that his thighs weren't the only things with an impressive bulge.

*Oh my God, the man can fill out a pair of shorts!*

Looking back to the bar he effortlessly lifted over his head, she noticed no apparent strain on his face with the heavy weight. The number of weights added to the bar totalled about two hundred pounds. When she glanced into the mirror that ran the length of the wall, she noticed Mark could see her as well and had caught her staring. Damn! Oh well, there nothing wrong with a little healthy appreciation. He didn't need to know that only a few minutes ago he was the star of her very own erotic dream.

She stepped off the treadmill to complete her stretches as he rose from the bench and walked in her direction. She did a series of yoga positions in front of the treadmill to stretch her hamstrings. Thinking he would step to her side and get on the machine, she moved into a forward bend. However, the gods were in a decidedly mischievous mood that evening. Mark turned around and stood just behind her when her butt was lifted right over the top of her head. When she gazed into the mirror across the room, she was surprised to find him doing a little healthy appreciation of his own. Way too many erotic images popped into her head with the two of them in this exact position. As quickly as possible, she moved into a lunge to get her ass away from his hips. Trying to pull her mind from thoughts of hot, sweaty gym sex, she looked into the mirrored wall across from them.

"It's all yours. Watch the incline button. It was sticking a little bit."

Mark stood behind her, riveted by the sight of her bending over. Logically, he knew she was stretching heated muscles, but that didn't stop the rush of arousal through his system. He felt like he had been momentarily hypnotised and shook his head to clear the images running rampant through his brain—Erica's ankles cuffed to a spreader bar, her wrists lashed together and anchored. Her pussy dripping wet as he stroked her with a massage glove or light flicks of a crop. Knowing his support strap wouldn't conceal the beginning of his erection in jersey shorts, he stepped back and picked up a clean towel from the pile next



to the treadmill. After counting to ten and getting his rebelling body under control, he turned to face her again and cleared his throat.

"Thanks for the warning. Are you going to be at the Yagoshi contract negotiations tomorrow?"

"Yes, I need to provide projected expenditures for my team's portion of the proposed campaign."

She moved back into a standing position and turned around to face him, eliminating the barrier of the mirror between their gazes. He thought he heard her ask who his meeting was with that night, but he had trouble forming coherent words. Finally, a clear thought presented.

"Chillings is sending over a team to discuss their new thermal coat line. We really want to land this account. If things progress as predicted, it will provide a large influx of revenue for the firm."

He was babbling and knew it. Erica's wide eyes sparkled with creative thoughts. She was a tireless worker, constantly utilising her unique talent to create compelling and imaginative campaigns for the company.

"That's great. Good luck. Let me know how it turns out. Depending on the direction they want to go on the campaign, I already have some interesting ideas spinning in my head."

He grinned and found himself unable to resist sliding his fingers down her face to release a lock that had come loose from her sleekly knotted hair. Her face was flushed from her workout, and her neck glistened with sweat above the neckline of her shirt. Taking a step back before things got out of hand, he positioned himself on the treadmill and started the belt.

She picked up her rucksack. "I'll see you in the morning."

Mark increased his pace as Erica practically ran out the door. His thighs burned and his lungs expanded with the exertion. Giving his head a recriminating shake, he replayed their interaction.

*God, could I have been a bigger tool?*

When he'd first come up to her on the treadmill, her eyes had been closed, and he'd been riveted by the dreamlike expression on her face—so much so that he made up a bogus

excuse of the other machine not working just so he could talk to her. Her checking him out on the bench press had been a surprise. He thought that he'd seen a sharp pull of arousal in her expressive eyes, but the flicker was gone before he had time to process it further.

They'd always had a completely professional relationship, but if he was honest, Erica Cross had been the star of more sexual fantasies than he would ever admit to another person. He had never approached her for anything social because, up until recently, she'd been a lower-level executive, and that was a big taboo for interoffice dating. Additionally, he didn't like dating within the confines of the office. He felt it was dangerous to mix potential personal conflicts and professional responsibilities. However, when Erica had bent over, with her legs and ass sticking right into the air, his head had spun. He'd forced himself not to grab her hips to draw her closer. Her choice of nylon running shorts had perfectly shaped her frame when she'd bent over and hadn't helped his impulse.

Her workout clothes were nicely understated. So many women came to the gym dressed in designer outfits that were little more than sports bras and hip-hugging boy shorts. He appreciated her T-shirt and full shorts combo. They allowed her freedom of movement for her workout but didn't advertise all her assets. It was more than obvious she worked out on a regular basis. Her endurance on the treadmill was impressive. Her physique reminded him of a swimmer with long limbs, sleek muscles and quiet graceful strength. Shaking his head again, he quickly glanced at the clock. If he was going to make it to this meeting on time, he needed to quit fantasising and finish his workout. Still, thinking back to the exchange, he realised that maybe she had been harbouring some quiet fantasies of her own. It was time to see where this attraction between them could go.

## Chapter Two

Erica looked at her clock on her MacBook and realised it was after seven o'clock. The entire day, she'd caught herself daydreaming constantly about her encounter with Mark in the gym the previous night. When Mark's fingers had caressed her cheek, her breathing had faltered, and she was sure he'd seen the desire in her eyes. On top of that, she was pretty sure she'd seen an answering fire light his eyes. In her shock, she had fled the intimate space, foregoing her normal hot shower and steam.

However, today had been anything but dreamlike. The day from hell began with having to fire one of her employees for repeatedly slacking on the job. The guy deserved it. She had given him plenty of warnings and second chances, but he refused to give up his lackadaisical attitude. Then one of the files with the proposed graphic design for a new line of professional swimwear had magically disappeared from her assistant's desk. It had eventually turned up, misfiled in a drawer, but the interim panic hadn't helped her already frayed disposition, especially since she'd had a scheduled teleconference with the company's CEO at two o'clock. The images were in the system and had already been sent electronically to the manufacturer, but she preferred to have a hard copy in front of her during the conference. Finally, just at five, one of her best employees had come in to spring the news that her husband, who was military, was being transferred overseas, and she planned on leaving with him. Erica understood the woman's position and didn't fault her in any way, but now she had to find someone to replace her, which was going to be very difficult.

All the drama of the day caught up to her, and she dropped her head into her arms on the desk, letting out a soft groan. Several minutes passed and just as she was about to raise her head, the phone next to her let out a piercing ring that rattled through her already stressed brain. She debated ignoring the call, but noticed it was being transferred through an internal phone line. Picking up the receiver, she glanced into the hallway.

"Erica Cross."

"You know, if you keep staying late, it's going to make the rest of us look bad."

Mark's unmistakable deep voice rumbled in her ear and resonated through her exhausted core. Leaning over her desk, she saw the lights were still on in Mark's office across the building. The two floors their firm occupied were designed so that a central opening connected them like a large atrium. A glass wall surrounded the walkway and the executive offices lined the outer edges. On the lower level was 'The Pit', which was a maze of cubicles housing the art, photography and digital imaging departments.

She smiled into the phone. "Like you have room to talk."

"Well, I have to maintain appearances of a hard-working partner, now don't I? Why don't we both call it a night and grab some dinner? If I know you as well as I think I do, you skipped lunch and must be hungry."

Why was he being so sociable? They'd had plenty of business dinners, but this sounded like an invitation between friends. She guessed they were friends in a manner of speaking, though God knew she had dreamt of a much more personal relationship with him. "Sounds good. How about if I close things down here and meet you in your office in ten minutes?"

"Perfect," he succinctly clipped out then hung up the phone.

She closed down her computer, put away her files and stopped in the ladies room to freshen up. When she reached his office, she glanced inside and noticed he was on the phone. Not wanting to interrupt, she backed away, but he saw her standing there and gestured for her to come in and have a seat on the sofa along one length of the room. She moved over to the sofa and relaxed against the cushions. She turned her head and leaned back to close her eyes.

After several minutes, the seat cushion next to her depressed under Mark's weight. He put his hand on her shoulder as if he was unsure whether or not she was awake.

"Erica?"

She slowly opened her eyes and found herself staring into Mark's intense, crystal-green gaze.

"Hey...sorry, I just needed to reboot for a few minutes."

The intensity diminished as his eyes took on a placid quality.

"That's okay. From what I hear, it's been a rough day for you. If you're too tired to go out to dinner tonight, I understand."

"No, I'm not too tired. Actually, a relaxing dinner sounds wonderful, as long as I can get a crisp, cool glass of wine."

She rubbed her temples to dispel the throbbing headache that had been steadily building since early that morning. She would normally be heading over to the gym to swim laps, but she was just too beat tonight.

*Maybe I'll get up early and go tomorrow.*

Mark reached up and pulled Erica's hands away from her temples. Replacing them with his, he gently massaged in slow circles. His mind called out with the need to calm and comfort her after the hellacious day she'd had. A soft sigh escaped her lips, and her eyes closed in relaxation. There was nothing sexual about the touch, and she was perceptive enough to just enjoy the gesture.

"Thank you. That felt wonderful. I had just decided that even a quick run or swim wasn't going to relax me tonight." She opened her eyes and sat up. "So, what type of food are you in the mood for?"

He congratulated himself on his intuitiveness that her body mimicked that of a swimmer.

"I like just about anything, but I have a particular craving for Italian tonight. Is that okay with you? I know of this great little mom and pop restaurant a couple blocks from my place. The food is incredible, and I can guarantee the wine selection is superb."

"Sounds just right."

He tried to read the expression in her eyes. He had often been mesmerised by their unique shade of blue, somewhere between cornflower and violet. They were always bright with energy, and when their teams worked on a campaign together, he always thought he could see the fast spinning wheels of her thoughts mirrored in her eyes.

Neither one of them seemed inclined to get up from the sofa. His hand came up to touch her cheek, and he slid closer to her body. He inhaled the lingering fragrance of her shampoo from that morning and detected some other scent. It wasn't a cloying perfume or flowery deodorant aroma. It was her scent, the unique intrinsic balance of hormones and pheromones that identified each person. God, it smelled good. It made him want to bury his face in her neck and inhale and absorb as much of her into his system as possible.

Slowly, he leaned down, giving her plenty of time to pull away if she didn't want his kiss. Just before his lips touched hers, he looked into her eyes and silently gave her one last chance to retreat.

Her eyes darkened with the same desire and lust coursing through his body. She slid her hand up through the hair at his collar and pulled him down the last couple inches.

He had intended to seduce her slowly, learn the textures of her lips and coax them into supplication. However, as soon as they touched, it was like a match being struck. Instant fire and need raced through his body. He grabbed the sides of her face and moved his head for a better angle. She opened her mouth willingly beneath him and began a seductive rhythm with her tongue.

His lips slanted over hers, taking complete possession. It was a kiss of pure hunger and desire that careened through all the senses. One kiss turned into two then three. After that, he didn't keep track. All that mattered was feeding the flames of arousal building in their bodies.

He revelled in the softness of her mouth, and his desire built exponentially as she kissed him back. Needing to feel closer, he pulled her body beneath him on the sofa. Her legs were confined in the straight skirt of her business suit, but he was able to manoeuvre so that he could push the hardness of his rampaging erection against her incredibly soft centre.

He reached down to unbutton her suit coat. Pulling the edges away, he reached underneath and caressed her side, finding all she wore beneath the jacket was a lacy, silk camisole. Breaking away from her lips, he rasped his teeth down her neck, giving a pull with his lips right on the pulse point. He inhaled her seductive scent as he made a sound somewhere between a growl and a purr. His hands slid up to cup her breast, and his lips surrounded one of the hardened peaks through the material. His teeth nipped and scraped harder against her to counteract the density of the material of her top and bra. Erica gasped above him as she pulled his head closer and harder against her chest. He heard her breathing hitch and glanced up to see her eyes wide open and watching his every move. The open, direct observation pushed his lust further. Keeping his gaze locked on hers, he pushed her breast higher so he could continue his ministrations. He watched her eyes darken to almost violet.

"Touch me, Mark. I want to feel you against my bare skin."

Needing no further invitation, his hand left her breast and slid up underneath her skirt. Following the line of her stockings, he discovered that she wore garters versus pantyhose. When his fingers hit the top of her stocking, he found dampness on her thighs. Heat emanated from just underneath the silk of her panties. Reaching underneath the edge, he touched smooth, soft skin.

"You're dripping wet. I can feel you coating my fingers." His thumb grazed her swollen clit. The opening of her pussy fluttered against his fingers. He slowly slid one inside, holding her still as she began to push her hips for more beneath him. She was seeping desire all over his hand.

*Dear God, I've never felt anything so perfect.*

"I'm going to make you come, sweetheart. I'm going to push these fingers up inside this hot, tight, wet cunt of yours and make you scream with pleasure."

He sealed their lips together while simultaneously thrusting two fingers inside, stroking the plush tissues. His tongue licked inside her mouth in the same back and forth rhythm as his fingers. Every once in a while, he let his thumb graze over her clit. Her fingers threaded into his hair, and she rode his hand. He knew she was getting close. Soft little moans and cries escaped her mouth every time they separated for a moment. Her channel tensed around him, and her fingers clenched. He reached high inside and found her G-spot.

"Come."

He wiggled his fingers back and forth until she slammed her head back against the sofa and released a lyrical cry unlike any music he'd ever heard. The contractions of her orgasm squeezed his fingers so tightly he shuddered at the thought of how it would feel around his cock. Slowly, he pulled from her hot channel then lifted his fingers to his mouth and tasted the sweetness unique to Erica.

"You taste like pure gold. Next time, I'm going to lick all that sweet cream directly from you."

Erica watched in fascination as he continued to lick his fingers clean. No man had ever made her come like she had in his arms. For a moment, she'd actually seen bright flashes of colour and thought she would pass out.

Slowly, realisation of what they'd just done set in.

"Mark, what just happened was incredible, but I don't think it's smart for us to get involved. We have too much at risk professionally. We have several major campaigns we're working on over the next several weeks, and I don't want to deal with any personal fallouts at the office."

"That's where you're wrong, sweetheart. Not only are we going to be involved, but now that I've had a sample of what we can do together, I'm going to push your responses as far as possible. I'm going to take you long and hard and deep, over and over again, as often as possible. I'm going to fuck you at home, in the car, in the elevators and everywhere else in between."

Erica listened to Mark's declaration with one part pure lust and anticipation and another part fear. "What if that's not what I want? A relationship between us, even if only sexual, won't risk to your professional future here at AA, but I'm not as secure. I refuse to risk my future for a few hot nights between the sheets."

His eyes turned hard but continued to burn with desire. "I would never abuse your professionalism or place you in a position of vulnerability here. I would hope you know me better than that. What we share will be ours and ours alone. There's no need to flaunt it during work hours, but I will not pretend we never shared this incredible hour. I've never experienced someone responding to me the way you just did. I've never felt someone literally fall apart around my hand, and I'll be damned if I'll never experience it again because of the potentiality of interoffice politics. You're V.P. of Graphic Imaging, and I'm a partner in the firm. There's no rule that says we can't have a personal relationship."

Erica thought about what he'd said and took a deep breath, deciding to take a leap of faith. "I know you'd never jeopardise my position, but there are others who might if they learn of this behaviour. If we're going to proceed with an affair, then I request that we do so only after hours for now. I'm going to go home, get my glass of chilled wine and read a book before trying to get some sleep tonight. I want you to consider hard if this is really what you want or if it's just your hormones talking. I'll see you tomorrow at the early meeting."

Erica stood, adjusted her clothing and slipped on her shoes. As she was about to walk out the door, she glanced back at him still on the sofa, "Oh, and you should know my responses tonight were as unique to me as they were to you."



\* \* \* \*

Mark was so damn frustrated he could barely process what had just happened. Intent on getting rid of his hard-on, he unzipped and pulled out his cock. He looked over at the door Erica had left open and thought briefly about getting up to close it, but really didn't care. He knew he was the only one left in the building. His dick was desperate for release. It was flushed dark red and leaking. He used his own pre-cum as a lubricant and began to stroke. Running his hand up and down his length, he gave a little squeeze on the upstroke over the top of the head. He closed his eyes as he recalled the hot liquid of Erica's channel around his fingers and the intoxicating taste as he had licked himself clean. Pulling harder and faster, he shifted his hips and thrust up into his hand. He still tasted her on his tongue, could still detect her scent on his skin. He just needed a little something more to send him over the edge.

Reaching down to cup his balls, he slid one finger to the sensitive patch of skin just beneath. Using one finger, he pushed up to stimulate his prostate from the outside. His orgasm rolled down his spine. He followed the path with his mind and continued to thrust and rub with each motion of his hips. The sensation suddenly shot up the length of his dick, and with a roar, he threw back his head and his hot release erupted over his fingers. He gentled his motions but continued to feed the orgasm riding out the aftershocks until it finally subsided.

\* \* \* \*

Erica walked into the conference room with two cups of hot coffee from the local Starbucks in her hands. Mark was at the table with papers already spread out for review. As she walked towards him, she let a small smile cross her lips. She was sadistically pleased to see that Mark looked about as fatigued as she felt. She held out her peace offering.

"Sorry for abandoning you last night. I swear I've never left someone like that before. It was extremely inconsiderate and selfish."

He took the coffee cup from her, and his fingers lingered on hers as he thanked her. Erica pulled her hand away but continued to stand close to his body. She watched as his eyes ignited with the memories of their hour spent together the previous evening, the look similar

to combustible fluid hovering on the surface of water, waiting for the spark to send it into flames.

"Last night, you asked me if after deliberating the situation I still wanted to pursue a relationship with you. Nothing I thought of convinced me to change my mind. I want you. I will do everything in my power to have you, but I have some conditions of my own. I'll keep our affair secret for now, but know this...I will push you. I will challenge you."

Erica's breathing became shallow. She watched his eyes darken with anticipation and desire, but to a casual observer, their conversation would appear as innocuous as a simple business discussion. One of their associates walked into the conference room to find his seat at the table. Both she and Mark glanced in his direction to see if he'd caught the tension filling the room, but the man seemed either uninterested or oblivious. Walking to the other side of the table, Erica placed her files at her choice of a seat, which was several down from Mark's. He smiled at her power ploy.

As Erica presented her proposal, Mark's gaze closely watched her. His facial expressions were that of an attentive professional, but fire lurked just beneath his gaze. More than once, she lost track of her thoughts when she caught his intent expression. His fingers would absently graze over his lips, and she remembered how they felt against hers. He took a sip of his coffee, and she was mesmerised by the movement of his throat as he swallowed. It was way too easy to picture the two of them in the room alone...

*He sat in the executive chair with her straddling his hips as they devoured each other, sipping and savouring each other's tastes. If things got really wild, he'd lift her onto the table and fuck her just like he promised last night. His hard cock would slide deep. Maybe he would hold her hands down so she couldn't touch him or he'd flip her over to take her from behind. His guttural voice would command her to touch herself to get off faster so they wouldn't be caught.*

Moisture pooled and small contractions fluttered through her womb. Forcing herself to focus on the job, she completed her presentation in a manner she hoped appeared professional. At the end, she looked up at him and saw he was amused by her disjointed presentation.

Mark stood to give his presentation when Erica had finished. The entire time she'd talked, he had watched the sunlight filter through the east-facing windows and shift over her

pale skin. As always, she wore a business suit in soft but appealing colours. The cut of the coat pulled in at her waist, and the straight skirt conformed to the subtle flair of her hips. He'd intermittently daydreamed about the hour they had spent together the night before and the next time he was going to get his hands on her. He'd occasionally caught her scent drifting through the air of the conference room. The sultry smell made him so hard he swore he would have passed out had he been standing. Fortunately, no one seemed to notice if he was more mentally absent this morning than usual.

They walked by each other as she headed for her seat and he moved to the front of the room. He leaned over and, while appearing to impart some important business, whispered into her ear, "How wet are you?"

She gasped, and he caught the scent of her arousal. As he stood at the front of the room, he saw a devilish grin on her face. Every time he looked at her throughout the presentation, she leaned forward, and he'd catch the briefest glimmer of her lacy bra under her suit lapel. She licked the crumbs off her top lip every time she took a bite out of her breakfast muffin. It drove him insane, and he could tell she knew it. Finally, he locked onto her gaze and exchanged a look that promised retribution. Her eyes flared, and her cheeks flushed. Fortunately, due to the early nature of the meeting, everyone was still groggy and not paying any particular attention to their silent game.

When lunchtime rolled around, Mark decided it was time to kidnap Erica. He headed towards her office, knowing she'd be sitting behind her desk, probably working on some layout. She wasn't where he predicted, but he caught a glimpse of her walking down the hall and went to intercept her.

She was being stalked. Erica felt him behind her, closing the distance, his penetrating gaze on the back of her head. Her steps quickened. She was determined to not to readily succumb to his clutches. Leaning into the handle of the door, she slipped into the stairwell. Her feet flew down the stairs that led to the lower level of the offices. As she reached the bottom, she heard the door above her open.

"You can run, little one, but I'm coming for you."

She opened the door in front of her but didn't go through. Instead, she let it close, and she hid behind the stairs. She heard his steps purposeful and strident coming down the treads. Peeking around her hiding spot, she saw him pause just before opening the door.

His head lifted, and she swore he scented the air surrounding them. His chiselled face in profile, she saw him smirk

"Close but no cigar. I can smell you, my dear. I can smell your scent. The apple blossom shampoo and vanilla lotion you favour."

His broad body turned, and his stare penetrated her hiding spot. He reached her corner beneath the stairwell then, snaking his muscled forearm around her waist, he spun her around so her back was moulded to his chest. Walking forward, he pinned her to the wall.

"You thought you could escape? You thought I wouldn't seek retribution for this morning's antics?"

His lips dropped to her neck, his teeth lightly scoring behind her ear. One hand bunched up her skirt to lift it around her hips. He groaned when his hand caressed the skin bared by her thong.

"I see you came prepared for easy access. For this, you shall be rewarded."

Mark separated their bodies only to grasp her hands and placed them on the wall, exerting pressure with the silent demand for her to keep them there. Her body was slightly bent forward. Kneeling down behind her, he slid the lace of her thong away, and she heard him inhale. At the first touch of his tongue against her pussy, she gasped.

"Mark, we can't do this here. Anyone could come through that door!"

"You're right. They could. But we *will* do this here. The spicy scent of your desire does not lie – you want this. You want me."

Damn him, he was right. She did want that which only he could give. His tongue licked around her opening. His hands kept her legs spread so he had unrestricted access to her weeping centre. He latched on to her labia, his open mouth engulfed her entire pussy and he thrust his tongue inside her. Her fingertips gripped into the mortar of the concrete-bricked walls. Her neck arched, a silent scream gasping from her throat at the sudden explosion of sensation that racked her body.

Erica's vagina convulsed as hot, silky liquid gushed into his mouth. He groaned in acceptance and delight at her response. His tongue lashed down her plump folds and back up to circle the tightly closed circle of her rear entrance. His tongue flicked over the little circle several times just to give her the sensation of play. One day soon, he would take her here, but for now, he just wanted to let her know his intentions.

He pictured it in his head—her lush body bent over the padded bench in his playroom. The feel of the lubrication on his fingers as he stretched her ass to accept his cock. A shudder went through his body, and his erection pulsed in anticipation. His mouth moved back down, and his tongue speared into her cunt. The muscles contracted around him, and the spicy taste of her essence filled his mouth. Her gasping breaths echoed in the stairwell as she tried to rein in her more vocal response to his torment. He continued to stimulate and torment the source of his obsession. His fingers tightened on her inner thighs as he fucked his tongue deep into her tight hole. His possessive growls were muffled by the soft mounds of her cheeks. One hand let go of her leg and reached down to rip open his zipper. He pulled out his throbbing cock and began to jack himself off in rhythm to his tongue piercing her sopping wet folds.

Erica had long since lost all perception of time and space. Whether or not another person came into the stairwell, she no longer cared. They could watch and get off if they wanted to as long as Mark didn't stop what he was doing. All she could focus on was the searing need between her legs. Her body writhed above his mouth. Her hips thrust back to jam her closer to the source of her pleasure. God, she just needed something more to reach that peak. Just a little.... Oh God! Two fingers thrust inside her and pushed deep, deeper than he had ever been before. A wave of excruciating pleasure swept up her. She couldn't hold back the wail of gratification. Mark trembled behind her.

He spun her around, and his fingers, which were coated in his release, slipped between her lips.

"Suck them clean."

The command unlocked a need trapped inside her. Her lips wrapped eagerly around the offering. When every trace of his cum was consumed, Mark's lips latched onto hers and his tongue probed deep, sharing the taste of his essence. Long minutes later, they separated,

and she leaned her head into his neck. His breathing was rough, his arms gathering her against him in a tight embrace. When they'd both achieved mental and physical balance, they straightened their clothes. Taking her hand, he led her back up the stairs and paused just before the door. He captured her face between his large palms.

"I can't wait to truly make you mine in every way. I will have you hoarse from screaming so loud and so long. The pleasure we'll achieve will be beyond anything you've ever experienced."

With that, he placed a tender kiss on her lips then led her through the doorway and back into the office, which was filling with people returning from their lunch hours.

\* \* \* \*

As the day progressed, Mark became increasingly glad it was Friday. His mind frequently returned to the episode in the stairwell. On one hand, it had been incredibly stupid and risky. On the other, he'd never experienced anything like it before. He had come so hard he'd actually shot the wall between Erica's legs. She had responded to his demands like a dream. He craved to explore that further and planned on making the most of the upcoming weekend, testing her limits to see if she continued to react so hotly.

After careful consideration, he decided he would ask Erica to go to his mountain cabin. It was still early spring, and although the weather could be unpredictable, the forecast called for partly sunny skies on the Front Range. If things went as planned, they would stay plenty warm despite chilly night temperatures in the higher altitudes. Enthusiastic about his prospects, he settled in to finish all his important business before leaving that night.

The sun set outside his office window as he shut down his laptop. He headed for the door and shut off the lights. As he locked up, he looked over his shoulder at Erica's suite, but didn't see a light on. Walking around the common area, he searched for her. He knew she was still in the building because her car was parked in the usual space outside, but he was still without success a half hour later. He'd checked her office, the gym, his office, and the conference room. He even went so far as to knock on the ladies room door. Finally giving up, he went to find one of the secretaries to see if they knew where she was. He saw one of them heading into the elevator. He jogged over to catch her before the doors closed.

"Ann! Wait!"

She glanced through the elevator doors and put her hand out to prevent them from closing.

"Did you want to ride me, Mr. Shield?" She giggled. "Oh...sorry, I meant with me."

He looked over at the perky blonde. He found her attractive in a general female fashion but had never suggested anything between them. Frankly, he was surprised at her audacity since it was more than apparent what she'd said was no slip of the tongue.

With a stern face, exuding all his partnership power, he replied, "No thank you, Ms. Branson. I was hoping you could tell me if you've seen Ms. Cross. I have some important details to discuss with her and can't seem to find her."

"Yeah, I saw her go down into 'The Pit' a while ago. I think she was planning on finishing the Marksmen layout," she said with an air of disappointment.

After thanking her, he headed down to the lower level and came to a stop outside in the hallway when he heard Erica singing enthusiastically. It was impossible to suppress his grin as he recognised the classic rock tune talking about some woman and a one-night stand. Standing silently, leaning against the door jamb, he watched as Erica danced around in stocking-clad feet and sang to her music. She seemed like a carefree teenager, much different from the professionally composed V.P. he saw on a daily basis. Just as she reached up to grab a print coming off the machine, he walked up behind her, grabbed her around the waist and spun her around. Pulling her face between his hands, he kissed her hard.

The kiss was electric and all consuming. He spared her no mercy and ate at her mouth like it was the most delectable dessert. His tongue aggressively thrust into her mouth only to slowly lick its way back out. Her arms came up around his neck, and her hands speared into his hair. Her nails softly scraped his scalp. The yank on his locks, just short of pain, created an extra sensation that intensified his pleasure. Her movements forced him to be as much her prisoner as she was his.

Separating their lips, Mark spoke roughly into her ear. "Please tell me that's your final print."

Erica's wide eyes were dazed for all of two seconds before she turned around. She grabbed the document and held it out to him.

"Yeah, it is. What do you think?"

Mark continued to look at her. "It's perfect."

Erica rolled her eyes. "You didn't even look." She held the print up in front of his face. "Seriously, tell me what you think of the final layout."

He forced himself to pay attention to the impressive printout. The combination of graphic design, bold colours and photography was exactly what they'd been trying to achieve.

"It really is perfect. The client will be thrilled come Monday. Now... It's Friday night, and we have two days before we need to worry about anything else to do with this building. I want you to come with me to my cabin outside of Estes this weekend. Do you already have any plans?"

The only plans she had were to clean her condo and read the juicy novel she had just picked up. As enticing as that might seem, she did a quick comparison. A vacuum, dust cloth and paperback compared to the hot, hard arms of this man enfolding her?

*Hmm... I'll take the second showcase, Bob.*

She shook her head no.

"Good. Go home and pack an overnight bag then meet me at my house around seven o'clock. I have a few stops to make on the way home."

The kiss bestowed upon her this time was soft and lingering. His lips sipped at hers, rubbing provocatively. He wrapped his arms closely around her.

"Be ready, Erica. My cabin is nice and secluded. Nobody will hear you as you scream and unravel around me. I'm going to make you burn so hot, baby, we won't need to light the fireplace to keep us warm."

And just as she had walked out on him the previous evening, he did so now.



## Chapter Three

The clock on Erica's dash read 7:10 p.m. as she pulled into Mark's driveway. Sitting behind the wheel in the darkened interior of her car, she took a few moments to gather her courage. Her body still hummed after her and Mark's explosive encounters earlier, especially in the stairwell. God, what had she been thinking? But, oh my, it had felt incredible, from the first moment she'd realised Mark was stalking her to his command to suck him clean. His forceful demands, both spoken and unspoken, amplified the explosive pleasure throbbing through her blood. She had sensed his general dominating personality in the office—one couldn't miss it—but had no idea it would extend to his sexual practises. This realisation only made her want him more. She couldn't wait to find out what he planned next.

For some reason, she was suddenly nervous. She had no experience with the type of sexual dominance Mark epitomized. The few men she'd dated were quiet, professional, and easy going. They'd taken good care of her but had never inspired all-consuming arousal or the desire to submit that Mark so easily unleashed in her.

Taking a deep breath, she opened her door and started up the flagstone pathway. She was just about to ring the doorbell when the front door opened, and her breath was taken away by the sight of him in a thick, off-white, cable-knit sweater that hugged his powerful torso, emphasising his broad shoulders and lean waist. His feet were bare, and a pair of dark blue jeans encased his lean hips and long legs. Her attention was riveted to the soft material across his steel-hard thighs and the bulge nestled against his hip. She felt a blush creep across her cheeks.

Mark watched as Erica looked her fill at his body, and her gaze lingered then widened as a becoming blush spread from her cheeks down her neck. How long they stood there he was uncertain because he was just as entranced with her appearance. She wore low-slung jeans with what appeared to be heeled boots, and a deep, V-necked sweater in what could only be the softest cashmere. The sweater was a dark emerald green, which contrasted perfectly with her eyes. She wore her hair down. The thick, sable-brown strands were always

twisted into a knot at the office. Seeing the soft tresses now fall gently down her back to just below her shoulder blades was arresting.

He cleared his throat. "Hi... Come on in."

"Thanks. I know I'm a few minutes late. I hope it didn't complicate things."

"Not at all. I only got home a little bit ago. I stopped off at the grocery to stock up on food for the weekend and was just getting out of the shower when I heard you pull in."

She stepped inside then reached up to run her fingers through his still damp strands while simultaneously giving him a soft kiss. It was the first time she had initiated contact, and he accepted her soft lips with pleasure. Putting his hands on her waist, he held her closer and angled his head to deepen the caress. A soft groan escaped his throat at how well they fit together. Having been a large man his whole life, he'd often felt the need to restrain himself around women, but Erica was only slightly shorter than him in her high heels. While she outwardly appeared delicate, the curves of her body perfectly contoured to his. Reluctantly, he backed away and leaned his forehead against hers.

"We should go if we want to get to the cabin before too late. Let me get my boots and grab my bag. You're welcome to make yourself at home." With another soft nip against her lips, he turned and ran up the stairs.

The front door of Mark's home opened directly into a large open living room. She glimpsed the kitchen through a wide archway directly in front of her. A set of stairs leading to the second floor lined the wall to her right. Absorbing the atmosphere of Mark's home, she noticed that the wall colours were mostly neutral but were combined with strong deep hues in the furniture. There was a full-sized, overstuffed leather couch in front of a large flat-panel television. She pictured him watching a game there on the weekends. Walking a little closer, she spied his DVD collection and was curious enough to investigate. She'd always thought one could tell a lot about a person by the movies they collected. He had an impressive collection of drama, action/suspense, and comedies. She smiled when she noticed some old-fashioned flicks, as well. He had Gene Kelly and Humphrey Bogart sitting next to Clint Eastwood, Paul Newman and Steve McQueen. Meandering further into the house, she found a gourmet kitchen, decked out in granite countertops and professional-quality, stainless-steel appliances. What was truly mesmerising, though, was that most of the back side of the house

was made of large windows. There were no buildings behind his house, and he had an incredible view of the mountains. It felt like the outdoors had come inside.

Feeling Mark's presence behind her, she looked over her shoulder. "This is quite a setup you have here. The windows are amazing."

"I like to cook, so I spend a lot of time in here. You run or swim for relaxation. I prefer preparing and cooking delicious meals."

Erica turned around, put her arms around his waist and smiled. "Be very careful about saying such things to a woman. She might anticipate years of catering and refuse to let you go peacefully."

He reached up and brushed his thumbs across her cheeks. "What if I don't want her to let me go?"

She'd been prepared for Mark's usual intensity but was unsure how to process this apparent softer side of his personality. So she looked at him but didn't comment on his surprising statement.

He leaned over and gently kissed her nose. "Come on. I'm anxious to get you naked and trapped at my mercy in the isolated wilderness. You can park your car in my garage while we're gone."

Erica felt they were back on more familiar ground and gave Mark a sly come-hither look. "You have to get me naked first. I refuse to capitulate to your whims without a fight – and I like to fight dirty."

Mark's eyes flashed with arousal then she turned towards the front door. As she walked out to her car, she heard Mark whistle as he caught a look at her baby.

"Wow! That's not the car you normally drive to the office."

"Yeah, this is my secret addiction. I love classic muscle cars, and the 1971 Corvette Stingray truly embodies that. I finally bought her when I was awarded the V.P. position. This baby has four hundred and twenty-five horses under the hood. It will do zero to sixty in five point nine seconds and has a quarter mile time of twelve seconds flat. She can purr like a contented cat or roar down the road at full throttle." She laughed at the look of shock on Mark's face. "You seem surprised. Did you think only men could talk performance cars?"

"No... I just didn't know you could. Can I drive it?"

Unable to deny the enthusiastically boyish look on his face, Erica gave in. She threw him the keys. "Come on. We can spin around the block a few times."

He caught the keys and practically jumped in the car. With a wicked look in his eyes, he took off down the street, smoothly sliding through the gears like a professional driver. Erica loved driving the car but found there was defiantly something to be said for riding alongside someone obviously confident in his skills. She relaxed into the seat and let the rumble of the engine and feel of the tires caressing the road move through her body. Looking over at him, she gave him a little wink.

"You know exactly how to handle her. Do you have a secret muscle car fetish as well?" The smile on his face gave away the fact that he was thrilled at the feel of the performance car beneath him.

Mark laughed. "I grew up surrounded by posters of these cars. My brothers and I were always tinkering with one engine or another in the garage and trying to get the tuning perfect for the next weekend at the drag strip. Man, they would be in absolute heaven if they were sitting where I am right now."

\* \* \* \*

Mark pulled back into the driveway and raised the door on the garage with the remote on the key fob in his pocket. Guiding the car into the spot beside his own vehicle, he turned off the engine and released a pent-up breath. She looked over at the driver seat as he reached up to circle his hand around her neck bringing their lips together for a long tight kiss. The closed-mouthed kiss was no less erotic or compelling than others they'd shared. She thought she could taste the words of thanks for the trust and the experience of driving her baby.

\* \* \* \*

He navigated his way through Denver to Highway thirty-six leading to Boulder. Erica had her eyes closed and was relaxed with her head leaned back against the seat. He hadn't meant to fluster her in the kitchen with his comment about not letting her go, but his mind had already accepted that he harboured fantasies of them sharing more than a weekend of setting the sheets on fire.

The drive to Estes Park took about an hour and half. As the scenery passed, the peaceful silence was unbroken with inane chatter. He reached for her hand as they steadily climbed up into mountains.

Finally, he pulled up the steep drive that led to his cabin. 'Cabin' was an understatement for the dwelling in front of them. True, it was made of wood, but the front side was a wall of windows facing the majestic peaks within Rocky Mountain National Park. A deck reached around the entire expanse, and the land surrounding it rolled in gentle swells.

"Wow... This is your place?"

Mark glanced over at her. "It's my family's place. We all come up here occasionally, but right now, my parents are in Scotland and my brothers both have jobs and families that keep them busy."

Getting out of the car, they grabbed the bags of food and clothing. It took a second for him to balance his bags and get the door unlocked. Standing on the deck as the brisk mountain air blew across the hilltop, Erica shivered. He saw her shake in his peripheral vision.

"Come on inside. I've got just the thing to warm you up."

He chuckled as her gaze darkened, and she licked her lips. "That too, but I was thinking more along the lines of starting a fire and cooking a nice hot meal."

They carried the groceries inside, and he went out to collect a supply of firewood from under the deck. The next order of things was to get dinner started. He dug out the pans and set the oven to pre-heat. It wasn't long before the delicious aromas of chicken parmesan filled the air of the great room. He looked up as Erica kneeled down in front of the fireplace, striking a match to the tinder. She stared into the large stone opening, watching the flickering flames. The burning fragrance from the evergreen filled the space, and he inhaled deeply.

The light and shadows of the flames danced across Erica face. She looked incredibly beautiful.

*What is she thinking about?*

He thought he detected a slight blush on her cheeks, but maybe that was a trick of the light.

*Could she be reliving our times spent together so far? Is she fantasising about how it will feel when we finally make love?*

The thought of Erica fantasising about how it would feel to have his cock slide deep into her hot pussy or imaging taking him deep into her throat instantly made his head swim, and his jeans grew even tighter than they had already been. He'd been hard for the last ten miles of their trip. As they'd gotten nearer to the cabin, he'd felt his blood pumping furiously down to his cock as his anticipation had grown. At this point, he would have the outline of the buttons on his jeans permanently imbedded in the skin.

He was so caught up in his thoughts and watching her that he burned his finger on the hot pan of sauce simmering on the stove. Cursing at his own distractibility, he went over to the sink to run cool water over the slight abrasion.

Turning his head over his shoulder, he called out, "Why don't you carry your bag up to the room and get settled? Dinner should be ready in about twenty minutes."

"Where would you like me to put my things?"

"The second bedroom to the right of the stairs."

Walking upstairs, Erica pushed open the door to the second room to find a large master suite. It was spacious and had French doors leading onto an upper level balcony. The bed was a massive cherry-wood four-poster with cubed posts, transverse beams and a stretched white canopy with streamers running down the length of the posts. An overstuffed chaise lounge sat beside a second stone fireplace. This one appeared to be gas fuelled. A large three-door wardrobe that matched the bed stood against one wall. Looking to her left, she saw two doorways. One opened into a huge walk-in closet her whole bathroom would have fit into, and the other led to the master bath. The slate-tiled floor in the bathroom was offset by the warm honey-beige walls. The room came complete with a multi-jet steam shower, a Jacuzzi tub big enough for three, and pedestal sinks.

Feeling certain Mark had made a mistake as to which room she was assigned, she placed her bag inside the door but did not unpack.

As she walked back down the stairs, she caught his warm gaze as he stood at the bottom with a glass of wine for each of them.

"I thought we'd eat in front of the fire if it's okay with you."

She accepted the glass graciously, letting the tips of their fingers linger. "Are you sure you told me the right room? It looks like the master suite."

Placing a warm hand on the small of her back, he guided her to the sofa. He'd arranged plates on lap trays on the coffee table.

"It is the master suite. Unless my parents are here, we all use that room. Why do you question the choice? Don't you like it? We can choose another one if you prefer."

"Oh, no. It's an incredible room. I was just surprised. I mean, I know we came here with every intention of sleeping together, but I didn't know you actually wanted to sleep together. Does that make any sense? I just thought this was a casual affair. A weekend away to explore whatever is happening between us."

A concerned look crossed Mark's face with her admission.

"Did you honestly think I'd invite you here, have sex with you then shoo you away to a guest room?"

Erica was a little chagrined. The tone of his voice said he was upset by her assumption. She looked down at her tray then lifted her head pasting on a weak smile. "It sounds silly hearing you say it like that, but I've been rejected after sex more than once in my life. I just don't want there to be any miscommunication between us."

His eyes held the questions, but fortunately, they weren't given a voice.

Wanting to divert the conversation, she said, "This dinner is fantastic. You really are talented in the kitchen."

The flavours of the sauce and delicate balance between oregano and basil were complemented perfectly by the cool white wine. The entire meal was a seduction of the senses. Heat radiated off the fireplace, and she slowly grew hotter sitting in such close proximity to Mark's powerful body. He watched her intently. The flames of the fire reflected his arresting green eyes. Under his close scrutiny, Erica's hand shook, so she put her wine glass down and set aside her tray. Mark did the same and, taking hold of her hand, closed the distance between them. Stretching one leg out on the sofa and bending the other to the floor, he settled her in tight between his legs. The position forced her chest against his. He placed his hand on the back of her head, urging her to relax into the crook of his neck.

Leaning back against the sofa with Erica in his arms was nice. Her soft breath fluttered against his skin, and he stifled a groan of pleasure. He gently massaged her back, shoulders, and neck. She purred. The throaty sound vibrated down her body, and he felt it everywhere they touched. His cock pulsed harder, and he felt a small bit of fluid escape from the tight crest. He moved Erica's hair away from her neck and, leaning down, dropped soft kisses along the length. When her head lifted and he found his lips only fractions away from hers, he didn't resist the temptation to kiss her. One hand tangled in her heavy hair while the other reached down to pull her backside in to snuggle her groin closer to his. He arched his hips and ground their pelvises together, creating a burning friction that did everything but relieve any of the tension radiating through their bodies.

Her tongue tangled with his in a smooth rhythm. He lightly sucked it into his mouth as he licked and caressed hers. The combination of wine, food and a taste unique to Erica filled his mouth, making him drunk with need. He rotated their bodies so she was lying beneath him on the leather sofa. He released her lips to once again drag his down her neck, lightly scoring the delicate skin with his teeth before using his tongue to ease the slight ache.

"You drive me crazy. Every time I touch you, all I can think about is sinking my cock deep inside you, wanting to feel those muscles clench around me, and begging to feel the hot, wet suction as I thrust in and out."

He reached down to the edge of her top and lifted the sweater over her head. His hand caressed down her side as he nuzzled the valley between her breasts. Opening the front closure to her bra, he drew the lace away and sucked in his breath at the beautiful sight. Her breasts were full and soft. He knew them to be natural as he lifted the weight in his hands. Her nipples were a dark rose colour. They puckered and begged for his kiss. Leaning down, he covered them with his mouth, tasting her soft skin. Pulling back, he began to circle her large areolas with his tongue. Her nipples tightened even more. When he finally reached the centre, he nipped her, and a soft whimper reached his ears.

"Please, Mark..."

"Please what, sweetheart?"

"Please suck on them. I want to feel you latch onto me and pull hard. I need to feel your mouth surround me."



With a groan, he did just that. Pulling her breast deep into his mouth, he sucked and used his tongue to flick over the tight centre. Using the other hand, he caressed the opposite side.

"You taste like the most seductive candy – vanilla with a hint of caramel. I love the way you fill my hands and mouth. You're full but soft...absolutely perfect."

He continued to pull at her nipples, sometimes softly, then with harder suction. He heard Erica's breathing get faster, felt her body tremble.

"Yes...just like that. Harder, Mark," she hissed out.

All finesse was forgotten as he hungrily latched on, pulling her deeply into his mouth. Suddenly, she cried out, stiffening in his arms as an orgasm ripped through her body. He continued to pull and massage as she rode out the quick but intense spasm. Stunned, he watched. He'd never had a woman come just by having her breasts sucked. Another burst of fluid escaped his cock as he thought of what would happen when he used a good pair of nipple clamps on her. He had to close his eyes and think of something unsexy to hold off his own orgasm.

When he got control of himself, he opened them to see hers glazed, open and filled with satisfaction, but still teeming with an unsatisfied hunger.

"Wow...I've read about that but didn't think it was actually possible." Her hands reached down to tug at his sweater. "Too many clothes. Get this off. I want to feel you against me."

Mark sat back and yanked the sweater over his head. He'd taken off his boots and socks earlier and was left in just his jeans. He took a moment to let Erica feel his weight on top of her, giving a slight thrust of his hips as he held her waist. Not wanting to completely crush her, he moved to kneel on the floor. Reaching the button to her jeans, he released it, then opened the zipper. She lifted her hips to help him get them down her legs. Underneath, she wore bright red lace bikinis. Her dampness gathered at the centre, and he smelled the scent of her arousal. Looking along the length of the sofa, he realised that despite the width, there was no way they could achieve what he desired while lying on there.

He moved aside the coffee table and placed throw pillows and a soft blanket on the floor in front of the fire. Gathering Erica up into his arms, he moved her to the arranged bedding. The feel of her body completely beneath his was sensational. Her height aligned

them just so, and her softly toned curves hugged his harder ridges perfectly. Bracing his weight on his elbows, he took her mouth in a possessive kiss that left him breathing hard and aching for more. He loved the feel of her tongue rubbing against his own. She kissed with such openness, holding nothing back in her desire. She wanted him just as much as he wanted her, and that knowledge made his own arousal flame hotter. Mark broke the kiss and moved to pull her panties down her long legs.

Looking back up, he stared in wonder at the beauty before his eyes. There was no denying that Erica was in good shape. He could see the toned muscles of her abdomen, thighs, and arms, but she was also one hundred percent soft woman. Her full breasts, gentle swell of her lower stomach and flare of her hips were made perfectly for cradling a man. He moved between her legs, separating her thighs with his hands. His thumbs tucked into the wet folds. He loved the bikini wax that had left the lips bare but for a soft patch of curling hair at the apex. If she had not already been waxed, he would have ordered it at some point. He enjoyed feeling the smoothness of a woman pussy against his tongue. Inhaling her scent, he looked up into her fire bright, violet eyes.

"I have to taste you again. Your flavour is addicting, and I loved the feel of you weeping into my mouth."

His tongue swiped through the wet folds, not yet touching her sensitive clit. His fingers separated to hold her open to his gaze. He watched as moisture pooled from the delicate channel. Leaning in, he again ran his tongue along the edges then speared deeply inside to lap up her silky fluid. She cried out above him, her hands threaded through his hair to hold him close as her hips lifted for more. His tongue continued to drive inside her hot cunt.

"Oh God, Mark! More... Please, don't stop."

He thrust two fingers inside her. The feel of hot fire and liquid silk surrounded him. Her tissues already swollen made her so tight, he was worried about hurting her. Just like the rest of his body, his cock was long and thick. In and out, his fingers moved circling and arching against delicate nerves up top, slowly preparing her to accept his size. Soft fluttering contractions pulled him further inside. His tongue circled her clit and gently sucked it into his mouth, milking it with his lips. Her muscles contracted harder and hot liquid rushed down his fingers.

"I want you to come for me again, Erica. I want to put my mouth on you and feel you gush down my throat. I can tell you're close. I can feel it building inside you. You're squeezing my fingers so tightly. It's pure heaven, baby."

He moved to put his tongue where his fingers had been, and his hands came up to capture her hips to hold her still. He latched on to her hungry, wet pussy and groaned in pure ecstasy as he heard her scream and felt the rush of her release. Her response echoed through him. Never had he been this hard before. His cock pushed against his jeans begging for release from the confining material. Realising he couldn't wait another second, he stood quickly and shed his pants. He grabbed a condom out of his pocket.

Erica watched Mark's every move. Her eyes were glued to his freed erection. She noticed with a smile that Mark went commando under his jeans. Unconsciously, she licked her lips as rivulets of fluid escaped from the top of his cock. The head was large, flushed and shaped like a plum. The thick length jutted straight up, reaching just below his navel. A full dark vein throbbed along the entire stalk. Unable to restrain herself, she moved into a kneeling position in front of him and swiped her tongue across the ridge, catching a drop of fluid that had called to her. Then she slipped her mouth over the head and ran her tongue in circles under the sensitive ridge.

"Erica!"

Emboldened by his response, she slid more of his length into her eager mouth. When she felt the tip graze her throat, she relaxed her muscles and let another inch slide down. Contracting her muscles, she worked the head. She wasn't able to accept all of him, so she wrapped one hand around the base. Keeping him deep in her mouth, she swivelled her head. The hard flesh throbbed in her hand, and he trembled above her. Taking his testicles in her other hand, she weighed the heavy sac, rolling the soft globes. They drew up closer to his body. Reaching a finger below, she gently stroked the patch of skin. She pulled back her finger to play with his balls for a moment then returned to stroke the skin underneath again.

Mark panted and moaned above her. She lifted her mouth and circled the head with her tongue then gently sucked it back into her mouth. She revelled in the taste of his hot, thick skin sliding through her lips.

His hands tangled in her hair, pulling her further down his length, teaching her the rhythm he wanted. Picking up his signals, she worked up and down his length, alternately lapping with her tongue and sucking him deep. Up and down, she went, her hand at his base moving in rhythm with her mouth. She increased her pace, and her hand tightened, twisting on the head as she pulled up. She pulled down on his testicles at the same time. A hoarse groan escaped with the dual sensations. She increased her pace and knew he was close to the edge by the way his hips rocked. She eagerly lapped at the small bursts of fluid escaping onto her tongue.

"Oh God, baby. You have to let up. I'm going to come if you keep doing that. I don't want to...not yet. Give me more of that sweet mouth."

Mark watched as Erica's soft lips slid up and down his erection. Jesus, he'd never seen anything so erotic. Her lips were puffed up and wet. A trail of moisture was left on his skin as she pulled up, almost releasing him before sliding back into pure heaven.

She let out a moan then slowed her pace, purposely delaying his release. She swirled her tongue around the head and dipped the tip into the slit to wiggle back and forth. The slight burn seared his already sensitive receptors. Her bright eyes were open, her face a mask of pleasure. He was determined to hold off his orgasm for a little longer. This feeling was too good to give up. She once again closed her eyes and pulled him deep into her hot mouth. His hands tightened in her thick, long hair, and he exclaimed, "Sweet God. Suck me deep, baby."

He was reaching the end of his control. The blood pounded furiously through his body, his brain no longer able to retain an organised thought, and he felt like he was burning alive. His cum boiled deep, ready to erupt. The thought of shooting his release down her throat almost made him lose control. She pushed gently on the vein at the base of his cock, further stalling his release. She wrapped lips around her teeth and used them to exert pressure with her strokes. He sank down as far into her throat as possible. He hardened even further, and the head of his cock swelled to fill the cavity of her mouth.

Mark opened his eyes and stared down at the vision before him.

"Honey... God, you look so beautiful swallowing my cock. I can feel the head pushing down into your throat, your tongue feels like velvet. Oh fuck...I'm going to come. I can't

hold back much longer. Swallow me. Swallow every drop as I explode down your sweet throat."

She released her hold on his base and grabbed his hips. Her mouth sucked ravenously, and she moaned with every thrust. The vibrations travelled up and down him, adding another layer of sensation. Her tongue whipped at the head. His thighs tightened and he threw back his head as he roared, "Oh God...Yes!"

His cum explode down her throat. She swallowed every drop, and he heard another little purr of appreciation.

He waited precious seconds while the stars receded from his vision and his heart retreated back into his chest. He'd never experienced an orgasm that intense. And beyond all reasonable explanation, he was still hard. He had to get inside her, and he had to do it now. Reaching down, he lifted her into his arms. Cradling her like an infant, he strode purposefully towards the stairs leading to the bedrooms. Her head rested on his shoulder, and her arms came around his neck. Walking into the bedroom, he pulled the comforter to the base of the four-poster bed and laid Erica in the centre.

"You just burned me alive, and I haven't even been inside you yet."

He ripped open the foil pack still clutched in his fist and quickly rolled the condom over his length. He caressed her soft folds, coaxing them to open like a flower. He tasted his own release as he kissed her deeply, and satisfaction coursed through him at knowing that his scent now invaded her body. He spread her legs further apart and pushed two fingers inside. Erica arched into his hand when he used his thumb to circle her clit. His fingers slowly pushed through her tight muscles, exerting just enough pressure to drive her crazy without sending her over the edge.

"Enough. Now, Mark! I want you now." He leaned over her as she held his face between her hands "One thrust. I want you in one long, deep thrust."

"Are you sure, baby? I don't want to hurt you."

"It's okay. It can only be good pain," she assured him.

"All right. Put your legs around my waist."

He placed a pillow beneath her hips so he could get the right angle. Then nudging the head of his cock between the weeping folds of her pussy, he slowly pushed inside. Once the head was in, he leaned down and, fusing their lips together, sank in to the hilt. He caught her

scream in his mouth as he released his own into hers. Pausing to let her muscles adjust around him, he watched as her eyes opened and stared into his. All the need and fire he felt in himself was echoed in her open gaze. He began a slow rocking motion with his hips. The snug and hot channel surrounding him tried to suck him in. With each stroke, he pulled back a little further only to glide back in as far as he could. He leaned his head down to suck a nipple into his mouth, the pulling motion mimicking that of his thrusts. Erica's mewling cries echoed in the large room, drowning him in the sounds of her pleasure.

"More! Harder. Don't hold back."

He raised himself on his arms and fucked her in hard, long strokes. Each thrust made his mind explode in unparalleled pleasure. Erica arched against him in perfect time. She wrapped her arms underneath his own and held on to his back as he drove deep. He felt her orgasm building just over the horizon. Her muscles contracted and hot fluid rushed down her tight channel to help ease the pounding of his cock. Suddenly, her whole body tightened, her head was thrown back and she let out a beautiful cry.

He continued to push his way through her orgasm, grimacing as she tightened further around him.

*God, that feels incredible!*

He had to get one more orgasm out of her, had to feel her tightening around his pounding flesh one more time. He had to feel her contractions ripple down his length and her hot, syrupy fluid cascade from her womb.

"One more. Once more. Give me everything you have. Let me feel you combust in my arms."

The pace of his thrusts increased. Shallow, deep, shallow, deep. Harder then softer. He bent back her legs, pushing them open against her chest. She grabbed her knees and held them there as his hips continued to ram into hers. He slipped his hand between her legs and milked her clit, further stimulating the little bundle of nerves.

"I'm ready to come. We're going to do this together. Understand me? I want you with me when we fall over the edge of reason."

He sensed his orgasm just moments away and became ruthless as he slid inside her hard and deep, massaging her clit and leaning down to pull a nipple tightly between his lips. He drove home through her hot, wet flesh.

*"Now!"*

Pleasure so intense it was almost painful ripped through their bodies. They came together, crying each other's names. The waves felt never-ending, searing into their souls in mindless abandon.

## Chapter Four

Mark collapsed on top of Erica. Their chests pressed together, he rolled onto his side, keeping them joined. While they caught their breath, their slick bodies began to cool. He gently rubbed her back as their legs tangled on top of the covers. Laying there trying to regain his sense of balance, he thought of what that might feel like with nothing separating their skin. He vowed to make that happen as quickly as possible. Slowly, he pulled out of her heat and discarded the condom in the wastebasket.

Gently, he kissed her cheek. "Are you okay?"

Looking up at him, she placed her hand against his cheek and kissed him softly on the lips. "I'm better than okay. I hope you know you are really incredible at that. I'm sure all your girlfriends have told you they've never had better."

Mark smiled. "I've never had any complaints, but it's really nice to hear that from you. I'm a pretty discriminating guy when it comes to my personal life. A lot of women find my domineering personality a bit much to handle."

Taking a deep breath, he stared down into her eyes. "How would you feel about getting tested at some point and doing this without the condom? I know it's a big step and may seem awfully fast, but I want nothing more than your naked skin against mine when I'm inside you."

"When was the last time you had sex without a condom?" she asked.

"Never. I've always been fanatic about using protection. I firmly believe you have to be responsible for your own health and safety. I just had my physical for insurance a couple weeks ago. Clean as a whistle, and I haven't had a partner in the last six months, so I know I'm safe."

Erica smoothed back a lock of hair that had fallen into his eyes. "I use the contraceptive ring so there's no need to worry about pregnancy. There haven't been more than a few men in my life, and they've always used condoms in addition to my precautions."

"What are you saying? Spell it out for me so we're communicating clearly."



"If you can trust me, and I can trust you, without providing documented proof of our declarations, then I'm agreeable to having sex with you without the use of condoms. Provided of course that we're exclusive only to each other, and should either of us desire change in that area we notify the other person immediately."

He leaned down and kissed her tenderly. Slowly, he glided his tongue across her lower lip before slipping inside. His cock hardened again at the feel of her tongue sensuously rubbing against his own. He wanted to absorb every part of her and let her scent invade his body as much as his wanted to invade hers.

She backed away and placed a hand against his chest. "Are you agreeable to those conditions? I need to know before we go any further."

He nodded frantically like a bobble-head doll.

Grasping her butt cheeks, he rolled onto his back. He sat up with Erica astride his hips. She fed him one of her rosy-tipped breasts. He cradled the swollen mound in his hands and pulled the tight nipple into his mouth. He loved the contrast between his large hand and her small but full mound. He flipped his tongue back and forth over the nipple several times before moving to the other side. Pushing her breasts together, he took both nipples into his mouth then lightly scored the tender tips with his teeth. When she gasped, he used his tongue to soothe the slight sting.

She rocked against him. Her motions were instinctive rather than manipulative as her body demanded increased stimulation. He lifted her up and held his breath as she slowly sank onto his cock. The heat and feel of her bare skin against his was unimaginable.

*My God, this was worth the wait!*

They both gasped as he reached the top and pushed against her cervix. He leaned forward and rested his forehead against hers, staring into her eyes and trying to remember how to breathe.

Slowly, they began to move with gentle rocking motions. Gradually, her movements increased, rising slowly then maximising gravity to quickly fall back against his hips. His thick length stretched her, the head of his cock nudging against her cervix on each down stroke. He anchored her hips as she rode him, the pace of her thrusts steadily quickening. He sensed her racing for release.

"Slow down, baby. We have all night. I promise to make you scream 'til your voice is hoarse tomorrow."

She slowed her pace so that she felt every inch of each stroke. The pleasure and pain of such a deep penetration whipped through her body. His mouth latched onto her neck, and the gentle suction echoed in a spasm fluttering through her womb. He reached down and slowly circled her clit. The stimulation of the plump bundle of nerves caused her wet channel to tighten, and she released a whimpering moan.

"There you go, honey. Nice and slow. Ride me good and smooth. Feel every hard inch sink into your pussy. You're so wet my cock feels like it's driving through hot, thick syrup. Tighten your muscles. Oh God... Yes, that feels so good."

He fused their mouths together as she continued to ride him. Their tongues danced and thrust in time to Erica's movements. She was desperate for more. Every word from Mark's lips drove her higher. The way he spoke to her, the command of his deep, rich voice floating over her head, made her burn. She knew some people were annoyed when their partners talked too much during sex, but the sound of Mark's voice only made her hotter. She yearned for his next command, his next praise of how her body made him feel.

"I need more. I need to feel you driving deep and hard."

He leaned his arms back on the bed so he could thrust his hips up into her strokes. She increased her pace, not a jarring bounce but smoothly accelerating. His face was a study of exquisite pleasure and beautiful strain. His lips were compressed, and those crystal-green eyes bored into hers. He continued to arch his hips to meet hers, driving a rhythm inside her that her movements couldn't achieve alone. She threw back her head and tightened her legs around his hips, her eyes closed and her mouth opened as a cry of release escaped from deep inside her body. She hadn't come down from her high when Mark quickly flipped them over to mount her from behind. Grasping her hips, he thrust high and fast.

"That was five, sweetheart. You ready for number six?"

Reaching around, he played with her clit as he drove into her tender wet flesh. He heard the sucking sounds as he shuttled in and out of her hot core, his balls slapping against

her wet pussy. She had the most beautiful ass he'd ever seen. The globes were smooth and round. Without thinking, he laid a gentle slap on the softest part.

She gasped at the stinging caress.

"Did you like that, baby? Do you want more?"

She let out a soft cry. "Yes."

Another tender slap, this time on the other cheek. He watched as her ass began to flush, the sight amplifying his arousal. He continued the little slaps in no particular rhythm to heighten her anticipation. He felt little convulsions in her wet cunt as he continued to thrust with each slap.

"God, your ass blushes pretty, Erica."

He coated his fingers in her warm syrup then moved behind to lightly circle the tight ring on her backside. Marking sure he had plenty of lubrication, he gently pushed, testing her resistance.

"Have you ever been taken here before? Has anyone ever made you scream from the pleasure and pain of breaching your tight little ass?"

She shook her head.

"I'm going to take you here at some point. I'm going to fuck your ass just like I'm fucking your sweet pussy right now."

Mark pushed his thumb past the tight ring, and she let out a slight cry. He pushed and withdrew his thumb in the same rhythm as his cock.

"Oh God, Mark. I can't take it. Please, I need to come. Let me come."

He picked up the pace of his thrusts. "You can take it. Fight for it. Demand the pleasure I can give you."

She pushed back to counter his movements. Soft cries filled the space around the bed. She begged so beautifully for completion. Contractions from her building orgasm rippled down his driving cock. His thumb still pushing, stretching her tight opening with new sensations. His other hand milked her clit, and as if that was the last stimulation her body could handle, she screamed, pushing back against him as her orgasm ripped through her body in endless waves.

Mark continued to thrust, feeding her orgasm. Arching his body, his neck muscles straining, he grasped her hips and furiously plunged as his own release rose from the depths

of his soul. Finally, the first hot jets of cum explode from his cock, and his entire body trembled with a primal roar that erupted from his chest.

"Take my cum. Take it all!"

They collapsed in a heap on the tangled covers, neither of them speaking for long minutes as the world came back into focus. Mark thought heaven had been found in Erica's mouth, but he now knew heaven was no comparison to the nirvana he found within her tight body. My God, the heat between them was like nothing he had ever experienced before.

*What possessed you to spank her like that? To stick your thumb in her ass? She obviously enjoyed it. Does it mean I can share more of my true self?*

Feeling her cuddle up next to him, he wrapped his arms around her and gently kissed the top of her head. She began to dose off, and he gently shook her shoulder.

"Don't fall asleep on me just yet. Come on. Let's get cleaned up, then we can sleep."

She nuzzled deeper into his chest. "Sleep now. Shower later."

Mark chuckled at her antics. He slid from underneath her and walked into the luxurious bathroom. He thought Erica might appreciate a hot bath to soothe any aching muscles. Adjusting the temperature and watching the water fill the large tub, he looked around in the cabinets for the supply of salts and bath beads he knew his mother and sister-in-law kept on hand. After adding the mixture, he turned off the water and started the jets.

Returning to the bedroom, he leaned over the bed to gather Erica in his arms. "Come on, sweetheart. You don't want to fall asleep all sweaty and sticky."

Stepping into the tub with Erica in his arms, he sank into the hot water. He heard her sigh of contented pleasure and smiled. Dipping into the water, he drew up a soft sponge and lathered it with moisturising bath gel then gently wiped Erica's arms, neck, and shoulders.

"Sweetheart, you awake?"

Erica shimmied further down into the water, causing her slick body to rub against his chest and abdomen. He closed his eyes at the sensation.

"Yes, I just figured I'd take advantage of the pampering."

He kissed the tendon at the junction of her neck and shoulder. "I find myself enjoying the pampering, too. Another first tonight."

Erica smiled then leaned her head back, kissing him softly on the lips. "Well, don't let me stop you then."

Mark drew the sponge down her torso. Erica lifted one leg high up in the air and pulled it back towards her shoulder to allow him to clean it then repeated with the other side.

"Limber thing, aren't you?"

"I do lots of yoga and was a diver in high school and college."

Mark pushed her forward so he could wash her back. He lathered his hands with gel. He sank his hands under the water to gently clean the tender tissues between her legs then lifted her butt and run his hands around and between each cheek.

She groaned, and he whispered into her ear, "Want to make sure everything is squeaky clean now, don't we?"

He continued to rub his hands around her body, massaging tight muscles. His partial erection pushed against her back, but he knew she would be too sore to play any more tonight.

"The mind is willing, but the body isn't used to such exertions. I don't know if I can do this again tonight."

"Don't worry about him. He has a mind of his own, especially when a beautiful wet woman is rubbing up against him. I just want to hold you a little longer and relax in the jets. Do they feel good? Did I use you too roughly? Are you sore?"

Erica closed her eyes and savoured the feel of his broad chest against her back. "I'm sore, but only in good ways. I loved it when you lost control and unleashed all that power. I'm not made of glass."

"No, but you should be treated like the finest crystal."

She turned around in the water and straddled his legs. "That's a really great line. It's liable to earn you major points with a woman."

She kissed him. At first it was soft and lingering then, when neither of them was satisfied, it became a deep exploration. His arms wrapped around her body, holding her close. One hand reached under her hair to hold her to him by the nape of her neck. Slanting her head to get a better angle, she further devoured him. She didn't want the kiss to end. She felt desperate for each touch of his tongue against hers, his exotic spicy taste a drug. He put his hand underneath her chin and forced her to look into his eyes.

"It wasn't a line. You are an incredible woman and deserve to be treated as such."

She knew she was blushing, but maybe he would assume it was the hot water. "Thank you. I guess I'm just not used to such compliments. Especially from a man and certainly not from one who's already satisfied his needs."

Mark pulled her close and teased, "What makes you think I'm satisfied? I still have hundreds of fantasies I want to fulfil with you."

Her eyes went wide. "Hundreds?"

"Oh yeah. You've been the star of my sexual fantasies for a year now. I have no intention of letting you get away from me anytime soon."

She couldn't believe her ears. Mark had fantasised about her? He'd never given any signal that he'd found her attractive. She had assumed this affair was a spur of the moment thing for him after their encounter at the gym the other night. She looked into his bright green eyes to see if he was telling the truth. What she found was startling, as well as very arousing. His eyes burned with desire, but they also held a touch of tenderness. Could Mark care for her, even if just a little bit? Was this more than hot sex to him? And did she want this to be more than hot weekend sex?

She stood in the bath and was about to get out of the deep tub when he stopped her by taking hold of her hand. Looking down at him, she watched his eyes linger on her body as the little rivers of water cascaded over her skin.

"Do you have any idea how beautiful you are?" His eyes stopped at her hips. A frown marred his expression, and she heard a slight curse.

"What's wrong?"

He leaned forward and traced her hips with gentle fingers. "I bruised you." He leaned forward and kissed the little marks.

She stepped out of the tub and held out her hand. "Come on, before you turn into a prune."

Mark joined her and reached for the heated towels. He carefully dried her body with the soft cotton then wrapped it around her. She did the same for him, adding little kisses to each damp spot before wrapping the towel around his hips. He groaned deep in his throat and begged for mercy.

They headed back into the bedroom. She started to put a silk nightie on she'd brought, but he stalked over and yanked it back over her head.

"Oh, no, you don't. I want every inch of that soft flesh snuggled up against me as we sleep. We may not be able to touch the way we want during the day at the office, but nothing separates us at night. Those are the rules."

He lifted her up and placed her in the centre of the bed then tucked the covers around them. She rolled to her side, and he aligned her tight into the curve of his body, wrapping his arm around her middle. Her breathing evened out and her muscles relaxed as she drifted to sleep.

## Chapter Five

She awoke to the smell of coffee wafting up from the kitchen. Kicking the blankets off her naked body, she arched her back and stretched her hands high above her head as her toes reached for the end of the large bed. She recognised that some of her muscles were slightly sore but not nearly as bad as if she'd hadn't accepted Mark's tender care in the bath the night before.

"Now, that's a sight I'd love to see every morning."

Erica opened her eyes and smiled at the vision of Mark standing beside the bed dressed in only jeans with a steaming cup of coffee in his hand. She scooted up to lean against the headboard and propped herself up on the pillows.

"What time is it?"

His eyes continued to roam down the length of her body. "A little after nine a.m. How would you feel about a little hike this morning after breakfast? The skies are clear and temperature seems pleasant enough."

"Sounds good. Do you have someplace in mind?"

After discussing their options, they decided on a trek to Emerald Lake. This time of year, the trail would be quiet and serene. It was just long enough to get their systems going without being too taxing for a relaxing weekend. Knowing they had to head out before too long since unpredictable afternoon showers were common up in the mountains, she jumped out of bed and said she would be ready in just a few minutes.

Mark set the cup of coffee on the night stand and pulled her into his arms. Tucking her head into his shoulder, he embraced her. "I haven't given you a proper morning greeting yet." His head slowly lowered, and their lips touched. Unlike the explosive kisses the night before, this one was sweet and lingering. "Good morning, bright eyes."

She weaved slightly on her feet. "Wow, a girl could definitely get used to a greeting like that each day."

She stayed there until Mark turned her towards the bathroom and tapped her butt.



"Go. I'll be downstairs. What would you like for breakfast?"

"Umm... I'm usually not a huge breakfast person, so coffee and toast would be fine with me."

Mark shook his head in recrimination. "You need to keep your strength up this weekend. I'll whip up something with lots of protein."

She rolled her eyes and headed into the bathroom.

\* \* \* \*

She trotted down the steps dressed in old jeans and a green pocket T-shirt and her well-worn hiking boots. Mark stood at the stove folding over two omelettes that smelled delicious when she walked in. She sidled up to the coffeemaker and filled an empty mug sitting next to it. She sat at the counter as he shifted the omelettes onto plates.

"Here we are. *Bon appétit.*"

He set a pair of utensils and napkins in front of her, then joined her at the counter. She had just cut into her omelette when her chair was dragged down closer to him. She looked over in question.

He leaned over and gave her a quick kiss. "I like sitting close to you."

Erica took a bite of her food and closed her eyes as the blissful taste exploded over her tongue. "Oh my God. This is so good. What did you put in here?"

"Just a little of this and little of that."

She continued to eat with relish and every so often let out a soft little groan. She glanced over when she heard a soft chuckle and saw his look of amusement as he slowly drank his coffee. When she was finished, he picked up her plate, but she stopped him with a hand on his wrist.

"Oh no. You cooked last night and this morning. I'm doing the dishes. It's only fair." Sliding out of her chair, she ran her hands up his hard chest to his wide shoulders. "Why don't you get ready while I take care of things down here?"

He took one of her hands in his and guided it down to press against the hard bulge beneath his jeans. "Believe me. I'm ready."

She stroked him through the rough material then reached down to cup his balls and give them a gentle squeeze. "Yes, you are, but no time for play right now. Go get dressed then we can leave. Besides, good things come to boys who wait."

She heard him mumble something about hating to wait as he walked up the stairs.

\* \* \* \*

They reached the trailhead shortly after eleven. It was still mid-spring and the park wasn't yet congested. Erica stopped shortly after entering the tree line and, closing her eyes, inhaled deeply and let the scents of the forest surround her. She loved the smell of the clean mountain air and evergreen trees. She caught up with Mark who waited a few yards away. He looked down at her and took her hand as they walked side by side.

The trail to Emerald Lake passed a series of alpine lakes. The first, named Nymph, was a short walk of only about twenty minutes from the start. Instead of stopping there, they continued on to the next one another twenty minutes up before resting. Called Dream Lake, it embodied the high alpine spirit of their surroundings. She gazed out at the lake and enjoyed the sunshine on her face.

"You like it here, don't you?"

"I love it here. My parents used to bring my brother and me here every summer when we were growing up. We'd pitch our tents in one of the campgrounds, wake up with the sun and hike the trails. Then we'd go back, start our campfire and roast marshmallows before collapsing into our sleeping bags. My mom would cook dinner over the fire, and my brother and I would run around the campground, scavenging over rocks and climbing trees. This place was like a second home to me."

"Sounds like you have some wonderful memories. Is that why you moved to Denver after school?"

"I guess, in part. I wanted to stay close to my family and didn't have that connection back in Chicago."

"Isn't that where you're from, though? Where's your family now?"

She tried to stop the tears from gathering in her eyes but knew he had seen the pain that would always linger in her soul. "They're gone. A drunk driver crossed the median and hit

them head-on when I was in college. Both my parents and younger brother were in the car. My parents died instantly, but my brother Tom, he...he was airlifted to the hospital. They initially told me he was just in a coma but, after a few hours, determined that there was no brainstem activity. He was declared brain dead." Tears tracked down her cheeks and her eyes were focused skyward. "I had to tell them to take him off the machines."

He pulled her into his arms, his heart splintering at the thought of her dealing with such a tragedy when only a young girl. She'd been in college, supposed to be having the time of her life, spreading her wings and discovering who she wanted to become. He so wanted to comfort and express his condolences but sensed she would perceive them as empty platitudes so he just stayed quiet and held her.

"He was so young, just a senior in high school. I always looked out for him, tried to protect him even when he didn't want or really need me to."

A sweet longing smile graced her lips, and he saw a little sparkle in her eyes.

"We had this deal. I would give him sage advice and he would appear to listen and follow my guidance then do exactly as he wanted. He was a tough and smart kid. Played varsity hockey, was on the honour role and had hundreds of friends. He even had a scholarship to play in college the next year. The accident happened when they were on the way back from one of his games." She sat up and started picking at spines of pine needles that covered the ground. "They asked me to donate his organs. I knew that by doing so he could save others, that even though he is no longer here with me, his sacrifice meant other families could be whole again. In some way, it made saying goodbye a little less hard."

"Do you have other friends and family?"

"No other relatives. Both my parents were only children and my grandparents died when I was young. There are a couple friends of my parents I keep in touch with occasionally."

She pulled away from him and gently wiped the tears that had escaped down her cheeks.

"Thank you. I've never felt comfortable telling anyone else that story. I'm always afraid to see the pity in their eyes."

He took her hand and started walking back up the trail.

"Tell me about your family," she said. "I've spilled my guts. It's only fair that you do as well."

"My mom and dad are both history professors specialising in Celtic tribes at University of Colorado in Denver. They're currently on sabbatical exploring Great Britain. Last postcard I received was from Scotland two weeks ago. I have two older brothers who are twins. Dave's a financial analyst in Wyoming, and Jared is a lieutenant in the Air Force, currently stationed in Colorado Springs. They're thirty-five."

"Do you have any nieces or nephews?"

Mark smiled. "Yeah...one niece and two nephews. The boys are twins like Dave and Jared. They all belong to Dave."

"You sound very fond of them."

"They're great kids. The boys remind me of the three of us growing up. Always into good fun and trouble, and Ashleigh is a little princess. She takes after her mom."

"So who taught you about cars?"

"My uncle. Dad isn't so mechanically inclined, but my uncle was a semi-professional drag racer. When we were young, he would let us hang out in the garage and watch him work on the engines. Then when we got old enough, he taught us how to tune and drive the track ourselves. Dave doesn't do much with cars anymore, but Jared still tinkers. He's got a cherry '72 Barracuda with a modified 426 Hemi."

He was so caught up talking about his family he didn't even realise they'd reached their destination. They could see Hallett Peak still capped with snow. The trail to the summit wouldn't be open for another couple months, at least. Mark stopped on the trail and led her over to a big rock along the shore.

"Why don't we take a seat on that rock and enjoy the scenery? I brought a couple granola bars, and we can relax for a while."

He watched as she laid back on the flat rock to soak up the sun. Her hair glinted with red highlights in the sun. The light reflecting off the emerald green water for which the lake was named danced across her face. He had to catch his breath as he realised that he very much could fall in love with this woman. Hell if he was honest, he already was falling. Despite all the conversations they'd shared, there was one thing he had not brought up yet. He had to be completely honest and talk to her about being a Dom. He sensed some

submissive tendencies in her despite her vocal demands during sex. How would she respond? Would she be interested in the scene? Deciding that right now he was going to just enjoy their time together and figure out how to approach that issue further down the road, he continued to absorb the scents and sounds of the surrounding mountains and the warming presence of the woman beside him.

The hunger had been building in him since seeing her naked in his bed that morning. He didn't want to hold back any longer. He had to taste her again. He needed to feel her close to him. More than anything, he wanted to give her more beautiful memories of this special place she'd shared with her family all those years ago. Leaning over, he kissed her. Ever so gently, just a soft meeting of lips and breath. Erica sighed against him and threaded her hand through the hair on the nape of his neck. He'd never had a lover do that as much as she did and found he loved the slight tug. He deepened the kiss, caressing her bottom lip with his tongue and seeking entrance. She opened willingly and met his thrusts with her own. Pulling away, he looked down into her warm violet eyes.

"I love the way you taste. So sweet and hot. Every time I kiss you, it feels like I could drown in your responses."

Stretched out beside her on the large rock, he caressed his hand down to the curve of her waist and pulled her closer to his body. He continued to stare into her expressive eyes. They swirled with passion, intelligence, humour, and strength. All the things that made Erica such a unique person. He wondered what she saw in his gaze.

*Can she tell? Will she accept my love?*

Leaning back down, he kissed her again. He fed her his desire and demanded the hot response he knew burned inside her. It felt like flames shot through his body, incinerating his muscles and making his blood boil. His fingers wound into her long tresses. It seemed alive as it wrapped around his hands, capturing him as much as he captured her. He tipped back her head further and drank from the passion erupting through her body until she pulled away.

"What if someone sees us?"

"There's nobody here but us. People come here to experience the beauty of God's country. What could be more beautiful than two of his creatures taking pleasure in each other?"

"Nice try."

Mark reached for the backpack to replace their empty water bottles then looked over his shoulder with a smile.

"It was worth a shot, but I warn you, when we get home, you're mine."

Standing in front of him on the rock, she looked at him with a wicked intent in her eyes.

"What if I ensnare you first? I am a driven woman and go after what I want with determination." She stroked her hand up his hard chest and circled his neck, spearing her fingers into his hair, and balancing on her toes. She leaned her hips into his to cradle his erection then whispered hotly in his ear. "And what I want most right now is you. Hot, hard and deep inside me."

Mark pulled her in and rocked against her "Oh Jesus, Erica. We still have to get back down the mountain. Do you have any idea how uncomfortable it is to hike with a hard-on?"

Spinning out of his arms, she turned around and trotted backwards towards the trail. "Well then, we'd better get moving. I'd hate to see you suffer...too much. Besides, some thunderheads are rolling in over the peaks."

Mark looked up at the sky. "Damn, those are moving fast. We'd better get going."

\* \* \* \*

The clouds burst right as they reached the parking lot of the trailhead. Running the last several metres, they jumped into Mark's SUV. Both of them had been soaked in the short distance. They dried themselves off the best they could using an old sweatshirt Mark had in the backseat.

The rain was coming down in torrents, and it was almost impossible to see out the windshield. They decided to wait it out before heading down the curvy mountain road. Spring storms in the mountains were usually intense but brief.

Sitting in the car, in an empty parking lot, in the middle of a serious storm with the windows steaming up, Erica was inspired to enact one of her fantasies. Leaning over, she caressed his cock through his jeans.

"Are you still suffering?"

"Keep that up, and I will be."

He placed his hand around hers and thrust up. Erica felt him getting harder by the second and licked her lips. She flipped up the centre console.

"Now that would be a shame, wouldn't it? Why don't you come over here and see what we can do to fix that?"

Mark scooted over so they wouldn't have to manoeuvre around the steering wheel. She unsnapped his buttons on his jeans, appreciating the button fly. She gave him a little smile when she noticed he was once again sans underwear.

"What? I hate the things. They make me feel like my cock is being strangled. I never wear anything under jeans. The only concession I make is when I wear a suit. I usually have boxer briefs on then."

She groaned. Now that she knew what he wore under those stunning suits at the office, she was never going to get any work done. Reaching inside, she freed his heavy cock from the tight confines of his pants. He lifted his hips so she could pull the jeans down underneath his balls so his entire package was on brilliant display. Last night, she'd thought she'd gotten a good sense of Mark's size, but seeing the thick, dark-red stalk jutting up into the afternoon light was a sight to behold. It was thick enough that her fingers couldn't touch as she grasped him and so long that there was still inches to wrap her lips around despite holding the burning hot column in both hands. Thick veins pulsed with blood. The flared head glistened with pre-cum, eager for attention. Leaning forward, she opened her mouth wide and pushed the tip past her lips, onto her tongue and towards the back of her throat.

"Oh Erica...that's so good. Heaven can't be any better than your sweet, hot mouth swallowing me whole."

She caressed his length with her tongue, wriggling it against the ultra-sensitive flesh just beneath the head. His thighs tightened beneath her hands, his abdomen flexing with a convulsive shudder.

"Suck me deeper, baby. Just a little harder."

She moved her head back and forth, pulling him deep and massaging the head with the back of her throat. His fingers threaded through her hair and held her head as she bobbed. His length filled her mouth, and his hips shifted trying to push deeper into her throat.

"Baby, you're making me lose my mind. I'm going to come. I've been craving you all day. I can't wait much longer."

His hips moved faster, fucking past her lips to sink into her mouth. Erica tightened on him, suckling harder, drawing him deeper while using her hands to stroke the portion not in her mouth. A second later, deep, hard jets of semen pulsed from the head of his cock.

"Oh God! So good. So perfect."

Erica continued to pump the base of his hard flesh, drawing out his pleasure as she swallowed every drop of the earthy fluid. When his tremors subsided, she pulled away. While Mark adjusted his pants, she looked up to find that the storm had passed.

"I have no idea what I did to deserve that, but thank you," he said.

"You're not the only one who's stored up fantasies this past year. I thought it only fair to live out one of my simpler ones."

"If that was a simple one, I'd love to see what else you've come up with."

"Are you sure? I may not have led a very active sex life, but there is nothing wrong with my imagination, and I've gotten plenty of ideas from the books I read."

"What kind of books, sweetheart? Do you like to read romance novels? The ones my sister-in-law reads have never seemed too risqué."

"I started out with the basics when I was about fifteen, but by the time I was in college, I'd moved on steamier novels. In the last five years, I started reading erotica."

He swallowed, his throat suddenly feeling very thick. He'd thought his actions the previous night could have potentially scared her off, but the thought that she would be open to the possibility of experiencing the darker side of sex sent a pulse of pleasure through his body.

"You read erotica?"

"Yes. Does that bother you?"

"God, no. Would it bother you to know that I do the same?"

"Really? You're the first man I've ever heard admit that out loud."

Mark shrugged "It's moderately acceptable for guys to read Playboy or Penthouse, why not erotic novels? Billions of dollars a year are spent on materials and items to enhance the sex lives of adults worldwide. I like reading because I can use my imagination. You can take what the author writes and place yourself in the story or use the framework to make your own fantasy."



Erica was impressed by Mark's candour. "What authors do you like? Maybe we can compare titles."

Mark was about to answer her when another car pulled into the parking lot. "Hold that thought. I'm getting us out of here and back to the house as quickly as possible before you make me lose my mind again."

## Chapter Six

The front door had barely closed when Mark swung Erica up into his arms and swept her up the stairs in a very Rhett Butler fashion.

"What are you doing?" she laughed.

He headed for the bathroom in the master suite. "I warned you what would happen when we got home. You had your fun in the parking lot, and now, it's my turn." He placed her on the ledge of the bathtub.

"Well, my oh my, Mr. Shield. Whatever will you do to me?"

He laughed at her dramatic southern accent.

"First, I'm planning on getting you properly steamed up in the shower, then I'm going to lick and finger that hot little pussy of yours before I fuck you up against the wall. Afterwards, I figured we'd eat some lunch, maybe watch a movie, then make out on the sofa. This evening's entertainment will consist of dinner, maybe a board game and finally we can retire to the bedroom to see just how many times I can make you come before we both pass out."

"Holy shit!"

He stood still as a statue. While he'd been adjusting the temperature and angle of the multi-jet shower, she had stripped naked and was standing with her hands propped on her hips. She sauntered into the large shower, and he stood mesmerised as she arched her head back under the spray and let the water wash over her curves.

"Are you coming?" she called from within the enclosure.

He moved at warp speed, stripping out of his clothes and yanking open the door. He pulled her into his arms. Placing his back against the tiled wall, he kissed her. He slanted his lips across hers, smoothly thrusting his tongue as he demanded ownership of her mouth. This time there would be no seduction, only a claiming of what was his.

Erica loved feeling Mark's power wash over her, heightening her own arousal. His wet skin sliding against hers and the heat radiating off his body made her breath escape in an

excited rush. Every fibre of her body tightened in anticipation. A slow burning ache started at her centre and fanned throughout her body. Her fingertips were so sensitive that every touch of his skin made her tingle.

His arms slipped around her waist and brought her tight into him. His powerful chest mashed her breasts, his arms iron bands around her. His fully aroused cock pressed against her belly. His tongue thrust deep and danced along hers. She shivered as his hands slipped down to cup her butt, and he rocked his hips into hers. He cupped her breast, his fingers rolling her tight nipple. A gush of moisture, not from the shower, spilled from her already slick folds. He broke the kiss and buried his lips in her neck then nibbled on her earlobe, his breath hot against her skin.

"I can't begin to explain the things you do to me. I want to touch and taste you everywhere at once. I want to fuck you so hard and so deep that you'll always have the feel of my cock inside you," he growled hoarsely.

His fingers slipped through her slick labia. Coaxing the folds apart, he rubbed against her clit. His lips took possession of her breast as two fingers thrust high inside her. In and out he moved, massaging the nerves at the top.

She wanted to come right then but knew he'd push her and make her beg for her release. She rode his hand, shifting her hips and forcing his fingers to take her higher. She knew she must be flooding his hand, hot, syrupy liquid pouring from her like water from the showerhead. His thumb stroked her clit back and forth like a pendulum, his nail delicately scraping over the bundle of nerves and making her cry out at the sharp sensation. Her womb tightened, and fire raced through her body. His lips continued to nip at one breast then the other. He tugged with just enough pressure that it blurred the line between pleasure and pain. Her climax swept over her, making her scream out and shudder against him.

Quickly, he dropped to his knees in front of her and separated her pussy wide. He licked the syrup flooding her lips and buried his nose in the sopping folds.

"I want to watch. Let me watch your cunt when you come."

He used his thumbs to hold her open as another orgasm overtook her.

"My God, that's gorgeous. I can see the cream flooding out of your body, your tight little opening flushed red, pulsing and trying to suck me back inside."

He pushed his tongue up the opening and groaned out, "There you go, baby. Pull me in. Let me feel you vibrate around my tongue."

Knowing his eyes were on her very centre as she came only increased the intensity of her release. As swiftly as he'd knelt, he stood. Switching their positions so she was braced against the wall, he cupped her bottom and lifted her up.

"Put your legs around me. I can't wait any longer. I have to be inside you."

Erica wrapped her legs around his waist, and her arms around his neck. With one incredibly hard thrust, he was seated to the hilt inside her still quivering pussy. The force of the thrust made her cry out. He was relentless with his possession. No soft gentle glides. This was all about hunger and the intensity that bound them together. Erica felt every thick inch of his cock as he withdrew almost all the way out before driving forward again. The pace was fast but smooth.

"You're burning me alive, sweetheart. My God, I've never felt anything like your hot wet cunt wrapped around my dick. The way you take me is exquisite torture."

His hips moved with the powerful flex of his muscles as he fucked her. "Can you feel how my cock is stretching you? Do you want more? Do you want to feel it burn?"

She screamed out, "Yes! More! Oh God, don't stop."

He continued to thrust into her, hard, fast. She felt the heavy veins rasp over her sensitive nerve endings and cried out at the intense sensations screaming through her body.

"More, harder," she gasped as he surged inside her again.

"You want more? I'll give you more." His voice was harsh as he slammed inside her again.

Pleasure and pain blended in a force that sent tension exploding through her body. She screamed his name as another forceful orgasm ripped through her. Seconds later, Mark's body tensed, a blistering oath escaped his lips as blasts of semen shot into her heaving depths.

They stood still, Mark still bracing her against the wall. Their breathing slowly came back to normal. Slowly, he lowered her to her feet. She wobbled and almost collapsed to the floor, but he caught her and angled them so he sat on the built-in bench with her cradled in

his lap. The shower still ran, and steam filled up the enclosure. Tucking her close into his chest, he slowly rocked her.

That had been the most intense sex of his life. Even after the roughest scene he'd been involved in, he'd never felt this emotionally raw and vulnerable. Then again, during a scene he was the Dom. His job was to maintain control. There is no room for vulnerability. He'd always thought in order to completely enjoy sex that control was necessary, but maybe he'd just needed the right person. There was no denying he still wanted to dominate Erica, but maybe it wasn't vital to the success of their relationship.

He could only imagine how she must have been feeling. Soothing her in his arms seemed like the right thing to do. Leaning over, he gave her the most tender of kisses and tried to convey the emotions he was too scared to voice. He grabbed the shampoo bottle on the shelf next to them and slowly started massaging the lather into her hair. As he tilted her head to rinse out the soap, he thought he saw tears tracking down her cheeks. Sudden panic tightened his chest.

"What's wrong, baby? Did I hurt you?"

He worried that he'd finally pushed his luck too far. Had he forced her beyond her endurance? He didn't notice the noise of the water from the shower. It seemed like a cone of silence surrounded them. He looked for more signs of distress, but no shudders racked her body.

"Sweetheart? Talk to me. Please."

She buried her face in his shoulder. He rubbed her back in soothing motions, holding her head tight into his neck.

"Oh God, honey, you're killing me here. Please say something. Curse me out. Hit me. Anything but these silent tears"

Erica finally raised her head and peered into his tormented eyes. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to fall apart. I just felt so intense and out of control."

He looked like she had just told him someone had died.

"I'm so sorry, baby. I won't be so rough ever again."

"Oh no. It's not a bad thing. I just felt a little overwhelmed for a minute."

He leaned over and pressed a gentle kiss on each eyelid. "I know what you mean. I'm still trying to recover myself."

She slid off his lap and reached for the conditioner as Mark soaped her body using the lightly scented shower gel. They rinsed her off then Erica took her turn shampooing his hair and soaping him down. Just as he was rinsing off, the water turned ice cold. They both yelped and jumped out of the shower, laughing.

"Well, I guess we know how long the hot water lasts." She shivered before he wrapped a heated towel around her. His bright green eyes sparkled.

"Really? I don't remember how long we were in there. Whenever I'm with you, time ceases to exist. I guess we'll just have to do this again and bring a timer."

She nodded. "We definitely want to be accurate. Besides my science teachers always told me to measure twice."

They dressed in comfy lounging clothes, both choosing to go barefoot. Lunch was simple and consisted of grilled cheese sandwiches and tomato soup. He let her pick the movie, and she chose a classic comedy. His large body relaxed against the armrest of the sofa, and she climbed between his legs to recline against his chest. The fire crackled and the air was comfortably warm. They both fell asleep in the same position halfway through the movie.

\* \* \* \*

Mark opened his eyes and looked out the large expanse of windows to find that the sun setting. Erica was no longer in his arms, but he still felt the lingering warmth of her body where it had relaxed against him. She couldn't have been gone long. Sitting up, he scrubbed his hands over his eyes and through his hair. He had loved the feel of her cuddled up against his chest. The relaxing atmosphere and exertions from earlier must have caught up to both of them as they'd slipped into contented sleep.

He smelled fresh coffee brewing but didn't hear any sound of Erica moving around the house. She was obviously not on the first floor, and running upstairs, he checked the bedroom and bathroom.

Where was she?

Just then, her blood-curdling scream shot through him like a bolt of lightning. Although it was safe enough here, they were essentially in the wilderness and always needed to take general precautions. Animal attacks and accidents were known to happen from time to time. Running back downstairs, he tore out the back door onto the deck and saw Erica racing across the meadow towards the house as if the hounds of hell were chasing her. She waved her hands at him, but he barely heard her voice on the wind.

"Go, go, get back inside!"

To hell with that, he was going to find out what the hell was going on. He jumped over the railing of deck and sprinted towards her. Catching up to her in a matter of seconds, he did a quick check to make sure she wasn't hurt anywhere then pulled her into his arms.

"What the hell is going on?" He scanned the area for any sign of what had terrified her. "Talk to me! What scared you?"

"I was just taking a walk, and as I reached the tree line over there, this ridiculously large man in full camo regalia with a very large weapon just appeared out of nowhere. He grabbed my arm and started yelling, asking me who I was and what I was doing here."

Mark had a pretty good idea of who she was talking about. He cursed as he led her back towards the house.

"You know who that is, don't you?"

"I do. I'm impressed you got away. What did you do?"

She crossed her arms over her chest. "I kicked him in the balls then punched him in the nose as he went down, then started running. Who is he, and why did he approach me that way?"

"His name is Winston. He owns the property adjacent to us and is a Desert Storm veteran. I think he was in some kind of Special Forces unit. Occasionally, he still gets geared up and goes out on what he calls patrols. He's a nice enough guy but can be intimidating if you're not expecting him. I'm sorry he scared you, honey. It certainly doesn't excuse his behaviour, but he probably wasn't expecting anyone to be around. He usually checks on the place for us when we're not here. I'll go have a talk with him. Do you want to come with me or do you want to go back inside?"

Now that she knew they weren't about to be invaded by some rebel army, her fear subsided and anger infused her body. "No, I'm going with you to give him a piece of my

mind. What the hell gives him the right to scare the living crap out of innocent people on a peaceful mountainside? How are we going to find him? I swear when I looked back to see if he was following me, it was like he had disappeared."

"We don't need to find him. He'll find us. Come on. We'll take a little walk to the tree line."

As they walked through the meadow, he reached over and took her hand. About halfway to their destination, he stopped and, pulling her close, gave her a gentle, reassuring kiss. He let his lips linger against hers until he felt the air around them change. As he lifted his head, he looked over her shoulder.

"Hello, Winston. I'd like you to meet Erica Cross. She's a close friend and will be a frequent guest at our cabin."

Winston nodded. "Shield. I apologise, Miss, for scaring you. That wasn't my intention. I didn't recognise you from around these parts and wanted to make sure you weren't a lost hiker or something."

Erica looked on at the behemoth standing before her but held her ground. "I appreciate the sentiment if not the execution. Mark didn't let me know about other cabins in the area and I apologise if I was trespassing. I also apologise for attacking you, however I felt within my rights at the time."

Winston smiled. "No need to apologise, Miss. You were justified in your reaction, nicely executed as well. You weren't trespassing. My cabin is a good five miles from here. I'm sure Shield didn't consider I would be patrolling."

Mark wrapped his arm around her waist and gathered her into his side. "I assume everything has been secure since I last saw you?"

"Yes, sir. I'll be on my way so you and Ms. Cross can enjoy the rest of your weekend."

The two men shook hands, and they started walking back towards the house. Erica took one last glance over her shoulder and saw that Winston had disappeared again, this time in the middle of an open field.

"How does he do that?"

"I have no idea and quite frankly am slightly wary of asking him why he knows how to do that."



They reached the cabin, and he led them over to the sofa. Making Erica sit, he knelt on the floor in front of her. He placed his hands on her knees and looked up into her eyes.

"Are you sure you're okay?" He pushed his hand through his hair. "God...when I heard you scream—I can't even begin to describe the terror that jolted through me thinking you had been hurt in some way."

She leaned forward and cupped his cheek. "I'm fine. And I'm sorry I scared you. It was just a knee-jerk reaction when I saw him standing there like he'd been conjured out of the mist."

He put his head down in her lap, and she ran her fingers through his hair. She loved how thick and silky it felt threading through her fingertips. Seeing his concern for her made her feel special.

*He must care for me a little bit to react that way.*

The whole reason she'd taken the walk was to clear her head. The reality of her emotional reaction to their lovemaking earlier and the contentment she'd felt waking up in his arms had made her feel the need to escape for a few minutes. She'd realised that she was coming to care very much for him, maybe even starting to love him, and that was very frightening. They'd only been seeing each other a few days. Logic told her it was way too soon to be feeling the stirring of such an encompassing emotion like love.

Mark lifted his head and moved to sit on the sofa next to her. Taking her hands within his, he tried to decide if he should pose one of the questions that had been burning in his mind for the past day or wait until they had gotten to know each other better. However, after all they had shared and experienced together, he felt confident enough that she would be honest with him.

"Erica I need to ask you something important, and I'm hoping you trust me enough to be honest."

"Last night, you said you'd been rejected after sex more than once. Why? What happened?"

Her breath escape in a rush. "Oh... Is that all? You had me worried. I thought you were going to ask me something else entirely."

"What did you think I was going to ask?"

She leaned back into the sofa to get comfortable. "Never mind. It's not a big deal or anything. The reason I said that was because it's true. I told you before that I may not have an extensive sexual repertoire, but as you are well aware, I was no virgin before last night. When I was in college, my friends had set me up with a few guys who for one reason or another turned out to be less than ideal."

"Tell me about them, please. I don't ever want to do something that would hurt you or make you compare my behaviour to theirs, even unintentionally." He hoped none of the men had given her a bad experience with the scene. On more than one occasion, he'd seen a sub whose trust had been violated, and the road back to a healthy D/s relationship was often very difficult.

"I already know you could never do what they did," she said. "I pride myself on learning my lessons and now trust my instincts to avoid men like that in the first place. The first one was a boy named Tim. It was freshman year, and I was eager to explore the college scene. I met him at a frat party. He was nice and charming. We went out on a couple dates then one night started getting hot and heavy back at my dorm. He convinced me to go down on him, and when I was finished, he adjusted his pants, stood up and said, 'thanks babe. That wasn't too bad,' then walked out my door and never returned another one of my calls."

"He said that then just left you there?" Mark asked incredulously.

"Yes. I was still a virgin at the time and wasn't really expecting to go all the way, but I thought he might return the favour or at least touch me a little. My friend set me up with the next guy. As you can imagine, I was hesitant to let our relationship progress too quickly, but after dating for about a month, we decided to sleep together. I gave him my virginity, and he gave me a complex. First times are always awkward, and this was no exception. He didn't do anything in the manner of foreplay so when he shoved himself inside, I was barely wet. I tried to tell him to slow down, that it was hurting but he just looked down and said 'maybe you should try a little harder, darling. It's not exactly a pleasure for me to fuck someone lying there like an ice block'. A few more grunts on his part and he was finished. We tried it

together a few more times, but nothing improved. He started calling me a snow queen to his friends, and right about that time is when my family was in the accident."

"I take it he didn't come to the services or give you any support?"

She snorted. "Yeah, right. When I called to tell him what happened he said 'gee, babe, I'm real sorry. Maybe this is a good time for us to call it quits. It's obviously not working, and I'm sure you'll want to concentrate on other things right now'. I took the rest of the semester off and never saw him again."

As Mark listened to her stories, his heart ached. All he wanted to do was gather her in his arms and promise to get revenge or at the very least protect her from all the assholes in the world who treated women like that. Despite the frank and emotionless manner she recited the memories, he could see how she'd been incredibly hurt by those boys and the way they callously used her. He thought she was done, but when she continued talking, he realised she'd saved the most traumatic for the last.

"I didn't really date much throughout the rest of college. A few casual dinners here and there, but I never let myself get sexually involved with another boy at school. A couple years ago, I convinced myself that I needed to stop living in the past and open myself to the possibility of a relationship with a man versus spoiled, immature boys. So I started going out to clubs with friends and checking out the dating scene here in Denver. We would frequently meet after work on Friday nights. One night, I met Dan, and we both felt an instant attraction. We started dating, and he was the first man to give me an orgasm. He taught me to explore my sexuality and enjoy the pleasure that could be found with another person. Our relationship remained casual despite the sex. I never saw him during the week, he never slept over and I never went to his place. At the time, I was just starting at AA and was so busy that I never questioned the arrangement. When I finally did, he just told me he felt more comfortable keeping things simple. It was a few days later I learned from a friend that he was married and had three kids."

Mark was absolutely stunned. At first, he'd felt incredible jealousy that this Dan character had been the one to open up Erica's sensual side, but now, he just wanted to murder the man. How she managed to remain such a happy and passionate person after these experiences humbled him. The fact that she'd trusted him enough to not only share her body but her experiences with him made him feel honoured. He wanted nothing more than

to take her in his arms and hold her but sensed she would take that as pity so instead he held her hands and looked directly into her eyes.

"Thank you for sharing with me and thank you for trusting me enough to not hurt you the way those idiots did. I want you to remember, no matter what, not to ever let any man make you feel you do not deserve to be treated with care and respect or that you are undeserving of love. The last few days, you have given me the privilege of getting to know you, the real you, and that means more to me than you know."

Erica leaned in to accept Mark's kiss, and they kissed deeply, hungrily. She moved so she straddled him, never breaking their embrace, then ground her hot arousal against his hardness. It was amazing. They'd had mind-blowing sex just a few hours ago, yet it felt like it had been years. The barrier of their clothing only fuelled them even more. His hips arched and ground against her crotch. They both wore thin, cotton lounging pants that provided little barrier and allowed them to feel with little restrictions. Erica was already swollen and damp, and the pressure felt like heaven as she moaned at the sensation.

He threaded his fingers through her hair. God, she loved it when he did that. He cupped the back of her head and held her firm while his mouth took absolute possession of hers. She melted beneath the warmth of his hands, and the fire in his kiss. When at last he broke away, she went limp in his hands, both of them gasping for breath.

He tilted his head and his breath caressed her ear. "God, you make me feel like I'm on fire. It doesn't matter if I had you five minutes ago or five hours ago. I promise you that tonight is going to be special. I want tonight to be all about you. Your needs, your desires."

"What if I need you right now? I ache, Mark. I burn. You're the only man who can stop that. Yours is the only touch that's been able to make me scream in pleasure."

"I would love to carry you upstairs and make love to you right now, but I plan on pleasuring you all night and to do so I need nourishment. So I'm going to start dinner, and I want you to relax. You can finish watching that movie or have some wine and read a book, whatever you desire."

"Well, I did bring one of my books with me just in case we had some down time. I could always use it to keep my blood pumping and my panties damp while you spoil me with your domestic skills."

She watched as his eyes darkened and his cock bounced underneath his cotton pants. She did enjoy torturing the man. The hot look he gave her as he headed over to the galley sent a shiver racing down her spine.

*Tonight's going to be a good night.*

## Chapter Seven

She decided that a good glass of wine and steamy read sounded like a great idea. Running upstairs, she grabbed her iPod and the new novel she'd purchased at the beginning of the week. The look on Mark's face had been priceless when she'd suggested using the book to keep her juices simmering. It might have been a tad mean, but she loved teasing him like that.

Walking back downstairs, she heard sounds coming from the kitchen. He really was going to spoil her with all the prepared meals, but he seemed to enjoy himself, so who was she to stop him. She purposely set the book face up on the counter where he could see it then walked over to the wine cooler and picked out the bottle of white they'd opened the night before. Grabbing a stemmed glass, she waited to see if he would comment on her choice of reading material. It didn't take long.

"Rhyannon Byrd. I've read some of hers before. Not familiar with this one, though. What's it about?"

She picked up the book and read the blurb on the back, explaining that the main characters were two people who had always wanted each other but life had gotten in the way. Now years later, they'd found they were each available again.

After Mark and Erica agreed that the author had a great talent for writing great characters and extremely hot sex, she asked, "So what's for dinner, Emeril?"

That got a little twinkle out of his eyes.

"Pan-seared, seasoned strip steaks, twice-baked potatoes, and steamed green beans."

"Sound delicious. You do realise I'm going to have to buy all new clothes after this weekend, right?"

"The way I look at it is, if I feed you enough, you'll have to spend more time at the gym...late at night...alone...with me."

"I see. Well, far be it from me to foil your nefarious plan."

She gave him a soft lingering kiss then walked away with a slow wink and wiggle of her hips.

Mark watched as she snuggled down into the sofa, adjusted her ear buds and opened the book. He had been honest earlier when he told her that he enjoyed reading erotica. While it's true that to a young man the narratives had been extremely educational in the ways of pleasure, he'd started reading voraciously when he'd begun to learn more about the BDSM scene. The books offered a wealth of research material.

In the next couple days, he was definitely going to talk to her about his role in the scene and find out whether she had ever tried it or was open to exploring the possibilities. Strong physical connection aside, he enjoyed the soft comforting kisses they shared and holding her in his arms while watching the movie. They worked in the same field, and he had a lot of respect for her dedication and talent. Any conversation between them was relaxed and open. He even enjoyed just sitting with her in quiet. What it really boiled down to was that for the first time he felt that he could be honest and show a woman he cared for the real him.

\* \* \* \*

Mark sat in his office contemplating the swirling dervishes of his screen saver as he reminisced about the weekend and contemplated how he wanted to approach the topic of a D/s relationship. Their time together over the weekend had gone better than he'd hoped for. After their meal Saturday night, they had relaxed by the fireplace. He'd taken her upstairs, given her a sensual massage and proceeded to make Erica scream herself hoarse. Every time they came together, he experienced new heights of pleasure. They had collapsed in exhaustion as the sun rose Sunday morning and spent the rest of the day lazing about the cabin. He'd lost to her in a competitive game of Scrabble. That afternoon they went back to the National Park, and he'd taught her to fish in Sprague Lake. They'd cooked the rainbow trout over a campfire and eaten it for dinner.

By the time they'd reached the Denver city limits, it was getting late, so he had not taken an opportunity to discuss his desire to enhance their relationship with certain BDSM elements. He had sensed Erica's passionate nature from the time they'd met. She was passionate about her work, her friends, and her health. Logically, she would embrace similar characteristics in her sensuality.

He knew many of the players in the scene were high level executives who embraced their need to submit in the bedroom, however, how to discuss that with someone not already involved was a conundrum. That was why he'd wanted their initial encounter to play out without introducing any other elements. So he still questioned if she recognised her behaviours for what they were and, perhaps, didn't want to advertise the need immediately. Or were the behaviours inherent? Would she be open to further exploring and fostering them as a trained sub?

He had been involved in the scene for several years. His first sexual encounter had happened just after he'd turned sixteen. While there was some of the expected awkward fumbling, he'd clearly sensed the desire to control the experience. At the time, he hadn't recognised the behaviours for what they were but had understood the need was a requirement for him to fully enjoy sex. He'd been fortunate that his high school girlfriend had been a sweet-natured girl who'd essentially allowed him to have his way.

Unbeknownst to him, his father had seen them having sex one summer night. He'd recognised Mark's behaviours for what they were. Pulling him aside one evening, his dad had explained what a sexual dominant was and how it was crucial to remember that an acting dominant had the responsibility to not only be concerned about his or her own pleasure but the safety, health and pleasure of their partner. He must always make it clear that any activities between partners were safe and consensual.

He remember sitting in his father's study feeling in part embarrassed to be talking about such things and in part relieved because he'd now be able to explain why he felt the way he did. Over the years, he'd continued to explore and foster this nature.

When he'd started his third year at university, he'd ventured into a BDSM club and met Gene, another Dom. Gene had immediately recognised Mark's potential and had taken him under his wing to further his training. During the next several years, Mark had fine-tuned and recognised his own needs as a Dom compared to others in the scene. He'd learned that, while he greatly appreciated a good spanking, he wasn't looking to mark a woman's body with bruises and welts from his cane or whip. His pleasure instead came from exerting control over the scene and the responses of his partner.

Nowadays, he primarily kept his D/s activities in his home and with a select group of friends. He still maintained membership at one upscale club in the Denver area where he



went to socialise and occasionally take part in a scene if the need had been festering. The looming possibility that Erica might be a natural submissive and a potential partner was exciting. He hadn't intended this affair to become a D/s relationship but certainly didn't intend to ignore the possibility. For some time, he'd been thinking he was ready to find a permanent submissive partner—if he found the right woman. Wouldn't it be ironic if she'd been right under his nose for the last several years?

His phone rudely interrupted his pleasant musing, and he scowled until he recognised it was Erica's extension on the caller ID.

"Hello?"

"Hey, you busy?"

"I probably should be, but instead, I'm contemplating all kinds of pleasurable possibilities."

"Oh yeah? Like what?"

"The feel of skin on skin, the sounds of breaths and cries of pleasure, the scents of sex and sun and moonlight and oils."

He heard a soft whimper on the other end of the line. The need to see her again overwhelmed him. "Meet me in the North stairwell in five minutes."

"Mark, we can't do that again. We were lucky last time."

"Do what? Have a private conversation between two colleagues?"

"You know we'll do more than talk if we get within five feet of each other and a closed door. Especially since we've haven't been alone in two days."

"Really? Do you believe we have so little self control?" He smiled into the phone and after a soft chuckle said, "Ms. Cross, I fully intend to have a conversation with you. It is nobody's business if I plan on discussing what scents you prefer in body oils or if you've ever used an anal plug to stretch that tight, little rosebud of your ass."

"No."

"No? No, what? No, you won't meet me or no, you've never plugged yourself?"

"I've never... I've always wondered... I've read... I want..."

"Don't worry, sweetheart. I'm going to make sure you experience everything you've wondered about and wanted and some you've never thought of. You've read many erotic

novels. What scenes make you squirm? What phrases make you bite your lower lip in that enticing manner when you're trying to hold in a moan?"

Silence ensued across the phone. Had he pushed too far? Erica was open about her sexuality but maybe...

"Submission. I want...I think, I'd like to be controlled," she whispered.

Mark held his breath and closed his eyes in prayer.

"I mean...I've read about and thought maybe...but don't worry if you don't like—"

In his best Dom voice, he said, "Stop. Never be afraid to ask for what you need. If I ask you a direct question, I expect an honest answer regardless of what you think I want to hear. You are very good about this in the office. However, I expect it in our personal relationship, as well. Regardless of your desire to submit, you will be honest, or I will not give you the outlet you need. I will help you explore this desire, but I do have rules. You are a strong, independent woman, and I will not take that away from you, but when our business day is over, you will be mine. In return, I will provide for your safety, pleasure and wellness. What questions do you have?"

"Will you expect me to give up personal time to run errands or see friends? What if I want to go shopping or see a concert?"

"You are not going to become a slave in any way. You will maintain your independence. My only requirement is that you inform me of your plans at the beginning of the day, and should I wish to plan something elaborate, I will advise you in advance. I want you to think about what this means, and let me know if you want to pursue this type of relationship. If you decide you're not ready, please understand that I want to continue seeing you. This is not a deal breaker. However, it's my opinion that if we want to have an honest and meaningful relationship, you should know I greatly wish to become your Dom. What other questions do you have?"

"You've done this before, I assume?"

"I've been in the scene since my early twenties. I've been a member of several clubs over the years, and I've been mentored by, in my opinion, one of the best Doms in the country. I still maintain friendships with several others in similar relationships. While I still occasionally visit the clubs, I would prefer to have a committed D/s relationship where public exhibitions are not necessary but merely an occasional tool. Not all my relationships

have been D/s. I do date in a conventional manner, as well, but I hope, when I find the woman I'll spend my life with, this will be a part of our lives." He heard a knock on his door.

"Excuse me a moment. Yes?"

Erica heard his voice and another speaking softly but couldn't catch the drift of the conversation. After a few moments, he came back on the line. "Erica?"

"Yes?"

"I must go. Please think about all I've said. I will give you tonight to yourself. Give me your decision tomorrow morning. Goodbye."

"Goodbye, Mark."

\* \* \* \*

Erica sat at her desk, one-third shocked, one-third trepidatious and one-third excited. Up at the lake, when she'd mentioned having fantasies to Mark, she'd never expected that her ultimate would even remotely be granted. She had acknowledged the desire to explore the possibility of her being a sexual submissive a couple years ago. When Mark had admitted to reading erotic novels, a part of her had wondered if he ever considered acting in a Dom role. He had quite obviously exhibited similar characteristics in the office, however one never knew if those behaviours translated into the bedroom. Over the weekend, she'd picked up some of his dominant tendencies while they'd made love. The fact that he admitted to being an active member of the BDSM community for several years was exciting. He would know how to achieve a balance between exhibiting control and eliciting pleasure. Despite the excitement, she was also somewhat cautious because it was something important to consider. Her decision either way would affect whatever relationship developed between them.

She jumped when her assistant came into her office.

"Erica, you need to get downstairs. There's some kind of problem with the Coleman layout."

Instantly, her personal contemplations were put on the back burner. "What's the problem? Those layouts were approved and sent to print last week."

"Not sure exactly, but I heard Karen mumbling something about the manufacturer wanting to change their minds on something."

"Okay, let's figure out what's happening."

## Chapter Eight

Mark sat in his office, nursing a cup of coffee and wondering how Erica would respond to his offer the previous day. He hoped she'd had time to consider the options last night since she'd been charged with putting out a fire with the Coleman layout late yesterday afternoon.

He looked up when the elevator door opened and she walked out and headed to her office. He knew she would come his direction once settled. She wasn't one to employ stall tactics. Sure enough, he soon heard the click of her heels along the walkway. She discreetly knocked on his door frame.

"Got a minute?"

"Please, come in. Have a seat." He gestured to the sofa where everything had begun. She glided across the carpeting and sat regally on the deep cushions. Her face was a study of brave determination, until he looked deep into her eyes and saw hidden nerves. He wanted her to know that despite his request to dominate her, he would still provide whatever support she needed when faced with decision or difficulties in life. He walked over and sat next to her, taking her hand in his. "Have you made your decision?"

"Yes. I have a proposal for you. As I've admitted, submission is something I'd like to explore. I'm not completely convinced this is a lifestyle I'm ready to embrace. So I propose a trial. I'd like to start slow and gradually build into what it would be like to live this lifestyle full-time."

"Interesting... How do you suggest the time window?"

"As you're the Dom, I leave that to your discretion. Otherwise what's the point?"

He smiled. "Very good. I accept. We'll begin this evening if you haven't already made plans."

"No, I'm available."

"Excellent. Meet me here at six p.m."

He slipped his hand around her neck and brought their lips together. His tongue entered the warm recess of her mouth, stroking the upper ridge of her palate and sliding along her tongue to engage her reciprocation. The electric charge he experienced whenever

they touched streaked through his body. Three days without her like this was too long. His blood rushed through his veins and tingling impulses ran along his nerves, but as much as he wanted to deepen the kiss, he knew the rest of the office would be arriving at any minute. Slowly pulling back, he separated from temptation.

"Have a good day. I look forward to this evening."

"Me, too. Thank you for this opportunity."

He gently slid his thumb along her cheek and smiled. "I should be the one thanking you. When you agreed to begin this relationship, I was aroused by the idea of being able to touch and taste you. Now, knowing that I'll be able to aid you in exploring your submissive nature, I find that arousal increasing exponentially. I can't wait to show you the power that can be shared between a couple who achieves the perfect balance. I've yet to find the perfect sub, and I don't want you to feel excessive pressure to fill this role, but I look forward to seeing what we can accomplish together."

\* \* \* \*

Mark decided to start with a simple dinner out. How would she react to him taking charge in a minimal manner during a social situation?

Just as he shut down his computer, Erica entered his office.

"Please come in, close the door and join me over here."

She entered the room and turned around to gently shut the door.

He watched as she took a moment to collect herself by taking a slow breath and closing her eyes for a few seconds. He smiled when she faced him again with a resolute look on her face then walked towards him. His breathing and heart rate reduced from the excited levels of anticipation just moments ago.

"Kneel before me, and relax against your heels. Place your hands on your knees and lower your gaze to the floor. Whenever we initialise a scene, this is the position I expect you to assume. Unless I tell you otherwise, I expect your gaze to remain downcast. When I ask you a direct question, you will answer honestly. When you address me, you will call me 'Sir'. Tonight, as you requested, we'll start slow. I'll take you to dinner, and as is my right, I'll

order your meal. As I stated yesterday, it's my responsibility to care for your health and safety. To that end, are there any foods you are allergic to?"

"No, Sir. Not that I'm aware."

"Is there any type of food you despise or refuse to eat based on principle?"

"Sir, I would prefer not to eat veal or lamb but would not refuse should it be provided for me."

"Thank you. I'll take that under advisement. Does it bother you if others eat veal or lamb?"

"No, Sir."

"Good. Do you have any questions before we leave?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Go ahead."

"Are we in a scene at all times when not working? Must I always avert my gaze and only speak when asked a direct question?"

"Excellent. You were listening well. The answer is no. I expect us to interact as any couple would in most cases. I don't wish to live in a scene twenty-four hours a day. Instead, I see it as something to enhance our relationship. The purpose of dinner this evening is to introduce you to some behaviours you may expect in the future. I want to assess how you respond to giving up your autonomy. This will not be something you have to expect every time we go out. I'll always make you aware when we enter a scene."

"Thank you, Sir. I have no further questions."

"Just so you are aware. Even when we are not directly involved in a scene, I maintain somewhat of a dominant nature. It's my way. I don't expect obedience or subservience unless I direct you." Taking her hand to assist her balance, he said, "Lift your gaze, and stand up."

Watching her rise to her feet, he recognised the innate grace and sensuality common to many natural subs. He gently kissed the back of her hand then reached up and removed the pins that held her hair in a twist at her nape.

"I prefer your hair down unless necessity or fashion dictates otherwise."

He then bent his head slightly and kissed her lips in a soft chaste kiss. Holding out his hand, he asked, "Shall we?"

Erica smiled, placing her hand in his, and nodded.

\* \* \* \*

The ride to the restaurant was an exercise in subtle stimulation. Mark had opened the door to the car for her, and when she'd settled in the seat, he'd leaned over to snap her seatbelt and placed a whisper of a kiss on her neck. Each time he shifted, his hand brushed against her thigh. Halfway to their destination, she realised he was doing it on purpose. So she settled back into the seat to enjoy, pretending to be oblivious to the soft touches while all the time feeling warmth flow through her body from his touch and the memory of that soft kiss before they'd left.

Soft blues music came from the speakers, and Mark's aftershave enveloped her in a subtle woodsy scent. She'd learned he only used aftershave, preferring unscented soaps and never using cologne. The scent made her want to burrow against his neck and absorb that wonderful heat always emitting from him.

The car slowed as he pulled up to the valet station. He unsnapped her belt and grazed her hip. As she stepped out of the car, she waited until he joined her. Placing his large hand on her lower back, he guided her up to the host then to their table. He pulled out her chair and settled her at the table, gently caressing her shoulders as he pulled up her hair so she wouldn't lean back against it. Taking his seat, he nodded to the host, and a server immediately approached.

"Would you like to see our wine list this evening?"

"Yes, please."

Placing the leather-covered folder in Mark's hands, he stepped back. "Our specials this evening are grilled sea bass on rice pilaf with steamed asparagus and stuffed pork chops with green beans. I'll give you a few moments to peruse the menu."

"Thank you."

Mark took a moment to make his decisions then replaced the folder. The smart server immediately returned. "Are you ready to order?"

"Yes. We'll start with the bottle of Chateau St. Jean Cabernet Sauvignon and the prosciutto wrapped mozzarella with vine ripe tomatoes. I will have the seasoned Delmonico



steak with balsamic glaze and steamed vegetables. My companion will have the filet mignon with wild mushrooms."

"Very good, sir. I'll have your wine and appetiser out shortly."

Mark relaxed against his chair and gazed across the table. "Have you been here before?"

"No, I've driven past several times but never dined here."

"What do you think?"

She glanced around the room. The walls were a rich dark red. Sconces on the walls and discrete canned lights overhead emitted soft lighting. The windows had heavy, lined drapes in chocolate brown that matched the thick carpeting. Faint classical music sounded from invisible speakers. Colourful artwork brightened the walls. The tables were arranged so even those in the middle of the room had privacy. The staff was unobtrusive but observant, and while she had not reviewed the menu, the appetiser and entrees Mark had ordered sounded decadent.

"I like the atmosphere. It's quiet and intimate without seeming stuffy or oppressive. The food sounded delicious. Thank you."

The waiter appeared and allowed Mark to taste the wine. After nodding his agreement, both glasses were poured. Inhaling, she smelled the aroma of black cherries, and taking a sip, the rich smoky flavour burst over her taste buds. She released a soft moan at the full-bodied taste. Mark smiled, and she watched light reflect in his expressive eyes.

"What?"

"I enjoy watching you. Hearing you express pleasure. Whether it's during sex or something as simple as the flavour of a good wine."

She smiled. "I enjoy watching you, as well."

"What do you see?"

Knowing he wasn't fishing for compliments, she stated, "I see a strong individual who takes his job seriously but knows how to relax and enjoy life's little pleasures. Case in point, despite what you want people to believe, you often work late and are usually one of the first to arrive in the morning. At the same time, you relax by taking hikes, cooking delicious meals and napping on the sofa."

He reached across the table and took her hand. "Not many people see those different aspects of my personality. Certainly, no one has acknowledged them in my presence."

"You required honesty to your questions."

"Yes, I do, but that is a double-edged sword. What if you had said I'm a chauvinist with a power trip? On the other end, what if you had said that after seeing my home, cars, and vacation house, you decided I was the perfect man and planned on doing everything within your power to snag me?"

"Do you think someone would admit that? Any self respecting gold digger or psychotic won't broadcast their intentions despite the request or order for honesty."

"Touché."

The dinner was delicious, and the conversation was stimulating. When it came time to leave, Mark once again guided her chair out and steadied her on the way out the door. The drive back to the office passed in the same manner as the trip there. When they reached the parking lot, he helped her out in front of her car. Pulling her into his arms, he held her tightly but with gentleness. Doing what she had been dreaming of all night, she placed her nose against his neck and inhaled that alluring scent unique to Mark. His hand tightened on her back, and he softly kissed her neck.

"I would love to take you home with me tonight, but I don't think either one of us wants to deal with the rush in the morning of preparing to be back here. Tomorrow, I would like you to bring what you need for work Friday morning and stay with me if you don't already have plans."

"I'd like that."

"Good. Would you be able to stay Friday, as well?"

"Yes, but Saturday, I have a standing commitment in the morning."

"Did our plans last weekend interrupt that?"

"No, I have a group of friends who meets the second Saturday of every month."

"Good. Remember, all I ask is that you advise me of other commitments."

Standing back, he took a moment to look into her eyes. "I enjoyed myself tonight. I will anticipate our evening tomorrow."

His head lowered, and his lips met hers. The kiss started slow, but soon, neither one of them was satisfied. She tightened her arms around his neck, and her fingers burrowed in his

hair as she kissed him back. She arched into him, remembering what it felt like to be taken over by his strength.

His hands came down to cradle her rear, and she was pulled up into his erection. His hips rocked into the juncture of her legs. She desperately wished he was able to slide that wonderful thick length inside her body. Her breasts were pushed against his chest, and she felt her nipples tighten and elongate. She whimpered a little when he pulled away.

"If I don't let you go now, I'm going to drag you back to my house like a caveman." He opened her car door and handed her the seatbelt. "See you in the morning."

## Chapter Nine

The following evening, Mark made dinner, this time in his gourmet kitchen. Afterwards, they decided to watch a little television. It turned out they both loved the crime show drama, CSI, and it was a new episode. Snuggling on the sofa together, debating over who the murderer was, felt normal. When the credits started to roll, she saw heat fill Mark's eyes and knew the next level was about to begin. His fingers gently lifted her chin so they were looking into each other's eyes.

"Turn off the television, then walk upstairs. Enter the first room on the left. I want you to strip, assume the position and wait for me. Do not turn on any additional lights and do not explore what you may see around the room."

With that he got up and went into the kitchen. Erica walked upstairs and did as instructed. The room was painted a dark colour that almost appeared black in the darkness. Any windows in the room had been either blacked out or were heavily draped. There were canned lights placed on the floor shooting light up the walls. The lights created shadows that outlined vague shapes in the room. While the shadows created an air of intimidation, she was not afraid.

Stripping as instructed, she decided to await Mark in the centre of the room in front of the doorway. It seemed the most logical choice. She had closed the door upon entering so the room was cut off from the rest of the house. With the isolation, she didn't know how long it would be until Mark joined her. She kneeled, resting back on her heels with her head down as instructed. Her breathing slowed. Her eyes remained open, and her ears felt as if they were stretching to pick up any sound. She heard footsteps outside the doorway, but they didn't enter.

Several minutes later, she heard the door handle turn and saw a streak of light from the hallway creep across the carpet. Tempted though she was, she did not raise her head. The door shut too quickly for her to see much of anything, but another presence was definitely in the room. Using her other senses, she identified Mark's aftershave and the change in air pressure and heat she always felt when he was near. She couldn't hear any footsteps on the

thick carpet but felt him moving around her like an animal stalking his prey. She tensed as she felt his heat directly behind her, and he placed a strip of cloth around her eyes, effectively blinding her. Her eyes had been adjusting to the darkness, but with the blindfold, she lost her orientation in the space surrounding her.

"Rise up on your knees, and place your hands behind your back. Cross your arms and grasp your forearms."

His soft deep voice drifted over her. There was no need to raise it in the intimacy of the room with just the two of them. Her vulnerability to him in this position intensified the feverish heat racing through her body.

Her flesh prickled when he traced a finger down her back to where her arms were clasped. He wrapped something around her arms. She thought it might be leather. It was supple but held her securely when she tested her movement. He moved back in front of her. The heat of his body and smell of leather assaulted her senses. She inhaled deeply.

The sound of a snap being opened and Velcro being ripped open screamed through the silence of the room.

"Open your mouth."

The hot thick head of his cock pushed between her lips. The feel of the flesh sliding on her tongue in short thrusts made her moan. She had no control over how deep or how fast he fed her the long, hard length. She loved it. She tried to wrap her tongue around the head and suck in her cheeks when he pulled out, but his hand grabbed her hair tightly, just shy of pain.

"You are not to move. Right now you are my toy to use. I will fuck your mouth just as I've fucked your cunt. Just as I will fuck your ass."

The sound of his rough, demanding voice and resumption of his thrusts caused her legs to tremble, and sweat bloomed across her body. Moisture seeped down her inner thighs, testimony to the fact that this type of treatment aroused her. He pushed further into her mouth, almost to her throat. He held his position, waiting until she relaxed her muscles, then he pushed further, effectively cutting off her air supply. He held himself still, and when her lungs began to burn for air, he pulled back only to push back in again. Over and over, each time holding himself in the back of her throat past the point of comfort but not until she panicked.

After the first couple times, she realised he was testing her. Would she allow him to control everything, including her air supply? Picking up on his rhythm, she began to inhale enough when he pulled back that she no longer began to worry when he held his position. He must have recognised that she'd picked up how to breathe because he locked himself deep inside her and held still a little bit longer with each thrust.

He placed his thumbs on the blindfold just underneath her eyes. Despite his forceful thrusts, his thumbs gently caressed her skin. He increased his speed. His cock slid in and out of her mouth, taking exactly what he wanted.

Sweat beaded on her skin and more moisture seeped from between her legs.

A spurt of pre-cum escape the tip of his cock as he shuttled in and out of her hot mouth faster and harder. His groan echoed above her head.

"I'm about to come, and I want you to swallow every drop. For each dribble that escapes, I will withhold your orgasm five minutes."

Ten more thrusts and the first shots of cum landed on her tongue. Her throat convulsed to swallow as quickly as she could, ensuring she didn't miss a drop. When he was finished, he removed the blindfold and tilted up her head. She looked into his eyes. A slash of light across his face landed right at his eyes. She saw the crystal-green depths glow, like an animal's at night.

He released the cuffs and placed his hands on her biceps. "Stand up slowly. Use me for balance."

When she was once again upright, tingles moved down her legs from kneeling for so long. The sensations were intense but not painful. After several seconds, Mark guided her over to the corner of the room. He turned her to face some type of multi-level, padded bench. It looked similar to those stools seen at the mall in those on-the-go massage places however it was about waist high and had restraints on a bar across the top and on the lower pads that looked like a person kneeled upon it.

"I want you to kneel on the lower pads and bend over so your chest rests on the upper bench. Place your arms on the crossbar at the top."

When she was settled as instructed, he secured her calves and wrists in the leather cuffs. He massaged her shoulders, rubbing his hands down her back. His fingers flexed into the muscles on her calves.

"Has the circulation improved? Do you still feel any pins and needles?"

"No, Sir. I'm fine."

"Good. This is what is known as a spanking bench. As you can feel, your beautiful ass is lifted and open to any treatment I wish to bestow."

She heard the snap of a cap, and cool liquid dribbled down her crack. It made her gasp.

"Relax. It's just a little lube. I'm going to use my fingers first to open you up then I'll insert an inflatable plug that will stretch you enough so that I can fuck you."

Though her blindfold was gone, in this position, she still couldn't see anything. His large fingers traced down her crack and circled her opening. At first, he just circled several times then he pushed so that the tip entered her. It was very different from feeling his finger inside her pussy. She felt her anus stretch and a slight burning sensation. With small pushes in and out, his finger slowly went deeper. It wiggled back and forth to widen her entrance, making circles inside her. Another coating of lube was pushed inside her and another finger joined the first. Once again, it burned, but she closed her eyes and went with the sensation. He twisted his fingers as he methodically fingered her ass, forcing her to submit to the ministrations. Gradually, he increased the intensity.

Now that she was somewhat used to the sensation, she found it soothing, pleasurable. She'd often read about women being fucked in the ass but hadn't understood why it would be pleasurable. It wasn't like they had a prostate to rub on, but apparently the muscles still had tons of nerve endings. They were being stimulated and were sending messages to her brain that this was a good thing. After a few minutes, his fingers withdrew, and she let out a soft whimper.

"Don't worry, sweetheart. We're not done yet."

Mark reached over and grabbed the inflatable plug. After coating it in lube, he gently pushed it through the tight ring of muscle at her opening and slid it in until the base with the squeeze bulb and control for the vibrator were nestled between her spread cheeks. This plug started out approximately five inches long and inflated to up to three inches thick and approximately eight inches long. He planned on starting slow and gradually building up throughout the night until he felt she was ready to accommodate him.

Her tight, hot ass had squeezed down on his invading fingers as they'd forced untouched tissue to separate and admit him. The sight of the plug probing deep inside her had made him hard again. The soft skin had flexed and stretched around his fingers so perfectly, he couldn't wait to sink his cock in there.

"There you go. How does that feel?"

"Tight...full...huge."

"Think about how it will feel to have my cock pushing deep inside you. This plug is going to expand and elongate little by little until you're ready for me. I can already imagine how your hot ass is going to feel around me. You're going to burn me alive. But I know how big I am, so for now we're going to let this little guy stretch you out first. Can you feel the burn?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Does the burn excite you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Hmm...let's see if you're telling the truth."

He reached down then skimmed the fingers of the hand he hadn't used in her through the layers of her velvet folds, looking for proof of her statement. Cream slid down her legs as her vagina clenched in desperate spasms. That physical reaction told him all he needed to know.

"Yes, I can tell how wet you are. Your cunt is soft and open, begging for attention. You were such a good girl sucking my cock before. I think I'll give you a little reward."

He pushed two fingers up inside her so he could feel the plug through the thin tissue separating both orifices. Rubbing his fingers inside her, he reached down and gave the plug a squeeze. He circled his fingers then moved in and out. He heard her panting and starting to moan. He gave another squeeze on the pump. He continued to finger her and leaned down to place a soft kiss on her lower back. Sliding his thumb up, he stimulated her clit. Working the little bundle of nerves, he brought her to the point of orgasm then pulled out. Her cry of anguish and frustration were a powerful aphrodisiac. Stepping back, he raised his hand and slapped her rear so fast she would never have anticipated it.

"You come when I say you can come. I am your Master in here. You are under my control. I can give as many or as few orgasms as I desire. Is that clear?"



Her soft voice cried out, "Yes, Sir."

"Good, now I want to see this ass blush."

His hand rose once again and came down on the other cheek. Right in the middle of the fleshy globe. A slap to the other cheek and soon her milky white skin turned a becoming shade of rose. The skin turned hot as he continued to spank her. He turned on the vibrator of the plug, and Erica cried out at the new sensation. She pulled on the restraints securing her wrists to the bar. Her ass undulated back and forth, at once trying to escape and encourage the sensations. Another quick pump of the plug and Erica gasped as it grew.

He was harder than a spike, rivulets of fluid leaking from his tip. Ripping open his pants once more, he released his cock. Continuing to land slaps to different areas of her ass, he felt the heat burn through his hand. Erica's cries rang through the soundproofed room, and his cock felt like it was reaching out to that tight, hot hole. It pulsed in anticipation of how she would feel wrapped around him.

Finally, he reached his breaking point. Turning off the vibrator, he bent his knees and fit the head of his cock to her available opening. Holding her hips, he eased his way inside. The tight sheath was constricted even more by the plug buried deep inside her. When he'd fit about half his length inside her, Erica suddenly tensed.

"Wait! Please wait. I can't take it!"

"Shh... Calm down, baby. Relax your muscles and breathe deeply. You can take it, I promise."

He reached a hand up and, slowly, rubbed her back. Despite the burning need to bury himself inside her, he held absolutely still until he knew she was relaxed enough to accept him without pain. An eternity passed until her breathing slowed and, in slow increments, her muscles gave way, fibre by fibre. Pushing his full length inside her, he paused briefly before instinct took over and he began shuttling in and out of her heaving, wet depths.

Erica cried out at the sensation of having both holes filled. Every once in a while, she felt him give the pump another squeeze as the plug expanded incrementally. Never had she been more possessed, more dominated, more owned. Her entire world was being swiftly, expertly, ripped away from her. All thoughts of life outside this room evaporated. She could

barely hold onto the sensations Mark demanded from her. He permitted no thoughts outside his complete control of her.

He switched the vibrator back on as his even-paced thrusts became faster and shallower. His large body heaved above her. He leaned over to grab the bar where her wrists were restrained, his powerful thighs on either side of the bench as he braced himself over her back. The position was that of an animal claiming its mate in the most primitive and fundamental way. His breath was hot on nape of her neck, and his grunts echoed in her ears. She felt an orgasm building as quickly as a summer storm in the mountains.

"Oh God! Please...Sir...please, may I come!"

Faster and harder, he thrust until there was nothing he could do but wait for the explosion. "Come."

Their releases erupted through their systems, obliterating nerve endings like a pyroclastic surge. Screams rent the air. She felt his cum explode from the tip of his cock, shooting deep inside her body and marking her as his for all time.

He switched off the vibrator on the plug and pulled out his cock. Her muscles pulsed as aftershocks continued to ripple through her body. He undid the restraints on her wrists and calves. Mark steadied her as she stood from the bench and remained still, lost in space. She was in a complete daze, her brain melted by the powerful orgasm. A moment later, she was lifted in his arms and carried over to a bed. She vaguely wondered where it had come from. She felt a warm, damp cloth smooth over her legs and vagina.

"Sleep, sweetheart. I'll wake you when it's time."

Her mind obeyed his command despite its nearly unconscious state, and her eyes closed.

\* \* \* \*

Erica felt as if she was floating. Her body seemed separated from reality. In fact, she would have convinced herself she was floating, but Mark's warm, bare skin was pressed against her back and his arms were wrapped tight around her body.

She didn't know how long she had been out of it. Craning around her neck, she caught a glimpse of him in the muted light of the room. His features were relaxed in sleep. While

some men took on an innocent expression when they slept, Mark's still maintained the strength and almost determined look he had when he was awake.

As she rolled, she realised that the plug was still inside her, and if she wasn't mistaken, it had grown as she'd slept. He must have been manipulating it even as her orgasm had exploded through her and she'd passed out from the sheer physical and emotional turmoil of their most recent mating. She didn't even remember there being a bed in the room, let alone climbing into it and under the blankets.

She looked up to see Mark's eyes trained on her, sharp and alert.

"Hey..."

"How are you?"

"Good. Little sore. Still full," she said with a smile.

"Um-hmm... That plug should be just about its maximum size by now."

He leaned over and kissed her, lips meeting and tongues duelling. Hands explored each other's bodies. His hands reached up and tangled in her hair, holding their lips locked together. His arms swept down to pull her tight into him. He started to kiss behind her ear then down her neck. Sucking where it met her shoulder, he created a bruise, which he soothed with his tongue. Leaning her back, he drew one of her nipples into his mouth and pulled at the sensitive tip. He licked and nibbled on the tender tip until it shone with saliva. Moving over to the other side, he repeated the attention.

Erica moaned and writhed underneath him. Her hands burrowed in his hair and pulled on the strands. He moved his body between her legs and rocked against her. Her legs came up to wrap around his waist, and her arms latched underneath his to grasp onto his back. Reaching down with one hand, he released the valve on the plug.

"I'm going to remove the plug now. I want you to take a deep breath and slowly push out as I remove it. It might sting a little."

He heard her hiss slightly when he pulled the flared bottom past the ring of muscles at the opening of her passage. He reached over to the table beside the bed and grabbed the bottle of lube he'd placed there earlier. Looking into her eyes, he squeezed more lubricant directly into her ass. His fingers easily slid into her stretched opening as he spread the cool lube around and deep into her body. He looked intently at the hole, checking for any tears from

being stretched all night long. After careful inspection, he sat back on his haunches and wrapped his lubricated hand around his cock then stroked up and down.

She stared at his every move. Her tongue swept across her lips.

"Whose ass is this, baby?"

"Your ass, Sir."

"Put your legs over my shoulders."

His deep voice reached through the sensual fog in her brain like a beacon of light guiding ships in the darkness. Doing as he commanded, she tilted her hips up. He nudged his head into her stretched and lubed hole. Steadily, inch by inch, he moved forward. Her body hummed in satisfaction, and she realised how good that cock felt entering her. It stretched her as he inched in. It felt like the long column of flesh was reaching for the very depths of her body. The minimal burn created a new sensation that only added to the pleasure careening through her body. She heard little noises and realised they came from her. When he was fully seated inside her, she released a breath she hadn't realised she was holding. He stayed there a moment while her body fully adjusted. He braced on his hands, arms extended so he was levered over the top of her, then he began a slow rhythm in and out. Her body was so relaxed from all the evening's activities she didn't even think to tense up.

*He's doing it! He's fucking my ass! It feels so good.*

He was being careful, moving at a slow and steady pace, and suddenly, all she wanted was for him to move. She tried to push into him, willing to beg, plead, whatever, but he put a hand on her hip to hold her still, controlling every movement deliberately and even methodically.

Mark slowly pulled back, watching himself glide out of her little, virgin hole. Nobody had seen her like this. No man had felt this fire around his cock. No man ever would. Her ass was his alone. The possessive thought caught him by surprise, but as he felt the weight of it settle in his soul, he knew it to be true. Erica was his. There was no going back. His woman, his sub, was beneath him, willingly surrendering to this most intimate act.

The roaring in his ears dimmed, and he heard her cries, begging him to fuck her ass harder, deeper. He gradually gave her what she wanted, steadily increasing the power and speed of his thrusts. The burning cavity squeezed down on him, the sensation rocking through him, making him grimace in the effort to hold back. He knew his control was degenerating.

Erica began to claw at his arms, her back and neck arched. Her breathing was rapid and heavy.

He reached down and drove two fingers up her pussy and pushed his thumb onto her clit, and she shattered into orgasm. He continued to pound away at her clenching ass, but he still wanted more. He knew she would be sore tomorrow, but he just couldn't stop. As she climaxed again, this time harder, he heard her scream reverberate in the room.

His body arched into her and exploded. He saw red and blue and green lights behind his eyes as his seed ripped from his very depths. Tiredly, he collapsed onto her. They both panted as their sweaty bodies vibrated with aftershocks. As a quiet peace he'd never before experienced settled over him, he thought this had to be nirvana.

Gingerly, he pulled out of her. He lowered her legs off his shoulders and pulled her limp body into his embrace. Smoothing the hair off her brow, he kissed her forehead tenderly. Those cornflower eyes opened to regard him, sleepy and sated. Tilting his head for a better fit, he settled his lips over hers. He could tell she'd been biting the lower lip since it was puffed up. He ran his tongue across it to soothe any sting, slowly opening her to reach inside and mingle their tastes together and communicate without words the emotions he wasn't ready to voice just yet.

Reluctantly, he pulled away.

"Wait here. I'll ready a bath for us."

He walked down the hall into the master bathroom then lit the candles that surrounded his garden tub. Turning the dials to achieve the right temperature, he dribbled fragrant oils into the tub. He left the faucet running and returned to the other room. He gathered her into his arms and carried her down the hallway. Her head lay on his shoulder, and she sighed contently as she curled into him. In the bathroom, he stepped into the tub with her and sank down into the steaming water.

The water continued to fall from the opening at the other end like a waterfall. He loved this tub. Call him girly, but there was nothing like soaking in a hot bath at the end of long day, having jets pulse against tense muscles and relax away the stress. Propping Erica in front of him, he gently pulled her hair up over his shoulder and out of the water. His cheek rested on the top of her head, and his arms were wrapped around her firmly. His legs stretched out beside her down the length of the tub. He turned off the water with his toes and activated the jets, letting the bubbles surround their bodies like hundreds of little massaging fingers. Other than that soft noise, silence filled the candlelit and oil infused room.

After about fifteen minutes, Mark tenderly washed her, placing little kisses on her neck and shoulders, smoothing his hands up and down her arms and legs. When she thought her legs could once again support her weight, he had her stand so he could clean her below. She was tender and sore between her legs and rear, but using the softest of cloths, he wiped using antibacterial soap then rinsed away the soap using a hand-held spigot.

When they were both clean, he stood and exited the ginormous tub. He helped her over the side then wrapped her in a soft, heated bath sheet. Once again picking her up in his arms, he carried her into the master bedroom and laid her in the centre of the bed. After setting the alarm clock, he crawled in beside her and gathered her into his arms.

As she collapsed into a deep sleep, she realised tonight's actions had irrevocably changed her life. Now she had to determine just what that meant for the future. But that could wait. For the moment, she was warm, sated, and secure in the arms of her lover.

## Chapter Ten

Erica sat at her desk, her mind a million miles away from the proposal awaiting her final approval. In fact, her mind currently flashed images and sensations from the previous night. Of how Mark had made her body sing with pleasure, how his domination over her made her feel free, in complete juxtaposition with what one would anticipate from such an experience. She'd placed her trust in him that he would never put her in harm's way. She'd placed her faith in him that he would know exactly what her body needed and when. She didn't have to tell him just a little more here or there, harder or softer, deeper or shallower. He'd been able to read her needs like no other. It had been the first time she'd had anal sex, and what one would normally perceive as something to be wary of, he made into an experience like no other, at once exciting, fulfilling, and mind-bending pleasurable.

Her cell phone vibrated against her desktop and she looked down to see a text message from him.

*Look in your bottom, left desk drawer...*

Opening the drawer, she saw a small gift bag next to her purse. Another buzz against her desk turned her attention.

*Take out the bag and look inside, but do not remove the item...*

Following the instructions, she saw a black velvet bag. The impressions in the fabric resembled that of two globes.

*Slide into your desk, pull your panties away and slide the balls up inside you. Make sure they're seated securely. You will leave them in the rest of the day. Work your vaginal muscles to stimulate yourself.*

She knew that ordering her to insert the balls here at her desk, where anyone could walk in, was a test—a test to see if she would follow his directions without question. Looking deeper into the bag, she noticed a single-use packet of lubricant. The package said it would warm to the touch and provide a tingling sensation.

Taking a deep breath, she removed and lubricated the glass Ben Wa balls then slipped first one then the other deep inside her. Closing her eyes was risky but not to be helped as she felt the first pressure of the balls and stimulations from the specialised lubricant. When the second ball was inserted and the muscles of her vagina had clasped tightly around it, she resituated her panties and skirt.

Opening her eyes, she saw Mark engaged in conversation just a few feet from her office door with a project manager. He'd angled his body so he could see into her office suite but the co-worker could not, thereby protecting her as she did as instructed. He excused himself from the conversation and stood inside her office door. When their gazes met, she saw fire flash in his crystal-green depths.

She stood as Mark closed and locked the office door. Walking around the front of her desk, she was very aware of the balls inside her and the necessity of using her muscles to maintain their position. Her channel became increasingly wet from the combined stimulations. She felt a pull deep in her womb, and her nipples ached, begging for a touch. Reaching the front of her desk, she leaned back and supported herself, taking deep breaths and closing her eyes to the sensations ripping through her body.

Heat emanated off Mark's body as he stalked across the room to stand in front of her. She felt him bracket his arms on either side of her hips on the desk. He leaned down just a hair's breath from her lips but not touching. His breath mingled with her soft pants.

"You can feel them deep inside you, can't you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You can feel the stretch of the glass and the ripple of your muscles as you clutch them. You can feel the tingle and heat of the gel. You want to let go, and at the same time, will give anything for them to stay."

"Yes, Sir."

"I can see your nipples are hard. The velvety tips beg for a touch, a pinch, the pull of my teeth or the rasp of my tongue."



"Yes, Sir."

"You will keep the balls in place until I say. You will go about your day, and no one will be any wiser to the slow ache building in your body. You will not touch yourself. You will not touch me. No accidental brushes, no lingering fingers when we hand something off. Only when we get home will we give in to our desires. I'm so hard right now thinking about how those balls must feel all snug inside your hot, wet pussy, the softest tissue clasping around them, small ripples of muscles massaging up and down their width."

"Oh God... Please, Sir."

"Please what?"

"Touch me, hold me, fuck me."

"Later, my dear. For now, we work."

With that, he stepped away from the desk, walked across the room, opened the door and walked down the hall without a single touch. Erica groaned in pleasure and frustration.

It was the longest damn day of her life with the slow ache as the balls shifted inside her. She had to constantly work her muscles to keep the balls in place. She never imagined it to be possible, but she was actually sore at the end of the day. It was a different ache from being well fucked. This was the kind of ache one had after a good workout, muscles hot and burning. She leaned against the headrest in the passenger seat of Mark's car as they drove back to his house for the evening. He still hadn't touched her, not even to help her into the car as he customarily did.

He sedately meandered up the front walk to the door of his house. She followed more slowly, just about at the limits of her endurance. Her muscles wanted to let go of the balls despite her mental instructions to hold on just a little longer. She prayed that once they were inside he would allow her to remove them. Unlocking the door, he entered the house and placed his keys and cell phone on the table by the door.

Erica stood just inside, unsure what to do and reluctant to say anything, partially out of nervousness to his reaction and partially out of sheer mental and physical exhaustion.

Mark turned around and held out his hand but didn't say a word. Just that simple touch was enough to soothe her nerves and soul. It was amazing what just a touch could do for one psyche.

He led them upstairs into the large master bath. After lighting candles around the edge of the tub, he turned on the hot water. As the tub began to fill, steam rose and the scent of eucalyptus filled the air. He slowly removed each piece of her clothing, placing soft kisses on her shoulders and hips. After all of the fabric was removed from her body, he stepped back.

"Undress me."

She started at the cuffs of his dress shirt. After undoing the links, she placed them on the vanity and dropped little kisses on each wrist. Reaching up, she slowly undid his tie and the buttons of his shirt. Before removing the shirt, she reached down and unclasped his belt and opened his slacks. The emerald-green dress shirt was removed, and she knelt before him to remove his shoes and socks. The slacks fell to his ankles, and he stepped out. Next his boxer-briefs were pulled down, and to her shock, his cock and balls were encased in leather straps held together by snaps. The straps encircled the base of his cock. The enclosure lifted and separated his balls. It looked angrily red, and the dark veins pulsed. The sight of his hard cock restrained caused her breath to quicken, her nipples stabbed out against his thigh and the tired muscles of her vagina convulsed.

She looked up into his eyes.

"I knew you were being stimulated by those balls all day, and my cock was so damn hard. No matter what I tried to do to distract myself, it just got harder and throbbed, desperate to feel you around it. By harnessing myself, I was able to prolong the burn and ache just as you were. Now, we can soothe each other."

He reached down and pulled her to her feet. He lifted her up onto the counter and stepped between her legs then kissed her as he'd ached to do all day long. His tongue fed its way into her sweet little mouth. Licking and thrusting. Finally pulling away, he sucked against her neck as her arms enclosed him.

Kneeling in front of her, his tongue circled her clit and opening. Her musical cries echoed throughout the bathroom. Lapping his way back up to her clit, he encircled the little bundle with his lips and suckled with soft pulling motions designed to milk a response out of her.

Erica's hands threaded through his hair as she held him against her arching hips. It only took a few short minutes, but as she cried out her release, he felt the sound waves echo

through his body still strung so tightly in pleasure. After she calmed down enough to catch her breath, he lifted her off the vanity. Making certain she was sure of foot, he stretched over and turned off the spigot. Standing behind her, he lifted one of her legs so that her foot was propped on the edge of the bathtub. A low moan escaped her, and her head fell against his shoulder. One arm latched around her waist to secure her against his body, he whispered into her ear.

"Okay, baby, I want you to very slowly and gently push the balls out. Then you're going to get into the tub, and I'll soothe all those tired muscles inside and out."

He gently circled one finger around the opening to her channel. As she pushed out the lower ball, he caught it in the palm of his hand. She sighed in relief when he coaxed the second out a few seconds later. Then he lifted her into his chest and lowered her into the warm water.

After sponging off her upper and lower torso, he slipped between her legs and slowly pushed two fingers inside her. Moving in slow circles, he cleaned out any residual wetness and lubrication. After he was done, he lifted her out of the tub, gently dried her off with a warmed towel and carried her to the bed.

Opening the bedside drawer, he found the lotion he was looking for. Uncapping the top, he squirted some onto his fingers and spread open her legs. Slowly, he smoothed the lotion up into her channel, circling his fingers to make sure all sides were coated. Leaning down, he placed a soft kiss against her clit.

"This is an herbal lotion designed to ease your tissues after sex. It's all natural and has a slight cooling sensation you'll feel for the next thirty minutes or so."

Looking down at his still-restrained cock, she reached out and petted it with one hand. He hissed at the sensation.

"What about you?" she asked.

"You're going to suck my cock, and I'm going to shoot everything I have down that luscious little throat of yours. Believe me, it won't take very long."

Erica scrambled up onto her knees and placed her hands on his shoulders for balance. Leaning in, she planted a soft kiss against his lips, lingering but not pushing her way inside.

"Thank you for taking such good care of me."

"I will always see to your needs. I may be tough and demanding of your obedience, but I will never jeopardise your health or safety. I have no desire to browbeat you into submission. A true submissive does his or her Master's bidding out of the desire to please. They understand that with the discipline and rules comes pleasure for both parties. I knew my demands were hard for you today, this being new for you. Therefore, your reward for following my directives was an orgasm, a relaxing bath and aftercare."

She knelt on the floor in front of Mark and ran her hands up his hard thighs. Licking her lips, she leaned forward and let the head of his engorged cock slip between her lips. He groaned at the sensation and his hands threaded through her hair as she slowly sucked down his length. She didn't plan to tease him this night since he'd been as aroused as her for most of the day.

She took a deep breath and slowly went as far down as possible. Opening her throat, she let the head slide deep, and Mark let out a cry. His fingers tightened in her hair. She pulled back and continued her up and down motions, curling her lips over her teeth to provide additional pressure. On each upward stroke, her tongue flicked the slit at the top to catch the little drops of fluid seeping out.

An idea struck her about how to enhance Mark's pleasure, but she wasn't sure how he would react. Deciding to go for broke, she moved one of her hands down and slipped a finger inside her once again wet sheath. Making sure she had sufficient moisture, she approached the circle of the small puckered opening at his rear. He gasped, but he widened his stance so she could have better access. Once again, she went down to gather more fluid to lubricate her finger and, reaching back up, gently pushed against the opening, willing the muscle to relax and open. When it did, her finger entered the tightest, softest heat imaginable. It felt similar yet different from when she fingered herself.

The knowledge that a part of her was inside Mark's body was heady. After a few moments, she felt his muscles relax further, and she started stroking up into his body.

"Fuck!" His hands clamped on her hair, driving his cock several inches into her sucking mouth before she could stop him. "You wanna fuck me, then you're going to get your face fucked in return," he snarled.

The heated words had her groaning, as her fingertip slid back and returned with a friend. When she slipped the two fingers inside him, his hips jerked again, thrusting his cock

into her mouth as her tongue flickered hungrily around it. Her fingers slid over the bump of his prostate. She looked up to see his head fall back. A hoarse shout spilled from his lips. Her mouth sank on his thrusting cock, his hips driving the thick length as deep into her mouth as she could take him. Her fingers unerringly found the gland again, knowing if she worked it for all she was worth it would destroy his control. She thrust easily, stroking over it, massaging it, manipulating it until his hands held her in place, his hips driving his erection to the back of her throat.

She heard his cries of passion somewhere above her head but, in reality, was so engrossed in the sensation his cock now shuttling in and out of her mouth and the tight heat of his ass grasping her fingers that they seemed very far away. Her mouth made slurping noises, and her throat worked the head of his cock.

"Oh God! More...more...more. Yes! So good...oh, it's so good. I need to come. I can't hold back. Undo the snaps on the ring. Now! Oh God, do it... Please, Erica!"

Hearing Mark beg as she was wont to do filled her with a sense of power, knowing that, despite his order, she was in true control of his pleasure. She instantly craved the feel of his release, wanting to hold onto him and accept his offering as he let go at his most vulnerable moment.

She reached up with her other hand and released the snaps of the leather straps around him. As she did, hot jets of fluid shot onto her tongue. Mark's climatic roar echoed out of his chest. His seed splashed into her rapidly swallowing throat before another brutal pulse ripped from him. It seemed never-ending. His muscles locked down on her fingers, and his cock spewed into her suckling mouth. Savouring the salty-sweet taste, she swallowed down every drop. She pulled her fingers out, and she gently soothed his softening penis with suckling motions until she heard his sigh of completion.

\* \* \* \*

A short while later, they were lying in bed, the decadently soft cotton sheets pooled around their relaxed and sated bodies. Mark had one arm bent behind his head and the other around Erica as he absently caressed her back with her head pillowed on his chest.

"Where in holy heaven did you learn that little trick, my sweet minx?"

She shuddered with chuckles as she continued to lazily draw circles on his chest with her fingertip.

"I, of course, knew about the prostate and its role in male sexual satisfaction. I've read in general terms how to stimulate it from those books we're both so fond of, but I've never attempted to implement my knowledge until this evening. Did you truly enjoy it as much as it appeared?"

"Absolutely. However, you should know it wasn't my first time to experience such sensations. I was slightly shocked at first that you did it, but that was immediately followed by my brain clouding over with pleasure, and all I could think about was reaching climax."

"I did get the impression it wasn't new to you. You accepted the situation comfortably with relative ease. So...do share. When have you done that before? What were the circumstances? Have you had a male lover in the past?"

Mark didn't hear any censure in her voice just honest curiosity. Looking into her eyes, he saw that honesty reflected in their depths. "First, let me just tell you off the bat that I have not had a male lover. When I was in college and just starting to learn and explore the scene, I regularly went to clubs, and there would be all configurations of participants. Some were strictly situational playmates, some committed couples. Gay, straight, lesbian, bi...everything was accepted evenly. In those clubs, the members are seeking a safe public haven to express their relationships. Being part of a D/s couple is not understood by much of the general public in a similar way to those of alternative sexual orientation. In the clubs where I went, it was never a thought in people's minds to further ostracise a couple based their particular persuasions. Having said that, I openly saw the sexual practises of gay and bisexual couples and thought to myself, 'if those activities are physically pleasurable to them, why not me?' Just because I prefer to have sex with a woman does not negate the fact that I can find pleasure from activities traditionally coined as 'gay'."

"Do you not consider it a submissive activity? After all, you are the one being penetrated?"

"No, I don't. It's easier for me to explain if I tell about some good friends of mine. They're a gay couple who outside are equal partners. But when they scene together, only one is the dominant. I once asked him if, when he is being made love to by his partner, he feels like he is giving up his role as 'the dominant' in that part of their relationship, and he said

absolutely not. What they do in scene is only a small part of their complete relationship. They share a home, the bills, the ups and downs of every relationship. Both are high-power professionals, but they're not in their Dom and sub roles twenty-four hours a day, and their relationship is only stronger for that.

"As I said when we first started this, I similarly don't intend to be your Master on a constant basis. I will always be your Dom, and treasure you as my sub, but I am also simply your man. Free to express my desires to you and free to accept your desires for me. I'm not saying I expect or want you to strap on a dildo and fuck me, but I have no problem with experiencing or receiving anal play and stimulation on occasion. Living in a permanent D/s role is not for every couple. Some in the community think that those people who choose not to be are playing, but in my opinion, a person's true nature does not necessarily dictate how they choose to live their daily lives."

Listening to his explanation, Erica learned a great deal, not only receiving more insight into his character with his openness and acceptance of all types of relationships, but learning of his loyalty to his friends and comfort and confidence in his own sexuality.

"Thank you. I understand and appreciate your honesty. Being with you, I've experienced an unbelievable amount of pleasure. For the first time, I feel comfortable in a sexual relationship. I can trust in my natural responses because I understand what you expect from me. But aside from the sexual side of our time together, when I'm with you I feel safe, protected, cherished. It's a deeper feeling than when I would casually date a man. We would call each other occasionally, maybe go out for dinner or catch a show, but we were always separate entities. With you, I feel part of a unit—I guess, a real relationship. I don't know yet if that stems from our roles or just the chemistry of us together, but I want you to know that I really like it. Can I ask just one more question?"

"You can ask a lifetime of questions if want to, love."

*Did he just say 'love'? Does he mean love love, or is it just a casual endearment? And what's with the lifetime comment?*

Deciding to agonise over that later, she ignored that loaded statement and asked, "Have you ever mastered a man? I know you said you prefer sex with women, but I've read that not all Master and slave relationships are based on sex."

“Very astute of you, my dear. You’re correct. There are some situations we’ll encounter that don’t involve sex. For instance, in the clubs sometimes a Dom will have another Dom work his or her sub over but not allow any type of sexual contact during the scene. And yes, I have participated in that type of situation before. Back when I was still trying to refine my Dominant needs, I belonged to a BDSM club where a lot of masochism took place, and I worked a scene with a young male sub. My job was to stimulate him using implements such as floggers and whips, but he was only to come on verbal command. Of course, I had permission from his Mistress to decide when to give that order, and she was present the entire time. Now, my dear, I think it’s time we went to sleep. What time would you like me to set the alarm for?”

In a sleepy voice, she murmured “Um... nine-thirty. My friends and I meet at eleven, and it’ll take me a half hour to get to restaurant from here.”

“Okay, love.” He set the alarm and pulled her into his body like a spoon, softly inhaling the rich scent of her hair. He let the warmth and feel of her soft curves lull him into sleep.



## Chapter Eleven

### One Month Later

Erica curled up in the corner of Mark's sofa, reading a fascinating novel about a post-apocalyptic society in the outer realms of space. Completely engrossed in her novel, she squeaked and jumped when she felt a soft kiss to her nape. She tugged out her ear buds connected to her iPod to hear Mark laugh behind her.

"Hi, sweetheart. What are you reading about today?"

"The end of civilisation as we know it. There's this dastardly evil man who sneaks up on unsuspecting maidens and pillages their souls for his own ruthless entertainment."

Mark bent and kissed her full on the lips. "Sounds like my kind of guy."

He came around to sit next to her, pulling her feet into his lap, and rubbed the arches of her feet. She let out a low moan.

"Oh, that feels good. I was on my feet all day today, and as stylish as they might be, high heels are killers."

He smiled at her and flipped on the TV to catch a ballgame. Erica remembered that he wanted to watch because it was the Rockies home opener against the St. Louis Cardinals. Closing her book, she settled in to watch the game with him.

About four innings in, the Cardinals were up by three runs, and her mind started to drift over all that had occurred in the last month. She'd mostly lived with Mark on the weekends, and their relationship had become common knowledge at the office. Surprisingly, nobody seemed to verbalise any objections, even his other partners in the firm.

They had unconsciously developed a routine of going out dinner a couple times a week and staying in on the weekends. Mark always plied her with decadent meals and even more decadent loving. To say that she was sexually satisfied was a gross understatement. They'd continued to explore her submissive side, but he was always open to easy, comfortable affection and loving. Sometimes, they just fell asleep in each other's arms after a long day at the office or when closing a difficult campaign. Her reverie was interrupted by the tonal rings of the house phone.

Mark's attention remained on the game as he absently took the phone and let out a soft curse when the hitter swung and missed his third strike. "Hello?"

Erica's watched his face brighten as he sat up and spoke excitedly into the phone.

"Hey, Mom." He paused before laughing. "Oh really? Yes, I can just imagine. When?"

Erica moved to get off the couch in effort to give him some privacy but was halted mid-motion when Mark wrapped his forearm around her waist and pulled her into his side.

"That sounds perfect. What about the rest of the brood?"

Mark's arm was draped over her shoulder, and his hand moved down to mould across her breast, his fingers gently pinching her nipple. Her head dropped back against the sofa and against his shoulder. She swallowed against the urge to moan while he continued to talk to his mother.

"That's perfect. I have someone I'd love for you to meet."

He lifted his arm from around Erica's shoulders and leaned over to press a gentle kiss against her soft, moist lips. She opened her eyes, and he looked directly into their depths. Her always expressive eyes showed traces of pleasure from the companionship of spending a lazy Sunday together, a lingering burn of passion, and curiosity.

Erica tilted her head as he wrapped up the phone call. He tossed the phone on the coffee table.

"So..." He paused. "That was my mom."

"I figured. It sounds like they're coming home soon."

"Yeah, and they want to go up to the cabin for the weekend. The whole family." He ghosted his lips across the bridge of her nose and the gentle curve of her cheek. Two fingers lightly caressed down her neck. His lips reached hers, and he worried the bottom lip gently with his teeth only to soothe the sting with his tongue.

"Sounds wonderful." Erica braced her hands against his chest and put some distance between them. "I'm sure you'll have a great time."

He heard the tension in her voice and saw her eyes close off in detachment. Concern over her reaction prompted him to reach down and take one of her suddenly chilled hands in his.

"I'd like it if you came with me." His fingers traced the delicate skin on the bottom of her wrist, feeling her pulse flutter rapidly. "If you're not ready I understand," he rushed ahead, fearing she was getting ready to say no. "My family can be a tad overwhelming at times, but they all mean well."

She just watched him. For the life of him, he couldn't read her eyes no matter how intently he searched.

She lowered her head. "You want me..." She paused. "To meet your overwhelming family?" She tugged free her hand and used the fingers to cover Mark's lips. "In an isolated cabin?"

Mark nodded rapidly against her fingers.

Leaning forward, she whispered softly in his ear, "Where I'd be trapped with no way out?" She nipped at the lobe. "Except to hitchhike down the mountain with a trucker named Bubba?"

For a brief moment, he'd been afraid she was serious but quickly caught on and struggled not to laugh by the time she was done. When she pulled back, he could once again read her eyes. He let out a small growl as he wrapped his arms around her waist and attacked her neck.

"Yes, my pretty. You will be at our mercy."

Between nibbles and soft, open-mouthed kisses, he tortured her with visions of little munchkins demanding games of hide and seek, cuddling before fires and telling horrible tales about their childhood.

"Stop!"

She was caught between laughing so hard that breathing was becoming difficult and panting from the feel of his mouth against her neck. She leaned forward, resting her forehead against his as their laughter died away. Her breathing slowly calmed, and Mark slid one hand up her back and tugged her hair until he could seal his lips against hers in a passionate consuming kiss. His teeth nipped at her lower lip, his tongue sliding in next to hers. He tilted her head and deepened the kiss. A slow flush of heat flowed through her body, and she brought her hands up around to circle his neck, anchoring her in the storm of sensations he

always caused with his powerful, overwhelming kisses. She eventually separated only when breathing became a necessity.

"So you're coming?" he asked.

She released his neck and threaded her hands through his thick hair, pulling slightly. "Not yet, but keep doing that, and I just might."

He pulled her hands from his hair and brought her arms down, locking them in his grasp behind her back and arching her chest into his.

"Oh my dear, I can guarantee you will." He transferred her wrists into one of his clutches and manoeuvred their bodies so she straddled his hips. "Several times tonight, if I have my way, and we both know I always do." His other hand sank into her hair at the base of her skull and held her tight. "Answer me. Will you come with me to meet the family?"

Erica looked into Mark's eyes and, for the first time, saw uncertainty lingering in those crystal-green prisms. She wanted to assure him she understood both the spoken and unspoken questions but didn't appreciate the strong-arm tactics to get her acquiescence.

"Release me," she said in her best boardroom voice.

He quickly let go of her wrist, but seemed reluctant to break their connection at her neck. His eyes darkened and his expression hardened. She imagined he didn't like her demanding tone. Not wanting him to mistake her insistence as aggression, she reached up to place her hands on either side of his face and caressed his temples.

"If it's what you truly wish, of course, I will." Leaning forward, she kissed his forehead. "Thank you for the invitation, but don't treat me like chattel."

Mark closed his eyes and said a silent prayer of thanks. "I'm sorry. That wasn't my intent. I just felt like I was dangling from a cliff and was a little desperate to find out if I would reach the top or be plummeted to the ground."

Glad to have navigated that minefield of emotions, he lifted her off his lap. Standing, he reached for her hand then led her through the kitchen to his deck off the back of the house. The view facing west was extraordinary as the sun set behind the Rockies. Wrapping his arms around her waist, he stood behind her and nuzzled her shoulder.

"I had planned to take you to a club next weekend. A special club...members only. I'd like to show you the more public side of the scene."

She leaned into his chest. "Is the club only open on the weekends?"

He shook his head.

"When do your parents fly in?"

"She said their flight lands at six p.m. on Friday" He could almost feel the wheels turning inside her head. "What are you pondering in that delightfully dynamic brain of yours?"

"Well, how about we go to the club on Thursday?" She turned around and placed her hand on his chest, looking directly into his eyes. "I have plenty of time saved up at work to take a personal day on Friday, Sir."

He heard the 'Sir' and felt a spark in all the tiny nerve synapses through his body, knowing they were once again back on track after the episode in the living room. "You think you get to make decisions about when I take you to *my* club?"

Immediately, her gaze dropped as though the sight of the print on his long-sleeved sports shirt became immensely fascinating.

"No, Sir. I was just suggesting an alternative. It is, of course, up to you when I deserve such a special outing."

He lifted her chin so their hot gazes were locked together. Her breathing quickened, and he saw the pulse in her neck flutter. Her eyes had turned deep violet. His cock thickened behind his jeans, and his skin tingled like static electricity surrounded him.

"Very good. Just so we're clear. Now, as it so happens, in this one instance, I agree with you. So you're to return to your condo Monday, and on Thursday, you'll bring your overnight bag with necessities to last the entire weekend. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Sir."

\* \* \* \*

The week had flown by, but as Erica looked to the digital clock on her MacBook, she groaned. It was only two minutes since the last time she had looked.

*Damn, how can it only be noon?* She decided to open her iTunes and distract herself by downloading a new song she'd heard on the radio all week. Absently, she peeled the skin

from the grapes she was munching for lunch as she searched. Her desk phone rang, and she picked up the extension without bothering to check the number.

"Hello?"

"Are you ready for tonight?"

Her breathing became rapid at the sound of Mark's voice. She leaned back in her big executive chair, twirling. A soft smile graced her lips. "Yes, Sir."

"Good. Have your computer shut down and be ready at five sharp. Drive to my house, and in the bedroom, you'll find your clothes for this evening. I want you dressed and ready to leave when I arrive home at six."

"Very good, Sir. I'll be ready"

\* \* \* \*

Erica let herself into Mark's house with her key and went upstairs to his bedroom. She looked around for the clothes he'd picked out, curious and at the same time nervous. She'd never had someone tell her what clothing to wear and certainly not under these circumstances. What did a submissive wear to a BDSM club? A black, leather cat suit and chains? Fish nets and corsets?

Spying a swatch of colour across the duvet, she headed over to see what he'd decided on. She was surprised to see a gorgeous silk cocktail dress in rich royal blue. The dress was beautiful in its simplicity. It had a deep v-neckline and thin straps in cornflower, navy and royal blue. The ruche bust had the same three colours crossing over each other. The skirt looked like it would float around her thighs and was pleated down the front. There was a black strapless bra with the cups totally separated, and connected by a clear vinyl strip. Black, low-rise panties trimmed with lace, and strappy navy blue high heels completed the outfit.

She was surprised that it was the kind of dress one wore to a fancy cocktail party and not what she'd pictured in a fetish club. Erica looked at the clock and saw that she had only forty-five minutes before Mark said he would arrive, so she ran into the bathroom to take a shower.

After moisturising her entire body and doing her makeup, she slipped on the lingerie and already felt like a sexy siren. Mark hadn't left instructions on how to wear her hair, but knowing his preference, she left it down to float around her shoulders. When she slipped on the dress, she noticed that the front hem fell about three inches above her knees and softly floated down from the neckline with the pleats bisecting her middle. Giving an experimental twirl, she smiled.

When she stopped her spin, she gasped as she saw Mark standing in the doorway leading to the bedroom. He stood frozen, clutching a small box in his hand. He wore black, low-rise leather pants, a hunter-green, button-down shirt opened at the collar, and thick-soled, black boots. The leather on the pants must have been high quality, because it looked incredibly soft, conforming to his muscular thighs and slim hips.

*If he would just turn around, I could see if they hug his perfect ass, too.*

Looking back up into his face, she saw he still wore a stunned expression. Thinking he was upset because she wasn't ready, she lowered her head and mumbled, "I'm sorry I'm not ready. I just need to put on my shoes."

She heard him step onto the tiled floor and saw his boots stop immediately in front of her. His fingers lifted her chin, and she saw his lips smile, but his eyes burned bright with undeniable heat.

"I knew you'd look beautiful in that dress, but I didn't know you'd literally take my breath away. I'm sorry, love, if I gave you the impression that I was unhappy. I just didn't want to wait downstairs like a good boy." He took her hand and led her back into the bedroom, making her sit on the bed.

Picking up her shoes, he slipped them on her feet, his fingers caressing her ankles. His palms smoothed up her legs, over her knees to her thighs. His thumbs gently pushed them apart and ran up the inside, stopping just before the leg band on her panties. She smiled when she saw the flames racing through her body mirrored in his eyes. Regaining his feet, he helped her to stand.

"This is the last piece to your ensemble for the evening."

Opening the box he'd carried earlier, he lifted out a flat rectangular velvet case. When he lifted the lid, inside were two earrings. He removed the earrings then set the box aside. Turning her to face the mirror, he stood behind her and inserted them into her soft lobes.

She stared as he inserted the earrings. They were absolutely stunning.

*Talk about taking your breath away.*

A round stone at the top—which she hoped to God was a rhinestone and not a real diamond—dropped down to an oval sapphire-looking stone at the bottom. The two were connected by additional diamond-like stones in a silver mounting.

“Please tell me those aren’t real diamonds and sapphires,” she said in a choked whisper.

He chuckled as he secured the final post. “Okay, they’re not real diamonds and sapphires.” His hands caressed her bare shoulders and slid down her arms until he linked their fingers together. “Perfect. Now, we can leave.”

Her fingers tightened around his, and she looked into his eyes through the mirror. She felt moisture gather in her own, stunned at the gesture. She saw concern grow in his.

“It’s too much...everything is just too much. I feel like Cinderella going to the ball, not a night out at a club, no matter how private.”

Eternally glad that it was just her feeling overwhelmed and not disappointed or unpleased by what he had chosen for her, he kept their hands linked together and wrapped his arms around her. He kept her gaze locked on his in the mirror.

“Don’t fret, love. Trust me to know what you need.”

“But...but...the dress...the shoes...the earrings. All of it is amazing and beautiful, but why?”

He sighed. “Because I enjoy spoiling you. Aside from your car, you never seem to splurge on yourself. You always give to others. I’ve seen it countless times over the years at work. I know it must seem like a lot, but I wasn’t kidding when I told you when we first got together that you should be treated like fine crystal. I don’t want you to panic and think I’m going to start smothering you with gifts, like you can’t provide for yourself. However, if now and again I do, it’s only because it makes me happy to see that light in your eyes. The one I saw when I caught you twirling in the bathroom like a giddy little girl. You can’t see it, but it makes you glow from the inside out, and I will do whatever is within my power to see that as often as possible in our time together. Whether that means buying you an occasional



extravagant gift or simply snuggling with you in my arms to eat fatty popcorn during a marathon horror movie fest.”

He turned her around and gently sealed his vow with a kiss.

## Chapter Twelve

They walked up to the club and were admitted after the doorman had verified Mark's membership. Inside was painted a dark red, with sconces on the wall creating highlights and shadows. Thick carpet cushioned the feet. To one side of the room, there was a gleaming mahogany bar with high-backed chairs in black leather. Scattered around the room were clusters of overstuffed chairs and loveseats. Soft music played from invisible speakers, and further back, she saw linen-covered tables awaiting diners.

"Not what you were expecting, sweetheart?"

"Not exactly."

"I bet you pictured a basement, backdoor club with leather and fishnet running rampant though concrete hallways with background noise of pulsing techno music combined with moans and screams."

"Um...sort of," she said sheepishly.

He laughed as he placed his hand on her lower back and led her to a host station. "Don't worry, there's that, too." He winked. "This is only one part of the club. Many people use it as a social gathering place. A relaxing atmosphere to gather with friends, have a few drinks after work, a nice dinner and not have to worry about hiding anything about yourself. Here you can be as open as you want and know that you are in a place with like-minded people. Beyond those double doors you see towards the back there is a hallway that leads to an area more like your traditional night club. Dancing, lights, loud music and so forth, and finally, downstairs you'll find what's known as the dungeon. It has all the atmosphere and paraphernalia you would expect in a high-end BDSM club. There are private rooms you can rent or public display areas. All the members have safety deposit boxes with personal toys they maintain and are responsible for keeping sanitised. Things like floggers, whips, paddles, spreader bars and such are provided and maintained by the club."

The host seated them at their table, and Mark selected the wine and appetisers. Erica didn't think twice about him ordering for the both of them without consulting her. She trusted his choices. Looking around, she was once again taken in by the understated elegance

of the front room. She could easily see this as a place where groups of gentlemen came to sip highballs or a good beer after work, have special occasion dinner dates, and apparently, beyond those doors, so much more.

"This place is amazing. How have I never heard of it before?"

He sipped his wine. "We keep a pretty low profile. Invited membership only. All new members have to be recommended by a current member and pass a screening test and interview with the owners before they're even allowed to discuss dues and fees." He served her a taste of their appetiser.

The flavour of the spinach artichoke dip burst onto her tongue, and she moaned. The heat of the dip actually caused a slight chill to race through her body.

"What about those people who would truly like to belong and pass all the tests but don't have a lot of disposable income?"

Mark stood and placed her wrap around her shoulders. He kissed her head before reclaiming his seat. "I don't want you to think of us as an elitist clique. We're just selective about who we allow to be members." He fed her another bite. "Remember, we're all vulnerable here to a certain extent, and we have to maintain the privacy and respect of everyone within these walls. There are all levels of membership—everything from flat rate with an à la carte menu to complete carte blanche. You can do as much or as little here as you want, depending on what you want to spend."

Setting his wine glass on the table, he captured her gaze. "I decided to purchase an onyx membership. That means I can do whatever activities I want throughout the year and not spend another dime while here, except for meals, which I put on my tab to be paid at the end of the year."

She sat back as their dinner was served. The selection of beef tenderloin, steamed veggies and roasted new potatoes was expertly complemented by a smooth, rich Pinot Noir. Once again, Mark had chosen perfectly for her. The tastes of the meal exploded over her taste buds. She enjoyed them almost as much as she enjoyed the taste of Mark. The naughty little thought made her smile.

"After dinner, I thought we would do a little dancing and then I'd take you down to the dungeon so you could observe," he said. "I don't intend for us to get into a scene tonight, but rather, I'll let you get a feel for this public side of the dynamic."

\* \* \* \*

The dinner had been excellent, and Mark now led Erica through the doors to the night club area. Immediately, she noticed a change in the atmosphere. It was only Thursday night, so the music wasn't a raging club mix, but it still had a heavy beat. Looking out on the dance floor, she was surprised to see many couples of all configurations gyrating and grinding against each other.

One particular couple caught and held her gaze longer than any other. They were two men, both tall, almost matching Mark in height. One was muscular and defined, but not bulging, and the other was trim and lithe like a swimmer. The smaller man had his back to the other man's chest. A thick forearm circled his waist as they smoothly gyrated their hips in precise rhythm. He leaned his head back on his partner's shoulder, looking up into his eyes. Their lips met in a seductive kiss. Erica could feel the passion and desire building between them. They looked like they could create a backdraught of immense proportions if they so chose but, for now, were just fanning the flames. Her attention was snapped away from the pair when Mark's voice purred in her ear.

"Stunning, aren't they?"

"Yes. I've never actually seen two men so connected to each other. They seem completely enslaved to each other, like the outside world doesn't exist. Do you know them?"

He reached for her hand and led her towards the dance floor.

"Uh huh. They're my friends I told you about a few weeks ago." He spun her around and placed his hand on the small of her back. He closed the distance between them as the music began to call to their bodies.

She was pressed against him but looked over Mark's shoulder to continue watching the two men kiss and dance. "When they come up for air, do you think you could introduce me? I'd love to meet some of your friends from here."

Reluctant to stop watching the magnetising couple just a few paces away from them, she looked up and caught his gaze. He moved his hands to clutch her hips and leaned down for a steamy kiss of his own. His lips nibbled and cajoled as his tongue slid inside. He raised

one hand to hold her head, while the other caressed her lower back, holding her hips tight against his.

She tasted the spice of the wine they'd drunk with dinner and the flavour unique to him. She was completely enraptured by the feel of his lips, pliant and searching against her own, the velvet caress of his tongue. Her arms wrapped around his back and her nails dug into the material of his shirt.

Suddenly, she heard a yell.

"Mark!"

She looked over his shoulder and saw the trimmer of the men she'd watched come bounding over to stand next to them. Mark pulled back from her but didn't let go, snaking his arm around her waist and holding her to his side.

He gave his friend an annoyed look for interrupting their kiss but then smiled warmly. "Trevor, good to see you."

He let go of her to give the man a hug then came right back to her side. They'd turned their back on Trevor's partner, but Mark winked at her when they did so.

"Hey, what am I? Chopped liver?"

Mark quickly spun around and attempted a wide-eyed innocent look. "So sorry, David. I didn't see you there."

"Sure, buddy. No matter. I'll just go over here and introduce myself to your lovely companion since neither one of you guys seem to have any real manners. Hello, I'm David Brown. Since the two numskulls over there so conveniently forgot to acknowledge my presence and so rudely seemed to ignore yours, would you like to dance?"

"I'd love to. Thank you."

They stepped out onto the dance floor, and David pulled her tightly to his body. The music was fast paced and edgy. They seemed to move in perfect synchronicity with each other and quickly earned appreciative glances from other dancers. It didn't take long for Erica to feel someone behind her, grab onto her hips and match their rhythm. She knew it to be Mark by his scent and feel of his body. Looking over David's shoulder, she saw Trevor do the same thing to him.

The four of them were chained together by the music. The beat vibrated through Erica's blood. At the same time, she wanted to pull David closer and lean back against Mark's hard

chest. As if he anticipated this desire, Mark moved closer, pushing her tighter into David's body.

Her dress was thin enough and David's pants were tight enough that she felt every inch of his muscled physique. She glanced over his shoulder and saw Trevor wink at her as he ground against David's ass. His tongue licked up David's neck, and he whispered in his ear. David's eyes closed, and he leaned back against his partner. He got hard, and because of the way they danced, he pressed against her stomach. Behind her, Mark's long thick length also pressed against her. The four of them never broke rhythm.

Being surrounded by men like this was a completely new experience. It was rather overwhelming but exhilarating at the same time.

What would it feel like to have sex with more than one partner? To feel not one but two hard bodies surround her? Two mouths latched onto her nipples at the same time, four hands caressing her body, fingers probing and retreating from multiple spaces in her body? Would one man fill her mouth while another filled her pussy? Would they alternate taking her one after the other? Would they take her at the same time one in front, the other in the rear? Would it even be physically possible to take the both in the same hole?

Erica's breathing was getting erratic. Her head fell back against Mark's shoulder and sweat glistened across her chest. Her hands involuntarily moved upwards and caressed David's chest.

Mark leaned down and spoke directly into her ear. "Are you imagining it, baby? What it would feel like to fuck us both? To feel both of us surround you and fill you? Making you beg and scream out in pleasure?"

She tensed, afraid he would be upset, having determined the path of her thoughts.

"No worries, sweetheart. It's okay to imagine. I'm not the type of man to share, but I'll never begrudge your thoughts and fantasies. Besides, I have to admit wondering, a time or two, what it would be like to watch you fuck another man on my command. To see the expressions of pleasure and ecstasy on your face as your body melts and spasms around him. But know that fantasies are all that they'll be. You're mine, love. Your body and your needs belong to me. I control your responses. I make your body burn. I make those lyrical cries escape from your very soul when I thrust inside your mouth, your cunt or that delectable ass. I'm the one who commands 'You may come'."

With that, Erica cried out as a climax ripped through her body. Her hands clenched in David's shirt, and her pelvis rocked back and forth. Mark grabbed her head and slammed a kiss upon her lips, drinking her cries as she rode the shattering wave. He lifted her into his arms right before her legs collapsed. Carrying her over to a small cluster of chairs, he sat down and held her tightly. Slowly, he stroked her neck and arms, soothingly bringing her back from oblivion.

Mark felt her drift into a light sleep as though her body had to shut down and recharge before operating normally again. He kissed her forehead and waited for her to come around.

Moments later, the distinctly more dishevelled duo of David and Trevor collapsed into the opposite chair, Trevor snuggling on David's lap like Erica was on his.

"Holy shit!" David said reverently.

"Is she out?" Trevor asked.

Mark nodded and pulled Erica tighter to his body.

"Did you know she was that close? Have you done that before? With nothing more than words? I swear I wasn't really grinding on her or anything. Trevor had me all worked up from behind. I was basically along for the ride."

He kissed her temple. "Not like that, but I caught on to the fact that she was imagining being between the two of us, and I exploited it then explained how fantasies are one thing but how she belongs to me...in detail."

Erica stirred in his arms, and as her eyes fluttered open, they went wide and filled with a look of shock and terror as she realised what had happened. He held her head between his hands and stared into her eyes as they filled with unshed tears.

"It's okay, love. Don't be afraid. Nothing happened that wasn't acceptable. You were able to take pleasure from a joint experience between friends. There's nothing wrong with that. Look over across from you. Neither David nor Trevor have expressed any negative thoughts about what happened or expressed any negative feelings about you. In fact, I think they both rather enjoyed themselves." Leaning closer to whisper in her ear, he said, "If you look at them both carefully, you'll see you weren't the only one affected by our little dance."

She felt mortally embarrassed but glanced over to the other chair and saw Trevor sitting in David's lap. They were kissing again but certainly appeared more ruffled than before. Trevor's shirt had been hastily re-tucked and his belt wasn't all the way threaded through the loops on his pants. David opened his eyes and caught her spying.

David lifted Trevor from his lap and set him in the chair. He came to kneel in front of her and placed his hand on her cheek. "You were so beautiful in your pleasure. Thank you for sharing the experience with us." Then he leaned down and chastely kissed her on the lips.

"See, sweetheart. All is well," Mark said. "You can't shock these rascallions anyway. How about we get a drink then I give you a brief tour of the dungeon—unless you're ready to call it a night?"

She looked around, feeling much better and not nearly so mortified at the thought of climaxing on the middle of a public dance floor surrounded by the three men, two of whom were a committed gay couple. She was tired but knew if she didn't see all there was to see, she'd go nuts wondering.

"No, a drink and tour sound like just the thing. I definitely don't think I'm ready to participate in any more public scenes tonight, but I'd like to see what's available."

Mark smiled. "Good girl."

The waiter brought over four waters, and they finished them in rapid succession, having worked up a thirst on the dance floor. Mark took her hand and led her to another set of doors. David and Trevor followed just behind them. Stopping before opening them, Mark turned and solemnly looked into her eyes.

"Erica, you need to understand that beyond these doors there are different rules. In the main room and in this club, the nature of our relationships are understood but not advertised. That's why I didn't expect you to behave submissively or address me as your Dom. Beyond these doors is another story. The moment we step in there, you are to behave as though we are in a scene, whether or not we actually do anything physical. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir."

He brought out a narrow, velvet choker and encircled her neck. "I know we haven't discussed a permanent collar for you, but this will signify to all inside that you belong to me."



They opened the doors, and Erica immediately fell into her submissive headspace. Her hand was held within Mark's, and when she glanced behind her, she did a double take when she noticed it was David, not Trevor, wearing the collar to signal his submission to his lover.

Trevor caught her look and smiled. "Most people expect what you did just because of our size differences."

Embarrassed to be caught in her assumption, Erica looked down.

"I'm sorry, Sir. I didn't mean to offend. It's true I assumed the opposite for that very reason. I know I have a lot to learn about these sorts of things."

"So what has this lesson taught you, little one?"

"Never assume what role a person plays."

"That's good for now, but be aware that next time I see you here, I'll expect two additional answers to the same question."

"Yes, Sir."

She saw Mark smile and nod his head at Trevor in apparent approval of the way he'd addressed her assumptions. Mark led her further into the room and stopped before another man, who had the look of a dominant.

Holding his hand out, he greeted his friend. "Steven, how are you this evening?"

"Good, Mark, and yourself?"

"Excellent, I'd like to introduce you to my Erica. Erica, I'd like you to greet Steven properly. He is the owner of this fine establishment."

*Address properly? Mark never told me how to do that? What if I make a mistake? What if I embarrass him? How do I do this? Okay, calm down go with your gut instinct. This is probably a test. Mark would never intentionally put you in a position where harm would befall you or trap you into punishment.* She gracefully dropped to kneel before Steven's boots. "Pleased to meet you, Sir. You have a truly amazing place here."

Steven took her hand and assisted her back to her feet then guided her head so he looked into her eyes. "Thank you, my dear. I'm glad to see that our Mark has finally found someone to call his own. If you should ever need assistance while you are here, please contact me without hesitation."

With that, he walked away.

Mark turned Erica around and pulled her into his embrace. "That was perfect. I know I hadn't previously told you how to react to a situation like that, but you went with your instinct and I couldn't be prouder. Now from this moment on, when I introduce you to another Dom, all you need to do is nod and greet them politely with subservience."

"Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir. I admit I was initially scared I would mess up and embarrass you in front of your friends, but then I remembered you would never deliberately set me up to be harmed or trick me into failure."

"Ah, my sweet princess, you are absolutely correct. I'm heartily glad to see you've been listening to me. I see a public scene is about to take place. We'll go watch, and I want you to pay close attention then tell me your impressions after they're done."

The scene took place on the small stage in the centre of the room. A naked young man was lashed to a steel suspension triangle that hung from the ceiling. Using nylon rope, his wrists were tied to the chains forming the sides of the triangle and his upper arms were secured to the steel beam forming the base. The triangle was raised so that he barely maintained connection with the stage. The evidence of his arousal grew as his Mistress circled him, slowly slapping a crop against her thigh. She placed a rubber ball gag in his mouth then buckled it behind his head. Finally, when the room was bursting with tension, she began to lay the crop against his skin.

Erica watched as the man's eyes widened with each stroke and he cried out against the gag. The crop rained down on his front and back in no discernable pattern, each leaving a telltale stripe where it had landed. Across his chest, down his abs, circling around to mark his back thighs and buttocks. The slaps echoed throughout the otherwise silent room. The Mistress changed implements to a whip and began the process all over again. Each hit connected with skin now slick with sweat. The sub's chest heaved with laboured breaths as the thin tail streaked across his body.

After several minutes, Erica looked up into the sub's eyes, watching as they became unfocused. His breathing slowed, and his body no longer tried to escape the hits given to him but instead arched into his Mistress' touch. Erica had read about that thing called *flying*, but seeing it first hand was amazing. Watching the chemicals in a person's mind take a physical sensation such as whipping and translate pain into the ultimate pleasure was a sight to behold. Finally, the hits stopped, the silence in the room an echo of its own. Then with a

barely there whisper, the Mistress leaned into her sub's ear and ordered his release. His body erupted in an explosive climax that left Erica closing her own eyes to savour an empathetic sensation.

She was moved by the trust the sub placed in his Mistress. He gave her absolute control over his body all for the sake of pleasure. She wanted to give that gift to Mark. She already trusted him implicitly and had done things with him she only fantasised about, but she knew she still had a lot to learn before reaching the same level as the couple on display.

## Chapter Thirteen

Mark walked into his bedroom and saw Erica still snuggled down in the blankets. He carried over a cup of coffee and set it on the nightstand. He sat on the edge of the bed, and she stirred, doing that adorable and insanely arousing full-body stretch she did every morning. She let out a little squeak as he laid down and tugged her lengthwise into his body. He burrowed his face and slid his hand into her thick hair. He loved the feel of the soft weight flowing over him like a waterfall. His lips settled just beneath her ear in a soft kiss.

"Morning, sleeping beauty."

"Morning. What time is it?"

"Just about nine-thirty. Are you ready for our next adventure to begin?"

"Huh?"

He laughed at the confused and absent look in her eyes. "Brain not awake yet?" He started to caress her body, stimulating all those nerves still sleeping. "Maybe I should see what I can do to revive it."

He pulled her beneath his body. Her legs automatically opened to cradle his hips. He felt the heat and dampness of her arousal seep through his boxer-briefs and moisten his erection. He kept hands speared through her hair, anchoring her head as he forced her lips open.

Deep-thrusting kisses fuelled his hunger. The melting of lips, the tangle of tongues, caused their lungs to burn with the need for air as they consumed the taste of each other. She trembled against him, her fingers pulling at his hair as his lips ate at hers. He couldn't get enough of her, couldn't kiss her deeply enough or strongly enough.

Her breasts pressed into his naked chest. Plush, hard nipples rubbed into his flesh by the rocking of their bodies. A rumbling groan vibrated from his throat as he tore his lips from hers. He looked directly into her cornflower eyes, now deepened to violet with her rising desire. His elbows supporting his weight, he caressed her cheeks and smoothed her hair back from her face.

"God almighty, woman. What you do to me. I look at you across a room, and I actually feel my blood accelerate through my veins. I caress you with just my fingertips and I can feel the nerves tingle. But when we're like this?" His hips rocked forward, and he lowered his forehead to hers. "When we're like this, my entire body demands I do everything within my power to absorb you. I can't touch you enough, I can't kiss you enough, and the only thought screaming through my head is more...more...more. I'm desperate to consume every part of you."

Her long, dark hair was haloed around her face and head, and her eyes watched him with heated need. His cock demanded he take her and take her now, but there were so many ways he needed to touch her. Love her. And that's exactly what it was. He loved her. With every fibre of his body, with every echo of his soul. He had searched for his woman, his sub, for so many years and now he'd found her. She was his. By God, she belonged to him and no one else. He'd be damned if he'd let another man have her. Never. Not as long as he lived.

"I love you, Erica." When he saw her shocked expression, he started again. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to just blurt that out. This wasn't supposed to be some kind of shock and awe tactic. I just...I love you. I want you to be my woman. I want you to be my sub." In a rare moment of vulnerability, he closed his eyes and whispered, "I need you."

He couldn't let her second guess him. He couldn't allow her to question the statement, thinking it was made in the heat of the moment. He had to show her. Had to prove his love with every touch, every stroke, every kiss. So he leaned back on his knees, wrapped his arm around her back and lifted her, bringing her breast to his mouth. Taking the velvet-tipped mound between his lips, he pulled.

Her head fell back as a cry filled the air. Not wanting her to strain her neck, his other hand came up to cradle the back of her head. Hard, deep pulls caused the blood to rush to her breast, and it swelled under his tongue. He switched sides, tonguing the sensitive underside and licking around her entire areola before pulling her nipple into his mouth.

He laid her back onto the bed and pushed her arms back on either side of her head. "Stay."

Leaning over, he jerked open the bedside drawer then retrieved the dildo and the tube of lubrication lying beside it. He pushed her thighs open and moved between them. He didn't give her time to catch her breath. No time to prepare, no hesitant licks or gentle kisses

to her thighs. He dove into her pussy, his tongue parting the curves, his lips moving over her clit and intent on making her insane.

Her cry echoed through the room as she arched to him. Her thighs separated as he pushed at them. He lifted her hips higher, shoving a pillow beneath them. She thrashed as his tongue whipped over her clit.

He lifted her hips higher and moved his head down past her slit. "Put your legs on my shoulders," he growled.

His tongue circled and laved the rim of her puckered hole. The tight rosebud loosened as he started to make tiny thrusts inside, his tongue incrementally reaching further. Reaching down on the bed, he grabbed the lube and flipped open the cap. Placing it at her anus he squirted a liberal amount inside and used two of his fingers to spread it around.

Her back arched, her hands gripping the pillows beside her head. He inserted the dildo. His tongue plunged inside her pussy again, pumping erotically, erratically, trying to send her senses spinning as he licked at the tender walls.

"Mark..." she wailed his name, pleading.

He worked the dildo inside her back passage for several strokes. "So hot, so sweet, so wet," he crooned, licking through the slit and tonguing the folds as he blew several warm, heated pulses of air towards her clit. "I can tell how much you love this. Your body is begging for what I can give you. Me, Erica. Only I can make your body sing like this."

Her feet pressed into his shoulders as she lifted, fighting to press closer to his tongue, air panting from her lips. "You, Mark. Only you. Never again another."

"I'm going to fuck you, Erica. I'm going to stuff you full, front and back. You remember what that feels like? It's so hot, so fucking tight. The feel of your wet hungry walls grasping at my dick as I work it in, slow and easy..."

She opened her eyes to see a dark and sensual smile on his lips. She was going to come from his words alone. She shuddered, crying out as the dildo thrust a bit faster. She wanted to reach for him but knew not to move her hands. She could lower them, but the wilful submission to his order only upped the sensations rampaging through her body.

He lowered her legs and crawled over her body, pausing once again to torment her nipples. Firm tugs of his mouth sent agonising pleasure streaking to her clit. The head of his cock pushed against her pussy. Pressing down, she tried to make him fill her.

He stole her breath as he filled her vision. "Give me your lips, baby."

She opened her lips. She could taste herself on his tongue as he kissed her. Where before his kisses had been a claiming, his tongue pillaging her mouth and demanding her response, now he kissed her with such gentleness, it sank into her heart.

"I love you, Erica," he whispered against her lips. "I've tried to show you with my body, but it's still only a fraction of what burns inside me."

Her hands clamped on his shoulders as he worked his cock inside her. The pressure from the dildo in her ass pushed against her walls as he filled her and created a fiery conflagration of sensations inside her.

"Oh God. Mark... Mark... More."

She was stretched on a rack of sensation, so close to orgasm. She felt it just beyond the horizon, just out of her reach.

He pushed deeper inside her, and his mouth latched onto hers.

She began to shudder, so filled with him she was certain he had penetrated her soul. Finally, he was in her to the hilt. He throbbed, and his skin was hot. The heat radiated outwards to all her limbs. Love and lust spun through her.

His hips shifted, and he began to move. No longer slow and easy, he thrust in long, deep strokes.

"That's it, baby. Clench around me. Pull me deeper. Oh God, you feel so good. Amazing. I can't get enough of you. Never enough!"

He moved faster, harder, testing their limits. Her legs lifted further, wrapping around his hips, and she pleaded. "Fuck me, Mark. Fuck me hard."

Her screams filled her head, or were they his? Did it really matter? They moved together, his hips jackhammering, hers lifting into his thrusts. Breaths mingled, and sweaty bodies collided, reaching for completion.

Suddenly, her orgasm tore through her, shaking every bone and muscle in her body. Stars exploded behind her eyes. Mark shuddered above her, the heated pulse of his seed blasting inside her.

Her eyes drifted open, staring back at him as his lifted just enough to watch her. "I love you, too," she whispered before passing out.

Mark rolled onto his back, pulling Erica on top of him and letting his entire body serve as her mattress. He ran his hands through her hair and down her back, soothing her body back to consciousness. Tears filled his eyes as he remembered her whisper of devotion just before collapsing.

He looked over at the clock and realised an hour had passed since he'd woken her the first time. He hated to disturb her rest but knew they needed to get ready to leave in a short while.

"Sweetheart? We need to get up. I know you're tired, but we have to pack and leave soon."

"Don't wanna, comfy right here," she mumbled into his chest.

"I know, love. I am, too, but my parents called a little while ago. They caught an earlier flight out of Chicago and will be landing at one, not six."

She lifted her head to cross her hands on his chest and rested her chin on top of them. "I meant it, you know? That wasn't an in-the-moment thing. I love you, Mark."

He rolled her over. "I know. I could see it in your eyes."

Suddenly, she pulled away from him and sat up. Wrapping her arms around her knees, she dipped her head and bit her lower lip. Reaching to raise her eyes back to his, he asked, "What's wrong, love? What thoughts are circling in that mind of yours?"

Her eyes looked so forlorn as they gazed into his, and she whispered, "What if they don't like me? What if I can't figure out how to blend into a family again? I haven't been around any family situations since mine died. I'm not sure I remember how."

Tears glistened in her eyes, and it damn near broke his heart. He pulled her tightly into his embrace.

"Oh, baby... Is that what has you worried?"

Her head bobbed.

"Listen to me. I love you, and okay, worst case scenario, if it takes you a while to feel comfortable around my family, that will not change how I feel. I'm not going to give up on the most important person in my life because of a few awkward moments. But just so you



know, that's not going to happen. I kid about my family being overwhelming, but that's only because we don't hold back on showing how much we love each other. My parents are warm and caring people. My dad's kinda quiet, but every time he looks at me, I can see how much I'm loved. My mom is one of the most intelligent people I know with an amazing career at the university, but she always puts her family first. My brothers are...well, they're just my brothers. You'll have to see them to understand. Like other twins, they have like this secret code and mental telepathy thing, but I've never felt excluded. And the kids are just kids, crazy, hyper, rambunctious and fabulous. I know that they're going to love you just as much as I do. Be yourself, and they won't be able to help it."

## Chapter Fourteen

Mark and Erica were standing outside the security gates of the Denver airport when he pulled her into his side, leaned down to speak into her ear and pointed to a middle-aged couple walking towards them. "That's them."

He stepped just a few paces away and embraced the petite woman with greying hair that was cut into a stylish bob that framed her face and ended just at her chin. It was an incredible mixture of grey, black and silver. Erica fervently hoped that when she went grey it would look like that. Next he pulled the gentleman into a manly back-thumping hug. He guided them over to where she stood.

"Mom, Dad, I'd like you to meet Erica Cross. Erica, these are my parents, Nancy and Joseph."

"Drs. Shield, it's a pleasure to meet you. I hope you thoroughly enjoyed your sabbatical."

Mark's mom stepped forward and took both her hands.

"Oh, no need for the doctors bit, my dear. Please call us Nancy and Joe. We're very pleased to meet you, young lady. From the sound of Mark's voice on the phone this morning, I could tell you mean a great deal to him, so please feel free to treat us with the informality of family. He told us a little bit about you, but I hope we can take this weekend to really connect."

"Thank you, Nancy. I hope so, too." She couldn't believe the passionate overture. Feeling slightly overwhelmed, she looked to Mark.

He saw Erica's slightly panicked expression and wanted to take the focus off her. "Mom, what carousel is your luggage coming on? Why don't we go collect your things then hit the road. I'd like to make it up to the cabin in time to fix supper for everyone. A welcome home dinner, if you will." He was rewarded with a smile full of thanks.

The group headed off, Mark's parents lingering just a few steps behind them. Mark took her hand and placed a gentle kiss on her lips before circling his arm around her shoulders and walking through the concourse.

\* \* \* \*

The trip to the cabin didn't take long, and soon everyone was getting settled. When they had first walked into the door, Erica had felt a blush heat her cheeks as she thought of what they'd done throughout the house on their visit a few months ago. Mark had seen it and let out a soft laugh and wink.

She was coming back downstairs when Joe walked through the front door carrying a couple of duffel bags. "Do you need any help?"

"No worries, my dear. These aren't that heavy. Why don't you just relax on the sofa there and pick a movie for us to enjoy before dinner. The rest of the brood should be here soon."

"Yes, sir. What types of films do you and your wife enjoy?"

"Oh just pick something you and Mark like. I'm sure it'll be fine."

Walking over to the DVD cabinet, Erica took a steadying breath. Suddenly, she felt strong arms encircling her waist from behind and a gentle kiss to the nape of her neck.

"Want to try the comedy we picked last time? Maybe we'll actually watch it this time."

She heard the smile in his voice. "Behave, your parents are just upstairs."

"Love, there is nothing we do that they haven't thought of first."

"Nothing?"

He turned her around, keeping her in the circle of his arms. "Well, I've never asked for nor have I wanted to know details, but let's just say that it takes one to know one. And my dad was the first person to sit down and talk with me about such things, after seeing me interacting with my first girlfriends."

"Oh."

"Yeah, 'oh'. So do you really want to sit and watch a movie, or would you rather put on a pot of coffee and just chat awhile?"

"Coffee sounds wonderful."

He turned around and, taking her hand in his, led her towards the kitchen. He said he wanted to go outside and check that the four wheelers were all ready for the weekend and

left after giving her another sweet kiss. As she was getting the mugs out of the cabinet, Nancy came into the kitchen.

"You seem to be familiar with the place. I take it Mark has brought you here before."

"Yes ma'am. We came up for a weekend at the beginning of March."

"Wonderful! I'm glad he did so. You know, I can't say that he's never brought a woman here before, but I can say that he's never brought one to a family weekend. That makes me more certain that you're very important to him, and I can see in your eyes that he's very important to you."

"Yes, he is. I love him very much, and he's said the same."

"I knew it!" Nancy exclaimed. "Would it make you uncomfortable if I gave you a hug and really welcomed you to the family?"

Erica felt tears pool in her eyes as she shook her head, and Nancy pulled her into a warm hug.

"There, my dear. It's okay. I know my son, and he doesn't make such statements or gestures meaninglessly. If he's expressed his love for you, I know it to be genuine. Let's get this coffee and snacks set up. If I know my boys, they'll be storming the kitchen any moment now."

Shortly later, they were sitting on the sofa, all enjoying the delicious hazelnut coffee, when the door burst open.

"Gamma! Gampapa! You're home!"

Two whirling dervishes attacked just as all the coffee cups were hurriedly placed on the coffee table to avoid spilling in the exuberance.

"How are my wonderful little boys?" Nancy said, wrapping them up in tight hugs. "Where's your sister?" Twin arms shot out, their fingers pointed at the door and little voices in unison said, "There."

Erica looked over her shoulder and saw a quiet young girl who was trying hard not to rush her beloved grandparents, but who so wanted to join in the fray.

Mark stood and held out his arms. "Hey, princess, got a hug for your mean old uncle Mark?"

She ran forward, throwing herself into his arms. "You're not mean. Mom says you're a pushover for a pretty lady."

He laughed loud, swinging her around in a circle. "Well, you would defiantly know since you've had me wrapped around your little fingers from the day you were born." Placing her back on her feet he held her hand and brought her over to the sofa so she could hug his parents.

A few seconds later, a man and woman entered carrying all manner of bags.

"All right, you little rascals, take your bags and go up to your room. Chris and Nick in the bunk beds and Maddy gets the single as usual."

The kids headed upstairs to do their father's bidding. Afterwards, he came over to the sofa, hugged Mark's parents and sheepishly smiled.

"Sorry about the munchkin tornado. We could barely contain them in the car on the way here. All they talked about was seeing you guys again."

He walked up to Erica and held out his hand. "Hi, I'm Dave, Mark's brother. You must be Erica."

"Yes, it's nice to meet you. Mark's told me all about you and your family."

"Oh lord, I can only imagine. They're a handful, but we wouldn't have it any other way."

He stepped away and grabbed Mark in an exuberant embrace. "What's up, little bro? I see you finally blackmailed some poor woman into coming up here into the mouth of madness."

"Shh...don't let our secret out. I'm still trying to convince her we're a normal family."

"Ha...good luck with that. She hasn't met Jared yet, and you and I both know there's no earthly explanation for his antics."

"Hey, I heard that, you rat!"

Everyone spun towards the door. A man who physically looked like a carbon copy of Dave stood there with his arms and ankles crossed as he leaned against the door jamb. "Just see if I ever take you up in one of my jets again."

Dave shuddered in mock horror. "Please, my feet are quite comfortable on terra firma. Last time, I went up with you, I swear my insides switched places with my outside and back again."

Jared laughed. "You loved it, and you know it. You couldn't get that stupid smile off your face for hours."

He went over hugged his parents and brothers then stopped in front of her.

"Hi, I'm Jared. I'm the one out of this measly bunch who actually doesn't sit behind a desk for a living."

She smiled as she shook his hand. "Nice to meet you, flyboy. I'm Erica. I'll be happy to take Dave's place in your jet sometime. It's always been a dream of mine to experience the scream of mach one first hand."

"You're on." Looking over at Mark, he smiled. "Where did you find her, man? I'd give anything to snag a girl who appreciates the high of boldly going where few have gone before."

Mark grabbed her around the waist and pulled her back into his chest.

"Get your own. This one's mine," he said in a mock growl.

\* \* \* \*

Sitting at the dinner table, the conversation centred around Nancy and Joe's trip overseas and all the wonderful historical sites and relics they'd encountered. The kids asked what seemed like hundreds of questions. Chris—or maybe it was Nick, she couldn't tell them apart yet—asked, "Did you see the Loch Ness monster?"

Then the other one asked, "What about Dracula?"

"Did you see Camelot and all the knights and princesses?" Maddy wanted to know.

"Erica, tell us about your family. What do your parents do? Do you have any siblings?"

Annie, Dave's wife asked, once the madness had settled down.

Mark tensed beside Erica and took her hand.

"I'm sorry, baby. I didn't explain anything to them."

She looked over at him and gave his fingers a little squeeze under the table. "It's okay. I knew it would come up."

Annie went wide eyed. "Did I say something wrong?"

Erica wanted to reassure her quickly. "No, it's okay. There's no way you could know. My parents and younger brother were all killed in a car accident when a drunk driver hit them several years ago. I was in college."

"Oh, I'm so sorry."

"Do you have any other family in the area?" Nancy asked.

"No, I actually grew up in Chicago. I didn't move to the Denver until after I finished my degree. Both my parents were only children and my grandparents had died when I was a young girl. For awhile, I kept in touch with some family friends but not since moving here."

The table was very quiet when a little voice peeped up, "That's okay. We can be your family now, can't we?"

She looked over at the innocent faces of Dave's children and saw the unquestioning acceptance only a child can express. "I would like that very much."

Mark's hand tighten on her shoulder and love shone brightly in those crystal-green eyes that had hypnotised her from the very beginning.

He leaned over and his lips caressed her ear as he softly said, "Welcome to the family."

## Epilogue

### Six Months Later

*There's a garment bag hanging in your office closet. You are to be dressed and at the club by 7:00 p.m. When you get to the doors, you will be escorted inside. You will be instructed what to do when you arrive.*

Erica wondered what Mark was up to. It wasn't the first time he'd sent messages of this nature. Usually they along the lines of 'meet me in the lobby' or 'come straight home'. Never had he ordered her to arrive at the club alone. She'd become very familiar with the club, having returned with Mark on many occasions. Three months ago, she'd moved into Mark's house. The decision had been quite easy, and she'd never regretted it. Living and loving with Mark every day was the best education a woman could find in the lessons of submission and relationships.

She'd become quite comfortable within the dungeon walls, having participated in several scenes with Mark. A couple times, they'd done a spanking or flogging on the public stage, but more often, they'd use either the private rooms or the voyeur room. She found that she really liked the idea of people being able to watch them together without being exposed like in the main bar area.

Erica went to look in her closet. Seeing the garment bag hanging in the middle of the otherwise empty rod, she pulled it out and set it on the chair. Unzipping the bag, she spread apart the opening to see a strapless, form-fitting, black cocktail dress. The material was pleated so that it fell in crisscrossing layers down the entire length. There were beaded stilettos sandals and hair sticks with matching beads. A note was pinned to the bodice of the dress.

*Wear your hair up and nothing underneath.*

\* \* \* \*



When she got to the club, she was escorted through the doorway. The attendant stopped just inside. He turned around.

"Ms. Cross, I've been instructed to blindfold you and lead you to where your party awaits." He held up a black, silk length of fabric and proceeded to secure it around her eyes and tie it in behind her head. Taking hold of her hand, he started walking.

The material of the dress rubbed on her bare nipples. Already hard, the sensation caused little stinging jolts across her breasts and down to her clit. She tried not to walk slowly or hesitantly, but her innate sense of self-preservation prevented her from mindlessly skipping along.

They paused, and she felt the rush a rush of air. Once again, the attendant took her hand and led her several paces forward. They must be headed through the large doors leading towards the night club area.

"Your Master requests you await him here."

He left her blindfolded, standing in a silent room. Erica lowered herself into the presentation position. She hadn't been ordered to do so, but it felt like the thing to do. The man had said to await her Master. She couldn't hear any other voices or feel the presence of anyone else in the room, which was odd despite it being weeknight. Usually there were several other members around. There was no music, either. After several minutes, a deep voice came over the speaker system.

"Stand."

As gracefully as possible, she rose to her feet.

"Remove the blindfold, but keep your eyes closed."

Reaching behind her, she found the knot of the fabric and loosened the two ends. The fabric fell away, and she sensed light in the room.

"Open your eyes."

When she did, she found that she stood in the centre of the dance floor, but she couldn't see any other shapes or lights in the room. All she could see was a megawatt spotlight shining directly on her. Suddenly, a second spotlight appeared, and Mark stood there, just a few feet in front of her. He walked forward, and the two beams merged into one, engulfing them in a circle light.

"You look stunning, love."

"Thank you. You have good taste. What's going on, Mark? Where are all the other members?"

"I ordered you here for two reasons. The first is that this place represents a dynamic that exists between the two of us. It is the outward manifestation of our relationship. And so, it is within these walls that I felt it appropriate to present you with a symbol of that relationship."

He reached behind him and was handed a large, flat velvet box. He opened it and she saw a metal circle with an iridescent finish. As he shifted the case the colour changed from light to dark, one moment indistinct and the next sparkling and full of its own vitality. An oval sapphire encircled by emeralds hung from the centre.

"This is an eternity collar. You will find no latches or clasps. The effect is that of an unending circle. Accepting this collar is a commitment. My commitment to protect, love and cherish you, my submissive. Your commitment to me, your Dominant, to be devoted and loyal. The significance of the collar having no clasp is that our commitment to each other is never ending. The pendant, the two colours of our eyes, mine enclosing yours, shows my ownership of you. This collar is to never be willingly removed. When we are together, it will show those within the community our connection to each other, and when we are apart, all you need to do is touch it and be reminded of the bond we share. Do you accept this collar?"

Erica looked up into the beloved crystal-green of Mark's eyes and felt a single tear escape, his heartfelt and poignant words reaching a place inside her.

"Yes, I accept your collar and will wear it with pride all my days. It will serve as a symbol of my eternal devotion to you, my Master."

Mark removed the collar from the box and placed it around her neck. The two halves clicked, and he tightened the screw, forever locking them together. Then he walked back around to stand in front of her.

"As much as that collar serves as a symbol of our commitment to each other and will be recognised within our family here, the outside world does not understand the depth of that meaning. And so I have one other question for you."

The lights suddenly changed, and they were now encircled in a red glow and she saw the shape of a heart on the dance floor. Mark fell to one knee and brought out a small velvet box from his pant's pocket. He opened the lid and brought up her left hand.

"Erica Cross, will you marry me?"

It was funny how her hands started shaking as he placed the ring on her finger. When he had attached to collar, she'd felt only centred and peaceful, but now she shook like a girl on her first date. The ring was stunning, antique in style with a centre, cushion-cut diamond surrounded by pavé diamonds. The smaller stones continued down the twisting sides of the ring. The stones looked radiant in the red spotlight and threw off prisms of colour.

"It's every little girl's dream to find the love of her life, and I know without a shred of a doubt that you are my forever, my always. Yes, I'll marry you."

Mark stood up so fast she almost jumped back, but he grabbed her face between his hands and kissed her. He kissed her with a passion and intensity even they had not experienced before. Suddenly, Erica heard all kinds of noise around her. When Mark finally lifted his head, she saw that the normal lights had come on and the room was filled with all their friends from the club, clapping and cheering.

She had started this journey with Mark in hope of exploring a side of herself long desired. The lonely, orphaned woman desperate to find her place in her world had not only found everlasting love, she'd found herself surrounded by family both within these walls and without. She had an identity now. She was Shield's submissive.

## About the Author

Trina is every woman. She is at once shy and boisterous, introverted and extroverted. She likes to get dressed up in pretty clothes and thinks slippers, t-shirts and sweats are just fine. She loves music, movies, photography, and animals. Loves spending time with close friends and alone with a good book and glass of wine. An avid reader of romance novels from the time she was 13 she decided to finally write down one of the thousands of stories that have floated through her head over the years. She encourages all women and men to make the best of each day and never be afraid to reach for the stars.

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