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# Touch Me, Tease Me, Whip Me

An erotic short by

ELIZA GAYLE

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## Chapter One

The slap of leather against naked flesh echoed in Walker's brain, tormenting his need, which was already at a feverish level. He stepped, mindless, from the club into the harsh, biting wind. A few die-hard smokers huddled close to the wall, the glowing embers of their addiction lighting the darkened patio. He wasn't a smoker, but it was the only place outside to catch his breath and maybe relocate the section of his brain where his control was stored.

He'd spent the last hour at the flogging station with Dex, watching and waiting—for what, he wasn't sure. There had been a steady stream of beautiful women in line waiting to get flogged by the most popular Dom in the club, but when the cadence of blows began to beat in rhythm with the pulse in his stiff dick he decided it was time to get some fresh air.

"Hey man, you gotta light?" One of the half naked, leather and black nail polish Goth guys ambled over to him.

"No, don't smoke." And he wanted to be left alone.

Goth Boy gave him a confused look before he turned and wandered back to his group.

What am I doing here?

He'd moved to town six months ago after a long and difficult break up. By chance he'd overhead some clients talking about Purgatory and, his curiosity piqued, he'd come to check it out. It had been everything he'd expected, plus so much more. The club seemed to cater to a variety of clientele from the straight Goth crowd to the extreme fetishists, and the place was definitely a playground for the voyeur. Drawn to the upstairs VIP area and its many play stations, he came here as often as he could get away.

Lately, though, simply observing wasn't enough, and the few times Dex had handed him the flogger to take over when he

needed a break had been very nice. What he craved, although, ran much deeper than flogging a stranger. There were willing and available submissives in the club he could play with, but he yearned for a connection and a level of submission he doubted most women here would understand. Besides, he hated the word *play*, and the first time it came out of a sub's mouth he was usually gone.

Walker pulled his collar around his neck and shivered in the cold. He couldn't stay out here much longer, so it was either go back inside or head on home. At least now his body was under a semblance of control. A glance at his watch showed ten-thirty, still early for a Saturday night.

Fine. He'd go in and watch a few of the stations, chat with Dex, then head on home.

Alone. Again.

Walker pulled the heavy door open and hustled inside, seeking the awaiting heat and excitement. Bonnie, the door supervisor, smiled at him, and he returned a warm greeting.

"Walker, Sir, I can't believe you're out there without a jacket."

He'd chatted with her many times and found her as genuine as they came.

"I'd tell you again to just call me Walker, but you aren't ever going to do it are you?" She'd lost her Dom last year to cancer, and while she seemed to be embracing life once again she'd firmly stood against finding another man.

She blushed and lowered her gaze. "No, Sir."

He understood her grief and knew that one day someone worthy would come along and get her back on her knees where she so loved to be.

"No worries, Bonnie, I can see what a good girl you are and would certainly never hold that against you. No one should." He touched her chin and tilted her head until their gazes met. "It is chilly outside, so be sure to bundle up before you go home tonight." He liked the fact that he was getting to know everyone here and making friends. It never hurt to be around like-minded people who accepted him as is with no judgment. A slow smile spread across her face and she nodded before turning her attention to the customer who'd come through the door behind him.

Glancing down on the main floor, he saw the rope swing in motion with Leo astride his latest victim as they swung from one end of the room to the other. The crowd went wild as the pretty blonde's face bloomed in ecstasy at the attention.

The club was in full Saturday night swing as he moved slowly through the crowds around each play station. He couldn't even get close enough to the extreme booth to see what they were currently offering up, so he turned and set off in the direction of the flogging stations.

By now his friend would be looking to take a break, but Walker wasn't sure he was up to wielding anymore tonight. Already his groin ached enough to give him second thoughts to any offers he might receive. He could use a good dick sucking right about now.

Kat and Cindi were busy marking the hell out of a couple of subbie boys when he walked up. Their arms arched back and sprang forward with as much force as they could find. The whoosh of the air splitting for the dozens of knotted tails caught and held his attention as they connected with bare, red streaked skin.

Dex stood next to him, watching and enjoying the show those ladies loved to put on. Every male subbie in the room ate it up and no doubt wished it was them like it was nobody's business.

"They've got some real pain sluts in the booth tonight," Dex mumbled.

"That's for sure. A little different from what you've got going on, huh?"

"Wait until you meet my next appointment, Cass. She's-"

"She's what?" A sultry sexy voice sounded behind them and both men jerked around to see.

"Why, she's the most beautiful woman in the room, that's what."

"Nice save, Dex," she murmured.

Walker stood speechless at the sight before him. Long, raven dark hair framed a narrow face, and dark eyes surrounded

by thick inky lashes that watched him curiously. Her nose was ordinary but the red lips underneath drew him like a moth to flame. He lingered there watching them part slightly while her tongue darted to the edge. He felt his cock stir in his pants as his own curiosity piqued.

"Cass, here for another session, I see? Do you need to feel my flogger on your skin?" Dex teased her until she broke the look between them to turn to his friend.

"Need is overrated these days, Dex, you know that. But I can't deny I do enjoy coming to see you on occasion. Even a girl like me enjoys a little fun now and then."

Dex snorted and shook his head.

Walker closed his eyes and let her smoky voice float over him. There was more to what she said, he could sense it. The slight hitch in between sentences, the nervous way she moved her hands, all combined to make him curious to know who this Cass was and the story behind her.

"Well come on, sugar, you're in luck. You're next on my list." He led her to his station and waited for her to get in place.

A sexy ass swayed in a tight, low-slung denim skirt when she moved. Her outfit was a far cry from the leather and PVC wear of many in the crowd, but somehow the simplicity of denim riding low on her hips and a crisp, white cotton half-shirt leaving her midriff bare did more for him than all the big tits with their nipples covered by tiny strips of electrical tape. No, he was an ass man through and through, and the more she twitched it the more he thought about fucking it.

She had the art of teasing down to a fine science, and obviously she and Dex played this game regularly. He, however, was not a man to toy with unless you were fully prepared to follow through. He was more worked up than he had a right to be, but that didn't change the fact his body had come to life the moment he'd heard her voice.

He watched her. Slender fingers lifted to the buttons of her blouse and made quick time easing them each free. His heart raced with no other explanation than excitement at something or someone new. With her hands gripping the edges of the shirt, her head tilted up and her gaze connected with his. He easily recognized the uncertainty in her eyes as well as the caution she directed at him, but underneath those surface reactions he saw the hunger. Gut deep, aching need crying out for relief. That very look would be what he thought of later tonight when he was jacking off again.

"Did you all of a sudden develop a case of shyness, Cass?" Dex winked at her and smiled.

"Don't be silly, I'm just enjoying the moment." Her eyes cleared in a split second.

"Uh huh."

She turned and faced the large St. Andrew's Cross filling Dex's space and jerked her shirt from her shoulders. More creamy skin and a flash of a white lace bra cupping high breasts filled his view for a few seconds before she settled her front against the smooth wood of the cross.

Besides the slim straps of her bra and the small skirt, Cass stood naked with her arms stretched above her along the lines of the wood. Walker stared, mesmerized by the expanse of tanned skin peeking from underneath the long fall of hair that touched the tip of a tribal tattoo on her lower back. Someone else might look at her mark and refer to it as her tramp stamp, but to him it seemed sexy, even sensual.

Dex whispered at her ear, low enough so only she could hear as his hands deftly buckled her wrist into the leather cuff at the top. A moan sounded from her at whatever he said and her hips wiggled against the wood. This was going to be very interesting.

Dex glanced at him as he walked to her other side, revealing a heat that surprised him. Of all the floggers in the club he always remained cool and detached. Until now.

Dex stepped close, closer than necessary to get to her other hand and Walker couldn't miss the bulge in his pants as he did. A swift desire to pull him away from her and take over welled deep in his gut. Why he suddenly wanted to protect her made no sense. Dex was the best in the club and would care for her better than any Dom he'd ever seen. Still, his fists clenched tight at his side to keep from grabbing him and hauling him away.

"Walker, you okay?"

"Yeah." Except for the desire to wipe the knowing grin from his friend's face.

"I've never seen Cass react like that before I've even started. She holds onto that control of hers with an iron fist."

"Why is that?"

"There's a history there she doesn't want anyone to know. About six months ago she started coming in twice a month like clockwork. She's always friendly, but it's not hard to see that she holds back."

"Interesting."

"It is, isn't it?" Dex had turned back to Cass as his question faded into their surroundings.

While he went to pick the right flogger, Walker moved to the side of the booth so if Cass turned her head he would see her face. He wanted to watch her reactions. Already her breathing seemed slightly labored as she anticipated the session. Every few breaths she took her body trembled, causing his to tighten further until he was as strung out as she.

He wanted her and, unless he missed his guess, which he rarely did when it came to reading people, so did Dex.

The session began with a simple suede flogger consisting of a multitude of long tails and various knots that Dex used to trail across her arms and back until a soft "please" fell from her lips. A sign the little sub was getting desperate for more.

He wanted to be the one coaxing the pleasure from Cass, but it would be awkward, to say the least, to ask for permission to do so. So instead he remained on the sidelines, rigid with need and longing for a woman who wouldn't even be described as pretty by others, but to him had become the most sensual creature he'd seen in a very long time.

"I know, baby. It's coming."

Dex talked to her in hushed tones that no one besides the three of them could have heard. As he raised his arm and delivered the tails across her back in a sharp blow, the sounds and people around them faded away. All of the focus was on Cass and her pleasure, fulfilling the need she'd come to Purgatory for.

Wrists twisted and turned so the tails moved in a sideways figure eight, and light pink marks began to appear across the skin

of her back. Even while watching the flogging from the corner of his eyes he didn't take his gaze from the profile of her face. He willed her to turn and look at him, desperate to see her every reaction to his friend's superior skills.

As the falls to her backside increased, her hands clenched and unclenched into tights fists as she automatically pulled against her bindings. She'd been given a safe word to use if at any time the flogging became too much for her, but based on her body language she wouldn't be using it anytime soon.

Walker glanced at Dex to see his friend lost in concentration, his hand flipping the flogger both expertly and automatically as he watched for any sign of distress or pleasure on her part. On a loud moan from Cass, he looked over with a shit-eating grin stamped on his face. The man took pride in his ability to mold every submissive in his care to the perfect writhing ball of pleasure.

When he turned back to Cass, he caught her staring at him. Their gazes met and held and her lips parted, a moan rolling out and over him. His stomach seized as the need emanating from her melded with his, driving them both to the precipice of no return. With little thought to their surroundings his palm rubbed over his dick, pushing the seam of his pants into the sensitive skin. If she kept looking at him like that he was going to come in his fucking pants like a horny teenager.

Energy buzzed through his veins, as his innate need to be in control fought for dominance over the situation. He had to fight the urge to snatch the flogger from Dex and whip her until she begged to come for him.

Dex halted his movements and moved to the wall obviously looking to make a switch. Her pleas to not stop tore at his resistance as he took another step toward the platform. Dex chuckled from the other side, probably amused by his behavior but he was far beyond caring what anyone thought of him at the moment.

This woman had managed to drag him in and pull him out of the shell he'd been waiting in. He'd decided actively looking was a waste of his time and other than his minor activities here at the club he'd buried his need for more.

Until tonight, when he'd seen her.

Tears rolled down her cheek as she watched him, her hips pressing into the cross. She was so close to her orgasm she'd resorted to rubbing that clit of hers against the edge of the wood in a desperate attempt to finish what Dex had started.

"If you come before he's finished, I'll make sure you're punished." The harsh command tumbled from his mouth before his brain even considered them. He had no rights here, yet he couldn't help himself, he had to take charge.

Her sobs halted and her eyes widened in surprise. Seconds stretched out as she stared at him and he waited for the sassy retort he knew lingered on her tongue. Dex had returned to his place behind her and waited as well. He'd obviously overhead his statement and hesitated giving her a chance to respond.

On a long exhale she finally spoke. "Yes, Sir."

The tightness in his chest released, as did the breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding. He nodded to Dex, who stepped closer this time with two new floggers. With the flick of both wrists the leather tails wrapped around her thighs, under her skirt and perilously close to her cunt. He'd not struck hard but it'd been unexpected, and the wild look in her eyes pleased him.

"Tell him," he ordered. This time she didn't hesitate.

"More please, Dex. I need more." Her whispered voice hitched when she spoke.

He didn't take his eyes off of her as Dex increased the tempo of leather slapping against flesh and denim as he covered every inch, from her calves to the bare shoulders he itched to soothe.

Dex got back into the zone and Cass trembled and moaned with every touch. The sound of her arousal neared peak as her hips jerked forward, looking for anything thing to rub in her desperate attempt to increase the friction against her clit.

Walker not only wanted to bring her to the edge himself, he wanted to hold her there a little longer. With her chained to his wall without clothes, he could test and tease her until she exploded from overload. Everything inside told him she would respond to his brand of control, even thrive under it.

"Walker." Dex's voice broke into his thoughts, forcing his focus on this scene not the future.

He moved, eating up the little distance left between Cass and himself. With his head bent and his lips close to her ear, heat rose from her skin, drawing him in.

"Cass, I know what you need. You want someone to direct, to give their permission, to allow you to come. But I'm not inclined to give it unless you ask for it." In reality he didn't care if she begged this time. He wanted to watch her come from the flogging, with little else for stimulation.

"Please." The words trembled from her mouth. "I have to come."

He begged to differ, but she obviously had a plan and they didn't know each other at all—except in the way that like always knows like, and this little sub had a deep dark need she was afraid of. The least he could do was not get in her way of satisfaction. Which, of course, had nothing to do with him wanting to see her writhing in ecstasy in front of the crowd.

He glanced at Dex, who delivered the final strike to her sides, the long leather tails wrapping around her inner thighs and delivering a swift pop against her clit. The nub he imagined swollen and hard, waiting for the attention it deserved.

A long scream, drowned out by the throbbing industrial music, tore from her mouth. Her head fell back, her hair shaking loose and her hands yanking frantically on the bonds that held her in place.

Walker couldn't keep his hands off of her. His fingers settled on her waist, her muscles clenching underneath as she rode the wave of pleasure Dex—and maybe he in some small part—had created for her. Silky strands of hair brushed against his burning skin like a gentle wave of water on a hot day.

God, he wanted to tear off her pants, bury his head between her legs, and lap up every bit of cream she spilled. She'd be so fucking wet and hot, his dick jerked with the thought of it. If she thought this climax was good, he'd show her much better with his tongue.

As she came back down, he listened to the harsh breaths in and out of her lungs. Little aftershocks rippled across her body while Dex unfastened one arm and then reached for the other. With her wrists loose, she began to slump, and Walker scooped her into his arms and carried her to the sofa in the corner.

He cradled her to his chest, allowing her the time she needed to recover as well the time he needed to get his body and mind back under control. She was not his. Hell, he didn't even know her. Yet the intoxicating scent of vanilla mixed with her sexual musk seared to his brain, never to be forgotten.

She stirred in his lap, her eyes fluttering but not opening. Her skin glistened with a gentle pink flush, lips slightly parted as her breathing slowed to normal.

"Stop staring at me, you're making me uncomfortable," she whispered.

"I can't help it. I'm not sure I've ever seen anything so delectable."

Her eyes popped open—pools of ocean blue stared up at him, a look so intense yet laced with sorrow. She twisted away from his chest, her feet moving to the floor.

"You don't have to lie to me, it's unnecessary. I'm not a fool, you know." She rushed to her things and redressed quickly.

Anger radiated from her as the soft submissive look disappeared, the mask of a woman unaffected replacing it. Taken aback by her outburst, he said nothing, unsure what had happened.

Staring daggers at him, she spoke to Dex. "As always, Dex, you are the master of Purgatory. Thank you."

The last two words were spoken softly and without sarcasm before she turned on her heels and rushed into the crowd of the club. Walker warred with himself on whether to go after her or not. Everything about her screamed his, even the temper. Yet, right now she needed space. Time to recover. He'd have preferred in his arms, but there would be a next time he was certain.

"What the hell was that all about?" He turned to face his friend in time to see the mocking smile plastered across his features.

"The funniest thing I've seen in a long time, I would say." Dex shook his head and picked up his cleaning spray and towel and proceeded to begin the wipe down of the cross before the next in line came for their turn.

"This is not funny, Dex. That woman is amazing, but she's in no condition to be wandering around by herself." He tried to catch a glimpse of her through the people crowded together but she'd disappeared from sight.

Dex turned back, his eyes narrowed. "Cass is a complicated woman, Walker. As a submissive she's had her heart torn out."

"What happened?" He'd better hear the story sooner rather than later so he knew what he was dealing with.

Dex's shoulders sagged as he finished cleaning up and hung the floggers on their hooks. His reluctance to continue did little to dissuade him as he waited for an answer. Time passed and Cass got farther away, possibly even gone for the night. He would have to rely on Dex to fill him in.

"There's something about her, Dex. Something that reached out to me like nothing has in a really long time." He was taking a chance on revealing his own secrets to his friend, but if he wanted information then he'd do what he had to in order for him to understand.

"I'm not blind; I saw how you reacted to her and how she reacted to you as well. I've been doing this a damn long time and thousands of submissives have passed through here with every story you could think of and then some." He picked up the clipboard and consulted the sign ups before he dropped it back on the small table. "Cass has been coming in for months and it's taken a while to get even half her story, and most of that from rumors around the club not from the woman herself."

Walker nodded. He liked that Cass had not been an easy read or willing to open up to any Dom who would listen. He had so many questions for Dex, but he knew him well enough to know that he needed to be patient. He would reveal what he wanted to when he was good and ready.

"From what I understand, she lived as a twenty-four-seven slave for some time until about a year ago when her Dom up and disappeared. As in packed up and left town without a word, leaving her to find out when she returned to an empty house one day after work."

Walker rubbed at his chest, annoyance already pressing down on him.

"Why?"

"No idea. For that answer you'd have to ask the lady herself, and so far I haven't been given an opening into her life

for even the first personal question." Dex's fingers absently stroked the tails of his favored suede flogger as he spoke. "I think she's been trying to withdraw from the lifestyle for a while now, but every few weeks she shows up for a flogging, desperation written all over her face despite that pretty smile she fools everyone with."

Walker nodded in understanding. He and Dex were more alike than he'd thought. They'd both seen through the wall she'd built up to protect herself.

"A fucking shame if you ask me. Her need is palpable when she walks into the room. She's afraid to even try to open up to anyone, but that fear will never erase what her soul clamors for."

"You want her?" Walker didn't really need to ask the question but he felt obligated. The more Dex told him the more he wanted to go after her.

"I feel protective of her."

Walker nodded. He could read between the lines. Dex did have a thing for Cass, but not enough to pursue or push it. Which left him open to take her for himself. Now he just had to convince Cass she didn't need to run away.

"I'm going to see if I can find her. Make sure she's okay."

"Uh huh. She's probably gone. Cass isn't one for socializing around here. She has a need, gets it filled as best she can, and then goes back to her life to pretend everything will be fine.

"And where is that life?"

Dex shrugged. "No one knows, or at least no one says. There are people in the lifestyle who make it a point to know everything about everyone, but they also guard that information."

A pretty young girl arrived at the station, eager anticipation written on her face.

"Unfortunately, Walker, you're on your own with this one." With that his friend moved over to his next victim and led her to his cross.

## Chapter Two

Walker surveyed the crowd as he moved through the club. As it grew later, the place filled to capacity making it difficult to find anyone. It was like looking for a needle in a haystack. At the exit he decided he'd head out and come back tomorrow. Eventually she'd return–over the years he'd learned to be patient to achieve what he wanted. He jerked his coat tight and pulled open the door.

In the parking lot, a few partiers rushed to their vehicles, something Walker did as well. With key in hand, he contemplated how long it would take him to get in and get the car warm.

"Fuck!"

Walker whirled at the feminine voice to find the object of his desire, pacing the alley behind the club. A smile tugged at the corner of his mouth. So she'd not left after all. Good or bad, he would take it as a positive sign. Although, her being out here alone in the dark seemed irresponsible, to say the least.

Forgetting the cold and his car, he headed toward the woman moving back and forth oblivious to those around her.

"Cass?"

She whirled on him, her arms coming up to guard her body. "Jesus Christ, don't sneak up on someone like that."

"What are you doing out here, are you all right?" He doubted she would tell him if she weren't.

Her shoulders eased an inch or two. "I'm fine. I needed some fresh air and time to think."

"Probably not the safest place for thinking." He couldn't not say it. She wasn't thinking with a clear head. Not after the whipping Dex had given her. She may have snapped out of it pretty quickly, but there was a crash coming sooner or later. "Please don't presume to know what's best for me." She stopped moving to glare at him. "I may not fully understand why I reacted to you the way I did, but I do know how to take care of myself."

He edged forward, needing to get closer to this woman who drew him no matter what she said. Any other man probably would have left before she could utter another word. All they would see were complications, he saw a challenge.

Her head dropped forward, her gaze staring toward the ground. "I can take care of myself."

"Yes, you've said that." Another step and he'd be close enough to feel her body heat. "Why don't we go somewhere and get a cup of coffee, we can talk about it."

Her head jerked up, a wild look in her eyes.

"You can't say that to me!" The panic welled in her voice.

Walker raised his hands in surrender. "Okay no coffee then."

"No, not that." Moisture pooled in her eyes. "You can't tell a woman like me that she is the most delectable thing you've ever seen. It's just not right."

"Why the hell not?"

"Because it's bullshit and we both know it."

Now he was getting mad. *What the fuck*?

He grabbed her around the waist and hauled her against him. "Let's get something straight right now. I never, and I mean never, say something I don't mean. Life is too fucking short to pretend to be something you're not or to blow smoke up someone's ass with a lie or a half-truth. So if I tell you something you can damn well count on me meaning every word."

"But-but-"

The confused look in her eyes did him in. Whatever idiot had left her had shaken her confidence. Something he never wanted to see in a submissive, but the fight in her gave him hope.

"You were perfect tonight. It took every ounce of my restraint not to pull you down and bend you over the bench and have my way. Which would have been balls deep inside you with your pussy clenching around me in ecstasy." Her breath hitched, a strangled little moan coming out. A sexy sound that pulled at his gut and stroked over his balls. Her eyes blazed hot when he threaded his fingers through her hair and tilted her back so her throat and neck were open to him. The rich black strands brushed his hand like the finest silk and even in the dim light of the alley he watched her gaze darken with more than a hint of arousal.

She turned him on in ways he hadn't been in a long time. His lustful imagination ran wild as he envisioned her in his personal dungeon, naked and ready to serve with that very look in her eyes. Desire and desperation.

Unable to resist, he pressed his lips to her shoulder, opening his mouth to allow his teeth to scrape against the flesh. When the heat of his tongue licked across her skin, she jerked into his arms. God, she tasted so fucking good.

He nipped at her neck, absorbing the vibration of her low moan.

"Please," she whispered.

Logical thought began to evaporate as he pushed his thigh between her legs, forcing her to spread for him. God help him, he wanted to see her come again and he couldn't wait. Her hips tilted to meet his moves, pushing the mound of her sex against him. She didn't act like a woman afraid or one who wanted him to stop. No, her fingers dug into his jacket so hard, he was certain had it not been for the thick layers, she'd be shredding his skin.

He sucked at her flesh until red streaks appeared, marking her as his. She might carry the welts from her flogging by another man, but these spots she'd see every time she glanced in a mirror for the next couple of days and remember whose mouth had taken possession.

"You should've gone home, Cass."

Her head shook violently. "No, this-please I need this."

Walker covered her lips, stroking his tongue into the eager cavern. The exotic taste of a woman in need exploded in his head. Her tongue met his as they curled together, tormenting him with her easy acceptance of his every move. He wanted to gentle his actions, not go too fast and scare her away. There would be time to explore the darker side of things when they knew each other better.

Then she bit him.

Walker reared his head back without loosening his grip on her hair. Her eyes shone like twin pools of molten lava and, unless he missed his mark, a mocking dare sparkled there as well. His control snapped and his hand jerked her head back, his free hand wrapping around her slender neck. With little thought to anything but conquering the woman in his arms, his lips slammed over hers.

Every one of his brain cells fried together to burn him alive. Hips bucked, pressing leather against silk, rubbing his dick across her clit. He wanted her bad, to the point his groin and balls ached with it. Her hands scraped at his thigh before he felt them move to lift her skirt, giving him access to the soft cushion of her pussy underneath. He needed to stop. This was no place for lust, especially the out of control variety.

The knowledge anyone could turn the corner and catch them did little to dissuade him with the warm moisture of her flooded cunt soaking onto his pants. Tempting him. Torturing him.

"Oh, God, Walker! More. Please. Please. Don't. stop." Her cries washed over him, tugging hard at what shred of self-control he still had.

"Not here. Not like this." She deserved so much more.

"Please. I need you now." Her cry broke on a choked sob.

Moving his hips to give him space, he slipped his hand from her throat to the edge of her panties. Cass shivered under his hands as fingers found her bare shaven slit and the coating of moisture slickening her skin.

On a groan he sank into the blazing heat of her pussy and swirled through her juices before pushing a single finger inside her. Tight, clenching flesh squeezed around him, shredding any objection he might have mustered.

"Oh, God!" she gasped, her hands grasping at his shoulders.

"You're so damned wet." He stilled inside her and he pressed his forehead to hers. He could do this. Give her what she needed and walk away. Save the rest for another day. If only her muscles would quit clenching around his finger, coating it with her juices.

"Please don't leave me like this. I can't take it." Her hips moved drawing him farther inside her. "Please don't leave."

The simple plea in her voice echoed with a need that ripped the fight from his soul. They'd both walked a thin line back in the club and now, here in a dark alley, he'd broken every rule he had. For a woman he didn't even know.

A glimpse at her face found her eyes tightly closed. "Look at me, Cass." When she ignored his demand, he tugged at her hair, forcing her head back until she opened to him. Stark, naked hunger shone back at him.

"I know what you need, and I'm inclined to give it to you." He bent and scraped his teeth along her jaw while his finger stroked her, a gentle rubbing against sensitive tissues. "But you should consider that it won't end there. When your cream covers my hand, I'm going to fuck you right here, right now, and not care who might see you."

Her eyes rolled back in her head on a long, low moan.

"Is that what you want?"

Her tongue darted out to lick at her lips as she nodded furiously.

"Not good enough, little girl. If you can't say it, you certainly can't have it."

A shudder wracked her body as she looked at him. He knew the words hovered on her lips and he held his breath praying she would say them. Because if she walked away now, he didn't know how he could handle it.

Her reservations or fears would do little to deter him. He would take them as a challenge and break down the barriers she had built around her until they both burned in the lust arcing between them.

Waiting for her answer, he slid a second finger along the first, stretching her as he fucked into her. Either way he would feel her coming apart in his arms.

"Walker, you know I want this. More than want, I'm burning, aching."

On her admission he let his thumb graze over the hardened bud of her clit, applying just enough pressure to have her bucking against him.

"Take me. I can't stand it," she panted.

Patience gone, his hand jerked from her suckling flesh as he pushed her a few inches to the wall. He ripped at the waistband of his pants and shoved them open enough to free his cock and place it at the heated entrance of her pussy.

"This won't be gentle or nice." He warned when the first thrust buried him half inside her.

"Fuck gentle." She gasped.

He'd tried to prepare her with his fingers, but she was still so damned tight. The slightest movement sent pleasure shooting up his spine. He grabbed her leg and brought it around his waist opening her to take him fully. His hips pulled back, sliding his shaft slowly from the tight grip she had on him.

"More?" He really did want to draw out the pleasure but this wasn't going to last long.

"Yes, yes," she whispered, her silky breath teasing his neck.

He plunged into her, parting tight muscles and soft flesh with the aid of her slick juices coating him.

She cried out, a guttural sound of pleasure and ecstasy that ripped at his balls and any control he'd managed to retain.

"Walker..."

"I know, baby, I've got you and I'm not letting go."

She screamed into his neck as he drew back, dragging over sensitive nerve endings, eliciting his own groan.

Before she could breathe again he drove inside her. There couldn't be any more stopping as his thrusts continued over and over—stroking, forging, impaling, claiming the woman in his arms as she fractured in orgasm. He drew out her pleasure with half a dozen more plunges until his balls ached and the pressure became too much. On a rough grunt he buried his head in her shoulders as the fierce jets of release shook him to the bone.

He wrapped his arm around her and pulled her off the wall and tighter in his arms. He wanted to talk. To say something important, like how exquisite she was, but he couldn't. He was no stranger to urgent lust or quickie fucks, but it was the first time someone had blown his mind. How do you tell a stranger

#### TOUCH ME, TEASE ME, WHIP ME

you can't let her go? That in one night he'd found the submissive, no, the woman he didn't even know he was searching for?

## Chapter Three

Walker released Cass slowly, making sure she could stand before he stepped back. Immediately cool air flowed between them and the stark reality of a parking lot came into sharp focus as they put themselves together.

"We need to go somewhere private, discuss what's happening." He held out his hand, expecting her to take his lead.

Her head shook furiously as her eyes remained looking down at her clothes. "No, I need to go home."

"Did I hurt you?" He didn't want her pulling away now. He wanted to hear about her life, learn what made her tick all the time. He couldn't stop now.

"Oh, God no. That was more incredible than anything I expected."

He cringed. He could hear the kiss off coming a mile away.

"I have to get home, I have work early."

"At least let me make sure you get home okay."

Her head jerked again, but not before he saw the wet drops clinging to her lashes.

"No, really, I'm fine and I don't even live that far away." She fumbled in her pocket and pulled out a key—to her car, he presumed.

Walker hid his smile when she straightened her spine and fingered her hair into some form of normalcy before looking at him again.

"I want to see you again." He didn't know what else to say, he was quickly losing control of the situation and she didn't look about to budge on anything.

"It's okay, Walker. I'm fine. You don't have to worry about me, say things you don't want to or anything really."

He snagged her by the wrist, catching her off guard, and hauled her closer to him. "I thought we already settled that I

never do or say things I don't mean. Do we need to go over that again?"

Her head shook but she remained quiet.

This close he smelled the sex on her. Both his and her scents mixed were a heady thing. Amazingly his cock stirred again at the mere thought of being inside of her.

"Good." He dug into his wallet and pulled out a card. "Here's my card. Call me when you get home and we'll figure something out." He didn't leave it as a question. She needed to know he expected to hear from her. "Okay?"

"Yes, Sir," she whispered.

Unable to avoid her already kiss swollen lips, he slanted his mouth over hers. The now familiar taste of her spiked through him sending shards of renewed lust along his spine. There was so much he wanted to do with her, alone. Talk, touch every naked inch of her lush body, watch her ass bloom as he spanked it right before he took her there. The image of her shaking, gasping for air the entire time, would be what he thought of until he saw her again.

Despite her talk of urgency to get home, the hunger he tasted in her kiss and the heat emanating from her told him a completely different story. It might kill him tonight to let her go but he would, he had to. She obviously needed some time to think through her fears.

She would leave tonight with the knowledge that he was an understanding man, a Dom she could trust to put her needs first.

As her lips moved under his, her tongue curling around his, he tried to understand what made her so different from all the others. Why did he want to take her home and cherish her, taking care of every need she'd ever suffered as unfulfilled?

When her teeth nipped at his lower lip, he twisted his hand in her hair, rubbing the soft strands against his skin. He no longer cared about the why when his cock rose in strength once again. He forced himself from her mouth.

"If you're serious about going, you'd better go now." If she didn't walk now he wasn't sure he'd let her go. A frightening thought, but the wicked need lancing through him was the only warning he had.

She nodded and walked away without another word. He doubted either one of them could have said anything more.

## Chapter Four

Two weeks later and Walker still hadn't seen Cass—or, as he affectionately referred to her now, his little brat—again. When her call had finally come several days after their encounter, he'd been about to go out of his mind with not hearing from her. He should have known better than to leave their future communication up to her.

He recalled the sweet hesitation in her voice, soothing his anger and worry.

"I—I'm sorry I haven't called."

"Are you okay?"

"Yes."

The fast response came out forced and awkward. Skittish even. The same vulnerability that had him fucking her in a parking lot gripped him by the balls yet again.

"You should be paddled."

She didn't respond, but he didn't miss the catch in her breath at his words. "In fact, we need to get together and discuss whatever this is that's going on."

"Things went too far."

Fuck. He didn't want it to end like this. "Do you regret that?"

"Not exactly. No regrets—it's just—I don't know."

He'd broken every one of his rules that night. No sex on the first night of meeting a potential submissive was right up there with always using a safe word.

"Tell me."

"I'm not ready."

He'd wanted to call bullshit right then but decided instead to give her the space she thought she needed.

Until now.

He pulled his car into a parking spot at the edge of the lot and smoothly stepped outside. He and Cass had talked several times, taking some time to get to know each other.

He'd tried to coax what pained her the most out of her but she'd remained pretty tight lipped, instead spending most of her time talking about her small specialty wine and coffee shop business in the art district, Grape and Bean.

As a slave to his neighborhood Starbucks, he'd never been in her place, but he drove by here every day on his way to work. The white cottage frame building had a large covered patio out front with wrought iron furniture and colorful plants. Creating an inviting place for customers to linger was a smart business move. He looked forward to seeing her in this environment—the strong woman running a successful business in contrast to the sexy submissive he'd fucked outside a sex club.

He strode through the door, chimes announcing his arrival, to find a line ten feet deep at the coffee counter. Three employees rushed around filling orders, but his brat was nowhere in sight. He knew she would be here since she'd told him how busy her Saturdays were. Another reason she'd come up with for not seeing him again.

"What can I get you?"

The question shook him from his thoughts as a pretty Asian girl took his order. Straight black coffee in hand, he found a small booth in the corner and settled in. He'd cleared his schedule for the entire day and night with his only goal to talk to Cass in person. She needed to face him, face what happened between them, and decide if she could give into the need he knew slowly ate at her.

There were times when the conversations turned serious and sexy that he heard it in her voice. She'd make a breathless sound that had his cock straining against his pants and had him masturbating more often than usual. Not like it was doing any good, though. No, satisfaction for them both would come together as they explored their budding relationship.

The door behind the counter swung open and Cass walked through, and while he'd recognize her anywhere she looked far different from the woman two weeks ago. Gone were the sexy, skin tight clothes, replaced with conservative khakis and a pretty pink blouse that hid what he knew to be the sexiest damn curves he'd seen in a long time.

Her hair was pinned into a neat bun with a few wisps of escaped dark hair curling loosely around her face. A sharp spear of arousal punched through his gut at the sensual curve of her exposed neck. The memory of licking and biting her as clear as when she'd been wrapped in his arms, riding his cock for all she was worth.

Thank God for the table where he sat. She might not appreciate the sight of his dick tenting his pants as he watched her move around behind the counter, smiling and talking to customers and employees alike.

And what a smile. Broad and charming, lighting up her face with irresistible allure. How she couldn't see what that kind of beauty would do to a man amazed him. It wasn't always about big tits and blonde hair or a perfect body and skinny thighs. In the long run what radiated from the inside made for an enduring relationship.

He sipped at his cooling drink, waiting. Observing her at work could be as enlightening as some of their phone chats had been. She donned a small purple apron emblazoned with the Grape and Bean logo, grabbed a rag and headed his way, probably to clean up the abandoned tables now that the crowd had thinned considerably.

He admired the shape of her bare arm as she wiped a table down, a visible line of muscle flexing under taut and tanned skin. She'd mentioned her addiction to running on the local greenways at least three times a week and he imagined it served as an outlet for emotions as much as it did for keeping in shape.

As she moved closer and closer to where he sat his muscles tightened, bracing for the reaction he expected. While she cleaned the table next to his her gaze slid toward him and she froze in place when recognition dawned.

He focused on her face. The almost imperceptible tightening around her mouth, the alarm clearly shining in her eyes. She wore a hint of makeup that served to add, not detract from, the mask of innocence she carried here. No one would ever guess the darkness that laid in wait inside her, begging for freedom.

"Cass." He nearly winced at the harsh, gravelly sound of his voice.

"Walker."

He'd managed to knock her off balance by showing up unannounced, a fact that he liked very much. She had barriers he wanted through, and not giving her time to prepare what to say served him well.

Although seeing her at all made him want to grab her by the hand and take her somewhere private, force her to confront him on the most basic level a woman could with a man.

"This is unexpected."

Although she tried to hide it, he caught the subtle hesitation in her voice. The only outward indication that he'd rattled her at all.

"We need to talk."

"I don't have a lot of time right now," she insisted.

He looked around the shop, making a point to notice every customer who lingered. There were only three left and her employees had them all covered.

"Do what you need to do and I'll wait. When you have five minutes, come and join me. Then I'll get out of your hair."

Wariness turned to fear as she had to realize how serious he was. He didn't mind waiting at all but he'd say what he'd come to say before he left.

Her weight shifted from foot to foot a few times as he imagined her mind working through the possibilities. He doubted she'd guess his intentions, but before the night was over, he would either possess the woman in front of him or watch her walk away for good.

"Fine," she sighed, slipping into the booth across from him. "I have five minutes now, but really you didn't have to come here for this. I would have been fine to hear it over the phone."

He opened his mouth to ask what she meant, but if his suspicions were right and she said them aloud he couldn't promise he wouldn't drag her over his knee right here in her place of business. Something he was sure she wouldn't easily forgive.

"Don't presume to think you know what I have to say, my little brat." His voice carried humor in his statement, but he reinforced it with just enough steel for her to know how serious he was.

Her head bowed slightly and her eyes darted downward. The ease in which she expressed her submissiveness to him still amazed him. Rumors at the club had given him an impression of her experience, but it was times like these when none of that mattered and only what she felt in her heart did he want to see.

"That's better." He lowered his voice so no one nearby would accidentally overhear. "You've avoided seeing me for weeks and it had to stop."

"But—"

Walker raised his hand a few inches to stop her before she got started with her reasonable but tired excuses.

"Yes, I know how busy you are and I respect that. But I'm not stupid and I know you're avoiding me." He picked up her hand from the table and brushed his fingers across her knuckles, loving the shiver that coursed through her at his touch. "I need you, Cass. That one night at Purgatory was just the beginning, you have to stop hiding and face what happened between us."

She jerked her hand from his grasp. "You don't understand, I can't do this. I can't go *there* again. I might not recover this time."

The tightness in her voice, the fear she trembled with, slid through him, reaching out to every protective instinct in his body.

"You can't deny yourself forever, beautiful, you'll go crazy with it. If not me then someone else. Maybe Dex?"

"No. Dex is safe. I trust him to give me the one little thing every month to get me through until the next time."

"And how is that working out for you?"

Her silence told him all he needed. It wasn't. For someone like her being submissive wasn't a role she could wear when it suited her, to be shed when her body was physically satisfied. The mental needs were every bit as important as the physical. Something he understood all too well.

"Cass, I don't want to hurt you. I want to push you and demand of you, fulfill you but never hurt you."

Her hands shook as she knotted the rag over and over.

"You have to decide."

Her gaze slid to his, resignation staring up at him. "I just can't. Another freefall would kill me." A sheen of moisture shone from the corner of her eyes.

Frustration speared through him. This denial of hers was going to drive him crazy. Time to put a stop to it. He stood then, grabbing her by the shoulders and hauling her against him. Swallowing her gasp with a brutal kiss. His fingers grabbed at her hair, pulling some of it down and tugging at the loose strands. He breached her lips, pushing his tongue between silken skin to dominate the warm recess of her mouth. A fist of desire punched at his stomach, taking his breath and hardening his dick. Touching her like this in public was a dangerous risk but she'd pushed him, convincing him this was the last resort. If this would be the last time he saw her he was damn sure going to remember it.

Molding her frame to his, he rubbed his erection across her clit in the subtlest of moves. She'd feel it but no one watching knew for sure what he'd done as long as she remained quiet. When her tongue curled around his, seeking its own satisfaction he knew he had her.

With a strong tug to her hair he tore his lips from hers and drug her head back until her gaze locked with his. The dark hunger there pleaded for more, something she would have to come for if she wanted.

"When you close tonight I want you to come to me, my sweet brat. We both deserve this chance." She nodded. "I won't beg you, it's not my way, but I do ask that you give me the opportunity to prove myself as a man of my word. I vow to never leave you hanging. To allow you to suffer in need."

When she began to speak he pressed a finger to her lips. "We're done talking. I'm leaving my card on the table and whether you show up tonight is all the response I require." With that he plucked the paper from his pocket and dropped it onto the smooth surface.

He strode away, confident he'd see her again. At the door he slid a glance to the bar and noticed all three employees frozen in place, mouths agape. Outside in the sunshine he bit back a smile. He'd look forward to hearing how she explained that little scene. \* \* \* \*

Walker stalked to the bar in the corner of his living room and poured two fingers of straight Scotch. He glanced at the clock for the fifth time in the last ten minutes, the pit in his stomach growing into a weighted lump that wouldn't go away.

Cass' shop closed more than two hours ago and so far he'd not heard a word from her. Anger grew inside of him, not at her, but instead at himself for allowing his arrogance to get the best of him. It was hard to deny the way she responded every time he touched her, but parlaying that into something more this fast had clearly been a mistake.

He'd either have to let her go for not showing up or rethink his strategy for getting her to open up. He swallowed the amber liquid, letting the burn going down sooth away the rougher edges of his disappointment. Still the memory of her body pressed against his as she begged for more would not release him. Instead it clawed at his insides like a hungry beast desperate for escape.

Walker slammed the glass onto the bar and headed for the kitchen. He'd skipped dinner while preparing the basement and drinking on an empty stomach didn't seem like a good idea at the moment.

His heavy boots sounded on the wood floors, loud enough he almost missed the soft chiming of the doorbell. Frozen in place, a warm surge of arousal rushed through his veins. She'd decided to come after all.

He beat feet to the front and swung the heavy door wide open. Sure enough, Cass stood on his porch with a nervous smile on her face, turning his night right around.

"I almost didn't come." She spoke softly, her hands clutched together in front of her.

"But you did."

Her slight nod lit something inside of him. The deep, feral side that required his utmost control. He needed to not push her away but she'd come and she knew exactly why.

"You know why you're here?" He stepped forward and cupped her chin, smooth soft skin caressing his fingers. Lifting his hand, he tilted her head back until their gazes met and locked. If he wasn't careful he could get lost in the shimmering need swirling there.

"Yes, Sir."

"Be certain because I won't ask again." He stepped back to give her room to enter if she so chose. His groin tightened from looking down at her in simple jeans and a snug white cotton tshirt. She'd forgone wearing a bra and tight, beaded nipples strained against the fabric. The first thing he had to do was get her out of those clothes.

Some of the fear clouding her features fell away as she stepped forward and into his home. A soft hip brushed against him, sending a jolt of lust straight to his dick and more wicked thoughts of what he wanted to do to her.

She wandered into the living room with him right behind her. He needed her to be comfortable and didn't feel the need to rush her...yet.

"You've got a great place here. I love the colors."

"Thank you." He favored a natural, earthy style to his house and had decorated everything in browns and greens. He hadn't wanted to hire a decorator, and honestly this had been about as creative as he could get. Now the basement was an entirely different story and he couldn't wait to see her reaction.

"Did you do it yourself or hire a decorator?" He swallowed the smile that would have told her he knew just how nervous she was and that he liked it, but he didn't want to encourage anymore.

She'd stopped in the middle of the room and he stepped close, within inches of her backside.

"You don't have to be afraid," he whispered in her ear.

Her shoulders sagged a fraction before she responded. "I'm nervous."

"I won't hurt you." Never would he do something she didn't want him, too. "In fact you should settle on a safe word now."

"I'm not worried you'll hurt me, at least not physically."

Walker grabbed her shoulders and whipped her around to face him. Anger and something else flashed through his chest, something not to be unleashed. "I know a little about your past, although not nearly enough, and you need to know that whatever some ass did to you in the past was completely wrong and will not be repeated here." He sucked in a breath, exhaling slowly before he continued. "One of the worst things a Dom can do is to leave a sub to freefall. It's beyond cruel and unforgiveable in my book."

Wet tears shimmered in her eyes as he leaned forward and kissed them one by one as they escaped. "You're safe here," he murmured. His lips continued to caress her cheeks as he traveled toward her neck. The soft, pliant skin there smelled like peaches and tasted of all woman. Once again the need to possess her and protect her welled inside him until he wanted to burst with it.

He pulled abruptly away from her and strode in the direction of the bar. "Can I get your something to drink? Beer or wine perhaps?" He needed a few minutes to gather himself so as not to be led by the cock straining for freedom. The urge to pound into her until they both came in ecstasy would never be more important than his submissive's needs. So right now they'd take a few moments.

"I'll take a white wine if you have it."

"I do." He reached into the hidden refrigerator and pulled out his favorite Pinot Grigio and poured her a small glass. He had no intention of allowing her to get intoxicated. He wanted her fully aware and participating in their fun.

He moved around the bar and handed her the glass. "Would you like a tour?"

She nodded and sipped eagerly.

"First..." He grabbed her glass and set it down on the table. "I want to get a look at you."

Her gaze went from curious to shimmering mischief in a matter of seconds as her bottom lip curled into her mouth and between her teeth. Her little girl look made him harder.

"Strip." The innocent face faltered as fear crept back in. After a few long seconds and his unwavering stare her hands moved to the hem of her shirt and bunched it in her fingers. With slow and precise movements she lifted the fabric up to reveal her tanned stomach and the underside of her breasts.

His breath caught in his lungs as he struggled to maintain his cool. Her hesitancy and fear riled up the Dom in him and he couldn't wait to see how far he could take her, even tonight.

"Off." His command came out harsh even to his own ears but she got the message loud and clear and pulled the shirt over her head and dropped it to the floor. The ice hard nipples atop her perfect breasts looked like cherries on his favorite treat and he longed to suck them into his mouth. She'd look great with a set of clamps screwed onto them.

His dick leapt in his pants at the mere thought. Fingers trembled at the waistband of her jeans as she pulled the button and zipper and slid them down slender legs. His mouth went dry at the sight of her shaved little pussy.

Damn.

She straightened her back keeping her head bowed and her eyes cast downward.

"So beautiful." His fingers reached for her, cupping one breast feeling the weight in his palm. His thumb circled the nipple watching it tighten and pucker. The ruby red tip beckoned and he bent his head to suck it into his mouth.

Her shoulders relaxed a fraction or two as his tongue swirled and licked before gently biting down with his teeth. Her low moan spurred him on as his other hand pinched her free nipple tightly between his fingers. Her gasp at the sudden burst of pain echoed through the room and he smiled against her flesh.

Her hands reached up and threaded into his hair and he pulled away. "Hands down. No touching for you yet." Her eyebrows drew together and a little pout formed at her mouth but she did as told and dropped her arms to her sides.

"That's not fair."

"You're in the wrong place if you expect fair. Good, painful, exciting and likely thrilling for us both, but never fair."

Her frown deepened, giving him cause to laugh. She looked upset but the moisture he'd glimpsed at the top of her thighs told the true story. To prove his point to himself he slid a finger through her soft folds.

"Damn, woman, you are so wet." He spread the cream and increased the pressure of his rubbing up one side and down the other. Her hips jerked every time he got near her clit and didn't touch it until a series of whimpers tumbled from her mouth. He didn't want her to come just yet. Soon though, very soon he'd watch her come for him over and over again until he'd taken her as high as he possibly could. Only then would she become his and he hers. Dom and sub.

Pulling back, he watched her face. Eyes squeezed shut with such a fierce determined set to her mouth as if she could will him to give her what she needed. She knew it wouldn't happen until he was good and ready but she'd still try. Submissives like her always did. Even experienced ones who'd been away from a dominant man for a while had trouble giving into control, relinquishing that last shred of self that would allow them to quit worrying and just feel.

Her eyes languished open when he stilled his hand a second before moving it away. The look of pure drugged arousal told him she was ready for the next step.

"I think we'll save that tour for another time."

She nodded in agreement as her body swayed towards his. Time for the dungeon.

Walker led her through the kitchen and down the short flight of stairs to the finished basement below. The pride and joy of his home. Besides the elegant colors of chocolate and cream he'd used, he'd outfitted the luxurious space with anything and everything a man like him could need to carry out every submissive's fantasy. From the spanking bench in the corner, to the custom made platform bed with cuffs at every corner as well as dangling from various intervals in the canopy, this room had it all.

"Wow."

A sidelong glance in her direction showed her focused on the St. Andrew's Cross in the corner. Not surprisingly he'd figured she would like that apparatus the most. The setup was similar to Dex's space at Purgatory. In fact, he and Dex had played with a fun little sub here a few months back to try it out.

"You have everything here. You don't even need the club."

"Everything but the right submissive." He winked at her and she blushed the brightest shade of pink he'd seen in a long time. How could something like that throw her off? He still didn't understand why she underestimated her appeal to a Dominant. It's times like these he'd gladly take her old Dom out to a whipping post and beat him silly. No woman should be made to feel like inadequate.

"Cass, do you wish to submit to me tonight?"

"Yes, Sir," she whispered.

"Do you trust me enough to put yourself in my hands? To give you what you need whether you're sure of that or not?"

She nodded.

"Based on what I saw at Purgatory I know that you don't shy away from pain, that in fact pain is very much part of the pleasure that you need."

He led her toward the big cross but bypassed it at the last second and instead walked her onto the platform built up in the middle of the room.

"Cass, look at me." She raised her gaze to his. "Are you prepared to use your safe word if you need to? To tell me what you need if you aren't getting it?"

A subtle shiver worked through her as he nudged her legs apart in the middle of the platform.

"Yes, Sir. I am ready."

"Excellent. Tonight you are getting restrained, I will have nothing less than all of you once and for all."

She stood stock still as he buckled the cuffs around her ankles and then raised her arms over her head and repeated himself with the leather restraints around her wrists. He stood back and studied her when he was done as she pulled on the chains, testing her ability to move.

Satisfied the chains were taut and she had little range of movement he walked to the wall and selected his favorite flogger. The soft leather handle molded to his palm and the thick strands consisted of a variety of braided red and black knotted leather.

"How do you feel?"

"I—uh—nervous."

"Good. Losing your freedom can be disconcerting as well as freeing."

He lifted the flogger and dangled the ends across her shoulders, tickling her bared breasts. The tips hardened to such sharp points he wanted to clamp them. They'd have plenty of time to explore every toy he owned for now he'd test her tolerance for the wicked ends of his flogger. Her breathing increased with every stroke against bare skin her spine ramrod stiff as she waited for his next move. With a gentle flick he wrapped tendrils around her thighs, teasing close to her labia.

Back and forth between her legs he repeated the movement until she sighed with the pleasure of it, letting her head fall backward. She wanted more and he aimed to please her. Making sure she had what she needed was the most important mission of the night. Breaking down the last of her barriers that held her back.

No more freefalling for his little sub. She deserved so much more.

He moved across every inch of her from breasts to arms and legs, to the shapely curve of her ass he couldn't wait to explore. No pain yet, only pleasure. Caress after caress until she strained against her bonds for more.

"More?" He didn't really expect an answer, it wasn't necessary. Although begging never hurt. He smiled at the way she looked at him, lust gripping her.

With the sudden twist of his wrist he slapped the leathers against her with more force, enough for the ends to bite into her skin. She jerked forward on a long low moan. Oh yeah, she needed this more than she'd admitted.

He started to hit her in rhythm, a solid figure eight pattern going up and down her body. She cried out when he caught her nipples and thrashed against her chains. Soon her skin turned a nice rosy pink and her harsh breathing changed to pants. A light sheen of sweat covered her and quivers of pleasure jerked through her.

"You've been hiding yourself from me. Too afraid to take a chance. Why?" He walked behind her and struck her ass, his dick jerking at the sight. "I haven't hid my desire for you even a little." One blow after another he continued to work her over, her moans getting louder. "Do you not want another Dom?"

Cass' head shook violently from side to side as he listened to the distinct sounds of a woman on the edge, dying to come.

"No, you don't want a Dom or no, you do?"

"I do, I do," she managed on a ragged moan.

Walker moved forward taking her mouth in a savage kiss. Eating at her with everything boiling inside of him. Blood raged through him as his finger went to her soaked folds, sliding inside her. Harsh and rough he plunged into her, avoiding the swollen clit she so desperately wanted him to touch. Satisfied with how close she rode the line, he withdrew and stepped back to resume the whipping.

This time his wrists moved hard and fast, no doubt increasing the pain she felt. She surged forward, never flinching away, seeking more and more from him. Her dark hair plastered around her face as she thrust her breasts up in the air. God, he loved her responsiveness her need for his rougher touch. She would be the perfect submissive.

"Do you want to be my submissive, Cass?" He struck against her nipples then, a sharp lick at sensitive skin. Her moan turned to a wail as she arched forward.

"Yes, I want..." She gulped in air, trying to catch her breath.

Finally... He tossed down the flogger and wrapped his arm around her waist. He pressed his lips to her shoulder, gently as she trembled in his arms. "You've given me quite the gift tonight." Her eyes fluttered open. "Your free submission was all I wanted."

He reached to unbuckle her arms first, one by one undoing them and rubbing the chafed skin of her wrists.

"Can you stand?"

"Yes," she whispered.

He knelt at her feet and undid the bindings at her ankles massaging the tender skin and encouraging the muscles in her calves to relax.

He scooped her up in his arms and carried her to the bed, shudders wracking her shoulders the whole time.

He quickly shed his clothes and tossed them to the ground, aching need coursing through him to be with her. Inside her. Stretched out next to her he smoothed his rough hands across her soft body, rubbing at the marks he'd left on her skin. His marks.

"I need you, Cass. Every bit as much as you need me."

A cry caught in her throat, tearing at his heart.

"No more waiting, no more avoiding. I will have you now and you will know the truth."

He pulled her legs apart and settled over her, his cock pushing at her wet pussy. There was no need for any more preparation, she dripped wet and hot from the whipping.

She reached for him and he grabbed her arms before she could, pinning her to the bed with his hands and his hips.

"No," he growled. "My woman, my way."

He thrust into her then, burying himself to the hilt between the tight squeeze of her muscles and scraping against her clit.

On a high-pitched scream she came for him, her whole body shaking underneath him.

"Fuck!" He couldn't hold out against the sensation of moist skin tightening around him like a clenched fist opening and closing trying to milk his release.

"Damn it, woman, you drive me mad." His hips bucked uncontrollably as he rammed into her over and over again. One scream turned into another and he didn't know where one orgasm stopped and the next began.

"Mine now. Every day. Whenever and wherever I want." Walker plunged again as energy sizzled up his legs and into his balls. One last desperate push and his spine tingled as he emptied into her, hips flailing in abandon.

Walker collapsed over her releasing her arms and taking the brunt of his weight on his forearms. Sweat covered him and tears ran down her face.

Worried, he pulled from her body and tucked her head into his shoulder. "Beautiful, why are you crying, did I hurt you?"

Her head shook against him. "Not sad. Happy."

He smiled and savored the feelings she stirred inside him. He'd found the woman he didn't know he was looking for, the woman who with her lush body and sensitive vulnerabilities had taken a piece of him as her own.

"I hope you know I'm keeping you."

Her head lifted from his shoulder, her dark gaze settling on his. "I wouldn't have it any other way."

## About the Author

From the moment Eliza read her first erotic romance novel several years ago, she knew she had found her niche and realized that her dream was passing her by. So after years of thinking about it she finally grabbed her laptop and wrote. These days she likes her stories hot and spicy whether they be contemporary, fantasy or paranormal and will write in whatever genre her imagination has conjured that day.

Eliza lives in beautiful North Carolina and spends her days dividing her time between writing erotic romance, her full-time job as a marketing manager and raising her two daughters.