LYRICAL PRESS, INC. Book Three Le Club d'Esclavage

Back Cover Copy

Fantasies become reality at the threshold of Le Club d'Esclavage.

Dani Miller is the kind of girl who does her best to make everyone happy. She helps her parents out at their diner, she helps remind her friends to laugh, and she's always ready to take orders from her customers.

When it's her turn to give the orders, the hunky bouncer at Le Club d'Esclavage is just the man to follow her.

From a distance, Mike Ranger watches the pint-sized Mistress build confidence in her power to give commands, while the Dominant in him waits for the perfect opportunity to reveal himself.

When the two discover passion that creates the perfect bonds, the orders given by the right man can be the sweetest treat to savor.

Content Warning: this title contains the following: graphic language, explicit sex, bondage, mastery, the use of sex toys, and nontraditional sexuality.

Highlight

"Friday night," Dani said hoarsely, and bent her weak knees.

When her face was aligned with his mid-abdomen, she stuck out her tongue and leaned forward. Dipping the tip into the indent of Mike's belly button, she began to rise slowly, pressing the flat of her tongue against him. Up the center of his body she traveled, savoring the salty taste of his flesh and the trembling of his big frame. On her tiptoes, she stretched to catch a trickle of sweat racing down the divot below his Adam's apple.

Though feeling far from sated, she took a step backward and licked her lips. Fire burned in Mike's brown eyes as he stared at her. At the sides of his muscled physique his right hand gripped the towel he'd been using to sop up perspiration, and in the left he'd crushed an empty plastic water bottle.

"Friday night, nothing will stop me from finishing what I start with you." The promise was clear in her steady voice. She fought the urge to cheer in triumph when a grin began to curl his full lips.

"Until then, my Mistress," was all he said.

by

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Le Club d'Esclavage: Book Three

Yes, My Mistress
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Dedication

For lovers of make believe.

Prologue

A morning breeze drifted in the open patio door, causing the sheer drapery to move like gentle waves washing against a sandy shoreline. In the soft wind the subtle fragrance of annuals in the planters adorning the balcony carried the scents of springtime into the apartment. The only sound in the kitchenette—the faint wisp of turning pages.

Seated on a barstool with her legs outstretched, ankles crossed, Dani Miller sipped a spicy Chai tea while a half-eaten chocolate chip scone sat abandoned on a plate beside her teacup.

She placed the copy of *In the Know* on the breakfast nook to her right. Her cheeks began to heat. The tingling between her legs sent a chill up her spine. She shivered as her arousal gained in momentum. Her mind conjured up images of the vibrator hiding in the top drawer of the nightstand beside her bed, and moisture pooled at the juncture of her thighs. She giggled into the emptiness of her apartment. That toy was going to make her late for work.

A year earlier the magazine *In the Know* was the only print media to be given an exclusive by Le Club d'Esclavage. They'd dedicated over half the edition to the upcoming opening of the club. Natalie Buchanan, one of Dani's best friends, held the position of copy editor with the magazine, and gave her an advance copy of the edition.

Le Club d'Esclavage had been the newest sensation to hit their city. Roughly translated as "The Club of Slavery," it turned the entire community on its ear when its grand opening attracted record numbers of patrons from the surrounding areas. Le Club d'Esclavage was a scrupulously monitored establishment catering to adults interested in the BDSM scene. Whether you were a novice interested in participating in a little 'slap and tickle,' or a 'whip me, beat me, call me trash' hardcore enthusiast, Le Club d'Esclavage offered something to whet any appetite.

The owner of the club remained a mystery. His or her identity had never been revealed, and all media correspondence regarding the popular establishment was conducted through its manager, Troy Simon. Troy, a vigilant observer, demanded all guests and employees follow strict guidelines while patronizing the club. First and foremost all arrangements of play were to be consensual, no bestiality, no pain infliction for the sake of inflicting pain, no blood play, all engaging partners must practice safe play at all times. And above all else, have a great fucking time! It's just sex, after all.

During the grand opening, Troy was quoted as saying, "The owner would like to make one thing very clear. When you cross the threshold into Le Club d'Esclavage, it is your desire to participate completely in our manner of play, and such will be expected of you."

Within the glossy pages of the magazine Dani found herself more than curious about what went on inside the walls of the club. Each time she read the article, she couldn't control her body's response to the words and pictures on the pages. Never before had her body reacted with such fierce sexual need. To say she was intrigued would be an understatement.

Scooping up the magazine, she flipped to the article once again and smiled. She'd read it so many times the corners of the pages were dog-eared.

"You know what, Lady Godiva," she said to the fat calico cat, lazily sauntering through the open sliding door. "I think I want a piece of that lifestyle."

Chapter 1

Sweat poured off Mike Ranger's body as he finished the last set of presses. After placing the barbell in the holder, he sat up and reached for the water bottle at his feet. Each morning his day began by spending two hours in the employees' exercise room. What he would have preferred was to start the days by getting sweaty beneath his bed sheets with a vivacious brunette with big, brown eyes.

A curvy brunette was Mike's biggest weakness.

It had been some time since he'd had the privilege of sharing the warmth of a woman's body. Three long years. Regardless of the fact he worked in the hottest BDSM club within a hundred mile radius, every night Mike crawled into his king-size bed alone.

The door to the gym opened and Max Renfrew, the club's owner, entered. Mike glanced over, then rose to his feet.

"Hey," Max said in greeting. "How are you?"

"Great," Mike replied. "You ready to run?"

Max nodded on his way across the room toward the state of the art sound system. "You bet." He slipped AC/DC's Black Ice CD into the carousel, and cranked up the volume. "Five miles work for you today?"

"Let's make it ten." Mike walked toward one of the four treadmills set up along one wall. "I've got some tension to work off."

Max stepped onto the machine beside Mike and grinned. "Running isn't going to burn off that kind of tension, my friend."

"Yeah, well, it's all I got right now."

Max chuckled and keyed in his settings. "Don't sweat it, big man. I may have something in the works that just might help you out."

Mike grimaced while he programmed the computer of the machine he was using. "No, no, no. Don't bother setting me up with somebody's sister, or a friend of a friend. I've got a hard-on, yes, but I'm not hard up."

Max reached over and punched the 'start' signal on Mike's treadmill, catching him off guard. With a curse, he stumbled half a dozen steps before regaining his balance.

"Asshole," Mike bit out before settling into a stride.

In silence the two men ran their ten miles before parting ways. After a hot shower in his apartment on the premises, Mike strolled into the main room of the club. Being mid-afternoon the club was empty. Bright fluorescent lights overhead illuminated the vast open space.

Deirdre, the head of the bartending staff, was taking stock before opening for the night. The woman was most men's wet dream come to life. Long blond curls, luscious curves, infectious laugh and personality, blessed with the body of a swimsuit model. The bombshell exuded sexual appeal at its premium. And there wasn't a man on the planet who stood a snowball's chance in hell of getting into her pants. In her opinion the only thing men were good for was to deposit a load of sperm into a Dixie cup for women to use to artificially inseminate themselves. That and to annihilate "icky, creepy, crawly bugs with lots of legs."

"Hey there, Dee," Mike said as he slid onto a stool in front of the marble topped bar. "You're in early."

"Hiya, Mikey."

Deirdre was one of the few people permitted to call him 'Mikey.' Actually, Mike never had the nerve to correct her. Despite her five-feet-nothing frame Deirdre wasn't someone to be messed with. One time in particular he recalled the petite fireball throwing some brute out on his ear after she caught him slipping ruffies into a woman's drink while she boogied with friends on the dance floor. Mike was appreciative that when others were around Deirdre used plain old 'Mike' to address him.

"My new guy closed last night, and I'm checking to make sure he did everything I'd asked," she said.

At the end of the hall leading to the employee suites the deadbolt lock tripped and the heavy steel door swung open. Two men approached the bar, Troy Simon, the club manager, along with his lover, Ransom Seager.

"Afternoon, Deirdre. Mike," Troy said.

"Hi guys," Ransom greeted as well.

Small talk was exchanged among the quartet as a half hour passed. The front door swung open, and the sounds of cars whizzing up and down the street out front filled the emptiness of the club. The casual conversation the co-workers shared stopped as a voluptuous brunette sashayed through the door. The seductive sway of her hips produced a groan from deep within Mike's chest.

"Mmm, I'd like a piece of that," Deirdre uttered just loud enough for the three men to hear. "By the way, sorry boss. I didn't the lock the door after I came in."

"It's all right, Deirdre," Troy assured her.

Inch by delectable inch Mike's eyes scaled the woman's lush frame. The monster between his legs raged, demanding he toss her over his shoulder and cart her up to his suite. He wanted to tie her spread eagle atop his bed and with his tongue worship every molecule that made up her body.

"Hands off," Mike growled. The possession he heard in his tone made him straighten on the stool.

Deirdre snickered and went back to counting the bottles of booze lining the counter.

Troy stood and, with a confident stride, approached the gorgeous woman who'd entered. "I'm sorry, miss, but we're not open to the public for another couple of hours."

"Actually, Mr. Simon, I was hoping for a moment of your time," she said. Although she spoke to Troy, her big brown eyes focused on Mike. "May we speak in private?"

With a nod Troy led the woman toward the back of the club. Mike clenched his fists on his thighs, watching the two disappear down the hall to the office.

* * * *

Dani was escorted down a long hallway. Step by step her mind raced with naughty thoughts of the man seated at the bar. Though there were two men sitting side by side, her focus had been on the largest.

The man was huge while seated, and she wondered how intimidating he would be when standing. His broad shoulders had to span four feet across at least, and the black t-shirt he wore served only to enhance the bulge of muscle beneath. Dark, untamed waves had her fingertips itching to run through them. To fist her fingers in his hair while she held him to her breast, or better yet, lower. His brown eyes had roamed up and down her small body. Well, she wasn't particularly "small." Standing around five-one, her breasts were a little too big for her frame, her hips were on the wide side, as was her butt, but she did have a tiny waist. The man's expression had been one of hunger as he appeared to undress her with his eyes.

Perhaps she should have been appalled at the way he'd blatantly ogled her, but Dani was anything but. Hell, she'd been ogling right back. Visions of straddling his powerful thighs played in her mind's eye. Due to his incredible size she wondered what sort of monster he was packing in those blue jeans. What kind of lover would he be? Would the touch of his large hands be rough and demanding, or gentle and persuasive?

As she imagined the stroke of his fingers, a shiver raced through her body from the tips of her toes to the top of her head. What would his full lips feel like pressed against her flesh? Suckling her breasts? Sampling her pussy? The sudden tightening of her nipples stole her breath. She envisioned the wet slide of his tongue in all the right places. How would he feel about experimenting, trying different positions, using implements? Would he allow her to tie him up and make him submit to her newfound cravings?

The bundle of nerves between her legs swelled, creating a delightfully agonizing friction with every step she took. Would he tie her up, and make her submit to him? The response of her body to the thoughts alone was almost enough to make her stop walking, lean against the wall for support, and come right there.

"Here we are." The man behind her interrupted her x-rated thoughts as they arrived at a closed door at the end of the corridor. He reached for the knob and opened the door.

Dani stepped through the doorway into a room larger than her entire apartment. The simple furnishings depicted a lounge area as opposed to an office. The atmosphere inside was one hundred percent alpha male.

To her immediate right were three black, leather sofas. Two facing each other, the third facing a large gas fireplace built into the wall. The centerpiece of the square setup was an octagon-shaped glass coffee table.

In the middle of the room a pool table displayed the remains of a game left abandoned. A dozen or so balls, an equal number of solids and stripes, littered the felt surface, and a cue leaned against one of the polished wooden sides.

A small wet bar, similar to the one in the main area of the club, sat in one corner, and in the opposite corner stood a tiny, beat-up, old desk cluttered with paper. Behind the tattered piece of furniture were several black filing cabinets. Not a single picture hung on any of the four windowless walls.

"Please, have a seat," Troy said, motioning to one of the sofas. "May I offer you something to drink?"

"Uh, no, thank you," she replied. "I'm fine."

Taking a seat in the middle of the closest couch, Dani sat with her legs closed tight, hands folded on her lap. For the first time since deciding to pay Mr. Simon a visit, she found herself nervous.

Across from her Troy sat down in one corner, crossed his left ankle over his right knee, and rested his arms along the back and side of the big, comfy couch. Dark gray eyes studied her, his expression controlled and unreadable. Troy Simon was handsome. There was no question about that. He exuded dominance, and power, and Dani had little doubt women would submit to him with nothing more than a look.

"What can I do for you, Miss..."

Dani cleared her throat before answering. She wondered if she still had a voice as his gaze appeared to be seeking out her deepest, darkest secrets.

"Danielle Miller," she replied. "My friends call me Dani. I'm sorry, up until a minute ago I was feeling pretty confident about meeting with you. Now I'm embarrassed to admit I'm nervous."

"There's no reason to be nervous, Dani," Troy said smoothly. A slight grin curled his lips on one side. "I don't bite."

She wasn't so sure about that.

"Now tell me, to what do I owe the pleasure of your visit?"

"Well, I read the article published in the magazine, *In the Know*," she began. "And I'm intrigued."

Troy nodded, his eyes remained focused.

Again, she cleared her throat, and then continued. "It's more than a curiosity, Mr. Simon—" "Call me Troy."

Butterflies filled her belly, and she felt her cheeks heat. "Thank you. Troy," she repeated. "When I read the article, or when I'm doing a little research on the BDSM scene my body reacts in ways I've never felt before, and—"

"How do you react?" Uncrossing his legs, Troy leaned forward, resting his forearms on his knees. He still looked comfortable, now a little intimidating, but not in a threatening manner.

"P-pardon?"

"Tell me how your body reacts to the words you read, the pictures you see when you conduct your research."

The tone in his voice sent a shiver coursing through her body. Though not as keenly stimulated as she became thinking about the man at the bar, she realized she was turned on.

"Well, I become aroused, and feel things in parts of my body I never knew existed."

"Do your nipples get hard?" he asked.

Dani inhaled sharply. "Y-yes," she replied after a handful of seconds.

"Do the muscles of your pussy begin to throb and ache?"

Dani nodded, but couldn't bring herself to speak.

"Tell me," he commanded in a soft voice.

Immediately she imagined the big man seated in the bar, and envisioned doing the things she'd read about with him. Her body ignited.

"My nipples are hard, my breasts swollen and they ache. My skin is tingling like thousands of needles are piercing my flesh. I'm beginning to perspire," she said, studying his expression. Was the description of her arousal turning him on? She learned nothing as she watched him listening to her.

As she continued Dani's breath grew harsh, raspy, and her body was on fire. She was close to the edge of losing control, seated across from a total stranger, telling him how hot she got thinking about the BDSM scene and more specifically the man seated in the bar. "My p-pussy is pulsing, and I-I'm wet. The need for release is so bad I want to touch myself. It doesn't matter where I am. I need."

"Your eyes are flickering with a lick of desire as you speak. Your description carries too much emotion to have been brought on by the article itself. Only an attraction to another would bring on a confession such as that," he said.

Taken aback by his statement Dani replayed what she'd said, and gasped. She'd spoken her feelings of arousal in present tense. She had just sat before a total stranger and told him how hot she was. How she was on the verge of coming right there on his leather sofa.

"Tell me who you are thinking of. Who has made you so wet?" The smooth tone of his voice brought the answer from her lips. She couldn't have stopped it if she'd tried.

"The man at the bar," she whispered without hesitation.

"Which man?" he asked, his lips lifting in a grin again.

"The b-big man. With dark hair."

In a soft, confident voice Troy asked, "What position do you see yourself in, Dani?"

"All of them," she replied in a breathless rush.

A low chuckle brought her back to reality. "What I mean is do you see yourself in a position of dominance, or submission?"

After bringing her libido under control, well somewhat, Dani replied, "Dominatrix."

He chuckled, and Dani fought the urge to bark out asking him what he found so funny. As she replayed the last few minutes in her mind, she realized she'd completely given in to the submissive role.

Damn it! In silence she fumed. She'd just blown her chance to be trained in domination by the Master by being so damned submissive. Dani believed she had what it took to be a Domme. She knew she needed guidance and direction, and who better to teach her than Troy Simon, a well respected and experienced Dom in the community.

As the silence deepened between them his gaze held hers. Beneath her the leather creaked as she squirmed under the weight of his scrutiny. Several moments passed before Troy again spoke.

"I will teach you," he finally said.

Dani blew out a breath she'd been holding, anxiously awaiting his answer. "Really?"

Troy stood and held his hand out to her. Placing her hand in his, she felt her confidence strengthen. "Our exercise a moment ago tells me unequivocally you have submissive tendencies, Dani. Are you certain you have what it takes to switch?"

"Yes," she replied without hesitation. In that moment, the big burly hunk seated at the bar when she entered flashed in her mind.

When her eyes met his a short time earlier her body felt as if it'd been lit on fire. Low in her belly a spasm shot even lower to the sudden pulsing between her thighs. Not wanting to be outdone by the other over-stimulated erogenous zones, her nipples began to throb in time with the muscles in her pussy.

Thatta' girl, her aroused subconscious cheered. Go for the biggest guy in the place! She wanted to tame the man in the bar.

"We will start tomorrow," Troy said, and led her toward the door.

As they walked back through the corridor Dani's mind raced in a thousand different directions. The meeting left her with many questions, but she didn't know where to begin.

"I don't have any stuff," she said. "You know equipment, or toys."

"I have everything you could possibly need," Troy replied as they stepped back into the bar area.

Dani's breath caught as the dark-haired man at the bar spun around, his eyes settling on her. Hunger. There was no mistaking the glint of animal lust in his gaze. A chill raced the length of Dani's spine, and her skin prickled. Fighting off the urge to dash to the man and lick every inch of his hulking body, Dani drew several deep breaths as she and Troy approached the trio at bar.

"Gang, this is Dani," Troy began. "She'll be spending some time around here. Dani, this is Ransom," Troy said, and the blond seated beside the dark-haired god nodded.

"Nice to meet you, Dani," he said.

"That's Deirdre behind the bar. She manages our wait staff."

"Pleasure." The blond woman purred.

Finally Troy came to the man who rendered her speechless with that look in his eyes.

"This is Mike, our head of security."

"Hi," Dani squeaked out softly.

"Dani," Mike said. The deep timbre of his voice wrapped around her in a seductive embrace full of promise.

Troy cleared his throat as the silence became deafening. "Until tomorrow, Dani," he said and placed his hand against her back, escorting her toward the door.

A low growl came from the bar, and her body shuddered at the savage sound. Dani refused to turn around. Afraid if she did she'd hurl herself into Mike's arms and beg him to ravage her right there on the marble topped surface.

A throaty chuckle carried to her ears as the distance grew between her and the others. "Easy does it, big man," she heard Ransom say.

"Tomorrow, Dani, all you need to bring is your enthusiasm, and willingness to submit," Troy said as he followed her outside.

"But I want to be the one in control," she began to argue.

The look Troy gave her made Dani drop her gaze to the center of his chest. With the tip of his index finger Troy lifted Dani's chin until her eyes met his.

"I will teach you everything you want to learn, but I am always the Master. Do you understand?"

Dani nodded, but remained silent.

"I must hear the words, Dani."

"Yes, Troy, I understand."

"Good. I'll see you tomorrow."

* * * *

Mike was off his barstool like a shot and storming toward Troy when he walked back into the club.

"What the fuck was that all about?" he barked out. "I'm pretty sure I said hands off."

The raised brow and smirk Troy gave stopped Mike in his tracks. "That certainly didn't apply to me, my friend."

"It meant everybody," Mike snarled.

"Ease up, big man," Troy said, slinging his arm around Mike's shoulders. "The little lady is looking to be trained. I agreed to tutor her."

The blood drained from Mike's body, rushing to his feet. He felt his massive frame waver. There was no way in hell *anyone* but he would put their hands on his woman. *My woman*? Mike drew to a halt, and tipped his head to the side in consideration. Never before in his life had he been prepared to stake his claim on a woman. Yet that curvy, little brunette triggered something in him he'd never experienced before.

"You all right, Mike?" Deirdre asked, her well-groomed brow furrowing in concerned. "You're white as a sheet."

Yes, my woman.

"Mike?" Troy's voice sounded beside him.

My woman.

"If she wants to be trained, I'll do it," Mike growled.

Amusement flickered in Troy's eyes, and Mike grimaced. Knowing Troy as long as he had, Mike knew damn well his friend was up to something, and it wasn't going to go in Mike's favor until Troy was good and ready.

"Don't sweat it, big guy," Troy said, patting him heartily on his back. "I'll handle this trainee, and you can have the next one."

A primal sound erupted from deep within him, and Mike fought the urge to take a swing at Troy.

"Okay." Troy slapped his hands together. With a grin first to Mike, he then turned his attention to Deirdre, then Ransom and said, "I'm going to need an assistant to help me with my new sub. Anyone interested?"

Deirdre and Ransom both raised their hands eagerly chanting, "Pick me, pick me." Mike grew livid, certain steam was about to shoot from his ears.

"Ransom," Troy announced.

"Ahh, shucks." Deirdre pouted from behind the bar. "You always choose him. It's just not fair."

"We begin tomorrow," Troy said.

In an instant Mike saw red.

"You better run, lover boy," Ransom's voice chided as Mike took a step forward. "The big man looks pissed."

Troy turned to see Mike take another step toward him. "Come on, Mike," Troy said in a playful tone. "I'm not into women. She'll be safe."

At the moment, Mike didn't give a shit. "Run, little man," was all he said.

Troy blew out a hearty belly laugh and took off down the hall toward his office.

"I'm going to kill him," Mike said evenly, his fists clenched tight at his sides. "Very, very slowly. And with a great deal of pain."

Ransom rose from his barstool and crossed the room. Resting his hand on Mike's shoulder, he chuckled. "She lit the fuse, huh?"

Mike nodded.

"She'll be in good hands."

"She should be in my hands."

Chapter 2

Standing under the hot spray of the shower, Dani anxiously wondered what Troy had in store for her first day of training. She hadn't slept a single wink the night before. Her anticipation level skyrocketed through the roof.

First off, thoughts of Mike triggered her arousal the moment her naked form slid beneath her cool cotton sheets, and there'd been no stopping it. With the help of her trusty vibrator she'd reached orgasm twice, yet only achieved mild satisfaction. She wondered what his big, strong hands would feel like caressing over her heated flesh. Would his full lips be soft and teasing as they sought out her secrets? Or would they be confident and firm, demanding her complete submission?

The last thought had her replaying Troy's appraisal of her having submissive tendencies. She refused to accept his deduction. She intended to be in complete and utter control. Under Troy's tutelage she would learn how to make Mike submit to her.

But what if he wasn't the submissive sort? Dani hadn't thought of that when she first laid eyes on him. She'd seen the heat of desire in his expression when he looked at her. There was no denying his interest. Maybe he was a Dom, and presented with the opportunity perhaps it would be his intention to make her submit.

Reaching down, she shut the water off and pushed the vinyl curtain to one side. Stepping over the side of the tub, she grabbed a fluffy bath towel and wrapped up her wet hair. She pulled a second around her body.

Dani crossed her bedroom, stopping at the foot of her bed to take stock of the lingerie littering the surface. Troy hadn't mentioned that she should wear anything specific, but if she wanted to be taken seriously as a Domme, she needed to look the part.

Loosening the plush fabric on her head, she towel dried her hair. A moment later, she decided on a red leather bustier she'd bought the day before, after Troy agreed to tutor her. Dropping both towels to the floor, she reached for the sexy garment and wrapped it around her torso. After lacing the front closed, leaving a teasing amount of breast showing, she stepped into a matching thong.

To complete the ensemble, sheer stockings were pulled up her legs and the lacy band at the top fastened to a garter belt. The final accessory was thigh-high, black vinyl boots with a five-inch heel.

A smile curled her lips as she studied her reflection in the mirror. "Not bad," she mused aloud as she turned this way and that, taking in every angle. She wondered what Mike would think.

* * * *

As Troy had instructed the day before Dani pressed the buzzer on the left side of the door marked *STAFF*. With nervous anticipation she waited, willing her anxieties to take a hike. This was what she wanted, she reminded herself. Dani jumped when the deadbolt clicked. The door swung open, and she was greeted by Troy.

"An early bird," he said. "I like that. Come in."

"Thank you," Dani replied as he stepped back and she entered.

"We'll be going upstairs to my personal suite." He motioned toward a staircase off to one side. "Right this way."

As she climbed the stairs, Dani realized she was disappointed. She'd been hoping Mike would answer the door. It also added to her disappointment that she'd come in the back way rather than through the front where she stood a chance of seeing him.

Since the club wasn't open to the public this early in the afternoon Dani wondered where he was, and what he was doing. Despite the heated visual caress he gave her the day before, it was conceivable he had a significant other. The thought made Dani's heart plummet.

"Here we are." Troy's voice broke into her daydream, reminding her the training she wanted to experience was about to commence. He pushed the heavy steel door open and ushered her inside.

"Let me take your coat," Troy said, holding his hand out. "You won't need it for a while."

Remembering all she wore underneath was a red leather bustier, she hesitated, but only for a moment. Pulling the belt from around her waist, she unbuttoned the front of the light-weight, tan trench coat and slid the material over her shoulders. Standing nearly naked in front of Troy, a sudden surge of self-consciousness assailed her. Dani dropped her gaze to the floor.

"Sexy," he said, taking a moment to look her over. A smile curled his lips. "Excellent choice of attire."

"Thank you."

"Come." He held his hand out to her. "Our sessions will take place in the playroom." Troy led Dani through the living room area and down a short hall to a closed door.

"Are you ready?" he asked, reaching for the knob.

Dani nodded.

"You must use words now," he said. "In order for you to be a confident Mistress for your slave, you must use words. More importantly, you must insist your slave uses words as well. Between a Mistress, or Master, and their submissive, verbal communication is key."

"I understand."

"It is of utmost importance that your submissive's safety always remains your first priority. Yes, though it is true that pleasure can be found in pain, your slave must feel safe in your hands. He or she must never question that you will keep them safe no matter what manner of play you engage in. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Dani replied.

"Very well. Let's begin."

Troy pushed the door open and, with his hand against her back, encouraged Dani to step inside. Once she did, and her eyes scanned the large room, a soft gasp escaped her. On her drive to the club she hadn't been sure what to expect, but this wasn't it.

Equipment of various sizes and shapes were set up throughout the room. There were items resembling a cross, a bench, and stands. Dani could imagine them in use. Then there were other structures and devices that looked right out of medieval times, which she wasn't certain she wanted to see in use.

Shelves lined the mirrored walls, and upon them were a variety of sex toys and bottles of lotions, potions and lubes. From her research of adult novelties, and her own personal experience visiting sex stores, she recognized most of the toys on display. There were an array of butt plugs in various sizes, dildos, and vibrators similar to one she had at home. As well as an assortment of restraints made of metals, fabrics, some with buckles or Velcro. Hanging along the far wall she spotted an impressive collection of paddles and floggers of different styles and textures.

In the center of the room knelt the blond man from the day before. Though he was handsome and possessed a physique most men might kill for, he didn't really turn her on. She was curious as to why that was. She'd read about the submissive pose he was in—kneeling on the floor, hands resting on his thighs palms up, eyes downcast—but what caught her off guard was...

"He's naked," Dani blurted.

"Of course," Troy replied. "He's supposed to be."

"But...but..." She couldn't think of how to finish.

Sure, she'd seen naked men before, but for the first time since she decided to embark on this adventure she wasn't so sure she could follow through. Yes, she wanted to be trained by Troy Simon to be a Domme, but the man she wanted as her submissive was Mike. Dani didn't know if she could be trained using a man she felt little attraction toward. Ransom was attractive, but Dani's mind and body were affected in all the right places by another man. And wasn't that supposed to be part of the appeal of the lifestyle?

"Surely you aren't offended by his nakedness?"

"Good Lord, no," Dani admitted. "Don't get me wrong, he's hot. I just thought..."

"You are his Mistress. It is a sign of respect to you that your slave acknowledges his submission by displaying himself to you without barriers. His body belongs to you. He is yours."

"O-okay," Dani replied. Mike came to mind again, and she voiced the reservations she felt. "But shouldn't I be working with someone I feel, you know, something for? Isn't that part of it?"

"Yes. In time, when you are ready, we will bring in another. For now, and the purposes of our sessions, Ransom will be your slave, and in that role, he will follow your instruction without question. Together we will aid in your training, but it will be your willingness to learn that will heighten your experience."

"I understand," she said.

"Excellent. Now, do you recall our discussion in the other room regarding your submissive's safety?"

"It is to be my number one priority. My slave must feel safe in my hands."

"Good. I know you've been researching the lifestyle. What do you do now?"

"My slave needs to choose a safe word. Something he will say if he doesn't feel safe, or is experiencing pain which is not enjoyable. Speaking his safe word will stop our play immediately."

"Very good," Troy praised. "Let's begin."

* * * *

When the session ended Troy helped Dani release the restraints around Ransom's wrists. "Nice job," Troy said, and pressed a kiss to Ransom's lips. "Both of you."

The kiss between the two men took her by surprise. "You're lovers?"

Ransom crossed the playroom and snatched a towel and a robe hanging from a hook on the wall. "Yup," he replied, wrapping the towel around his waist.

"Does that bother you?" Troy asked, taking the robe from Ransom and helping Dani to slip it on.

She shook her head at his question, and synched the belt. "Not at all. It's just that you two give off serious alpha vibes. I didn't consider you might be lovers."

"Well, you shouldn't buy into the stereotype, sweetie," Ransom said, winking in her direction.

"Yeah, you're right," Dani said. "Sorry. I hope I didn't offend you."

"Not in the least," Troy replied. "Now come, let's relax in the living room and discuss our session over a glass of wine."

Once seated on an overstuffed suede sofa in the living room, Troy began. "You did very well today, Dani. You will make a worthy Mistress for the right man. I imagine very soon."

"Really? You think so?" she asked, sounding a little too eager.

"I'd say." Ransom chuckled. "Today was only day one, but you're a natural with a paddle. Tanned my cheeks nicely."

She laughed. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry. I loved it. You paddle like a pro. You need to work on your technique with the flogger, but given some practice, you'll ace that too."

"Ransom's right, you're a natural, and your willingness to learn is exceptional. Your confidence will strengthen with each session, and before you know it, you Miss Miller will be Mistress of your own domain."

"Thanks, guys." Dani felt herself beaming. "I really had fun. When I wasn't concentrating so hard."

"We covered a lot of ground today. Gave you a lot to absorb," Troy said. "You did well."

Dani finished her wine and set the empty glass on the coffee table. "I should probably get going. I'm expected at the diner for the dinner rush."

Ransom glanced at the clock on the wall. "Shame to cut this short, but the club will be opening in a couple of hours, so we should get downstairs ourselves."

"Let's get your coat, and I'll walk you out," Troy said, and offered her his hand.

As they reached the bottom of the stairs, Dani stopped short when she spotted Mike leaning against the wall near the door.

"Oh my," she gasped.

Dark brown eyes focused on her as he pulled himself from the wall. Standing full height he towered over her. He was huge. Dani guessed he had to be six-five, six-six easily, and probably tipped the scales at close to three hundred pounds. The man was muscle on top of muscle, but not in a 'body builder on steroids' sort of way.

A lucky white t-shirt molded to his chest like a second skin, emphasizing the ripples of an eight-pack set of abs. Pectoral muscles tensed, drawing her eyes to the dark shading of his areolas and the tip of erect nipples straining against the fabric.

Suddenly, she became uncomfortably wet between her legs.

"Hello, Dani," he said in a deep voice. The husky tone ignited sparks low in her belly.

"Mike," she said in raspy whisper.

"Good first day?"

Dani swallowed the lump lodged in her throat and felt her knees weaken. She nodded, and then replied, "Only one thing would have made it more fulfilling."

Good G od! Where did that come from?

A feral grin curled his full lips, and the heat of lust in his eyes deepened. "Oh, yeah? What's that?"

The lilt in his voice made Dani wonder if Mike was reading her thoughts. You! She wanted to scream out.

Sliding his hands into his front pockets brought her gaze straight to the straining bulge at the top of his powerful thighs.

"Oh God, I-I—"

"I, for one, need to get to work," Troy said, pulling her thoughts back before she threw herself in Mike's arms. The hand at the small of her back encouraged her to move forward. "We'll see you tomorrow," he said.

"Um, right. W-What's on tap then?"

"A review of today's lessons. Then we'll see."

"Okay. Well, goodbye then," she said, stealing a glance at Mike over Troy's shoulder.

"Sweet dreams," Mike called out.

* * * *

Mike watched as Troy made sure Dani got into her car safely and drove away. When he locked the door and turned around, Mike blocked his path to the bar area. Troy smiled a knowing grin.

"What was she wearing under the coat?" Mike asked in a strained voice.

"Red leather bustier with matching thong panties. Garter and hose. The boots were a nice touch."

Mike's body trembled as he envisioned Dani standing before him dressed as Troy described. His balls were on the verge of rupturing from the pressure building in them. "Jesus."

"Ransom says she's a natural with a paddle."

Taking several deep breaths to calm his raging libido, Mike sighed and rolled his head from side to side. "As a matter of record, you do know I am going to kill you, right?"

"Yup, slowly and painfully," Troy replied. Slipping past him, he grinned. "I heard. It'll have to wait until another time. Tonight we've got a club to run."

* * * *

After their session Dani sat with Ransom and Troy, as they had done following each training, and discussed the day's experience. Something had been niggling at her since the first day, but she wasn't sure how to bring it up. Ransom was a great sub to work with, and she was thankful for his support and encouragement. Troy was an exceptional teacher. He rewarded and corrected in the same tone of voice, yet Dani always knew where she stood with him. His direction always began as instructional before they moved on.

Anatomy was the topic of discussion during one day's training. Dani found this quite interesting. Troy and Ransom gave her a lesson on muscles groups, and how the different pieces of equipment in the playroom affected those muscles. She allowed them to strap her to the various apparatuses, putting her in positions where she could experience the encounter to its fullest extent.

Not once during her training did Dani have sex with Ransom. In fact, there had been no sexual contact between them at all. Though he performed his role as her submissive naked, and her scarcely dressed, there had been nothing sexual between them. Ransom never even achieved an erection when they played. Even when she tried that new thing earlier. She knew he enjoyed it, she could see it in his eyes.

"What are you thinking, Dani?" Troy asked. "You're concentrating so hard steam is rising off the top of your head."

"Really?"

Both men laughed.

"No, not literally. What's on your mind?"

"Why don't you get hard?" she asked Ransom.

An instant grin curled his lips. "Don't take this the wrong way, doll, but you aren't my type." "Hmm."

"What's with the 'hmm'? Listen you're cute as hell, but beyond that, I'm not attracted to you sexually," he replied.

"Okay."

"Do you get turned on while we're practicing?" he asked.

Shaking her head, she gave a single shoulder shrug. "No, I don't. Not even a little bit."

Except when I'm picturing Mike in your place.

"Your brows are still furrowed," Troy said.

"Well, isn't that what I mentioned the first day? In order for this to be all that it can be, shouldn't I be working with someone I'm attracted to? Someone who is attracted to me? Isn't that what it's all about?"

Like maybe me and Mike.

"Yes on all accounts," Troy replied.

"Don't get me wrong, I like working with Ransom, he makes me comfortable so I can put into practice what I've learned."

"I feel the same way, Dani. You've come a long way in the short time we've spent together," Ransom said. "You're very good at what you do."

"Think I'm ready to be with someone else?" she asked

"You're dumping me?" Ransom gasped in feigned shock, and then chuckled.

Dani laughed. "You'll always be my first."

"If you are confident, then yes, I think you're ready," Troy said.

"Cool! Do I choose someone? Or will you decide?" she asked, directing her question to Troy.

"I have someone in mind," he answered. "A Master, or Mistress, doesn't choose their submissive, it's the other way around."

"You're right. I was so caught up in the fun of it, I kinda' forgot that. Some Mistress, huh? That's an important aspect to overlook."

"You've only been at it a few weeks," Ransom reminded her. "Don't be too hard on yourself."

Dani was disappointed. She'd hope the choice would be hers to make, because she had the perfect person in mind. Despite getting tongue-tied when around Mike, Dani knew once she had him where she wanted him, the sparks would fly. She wasn't being egotistical, just confident with what she'd learned.

Nearly every day she came to the club, she crossed paths with Mike, though they were never alone. Troy was always with her, whether it was when she arrived or when she left.

The hunger in Mike's eyes when he looked at her sent her body into orbit. With just a simple glance the man made her panties wet. She'd never felt so tortured in all her life as she felt day in and day out seeing Mike and not being able to touch him.

On her first day of training Troy said she was not permitted to come to the club unless it was for a session. Several times over the month she had been tempted to defy his direction, and head to the club just to see Mike.

"You're really into deep contemplation today, Dani. What's on your mind now?" Ransom asked.

"I was thinking about what you said about me not being your type."

"Hold on, I said you were cute—"

"Save it, blondie. You said it and you can't take it back," she teased. "I know the two of you are lovers, but have you ever been with women?"

"Yes, we've both been with women in the past. We choose to be in a committed gay relationship now."

"Stop pissing around, Dani-girl," Troy said. "What is it you're trying to say?"

"I have a friend, and I was thinking about what you said about me having submissive tendencies."

"Yeah?" Troy shifted on the chair across from her.

"Well, Meg's like that. Submissive, I mean. I can see it in her face. Anyhow, I was wondering since you guys are teaching me to explore both my dominant and submissive sides, maybe you can show her how to embrace hers."

When neither man spoke for several moments Dani regretted bringing Megan's name up. But after her first meeting with Troy she immediately recognized her friend's submissive nature, and wanted nothing more than for her to explore it.

"It's not a set up, guys, honest. I know you two are in love, and I'm not suggesting... Wait... Oh, I don't know what I'm suggesting. Sorry. It's pretty bold of me to ask you to help my friend tap into her submissive side, when you've already done so much for me."

"It's just that it's not an undertaking to be looked upon lightly, Dani," Troy said. "As I've told you before a sub chooses their Master, not the other way around. A submissive must want to explore that part of themselves. Does your friend want to?"

"I don't know. I don't think she realizes she is one."

"That's the first thing you should find out," Troy said. "You know we're always here to answer any questions you have."

"Yeah, I know." She glanced down at her watch. "Damn, I've got to go. It's my mom and dad's date night, so I've got to head into work for closing time."

* * * *

Mike was sitting on the same barstool he'd been on when Dani had arrived for her session. Four hours had passed, and there he still sat, his eyes glued to the door leading to the staff apartments.

Since the first day Dani Miller graced the club with her stunning presence, Mike had been forbidden to escort her to her car, or to go to her place of employment, or to her apartment while she was training.

Troy's *orders* had made him furious. After some consideration however, Mike relented. Hell, her training wouldn't go on forever, and when it was over maybe she'd be interested in taming his beast. He could only hope.

"Aww, Mikey, I hate seeing you so down." Deirdre interrupted his pity party. "But think how much fun Dani will be when Troy finishes with her."

Mike growled in response.

"Come on, you're not still sore about that, are you?"

He scowled at her.

"You big baby," she teased.

The door to the private suites opened, and Dani and Troy emerged. Immediately, her eyes searched the bar to settle on him. His cock hardened in an instant, and he felt lightheaded. A flirtatious grin curled her full, kissable lips, and her brown eyes sparkled. If Mike wasn't mistaken, they flickered with desire, and need.

A sideways glance from Troy stopped him from jumping off his stool, racing to her, tossing her up over his shoulder, and stealing away to his lair.

"Come on, Mikey, you aren't going to let the boss man push your buttons, are you?" Deirdre taunted near his ear. "You can take him, you're bigger than he is. Go and claim your woman."

"Can I get an orange juice, please?" Mike grumbled.

"Kinda' early for the hard stuff, isn't it?" She laughed.

Just like every day, Troy escorted Dani out of the club and to her car. Once she walked out the door, leaving him with his x-rated thoughts, Mike turned on his stool and watched Deirdre preparing for the busy night ahead. A few minutes later, Troy returned and sat on the stool beside Mike.

"May I have a soda, Deirdre, please," Troy said, and offered a wink to the scantily clad blonde behind the bar.

"Sure thing, boss," she replied with a sexy grin.

Mike felt Troy's eyes on him, could even feel the smugness in his grin.

"I'm. Going. To. Kill. You."

"Yeah, yeah. Slowly and painfully, I've heard," Troy said. "Listen, hold that thought, because this is your lucky day, my friend."

"Don't toy with me, Simon. I'm not in the mood."

"Thanks, doll," Troy said as Deirdre set a glass in front of him. "I'm serious, Mike."

"My lucky day, huh? Why's that?"

"Well, as much fun as my Mistress in training is having with Ransom, she would like to try her hand with another."

The beast between his legs took over the final thread of Mike's control on his libido. Four weeks and three days he'd watched the woman who haunted his dreams disappear with Troy for training. It didn't matter that Mike knew sex wasn't part of the sessions. It still ate at him that Ransom was the one assisting Troy, when it should be him.

"There's no question she likes to take the lead, but she's got sub flowing through her veins," Troy said.

"Is that so," Mike replied, and whimpered inwardly at the strain he heard in his voice.

Troy's knowing, deep chuckle only added to Mike's discomfort. He knew damn well Troy knew he was more than willing to offer himself up as Dani's new play toy.

"I take it the 'big bad Dom' in you isn't opposed to playing sub for the right Mistress?"

"I'd give my left nut for the opportunity."

Troy laughed. "Since day one you've made your interest abundantly clear, Mike. I've seen the way you look at her, and I knew you'd be agreeable. I promise it won't cost you a nut, but consider yourself forewarned—she does have a fascination with the 'boys.'"

It sounded too damned good to be true. Mike loved his balls toyed with. "How so?" he asked, attempting to control the strain in his voice.

"Today she asked to try something she'd read about. So she tied an intricate knot around Ransom's sac and hung a hefty weight from the end."

This time Mike didn't even bother to stifle his groan of his arousal. Dani could tie him up and bull whip him senseless if she so desired. Mike never considered himself a true Dom in the BDSM world. The practice of dominance in his past sexual experiences seemed to be based on his physical size. He was a large man, standing six-five and tipping the scales around two-hundred-seventy-five pounds. During his junior year of high school he'd joined the wrestling team and won numerous championships throughout high school and college.

It seemed as if the women he'd been with expected him to take the lead in the bedroom. Mike's deepest desire was for the woman to take control. To turn 'big Mike' into her sex slave. The thought of Dani Miller being that woman kept him up at night. Literally.

"Christ, his nuggets turned deep purple in an instant," Troy said, interrupting Mike's thoughts. "If it hadn't been for the sexy sparkle in Ransom's eyes, I would have made her untie him. I'm going to have to get Dani to show me how to tie that little knot. Since my lover enjoyed it so much I think we'll include some cock and ball torture in our play."

"I'm in," Mike announced, in a voice just shy of a whimper. *Ass*, he called himself for needing to struggle with his control.

"Are you, now? Do you know what you're signing up for?" Troy chuckled.

"Yes, damn it." Mike gritted his teeth and turned toward a smirking Troy. "You've made me keep my distance for too fucking long. She's mine, and I want her. Now."

Still grinning, Troy nodded, but didn't look in Mike's direction. "Well, you can't have her right now. Ransom and I tired her out from our play today. You can be Dani's toy tomorrow."

"Run, little man," Mike growled. "Fast and far."

Troy stood up and gave a languid stretch. "Yeah, yeah, I know, slow and painful."

Chapter 3

"Today we're going to use one of the smaller rooms on the main floor," Troy said as they strolled through the bar.

"Okay," Dani replied. "I'm excited, but nervous too."

"You have no reason to be nervous. You've learned well, and exude confidence in your position of Domme. You should be proud of what you've accomplished in the short time you've been practicing."

"Thank you, Troy. For everything."

"You are welcome." They came to a stop outside of one of the client rooms on the main floor of the club, and Troy reached for the door knob. "Now it's time for you to put practice into action. Keep in mind this is still considered training, therefore Ransom and I will be in the room with you. I have selected a submissive worthy of your talents, and he's waiting inside."

Dani's belly was fluttering with nervousness as she removed her coat and handed it to Troy. Today she wore a black corset with matching panties, fishnet stockings, and black, thigh-high leather boots.

Troy said nothing of the person he'd selected. Since she was still in training mode, she wondered if the chosen sub would merely be playing a role, or if this would be more real than with Ransom.

Ransom was a great sub in that he allowed her to use him to train with. He permitted her to paddle and flog him, advising her of pressure and technique. She'd enjoyed learning about all the erogenous zones on a man's body. Dani had no idea there were so many, or how sensitive they were. She was interested to see if she had the ability to stimulate a man's prostate gland.

The day before, Ransom had even been receptive to her trying out Japanese rope tying she'd read about, and let her lasso his boys. Yet, all along he had only been participating as a model, so to speak. With the help of the two lovers, she learned the Dominant's perspective through Troy, and a submissive's through Ransom. Now Dani was anxious to put all her practice into a real life Dominate-submissive situation. She was ready.

She also wondered if Troy would ease up on the rules from when she first started. What she wanted to do more than anything was sit down with Mike. Maybe go out with him sometime. Find out his likes and dislikes, and if he would consider choosing her as a Mistress.

After the session she was certain they would sit and discuss it like they always did, and decided that would be the time to bring up Mike. Who better to pump for a little info on the guy than his friends?

"I'm ready," she said.

With a nod, Troy turned the knob and pushed the door open.

Stepping into the room, Dani glanced around. Her eyes immediately settled on the submissive kneeling in the middle of the floor, and she stopped dead in her tracks. He was naked, his hands resting palms up on the tops of muscled thighs.

"Mike," she gasped softly, and watched as the semi-erect shaft between his legs came to life. Troy's voice was behind her right ear. "You are his Mistress. You are in control."

"But you said a sub picks his Mistress. He didn't..."

"Yes, he has," Troy answered in a whisper, pointing to the firm flesh between Mike's legs. "Begin."

* * * *

Moments before, Mike had assumed the submissive position per Ransom's directions and waited patiently for her to come to him. His eyes were downcast, but as soon as the door opened the violet scent of her perfume assailed him. He fought the urge to lift his head to look at her.

If his cock got any harder it was going to explode. It felt as if hours were passing in silence, instead of seconds. What was she doing? What was she thinking? Was she disappointed to find him as her sub? He didn't think so. He'd seen the flicker of interest in her eyes whenever she saw him. Why the hell was it taking her so long to say something? As if reading his mind, the clicking of her heels announced her approach.

"On your feet," she said, coming to a stop in front of him. A slight waver was evident in her voice.

She was nervous.

Hell, so was he.

As he stood, Mike took in her attire and his aching balls threatened to unload. Passing her midsection, he caught the fragrance of her arousal, and his mouth watered. He fought the impulse to drag his tongue along the crotch of her panties to sample her. The satin and lace covering her torso accentuated the fullness of her breasts, her narrow waist, and the sexy flair of her hips. What was supposed to be cups holding her boobs barely covered the pink of her areolas, and he was certain when he came up to his full height, he'd see nipple when he looked down. Mike suspected if he were to lay her out on the floor right now and start pounding himself into her, those puppies would bounce free in no time from the scrap of fabric covering them. He tried to keep his eyes lowered, knowing it was expected, but since he towered over her, even in those six-inch heels she wore, the attempt was futile.

Their eyes met.

The heat of desire simmered in the brown depths looking back at him. Mike was tempted to gather her in his arms and kiss her senseless.

"You're beautiful," he said.

Her left brow rose.

"My apologies, my Mistress, for speaking without permission," he offered to amend his error.

"Forgiven, *this* time," she replied. When she continued there was more confidence in her voice. "You have a safe word?"

It doesn't matter, baby, you won't be hearing it.

"Yes, my Mistress," he replied. "It's flower."

"You know when to use it?"

"Yes, Mistress."

Dani's eyes began to roam his body, and his flesh sizzled with every pass they took. After circling him once, she came to stand in front again. From between his thighs his cock stuck straight out, firm, proud, needing her touch. He was so fucking hard he was sure she could use his shaft like a tree branch and swing from it. When she reached out and placed her hands in the middle of his chest, a soft sigh left her lips.

"Your body is a work of art, slave," she whispered.

Mike stifled a groan as her fingers brushed over the puckered tips of his nipples.

"Thank you, Mistress."

He nearly winced when she squeezed the tight buds in warning, not from the slight pain she brought to them, but because of the jolt it sent to his already aching sac. The pads of her fingertips began exploring the bulges and ripples of muscle down the length of his arms before caressing back up and across his shoulders.

"I want you restrained," she announced.

"Mmm, yes."

"And for that you will be punished."

It's about fucking time.

With a slender finger Dani pointed to the metal whipping post several feet away. Mike lowered his head and walked toward it. Eager to get his punishment under way, he fastened the restraints dangling from the top of the post around his wrists. The bindings were conveniently positioned for a sub to do up themselves.

"Good, slave," she praised, and ran her hands across his shoulders.

Her soft hands caressed the length of his back, and when she came to his ass, she cupped his cheeks. The tips of her fingers dug into his firm flesh, and he caught himself before the moan brewing slipped free. As her touch continued down his left leg, Mike's knees threatened to buckle.

"Spread your feet, slave."

He eagerly complied so she could fasten the strap around his ankle. Her hands repeated the same torture on his right leg. For a moment Mike thought about the picture he made, spread eagle and tied naked to a whipping post, with two of his buddies watching from the shadows. He didn't care about the audience. Hell, he and Dani could have been in the middle of the club for all to see, and it wouldn't have bothered him.

The woman of his dreams finally had her hands on him, and that was all that mattered.

"Should I use a paddle on you, slave, or a flogger?"

Use your bare hand, baby, just don't stop touching me.

"Mistress, I would be pleased with whichever you feel I deserve."

The clicking of her heels told him she was off to choose the implement for his punishment. He refused to lift his head to watch her walk away. His cock hadn't softened one iota, and he knew if he looked at her now, his tool would erupt like a geyser.

With a slow stride she closed the distance between them after choosing a weapon for pleasurable torture. He tensed as she pressed her body against his back. The heat of her full breasts touching the muscles of his back was like a firebrand on his flesh.

"I've decided you've earned a paddling for speaking without permission," she announced, and produced a length of polished wood for him to see.

"Thank you, my Mistress," Mike said.

"You will receive ten, and I want to hear you count them off."

"Yes, Mistress."

When the warmth of her body against his vanished, a chill caressed his heated skin. He shuddered as a tremor moved through him. Without any further warning, she struck him. The initial sting zipped through his nerve endings from the left cheek of his ass. Then the warmth of her hand soothed over the spot.

"One," he groaned.

The same attention was paid to his right cheek.

"Two."

Over and over the paddle made sweet contact with his ass. The delightful stinging made Mike's head spin like a top. Fire radiated from the taut globes, surging through his system. The ache in his balls was now beyond painful with the need for release. His cock throbbed in agony with every *thwack* of the wood against his burning ass.

"Yes, baby, yes," he heard himself mutter after the last swat.

Then she stopped. Over his shoulder he heard her harsh breath. "What did you say?" she asked in a raspy voice.

"Nothing, my Mistress," he lied, and then mentally kicked himself. If he'd kept talking without permission she would have continued.

As their session wore on Mike lost track of time. She tested her bondage techniques by restraining him on several pieces of equipment. When she took the flogger to him, Mike nearly passed out from pleasure. Troy and Ransom were correct, she was a natural with an implement.

Sweat coated his heated flesh, and his body ached. For what seemed like forever Mike teetered on the blissful edge between pleasure and pain. Both he could handle for a spell longer, but what he needed more than anything was to slide himself inside her. He wanted to feel her body welcoming him in, gripping and pulsing around his cock. He knew she was in a state no better than him. The scent of her arousal teased his nose. A sexy sheen of perspiration glistened on her skin.

When she hadn't touched him for what seemed like an eternity, he glanced down. Dani had dropped to her knees. Her breath was ragged, harsh, her breasts heaving. As she studied him, her body seemed to tremble. His eyes shifted to the object holding her attention. Between his legs his cock throbbed. The broad crown was an angry red, and droplets of pre-cum dribbled from the slit at the end.

Reaching for him, her hands gripped his hips. The tips of her fingers dug into his firm flesh. Then she leaned into him. Mike held his breath as she drew nearer to his aching shaft. Relief was in sight. It was as though she moved in slow motion, taunting him with that luscious mouth merely an inch away.

Yes, baby, just a little further. Please...

"That's enough for today." Troy's voice boomed in the room the moment Dani's lips parted.

A strangled croak erupted from Mike's throat, as a sound of frustration slipped from Dani's. Frustrated brown eyes glanced up at him. A flicker of defiance glinted in those eyes, and he suspected she was torn between finishing what she'd started and following the word of the Master.

Mike raised a brow, issuing her a silent challenge.

Dani shot a look over her shoulder toward Troy, and then back to Mike's groin. Her voice wavered with the trembling of her body. "But..." Dani said.

Troy lifted his chin, daring her to defy him. Tense moments passed in silence, as Mike watched helplessly while she struggled over what to do. If she defied Troy, she would be punished, that was the way. Mike didn't have a clue what her punishment would be, only that it would happen, and Troy would mete it out. As much as Mike enjoyed the thought of Dani's ass being paddled, he'd be damned if any other man would have the honor.

Dani dropped her gaze to the floor.

"Yes, Master," she replied, and her hands caressed down the length of Mike's legs to where his ankles were bound.

"Leave them," Troy said. "Ransom will untie him. Come."

Dani stood, and her legs wobbled beneath her.

Restrained to the metal pillory Mike could only watch as she staggered across the room to stand before Troy. After he wrapped an oversized bathrobe around her trembling body, he escorted her to the door, and out of the room.

"He's a dead man," Mike growled as Ransom approached and knelt to undo the straps around his ankles.

Ransom remained quiet as he reached to release the buckle around Mike's right wrist, and then the left. Taking a few minutes to stretch his muscles, Mike grumbled under his breath. Beside the apparatus hung a towel, he grabbed it and unceremoniously dragged it over his body, drying the layer of sweat shining on his heated skin.

"He left you in a bad way, pal," Ransom said, a hint of amusement in his voice. "That wasn't right."

"The son of bitch will pay." Mike stomped across the floor to the chair in the corner where he'd left his clothes.

There was no way in hell the boner he currently sported would be going away any time soon. The nerve of Troy stopping them when Dani was so obviously interested in taking things further; and Mike was more than happy to let her. After tugging on his baggy sweat pants and attempting to adjust the noticeable protrusion in the front, Mike flung the door open and stormed out.

His big, aroused body lumbered up the hall, every step more agonizing than the last. No amount of pulling was going to alleviate the present state of his cock. The only thing that would bring him relief would be to lose himself in Dani's body, but with Troy continuing to torture him, that was likely never to happen.

"Watch out!" Ransom hollered from behind him. "Big man coming through."

He could picture the smug smirk that he knew was curling his friend's lips. Over his shoulder Mike scowled at Ransom and walked with purpose through the bar area. He was certain steam was shooting out his ears, he was so frustrated. The nerve of Troy cutting their session off before either of them found release.

"What's up with him?" Deirdre asked wide-eyed.

"Blue balls."

"Ahh, the poor guy," she replied with sympathy. "Dani give his boys a hard time?"

Ransom shook his head, still grinning. "Troy put a stop to their session before they..." He stopped and chuckled. "You know."

Deirdre burst out in laughter. "Christ, he is cruel, isn't he? Poor Mike."

From behind the bar Mike grabbed a liter bottle of water before stomping toward the back door leading to the private suites and the gym area. No amount of running—regardless of the distance—was going to make him feel better, but it was worth a try.

* * * *

Upstairs in Troy and Ransom's suite, Dani stood under the heated downpour of their shower. Troy had insisted she relax after the session before getting behind the wheel of her car. Appreciating his sentiment, Dani agreed. When they'd arrived upstairs she realized the encounter had been tougher on her than she thought it would be. Perhaps it had something to do with the man in the position as her submissive.

The minute she'd stepped into the playroom her body reacted. The dampness between her legs when Mike was around was something she'd become somewhat accustomed to. Somewhat. However, when she spotted his naked body kneeling on the floor, she found herself on the brink of orgasm. The swelling of her breasts made her wonder if they were going to leap right out of the bustier she'd been wearing, in offering. The tightening of her nipples had sent a sharp spasm south to the painful throbbing of her clit.

The harder they'd played, the harder they'd both sweated. Rivulets of salty liquid had run freely over their bodies.

As Dani showered, images of Mike strapped to the St. Andrew's cross played in her mind. It had been all she could do to stop herself from lapping up the perspiration that trickled all over his bulging flesh. The twitching of his muscles had danced in time to the quivering of her belly. Despite the dim lighting in the playroom, his damp skin was flushed. Pink tinted his cheeks, and his eyes gleamed with excitement when they met hers.

She'd never been more turned on in her life. Shivers had coursed through her body each and every time he cast a glance her way. The nightly dreams she had of Mike's hands gripping her hips, slamming into her from behind—after he'd earned it, of course—tormented her wakened state as well.

The broad expanse of his chest as he drew deep labored breaths made her reach out to stroke the firm swells of his pecs, to soak up the heat of desire emanating from his body. Beneath her fingertips, his muscles had twitched. Tight, brown nipples protruded and darkened as his need escalated.

With a washcloth lathered up, she began dragging it across her fevered skin. Instead of feeling relieved at washing the sweat from her body, her arousal soared once again.

Despite everything she'd learned over the weeks Dani hadn't been able to reel in her own desire, and she had dropped to her knees in front of Mike. Her hands had caressed the length of his powerful, toned legs with firm pressure, needing to feel every ripple and divot of the taut flesh making up his limbs.

Dropping the washcloth to the floor, Dani ran her soapy hands over her body, her mind racing with thoughts of Mike.

While on the floor she'd found herself facing the most delicious looking length of cock she'd ever laid eyes on. The fat crown at the end was swollen, a deep purple color, and leaking with mouth-watering droplets of pre-cum.

She'd never needed to taste anything as badly in her life.

Mike's erection had looked both painful and inviting as it bobbed before her. Knowing she wouldn't be able to fit the whole thing in her mouth, she was prepared to gag herself silly just to sample him. She needed him on her tongue. Filling her mouth. Unloading himself inside her.

Leaning forward she'd parted her lips to taste her fill, and then... Without warning, or any reason for doing so other than to be a dick, Troy stopped her. The rotten son of a...

"That's enough for today," she mocked in the steam swirling around her. "The nerve."

For the moment Dani opted not to give in to the desire to bring herself to orgasm. Oh no. She decided that on her way home she was going to stop by the adult store around the corner from her apartment to purchase a new dildo that resembled the size and shape of Mike's cock. If she wasn't going to be permitted the real thing, for now she'd have to settle for an imitation. The situation bit, no question, but she'd make do. For now.

Reaching down to turn off the water, she slid the glass door to one side and stepped out onto the bathmat. A knock sounded at the closed door as she wrapped one towel around her hair and another around her body.

"Come in. It's open."

The door swung open, and Troy took a couple of steps inside. "I've brought you something to put on." He held out a pair of sweat pants and a t-shirt. "I thought these might be more comfortable than the lingerie you had on earlier."

Glancing up, she met his gaze and narrowed her eyes. "Why did you stop me?"

"Control. You were about to lose it."

"No, I wasn't," she argued, snatching the clothes from his outstretched hand. "I just wanted to...to..."

Troy leaned against the doorframe and grinned. Tugging the t-shirt over her head, she dropped the towel to the floor, stepped into the fleece pants, and pulled the drawstring tight. Both were miles too big for her. Unwinding the towel around her head, she began vigorously rubbing at the damp locks.

Damn right she'd been about to lose it, but she didn't want to appear weak and admit that. She glanced over at Troy, who was still grinning, watching her, a knowing glint sparkling in his gray eyes.

"I'm not Domme material," she admitted with sadness.

"No, not entirely," he responded in agreement, and pushed himself away from the frame. Approaching from behind her as she stood in front of the vanity mirror, Troy reached for the towel and took over drying her hair. "What is it you were looking for when you came to me a month ago?"

"I wanted to be in control."

"Of what, specifically?"

"Of my sex life."

"Okay. How so?"

"My sex life has never been fulfilling. Hell, I even let myself down sometimes." A nervous giggle slipped past her lips, but Troy simply nodded. "My past lovers have always been in such a hurry to race to the finish line, I'm left to tend to my own needs. It's my own fault though."

"In what way?"

Troy tossed the wet towel on the vanity, and wrapped his arms around her in a friendly embrace. They still stood staring back at one another in the mirror.

"I've allowed the man to take the lead, expecting him to know what I want and what I need. And in doing so, I've learned that men don't know jack-shit about how to please a woman."

Troy laughed. "True, some don't, and some don't care to know. But there are men out there who do, and want to. And if they don't know how, they're willing to learn."

"That's all well and good, but this whole time I've been concentrating on how to make my submissive feel good. What's been in it for me?"

Troy quirked a half-smile and tightened his arms around her. "Think about it, kid. What was different about today than every day you've spent with Ransom?"

Dani began to mentally replay the couple of hours she'd spent with Mike.

"Think it aloud," Troy said. "I want to hear it."

"First off, Mike had an erection," she replied. "The whole time. The poor guy looked so pained."

"He'll get over it," Troy said with a wink.

Dani gave him an elbow to the ribs. "That wasn't nice leaving him in that condition."

"No, it wasn't. I admit it. Don't worry, he's already planning his revenge on me, I assure you."

"What do you mean?"

"In case you haven't realized it, Mike finds you incredibly attractive, and has been making my life hell since you came in that first day."

Dani's eyes widened as she looked at Troy's reflection. "R-really?"

"Yes, he's threatened to kill me, slowly—"

"No, not that. Hell, I'm seriously thinking about killing you after today," she said. "He thinks I'm attractive?"

"You saw the boner he was sporting. It was all for you."

Dani stood silent, excited to learn that Mike was interested in her.

"Come on, you've seen the way he looks at you. Have your past experiences been that abysmal? Has no one ever looked at you with hunger?"

She shook her head. "I can't honestly say that anyone has."

"That's a real shame, because you are a beautiful woman, Dani."

"Thanks," she said and dropped her gaze.

"Okay, back to what it is you seek in being a Domme."

"Control."

"Expand on that."

"In coming here I'd hoped to learn how to be in control of my own sexuality. In doing so, I'd be more apt to ask my lover to do things that bring me pleasure. I want to experiment, try new things. The idea of bondage thrills me. I've never been restrained, except when you and Ransom were showing me, but never while playing with a lover. I don't know if I'd like to be tied up, but I liked being in control. Setting the pace, possessing power over the situation, not necessarily my partner. Maybe it's because I don't feel like I have much control with my life in general." Dani blew out a breath in a huff.

Troy remained silent, his eyes encouraging her to continue.

"That came out wrong. I have friends I adore, and would do anything for—by the way, you and Ransom rank right up there, too..."

Troy's right eye winked.

"I love working with my parents, and my customers are terrific. I'm stuck in a sexual rut, and I'm tired of going at it single handed. But I guess I'm just not cut out to be a dominatrix."

"Who says you're not?"

"Well, I do. I think I'm even more confused than I was in the beginning. The training has been helpful, but I need to see if I've got what it takes, for real. In a real setting without you and Ransom to back me up."

"We didn't interfere today."

Dani cocked a brow. "Oh, really?"

Troy ignored her. "Listen to me. Some people want, or in some circumstances need to be in control one hundred percent of the time. Some folks have what it takes to remain in control of their emotions and desires, all of the time. Others do not, and there is nothing wrong with it, either way. People do what they are comfortable with, or at least they should.

"You want to explore your sexuality, and you should embrace that. You want more than a vanilla experience, to try new things. Sex is supposed to be fun, Dani, and if you aren't having fun, you're not doing it right. I think it's terrific you want to explore what's out there. More people should do that. If people were less sexually repressed the world would be a better place.

"Believe me, for you, sweetheart, with the right person you will find you gain pleasure and complete satisfaction in either position. You have what it takes to be in control, but you also possess a desire to submit, to be pushed beyond your limits. The right man will make you see stars. All you have to do is reach out and seize the opportunity."

"I was just about to do that when you stopped me."

"Get over it. I stopped your fun, because next time—"

Dani spun around in Troy's arms and smiled up at him. "Next time?"

"It'll be worth the wait." He pressed a friendly kiss to her forehead. "Control, Mistress Dani. Oh, and I heard you muttering something about a giant dildo while you were showering. Don't bother. There's no substitute for the real thing."

Taking a step back, she glared at Troy. "You and Mike?"

Throwing his head back, Troy laughed. "No. Mike's a great guy, but not my type. He's hetero, with no interest in trying out the other side."

Dani sighed with relief. She wouldn't have been put off if Mike was bi, but she found herself wanting to be the sole focus of his attention, if the opportunity presented itself.

And she intended there to be an opportunity.

Dani stepped out of Troy's arms, turned back to the mirror, and finger combed her hair. "I've got to go," she said. "My body is still on fire after the session, and if I don't get myself to the diner I'm going to stop by the naughty store to pick me up a new toy, and call in sick."

Troy chuckled, placing his hand against her back as they walked toward the door. "Savor the anticipation," he said. "The next time—"

"Yeah, you already said that. You think—"

"There'll be no stopping it. Listen, Ransom and I have been talking, and if your friend is interested, we'd like to meet her."

"Cool. But I don't want her to feel like it's a set up. I was hoping the encounter could be more spontaneous. You know, like maybe we'd come here together, and nature could just take its course?"

"We will not force her," Troy said.

"No, of course not. Forcing is wrong. But if she were to 'cross the threshold'..."

"You are a very sneaky girl, Dani."

"Yes, I can be," she agreed with a grin. "Meg's got some baggage," she continued as they left the suite.

"A lover?"

"Nothing like that. She hasn't been involved with anyone for years. Gave up on dating long ago. Her baggage is her dad. He's the senator who lobbied tooth and nail to stop this place from opening."

"Hmm, interesting."

"What's that supposed to mean?" she asked over her shoulder. "Meg's not like her parents."

"I meant nothing at all, Dani. Just thinking aloud. How about we arrange something for Friday night?"

"Okay. I'll see what I can do."

At the bottom of the stairs Troy opened the door to the bar area.

"I need to use the little girls' room. I should have gone before I left your suite. I'll see myself out," she said.

"All right. Take care and we'll see you tomorrow," Troy said.

"Goodbye."

Dani strolled toward the corridor leading to the restrooms. After relieving herself she started to cross the bar to leave when Mike entered through a door marked *PRIVATE*, stopping in her tracks. His chest was bare, and sweat glistened on his torso. Though he attempted to dry himself with a towel, the delicious rivulets of his spent energies trickled freely.

Warmth in her lower belly became hot, burning as it traveled south toward the clenching between her legs. A second later the crotch of her borrowed sweat pants dampened. She felt herself inching forward, prepared to throw herself at his feet and beg him to take her right then and there, but a feral glint in his eyes froze her in place. Chills ricocheted throughout her body as her arousal gained momentum. This was what Troy was talking about. It's all about being with the right man. At the moment Dani wanted to dominate him until she had her fill, and then submit to his wants and needs.

"Sorry about my appearance." The deep smokiness in Mike's voice made her nipples harden even more. "I've been working off my frustration in the gym."

"I feel terrible you were left so uncomfortable," she said, her voice shaky. "I wasn't much better."

Mike cocked a brow in her direction.

"I'm told it will heighten our anticipation for next time," she added.

The front of Mike's pants began to come to life. Dani felt a surge of confidence. She stepped forward until she was standing a couple of inches from him. The musky scent of him after working out made her knees weak. The sight of his muscles twitching under her gaze made her toes curl. The heat radiating from his body seeped into her despite the short distance separating them. Mike's breath was shallow as he attempted to control it. A thick vein in his neck pulsed in time to the throbbing between her thighs.

"Friday night," Dani said hoarsely, and bent her weak knees.

When her face was aligned with his mid-abdomen, she stuck out her tongue and leaned forward. Dipping the tip into the indent of Mike's belly button, she began to rise slowly, pressing the flat of her tongue against him. Up the center of his body she traveled, savoring the salty taste of his flesh and the trembling of his big frame. On her tiptoes, she stretched to catch a trickle of sweat racing down the divot below his Adam's apple.

Though feeling far from sated, she took a step backward and licked her lips. Fire burned in Mike's brown eyes as he stared at her. At the sides of his muscled physique his right hand gripped the towel he'd been using to sop up perspiration, and in the left he'd crushed an empty plastic water bottle.

"Friday night, nothing will stop me from finishing what I start with you." The promise was clear in her steady voice. She fought the urge to cheer in triumph when a grin began to curl his full lips.

"Until then, my Mistress," was all he said.

Dani stepped around his frame, and walked through the front door. Once outside on the sidewalk, she drew a deep breath and held it. After exhaling, she pulled in another and released it slowly. As she was about to open her car door, someone called her name.

"Miss Miller."

Dani turned to find a man jogging toward her. As he drew near, she recognized him from her friend Natalie's work place. Max Renfrew. Natalie had a huge crush on the man and talked about him nonstop. Dani didn't understand why Nat just didn't tell him how she felt. But then, she herself seemed to lack the nerve to tell Mike she was hot for him.

"I'm sorry to bother you, but I was hoping to catch you before you left today," he said, drawing to a stop before her. "I'm Max Renfrew."

"I know who you are. You work with my friend Natalie at the magazine. I've seen you many times when I've gone to meet Nat for lunch."

Max looked a mite taken aback, and then grinned. "Has she, uh, ever mentioned me?"

"Only all the time," Dani said, and then bit her tongue. "I really shouldn't have said that. Just strike that from your memory, would you? Please?"

Max shook his head. "Not a chance. I'd like to ask your help with something."

* * * *

After Dani left the club, Mike stared absently at the closed door, replaying what she'd said. Friday she was going to make him her sex slave, and nothing was going to stop her. Fifty-two hours seemed like an eternity. How in the hell was he supposed to wait that long, and remain sane?

Mike glanced at the clock on the wall behind the bar. Fifty-one hours, fifty-eight minutes to go. He was going to die from the sheer torture of it all. A throat clearing behind him cut into his thoughts. He turned to find a grinning Troy watching him.

"You're welcome," Troy said.

"I could kiss you," Mike replied.

"Oh, I don't know, it was sort of fun around here when you wanted to kill me."

"Like right on the lips, I could kiss you," Mike added.

"The hell you can." Ransom chuckled as he walked in on their exchange. "Well, wait a minute, maybe you can. What did he do?"

"Presented the big man with a golden opportunity," Troy said. "To have his lust slaked by a curvy little brunette."

"You do owe him for the stunt you pulled this afternoon," Ransom said. "Poor guy. I watched him kick the shit out of the heavy bag in the weight room for an hour nonstop, chanting your name over and over. I thought you were a goner."

"Yeah, that was kinda' cruel. Water under the bridge now, right Mike?"

Mike chuckled and shook his head.

"So what's your plan then?" Troy asked.

"Dani seems to like me strapped to something, and you aren't going to catch me complaining. So I think I'll move the portable St. Andrew's cross up to my suite. The one with the Velcro restraints."

"I'll give you a hand," Ransom said.

"Thanks. If this works out like I'm hoping it will, I'm going to have to set up a playroom like you guys have. But I'll be damned if I'm going to be the one tied up all the time."

"Yeah? You see Dani bound and gagged?" Ransom asked, and then chuckled.

"Bound to a spanking horse, yes. Or maybe a bondage chair, spread eagle for my enjoyment. Gagged, no way. I want to hear her screaming my name. Hey Troy, do you think you could call your guy and order that paddle she wields so well? The damn thing stings like a bitch on contact, but I'd like to give my girl her very own."

"Already done," Troy replied.

* * * *

"Hey, anybody around here going to take my order?"

Being near closing time the only occupants in the diner were a couple of regulars, so the suddenness of a familiar voice caught Dani by surprise. She blinked herself back to the present and turned toward the sound of the voice that had interrupted her x-rated daydream of Mike.

"There you are."

"Hi, Meg. Sorry, I guess I was—"

"As usual you're staring off into space with your head in the clouds."

"Yeah, something like that. What are you having, girlfriend?"

"Coffee, strong, along with something gooey and fattening. Did your mom make any pies today? Like maybe her award winning apple caramel?"

"You know it. A day my mom doesn't make a pie, is a day the sun doesn't come up." Dani disappeared into the back.

When she returned, Megan had poured two cups of coffee. Dani cut generous slices of pie, and served Meg one.

"Mom tried something different with the crust to make it less fattening."

"But I want fattening," Megan whined, then laughed.

"Well, she didn't skimp on the caramel. Dig in," she said, handing her friend a fork.

Both girls slid a forkful of pie into their mouths, and sighed in utter contentment.

"This is good," Megan moaned.

"Mom switched the apples up."

"Nat called this afternoon to say she's off this weekend," Megan said, clearing the last bite of flaky crust from her plate.

Max had mentioned earlier that Natalie would be off. He arranged it with their boss, so as to set his plan into motion.

"So I was thinking the three of us should paint the town red. It's been weeks since we did something together, and I'm missing you guys. What do you think?" Meg asked.

"Sound great. What do you have in mind?" Dani asked, collecting their empty plates.

"I thought maybe you might want to pick what we do. Nat said she didn't care, and I always choose."

"That's because you always have great ideas," Dani said. "But okay, I'm up for the challenge of deciding on the night's entertainment. Let's see... How about Friday night at Le Club d'Esclavage?"

"The BDSM nightclub?" Megan's tone carried curiosity, despite the fact she looked at Dani with wide owl eyes.

"Sure. Why not?"

Megan bit her lower lip, seeming to consider Dani's suggestion. A moment later she shrugged. "Why not, indeed. I'm sort of curious to get a glimpse inside, since my dad fought so hard against its opening. And the article Nat's magazine did on it was kind of intriguing. Wasn't it?"

"Oh, yeah," Dani said in agreement. "Definitely."

"We'll need reservations or something, won't we?"

"Leave it to me. We only need a reservation for the private playrooms, but if we don't want to be waiting in line all night we'll want our names on the guest list."

Megan raised a questioning brow in Dani's direction.

"So I've heard," she quickly added. Friday night her friends would get a glimpse into her secret life. "I'll take care of the details."

Megan sat and kept Dani company until closing time. At eight o'clock Dani locked up for the night, and then invited her friend back to her apartment to continue their visit. Popping a cork from a bottle of Chablis, the two sat out on the balcony enjoying the cool evening air.

Dani was excited that Megan had suggested she pick the locale for their evening out. Since speaking with Max earlier she wasn't sure how to broach the subject of spending Friday evening at Le Club d'Esclavage with her friends. With Meg on board all they had to do was convince Natalie.

The two friends decided to keep their Friday night plans a secret from Natalie, until just the right moment. If Natalie knew they were planning on taking her to the hottest BDSM club within a hundred mile radius, she'd freak. She wasn't a prude. Nat just despised the club scene all the way around. After learning that the object of Natalie's fantasies was of similar mind where her interests were concerned, Dani didn't feel the least bit bad dragging her friend into the nightclub. She suspected once they were inside, and Max made his presence known, Nat would relax and have a good time.

Then there was Megan. Perhaps it was her dominant side that helped Dani to recognize her friend's submissive nature. Before meeting Troy and Ransom, and experimenting herself, Dani hadn't been certain what to call it. Now she knew. It excited her that Troy had agreed to meet Meg, and if she were willing, he and Ransom would show her the pleasures to be enjoyed at the hands of a man, or men, who knew how to push her beyond her comfort zone.

Dani knew the rules regarding play at the club, inside and out. Nothing would happen if all parties were not in complete agreement on the terms. Forced play was never tolerated within the premises of the club. Her friends would be in very good hands.

But what about her? Would she be in good hands?

What did she know of Mike? Not a hell of a lot. In fact, nothing. She now knew he thought her attractive, and found enjoyment in the brief playtime they'd been given.

The desire and hunger in his eyes when he looked at her made her pulse race. Not once in her past had a look alone sent her body soaring toward climax. With just a glance he set her body on fire. Never in a million years would she have thought it even possible, if she wasn't experiencing it for herself.

Dani's anticipation level shot through the roof. She'd made a decision after leaving the club and Mike earlier, that to build the keenness for the both of them, despite wanting to, she wasn't going to go back to the club until Friday night.

This was going to be the longest couple of days of her life.

Chapter 4

Mike glanced around the spare bedroom in his suite, which up until now had been empty, and smiled. With Ransom and Troy's help, he'd turned the twenty feet by fifteen feet space into a sexual playground.

Several pieces of bondage equipment, all portable, were placed around the room. A St. Andrew's cross, which Dani seemed to enjoy so much, sat kitty-corner along the far wall. In the middle of the room a bondage chair had been erected, complete with leather buckled restraints and adjustable back. The seat was split, so when he shackled Dani to it, she'd be completely exposed for him. Off to one side Mike placed a wooden spanking bench, padded for a sub's comfort. It didn't matter to him if tonight it went unused, visually it added to the ambience of the setup.

A variety of tables, different heights, had been brought in, and the tops of them were decorated with pillar candles, bottles of lubes, and a dozen or so toys. Floggers and paddles were hung on one wall, mirrors placed on the others. By the time the men were finished, Mike's spare room had been turned into a suitable dungeon for pleasurable torture.

There was an agonizing twenty-four hours to go.

* * * *

Friday morning arrived and Dani was stoked. She'd barely slept a wink and was running full tilt on adrenaline. Nothing was going to bring her down today. After pulling the morning shift at her parents' diner, she raced home to spend the afternoon primping for the evening.

With the surface of her bed covered in lingerie it took over an hour for Dani to narrow her choices of attire down to six skimpy outfits—or rather scraps of silk and lace, and leather.

"Now with my undies taken care of, let's find something to wear over them," she said to the fat cat curled up by the pillows.

She searched her closet and decided on a red leather miniskirt with a black silk shell style tank top. Beneath the snug-fitting leather she opted for black lace thong panties and a matching demi-cup bra. The bra pushed her boobs up and out as more of an offering than for support.

"Perfect," she purred, examining her reflection in the mirror.

Right on time a cab pulled up in front of Dani's apartment with Megan in the rear seat. Together they rode over to Natalie's. On the drive to the club, Dani and Megan chatted while Natalie, seated between them, gazed out the window, paying them no attention.

"Okay, Meg," Natalie said, breaking into their conversation. "Where are you taking me?" Her expression was one of annoyance.

The two women giggled, and then Dani grabbed Natalie's hand and kissed the back of it. Her friend looked so stressed out. "Nat, you really need to take a load off. You're going to get all wrinkly before you're thirty if you don't let go of all that stress."

"Dani's right, Nat. Now that the Marsden project is finished and on its way to print, it's time you let those gorgeous curls down and cut loose! Hell, we haven't spent any time with you since you were assigned that account. So tonight, you are ours."

"Well, for a little while anyway." Dani wagged her brows.

"What the hell is that suppose to mean? Oh God, what are you two up to?" Natalie asked. Her apprehension was evident in her voice.

They just smiled mysteriously.

Five minutes later the taxi rolled to a stop.

"Oooh we're here!" Megan and Dani squealed in unison.

After Megan paid the driver, they stepped out of the car. Dani attempted to stifle a snicker at the stunned expression on Natalie's face.

"Oh...my...God," Natalie gasped. "We are not going in there." She shook her head as she gaped at Dani and Megan.

"Damn straight," Megan replied. She and Dani linked their arms with Natalie and headed for the front door, bypassing those waiting in line.

As they approached, Dani spotted Mike, and nearly creamed her panties. He wore a black suit, with a red silk dress shirt under the jacket. The color matched her miniskirt. The waves of his dark hair had been neatly tamed, and the seduction-laced smile he flashed her threatened to buckle her knees. His brown eyes flared with desire, and arousal. The glimmer of curiosity sparkling in their depths made her belly flutter.

Tonight was going to be fun. She was going to take control and rein in the man who'd been tormenting her sleep for the past month. Then maybe, just maybe, she'd relinquish some of that control, and give him the opportunity to tame her.

"Hi, Mikey." Dani tipped her head coyly, greeting him as he reached for the door handle.

A couple of times Dani overheard Deirdre call him Mikey, and instantly fell in love with how easily it made him blush. His slight embarrassment at her using the name didn't disappoint. The flash of color happened so quickly, she was certain no one but her saw it.

"Good evening, ladies. Welcome to Le Club d'Esclavage," he said, and then winked at Dani. Natalie spun her head around to gap at Dani, a shocked look on her face. "Dani, have you—"

"Maybe once or twice." Dani couldn't contain her snickering this time. "Now come on. Let's get in there."

Dani pulled them through the door Mike held open, and as she sashayed past him, he stopped her. "I'll meet you in there shortly." His suggestive smile sent her pulse racing. An eager giggle slipped out her mouth as she followed her two friends inside.

Inside the club the music was loud and infectious. The vast open area pulsed with energy. The people on the dance floor moved as one in time to the throbbing bass.

Several of her training sessions occurred during the club's regular business hours, so Dani wasn't the least bit surprised by the state of dress—or rather undress—of the club's clientele. The majority of the patrons on the dance floor and mingling around the bar were scarcely dressed, in barely-there leather straps wrapping this way and that. Women wore bustiers that pushed their naked breasts up and out for everyone's viewing pleasure. Many of the men wore leather pants with the backside missing, showing off ass cheeks of all sizes, or some type of pouch encasing their genitals.

Sweaty bodies bumped and grinded against one another on the dance floor. Couples of every variety—males with females, males with males, females with females, and a few threesomes—kissed, stroked and rubbed each other as they swayed to the music.

Dani glanced at her two friends who wore matching expressions of astonishment.

The night is young, ladies, she thought. Just wait and see what's in store for you.

After a few minutes of silence, a look of acceptance crossed Megan's face, and her shoulders relaxed.

Good sign.

A familiar song filled the room, and Megan began to move in time to the beat. She leaned between Natalie and Dani and said, "This is awesome."

Now to get Nat to let loose.

"I told you so." Dani giggled and started dancing with Megan as the trio made their way toward the bar.

For the next hour the girls danced and chit-chatted. Dani was immensely pleased that her friends now seemed to be enjoying the atmosphere of the club. Natalie sat on a barstool and rocked back and forth to the music.

A half hour earlier Dani had spotted Max watching them from the other side of the bar where the lights were much dimmer. Ransom was also in place. Neither man would approach the trio. The plan was for Dani and Mike to venture off first. Ransom would then gain Megan's attention, luring her away from Natalie. Once Nat was alone, Max would make his move. As if on cue, with their backs turned toward the dance floor, a huge shadow blocked out the flashing lights.

Mike.

Fighting the urge to turn around and throw herself at him, Dani took a deep breath and attempted to get her raging hormones in check. As they spun around to face him, Dani put her game face on. It was beyond difficult to maintain her Domme persona when she met the heated look of a predator in his eyes. His six-five frame towered over her. That was something she loved about him. Just his presence made her feel safe, protected.

"Are you finished for the night?" she asked evenly, her tone a complete opposite to the flirtatious one she used with him when they entered the club earlier.

"I'm all yours, my Mistress," he replied.

Without a word she reached up, grabbed the silk tie dangling from his neck, and gave a light tug. "Enjoy your evening, ladies," she heard him say to Megan and Natalie as he followed behind.

As they strolled through the gyrating, sweaty bodies on the dance floor, Dani slowed, realizing she hadn't reserved a room for the night's activities. She couldn't take Mike to Troy and Ransom's suite. If things went according to plan, the two of them would have Megan up there in short order.

Seeming to sense her sudden hesitation, Mike came through. "Take the stairs," he said close to her ear.

The bouncer at the top allowed them to pass, and from behind Mike urged her to continue down the darkened corridor. When they came to a closed door at the end, he reached around her, slid a key into the deadbolt lock, and gave a flick of his wrist.

"Turn the knob," he instructed.

The warmth of his breath wafted across her cheek. She did, and they entered the passage. After locking the deadbolt behind them, Mike placed the palm of his hand against the small of her back, proceeding forward.

"At the end of the hall, turn to the right."

When they reached their destination Mike slid a key into another lock.

"This is my personal suite," he stated, barely above a whisper, and pushed the door open.

Dani stared straight ahead, silent. This was her moment of truth.

"Are you ready to tame my beast?" he asked.

A chill of arousal snaked its way throughout her body. Dani felt her confidence grow tenfold. "Yes," she answered and stepped inside.

"Then allow me to show you what I've prepared over the past couple of days."

"All right."

The heat of Mike's hand pressing against the small of her back radiated throughout her body. As they strolled through the apartment, she glanced around. Simple furnishing served a purpose of practicality rather than flare. A worn floral patterned sofa stretched across the longest wall. A recliner held together with strips of duct tape sat in front of a moderately-sized television. Mike's suite was cozy, comfortable. Homey. A place she could see herself living quite happily.

Numerous pictures hung unevenly on the walls around the living room, the subjects smiling, enjoying each other. Dani spotted Mike in several, standing with who she assumed were his family.

"You have a lovely family," she said.

"Thank you. We're very close."

"Where are you in the pecking order?" she asked, noting a couple of portraits of studio quality.

"Youngest. My sisters are twins and seven years older than me. How about you?"

A tinge of envy panged her. How nice it would have been to be raised with siblings. "Only child. But have great friends."

"Here we are."

Mike encouraged her to round the corner and enter the room. The breath caught in Dani's chest as the room illuminated dimly before them. Her gaze darted around the room, taking in the smaller scale version of Troy and Ransom's playroom. Mike's was more intimate.

"This is perfect," she said, glancing up at him after taking a visual inventory of the supplies and decor.

"You like?"

"I love. Now," she said, stepping into the room and dropping her purse behind the door. With a turn she met his heated gaze, and her belly somersaulted. Crooking her finger, she motioned him forward. "Get in here, and get those clothes off."

"Very well, my Mistress."

Mike entered, slipping his suit jacket off. He folded it neatly and placed it over the back of a chair beside the door, followed by his tie. With their gazes locked, his blunt fingertips slid buttons through button holes, then worked the dress shirt over broad shoulders. The same attention to folding was paid to the shirt. His chest muscles rippled, calling out for her touch.

Dani ran her tongue across her lower lip as Mike reached for his pants. As he kicked off his loafers he pushed the thick leather of his belt past the brass buckle, and pulled it through the loops. He laid it on top of the dress shirt. A deft flick released the fastening of his pants. Then he lowered the zipper. Slowly. Teasing. Over his hips, down powerful legs, he pushed the fabric to the floor, along with his underwear. Mike bent over to retrieve the discarded pants. Before standing he tugged off his socks, tossing them under the chair with his shoes. He folded the pants, laying them on the seat of the chair.

Dani blew out a sigh of appreciation. He was stunning.

"Now your turn," he said in a smoky voice.

She cocked her head. "I'm in charge here."

"Of course, my Mistress." He grinned wickedly. "I thought you would be more comfortable without so many clothes on. I suspect we'll be working up quite a sweat."

No doubt!

"At least that's my hope," he added.

For a moment she pondered his suggestion. How thoughtful of him to express concern for her comfort. And since Mike had shed his clothing, the temperature seemed to have shot up numerous degrees.

"You're right," she said.

Dani gripped the hem of her shirt with shaky hands and slowly tugged the fabric up and over her head. When Mike held his hand out for the garment, she passed it to him. She watched as he folded the shirt, then placed it atop his pile of discarded attire. Once again his gaze, so full of lust, settled on her. A single nod, her cue to continue.

She reached behind her back for the fastening of her skirt. After releasing the closure she pushed the leather over the flare of her hips and stepped out. Mike held out his hand for the skirt. Dani knelt to retrieve it from the floor, then stood and handed it over. Again, he folded her piece of clothing before setting it aside. Clothed in her bra and panties she went back to admiring his nakedness.

Now that it was just the two of them, Dani's anxieties were niggling. From the moment she laid eyes on Mike she'd wanted to be with him. It was insane the attraction she felt toward him since she knew nothing about him. The physical attraction between them was undeniable as she watched his cock harden and lengthen before her eyes. If she had a penis it would probably look the same way. She didn't think she'd ever been as aroused as she was at the moment. She couldn't help but wonder if there could be something more between them than just this one night.

The craving to explore his big, muscled body with her hands grew to overwhelming proportions. She needed like she'd never needed before. She needed to possess him, and to have him possess her as well. Moisture threatened to explode from her core. Her nipples distended painfully as his eyes roamed from her face down to her toes. The slow path they traveled made her flesh goose pimple. When he began an upward sweep with his visual caress her knees threatened to buckle.

"I have a present for you." The sound of his voice brought her out of the erotic daydream. Breaking their gaze, Mike crossed the floor to a small table standing beside a wooden whipping post.

Turning on his heel, he closed the distance separating them and presented her a polished wooden paddle like the one she'd used on him a couple of days before. "I would be honored for you to use this on me, my Mistress."

As if suddenly remembering she was the one in charge, Dani summoned her control and took the paddle from Mike's outstretched hands.

"Very well, slave. Turn around and grip the handles of that whipping post."

A glimmer of arousal flickered in Mike's eyes. A grin tugged at the corner of his mouth. Dani's pulse raced.

"I won't restrain you. But don't even think of letting go of those grips," she warned.

"As you wish, Mistress."

Mike turned and reached for the handles on either side of the apparatus. His long, thick fingers wrapping around the rubber grips made Dani fantasize about his hands on her body. Without being told he spread his feet slightly wider than the distance of his broad shoulders.

Dani approached the naked man who'd taunted her dreams for weeks. Though she'd enjoyed their session together a couple of days earlier, she aimed to ensure their time tonight would be something neither of them would soon forget. In fact, if she played her cards right there would be plenty of nights like this.

"Before the other day had you ever been paddled?" she asked.

Each of them had a past. Nothing could change that, and Dani wasn't jealous of the past women in Mike's life. What mattered was the woman he may have after this night. The curiosity behind her question was simply to determine if he practiced the lifestyle full-time, or if he just dabbled.

Unable to resist any longer Dani reached out to stroke her hand across his shoulders. The muscles danced under her tentative touch. Though the bulges were firm, tight, his skin was soft.

"Yes," he replied.

"And you enjoyed it?"

"Not nearly as much as when you are the one wielding the implement, Mistress."

Good answer, she mused.

Down his back her hands caressed, lower until she reached the taut cheeks of his ass. She would have loved to bend over and sink her teeth into first one globe, then the other, but the man had asked for a paddling. She wasn't going anywhere any time soon, so there would be plenty of time for indulging.

"There will be ten, slave. Count them off."

And she began. First one pale cheek, and then the other. Over and over Dani swung the wooden paddle, connecting with Mike's ass with a sound *thwack*. As instructed Mike counted, and with each smack his voice grew raspier, huskier. When they reached ten both of them were breathing harsh, and a sheen of perspiration glistened on their flesh.

Dani's arousal was flying at breakneck speeds. Her hormones racing like an out of control locomotive. When Mike glanced over his shoulder at her, she was powerless to stop the shudder coursing through her that the glint in his eyes invoked.

"Thank you, my Mistress," he said.

"T-to the cross," she stammered.

Mike released his hold on the grips and stepped back from the post. Dani couldn't tear her eyes away from his reddened ass cheeks as he crossed the room toward the cross. With his back against the center support Mike bent over and wrapped the Velcro straps around his ankles. When he again stood he studied Dani with such intensity she felt herself waver.

"There's a step stool behind the door," he said. He must have read the confusion on her face because he added, "You'll need it to be tall enough to secure my wrists."

"Right," she said. After retrieving the stool and setting it beside him, she climbed up and fastened the straps around Mike's wrists.

A soft groan rumbled in his chest when her breast brushed along his side as she leaned in to fasten the restraints. The subtleness of his cologne mixed with a teasing muskiness assailed her senses when she inhaled a deep breath. Dani glanced over her raised arm and stifled a gasp. His eyes sparkled with mischief, and his full lips were now wet after running his tongue over them. Mike leaned over as if he would kiss her.

A voice in the back of her mind reminded her to regain control. Before his kissable lips touched hers, Dani reluctantly backed away. We have all night.

Stepping off the stool, she returned it to its place behind the door, and set out seeking a new implement. As she sashayed across the room Dani was sure to add a little more sway to her hips. She knew she'd succeeded in her visual seduction when a low, strangled groan carried to her ears.

From the selection of toys and tools Dani decided on a flogger. Long supple strips of leather dangled from one end, and polished aluminum decorated the other as a handle. The leather was soft as she threaded her fingers through the many ribbons. This implement wouldn't hurt as it danced across Mike's skin. It would create a more erotic sensation, like dozens of gentle fingers tickling his damp flesh.

After a couple of test swats against her hand, Dani turned her attention back to the restrained, naked man in the middle of the room. His nude body was a work of art, there was no question. The hunger in his eyes sent her heart thumping erratically inside her chest. At no time since disrobing had his erection weakened. His ability to sustain one for so long made her wet. Mike was who she was missing in her life. Who she needed to complete her.

Would Mike want that as well? Or was this simply a game to him?

Perhaps following their playtime they could sit down and talk about the possibility of a future together. Right now, she had a flogging to mete out.

"Have you ever been flogged?"

"No, Mistress."

"I've chosen this one specifically because of the suppleness of the leather," she explained.

"I trust you, my Mistress," Mike said in a tone that sent a chill rushing through her.

She shivered.

Before she began Dani stroked a hand over the hills and valleys of Mike chest and abdomen. The muscles rippled under her exploration. Her body ached to be caressed by Mike's large, strong hands. She wanted to feel his hands exploring her curves, his fingers coaxing out her deepest secrets. What would his lips feel like pressed against her flesh, or suckling her nipples?

Dani took a single step back, lifting the flogger, and with a flick of her wrist landed her first strike. Mike's skin danced, but his body remained still. She glanced up to look into his eyes, and he hitched his chin in silent challenge. In an effort to bring her arousal under control, she inhaled a deep breath. Again the leather straps sailed through the air to connect with Mike's frame.

Over and over she wielded the flogger, striking Mike's arms, legs, and washboard tummy. She continued to alter the force with which she swung the implement. A softer flick created a different sensation than a firmer one.

The entire time Mike's eyes held hers. Fire raged in his gaze. His breath was expelled in harsh pants as she persisted. She lost track of the passage of time. Stepping back to catch her breath, she dropped her eyes. When they settled on Mike's groin, her arousal took over.

Delicious droplets of pre-cum leaked from the slit at the end of his engorged cock. The flogger in her left hand fell to the floor with a *thud*, and she dropped to her knees before him. Unable to resist any longer, Dani leaned forward and licked the milky colored substance from the head of his shaft. The muskiness of his arousal whirled under her nose, further stimulating her already raging libido.

A soft moan was murmured from above. She cupped the taut sac dangling beneath the cock her mouth teased. Around the crown her tongue swirled in languid strokes until Mike's hips began to move with eagerness. There was no turning back. When she closed her lips over the broad crest his big body wavered. Her lips caressed the length of his shaft, her tongue gliding along the pulsing vein underside. The taste of him on her tongue was enough to send her body into orbit.

The combination of power and masculinity, mixed with a hint of vulnerability, set her body ablaze. Carnality swam in her veins, making her mind fuzzy.

Against her mouth Mike's hips thrust with growing urgency. Upon her tongue she tasted the tell-tale sign he was close. His flavor was like nothing she'd ever before sampled, and Dani knew this one night would never be enough.

She drew his cock deeper into her mouth. Faster she stroked him with her lips and tongue, every so often dragging her teeth along his iron-hard flesh. Higher her own arousal climbed until she teetered on the precipice of orgasm. With reluctance she released Mike's shaft to sit back on her heels. Using her hands, she balanced herself against his thighs.

"Jesus, don't stop." She barely heard Mike's strangled whisper through her ragged breaths. Try as she might, she was losing the ability to bring her fevered body back under control.

For speaking without permission he should be punished, but Dani didn't believe her legs would hold her up long enough to mete one out. If she hadn't stopped when she did, she for certain would have come right then and there. That wasn't what she wanted for her first time with Mike. She wanted him inside her. Thrusting, stroking, claiming her, if just for this one night.

Silent seconds between them stretched into minutes. Once she was sure her legs could sustain her weight, Dani stood. The scent of her excitement wafted up between them. If she could smell it, she was certain Mike could as well.

She met Mike's hungry gaze and arousal soared once again. With fiery need he held her attention. Desire, animalistic lust, burned in his dark eyes. The flare of his nostrils as he inhaled deeply threatened to do her in.

"What will you do now, my Mistress?" he asked. A glint of challenge flickered in his eyes, as if he sensed her desperation to jump him despite being restrained to the cross.

Afraid her voice would fail her, without a word Dani backed away while holding his heated gaze. Reaching up she held the clasp of her front closure of her bra and gave a twist, releasing her breasts from their lacy restraint. Mike's eyes widened with heightened interest. Turning her back, she bent at the waist and slid her panties over the curves of her buttocks and down her legs, giving

him an unobstructed view of her wet slit. His tortured groan brought a smile to her lips. With a flirty grin over her shoulder, Dani walked to the table beside the bench and studied the variety of toys laid across the surface.

Picking up a life-like pink dildo, she turned back to face Mike, showing him her find. His cock was hard, the crown an angry red and leaking. The muscles in his upper body tensed as he tugged on the restraints holding his wrists.

"Now you will watch me pleasure myself, slave," she said.

Dani walked over and sat on the edge of the spanking bench a few feet away. His eyes bore into her, watching every move. Bringing the dildo up to her mouth she flicked her tongue out and over the tip of the firm rubber toy. Mike groaned from his spot on the cross, and began rocking his hips. Continuing her oral assault on the dildo, Dani shut her eyes and moaned aloud, closing her lips around the replica cock. Hollowing her cheeks, she sucked the toy deep before pulling it from her mouth and once again laving it with her wet tongue. Spreading her legs, she brought her right hand up to cup her breast. Tugging at her tight nipple earned her a strangled grunt and a hip thrust from the man staring at her.

* * * *

Slowly, Dani dragged the eight-inch dildo down her neck, between her breasts, along her belly, to stop just above her shaven pussy. She used her right hand to spread her plump folds open wide, to reveal the swollen nub hidden within. With his eyes glued on her wet, exposed cunt, Dani slid the toy lower to tease the seeping opening. Pushing the dildo inside, she tossed her head back, thrusting her tits toward Mike in offering. Once six inches of the toy vanished she sighed, then withdrew it. While her left hand continued to work the toy in and out of her pussy, the fingers of her right began to rub and pluck at her clit.

"Mmm," she whimpered.

Mike eyes were focused on the woman before him, fucking herself with a fake cock when she was more than welcome to the one he was sporting, not more than four feet away. Christ, the aroma of her arousal had been driving him insane. He knew she'd been close to coming several times as her musky scent filled the room. Little did she know, he was about to make her suffer as she'd made him since arriving in his suite. Hell, for the past month.

The dildo glistened with her juice as she pulled it from her pussy. Reading the expression on her beautiful face, her eyes squeezed closed, biting her lower lip, Mike knew she was climbing for orgasm. She would not reach it without his help.

Or his permission.

A forceful tug snapped the Velcro around his wrists. The rendering of the straps caused Dani's eyes to shoot open and her hands to cease their ministrations. The gaping look of surprise she stared back at him with made him chuckle. When she saw he was free, she leapt to her feet and dropped the dildo to the floor with a *thud*. He took a step toward her, and she sidestepped around the bench, putting a few feet between them.

"Don't you move a muscle, my Mistress," he said.

"Your ankles. Your wrists," she gasped, wide eyed.

"You should have checked to be sure your slave obeyed your direction, Mistress."

"But..."

Mike continued to stalk toward her.

"No buts, my pretty little slave. Your presence in this club has taunted me for over a month. Actually, thirty-five days to be exact," he declared. "You invade my dreams, my thoughts, and I can't think straight when a vision of your curvaceous body flashes in my mind. This, for the record, is all the fucking time."

A feminine gasp slipped past her parted lips.

"To add to my pleasurable agony, I've been enjoying the smell of your pussy for close to an hour. Now, I'm going to taste you."

Her eyes grew as big as saucers, flickering with her escalating arousal. The rise and fall of her breasts as she labored for breath stimulated him even more. The stunned look on her face seconds before had now transformed to one of pure excitement.

"I'm the Mistress," she muttered with wavering confidence.

The sudden change in her body language confirmed he'd knocked her off balance. Control had been granted to Dani long enough. Mike now intended to take what was his. He would stake his claim.

"The hell you are," he growled.

Like a predator after his prey, Mike stalked forward. Dani countered him step for step as he backed her toward the wall. She had to tilt her head back to look up at him. Desire and need reflected back at him in her eyes. His large hands gripped her waist, and effortlessly Mike lifted her frame. Pressing her back against the wall, leveling her pussy with his face, the Dominant in him emerged.

"Legs over my shoulders," he ordered.

Her uttered gasp of protest made him smile. "Mike, please."

"Don't make me repeat myself, Danielle," his tone cautioned.

With her hands clutching his biceps, Dani lifted her legs over his shoulders. Her body trembled once she settled.

"Good girl," he praised, and moved his face close to inhale her scent.

Dani's muskiness washed over Mike. He was in heaven. The aroma of her arousal, a life-giving aphrodisiac he would never again be able to live without.

"Since the moment I laid eyes on you, you've consumed me. Besides sinking myself inside you, I want to know everything about you. Like your birthday—"

"April sixth."

"Favorite color?"

"Yellow."

"Turn on?"

"What?"

"We have an afternoon alone together. What do we do?"

"After a romantic picnic by the lake," she first panted, and then growled, "we do the wild thing in the backseat of your car!"

"Food?"

"My mom's apple pie. She makes it with caramel."

"Nice. I now have a sudden need to cover your entire body in caramel and lick you clean. Your biggest disappointment?"

"Not being with you before this minute."

"Jesus, baby."

Mike knew that after he tasted her there would never be anyone else again, as long as he lived, who would satisfy him sexually. Would Dani be interested in entertaining the possibility of something more? He hoped so, but for now, all that mattered was for the two of them to come together, to fulfill the deep physical and emotional need they both clearly shared.

"Mike," she whispered. "W-what are you going to do?"

"Everything I want. Now open yourself to me," Mike commanded in a hoarse voice. "I want to see how beautiful your sweet smelling pussy is."

Without hesitation Dani released her grip on his arms and reached between her legs. Mike's eyes centered on the smooth, shaven lips inches from his face, as Dani used her slender fingers to spread her folds. A husky moan came from above him, and her body shuddered against the wall.

"Wider, baby."

As she did, Mike leaned forward and slid the flat of his tongue along her opening to the tip of her clit. Closing his lips around the pink nub, he suckled lightly before slipping his tongue up inside her. Farther he probed, savoring the unique flavor of her. Despite the painful throb between his legs needing to be buried deep inside Dani's body, Mike could die a happy man at having just tasted her.

Dani's hips began to wiggle, and she tried to move even closer to his feasting mouth. With a gentle nip to her inner right thigh, Dani's movement froze. He hadn't bit her enough to cause her intense pain, but she would bear his mark.

"Be still, my slave. I'm far from having my fill of you," Mike growled against her mound. With another flick of his tongue against her clit, Dani cried out. "And don't even think about coming without my permission, baby."

"But, Mike," she sobbed. "I'm so close now."

"Well, I'm not done, so you're going to have to hold it."

Ignoring her protests, Mike went back to devouring Dani's pussy. Her scent and taste clouded his rational thought. He couldn't get enough of her. The sounds of her ragged breath as she fought to control the climb to release made his balls tighten under his shaft.

Beneath his hands, her body trembled, her skin dampening at an alarming rate, and Dani gasped out incoherent words.

"M—M—Mi..." he heard, and knew he'd better allow her a brief reprieve.

"Thirty seconds, baby," he told her, after pulling away. "That's how long you have to get yourself under control."

The fiery look in her eyes had Mike near shooting his load all over the wall in front of him. The need to be brought to release made her dark brown orbs sparkle. The desire not to let him down flickered bright. As the seconds ticked by Dani struggled to draw breath. Deeply she would inhale, and shudder on exhale.

Mike lifted his head and lowered her body enough to drag his tongue across one peaked nipple before the other. The twin berries strained, growing a deeper shade of pink as they beckoned another wet caress. Closing his lips around the tip of her right breast, Mike drew the tight peak into his mouth. Rolling his tongue over the bud, his teeth nipped the puckered flesh, bringing a sharp cry from the depths of Dani's chest. When her fingers fisted in his hair, holding his head in place, Mike ceased his torture.

"Keep your pussy open for me, slave girl," he ordered, and tightened his grip on her waist. "I want to savor the scent of you while I enjoy your beautiful tits."

Dani unthreaded her fingers from Mike's curls and again reached between her legs.

"Good girl," he praised, and drew her left nipple into his mouth and suckled the peak hard.

When her breath grew ragged, he pulled away from her breast as he held her gaze. She was so close to climax he could smell her arousal growing muskier.

"You still cannot come without my permission," he reminded her before nipping at the flesh around her right breast.

"Mike—"

"Master," he corrected.

"Master," she repeated in a raspy voice, without hesitating. "Master, please. I need to come."

The sound of her husky voice calling him 'Master' was nearly enough to push Mike over the edge.

"I don't think so," he said, and dipped his head between her thighs again. "You've teased me for weeks, baby. I'm taking a few more minutes."

For several moments Mike's tongue continued to lap and his lips pluck at her swollen clit. Her sensual moans of pleasure fed his need. He pushed her sexual desire higher, ignoring her mewling protests, until she fell silent, and her body quivered uncontrollably against the wall where he still held her.

Mike glanced up. Dani's top teeth were sunk into her lower lip, and her eyes were squeezed shut. Perspiration trickled down her heated flesh in rivulets.

"Dani?" Mike questioned in a whisper.

"I d-didn't," she stammered and gasped for air. "I...didn't, Mike—Master," she quickly corrected herself. "I s-swear."

Mike knew he'd pushed her pretty hard, and it thrilled him that she had fought off her orgasm to please him.

"I know, baby," he said in an assuring tone. "Are you all right?"

She gave a slight nod and moaned as a tremor moved through her.

"Good girl, Dani," Mike praised in a soft voice. "Hold it for me. I promise your reward will be worth the wait."

"I'm on fire, Mike," she said in a strangled cry.

Heavy perspiration covered Dani's flesh. Her brunette waves a sexy, tousled mess, with strands clinging to her cheeks and neck. Through half-closed eyelids she met his gaze. She caught her breath, and Mike knew it was in reaction to the hunger she'd seen in his eyes.

"I know you are, my honey." He chuckled low. "That's the idea. Now you know what you do to me."

A seductive grin curled Dani's lips. "Really?" she asked, hesitant curiosity heavy in her voice.

Mike nodded. Though Dani was light as a feather, his arms were feeling the tension of holding her in the position against the wall for the past twenty minutes.

"I set your body on fire?"

"Yeah, you do. Come on, slide your legs down, baby," he told her. When she did, Mike lowered her until her feet settled on the floor. "Under your touch, I lose all conscious thought," he admitted, and continued to hold her around the waist until the circulation returned to her feet and toes.

Mike's cock pressed against Dani's belly as he held her. Once again her fingers dug into his forearms as she sought balance.

"Are you ready to continue, slave?"

"If you stop now I'll kill you," she replied.

Mike bent down to scoop Dani up in his arms. She buried her face into the crook of his neck, nuzzling, kissing, and nipping his throat. He carried her across the playroom and through the door to his bedroom.

In the middle of his bed he laid her and reached for the nightstand. From the drawer he gathered the box of condoms he'd purchased earlier in the day and a tube of lubricant.

"Let me," she offered after watching him fumble with the box.

His anxiousness to be inside her was affecting his fine motor skills. He prayed he'd be able to exercise some finesse.

She pulled a ream of rubbers from the box, and ripped one off at the perforation. Mike noticed Dani's hands were shaking just as his were. For a moment he questioned if she was nervous from anticipation and excitement, as he was, or was she worried because of his size that he'd hurt her. His query was extinguished when she ripped open the foil packet with her teeth, with a savagery to rival a lioness eating her prey.

Mike pushed his hips forward as she reached to roll the rubber onto his dick, her touch gentle and sure. When her teeth bit into her lower lip Mike's balls threatened to burst. Popping the cap on the lube, he squeezed a glob into his hand and stroked his length. When he reached to smear some on Dani's pussy she chuckled.

"I'm already pretty wet," she told him.

"Baby, I'm not bragging, but my cock is a hell of a lot bigger than that dildo you were toying with. I want in you so fucking bad, I'm afraid I might hurt you. I don't want to do that." He proceeded to ensure Dani was prepared to take every fat inch of him.

After wiping his hand on a towel he'd left on the foot of the bed for just this instance, he settled himself between Dani's splayed thighs. His large body completely covered her smaller one. He feared he'd squish her if he wasn't careful.

"Please, Mike," she pleaded. "We've waited long enough."

Mike grabbed his cock in his hand and pushed his hips forward until the head of it slipped inside her slick entrance. Despite the generousness of the clear jelly, he met resistance. Several times he pulled back at the thought of causing her pain. His gut ached at the thought. He didn't want to hurt her, just love her.

Sweat popped out of his pores as he restrained himself. The need to thrust deep was great, but her comfort more important. If it took him all night to enter her tight sheath, then so be it. Her hips thrust upward, pulling him in a bit at a time.

"Mike, please," she repeated.

He gained another inch before her body stiffened. Her muscles pulsed and clenched around him, fighting against his advances. He glanced down and grimaced. Hell, he'd only managed to slide half his prick inside her. This just might kill him. Down the length of his back her delicate fingers gently caressed, until she came to his ass. After cupping the cheeks, she dug her nails into his flesh. Instinct made him thrust forward to ease the splinters of pain she created.

"I don't want to hurt you," he growled when he realized her motivation.

"You won't hurt me, damn it. Now give me what I want."

This time when she dug into his ass she thrust her hips up, her body swallowing the last few inches of his cock. The seam of her buttocks cradled his sac as he pressed against her. Her cunt fought his intrusion, yet she held him tight. Mike doubted he could pull away if his life depended on it.

Mike watched as a multitude of expressions crossed her face. Perspiration peppered her upper lip and forehead. Beneath him her body trembled. When her lower lip began to quiver Mike was yanked back to reality.

"You're in pain," he ground out.

Her eyelids fluttered open, and she smiled. "Only in the most fabulous way," she purred.

A moment passed while he absorbed her words. He had to have caused her intense discomfort. He'd just shoved his giant dick inside her tight, unyielding pussy, and she was smiling at him?

This wasn't how it was supposed to be. He'd wanted their first time to be a loving and tender experience, despite his raging hormones. The BDSM stuff was for fun, and when she'd gotten her fill of "punishing" him, it would be him who showed her just how gentle he could be.

He wished he could turn back the clock, if only for a few minutes.

"What did I say about you stopping, Master?" Dani's fingertips began dancing along the flesh of his back.

Mike searched her face for something, anything, to hint that she wasn't just saying what he wanted to hear, that she didn't truly want him to pull out. All he saw was desire and need in her eyes. Her smile widened, and she wiggled her hips as much as she could with his weight pressed onto her.

"As you wish, my Mistress," he said, and then captured her mouth with his.

Between her legs he stroked a demanding, confident rhythm. Within moments her pussy tightened around him, pulling, insistent. She was close, but seemed unwilling to take the leap alone. Dani wrapped her legs around his back, hooking her ankles as best she could. Against his chest her hands pressed as if providing her leverage as he pushed her across the bed with every thrust of his hips.

"Now. Please," she begged and ordered at the same time.

"Yes, my baby, now."

Chapter 5

"Hey, Mike," Dani called from his kitchenette the following morning. "We're out of juice, milk, wine, even beer. Cleaned you right out of all liquids."

In more ways than one, he mused.

"I'll run downstairs and grab a couple bottles of water," he announced, joining her and scooping her up in his arms.

Dani squealed, wrapping her arms around his neck. "You're such a brute," she teased, nuzzling his throat.

He sauntered across the suite, and when he crossed the threshold of the bedroom, he tossed her onto the middle of his bed.

"Wee," Dani cheered as her body sailed through the air.

"I'll be five minutes, babe," he said, his eyes taking in every curvaceous inch of her. God, he was in love. "You'd better be sprawled across my bed, naked, when I get back."

"Or what?" A sassy smirk curled her lips as she got up on her hands and knees.

"I'll paddle your ass," he replied.

"Ooo, doesn't that sound like fun."

Mike bent over and dropped a kiss on her full lips. "Be right back."

"I'll be waiting."

Pulling the door to his suite closed, Mike found himself grinning ear to ear. He'd never been so happy in his life. He'd met his sexual match in Dani, and now he needed to convince her there could be more to a life with him than earth-shattering sex. Every day for the rest of his life he wanted to wake up next to her. Holding her snug against his chest is how he wanted to fall asleep each and every night.

As Mike neared the landing, thumping on the back staff entrance door gained his attention.

"Who the hell is that so early in the damn morning?" He glanced at the clock beside the door and grinned. It was eleven-thirty. "Guess it's not so early after all."

The knocking became louder, more insistent. No one who should be knocking would be in for another couple of hours.

"Okay, okay, I'm coming. Christ," Mike called out. "What the hell is your problem?" he growled when he swung the heavy steel door open.

Standing before him wearing a finely tailored suit stood the state's senator. Mike recognized him immediately: he was always in the news. Four bodyguards accompanied him, two standing on each side. Mike was pretty sure the slight bulges under their jackets were an indication they were packing heat.

"It's about fucking time," the man snapped, pushing his way past Mike.

"Can I help you with something?" Mike asked, and followed him up the hall toward the bar.

"Where is she?" the senator asked.

"Where's who?" Mike countered.

"My daughter. I know she's here."

Mike's mind raced. "Sir?"

"Megan Washington, you imbecile. Where is she?"

Mike breathed a sigh of relief, thankful Dani's father hadn't come knocking.

* * * *

Tense minutes passed as the senator berated Mike, and the club as a whole, while the men accompanying him remained silent. It was evident the situation was getting out of hand, and considering the odds of five to one weren't in Mike's favor he decided to call in reinforcements.

Inside the bar area, Mike picked up the phone and dialed Troy's cellphone.

"Hey, Mike."

"Really sorry to bother you, Troy."

"No, no, it's all right," Troy said. "What's up?"

"We've got a situation." Mike ran his fingers through his hair. "Listen pal, as much as I hate to interrupt your morning, I think you'd better come down here."

"Who's doing all the yelling?"

"Megan's old man. Buddy, I've got a very unhappy senator on my hands."

"Are you serious?"

"Oh, yeah. He's refusing to leave, and threatening to take this place down brick by brick until he gets his hands on his daughter."

"I'm on my way. Give me a few minutes."

True to his word, a few minutes later the door to the private suites opened and Troy and Ransom, along with Megan, strolled in. Though security was Mike's position, Troy was the club manager, and calm negotiations were his field of expertise.

"Senator, I'm going to have to ask you to lower your voice, please," Troy said.

"If you think for one minute that you're going to tell me what to do, young man, you're out of your fucking mind. And *you*..." The senator pointed at Megan. "How dare you sully my reputation in this manner? You selfish, spoiled brat."

"What exactly is it that our Megan has done to 'sully your reputation,' sir?" Troy asked.

Mike always admired how calm Troy could remain in any situation.

"What the hell were you thinking coming into a place like this? The reporter who shot this photo," he yelled as he held a newspaper over his head, "said he sat out front for hours, and you didn't come out. Do you know how many reporters are parked out front of this shit hole right now?"

"And?" Troy asked.

"And it sure as shit looks like she spent the night! Look at you! Did you spend all fucking night lying on your back with your God damned legs in the air?"

"That'll be enough of that," Troy snarled. "You will not speak to Megan that way."

Senator Washington gave Troy a look of utter disdain. "For Crissakes girl, what the hell did you do here all night?"

"That isn't any of your business, Senator," Ransom said calmly.

The senator turned his angry gaze on his daughter. A moment later, his face turned bright red. "You let these two fuck you, didn't you? Do you have any idea how this is going to affect *me* once this gets out? You're no better than a slut. You're just a common *whore*."

"Dad," Megan gasped.

"Why you son of a bitch," Ransom exploded. Megan placed a hand on his chest, stopping him from advancing on her father.

When Mike would have joined Ransom, the look in Megan's eyes pulled him up short. Sad as it seemed, it was clear outbursts like the one they were witnessing weren't new to her.

Instead of taking a step forward to protect the senator, the bodyguards took a step back. Megan released Troy's hand and stepped toward her father. Troy and Ransom stayed close.

"Dad, please, calm down—"

"You are a disgrace. A huge disappointment. To think I wasted my sperm creating you."

Megan's body stiffened, all color draining from her face. The hurt in her eyes made Mike's blood boil. No, she wasn't his woman, but Jesus Christ, what sort of man said something like that to his own daughter? When Mike joined Dani back in his suite he would insist they meet each other's parents and get their relationship out in the open.

"Now you get your worthless ass out the back fucking door, and into my limo," Megan's father ordered. "We'll join my team doing damage control from home."

The seconds ticked by. Anger, frustration and confusion radiated off Megan. Mike could see Troy and Ransom were doing their best to keep it together.

"We meant what we said, honey," Troy said, his eyes glued on Megan's dad. "You don't have to go anywhere."

"Your home is right here with us, baby," Ransom added.

After several tense moments, Megan shook her head. "No, Dad. I'm not going anywhere."

"Don't you dare back talk me, you hussy." The senator attempted to smack Megan with the newspaper in his hand.

Troy pulled Megan to him. Without argument, she placed herself behind his body. Ransom grabbed the senator's wrist in mid-air.

"Whoa, old man," Ransom growled. As he pulled the senator's hand down, the man winced in pain.

"Are you four baboons going to do something?" Senator Washington snarled at the bodyguards.

The man standing on his immediate left lifted his chin. "I don't think so, sir. These fellows have things well in hand."

"You were hired to protect *me*," the senator roared. "And I expect you to do your job, asshole. Arrest them. Do something!"

"I don't know who the hell you think you are, but I'm not about to offer assistance to a political figure, or any man for that matter, who attempts to hit his daughter, and speaks to her like you just have."

"Why you bastard. You are fired!"

"Since you don't pay my wages, sir, that's not your call," the man pointed out, his tone completely calm. "But I'm more than happy to put in for reassignment."

"Now, Senator," Troy said. "You will leave without further incident."

"I'm not going anywhere without my daughter."

The door to the private corridor opened, and feminine giggling drew the attention of the group. Max Renfrew entered with Natalie on his arm. He wore only a pair of boxer shorts, while she was dressed in one of Max's t-shirts.

"I'm sorry. I wasn't expecting anyone to be down yet." Max surveyed the situation, and his eyes narrowed with concern. "What's going on here?"

"Natalie?" Megan was clearly surprised to see her friend.

"Meg?" Natalie replied.

"The senator was just leaving," Troy informed Max.

"The hell I am."

"Senator Washington!" Natalie gasped. She stepped behind Max, tugging at the hem of the t-shirt.

"Well, seeing *you* here does not surprise me," the senator said. "What the hell have you gotten my daughter into?"

"Now you wait just a minute, sir." Max took a step forward. "Senator, you will leave my establishment now, or I'll be placing a call to the police and filing a harassment suit."

"Max? You... You own this club?" Megan asked.

Max nodded in her direction as the back door opened again. This time Dani's voice stopped everyone cold.

"Where's my super hunky slave boy at? Yoohoo, Mikey, baby. Your Mistress wants to plaaayyy."

When she came into view, several startled gasps and a couple of strangled groans were heard. One was his own. Dani wore a pair of tiny black panties and a black leather corset with holes in the center of the breast cups that left her rosy-tipped nipples completely exposed. In her right hand she held a riding crop.

That's my girl.

"What the hell is going on?" she asked calmly. Her eyes settled on Mike. "I thought you came down here to grab us some water?"

As his eyes savored her scantily clad form, Mike shrugged. "Something came up." He jerked his thumb toward the others in the room.

"I should have known you and the other tart were behind this," Megan's father said.

"Hey, who are you calling a tart?" Natalie said, stepping out from behind Max.

Dani tipped her head coyly, a sly smile curling her lips. "Nice to see you here without your usual disguise, Senator."

Whoa! Didn't see that coming.

Judging from the stunned expressions on everyone else's face, they hadn't expected it either.

The senator turned white as a sheet. "Why you smug little trollop!"

Mike was thankful Troy stepped in, because he himself was seeing red. The only thing he wanted to do was rip the senator's throat out. Despite being equally as pissed, Troy would be more rational.

"This meeting is over." Troy turned to Megan. "Sweetheart, you take Natalie and Dani up to *our* suite. *Yours*, Ransom and my home."

"Troy," she whispered.

"Our home," he repeated. Troy brushed his thumb across Megan's cheek to wipe away a single tear trickling down. "We will see your father and his escorts out, then we will be right up." Megan nodded.

Mike found himself wondering if Dani would be as ready to accept a life with him.

"I love you, Megan." Troy spoke a little louder than necessary, and Mike assumed it was to ensure that everyone in the room heard his words. "Now, go."

As she turned, Ransom grabbed her arms and spun her around to face him. Holding the angry gaze of her father a moment longer, Ransom lowered his mouth and kissed her long and hard.

The senator took a step forward, but the bodyguard on his right stopped him. "Don't even think about it," the man said.

Ransom pulled away and looked down at Megan. "I love you too, baby." Urging Megan to the door leading to the private suite, Ransom released her.

Once the door had closed behind the women, Troy, Ransom, Mike and Max advanced. Two of the bodyguards were young, very young, and clearly lacking experience. They had remained silent during the entire confrontation and now appeared to be sizing up the competition. With effort Mike contained a snicker of amusement as he read their deduction.

Of the four men, Max was the smallest in stature. Yet despite being clad in only a pair of silk boxers, his six-one, two-hundred-fifteen pound presence was threatening. Ransom and Troy were close in height and stature, standing around six-three, each weighing close to two-hundred-thirty pounds. Then there was Mike, himself. He was the largest, standing six-five and tipping the scales at around two-hundred-seventy-five pounds.

"We are done here, gentlemen," Troy said. "Senator or not, and at this moment I don't give a flying fuck that you're Megan's old man, you have ten seconds to get the hell out of this club."

"I'm not leaving my daughter with you two miscreants, in this dump that promotes your dysfunctional way of life."

"Get him out, now," Troy said. There was no mistaking the warning in his tone.

"Senator," the man to his right spoke. "Sir, my men and I are leaving, with or without you." When the senator didn't move, the bodyguard prompted again. "Sir, last warning. Let's go."

"I am *not* finished with you," the senator threatened.

"Looking forward to seeing you again, Senator," Troy replied.

The bodyguards aided the still fighting and cursing senator down the corridor and out the back door.

After throwing the double deadbolt, Max turned back toward the three men. "Well, that was rather unpleasant for first thing in the morning," he said.

"What happened? How'd he get in?" Troy asked.

"I came downstairs, and somebody was pounding on the door so hard I thought they were going to break it down," Mike admitted, as the men started climbing the stairs. "When I opened the door he pushed past me. Sorry to spoil your morning, Troy. I didn't think it would be a good idea to get physical, at least not until every attempt had been made to reason with him, but the guy wouldn't listen. With your skill at reasoning with people I knew you'd bring diplomacy to the situation."

"No problem, big man," Troy said. "The old fellow's got issues, and nobody needs to put up with that sort of bullshit."

* * * *

The door to Troy and Ransom's suite opened, and all four men entered.

"Well?" Megan asked as Ransom approached and wrapped his arms around her.

"Let's just say I doubt the senator will be sending the club a Christmas card this year." Ransom dropped a kiss on the top of her head. "You okay?"

"I'll be fine. I'm used to his tirades."

"You sure you're all right, Megan?" Max asked.

Mike watched Megan nod, but she remained silent. The poor woman looked beyond embarrassed. Humiliated would be more accurate. Mike felt for her.

"Okay, well, now that that unpleasantness is concluded, the group of us has reservations at The Cove for brunch. A limo will be here in an hour to pick us up," Max announced as he crossed the room toward Natalie.

"That's nice." Natalie accepted his hand, and he pulled her to her feet. "What's the occasion?"

"We're celebrating the first day of the rest of our lives," Max replied. "Come on, move that sweet ass, Nat. I'd like to make love to you before we leave."

"Ahh, damn! An hour doesn't give me nearly enough time to punish my Mikey," Dani said with a sassy grin as Mike approached her. "That's all right, we'll do a quickie now, and then a longie when we get back."

"Sounds good to me, babe." Mike picked Dani up and tossed her over his shoulder. Mike knew he'd never want to be anywhere else, ever again.

* * * *

After they'd both reached climax Dani lay sprawled across Mike's body, her head resting on his chest.

"That was great," he said, running his fingers through her hair.

"Mmm-mmm," she purred in agreement.

Mike glanced at the clock on the table beside his bed. "We better get ready. The limo will be here in fifteen minutes."

"Think Max will mind if we skip brunch?" Dani asked, and ran a fingertip over his erect nipple.

"Yeah, he might. Come on, we need sustenance and there's nothing around here for us to eat."

"Oh, fine," she groused and wiggled off him.

"Remember, we've got a longie to look forward to when we get back."

"That's right," she purred, stroking her hand along his abdomen.

After a very quick shower, they stood in Mike's bedroom getting dressed. He watched Dani as she studied the red miniskirt she'd worn the night before, indecision evident in her expression. When she looked over at him, he smiled.

"I have something for you." He turned and walked to his closet.

"For me?"

Mike pulled a clothing bag from his closet and reached for the zipper. "Brunch wasn't a surprise for us guys. It was part of Max's master plan. But I knew it would be for you, and remembering your attire when you came to the club for your sessions..." he said, enjoying the blush tinting her cheeks as he reminded her of her state of undress during her training. "Anyhow, I thought you might like this."

With the zipper lowered, Mike slid the plastic bag over the hanger, revealing a floral print sundress. Dani's face lit up.

"There were lots of colors, but I liked the yellow the best," he said. "Not bad considering I only found out last night it's your favorite color."

"It's beautiful, Mike," she said, and crossed the floor toward him. She rose to her tiptoes, and he dipped his head to press a kiss against her lips.

"Thank you," she added, taking the dress off the hanger. After unzipping it and slipping it over her head, she turned her back to him, lifting her long, dark curls out of the way.

Mike placed a kiss between her shoulder blades as he zipped the dress closed.

"Well?" she asked, spinning in a circle before him. "What do you think?"

"I think I am the luckiest man alive," he replied. "You're gorgeous."

"Mike," she uttered tentatively.

"Yeah, baby?"

"What happens now?"

"We go to brunch. Our hour's up."

"No, what happens after brunch?"

"We come back here and make love until we're spent."

Her top teeth sunk into her lower lip. "And after that?"

Mike studied Dani for several moments in silence. He knew it was impulsive, but it was now or never. He had to tell her how he was feeling, and prayed she felt the same way.

"Move in with me," he requested. "And we'll take it from there."

Dani blinked several times. His statement caught her unawares. "I have a cat. Is there room in your heart for Lady Godiva?"

"Lady Godiva?"

"My cat."

"Oh, jeez, she sounds high maintenance," Mike groaned. A wide smile lifted his lips.

"She's a cat, of course she's high maintenance. Cats have staff you know, not owners."

"I don't know, baby," he said, fastening the buttons of his shirt. "I'm more of a goldfish sort of guy."

Her shoulders slumped. "Really?"

"Yeah," he replied, and grinned. "But if it means keeping you in my bed every night, I suppose I could learn to tolerate your cat."

A smile curled Dani's full, delicious lips. "Yeah?"

"I'm not promising anything where your cat is concerned," Mike said and opened his arms to her. "I like goldfish."

Dani stepped into his embrace, wrapping her arms around his body. "Then I'll get you one. Maybe two. And do you know why, Mike Ranger?"

"Why?"

"Because I've fallen for you. In a big way, big man."

Mike bent down and scooped her up in his arms.

"That's a good thing, baby. Because I fell for you the moment I first laid eyes on you. I've been waiting patiently for you to catch up."

About Jennifer Cole

http://www.lyricalpress.com/jennifer_cole

By day, Jennifer Cole is a mild mannered administrative assistant in a bustling office. By night, she shuts out the world of reality and enters...the realm of erotic romance and fantasy. Living for an exhilarating plot and wickedly delicious sex scenes, there is nothing too outrageous or off limits for this slave to eroticism; in fact, the naughtier the encounter, the better.

* * * *

After reading a number of erotic romances I got the bright idea it might be fun to write one. Seems I possess a talent to tell a lascivious tale. Regardless of the steamy sexy stories I create, for me it's all about true love and happily-ever-after, or a reasonable facsimile—the guy must get the girl in the end.

On those rare occasions when I manage to steal some spare time, I read. When not sweating over the laptop tapping to keep up with my over-active imagination, I squeeze in running, cycling, trips to the gym and occasionally shoot pool. Above everything else, I cherish time spent with my family and friends.

Currently I make my home in a small city in South-western Ontario and just enjoy life.

A simple girl with simple indulgences, that's me. I listen to rock music, enjoy expensive cognac and oh, I've never met a cookie I didn't like!

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