



FREYA'S BOWER PRESENTS

Dining In

ELISE LOGAN

Dining In

by

Elise Logan



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Culver City, CA

Dining In

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by Elise Logan, pseudonym

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“Spread your legs.”

“Excuse me?” Carrie stared at Adam from her perch on the edge of his desk. A rush of liquid heat flooded her, even as her brain balked at the gruff command.

“You asked what I wanted.” He raised his dark brows expectantly. The gold striations in his autumn-brown eyes shifted with the dilation of his pupils.

“Adam, I didn’t mean—”

“I don’t care what you meant. Now.” He moved to stand in front of her. “Spread those legs, baby. I want to eat you.”

She blinked up at him, shock making her slow to register his words. Her mind was sluggish, but her body didn’t hesitate. Her knees parted of their own volition, and her legs shifted to obey him. She’d barely moved before he put his hands on her knees and jerked them wide. The sudden move threw her off balance and forced her to lean back on the desk, catching herself on her arms. Her hard nipples thrust visibly against the thin cloth of her shirt. The narrow skirt rode up her legs, catching and stretching across her thighs.

“Don’t move,” he ordered. Adam lifted his hands from her knees and worked his fingers over the buttons of her white poplin shirt. Pushing the edges open, he bared her breasts to his hungry gaze. Carrie shivered at the shock of cool air on her heated skin.

An animalistic growl rose from his throat as he palmed her breasts. His calloused hands rotated over her nipples, creating delicious friction. “I think you knew just what I wanted. Do you think I didn’t notice that you’re not wearing a bra today? You took that suit jacket off to tease me with these tits.”

“No, I....” Carrie’s head swam with pleasure. She squirmed mindlessly against the hard wood of his desk. God, she loved his hands. Big, strong hands. Warm and a little rough with long, talented fingers.

Adam’s gaze met hers, and her breathing stuttered. “I told you not to move.” He pinched her nipples between his fingers.

The pressure was sharp, intense. Carrie moaned in a primal combination of pleasure and pain. Her breasts tingled, and her core throbbed when he let go.

Forcing his hands under the taut material of her skirt, he hooked his thumbs in her panties. He stepped back and jerked them down her legs, forcing her knees together. She gasped and watched him follow the panties to the floor. On his knees, he pushed her thighs wide again, his thumbs parting the bare, fleshy outer lips of her pussy.

Looking down at him through lowered lids, Carrie bit back a moan. Her nipples stood up in coral points. Adam’s dark eyes gleamed knowingly at her from between her spread legs. With a smirk he dropped his gaze to study her sex.

The ceiling fan stirred the air, cooling the heated dampness of her spread labia. Her muscles clenched in response to the light breeze.

He pulled himself into the chair, arranging her feet on its arms so he was eye-level with her exposed sex. The sense of vulnerability was acute, but anticipation triggered another rush of moisture.

“Fucking beautiful. Just look at you, all wet and open for me. Now be quiet and don’t move. I mean it.” A light slap on her thigh reinforced the command.

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He dug into a desk drawer and produced a condom and two small hair clips, the tiny claw type. Smiling wickedly, he tossed them onto the surface of the desk next to her hip. The clips puzzled her. She frowned in confusion.

Her attention jerked away from the clips when he leaned a little forward and pulled the protective hood back from her clit, baring the excited nub completely.

“Oh, yeah.” His murmured approval was more to himself than to her. She barely registered the words before he dove tongue first into her crotch. He speared into her, and Carrie’s hips came off the desk. His hands clamped over her legs to pin her down. Her shoulders lifted, and her fingers threaded into his dark, silky hair. The fine strands tangled around her fingers, and she clutched him to her. He licked up and into her with the flat of his tongue, adding to the gathering wetness he found there. His tongue stiffened before darting up to flick across her bared clit, teasing her to hardness. Her hips writhed between the hard wood of the desk and the firm pressure of his big hands while he settled into a leisurely pace.

Adam ate pussy like a gourmand—taking his time to thoroughly enjoy every part of her, lingering here and there over different tastes and textures. Wave after wave of pleasure swamped Carrie. Slowly working her toward orgasm, his tongue swirled and plunged through her folds. The heat built deep within her and turned into a slow burn.

Her thighs trembled on the very edge of orgasm. He suddenly lifted his head, and her keening sound of desperation hung in the quiet room.

“Please,” she begged. “Adam, please.”

Denying her, he pushed up to lean over her pleading form. His lips were red and swollen; his face glistened from her body’s moisture. Shaking his head, he flashed another wicked grin. His dark head swooped down, and his mouth latched onto her left nipple. The immediate, strong suction threw her head back. A line of sensation from her nipple to her clit flared to life. Adam clamped his teeth over her nipple, pulling and stretching it. She moaned at the flash of pleasure, looking down the line of her body to watch him. The sight of her breast reaching up, her nipple elongated in his teeth, froze the breath in her lungs. After what seemed like eons, he released it and moved to the other breast, and she drew in a ragged breath. He repeated his ministrations, eking another sound of pleasure from her.

Lifting his head from her breast, he rolled her left nipple in his fingers, lengthening it as he had done with his mouth. He picked one of the hair clips up off the desk and opened the tiny jaws over her nipple. Before she could process what he was doing, it latched onto her flesh. The tiny, stabbing pinch was shockingly intense. Her hips bucked on the cool, smooth wood before he pinned her with his body, pressing her arms into the desk with his big hands. Adam locked his mouth onto hers to catch the cry of surprise and pain-tinged pleasure. He thrust his tongue into her mouth, filling her with his spicy peppermint taste mixed with the slightly metallic flavor of her own body. The initial shock ebbed, and a throbbing set up in her nipple, echoed in the pounding pulse of her clit. Releasing her mouth and arms, he gave her a hard look to ensure her stillness.

She pushed up to watch his fingers pluck at the other nipple. She knew what was coming, but she couldn’t stop a muffled noise of protest. But she didn’t tell

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him to stop. Anticipation and apprehension twisted inside her, churning together with the throbbing arousal. The confusing welter of emotion and sensation raised chill bumps on her skin. Her teeth sank into her lip when he set the second hair clip onto the right nipple. A triumphant smile curved his mouth. He held the clip over her nipple, taunting her. The taste of blood from her lip tinged her tongue as he finally released the pressure on the spring. This time it was so slow she felt each tooth of the clamp bite into the sensitive tissue. The eroticism of his incremental possession overwhelmed the pain. Once the clip was in place, he sat back in the chair between her legs to admire his handiwork.

"You like this, don't you, baby?" Adam's voice was rough with arousal. "You look good all flushed and panting with your pussy open and that swollen clit peeking out." His words and the stinging pleasure in her nipples sent a renewed flood of heat through her body. She knew he could see her getting wetter. Her nipples looked strange with the black clips hanging onto them, but the sensation was amazing—pinching and prickling with a heightened sensitivity. Not like the smooth clips she'd used before. These felt more intense, their bite much sharper.

"I like the clips. Maybe next time I'll get one for your little clit. Would you like that, baby? A nasty little clip right here?" He lightly pinched her exposed clit, adding another level of sensation to her already overloaded system. He released her delicate flesh immediately, but her nerves carried the memory.

The idea of a clamp *there* sent shivers of fear and titillation through her. Could she handle that level of sensation?

Carrie dropped her head back to stare at the flat white ceiling, marred only by faint line of a drywall seam and the circling ceiling fan. The rapid rise and fall of her chest only served to increase the sensation pulling at her nipples.

"No, baby, that won't do. Keep watching me." Adam trailed his fingers up the inside of her leg.

Carrie forced her head back up. The position strained her neck, but it was a turn on to watch his tanned fingers smoothed across her pale flesh. Her gaze followed his fingertips through the neat triangle of damp curls at the juncture of her thighs. He slid his hand down, completely covering her. His middle finger rested on her clit; the heel of his palm pressed lightly into her slick opening. The slight pressure was enough to have her legs twitching with the need to push into him, to take something inside. Every move of her body renewed the pinch in her nipples as the clips moved too.

She moved her hips forward to increase the pressure of his palm, and he smiled knowingly. His hand moved with her body, denying her the gratification she sought.

"Adam, please," she whimpered again.

"Please what, my sweet?" He moved his middle finger the tiniest bit, rubbing it across her throbbing clit and sending a shower of sparks along her nerves.

"Oh, God. Please, I need—I need—" She broke off with a humiliating little squeak when he moved his middle finger on her clit again. She lost the ability to speak. Sensation swamped her: the aching nipples, the throbbing demand of her clit, and the pulsing neediness between her legs.

"What do you need? If you don't tell me, how am I supposed to know?" His middle finger tapped lightly against her.

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Her tattered breathing echoed in her ears. The feather touches ratcheted her arousal ever higher, driving her toward the edge of insanity.

“Fuck me. Please, fuck me.” She didn’t care that she begged. She needed him inside her. Needed him to drive his body into hers.

“Not yet. And that isn’t what you want in any case, is it, Carrie?”

“Wh-what?” Bewildered, Carrie’s brows drew together. Of course she wanted him to fuck her. Her body wept for him, yearning to have him inside. Every nerve beat out a frantic message of welcome. She needed him so badly her body quaked.

He shook his head reproachfully at her. “This is what you want.”

He speared two fingers into her. Carrie fell backward, landing flat on the desktop. Her hips bucked wildly at the impact. Her breasts jiggled, and the hair clips bit harder. It was almost—almost—enough to send her over the edge into orgasm. Her hips rose to fuck those two big fingers.

She felt his warm breath on her a scant second before his lips touched down over her clit. He pulled his fingers nearly out of her body. She moaned in protest. The calluses on his fingers scraped the sensitive tissues of her opening. With a husky chuckle that vibrated across the hardened nub, he shoved them back into her and sucked her into his mouth.

She screamed, a full-throated howl of completion as her hips jerked wildly and her nerves exploded. Her fingers scrambled across the surface of the desk trying to find something—anything—to hold. She knocked over his pen cup and the brass paperweight he’d gotten for Christmas. She couldn’t get a grip though her fingertips brushed one end of the desk.

Adam’s hair tickled her thighs. The clips bit more decisively into her nipples, drawing out another wave of orgasm. After what seemed like an eternity, Carrie’s body relaxed back onto the desk and settled into smaller aftershocks. Her breathing hitched, slowing to a normal rhythm. Her thighs dropped open and her arms went limp, the last of the orgasm draining from her.

Adam licked over her clit, jangling her nerves, sliding his fingers free of her body. She forced her heavy eyelids open. He leaned back in his chair, leisurely sucking his fingers clean with a little hum of appreciation. He reached up and released her nipples from the hair clips. The rush of nearly painful sensation touched off another wave of aftershocks, her internal muscles clenching and releasing. She moaned weakly.

He stood, looking down at her with hot eyes and shoved the chair backwards. Before she could recover, he pulled her off the edge of the desk. Carrie forced herself to stand on wobbly legs. Her skirt fell back into place, and the edges of her blouse draped her painfully sensitive nipples. For a moment, she experienced a sense of dazed unreality. Though the scent of sex hung heavily in the room, they both stood dressed except for her panties. He stripped her shirt off, sending the buttons at the cuffs flying.

Adam’s mouth seized hers in a consuming kiss, and Carrie’s sated body began to stir at the feel of his hard arousal rubbing through the layers of their clothes. Her tingling nipples slid against the slightly nubby oxford cloth of his shirt before her breasts flattened against the hard planes of his chest. He ground his distended fly into her abdomen, sending little flutters of pleasure through her. His breathing was harsh. His tongue, still tasting of her, explored her mouth,

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delving into every nerve-rich corner. Urgently, he yanked the zipper of her skirt down and pushed the material over her hips, leaving her completely naked.

Carrie hitched a leg up to try to put the bulge of his cock against her center, but he pulled back from her, sweat sheening his temples. Stepping back to give her a bit of room between his body and the desk, he stroked his hands over the tops of her shoulders before pushing her down. The padded carpet softened the impact on her knees, the slight friction rough against her smooth skin. She rested her hands on his thighs and looked up at him. His chest expanded with his harsh, uneven breaths, making him seem even larger and more imposing.

"You make a pretty picture this way. Naked, on your knees, with your nipples all hard and red." He cupped his hand under her chin, his fingers hot against her cool flesh. "I think you need to eat something now, baby."

She licked her lips but didn't move, waiting for him to tell her what he wanted.

"Good girl." He paused a moment, eyes hooded. "Unhook my pants."

She did only what he asked before letting her hands fall from him. He swiftly unbuttoned his shirt and shrugged it off. His broad, slightly furred chest gave way to a flat abdomen and a narrow line of hair that disappeared into the waistband of his boxers. The sight of him towering over her, so quintessentially male, made her sheath clench in anticipation.

"Unzip my pants and take out my cock."

She slid the zipper down and reached inside the open placket of his boxers to free his cock. He sucked in a ragged breath at the first touch of her fingers to his bare flesh. The hard thickness of his arousal sprang forward with gratifying eagerness. She loved his cock—the great thick stalk of it, roped with veins, the dark, bulbous head peeking out of its ruffled collar of skin. The idea that he was so hard, so thick, because she aroused him, filled her with a sense of power.

"You may kiss me. Kisses only, pet."

A small noise of disappointment sounded in her throat, but Carrie knew better than to argue. Her gaze raised to watch his response, she leaned a bit forward and placed a soft, dry kiss over his slit. His cock bobbed in reaction to her light touch, his eyes dropping closed briefly before opening again to watch her. She ran a string of those tiny kisses around the edge of his foreskin.

Adam grunted at the soft pressure moving his foreskin across the head of his cock. Carrie dropped a line of kisses along the underside, stopping when her face pressed against his body and her lips found the spot where his shaft and balls merged. She couldn't see his face from this angle, but his hands were clenched into fists at his sides and his breath came in short, choppy pants, a sure indicator he was losing his control. The musky scent of his flesh filled her nose. She circled his base, her chin and cheek brushing over him, before kissing her way back up along the top line of his erection. Reaching the edge of his foreskin, she repeated the entire routine. She lost herself in the salty, slightly earthy taste of his skin and in his reactions.

"Stop."

She immediately lifted her head from his cock and looked up at him, her breasts swaying heavily with the motion, brushing the smooth material of his slacks. Cheekbones flushed with arousal, his nostrils flared with every breath. Sweat slid down his temples and along the line of his jaw.

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“Lick it.” His thighs tensed, and his gaze focused intently on her mouth.

Carrie wet her lips before she set to work. Slowly, she flicked her tongue back and forth over the slit, tasting the clear, salty liquid that leaked from his body. He grunted in reaction, his weight shifting. Using the flat of her tongue, she licked over his entire length, curling around the thick hardness. The slightly musky, rich taste of his skin rolled over her taste buds. She moved back up to the head of his cock and wiggled the tip of her tongue under the edge of his foreskin.

He made a harsh sound and pushed his hips forward. He raised his fisted hands, and then dropped them back to his sides. His uneven breathing stoked her arousal. Licking around the hot, dark head, she found the sweet spot where his foreskin attached to the underside of his cock. She hardened the point of her tongue and ran it across the sensitive area. His hips bucked forward, and his breath hissed out between his teeth. She allowed herself a small smile of triumph.

A growl escaped his clenched teeth. The sound vibrated through her, tightening her nipples further.

“Suck me.”

She engulfed the head of his cock and began sucking gently, her tongue continuing to working that spot. His breathing became choppy, and he rested his fists on her shoulders. Pushing his foreskin back from the head of his cock, she used her lips to expose more sensitive areas to the ministrations of her tongue and mouth. Slowly, her mouth worked down over him, her jaws pressed wide by his thickness. His cock was only slightly longer than average, but he was so thick she couldn't get her hand around him. She pressed down and down until her lips met the fabric of his shorts and the head of his cock lodged in her throat. She took him to the root.

His breath exploded out of him, and she savored his strangled moan. She clamped down with hard suction before rising back to the tip, her tongue flicking the underside of his cock along the upward journey. At the end of the motion, she stopped to suck the sweet spot, fluttering her tongue rapidly and concentrating the suction. He growled again, his hands coming up to fist in her hair. The pull reminded her of how he had tugged her nipples earlier. A fresh wave of moisture drenched her.

Carrie took his length again, swallowing then releasing him, taking him more shallowly. Adam's hands guided her head into a steady rhythm of up and down strokes, his breathing growing more labored. She lost all track of time as she sucked his cock, one hand drifting down between her smooth, bare legs to play with herself. Her flesh was slick with her earlier orgasm and from arousal caused by sucking Adam. Adam grew harder and thicker in her mouth. Her core grew softer and wetter under her fingers.

Suddenly, he jerked her head back from his cock and tipped her face up. Carrie whimpered in protest, her eyes heavy and her hand tucked between her naked thighs. Adam's cock rested on her chin, the swollen head grazing her lips. She extended her tongue to lick what she could reach, but Adam tightened his grip in her hair. His nostrils flared, and a muscle in his cheek jumped.

“Stop.” He gritted the word through clenched teeth.

He released her hair, pushing her face back from his body. He stood for a moment, breathing harshly in the quiet room. Looking past his stiff cock to her

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face, his gaze blazed over her naked breasts, the slight curve of her belly, to the hand tucked against her sex. His eyes narrowed. He leaned down and hooked his hands under her arms and lifted, removing her hand from between her legs. He spun her to face the desk. She lost her balance, and her arms flew wide. Before she realized his intent, he had her bent over the edge with a firm palm to the small of her back. Her still-sensitized nipples pressed into the smooth surface, her breasts flattening under her. Turning her head to the side, she rested her cheek on the cool wood, her hands skidding forward to grasp the front edge of the desk again. She whimpered as Adam kicked her feet apart.

“I didn’t tell you that you could touch yourself, did I, Carrie?”

She closed her eyes briefly. “No.”

“No, what, Carrie?”

“No, sir.”

“That’s right. So what shall I do? Look how wet you are.” He slicked his fingers over her, opening her labia and exposing her clit. Her nerve endings sang in response to the feel of his hand on her.

She didn’t answer him, unsure if he really wanted an answer, and uncertain what the correct answer might be.

His fingers dipped into her briefly. The sudden penetration pushed her hips back toward him. She wanted his cock so badly now that she would do anything, endure anything, to feel that thick length stretching her.

“I think you need a reminder, Carrie. A reminder of who exactly is in charge here.”

It was the only warning she got. His hand left her sex and the cold air of the room washed over her. A second later, his open palm slapped hard onto her exposed pussy.

The shock of the blow reverberated through her pelvis, the sting of the slap melding into the deeper sensation of pressure and doubling back to add to the growing blaze in her core. She gasped when the second blow hit, the sting more intense this time. The third smack landed more forward, so that his long fingers caught her clit, pressing it into her pubic bone.

Carrie whimpered. God it felt so good, riding the keen edge between pleasure and pain. He knew just how hard to slap the wet, open lips. Any harder and the pain would be too distracting, any softer and the bite of the slap would be lost. Adam was a Master in every sense of the word. She welcomed those blows, letting the wet slap caress her ears, sting her flesh, and push her further and further into the maelstrom of sensation he was so deliberately creating for her.

Finally, he stopped, and she nearly wept. She was so sensitive now that every stray air current set off little tremors along her nerves.

Carrie heard his pants drop to the floor, accompanied by a low grunt.

He reached out, his hand grazing her ribs, to grab the condom. The sound of the wrapper seemed loud in the quiet of the office. Her breath fogged the finish of the desk, and Carrie twitched her hips in anticipation. His big, rough hand smoothed over the soft skin of her bottom, sending little shivers up her spine. She could hear the harsh sounds of his breathing, the soft whirl of the ceiling fan and, incongruously, a dog barking. He pushed her rounded cheeks apart gently, exposing everything. She felt the slick, cool latex of the condom against her hot,

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swollen flesh. He pressed in just the slightest bit, just enough to cause the nerves around her opening to riot as they stretched to accommodate the leading curve of his cock head. He pulled back out, and Carrie made a broken little sound in her throat.

"Please, Adam, please. Please fuck me. Please." She was begging, but she didn't care. She wanted him to shove that thick, meaty cock into her and fill her up. She wanted the heavy friction of a fast, hard fuck.

"You want me to fuck you, baby? You want my cock inside you?"

"God, yes. Please, I want your cock inside me."

He pushed back into her, slowly, deliberately. The entry stung a bit, his thickness stretching her. She reveled in the feel of his cock filling her, making her his. Carrie moaned her gratitude, wiggling her hips to seat him further inside her. The little movement sent sharp tingles of pleasure up her spine, a prelude to the intense sensations to come.

He pressed his hand into the small of her back again, holding her still. "You don't move. If you want something, you have to tell me what you want."

He flexed his hips a bit, nudging a spot inside her body that lit sparklers behind her eyes. She gasped and panted short, choppy breaths. It was hard to tell him what she wanted; it was hard to form words when the pleasure of having him buried inside her was so overwhelming. But it wasn't enough, and she knew he wouldn't move until she gave him what he wanted.

"I... I want you to move. I want you to fuck me hard and fast and deep."

He went totally still for a moment, then with a deep-throated growl, he drew almost completely out of her, shifting his hands. The long fingers dug into the curve of her hips.

Carrie whimpered at his withdrawal, wondering desperately if he was going to leave her hanging even longer. Had she somehow displeased him? Please, God, he couldn't abandon her now.

A bare second later, he slammed his cock home. The force and depth of his thrust jarred through her body, wrenching her arousal higher, and relief flooded her. He pulled back and thrust again, pushing into a fast, hard rhythm. Every time he withdrew, it dragged along her nerve endings, a hot friction that was echoed in the glorious rub of her flattened breasts along the slick desk. Each time he slammed back into her, burying himself to the root and pressing against the entrance to her womb, the impact threw her into a higher level of sensation. Her labia were so sensitive from the earlier slaps that she felt each bump and ridge along his cock as he slid in and out of her. She mewled her desperation, unable to articulate what she wanted, unable to tell him what she needed. Her body clamored for orgasm, straining to reach that peak, but not quite able to achieve it.

Carrie heard Adam's strained breathing and knew he approached his own orgasm. The fast, hard fucking he was giving her, on the heels of her sucking his cock, meant he wouldn't be able to hold out much longer.

"Do you want to come, baby?" Adam's voice was rough with his impending orgasm.

"Yes, please, yes," Carrie panted.

He reached under her hips and found her clit. The moment he touched her, she knew she was going to go. He only had to press her clit and rotate his finger,

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and she shot over the edge. The tension that had been building in her body arched her back and drew her legs up off the floor. The position was awkward, but she was limited by the cage of Adam's body. The release found its way out of her body in a high, keening cry. She vaguely heard Adam's harsh grunt of completion as he emptied himself, but the hard press of his pulsing cock set off a second orgasm that rocked through her body in a series of shuddering spasms that dimmed her vision.

After they passed, she went utterly limp, the intermittent aftershocks trembling through her. Adam collapsed with a groan, pinning her to the desk. After a long moment, Adam heaved himself up on his arms and eased out of her body. Carrie sighed at the loss of him inside her, but didn't move. She heard him take off the condom and drop it in the waste basket before falling heavily into the desk chair.

"You wrecked me, woman."

Carrie stirred herself. She rolled over and pushed herself to her feet. Leaning drunkenly on the edge of the desk, she stared at him incredulously. "Me? You started it."

"Right." He ran a shaky hand through his damp hair. "What was the original question again?"

Carrie's legs folded, dropping her to the floor, naked and giggling.

"I asked what you wanted for dinner."

Excerpt from
The Insubordinate
by
Miranda Heart

A BDSM Bites

The Insubordinate

Her eye painted a picture on the wall in front of her. Wrists pulled above her head, his large body lying atop hers and that soft peppered beard tickling her breasts. The thought quickly vanished when she squirmed against a renewed wetness between her thighs. Am I just a glutton for punishment or what? Her cheeks burned with her embarrassment. The sound of the lock turning in the front door brought her straight up, hands behind her back and nose facing squarely in the corner.

Her palms instantly moistened as she heard the door open and quietly close behind her master. The almost silent tread of his soft-soled dress shoes filled the air around her. Ears pricked, she tried to discern where he stood and realized he had left the room. With nervous anticipation, Trisha wondered what he planned as her punishment. Her earlier light attitude towards the situation dissipated to anxious twisting of her hands.

"I would really dislike being you tonight, pet."

His deep stern tone interrupted her thoughts. But, she stayed quiet, afraid answering might make what he intended worse. Taking a deep breath, she prepared herself for the worst.

"So what do you think," he stood right behind her, soft material tickling her shoulder, "a proper punishment for a disobedient submissive should be?"

Trisha swallowed hard, bowing her head. She wanted to answer but found her voice uncooperative.

His voice came right next to her ear, the masculine scent of his cologne filled her senses, and she closed her eyes fighting the urge to lean back against his chest. "I'm not sure, Master. I know I'm sorry for disobeying you this morning," she answered quietly.

He chuckled softly, the deep sound tickling her ear. "I would like to believe that, truly, I would. You know it took you two years to finally submit to me without anymore defiant acts. I planned something special for us last night, so that our anniversary is important to the both of us."

To stress his last words, he gripped both hands into the firm flesh of her ass, and she winced against the sensitivity of the area. Yet, somehow, the action only heightened her desire for him. "A simple phone call asking to see me today would have sufficed. You would have gotten your way." His warm fingertips drew a line straight down her spine. She swayed as the timbre in his voice resonated through her body.

Master was so close she could feel his beard tickling the side of her cheek, his soft lips brushed against her delicate lobe.

"And then I could have had my way."

Before she even had time to respond, the soft material that grazed her flesh earlier was now placed across her eyes, her world shuttered into complete darkness.

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