



Ho, Ho, Ho and a Dom

By

Yvette Hines



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Tease Publishing LLC

www.teasepublishingllc.com

PO BOX 234

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Chapter One

Steering her car into the visitor's spot of the Elegant Bay Condominiums, she sighed. By this time she expected to be at home in Seattle. She'd made it as far as Atlanta, to be offered an unknown amount of nights in an airport chair or a trip back to her originating port. So she came home. Collecting her car out of the long term parking at Norfolk International, she decided to surprise her boyfriend. They'd started dating a year and a half ago. He'd been making hints about them moving to the next level, one of the reasons she was headed to her parent's house for the holiday. She didn't want to give him a chance to try and surprise her with a proposal. She was waiting on some sign to tell her he was the one.

Now a day later, she lugged her suitcase beside her as she climbed the stairs to her boyfriend's condo. Pulling the keys from her purse she used the key he gave her six months ago, she'd only used it one other time. Standing before the door she could hear Mariah Carey's *All I Want for Christmas*. She loved that song. It brought a smile to her face as she unlocked the door.

Swinging the door open wide she froze and the smile dropped. Music was blaring and the Christmas tree was lit up, multicolored bulbs were blinking and flicking colors across the people on the floor beside it.

A blond with boobs the size of cantaloupes that were impressive in their perkiness, kneeled on the plush maroon carpet beside the tree. Below her, or rather between her thighs was a petite Asian woman on her back, licking away at the big breasted woman's cunt. Another woman of Hispanic descent was bent forward on her knees as she pushed a vibrator into the Asian woman's sex.

But the biggest shock of it all was seeing Milton behind the Hispanic woman as his dick pumped inside her. He called encouragement to all three women in between clumsy kisses with the blond over the other lovers' forms.

"We have company." The Hispanic woman said the first to spot her at the door.

"Kara!" Milton had the decency to pause in his strokes even if he didn't pull out. "What--how--I thought--" he fumbled over his words, shifting his gaze from his lusty women who were still enjoying each other to hers. His face already red from exertion deepened under his olive complexion.

She just stared at him.

Her silence must have freaked him out, because he started babbling again. “I can explain. I was lonely without you. These ladies don’t mean anything to me.”

Shaking her head, Kara felt the pressure of her hand tightened around her suitcase handle. Her mother always said that things done in the dark would come to light. It was bright as hell in Milton’s living room. She wouldn’t believe for one moment that this was a single episode. She was thankful she’d always made him wear a condom.

Sickness consumed her. She couldn’t stomach the sight of him any longer. The urge to get as far away from him as possible, both physically and emotionally overwhelmed her. “Ho. Ho. Ho, Merry Christmas. Enjoy,” she addressed the women. “Goodbye, Milton.”

Leaving, she slammed the door and hastily took the stairs and returned to her car.

~

Hearing the doorbell, he briskly rubbed the towel over his wet hair and tossed it into the hamper. He slipped his arms into the navy blue shirt on his way down the hall to the front door. He finished buttoning it as he stared through the peephole before he unlocked it.

“Jon, can you believe that Jackass?” Kara Messing breezed into his house like a summer storm when he opened the door.

Lifting an eyebrow, Jon watched his best friend eat up his living room carpet with her chocolate leather four inch boots. Closing the door, he said, “I can assume you’re referring to Milton since you called me from the airport and said you were going to his house.” Jon would have liked to remind Kara that he’d told her the second time he met the man that he was a jackass, but he loathed ‘I told you so’s’. They benefited no one.

“Of course, Milton. He’s a fucking jackass of the first degree.” She tossed her coat, purse and keys onto the couch and paced in front of his silver and gold decorated Christmas tree.

He fought two urges, one not to stare at her ass as the sweater-dress hugged her curves as she strutted across the floor and the other was to pick up the objects thrown on his couch and place them on the hook in his coat closet. Both desires made his hands itch. But, Kara was upset and her needs won out.

“What did he do?” Jon slipped his hands into the pocket of his slacks. Not only to keep from moving things but to restrain himself from touching her as well. Kara was beautiful. At five ten she was a tall woman with skin the color of pure molasses. She was also his best friend since the third grade, which meant hands off. Their friendship had started when a boy pushed her down on the playground into a mud puddle and laughed. When he saw what happened he helped Kara up then walked over to the boy and punched him in the stomach. He’d gotten suspend for two days, but he’d gained a friend for life.

“What did he do?” Slapping her hands on her hips, she stopped making tread marks in his carpet. “How’s screwing three ho’s on Christmas Eve for starters?”

Clenching his teeth and balling his hands into fist until the skin over his knuckles throbbed, shoving them deeper into his pockets Jon wanted to head over to Milton’s condo and beat the shit out of him. How could that bastard even consider cheating on Kara with any woman, let alone three whores?

Bowing his head, he took a steadying breath. “Did he tell you this?”

Her laugh echoed around the room. “He didn’t have to. I walked in on the action like a dumbass fool.” She crossed her arms, lifting her breast.

Jon told himself not to look at her full breast, but he couldn’t deny himself a quick glance. As always he couldn’t help it. Everything about Kara turned him on from the sleek curves adorning her body, to her short natural curls that framed her face.

“You’re too smart to be dumb. Besides, he was your boyfriend.” That one word tasted like brine in his mouth. “You’re supposed to be able to trust him when you’re away.”

“You’d think,” she sighed.

The steam seemed to be going out of her sail of anger. He could only hope that it was do to the fact that Kara’s feeling truly didn’t run as deep for the jackass as he’d thought. A part of his heart told him he was only

making wishes that would lead to nothing. He and Kara were two halves of the same coin. Their thoughts on relationships were as night was to day. He believed in being in control, she wanted full independence. She was the sandy beach to his ocean waves, living perfect harmony yet still separate--as friends.

"I'm just finishing up some final touches to dinner, come sit at the bar." He turned and headed to the other room.

"Do you want me to help?" she asked following him through the archway.

"No. You keep talking and get all of your anger out of your system." Cooking was one thing they both enjoyed. They frequented a lot of exotic cooking courses around the area several times a month.

"You're right. I'd probably mess up a perfectly good dish the way I'm feeling. I'd be chopping when I should be julienning or burning when you wanted a nice sear." She fiddled with the dry long pasta in the center of his island as she pouted.

Pieces broke off and littered the counter. He'd have to clean them up later. He wasn't obsessive compulsive he just liked things in their place and neat. When he grew up his mother had been a hoarder. They had been well off after his father's death, but shopping and keeping things had been his mother's way of coping with the loss. Kara wasn't as bad as his mother, but she could be a messy Marvin at times.

Pulling the roast out of the oven he set it on a hot plate and began to prepare the sides as the beef rested.

"So, is it over?"

She made an unladylike guffaw. "Hell, yes." She groaned. "Can you believe that whore-fucker was suggesting we get married?"

"Really?" He didn't look up, just continued to chop through the thick stem of his fresh broccoli. His grip on the knife tightened.

"Yup."

"Did you want to be his wife?" Jon hated asking. Even more he dreaded the answer to come. It was hard enough for him to deal with her dating another man, seeing her married to someone other than him seemed out of the question. Even though it appeared unlikely to ever happen. He glanced up watching her.

She dusted her hands off, then played with the pasta bits on the marble counter and shrugged. “Probably not. I told him we would talk about the relationship in the New Year, after I got back from my parent’s house. I put it off.” Kara started in on the pasta in the jar again. “Woman’s intuition I guess.”

He was relieved. Pulling two glass from the cabinet he poured red wine into two glasses he offered her one.

“So, what are you going to do now?” The vegetable went into a pot on the stove with salt water. He grabbed a bowl of cut, red potatoes from beside the sink and poured them onto a baking sheet coating them with olive oil and Greek seasonings and slid them in the oven.

Kara fiddled with her earring and sipped her drink. “I don’t know.”

Silence stretched through the kitchen as they both drank their wine. He assessed her. Her emotions clouded her features, but he couldn’t tell if it was anger or pain. Considering it may be a blend of both he allowed her the time to process. After all, it was what was expected of a friend.

“Jon, on the way over here I had a thought.”

He watched her tip back her glass and take in a liberal amount. She wasn’t a heavy drinker, so he knew he’d have to keep an eye on her.

“About what?” He leaned back against the counter by the stove.

“What I want to do for Christmas. Now, that I’m stuck here.” She focused on her glass, fascinated by the swirling wine.

“Which is?”

“I’ll hang out with you.”

“Usually, I wouldn’t mind, but I made plans when I found out you were going home.”

“I know.” She nodded. “I figure I could get drunk and go with you to your party and let a bunch of strangers fuck me.”

“What!” If he hadn’t been holding onto his glass firmly, he’d have dropped it. He dreamed of having Kara in that aspect of his life, but not like this.

Those hazel eyes met his.

She must have picked up something in his tone, because she hesitated. “You’ve invited me before.”

“Play-parties aren’t like that, Kara. Drunks aren’t allowed. It’s a place for a sober mind.” He moved to the island and plucked the drink out of her hand.

He heard the quick intake of breath as he turned and tossed the expensive wine into the sink and placed the glasses there. Holding onto the counter for a moment he tried to steady his nerves, he was shaking inside. He’d had visions and fantasies of Kara at parties with him or in his home and being able to show her pleasure in ways she’d never imagined. The commitment and joy found in submission. “Trying to get over a selfish boyfriend is no way to enter the lifestyle.”

“So, no one in your *lifestyle* has ever been hurt or cheated on?”

He turned to face her. “Of course they have before they entered. It’s not a perfect culture. People get hurt emotionally in it, too. Or even physically with the wrong person. But safe, sane and consensual is how it starts.”

“Well, I’m sane and I’m consenting and I have no doubt you will keep me safe.” She licked her lips nervously. “So, what’s next?”

A dry chuckle escaped his mouth. He couldn’t believe he was having this conversation with Kara. “It’s not that easy. Besides you’re not ready.”

Fingering her short curls behind her ear, she asked, “How do you know? Do they teach you all mind reading?”

He shook his head. “You’re only doing this because Milton’s antics hurt you.” That knowledge hurt him. He wanted Kara to come to this decision willingly, not because some other guy drove her to it. It wouldn’t last.

“What happened tonight might have pushed me in this direction, but--”

“Bullshit. It’s the only reason.” Crossing his arms over his chest, he stared at her.

Slapping her hands on the counter and he heard some of the pasta bits sprinkle to the floor as she said, “Don’t tell me what I think. I have just as much right to try the lifestyle as anyone.”

“You’re not ready,” he remained firm.

“You don’t know this.”

“I know you.” Reaching over, he turned off the broccoli. Draining the water he returned it back to the eye.

“And?”

“You don’t like to follow directions. Being at a party or in the lifestyle you have to be willing to listen to the Dom over you.”

“Over me?” she frowned.

“Yes, over you,” his voice lowered. “Whether that person is me or someone else. Male or female. Listening and trusting go hand in hand to keep you safe from harm.”

“Isn’t it mutual?”

“Yes, but only one of two people can be in charge. You would fight that.”

Her eye contact was lost to him as she looked down at her hands that were linking and unlinking. Jon waited for the moment Kara would bulk.

“What can I do to prove I want to try?” her soft words reached him, even though she hadn’t lifted her head yet.

“Kara,” his tone matched hers, “this isn’t a game. It’s my life.”

Her gaze met his again. “I’m not saying it’s definitely for me.” She slowly lifted and lowered one shoulder. “I don’t even know what I’m getting myself into. But, relationships I’ve had in the past haven’t worked, so who knows.”

He didn’t know if it was her tone, her words or the lost look in her eyes that made him consider it. Hope. “Kara, I will not be embarrassed among my friends.”

“Who am I?”

“You’re my best friend. However, my relationship with these other people is built on respect. A Dom is viewed by how they handle their submissive and how their submissive acts.”

“I’ll do my best, but I don’t know much of what to do.”

“As long as you follow my lead you will be fine. If I decide to take you.” Everything within him desired Kara to become a part of his life in this area, but this was not a game to him.

“What will be the deciding factor?”

“How well you submit to your training here.”

The line of her throat moved as she swallowed. “What do you want me to do, hop up and down and bark?”

“I’m not Mr. Murphy and we’re already in America.”

Her small smile relieved some of the tension in the room. “Then what?”

A thousand things ran through his mind about what he would have liked to order Kara to do. Holding her gaze, he took a deep breath. “Are you on your cycle?”

Her shock was clear and etched into her features with tight lines in her forehead.

He could tell she wasn’t prepared for that question, but one thing she needed to know was that there were no secrets between a Dom and his sub.

“No,” the word was abruptly spoken, barely showing a hint of her astonishment.

Nodding, he said, “When a Dom and his submissive play there is always a safe word. If at any point we are together and you are scared, hurt or wish to end the play, you will say *frost*.”

She stared at him.

“Say it,” he barked.

For a moment, he didn’t know if he meant for her to say it as acknowledgement or that he want her to end this situation now. He hoped it was the former.

“Frost.”

His gaze was locked on hers. Then he turned and opened a drawer and pulled out a towel, setting it on the counter before her. “Remove your boots, tights and panties. Then sit on the bar with your legs wide and wait for my next instructions.”

He was going to pull out all the stops. Soon she would begin to understand there was no half measure in the lifestyle.

Not waiting to see if she would follow through, he turned to the oven and removed the potatoes and turned the stove off.

Chapter *Two*

Tremors started in her belly. To say she was nervous would be an understatement. *What did I get myself into?*

She looked at Jon, he continued to work on dinner, but didn't say anything to her. At the refrigerator he removed a large bowl with salad and pulled out the freezer drawer and removed a black box. He hadn't even looked at her since he told her what to do.

Do I really want to do this?

Even as she asked herself the question, she took a moment to listen to her body. Her heart was beating rapidly and she felt a little shaky inside. But she was also aroused. She could feel the points of her nipples pressing into the material of her bra. Small electric bolts shooting from her stomach to her clit, in a sensual rhythm confirmed her arousal.

Can I do this with Jon?

Jon Gravalin, her best bud since elementary school?

Glancing once again at him and the strong lines of his back, the wide set of his shoulders and the confident way he moved around in his kitchen. Hell, she admired the way he strutted through life. At six foot three he exuded confidence. Now she understood what she tried to hide from herself all these years. She cared about him and she wanted him. All other men in her life had been compared to him. She'd always thought it was because he was her best friend, but that wasn't the only reason. No, the real reason was because she loved him.

Over the years she had run to him with one male problem or another. Using him to save her from every jerk and insensitive asshole she latched on to. What she really wanted was for him to save her from herself. Pull her into his strength and never let her go. She'd told herself that she and Jon were too different, that she feared his lifestyle.

In truth, she feared being consumed by his lifestyle that she would lose her identity if she entered into that realm of his world. At this moment as she rehearsed his command in her mind. It was time for her to step away

from fear. She would prove to Jon that she could handle being a part of his world. This night she would submit to him no matter what he requested and prove she was worthy of being his.

Jon hadn't kept a submissive for long over the years and his last one was three years ago. She didn't fool herself in thinking it was because of her. No, Jon had never made any move toward her sexually. Every hug was platonic, a kiss chaste. When this night was complete she would show him there was no other woman for him.

Inhaling, she stooped down and unzipped her boots before losing her nerve. Stepping out of them, she moved them to the side, making sure she placed them side by side and against the wall. Over the years she had disregarded the fact her friend was extremely organized. She knew it had to do with his mother's behaviors. Now, since she was attempting to show him she could be all that he needed, whatever that meant, she had to curb her natural instinct to toss things and allowing them to fall where they may.

With shaky hands she reached underneath her dress and removed her stockings and underwear and folded them before placing them on the seat of one of the stools. Jon still had not faced her or said anything. She wasn't sure if his silence was making her more nervous or not. Clearing her mind, she used the stools to get up on the bar. She separated her feet and she positioned herself as he'd asked.

Sitting there for a few minutes, Jon still hadn't said anything. Looking over her shoulder, she said, "Well, I'm do--"

His head whipped around so fast, she was amazed it didn't come off. "I don't recall giving you permission to speak."

Shit, I'm already fucking up!

His eyes were a dark blue now, so intense shivers raced up and down her spine. She rolled her lip between her teeth to keep from saying anything. Turning, she waited. Staring at the empty living room through the archway she tried not to think about the air caressing her sex. Her legs were shaking, showing her nervousness, pressing her hands on her knees she attempted to control the trembling, but her hands were just as bad. Jon had seen her nude once or twice over their many years of friendship, just never in this type of position. There were

no sexual tones at all. Well, that wasn't entirely true. She'd just always convinced herself Jon wasn't interested or that it would ruin their friendship.

Finally, Jon came around the bar and stood before her. He stared into her eyes for a long moment as if he were seeing her for the first time. His intense gaze overwhelmed her, she'd almost forgotten that her legs were parted wide and she was bare to the world. She looked into his blue eyes and felt calm, reassured.

"Don't bite your lip, Dove." He reached up, cupping the side of her face in his warm hand as his thumb stroked her lips extracting the bottom from between her teeth.

Dove. It was his nickname for her since they were in high school. This time the way he said it, sent tremors through her body.

Stepping back, his gaze lowered from her face down the length of her body causing the earlier tension to resume. Her lip rolled into her mouth again, her teeth ready to sink into the thick flesh, but she recalled his touch, voice and instruction and released it.

He eyed her breast for a moment, still covered by her dress, then moved on to what was uncovered and blatantly revealed. The desire to look away was strong, but she squeezed the edge of the counter and watched him. He hadn't touched her. Even though his eyes had darkened and she could see the heavy rise and fall of his chest, his demeanor was almost clinical.

"You're legs are long, toned and unmarred. You have beautiful legs."

She smiled.

"I'm sure you would like to know that your pussy is just a becoming, but it is still hidden to me. We will need to take care of that."

Hidden? The urge to look down between her thighs and see if her neat triangle trimming job had grown back out since the morning, but she doubted it had. Maybe he was into Brazilian cuts, she considered.

"Dove, you have done well with your first test." He reached behind her and grabbed the black box he'd removed from the freezer. "Now, let's see about the next one."

He opened the lid towards her, keeping her from seeing what was inside.

Earlier she'd believed something was in that box that would be added to dinner. What would he keep in the freezer? Was he going to pour whipped cream on her or some gourmet blend of ice cream that he planned to feed to her? Maybe her best friend was one of those guys that had a feeding fetish.

"Spread you legs wider and hold them open." Jon removed the item and held it before him.

It was a glass dildo. Frost from it's time in the freezer covered the curves and tiny nodules sticking out from it. She'd always wanted to buy a vibrator or dildo, but continued to put it off for one reason or another. Telling herself that her own fingers were fine. An orgasm was and orgasm. Now, thoughts of what Jon was going to do with it caused heat to travel down to her sex. She was instantly aroused.

"Dove, I will *not* repeat myself."

Shit, she'd been so wrapped up in thinking about how the false penis would feel inside of her, she hadn't moved. Quickly, she forced her legs wider and held them open. She was shaking with anticipation.

Taking one step forward, Jon stood between her thighs.

She jumped at the first contact of the 'dicksicle'. The coolness against her hot, wet sex was shocking.

Jon paused, but when she settled back down he began again. Clenching her teeth she sat still.

Round and around he swirled it through her juices and over her clit. She wanted to sigh, it felt so go. When he slipped it up and down her labia, she allowed her eyes to close.

"Never lose eye contact with me, Dove, unless I tell you to face another direction."

Popping her eyes open, she stared into his intense gaze. He was looking at her, not his hand. Seeing how much what he was doing turned her on. It was almost too much. She was too open. An orgasm was something between lovers. She and Jon technically weren't lovers, yet.

"You're eyes turn green when you are aroused. All of the gold flecks are practically gone," he said.

Was it just her imagination, or did he sound awed?

Glancing down, he watched as he slowly pushed the cold toy inside of her. Deeper and deeper he went forcing her walls to receive it.

As soaked as she was, it glided easily into her. The object wasn't thick like she assumed Jon would be, but it was long, touching her high inside.

His gaze returned to hers as he pulled the dildo out in a twisting fashion. Each protuberance caressing every sweet spot inside of her on its journey caused her to moan.

She hoped he wouldn't tell her that silence meant no moaning or sighing because if he continued to play with her like this, she'd break that rule.

Still, Jon's eyes held hers captive as he stroked her pussy with what can only be described as a sexual block of ice. Every place it touch, it chilled and in turn heated. The erotic feel of the two temperatures, had her on her toes.

Trying to remain immobile was difficult, she wanted to rotate her hips and catch each movement of Jon's hand. She wanted to call out harder or tell him don't stop, but she couldn't. His rhythm remained steady.

"I can smell you, Dove. Sweet. Spicy. Intoxicating. Your honey flows like juice from a peach."

His words and the rough timbre of his voice turned her inside out. After a few more pulls and twist, her mind emptied when he stroked right across her G-spot in the right angle she was lost.

The orgasm hit her so unexpectedly she screamed. "Ohmygod", she cried out as colors splintered before her eyes and her vision blurred as her quaking body bowed forward.

When she began to be aware of everything around her again, she realized her forehead was on Jon's shoulder, her hands had a death grip on his bicep and her thigh had closed around his hand, keeping both the dildo and hand trapped between them.

Mortified at her response, she'd never gotten that carried away with any man, especially not during foreplay. Glancing up, she looked into Jon's eyes.

She expected to see him angry. Instead his gaze was calm and relaxed, but no less intense in their color. He cupped her cheek.

"I'm sorry, Jon."

Lowering his head, his lips connected with hers. It was their first kiss. Parting her lips she let him in. His tongue glided over hers slipping deep into her mouth, then retreating and caressing the sensitive skin at the roof of her mouth as it passed.

Jon fisted her hair and held her imprisoned in his kiss.

The kiss continued for long moments, neither of them hurrying it along.

When they finally separated, he released her hair and tried to step away. She realized what was holding him, her. Slowly, she opened her legs and let go of his arm. Heat flooded her face as she smiled.

Placing the now warm dildo on edge of the towel she sat on, he began, "You didn't ask permission to come, Dove. Neither did I tell you to come. Don't allow that to happen again."

Damn it, there were more rules than a few in this lifestyle. She wanted to ask him how she was supposed to know what she could do and when, but she was still in mute mode.

As if reading her thoughts, Jon responded, "I know you are new to this. The only thing you need to remember is to do exactly what I tell you, no matter what. Don't do anything unless you ask permission first."

She raised an eyebrow at him. How was she supposed to requested anything if she was told not to say anything?

"If you are commanded to be silent, then follow my instructions to the letter. Most importantly, trust me."

The corners of his eyes soften, as if communicating something else to her that she couldn't understand.

"Dove, I've been in this lifestyle a long time. I will not hurt you. Nor let anyone else hurt you. Tonight at the party there will be a level of physical pain at times that only I will administer or give permission to be done. Those should bring you pleasure, solace and discipline. Trust me, Dove."

She wanted to cheer that she hadn't fucked up too much that he'd decided not to take her to the party. He was letting her in the most intimate part of his life.

"Since ignorance is no excuse for not following my commands, you will receive your first punishment."

Oh, hell, have I won myself a spanking already?

Taking another step back and widening his stance, he said, "Get down and get on your knees before me."

Hearing his words, she began to tremble once again with prospect of what she was about to do.

Wasting no time, she climbed down from the bar. Since he didn't tell her to lower her dress to cover her bare bottom, she left it bunched around her waist. Taking a step forward until she was in front of him, she looked into his eyes and dropped herself slowly to the floor. Her knees smarted as they struck the floor, but she didn't blink. Gritting her teeth, she absorbed the pain.

His gaze lowered with hers. "Don't hurt yourself."

She never realized how observant Jon was, not much got passed him.

"Undo my belt and pants and bring my clothes to the center of my thighs."

Her hands shook as she obeyed his command. Using her sense of touch, she completed the job and never looked away from his eyes. It saddened her, because she was literally inches from his erect penis and she hadn't seen it. It's hard warmth had brushed against her knuckles but that was it. The soft musk of his skin teased her.

"Place your hands on my hips. You may look away from me to do this."

Slowly, she brought her gaze down the length of his body. Passed the wide expansion of his chest to the area she yearned to see most. Startled, she took in the thick long length of him. Nervous excitement overwhelmed her as she stared at him. Who would have known that her best friend was packing something that was an inch or two shy of a ruler in his pants?

When her hands took hold of his hips she could feel the firm muscles of his buttocks under her finger tips.

"Open you mouth."

Not pretending to be shy about what was going to happen, she opened her lips wide, inviting him to come inside.

Palming the back of her head, he brought her to him and entered her mouth. "Suck me."

Closing around him, she paused for a moment to savor the feel and taste of him. The sound of Jon's groan caressed her ear, before he began a slow thrust in and out of her mouth. She kept her lips locked around him, loving the thick steel glided across her tongue. She continued to suckle his length adding just enough saliva to keep the glide lubricated.

He began to push himself deeper into her mouth, further than she'd taken any man orally. Her lips stretched wide around his cock as he bumped against the back of her throat. She didn't know if she could take much more of him. She feared she'd embarrass herself by choking.

"Breath, Dove." His dick prodded deeper seeking access. "Slow and easy. Don't rush it," he growled.

The fact that she had the ability to bring Jon to completion was turning her on. Her thighs were tingling and her sex was throbbing, she was just as excited. Using her tongue she rubbed the distended vein down the length of his scrotum.

Jon pressed deeper into her throat and accelerated his speed, holding her gaze.

She continued to breathe and relax as he had instructed her and stared into his now narrowed eyes. The tightening of his ass muscles and the clenching of his jaw let her know Jon was close to coming.

Sucking harder, she moaned caressing him with vibrations. His eyes widened and he gripped her hair again. The intense sting on her scalp enhanced her arousal. She remained still, but she wanted to close her thighs and squeeze to quell the throbbing.

The trembling in his thighs was the only warning she received prior to his explosion in her mouth. He didn't have to tell her to swallow she consumed every drop of his cum. She worked her throat muscles until she'd taken most of it, except for the few droplets that escaped the seal of her lips. Exhaling with a harsh breath, he pulled back some. She quickly used the opportunity to circle the crown of his penis and polished the tip with her tongue.

The heavy rise and fall of his chest and the slight jerking movement he made was a telltale sign of how sensitive he was at that moment.

Letting go of her hair, he moved away from her and refastened his pants. Stooping before her, he brushed the back of his knuckles across her cheek. His blue eyes, no longer held the darkness of seconds before. Now they were bright and filled with gentleness. Jon's thumb brushed the corner of her mouth and collected the small stream of his fugitive juices.

His cream coated thumb hovered before her mouth. She parted her lips and allowed him to slip the digit inside. She cleaned it off as he spoke.

“Use the front bathroom to recompose yourself. Then set the table for dinner. I have to take care of something.” Standing, he turned and headed out of the room, stopping he said, “Never disobey me.” Without a look back he continued down the hall.

Chapter *Three*

Jon walked into his room and closed the door behind him. He ran his hands through his hair and realized his hands were trembling. Hell, his whole fucking body was shaking.

Only moments before he'd just dildo fucked Kara on his kitchen counter. A fantasy he'd played over and over in his mind. He'd bought the toy for her three months ago even though he never truly believed he'd ever use it on her. It was just an irresistible purchase.

Fuck, to top it off, he'd had the grandest opportunity to have his cock in her mouth. Her glorious full-lipped mouth that could tempt a saint; he was a far cry away from that title.

Tonight, he was headed to Dralin's home in Suffolk. Dralin always held the Christmas party. Dralin had been a Dom for sixteen years and had been a friend of his for the last five. He'd never taken a submissive to Dralin's. One reason was because there were always plenty of submissives, male and female, for an unattached Dom to play with. Besides, the fact he hadn't had a sub in a very long time.

The thought of Kara becoming his sub and under his control, made sweat roll down the back of his neck.

Strutting into his bathroom, he splashed icy cold water on his face. He needed the cold shock to get himself together. Kara had already allowed him to do things to her and appeared to be willing to follow his lead. It would be ridiculous for him to back out now. Staring at himself in the mirror he reminded himself that his dream was within his grasp if all went well this night.

Grabbing a towel he dried his face and hair, then went to place his call.

~

During the delicious meal Jon had prepared, they discussed her job and some of the changes taking place in the New Year. They had avoided any conversation about Milton or the night's events. She had a million questions running through her mind, but she didn't want to be disobedient again.

They'd just completed dinner when the doorbell rung. Kara watched Jon remove the napkin from his lap and wipe his hands and mouth.

Rising, he said, "Clear the table, Dove, and I'll answer the door."

Silent, she gathered both their plates and headed to the kitchen. She could hear Jon talking to someone, but where she stood at the sink, she couldn't see around the arch to who it was.

Jon appeared in the archway. "Dove, please come to the guest room."

Folding her drying towel, she moved through the house beside Jon. Once she arrived at spare bedroom, Kara saw a medium height bi-racial woman with long jet black hair to her waist. She stood next to the camel leather lounge, smiling.

"Dove, this is Sapphire. She is Raven's submissive. I spoke to Mistress Raven and got her permission for Sapphire to come here tonight."

Her? So, Sapphire belonged to another woman. Kara didn't have issue with a same sex relationship. She just never thought about one woman taking orders from another.

Kara wondered why Sapphire was here.

"You may want to greet Sapphire, Dove, before she gets started."

Taking her cue, she crossed to the other woman. "It's nice to meet you, Sapphire."

"You as well. Master Poseidon has informed me this experience maybe new for you." The other woman's voice was soft and controlled.

So, Jon called himself Poseidon, the Greek god of the ocean, seas and earth quakes. It fit him well, since Jon always loved the ocean. Even in the winter time, her friend walked along the beach for hours.

"Sapphire's esthetician."

Turning her head, Kara looked at Jon then turned back in the other woman's direction.

Jon must have picked up on her confused expression, because he said, "A waxing specialist."

Looking passed the other woman, Kara noticed the small table with the hot wax pot, cloth strips and small wood spatulas and other bottles of things.

"She will remove the hair from your pubis. I have instructed her of my wants, Dove."

Now things were becoming clear, Kara thought.

Leaning towards her, Jon kissed Kara on the forehead. "I will leave you two alone. I shall return in one hour. There will be instructions on the table for you, Dove." Facing Sapphire, he said, "I'm sure you will be gone before my return. Please convey my gratitude once again to Mistress Raven."

"I certainly will," Sapphire answered.

He left the room.

Allowing her gaze to follow Jon out of the room, Kara heard Sapphire speak behind her.

"Here is a robe, Dove, so you can be more comfortable."

Turning back to Sapphire, she took the silky green cover-up from her and began to remove her clothing. Kara figure there was no point in being shy since this woman would see all of her intimate parts soon.

While Jon was gone, she would spend the time with Sapphire wisely. "Sapphire, can you tell me about being a submissive?"

A sweet smile graced the other woman's lips. "It would be my pleasure. Besides, I think that concentrating on something else will make the hair removal less painful."

"Somehow, I doubt that," Kara responded honestly.

Sapphire laughed.

~

"Are you ready, Dove?" Jon asked, as he aligned his car against the curb in front of Master Dralin's residence.

Ready? She sat in the car huddled inside of a long trench coat. Underneath she wore a leather mini skirt ensemble that was so short her newly bald pussy was an inch away from being seen even while she was standing. Not to mention her breast sat out of two holes in the top, clearly visible through the gauzy material covering them.

Taking a breath, she said, "I'm ready. What do I call you?"

“Master Poseidon, for tonight, if you decide this is not what you want then I will still be Jon to you.”

Reaching across the console, he squeezed her hand. “I know this is a lot for you to take in and understand in one night. I appreciate you being here, giving it a try.”

She tried to give him a smile, but she was afraid it might have fallen flat, as nervous as she was.

He got out the car and opened the door for her. Before she knew it they were at the door and being escorted in. As Sapphire explained to her, she stayed beside Jon, but a half stepped behind him to his right so that she was still within his sight.

“Master Poseidon, Merry Christmas. Master Dralin welcomes you and your sub to his home.” A short white woman with red curls surrounding her face greeted them.

Kara assessed the woman in the sheer red top and long white leather skirt that almost touched the floor. The woman’s bare feet peeked out at the bottom.

“Merry Christmas to you, Cinnamon.” Glancing in Kara’s direction, he continued, “This is Dove.”

Cinnamon smiled and nodded to both of them. Stepping before Kara, she said, “Please remove your shoes. May I take your coat?”

Not wanting to make a misstep, Kara glanced at Jon. He nodded. Swallowing, she unfastened the two large buttons at the top of the coat, then slipped it off her arm and gave it to the other woman. Then she quickly stepped out of her heels and handed them over as well, feeling the thick carpet under her toes. *At least my breast won’t be the only ones out.*

“Master Dralin and the other guest are in the den outside the workroom, please follow me.” After placing the items in the closet by the door, Cinnamon led the way.

“Dralin doesn’t allow submissives to wear shoes in his home. Easier to tell Dom’s from subs, especially if there is a large gathering.”

Large gathering? Kara wanted to ask how large.

“Christmas usually has about ten or so people.” Jon leaned over and whispered in her ear as they walked.

“Most go out of town or do things with family.”

They left the traditional living room area, with the Christmas tree covered in lights and presents piled underneath. Walking along a long hallway, they passed closed doors to what were most likely bedrooms, Kara figured. Once at the end of the hall, there appeared to be a closet door, Cinnamon opened it and they travelled down a flight of stairs. There was a large open area with plush chairs arranged around the room with a long wide leather covered coffee table in the middle. It was warm and cozy in the room from the crackling fire in the fireplace. Jon was correct there was about ten or so people in the room already.

The only thing keeping this room from being a typical den or family room, was the nude black woman cuffed to a cross being spanked by a Hispanic male dressed in all dark grey. There were soft moans coming from the woman, Kara couldn't decide whether or not the woman was enjoying the whip's lashes or not.

Kara also tried not to stare at the Asian man on his knees before a white woman that must have been his Dom. Her breasts were not bare like the subs and she wore shoe. The man was shirtless, with a pair of pants on that covered everything but his ass. The Dom was slowly sliding a dildo with long straps at the end between his butt cheeks. It looked like some kind of tail once it was in. The man's head was bowed but the sighs were evidence he was enjoying the impaling. Kara watched the light touches the woman gave his back idly.

Sapphire was there, bare breasted like the rest of the sub women too, in her green jumper leather dress and mesh black top. She kneeled with a plate in her hand beside a white woman with long straight black hair hanging over one shoulder as the woman picked a grape off the dish.

She assumed the woman was Mistress Raven.

"Poseidon, glad you could make it." A tall dark-skinned black man rose from a chair, taking a moment to caress the cheek of the black woman kneeling beside him. "Merry Christmas, my friend."

They shook hands. Jon patted the other man on the back. "Dralin, I've never missed a Christmas play, yet."

"So, true. If you are hungry there are refreshments on the table in the alcove."

"We ate before coming."

Nodding, Dralin's brown eyes moved to her, than swept along her body. "Who have you brought to join us?"

“This is, Dove.” Jon’s hand caressed the small of her back.

She wondered if she’d imagined the possession in his touch.

“Dove.” Mistress Raven stood and crossed them room. “An innocent bird,” she said as she stood before Kara and assessed her slower than Dralin had. “Pure. Untouched. *Sacred*.” A single eyebrow arched high over her light brown eyes.

It was something about the way the woman hung on to the last word and her look that made Kara nervous around Mistress Raven.

As if knowing it, Mistress Raven smiled as her gaze met Kara’s own.

“Lovely name, for a lovely woman.” Turning to Jon, she said, “Can I hope the traits are mirrored?”

Kara felt the brush of Jon’s fingers on her cheek. “You can.”

“Excellent choice.”

There was a loud smack, then the sound of someone crying out. Kara turned her head toward the woman cuffed in the back of the room. The woman was high on her toes, her body jerking in what appeared to be ecstasy. That shocked her. Kara never considered someone could find pleasure in being whipped, especially not to the point of coming.

“All right,” Dralin’s voice pulled her gaze back around. “Since everyone is here now, we can begin with the theme activity.” Dralin moved beside the table. “Tonight’s lesson will be wax play and clamps. The safe word is raindrop.”

Kara heard everyone repeat the word.

This should be interesting to watch.

There were sighs and chuckles around the room.

Jon crossed the room to a seat and she moved behind him. When he sat, she remembered something else Sapphire told her and kneeled beside him, within arms reach. She knew her legs wouldn’t last in this position and hoped she didn’t have to stay there long.

“Pepper, bring my things.” Dralin called out.

Rising from the floor in her full gossamer gown, Pepper pushed the cart toward her master standing beside the table. “Who shall we demonstrate on?” Dralin scanned the room.

Cinnamon came to the center with a large vinyl cloth she draped over the table, covering the rug around it also. Then she moved away.

“I volunteer my boys.” An Asian woman with bleached blond hair sat between two men, hispanic men, identical twins, called out.

“Thank you, Mistress Zena. Michael and Gabriel, please come to the center,” Dralin commanded.

“I think Dove would enjoy it as well.”

What! No, Dove wouldn't. I've already had my share of waxing for the day. I'll sit right here, achy legs and all. Kara glanced toward Jon.

“May she assist in the exhibition?” Dralin asked.

Jon's blue eyes met and held hers unwavering. “Dove, join them. Follow Master Dralin's lead.”

The urge to shake her head, assailed her. But, Kara recalled Jon saying that the most important thing in these situations was the pride of a Dom. That pride came from an obedient submissive.

Nodding, she rose slowly.

“Don't come.”

Jon's whisper was so low she doubted anyone else heard him. However, she did and it made her stutter in her steps as she moved to the three men. She didn't know how wax and clamps on any part of her body would make her want to come.

In peripheral vision she caught sight of the woman who'd been getting whipped. She was now curled up on the chair beside her Dom who was stroking her back with a fur mitt as he spoke softly in her ear. The woman looked at peace.

Internally, Kara shook her head, but regardless of that subs response to pain that would not be her; she'd follow Jon's command to the letter. No problem. The desire to make Jon proud overpowered her.

In a blink, she was divested of her clothing by Michael and Gabriel and assisted in lying down on the covered leather table as the gorgeous twins knelt on her left and right. She didn't know them apart and didn't attempt to figure it out. Dralin handed the men clamps that looked like tweezers with small padding.

Too say she was nervous, was no where close to how she felt. She was scared shitless. *Would the clamps hurt? Would the wax burn? Where will they pour the wax? Would I have more hair removed?* The only thing that was left was her eyebrows and what was on her head.

"Secure them to her nipples," Dralin directed.

"Boys, don't forget the nipples have to be prepared before the clamps are secured," Mistress Zena said.

Nipples? Prepared? Before the question formulated in her mind, both men bowed their head and began licking and sucking her nipples.

Shocked, she gasped. She looked down at the two bobbing heads fasten to her breasts. The view caused heat to flare between her legs. Quickly, she realized watching them would bring her to a point that was forbidden to her without permission, so she turned her head and located Jon's eyes.

She wondered if the sight of two other men playing with her, turned him on, but she didn't allow her gaze to drop to his crotch to see.

"Enough," Dralin commanded.

The pull on her nipples ceased simultaneously.

"The clamps now," Dralin instructed.

The bite of the clamps squeezing her nipples made her wince and curl her shoulders down. She wanted to lift her hands and take them off. Gripping the side of the table, she fought the urge to cry out. Her heels tapped on the floor as she concentrated.

Twin hands guided light oil over her body under Dralin's request.

The pouring of wax started on her shoulders and belly, it was warm and soothing. She stifled a moan as her body relaxed as the clamps intensity ebbed away.

Kara had almost separated herself from everyone around her, until the clamps were removed and the flooding pain in her nipples brought her to what was happening instantly.

“Ah!” She cried out.

When the wax dripped onto the tender flesh, it stung, but what caused her to moan was the flashing heat that went from her nipples to her clit. She couldn't believe it. Her pussy was throbbing and no one had even touched it. Michael and Gabriel's hands glided through the oil and toyed with the erect buds. She couldn't recall being so turned on by having her nipples played with.

“Oh, how she creams, Poseidon,” Raven called out reverently.

As the wax cooled the clamps were returned to her nipples again. The bite was just as powerful, but expected.

This time the touches became firmer, a stimulating massage from her toes to the top of her thighs. More wax was poured on her belly and out stretched arms. When Dralin guide the stream between her legs, Kara felt the trembling begin in the pit of her stomach then venture out to her thighs. The wax pooling and cooling around her clit and labia curled her toes. Arousal became her friend. Every touch, every drip had her body on fire.

Dralin reminded the men of the clamps. They removed them, drizzling the liquid again.

Kara tried to hold back her moan, but when the wax cooled this time, the men peeled it off her nipples. Her skin was even more sensitive and when they secured their mouths on her this time she squirmed and moaned.

The only thing that kept her in control of her body was looking at Jon sitting calmly in his chair and knowing it wasn't him. It also excited her to see the glow of pride in his eyes as he watched her.

“As you can all see, the heat of the wax makes the body very sensitive when peeled away.” Dralin put away the wax. “The oil will keep it from sticking to the skin for easy removal. Powder works as well. This method can be used as a gift for your sub or a punishment, depending on the length of time of play. Michael and Gabriel you may stop.”

A dual popping sound echoed around the room as the men released her nipples.

“Her control is excellent for such an innocent to this type of play, Poseidon.” Mistress Raven joined the small group, standing before Kara’s knees. “Possibly she needs a more intense touch to truly test her restraint.”

Kara glanced up at the formidable woman. Just looking at the Dom let Kara know this woman was confident in her power over others making them submit to her will. That unrelenting strength intimidated Kara.

Mistress Raven looked at Jon. “May I play with her while the twins remove the wax from her body?”

Turning her head, Kara saw Jon eye the other Dom for a long moment then nod.

Groaning internally, Kara turned her gaze to the other woman. The only other woman who’s seen her up close and personal that hadn’t been a doctor was Raven, Raven’s submissive.

Raven lowered her frame before Kara’s knees. “Spread her legs wider, Michael and Gabriel so I may clear the wax coating her tantalizing pussy.”

Strong hands gripped her thighs and pulled them wide. Kara could hear the light pelting of wax breaking away and falling to the vinyl cloth.

The tall woman’s hands were sure as she wasted little time in plucking the wax off her sex. The featherlike scraping of Raven’s nails along her tender flesh made Kara’s skin tingle.

“Even more delicious up close,” Raven said. “Plump brown lips and pink creamy treasures inside.”

Raven had a way of describing things, Kara mused. When Raven bowed her head and licked firmly up her folds, Kara’s breath caught in her throat. Milton her ex-boy friend had been passable at the act, but Raven was a master at it. If she didn’t concentrate on not coming, this woman’s talented skills would take her over the edge.

Sharply, Kara turned her head and refocused on Jon. Once again she was moved by the fact he only gave the people around her a passing look every now and then, most of his attention stayed on her. An intense connection. An arcane conversation no one else was a part of.

Taking a deep breath, Kara began to struggle not to get lost in Raven’s ministrations. Her labia were parted, and her clit circled and sucked. When the nimble tongue entered her cunt and stroked her walls, Kara’s body began to quiver. The need to climax was so overpowering Kara bit firmly into her lips. This woman was adroit in her forte, a pussy-ologist.

Kara didn't know how much more she could take. If things didn't end soon she would come. She would disappoint Jon. Her eyes began to burn with the thought.

~

It hadn't escaped Jon's notice that Kara was drawn tight as a bowstring. He could see the tiny beads of sweat between her breast and over her belly. She would not be able to sustain much longer.

Looking into her eyes, his heart pounded hard when he noted the water filling her eyes. It was taking everything within her to hold off an orgasm that he was sure was impending. It was the single tear the trickled down the side of her face that made his chest puff with pride.

"Enough!" He called out.

Submission was about learning to control ones body and trusting the Dom to pull out strengths in you. Kara had done well tonight. He was proud of her. She'd entered a world foreign to her and had followed his guidance without hesitation even when she was timorous.

Michael and Gabriel stepped away instantly. Raven's stop was slower, but finally she ceased and licked her own lips collecting Kara's dew.

Jon saw the tension leave Kara's body as she relaxed and relief flooded her features that the sensual torture had been called to a halt.

"She could easily become a craving, Poseidon."

She already was.

Raven rose and Jon remembered the female Dom could crafty in her play always seeking to break a sub.

"Don't tou--" He stood.

Chapter *Four*

He was too late catch the movement of the Dom's dexterous fingers as they brushed Kara's clit before Raven stepped away.

"No!" Kara cried as she was caught off guard by the titillation. Her body bucking up from the table made it apparent to everyone in the room that Kara climaxed without permission.

The silence around the room was defining. He would have to punish Kara. "Come, Dove."

Getting off the table, Kara kept her head bowed as she took her place slightly behind his shoulder. Jon hated the dejected look. He liked seeing her exhibit confidence. He didn't want her broken. He just wanted her to be his.

"May I use one of your rooms, Dralin?"

Understanding he desired privacy with Kara, Dralin said, "You may choose."

Nodding, Jon led the way down the hall until he reached the last room. Opening the door, he stepped inside. The lighting was low and he waited while Kara entered then closed the door behind them. In the middle of the room was a padded horse shaped equipment.

Escorting Kara to the structure, he watched her eyes widen as she took in the tools, paddles and whips around the room.

There was trepidation in her gaze, but no fear.

"Dove, I know that Raven provoked you at the end to lose control." He helped her lean forward, laying her torso against the pad, step her feet on a set of wood rungs along the structures hind legs and secured her ankles. She had to straddle the back of it, as if on a real horse. He admired how her position parted her legs and displayed her round ass high. Everything from her sex to the tiny puckered hole was revealed to his sight and available.

"This experience will help you to remember to always be on guard unless beside me." He secured the wide cuffs around her ankles. Moving around the front he looked into her hazel eyes. "Do you understand?"

"Yes," still a hint of sadness was in her gaze.

He caressed her cheek then fastened her arms along the front legs. When a sub was locked in place, they became the horse. Frequently, it was used for stabling a disobedient submissive. Kara's actions did not warrant a vibrator or handle of a whip in her ass and to be left alone in the room for a time.

Stroking his hand down her back, he felt the slight vibrations of her tremors. "Are you scared, Dove?" He didn't move as he waited her response.

"No, not of you." Her words were breathy, husky. She glanced over her shoulder at him, difficult with her position. "Maybe a little of this." Her gaze shifted to include the items hanging on the wall.

"Do you trust me?"

"Yes, Master Poseidon." She didn't hesitate in her response.

"When we are alone, you may call me Jon." He'd lain in bed many sleepless nights wondering what it would sound like for her to call his name in ecstasy for years.

"Does that mean you will call me Kara?" she whispered.

"Do you want me to?" *Please say no.* But, if she told him yes, he would do it in private. Even though Dove meant all of those things Raven had mentioned or more to him.

"No, I've always enjoyed being your Dove." The gold fleck in her eyes sparkled at her admission.

"I enjoy saying it." The tension left his body. He touched her back again, following the length of her spine one vertebrae at a time and stopped just before caressing her plump ass. There were so many things he desired to do with her and to her, he reminded himself to stay focused on this night, this task. "Do you recall our safe word?"

"Raindrop."

"No, *our* word. When we are alone we go by our rules."

There was more light showing in her gaze now than apprehension. "Frost."

Nodding, he moved to the wall, looking specifically for one tool. Once he found it, he returned. Standing before Kara with the paddle in his hand, he instructed, "Dove, I will begin your punishment now. Don't attempt to anticipate when I'm going to lay the paddle against your skin and move because you may cause me to injure

you.” Taking a deep breath, he told her something that she already knew but he needed to confirm his level of experience with her. “I’ve disciplined and punished many over the years, some my submissive, others at various play party demonstrations. Try and relax.”

He noted the high lift of a single eyebrow and smiled to himself as he moved behind her to get in position. He was happy to see that Kara had not lost her spark through this night. He loved her for who she was most of all.

Without preamble, he swung his right arm holding the paddle and made contact with Kara’s right cheek. The impact reverberated from his hand, into his wrist and up his arm sending shockwaves of excitement throughout his body as adrenaline pumped along every nerve. Removing the paddle he saw the subtle tinting of her skin. *My Dove.*

~

Oh, shit. Kara screamed in her mind at the first impact of the round, ping-pong looking paddle against her ass. It was not only the sting of it hitting her butt that grabbed her attention, but the electrifying currents it sent straight to her clit. On the lower cushion of the padded horse like object were ridges and groves that brushed her clit, increasing the sensation. Her pussy was already throbbing. Was that normal? She wondered.

Jon had told her not to move, but the desire to lift her ass higher than it already was an entreaty for more. That urge stunned her so she didn’t prepare herself for the next impact. She pressed her lips firmly together and closed her eyes. Forcibly she cleared her mind in anticipation of the remaining smacks.

She didn’t consider counting each hit as Jon’s spanking rhythm constantly changed tempos. She couldn’t hold back her moans and sighs any longer. Both her ass cheeks were now on fire and her pussy was throbbing so bad she knew it glistened with her juices. Being disciplined by Jon turned her on more than the oral treatment of the female Dom.

Her clit was so engorged from stimulation that she feared she would come again. The wrist cuffs allowed her enough space to grip the front legs of the equipment. She squeezed her hands tight around the wood and

took deep breaths to remain calm. Earlier she had used Jon as her focal point to stay in control, but with Jon doing the punishment there was no where for her to escape. He was consuming her mind, body and soul.

The paddling stopped. She thought he was done, until she felt the gentle touch of his hand on her ass, the contact stung her tender flesh. When the caress moved from her cheeks to brush along her sex she moaned. Jon continued to fondle her up and down, making her wet from her pussy to her ass. Restrained in her position didn't allow her the freedom to spread her legs wider. So, she lifted her hips slightly, requesting more even though she knew she was on dangerous ground.

Two of Jon's thick, strong fingers slide into her, stretching her walls. Once, twice he pushed into her then removed his hand. She caught the whine of disappointment before it passed her lips.

Seconds later the fingers were back, but when she felt the ginger push against her anal opening, she started to tense.

"Relax, Dove." His voice was soft, but commanding.

She took a deep breath. Her own wetness betrayed her and allowed him to glide deeper. His fingers blazed a trail as they broaden the hole. He pulled out, but not totally removing his digits in her ass then when he entered again, he was accompanied by two other fingers inside her sex.

The double possession was too intense, too good. She tossed her head back and moaned.

Over and over again, he glided in and slipped back out. Her body was shaking so bad. The horse became slick with her sweat and the wetness dripping from between her legs. The word *frost* came into her mind. She considered saying it so that Jon would cease the enthralling assault. But, she didn't want to use it.

She trusted him to know her limits. He'd brought her to this point at home and then witnessed the situation that had gotten her punished.

"You may come at will, Dove," he permitted as he continued pumping into her.

Relaxing into it, she allowed her body to take over. Her orgasm swelled higher in her abdomen, and she knew the climax would strike soon. The unexpected final impact of the paddle on her ass folded her under the tidal wave of pleasure. She was drowning in ecstasy.

Her release was so powerful, her body went limp. She was grateful when Jon unlocked the cuffs then carried her out of the room. Curling into his chest, she buried her face along the side of his neck, not out of shame, but she wanted to be as close to him as possible. In her ear she could hear his soft whispers expressing his pride in her.

Silent, Jon moved through the house, not speaking to anyone. Once upstairs, Cinnamon assisted him in putting her trench around her body and slip on her heels. Then he exited the house and placed her in the passenger seat.

Soft jazz music filled the car as they drove home.

She must have dozed off, because when she awakened Jon was carrying her into the house from the garage entrance. The living room was dark except for the glow from the Christmas tree lights.

He continued down the hallway until they reached his bedroom and he laid her on the bed. His nightstand clock showed it was now after midnight. Taking her coat he placed it along the back of a chair. Her shoes he put against the wall beside the chair. Kara refused to break the quiet, instead she just watched him undress and put his things away efficiently.

Nude, he headed toward the bed. Her heart stopped beating for a moment. Jon's body was amazing. She'd seen him in swim trunks before when they went on vacation every year, because he loved the ocean. Hours ago she'd had his thick cock in her mouth. However, the impact of viewing all of his powerful muscles flexing as he moved toward her made her head spin.

He brought the covers around both of them and pulled her in his arms. He was the first to break the silence. "I want you as mine, Kara. In this bed. In my life. Sharing my lifestyle. Do you want that? Can you deal with this part of me?" Leaning back, he captured her gaze.

She stared into his intense blue eyes as the events of the night ran through her mind. The control, the erotic edge, the restraint, the release, the punishment and the care. She knew without a doubt what she wanted. It was Jon in everyway. *His way*. "Yes, Jon."

Relief spread across his features, and at that moment she knew he'd been sacred that she would say no. Right then she realized he didn't know the extent of her feelings. "I love you, Jon. Not just as my friend, but as my man, my master."

He kissed her, deep and passionate, cupping the back of her head and holding her in place, which was his fashion to do. The intensity she had come to know that was part of Jon's make-up, she rejoiced in it.

Pulling back, he said, "I love you, Kara. In loving you I know how important your independence and security are to you. So, you work and manage your time there. However, before work and after is my time, my commanding."

The heavy timbre of his voice excited her. Smiling, she touched his face, feeling the light stubble scrape her palm. "I wouldn't have it any other way."

Lowering his head, he kissed her shoulder, her neck then captured her nipples. His talented tongue circled and flicked her tip. She moaned and cupped his head, keeping him against her. "Jon."

Wrapping his arms around her, he dragged her body beneath him. When her thighs parted invitingly, he settled between them and pressing his length inside her in slow increments, allowing her body to adjust to the size of him. However, she didn't want his restraint, she needed all of him. She'd felt as if she'd waited a lifetime to feel him inside of her. Surrounding his hips with her legs, she urged him on.

Understanding her need, one solid thrust had him buried to the hilt. "You may come at will," he growled, in a husky tone.

She didn't know if his words were for her or him, he appeared just as wound up in ecstasy as her self.

Gloriously stretched and satisfied, she moved in tandem with him.

They held each other tight, and her climax built rapidly with each thrust and every whisper from Jon as his words caressed the sensitive skin along the side of her neck. His heady scent of musk and spice clouded her thoughts as his strength surrounded her.

"My Dove. My Dove," he chanted, claiming her.

The desire to hold her release at bay as long as possible was overtaken by the need itself to come and spin into rapture in Jon's arms. Her orgasm carried her into a rhapsodic haven of pleasure, screaming, "My Dom!"

Her words pushed Jon over the edge with her.

Shaking and harsh breathing, consumed them both as they rest against each other. She could have sworn the earth had quaked beneath them. Making love to Jon, Poseidon had that kind of effect on her.

Lying on their sides but still joined, his hands caressed the length of her back and cupped her ass still a little tender.

Her senses had barely returned when he said, "Hmm, let's try that again...for goodness sake."

She giggled.

Still hard, he pumped into her with vigor, coercing her body to yield to the joy of pleasure. Without hesitation she did, knowing that her life had changed forever on this Christmas day.