

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE

Delphine  
Dryden

Xmas  
Spark

Merry Kinkmas

## **Xmas Spark**

Delphine Dryden

Jack's Christmas list is short. He wants...

1. A violet wand
2. And his willing sub, Katie

When he finds both under the tree, Jack decides their first Christmas together is the perfect time to create some delightfully *shocking* traditions.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Xmas Spark

ISBN 9781419931727

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Edited by Kelli Collins

Cover art by Darrell King

Electronic book publication December 2010

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# ***XMAS SPARK***

**Delphine Dryden**

## Dedication

For Joe, who is one of my three favorite people in the world. “Honey...honey? Stop playing with the Tesla coil and come to bed!”

## Author Note

While a standalone, Xmas Spark reacquaints readers with Jack and Katie, first introduced in *When in Rio*.

## Trademarks Acknowledgement

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## Chapter One

The bag of presents sat under the Christmas tree, taunting me each time I walked by. I still couldn't quite believe I had gotten myself into this situation.

I couldn't really blame Jack's mother. It was only reasonable of her to invite us over for Christmas. Her only son and his new fiancée. *Live-in fiancée*, I always added in my head with a silent squeal of disbelief and joy. A year ago, neither state seemed likely in my near future. But now here I was, finally officially living with Jack. And we had set the date and everything.

And now here I was, too, with a bag of perfectly innocent presents and then one whang-doozy. Jack's present from me. His *big* present anyway. And I had to bring it, because he was bringing his big present to me. To open there, at his parents' house, in front of the whole family. Which was why all the gifts were currently thrown in the big Santa bag along with the gifts for Jack's family, probably with their bows getting all squashed and rumpled.

*Nobody is going to know what the hell that thing is, Katie*, I reassured myself. Normally I don't call myself by name in my head, but these were pretty extreme circumstances that called for extreme self-talking-to.

"Rrrruuuuggh. Rrrroooooo!"

Rufus, seventy pounds of solid golden retriever fun, was in his favorite "let's play!" position on the living room floor. He always made Scooby noises when he was really working hard to communicate. His butt was in the air and his heavy, fringed tail swept back and forth, threatening to knock ornaments off the tree. We'd already moved the fragile stuff way up past the three-foot line.

"No time right now, sweetie. I still have to put on makeup and finish icing cookies before Daddy gets home!" Then, I confess, I made some kissy faces and wubby-wubby noises at Rufus and scritchd his neck, because I adore the big galoot.

I continued to the bathroom and tried to make myself look airbrushed. My skin was flushed because I had literally been working over a hot stove and oven most of the afternoon. The redhead thing always played up in cases like this, and no amount of makeup would hide the splotchy pinkness. Or the extra freckles I had picked up earlier in the year on that trip to Rio. And there was only a certain amount of my life I was willing to spend in front of a mirror, trying to paint a different me on top of the existing me.

The kitchen timer buzzed, so I called my face a done deal and bolted back to the oven to pull out the last batch of sugar cookies. The previous batch had cooled just enough to take the heavy icing without liquefying it too much. A few sprinkles, and the cookies were ready to go. The fudge had already been cooled, cut and packed up. My contributions to the evening's feast. *Our* contributions.

"Katie?"

Crap! I hadn't even heard the garage door. And Rufus, baffling beast that he was, would bark for anybody else, but never for his master. For Jack, he always just waited by the garage door, whuffling like mad at the doorjamb to catch the first heady sniff of his favorite human. Loud, but still not audible from down the hall.

"Kitchen!" I hoped that had sounded breezy, and not as if I was on the verge of a panic attack due to the impending family occasion and the fact that I was going to present Jack with a gift of extremely dubious nature while he was sitting right in front of his parents.

In fairness, I had tried to talk him out of that arrangement.

"We should open our presents here, Christmas morning. At least the big ones."

"But your big present is the one I want you to open in front of everybody. So you should bring my big present too, right? Honey, whatever you got me, I'm sure it will be absolutely wonderful." And that was the end of that discussion.

I did have a teensy problem disagreeing with Jack when he was very firm about his position. In theory our sexual relationship dynamics stopped at the bedroom door. But in practice, especially once I'd moved in, we found it harder and harder to make that distinction.

Like now, when I felt as if I really wanted to be right there with Rufus, wagging like a fool with my entire body and practically slobbering with happiness to have Jack home. And also in no clothes and wearing a collar, but those were fairly minor details compared to the emotional part.

"My god, it smells fan-fucking-tastic in here. Hello, my love." Jack sidestepped the dog on his way into the big kitchen, grabbed me and planted a kiss on my lips that I felt straight down to my toes.

"I missed you," I said when he finally let me go.

"I was only gone for an hour," he chuckled. "Which was longer than I meant to be gone. They didn't have the wine I was looking for at the liquor store by us, so I ran over to Spec's. It was a zoo."

"I'll bet. Christmas Eve? You wouldn't catch me in there."

"Ooh, they're done..." Jack had spotted the sealed plastic tub of completed cookies and was reaching past me to get to them. I swatted his hand boldly.

"Those are to take with us," I reminded him. He looked down at me and raised an eyebrow.

"Katie," he began, and dammit, he was using his special voice powers, and if he didn't stop I was sure to melt into a puddle of biddable goo any second. "Did you just slap my hand?"



I pulled myself together and stared him down as sternly as I could. "Yes, I did, and I will do it again if I have to. Those are the cookies I spent all afternoon making to take to your parents' house tonight, and you can have some after dinner just like all the other kids. But I'm also keeping a plate of them here for us, for later."

Even standing my straightest, I was still almost a head shorter than Jack. And even if our heights were reversed, he would still be the one in charge when he really wanted to be. Because that was his nature.

"Tonight," he said, still using the hellishly sexy voice, "when we walk through that door, you are going to take all your clothes off, and then you are going to feed me one of those cookies, one bite at a time. And then you're going to drop to your knees and give me repentant Christmas Eve head, right here in the kitchen."

He'd backed me up against the counter by this time and was pressing his hips forward to keep me in place. His arms formed solid bars, keeping me caged in. Keeping me safe and cozy and snuggly in the dawning glow of subspace.

"Yes Sir," I said, loving the plan so far. I generally loved all of Jack's plans. Even the evil, naughty ones involving things that had always sounded scary as hell until Jack started convincing me to try them. He had the ability to make even the lewdest acts sound like not only good clean fun, but downright philosophical necessities.

"And then, little Katie, I think a traditional Christmas Eve over-the-knee spanking would be in order."

"Will you wear the Santa hat or will I, Sir?" I was cool either way.

His laugh jolted me out of my lust-induced trance. "We'll play it by ear."

\* \* \* \* \*

I'd angled us into a corner of the Benedicts' spacious living room, so at least nobody was looking over our shoulders as we opened gifts. I wished, for about the thousandth time since the whole "let's open all the presents over there" plan had been announced the day before, that I'd had time to just go out and get him something else. But aside

from the time consideration, I really couldn't justify the expense of buying another present of this...magnitude.

And now the clock was ticking, the wrapping paper was flying and fortunately the mulled wine was also flowing, so all the grownups were a little less than completely sharp by the time Jack hoisted the solid, heavy box into his lap. The shiny red paper and crisp white ribbon looked so blameless and conventional.

"That's from me," I said unnecessarily. He gave me a sideways little smile.

"I've been looking at it under our tree for two weeks. Hey, it's okay if I've been shaking it, kicking it around a little, right?"

He snickered at my horrified expression then proceeded to peel the paper off the box with typical Jack-like precision and efficiency. He opened the plain brown shipping box I'd used to wrap it in, looked down at the handsome, custom-made metal case inside and cocked his head as he ran his fingers over the small, discreet logo.

"Hmm."

"Hmm," I agreed.

Clearly unable to resist, he reached for the latches and let the lid swing up. The packing box and the raised lid still obscured the contents of the case from everybody else in the room, but to my dismay, Jack reached in and carefully tugged the main component of the kit free from its molded foam compartment and held it up for a closer look. It had no attachment hooked up. The cord dangled down from the end like a whip tail.

"That one of those power multi-tools? Your mother got me one of those last year. I use it all the time." Jack's father gave me an approving nod from across the room. And then Jack's mother looked at her son and pointed to her watch in a way that was not subtle at all.

The moment was past, the box set aside, and Jack was thanking me and then getting up to talk to his mother about something. It was almost a letdown.

They hadn't recognized the violet wand as a high-end electric sex toy.

Of course they hadn't. Now that I looked at it through their eyes, it really did look like the base of a powered screwdriver or detail sander. Just a plain, glossy black shaft that tapered near the hole in the end where the attachments plugged in. And the case hid the attachments, which might have raised some questions but probably could have been explained away as light bulbs or something. Weird but not deviant, because they still wouldn't know what they were looking at. How many people even knew about the erotic potential of running current through your partner? I hadn't even known until Jack started talking about it after a neighbor built a Tesla coil to use for a Halloween haunted house prop. Talk about obscure. I had clearly been freaked out for nothing.

I'd been so freaked out, actually, I had been distracted from the larger event. Which was heralded by Jack clearing his throat to get everybody's attention as he walked back to me and handed me my "big" gift. I suddenly got the impression something was about to happen, and everybody knew what it was except me.

It was a very small box.

A tiny digression here to mention that I didn't have an engagement ring. Jack had wanted to give me one. But I told him no and then I gave him a lot of reasons, like the engagement being short and the whole conflict diamond thing, and some other stuff that sounded plausible. The real reason was that I had never really worn rings, and the idea of walking around with thousands of dollars worth of rock and metal on my fairly clumsy hand seemed like a recipe for disaster. The ring would end up, I was just sure, in the garbage disposal or the drain or something.

So I was ring-free at that point, and totally not expecting one. It took me a few seconds to get what was happening. I had the wrapping off and was staring at the little black velvet box when the light bulb finally clicked on.

"Oh!"

Jack grinned and knelt down on one knee in front of me, just as he had when he proposed. And then he wrapped his hands over mine to hold the box steady, because my hands were shaking.

"You said you didn't want one of these," he explained, "but I think you should reconsider. Because for one thing, I want to make sure everybody knows you're taken. And for another thing, this was my grandmother's, and I know she would have loved you and wanted you to have it."

He said some other really beautiful things, but I was bawling like a baby at that point and didn't catch all of it. And of course I really *had* wanted an engagement ring, very much so, despite my anxiety about potentially grinding it to shreds in the disposal. I mean really, who doesn't like a nice, tasteful diamond? The fact that it was his grandmother's ring was almost too much to take.

In the general excitement over the ring, nobody even remembered the new "multi-tool". And the fudge and cookies were also a big hit after dinner.

So it was, on the whole, an awesome Christmas Eve at the Benedict house.

\* \* \* \* \*

I spent most of the ride home trying to pretend I wasn't staring at the chunk of unexpected bling on my finger. And trying not to forget and start singing *Single Ladies* out loud, since it was running through my head despite the seasonal music on the radio. I was mostly successful. And Jack mostly pretended not to notice, which was kind of him. We were parked in the garage before I thought about the violet wand again, and even then it was only because Jack had tucked the box under his arm to take it into the house.

"Of course," he said as he held the door for me and put a foot out to restrain Rufus, "I could just leave this out in the garage. With the other power tools."

I spun around to see him smirking at me. Cruel. Wicked.

And absolutely perfect.

"It's a little late to be starting on a construction project, don't you think?" I headed through the utility room and on down the short hallway into the kitchen, plopping my purse and the bag of received presents on the counter and starting to take my coat off as though I didn't know Jack was stalking up behind me.

"Is this smart-ass masochist night?" he growled in my ear, yanking the jacket down to my elbows and pulling it tight behind me to pin my arms back. "When I have a brand-new toy to play with? Is that wise, do you think, little Katie?"

"P-probably not, Sir," I admitted. He was nipping at my neck, and the scrape of his teeth set me on edge. Jack could do that every time, make me feel hot and needy at the drop of a hat.

"Should I have put a collar on it, along with that ring?"

I wasn't too far gone yet not to laugh at that. He laughed with me, a warm and happy sound for a warm and happy moment.

"If collaring me would please you, Sir."

"Oh, that's one of those good answers, little one. But you're still so regrettably overdressed. I'll be back in a sec. And you need to be naked and in a much more compliant mood when I get back."

He let me go and strode to the pantry, where I could hear him rustling around on a shelf. The meaty whack of Rufus' tail against my leg made me realize what Jack was looking for. Something to distract the dog, so he wouldn't try to lick our faces just when things got interesting. All signs pointed to a night of lascivious fun in rooms other than the bedroom. I started tearing my clothes off as fast as I could.

"Third shelf up on the right, behind the bag of chips," I suggested.

"What? Oh, there it is. Thanks."

Jack emerged from the pantry with a shrink-wrapped meaty bone and Rufus nearly passed out from excitement before Jack could get the plastic off. As soon as he'd closed his teeth around the new bone, Rufus disappeared. A few seconds later, we heard the

slap of the doggy door as he made his way out to his favorite gnawing spot. It was a big bone. He could be out there for hours.

It felt a little strange to be naked in the kitchen. I had to resist the urge to bend down, scoop my discarded clothes up and take them to the laundry hamper. I mean, it was just right there, down the hall and around the corner.

Then Jack looked at me, raking his eyes over my body from the toes up. I forgot all about the clothes.

“Cookie,” he reminded me. While I dashed to fetch a cookie from the covered plate in the fridge, Jack took his coat off and threw it on the counter. He was wearing a dark red chamois shirt with his oldest jeans, the ones that made it hard for me to resist checking out his butt. I always smiled inside when I realized I no longer had to resist. If anybody was entitled to ogle Jack’s butt, it was me. I even had the ring to prove it.

Cookie in hand, I returned to the spot in front of the sink where Jack was waiting with mock impatience, tapping his foot. I fed him bites of the cookie, which he enjoyed with extravagant yummy noises. He didn’t share, not even one bite.

But when I dropped to my knees, mindful of his earlier instructions, he pulled me back up. “Later,” he said. “I wanna play with my cool toy in front of the Christmas tree. And we’ll bring the violet wand too.”

So we plugged in the tree lights and Jack started a fire, which I appreciated since I was naked and it was a little chilly. He told me to take off all my jewelry and make sure Rufus hadn’t knocked down any ornaments in our absence. It was with no small pang that I removed my new engagement ring and put it up on the mantel for safekeeping before checking out the tree.

Jack had cheated. Somehow he had known about the violet wand in advance. Either that or he was psychic. Because there was a compatible attachment lying under the Christmas tree like a giant, gaudy, fallen ornament, catching the light on its glassy purple surface.

"Fuck *me*," I said softly, turning the thing over in my hands. It was a monster. Heavy, probably medical-grade glass with a big, bulbous head. A scarily long shaft with a flange in the middle. The whole thing looked terribly hardcore.

An electrode, a dildo, an electrodildo...what did you even call a thing like that? Whatever it was, it was obviously made to be insertable. A feature not found in any of the attachments that came with the wand kit I'd given Jack. In fact, I'd picked that particular kit because it was the highest-end one I could find that *didn't* come with any insertable accessories. I was trying to be more adventurous, but I did have limits. So did Jack. His were just a lot further away than mine.

"That's the general idea, little one. Eventually. We'll use some other techniques first, though. At a low setting for now, I think. Just to get you used to the idea. And while I'm reminding myself how it all works."

"You've used one of these before?" It was news to me. I thought he had just known about them in the abstract. But Jack surprised me all the time. He had seated himself next to me on the fluffy hearthrug and was organizing the various parts of the kit as if he knew what he was doing. He had another, less-intimidating attachment already plugged into the base of the wand.

"A few times. I think you'll like it. I know I'll like watching you while I use it, anyway."

"What does it feel like?"

"You're about to find out."

## Chapter Two

A lurid purple glow danced through the glass tube at the end of the device Jack was holding. The tube was transparent violet, shaped like a giant mushroom with an elongated shaft. The purple competed nicely with the firelight and the multicolored glow from the Christmas tree. And at least this accessory was plainly not made to be inserted anywhere on my person.

"Later on, I'll tie you," Jack explained as he scooted closer. "But for now, just do your best not to get too loud. We don't want the dog to hear you and come running back in here to the rescue."

"It's not a scene?"

"Not a scene," he clarified. "As always, I reserve the right to change my mind if inspiration strikes. But for right now it's just us. Doing a little mad science."

It *did* look like mad science. It sounded like science fiction. And it felt...

"Oh my god!" I giggled like mad as the electrode touched my calf and a million crisp bubbles fizzed and popped over my skin. I had bounced to the side without even realizing it, jolted there by surprise. Jack had to follow me to touch the glass mushroom to my thigh.

The electric fizz made me squeal and giggle again, and then gasp as the sensation carried itself along to my pussy. It felt as if my veins were full of champagne. I thought my skin would be covered in goose bumps, but when I looked I saw none.

Again and again Jack teased me with the wand, varying the pressure of the touches, until I was nearly weeping with pain from the uncontrollable laughter and the sudden, sharp movements. I seemed helpless to control myself whenever the devilish purple sparks flew over my skin. It was almost as though I was being tickled from the inside.



He was steering clear of erogenous zones, though. I wondered why, in a vague sort of way, as I sat gasping and clutching my sides. Everything felt lit up, and even without the electrode on my skin it felt as though wild energy was still coursing through me, in need of a way to escape. Thrills of nervous pleasure chased up and down my spine.

"That was the direct method. We'll get back to that. But now we're going to try the indirect way. Give me a minute, here."

"Oh...kay." My voice sounded as trembly as I felt.

"And while I do this, you should get on your back and spread your legs, little Katie. Put your hands behind your head. This time will feel different. I want you to see if you can hold still for me."

He was fiddling with the main box, hooking up what looked like an extra switch and also a long cord he attached to his side with a sticky pad. The untucked shirt made him look more ruffled and casual than usual.

I usually tried to be graceful when I moved around naked, even if it wasn't officially a scene, a distinction we made at times when outside-the-bedroom activities were happening. But in this case I felt like Jell-O, so I just flopped onto my back and lolled there like a broken doll while Jack arranged the equipment to his satisfaction. Simply assuming the position and waiting got me slightly worked up, overwrought though my nerves might be. I could feel the slight throbbing of the large pulse points near my pelvis, the quickening of blood flow and the slow tingle building behind my clit. I had been wet since my clothes came off. Jack had spent months programming me. Now he could practically get me aroused just by telling me it was time to be aroused.

He didn't have anything in his hands, so I wasn't expecting the shock this time. When he touched me, I yelped, and he just about cackled with delight. He lowered his hand back to my belly a bit more slowly and touched the same spot, sending a sharp, shimmering jolt into my flesh. Not quite like bubbles anymore. More like a needle shower, just on the edge of being painful. He had turned it up a little. But he wasn't using the wand.

"How are you doing that?"

"The current's coming through me now, instead of the glass," he explained, and brushed one fingertip in a circle, not quite touching the skin around my left nipple. I jerked and gasped at the sensation as all the nerves leapt to attention. Jack laughed and did the same thing to the other side.

"Usually," he mentioned, "the feeling would be more subtle this way. But I turned it up quite a few notches since it was so low to begin with."

He trailed a line of prickling purple sparks down my stomach with one finger, and I wanted to keep still but couldn't as the current had its way with me. I had to crane my neck and see what he was doing to assure myself it wasn't leaving a mark. My skin was still pale, unblemished.

"At high power, with a tool that focused the current, I could make it feel like a knife and still not leave a mark," Jack explained. "Wartenberg wheels are perfect for that. There's one in the kit." He was tracing all four fingertips from hip to hip now, and I was giggling again. Helplessly rocking back and forth, not sure whether I was trying to escape his shocking touch or pursue it. Not sure whether I wanted him to move his hand lower or not. Pretty damn sure I didn't want him to start experimenting with the Wartenberg wheel.

"You want to see another cool trick?"

"If I say no, will that make any difference?"

He was enjoying this far, far too much. And wasn't that my very favorite dynamic of all? Jack enjoying my discomfiture, gently and not too gently coaxing and pushing until I not only accepted but wanted, *craved* whatever had made me so anxious? It was what we did. Our favorite hobby...our shared madness.

At least he had taken his hand away. But then he leaned over me, supporting his weight on his arms to keep his body from touching mine, until his lips hovered just over my mouth. I could already feel the tingling, and it was all I could do not to crawl away as he kissed me—a kiss of zinging purple insanity. His tongue jolted mine,

thrusting slowly. I was fighting for air when he pulled away and sat up. Not because the kiss had deprived me of oxygen, but because my body had so much to think about.

"Need a break," I whispered, but Jack just smiled and moved to sit between my legs. "Need a break first. Sir, I can't."

"You can," he assured me. He leaned over to the box and made another adjustment. "Try not to move, little one."

Then he bent in for the kill.

An electrified tongue feels like nothing on this earth. I think we both got that part right away. Jack must have liked my breathy shriek, because he groaned and swept the tip of his tongue down my slit. He had turned the power on the thingy back down to the sharp bubbly level, and each swipe of his tongue and brush of his lips set my labia and clit tingling with effervescent, pent-up need. It wasn't just at the point of contact. Soon everything below my waist seemed carbonated, and although I tried to be still, my muscles were jumping and twitching in every direction. I wanted to come, but it was as if I didn't know how. Not with that stimulation...

Oh. *Oh!*

But *that* stimulation...that would do the trick.

The magic tongue of power pressed almost delicately against my clit, sending an endless shock of violet fire through my most tender bit of flesh until pleasure burst through and added a shock all its own. It felt as if my entire body was consumed by the orgasm, and it swelled and lingered until I could barely breathe, barely think.

And then another one.

And then, when Jack changed his pace and started tapping sharply with the very tip of his stiffened tongue, yet another.

The third one was too much, and without even thinking about it I scrambled away from the stimulation, still whimpering and pressing my legs together to try to still the spasms in my pussy.

He was laughing. Bastard. I spared a glare at him from my fetal position on the far end of the rug.

"I feel like a god," he gloated. His words were a tiny bit slurred, and I wondered if he had been able to feel the same shock I had. If so, his tongue must feel pretty odd by now.

"Like you needed an ego boost."

"Oh, have I acquired a brat-making machine?"

"That thing is from the devil."

"No, my love. It's from you. And it's the best Christmas present ever, did I mention that?"

"You're welcome. But it wasn't a surprise." I sighed as an aftershock wandered through me.

Jack shrugged. "I don't really like surprises. And you should clear your browser history more often if you're going to let me borrow your netbook. At least around Christmas and birthdays. How are you feeling? Calming down a little?"

I nodded.

"Good."

"I mean no. Not calm, not at all."

"Too late."

I did get a few minutes' reprieve because Jack got distracted by something in the instruction manual just then and took some time to read it carefully. But I knew my luck was over when he put the pamphlet down and stood up, and I saw that thoughtful, slightly demonic gleam in his eye.

"Okay. We're moving this to the bedroom. Inspiration just struck."

\* \* \* \* \*

Normally I love being tied up. There was nothing that floated my boat like knowing I was completely and utterly at Jack's mercy, and that he was not planning to show me any mercy.

But that was when he wasn't thinking up ways to shock me with the devil-toy. And especially when I didn't know he'd purchased his own extra-evil attachment.

Tonight I actually put up a struggle when he got the first cuff around my ankle, doing everything but hollering my safe word. Which would have been the only word that made any difference. For my trouble, I got hauled over Jack's knee as he sat on the edge of the bed and several whacks of his big, heavy hand on my butt.

"Bad girl, Katie."

"But I want to be able to get away when it's too much!"

"And no whining. That thing really *is* a brat machine. I think you need a little low-tech time first, pet."

*Whack! Whack! Whack!*

"Start counting."

*Fuck.*

"How high, Sir?"

"I'll let you know."

*Whack.*

"One."

*Whack.*

"Two."

*Whack!*

"Ow! Three! Oh god..."

He had pushed two fingers into my pussy, hard and fast, pistoning them in and out until I couldn't help but move my hips in eager response.

*Whack! "Be still."*

"Fffff...ive."

"Nope. That was four."

"I'm sorry, Sir. Four. Ow!"

And so on, until I lost track of time and the count and everything but the burn of Jack's hand across my ass and pussy, the agonizing need to come, the desire to hold as still as possible because Jack wanted me to, and the stiffening heat against my belly that let me know Jack was as turned-on by all this as I was.

"That's better," he whispered in my ear. Then he picked me up and moved me around. I felt the soft lining of the second cuff wrapping around my ankle. I finally blinked my eyes open. I was on my stomach on the bed, and Jack was moving up to the headboard to secure my wrists. "Now lift up your hips, pet." When I complied, he slid two pillows under me, pushing my ass higher into the air. Then he moved out of my line of sight again.

I rolled my head when I heard the sound of a zipper but couldn't see Jack anywhere. He liked to undress in stealth. His voice came from down by my feet, but stretched out as I was, I couldn't turn my head far enough to see him.

"Fucking gorgeous."

"Thank you, Sir."

"You sound like you're in a better frame of mind, little one. Pop quiz, who owns that ass with my handprints all over it?"

"You do, Sir."

"Damn skippy I do. I think you may need more reminding of that. I'm been too lenient lately. I let the brattiness build up to an unacceptable level."

"I'm sorry, Sir." I bit my lip to stop a rambling explanation from coming out.

"You'll make it up to me, I have no doubt." He sounded as if he knew something I didn't. I was reluctant to consider all the ways he might be thinking of for me to make it

up to him. "Now, back to the evening's entertainment. Zapping the hell out of you. Isn't it a great toy?"

I hesitated before answering. "I'm very glad you're pleased with it, Sir."

"Tact. I like that. Now to get things organized again."

This time, the cord from the machine disappeared inside the cuff around one of my ankles. I could feel it pressed against my skin there. Jack tugged on it, making sure it was secure and wouldn't be dislodged by accident. It didn't seem charged. It didn't seem like anything, just a cold, skinny prong on a serious-looking black cable. He fiddled with the machine and I thought I felt a prickle against my ankle, but I could have been imagining it.

Then I thought my eyes must be playing tricks on me, because I saw Jack lean forward and touch my hip with the evil attachment, but it wasn't attached to anything and neither was he. And yet it still shocked the hell out of me, partly because I was so startled to feel it do anything.

"What the hell?"

"Now *you're* the one who's all charged up. So I don't have to be attached, I just have to touch you with something conductive. I'm pulling the sparks from you. It's science! Muwahaha!"

"Science sucks, then."

For my sass, I got a well-deserved zap to the buttock. The power level wasn't too bad this time, actually. Now that I was expecting it. Somewhere between fizzing bubbles and actual pain, except where Jack touched the electrode to my already tender rear end. The needle-shower level. Sharp little sparks danced here and there at Jack's godlike whim until I was a giggling, whimpering mass of twitches and perverse lust again. Perverse because I suspected the only way I was coming again was with that glowing wand of doom inside my pussy, and the spanking had rendered me desperate to come. And the incredible sensation of climaxing under Jack's mouth, electrified, was still very fresh, even if the current shocks were less pleasant. So I wanted Jack to touch

me with the wand again, even as the last thing in the world I wanted was to have Jack touch me with the wand again.

I loved having my mind made bigger for me. Big enough to hold two completely contradictory ideas like that at once. I also welcomed and despised the restraints that kept me there, so that even my reflexive jumps couldn't help me escape from the tiny wicked sparks. More perversity. Not at all the same thing as being a pervert, but at this moment there seemed little to choose between the two.

Jack loved me to beg, although I knew not to start too soon. But in this case I started without even realizing it.

"Not yet. And watch your language, young lady."

"I wasn't— I didn't—"

"You did. Loud, too." He had put the wand aside for the moment and was running his fingers along the backs of my thighs, barely touching me, just skirting the edges of my pussy on each pass. He smacked me sharply whenever I moved too much, and the extra zing made me cry out every time. My muscles felt weak now, I was crying soft tears of catharsis into the bedspread, and when the icy, fiery, electric glass of the attachment touched my clit without warning, I moaned like an animal.

Oh, it was sweet, this torture.

"So beautiful. I love you, little Katie."

"I love you, Master."

Whoa. Where the fuck had *that* come from? I *never* call him that.

The electricity must be affecting my brain. Even in my dazed, subby semi-trance, I registered surprise at my own word choice. I never said "master" because it reminded me too much of Igor. Maybe there was something to this mad-science thing. Maybe there was a side story about Igor and Doctor Frankenstein that I had missed, somewhere. Perhaps Igor didn't have it so bad and I'd been selling his role in the story short.



*Zip!*

“Ow, fuck! Please do it again, Sir!”

“Muwahaha!”

Or maybe the mad doctor was a fucking sadist and Igor was just badly in need of a job.

A finger zipped inside me, less focused than the attachment but still buzzing with strange energy. It took me a minute to get over the sheer novelty and process everything I was feeling. Or at least the highlights. To process everything would take me weeks, I suspected. I’d be unpacking this experience for a long time.

It was sustained contact, and after a few seconds I was able to hold myself steady for it, but that effort made it all but impossible for me to relax and get into the receptive mode that characterized my usual strategy for handling pain. But there were definitely endorphins at work. And adrenaline. I was still a little scared, but in a deeply good way. I still trusted Jack. I knew the electricity wasn’t actually hurting me. And the shivers that spread outward from the contact point were almost enough to make me come without any further help, once my body and mind slowed down enough to let the pleasure catch up with all the other sensations.

“Good girl. That’s good, that’s right. Just take it.”

He sounded like he was gentling a spooked animal, and I suppose in a sense that was the idea. But I knew that particular voice usually meant something else was heading my way, and this time was no exception.

The big, dildo-shaped electrode was a lot bigger and a lot zingier than Jack’s finger had been. I whimpered when it entered me, but he didn’t stop. Just pushed it straight in and started fucking me with it, telling me he wanted to see me come. The electric pain and strangeness warred with my wild need to be filled until I thought my body would explode from the contradiction. But I couldn’t get away. And if I safe-worded, I wouldn’t find out what it felt like to orgasm from this—this bizarre fire spreading from my pussy throughout my body.

Again and again, the pulses filled me up, assaulting my nerve endings ruthlessly. But it was Jack's finger again—no, I realized, it was a toy, a plug—working its way slowly into my vulnerable nether hole that finally tipped me over the edge into blissful, screaming ecstasy.

The climax went on for so long it hurt by the end, leaving me a blithering idiot once more when the final pangs had ebbed away. I was left with only a shivering sense that my muscles had just done things they had never done before. It was several seconds before I even realized Jack had removed the wand attachment from my body.

I was too worn out to even try to jump away when he touched me. Then I found I didn't need to, and relaxed little by little as Jack made long, soothing strokes down my uncharged back with his non-electrified hands.

"You're forgetting your manners, little one. What do we say?"

He didn't sound all that put out. He sounded amused.

"Thank you for making me come, Sir."

"No. Not 'sir'. Try it again."

Okay. In my current state, I would call him anything under the sun he wanted me to call him. "Thank you for making me come, Master."

"I like how that sounds. It's perfect for mad-science night." His touch was comforting, his words light, but something in his tone telegraphed lingering tension. I recalled that he hadn't come yet, whereas I had orgasmed an insane number of times since we'd arrived home. Some still-alert hindbrain instinct kept me from lowering my guard completely.

Rightly so, as it turned out.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack's nimble fingers finished with the long muscles along my spine and traveled lower, to prod at the plug still lodged in my ass. I had forgotten all about it. There was a time I never thought I would be able to forget a big chunk of silicone occupying that

particular niche, but as I said, Jack had made my mind bigger. I remembered the hell out of the thing now, though, because he pulled it out until the widest part, the fat knob at the tip, was spreading the tight ring of muscles and tissue at my opening.

And I knew, because I had checked on more than one occasion, that he was just a little thicker than that. Which didn't really ease my mind about the prospect of having his cock in my ass. I knew he wanted that, because he'd told me so very clearly. He'd been warming up to it for months, going slowly because he knew I was anxious about it. He'd been playing, teasing, using progressively larger toys. But I knew it was all just preparation for the real thing, and thinking about that never failed to get me a little nervous. Only a little, though. He hadn't done all that work for nothing.

"No. Relax," he warned me before I could really even tense up again. "Do you want my cock tonight, little one?"

Now there was a trick question if ever I'd heard one.

"Yes please, Master?" It was starting to roll off my tongue more easily now. I hardly felt like Igor at all. Definitely not like the Igor who only cared about keeping his job.

His chuckle was heavily laced with evil, and he kept working the plug around as he talked. "I bet. So here's the deal. You know how much I love fucking your pussy. But you've already come from my mouth and fingers and from the toy tonight, and that was after you'd been pretty damn bratty to begin with. So I really don't think you've earned my cock in your pussy as well. On the other hand, I am really seriously ready to fuck right about now. So I might be willing to compromise. Are you still with me?"

"Yes Master." It wasn't complicated enough yet. I was waiting for the other shoe to drop.

"If you want my cock, you'll get it. But you'll get it in your ass. And you'll have to beg for it first."

Ah. Nicely played, Master. "And if I don't?"

"I untie you, flip you over, whack off and come on your tits, then we call it a night."

That sounded pleasant enough. But then Jack's sneaky fingers started a concerted attack on my clit, instantly calling up echoes of the evening's many orgasms. The combined sensations of the careful stroking there and the dipping swirls of the plug were enough to bring me to the edge again within a few heartbeats. Again, very nicely played. And the notion of a little first-time anal sex suddenly seemed unbelievably tame and non-threatening when I considered what we'd just spent an evening doing with electricity.

"Please fuck me in the ass, Master," I found myself whispering. I wasn't even blushing. Another change Jack had wrought, teaching me to ask for what I wanted in no uncertain terms. Sometimes I still balked at it, but tonight I was too wrung out to care about propriety. I needed Jack, needed his touch and the comforting weight of his body over mine. And more needs that were harder to put words to.

*Claimed*, my traitor brain offered helpfully. *The ring was beautiful, but you need this to feel as if you've been claimed.*

Okay, fine, claimed would do. I needed to feel claimed. He wanted my ass, and I wanted to give it up so he could be the first. Whatever. Stupid wordy brain.

"I need it. I need *you*. Please?" I asked again, tugging uselessly against the cuffs.

"All right then. Wait here, I'll be right back," he said, and patted me on the butt before disappearing from view. I heard the bedroom door open, and the familiar sound of Jack urging the dog back when he tried to rush into the room. Unexpected. Where was he going?

But he was back a minute later. The door closed and the bed dipped under Jack's weight. I anticipated the cold drip of lube, knowing it would warm quickly to the heat of my skin and Jack's touch. Instead, Jack climbed up to the head of the bed and took my left wrist out of its cuff. He massaged my wrist and hand a little and then I felt the touch of metal sliding down my ring finger.

I turned my head to that side and looked at him just as his lips grazed my palm. He caught me peeking and grinned as he strapped the cuff back on. The dim light coming

through the open bathroom door caught a facet of the diamond and glinted at me, winking in and out as I moved my hand slightly.

"I like seeing it there," Jack said, as if he needed to explain.

And just like that, the whole thing was different.

Better. So much better. He had that magic, Jack did. He would do some small thing, as if it was no big deal, and that small act would be the very thing to transform my entire life. To turn my reality into something better than my wildest and most secretly held dreams.

The plug came out slowly, to be replaced by Jack's well-lubed fingers. Stretching, teasing, as he had done dozens of times before. I was already worked up, even more so because my body knew that anal play always meant an orgasm for me. Jack had laid the groundwork well. I was amazed to realize I really did want this, wanted to know what it felt like to be filled up in that way. Wanted Jack to be the one to do it. The only one to do it. The idea was turning me on now, all by itself. His slippery touch on my clit was almost overkill.

"Please!" I seemed to have forgotten my other words.

"You really do want this, don't you?" He sounded pleasantly surprised. He never sounded surprised. It was a night of many firsts. I just nodded.

That was not a finger.

Bigger, hotter. He pushed the tip of his cock slowly inside my ass, making soothing noises when I flinched at the flare of pain. Waiting for me to relax.

"Open up for me, little one. Just let me in, just give this to me. Jesus, you're so tight." It sounded as if he was clenching his teeth, and I felt a weird surge of pride that I was the source of that tension. That such an incredible man wanted this from me, wanted me enough to wait so long and work so hard for it. I felt more valued than I ever had in my life.

I let out a breath I didn't realize I'd been holding, and let him in.

Jack groaned and sank deeper, occupying me a fraction of an inch at a time. Claiming his territory. Pulling back only to push harder and farther on the way back in, until his balls slapped lightly against my pussy with each surge forward. And then not so lightly. I thought he couldn't possibly go deeper, but then he grabbed my hips and pulled me back against him as he flexed forward, and we both made the same wordless noise when he was finally sheathed inside me from tip to base.

I expected him to move again but he didn't right away. He wanted to, I could tell. But he held himself still and gave my thigh a sharp little slap when I tried to work myself back and forth along his shaft. It felt too amazing to hold still. It felt almost like the wand had, electric chills running up and down my back and thighs, as though the rest of me had started to climax before my sex organs were even quite there.

"Be still, little one. Does it hurt?"

"No. God no." It really didn't. A bit at first, while I was still tense. And I could tell that if it went on for too long, it might start to burn. But for now it was just pure, amazing sensation. "Please, Master, I need to move. Please? Please, please, please..."

"Shh."

Then he started to work his hips in slow, careful thrusts, slipping a hand under me to find my clit, pressing there for leverage, and I all but fell apart. I knew I needed permission to come, because that was the rule in the bedroom. But I wasn't sure I could even form the words to beg anymore. It was all too much. I was sore and exhausted from too many new things in too short a time. But this felt too good to resist, this last new thing. The climax was inevitable, though it pained me as it approached, far more than the sweet invasion Jack was carrying out.

It finally occurred to me that perhaps this activity had been the plan all along, and the shocking fun earlier just an elaborate distraction. Something drastic to make this seem less extreme by comparison. Because he wanted this so much, but knew I was nervous about the idea.

*Had been* nervous about the idea. I was fully onboard with it now.

"Are you still with me, Katie?"

I nodded and moved my lips, but the sounds never evolved into words.

"Then come for me."

I did. Like crazy. The pleasure knocked the pain out of the way and tore through every inch of me, and then pulsed higher and higher as Jack started fucking me faster. I lost track of everything but the shuddering bliss that seemed to go on endlessly, and the hazy recognition that Jack was losing control at last and coming hard inside me.

\* \* \* \* \*

The bedroom was littered with the evidence of our unorthodox Yuletide celebration. Cords and ball chains and very peculiar glass items, a bottle of lube, and a padded restraint still resting on one corner of the bed. I'd started to pick things up once we finished taking a bath, but Jack had pulled me down into bed again, insisting it could wait until morning.

"It's already morning," I said, after leaning over to check the clock on Jack's nightstand.

"Only technically." He flicked the covers straight and pulled them over us in a neat, economical gesture before tugging me into his chest so he could spoon up against me. "Oh, but it's technically Christmas morning. Merry Christmas, little one."

"Merry Christmas, Sir."

"Our first Christmas," he mused, pressing his lips to my bare shoulder. "Say it the other way. I want to hear what that sounds like."

"The other way?"

"Not 'sir'." He gave my shoulder a little nudge. "The other way."

"Oh. Merry Christmas, Master."

"I like that. I think I want to hear more of that."

Despite my long-held perception of “master” as a silly thing to call somebody in bed, my heart beat a little faster at the thought of calling Jack that. Hearts had agendas all their own.

“This has been a very strange Christmas so far.”

I knew Jack would laugh, and he didn’t disappoint. “Well, all new families make their own Christmas traditions, honey. Ours can’t be all that different.”

“I agree. I’m sure there are people all over the world setting out stockings and hoping to get lube and sensual electric-shock devices from Santa.”

“It’s the thought that counts,” he reminded me, snuggling closer and adjusting his pillow.

“The spirit of giving,” I agreed.

Jack snickered and reached his hand down to pat my hip. “The spirit of giving it up.”

I was too sleepy to reach back and elbow him. I was almost too sleepy to chuckle, and when I did it was interrupted by a huge yawn.

“I never did get the traditional Christmas Eve blowjob,” Jack pointed out.

“I did. It was super festive too.”

“I definitely need to recalibrate that brat machine to reduce the brattiness.”

I smiled. If he was talking about it instead of taking action, he wasn’t too bent out of shape. Still, it never hurt to be careful. “I’m sorry, Master. I’ll try to be more obedient when I wake up. Would you like your traditional Christmas morning blowjob before or after your morning coffee?”

Jack laughed, squeezing my waist. “Before, definitely before.” He was starting to sound as sleepy as I was.

“Duly noted. Oh, and Jack?”

“Mmm?”

“God bless us, every one.”



## About the Author

After earning two graduate degrees, practicing law awhile and then working for the public school system for over ten years, Delphine finally got a clue. She tossed all that aside and started doing what she should have been doing all along, writing novels! In hindsight she could see the decision was a no-brainer. Because which sounds like more fun? Being a lawyer/special educator/reading specialist/educational diagnostician...or writing spicy romances?

When not writing or doing “mommy stuff”, Delphine reads voraciously, watches home improvement shows, noodles around with html and css coding, and plays computer games with her darling (and very romantic) husband. She is fortunate enough to have two absurdly precocious children and two rotten but endearing rescued mutts.

Delphine and her family are all Texas natives, and reside in unapologetic suburban bliss near Houston.

Delphine welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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