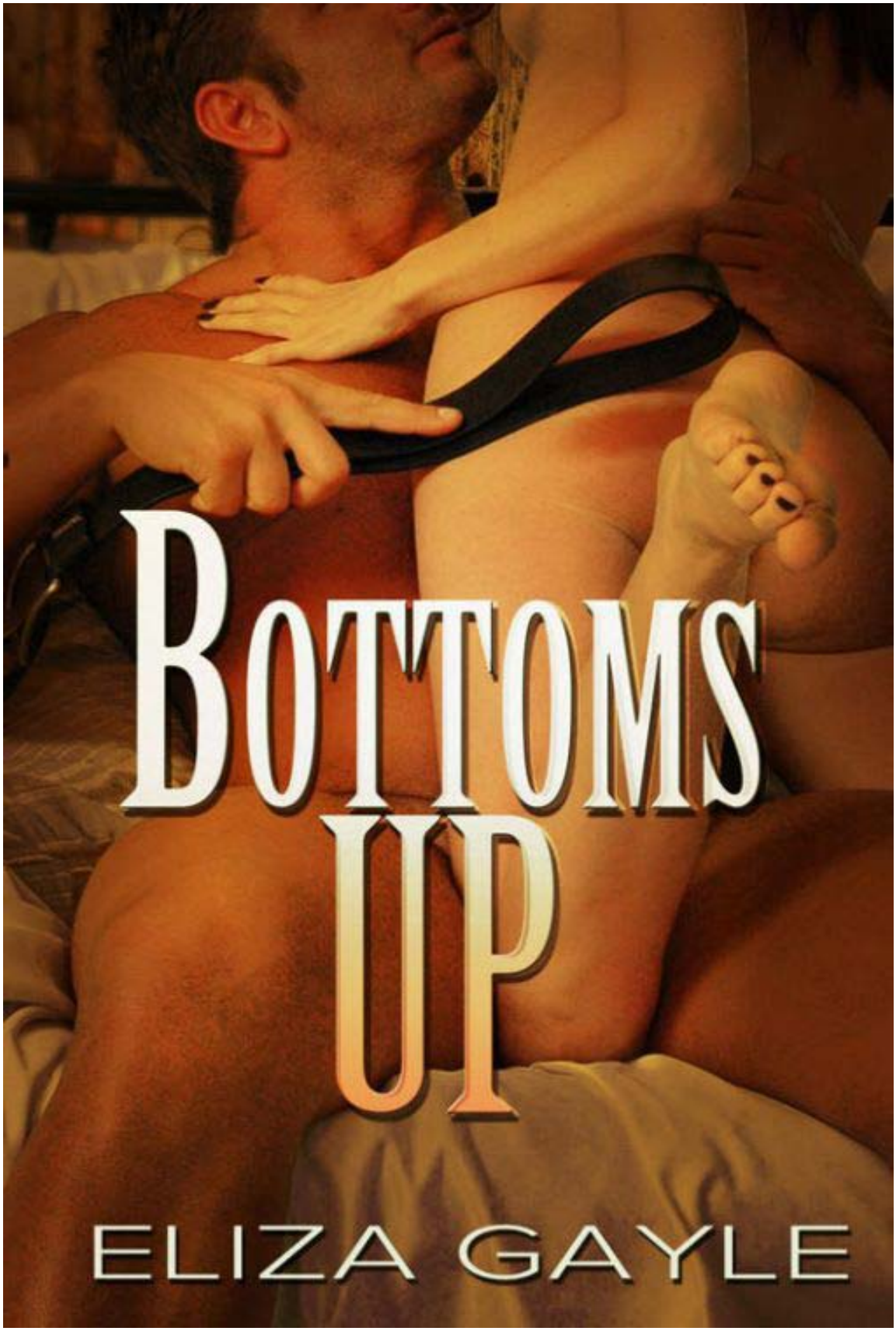
BOTTOMS
UP
ELIZA GAYLE

Bottoms Up

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Chapter One

Jenn smacked her freshly glossed lips together one last time and sifted through her hair in a lame attempt to freshen her look. On a deep breath, she knocked on the door of Riley's condo and waited. After all their years of friendship, it made no sense for her to be this nervous, but she couldn't stop the racing of her heartbeat or the fluttering in her stomach if her life depended on it.

Even though they'd kept in contact through frequent emails and text messages, she hadn't actually laid eyes on him in over seven years. After college, he'd settled here in North Carolina with a big ad agency and she'd moved on to a job in New York City.

"Hang on. I'm coming."

Riley's muffled response quickened her breath as anticipation and fear coursed through her. She needed to pull herself together. This was Riley, not a first date. That she secretly harbored feelings for him shouldn't matter. They were just two best friends getting together for the weekend to catch up and spend some time reminiscing.

The lock clicked, and the door opened.

"Jenn, wow, you're here, and don't you look great."

Before she could utter a word, he gathered her into his arms and hugged her fiercely. The scent of spice and man filled her senses, and she hugged him back. Her cheek pressed to the warm skin of his neck and his breath tickled the shell of her ear.

"It's been too long," she responded.

He pulled her into his place and shut the door behind them. "You have no idea how excited I've been about your visit. I wish I could have been here on Wednesday when you arrived."

Riley wore a white business shirt open a few buttons at the collar and gray slacks that molded to him perfectly without being too tight or too loose. Forcing herself to glance away, she dragged her gaze to his face before he caught her staring at his crotch. He looked really good, which came as no surprise. He always did. Even when he rolled out of bed, he looked yummy enough to eat.

No, don't go there.

"It's probably for the best. The last two days have been a constant whirlwind from breakfast to dinner. I would have been too exhausted to muster up much energy for anything."

"Oh yeah, the job interview. How'd that go? I can't tell you how stunned I was when you said you wanted to leave New York and you had an interview in my town." His voice was low and incredibly sexy.

She relaxed into the offered chair and tried to focus on the conversation. "You and me both. I never thought I would say this, but life in New York is harder than I thought." *And lonely*. "As for the interview, I think it went great and I'm cautiously hopeful that I'll receive an offer this weekend."

Riley took the seat next to her, close enough for her to smell his sexy as sin scent that always drove her wild. Her nipples peaked against her bra and she thanked God she'd opted to keep her suit jacket on when she'd arrived.

"Well, damn, how awesome is that? You and I in the same city once again, wreaking havoc and breaking hearts."

She laughed. "I don't know about that. I've haven't done much else but work ever since leaving college."

"Don't you know that all work and no play makes Jenn a dull girl?" He smiled. "Sounds like we need to break you out of your work shell this weekend and cut loose." He patted her arm and moved from his chair. "First things first, though. I only got home from my flight about ten minutes before you got here, so if you don't mind, I'm going to grab a shower. Then we can discuss plans for the weekend."

"Oh, of course! You should have said something, I could have come later."

"Don't be silly. I've been anxious to see you. How about you make yourself comfortable, grab some wine if you'd like and give me a few minutes to make myself presentable?"

"Yes, no problem."

He dropped a friendly kiss on her nose and walked away. "If you need anything at all, Jenn, just let me know."

She blew out a relieved breath and watched him disappear down the hall. Grateful for the time to pull herself back together, Jenn removed her jacket and laid it across the back of the chair. Clearly, seeing Riley again did little to diminish the cravings she suffered from. Walking away from him at graduation had been the hardest thing she'd ever done, but for her sanity, she'd decided she needed to get away from him. She'd thought, once she got settled into her New York apartment, the pain of unrequited feelings would diminish and she'd move on with her life.

But living without Riley had proven harder than she'd imagined. She missed having him around and the little things that came along with it. The gourmet meals he'd cooked for her and the hours they'd spent curled together on the couch watching movies they both loved. She'd relied on him for so many things, and as it turned out, living on her own hadn't left her with the sense of independence she'd thought it would.

Her job, on the other hand, was perfect. As the assistant director at the nature museum, she'd thrived and found the perfect haven for her restless spirit. Over the years, there had been a few dates here and there, but they'd all seemed so… She didn't know the right word to describe what had been missing.

Jenn wandered around the condo and wondered what Riley's life had been like. She knew he loved his job, but she'd been reluctant to ask about his personal life. So far, he hadn't mentioned a significant other, so when the job option here in North Carolina had come open, she'd decided to hop a plane and kill two birds with one stone. She would summon the courage to find out if Riley had any romantic feelings toward her. If so, and she got lucky, she might have a new job and a new life.

Jenn shook her head. Quite a gamble for a woman like her, but what the hell.

Wandering into what looked like a media room, complete with big screen television, she caught site of a collection of DVDs, CDs and books across the room. Curious to see if they still loved the same movies, she walked over and perused his vast collection.

Sure enough he had all of their favorites from college as well as all the latest and greatest blockbusters she'd already seen. Smiling to herself, she glanced through the CDs and books.

On the bottom shelf, her hand froze. *It couldn't be*.

She pulled the book out with trembling hands and turned it to stare at the cover. *The Caring Dominant*. She'd seen this book once before. In a bookstore coffee shop, she'd overheard two women discussing it, and when they'd left the store and deserted the book on their table, she'd been curious beyond belief and unable to resist checking it out.

She'd read through some of it, but the fear gripping her insides had forced her to put it down and leave the bookstore as quickly as she could. Maybe her inexperience made her naïve, but when her sex had squeezed excitedly over many of the words, she'd thought something was wrong with her.

Her finger rubbed the edge of the pages and, after a quick glance over her shoulder, she opened the book. The table of contents laid out all the intriguing chapters, but a red paper stuck in the middle of the book caught her eye. She flipped quickly to the place it marked and found a chapter titled, *Levels of Submission*.

The first few pages detailed the fact that, according to the author, BSDM had many levels of both dominance and submission. She scanned the first paragraph and tried to imagine Riley reading this book. Was he a dominant? Her sex squeezed sharply, the edge of her arousal sharpening at the thought.

How would she feel if Riley did as the book instructed? Commanded her to do things…

Her dreams of Riley had always been intense with him in control of their encounters. Is this what that meant? If he ordered her to strip and get down on her knees, what would she do?

She smiled. Anything he wanted.

Inexperienced didn't mean repressed. If her dreams and taste in reading material were anything to judge by, there was a wild woman inside her dying to get out. She just didn't know how to let her loose.

The red paper slipped from her fingers and fluttered to the ground print side up. Jenn bent to retrieve it and noticed the bold word *Purgatory* emblazoned across the top of the flyer.

It was an advertisement for a local BDSM club and a recent charity event. The list of activities included spanking, flogging and so much more. Need pulsed in her body from her straining nipples to her pulsing clit. Oh God, she needed Riley. She wanted to know more, learn from him what this was all about.

"I'd say your curiosity just saved us about an hour's worth of awkward conversation."

She dropped the book and whirled around, the paper still grasped between her fingers. "I-I uh—"

"Don't be embarrassed or ashamed, Jenn. I'd planned to find a way to tell you tonight. To explain my life to you."

His life? She couldn't speak with the lump that had formed in her throat. He hadn't bothered with a shirt, and his worn jeans rode low on his hips with the button still undone. The heat inside her rose impossibly higher.

"When I moved here, I decided to explore some of what I thought was the darker side of me. A need for more in my life that nothing else had quite fulfilled."

"And did you find it?" she whispered.

"I did. I have very strong needs, and once I'd learned how to fulfill them, I wanted to share them with the right woman."

"A submissive." Humiliation burned through her. She'd planned to try and make a case for them dating, and he'd already found what he needed in a submissive. Her stomach cramped with the knowledge of being too late.

"Yes, Jenn, a submissive. Someone who craves what I crave, a woman who understands a dominant's need to control. Now, I only need to know one thing. Do you want to be that woman?"

She blinked. Her body jerked to attention.

"What?"

He took a few slow steps closer. "I want you, Jenn. I always have."

This couldn't be happening.

"You've never given me even a hint that you wanted me."

"Haven't I? Not many men spend as much time with a woman he doesn't crave as I did with you. But back in college, I wasn't ready to risk the friendship. Now, I'm ready to claim the woman I want."

"But I'm not submissive. I don't understand."

Riley grabbed her around the waist and hauled her against him. "Are you sure about that? Your face is flushed, your nipples are hard and I caught you reading a book about it. If I were to slide my hand underneath this little skirt of yours, would I find damp panties?" His hand teased her thigh at the edge of the fabric.

With Riley's warm chest pressed against her, it was hard to think straight. She had him right where she'd dreamed and the last thing she wanted to do was push him away.

"I have a confession to make." She breathed heavily. "I came here tonight hoping to find out if you had an interest in me other than as long distance friendship, but…but I—"

"Didn't expect this."

She nodded.

"Well, you're here, and now, you know I'm interested. Are you curious?"

"I've read some of that book before," she admitted.

Riley smiled wide. "Have you now?" He stared at her questioningly. "Well, considering you haven't run from me screaming, I'd say you're more than interested. So…you're here and I'm here and we have two days before you have to leave, so let's have some fun and see where it goes. But before you agree, understand that I will command you, I will ask you to do things that are outside of your comfort zone and I will give you more pleasure than you can imagine. If you say yes, then you agree to trust that, no matter what I ask, I will keep you safe."

"The only thing I'm scared of is walking away without taking a chance," she whispered.

Riley's hand scorched through her blouse as he trailed his fingers up and down her spine with one hand and along the inside of her thigh with the other. Her pulse pounded harder with every passing second until she wanted—no needed—him to kiss her.

"I have missed you, baby girl."

Oh hell, she'd almost forgotten about his favorite nickname for her. This time instead of annoying her, the sentiment melted something inside her.

"Please, Riley, teach me what you like. Show me what pleases you."

He pulled back and gazed into her eyes. Lust and determination swirled through his as she waited for what would come next.

"Two days then. I've dreamt for years of what your pussy will taste like or how hot and snug you'd fit around me as I buried myself inside you. Now, the image of you on your knees, skin flushed with desire, begging for more is going to kill me." He scrubbed a hand over his face and breathed deeply. "I'm going to the other room to get something. Take this time to be certain this is what you want, because when I return, I'll expect you in nothing but your bra and panties. You'll stand in the middle of the room with your legs shoulder-width apart and your head bowed with your hands clasped behind your back. Is that understood?"

"Yes." Her pussy creamed more.

"There is no wrong answer here, Jenn. I'll respect your decision either way."

His head lowered and soft lips slid across hers, lightly at first, until a hot tongue licked at her and coaxed her mouth open. For a second, she thought the floor had fallen away and the earth had tilted on its axis. Her head spun. The kiss stole her breath and wiped away all the fears she might have harbored, leaving her with nothing but hot, pure pleasure.

More. The single word repeated itself in her head over and over. She'd waited for him for so long she could hardly believe he wanted her too. Tongues tangling, her nails digging into his shoulders, she wished they were already naked. Her breasts grew heavy with her spiked lust, and the pulsing in her clit turned to an aching throb.

She soaked up the strength of being in his arms until he pulled away from the kiss.

"Remember your instructions. I'll be back in a few minutes."

She nodded and bit at her lip as the butterflies in her stomach fluttered wildly. She couldn't wait.

Chapter Two

Damn. Finding Jenn reading his book had nearly undone him. He could be a patient man, but the urge to pull her down onto his lap bottom up overwhelmed him. He wanted to feel her ass heating from his hand spanking the virgin flesh. And he'd bet all he had that she'd not experimented much.

He didn't need to retrieve anything specific as much as he needed to take a few minutes to let her think about what she wanted and gather his own thoughts. If she agreed, he only had two days to give her so much pleasure as his submissive that, by Sunday night, he could convince her to stay for good. He longed to collar a sub and form a long-term bond, but as long as the possibility of Jenn had stuck in his mind, there was no one else he wanted to consider.

He'd experimented at the club quite a bit and had begun setting up a playroom here in his condo, but he'd waited for her. The minute she'd hinted about New York not being all she'd expected, he'd worked toward getting her to come to North Carolina for a vacation. Two days wasn't much time, so he would have to give her a taste of what he really needed. He'd keep her on the brink all weekend, never knowing what to expect next. She'd experience the hard edge of arousal and more pleasure than she could imagine.

His thoughts strayed to her standing in the next room, waiting for him. There was no doubt in his mind she'd obey his directions exactly. She had spunk and fire that would have her taking on just about any challenge thrown her way. Thankfully, he'd recognized the hunger and need in her eyes—something he knew all too well.

Earlier, he'd opened his front door to a vision. In the years they'd been separated, she'd filled out more. His mouth had watered at her generous new curves. She'd grown out of the spiky short hair cut and sloppy clothes she'd worn in college and into an

incredibly sensual woman who screamed sex with a flash of her baby blues and the tilt of her hip.

For years, he'd shared an apartment with her and they'd taken care of each other in every domestic way but one. How he'd managed to successfully hide how hard she'd kept him he had no idea. When they'd snuggled together to enjoy nights in, she'd always smelled like fresh summer rain—part sweet from her body wash with the undeniable earthy undertone of a blossoming woman. She'd been so young and innocent back then, and he hadn't been ready to tell her about his darker side he suspected wasn't going away.

None of that had kept her from his dreams though. Where thoughts of touching her, kissing her and tasting every inch of her until she fell limp and satisfied, consumed him. His chest tightened at the feelings the remembered dreams stirred.

More important though were the tell-tale signs he'd picked up in their last phone conversation. She had done her best to sound upbeat, but he'd been trained to recognize even the slightest distress—the catch in her throat, the loneliness in her voice she tried to hide and her sudden decision to leave New York, a city he thought she loved. He'd had to tamp down the fierce possessiveness that had flooded through him. The need to go to her had nearly overwhelmed him. She needed someone to care for her whether she realized it or not.

And now she was here.

His cock throbbed mercilessly in his pants. He'd wanted to get himself under control, but thoughts of her had the opposite reaction. Now, he felt like a young teenager with no experience.

Toys. He'd gather a few items to use in her first lesson and rejoin her. The need that flowed between them was undeniable, and Dom and submissive or not, the time for waiting was over.

* * * *

Riley had disappeared through the door, and Jenn had practically torn her blouse to get it off. Her skin had become so sensitized that even the fabric rubbing over her was too much.

Every muscle tensed and throbbed as she waited for him. She'd never been so aroused or needy in her life, and she couldn't handle it. It didn't even faze her that she stood in an empty room half naked. At this point, she'd have preferred it if he'd requested

full nudity. The black lace bra and panty set might look nice, but her tight nipples needed to be free. Not to mention, the panties had gone beyond damp to soaking wet a long time ago.

The urge to masturbate increased tenfold with every passing moment. She no longer had a reasonable concept for how long she stood there waiting. It could have been three minutes or thirty minutes for all she knew. Her brain focused intensely on the pulse in her clit and the ache of her heavy breasts.

With little thought to what Riley would want, Jenn reached inside her underwear and rubbed across her aching nub. Shocks of pleasure spiked through her heated sex almost painfully. Her finger massaged the wanting flesh as she felt the beginning build up of a release. Yes, if she could come she'd be able to focus on whatever Riley needed without distraction.

"What are you doing?"

Jenn gasped and jerked her hand free of the lace panties. Oh God. He'd caught her trying to pleasure herself.

"I asked you a question, and I expect an answer." His lips were set in a firm disapproving line.

"I…uh…I'm sorry, Riley. God, this is so embarrassing. I can't stand here and talk about this with you."

"That's exactly what you're going to do. I don't care if you're embarrassed as much as I care about you being able to answer my questions and talk openly to me about anything. Are you ashamed of touching yourself or ashamed that you got caught?"

"I'm not ashamed. I've masturbated for as long as I can remember, but nobody's ever walked in on me." She licked her lips and took a long steady breath in a feeble attempt to calm her racing heart. He'd embarrassed her, but it hadn't stopped the throbbing between her legs. In fact, standing with her eyes cast somewhat down left her with a decent view of his bare chest. When had he developed so many muscles?

She wanted to do a little exploring, she'd like to help him out of his clothes so she could rub all over him. She'd always wondered what his cock looked like. From the outline of the bulge at his crotch, she doubted she'd be disappointed.

"Look at me, Jenn."

Slowly, she raised her gaze.

"I asked you to stand in position and wait for me. Why did you fail to do so? Are you having second thoughts?"

"No." She shook her head furiously. "It's just that I…"

"Just what? You've got to be able to talk to me about anything but especially about our sexual encounters. Otherwise, I could end up doing something that would make you leave."

He was right. Her embarrassment mattered little in this situation. They were playing a serious game, and she needed to put on her big girl pants already.

"Ever since I walked through your front door, I've been aroused, but when I stripped down and stood waiting for you exactly as you requested, the need became painful and I had to do something about it because I couldn't take it anymore." She fought against the trembling of her body, determined to stand in position and follow instructions. She wanted this.

"That's more like it." His thumb trailed down her cheek, sending a sensual spike to her nipples and clit. "You're going to be my baby girl in every sense, and I couldn't be more excited. However, you disobeyed your first task so there will be some punishment for that." He pulled her arm and slid his hand into hers, entwining their fingers. "Normally at this point, I would either send you home or send you to bed, leaving you to want all night long, but since we only have two days we're going to do things a bit differently." He led her to one of the leather benches and took a seat.

"I want you to stand right there and remove the rest of your clothing so I can watch." His hands smoothed down her thighs and tickled the backs of her knees. "You've changed since college, grown more beautiful than ever."

"Thank you," she whispered.

"Go ahead. Take them off."

Jenn hesitantly reach behind her back for her bra hook and released the clasp. The material slipped forward, and Riley slid his hands up her stomach to cup her breasts. The agonizing sweet sensation of his hands on her aching flesh tore a low moan from her throat. Eager for more of his touch, she arched her back and thrust her chest forward. Riley rewarded her with a small squeeze.

"I've wanted you forever, Riley, but I never had the courage to tell you." Need for him clenched in her chest. Why had she waited so long?

"I think we both needed to wait for the right time." He leaned forward and wrapped his mouth around a nipple and suckled hard.

Her pussy squeezed violently and moisture trickled to the tops of her thighs. This was so much more than she'd expected. She'd thought Riley was sweet and loving, but to her delight, he possessed a dark side that promised pleasure beyond her imagination.

Her head fell back and her eyes slid closed with the sensations spiraling through her.

"Open your eyes, Jenn. I want you to watch everything I do."

Her eyes flew open, she glanced down, and the sight of his tongue laving her nipple filled her vision. "It's so good I can't help it," she gasped.

"Keep them open, or I'll stop." His mouth attacked the opposite nipple, spreading the pleasure around.

She shook from a hunger for more that threatened to consume her, make her wild. She wanted to give into it not fight to keep her eyes open and aware. She needed to let go. The more he touched and sucked on her flesh, the more her strength dissolved under the onslaught until her knees buckled.

"Easy, baby girl. We have a long way to go." His hands slipped around her waist and steadied her. "Take off the panties for me."

She nodded, hooking her thumbs into the lace and peeling them down a few inches until she revealed the barely there pubic hair and the hood of her clit. He leaned forward and ragged puffs of warm air caressed her soaked flesh, inciting a shiver down her spine.

She watched his tongue slide from his mouth and across her swollen clit. Desperate pleasure clawed through her along with a building heat she couldn't stop. She whimpered and twisted against him, feeling more of the light pressure when he swiped across her center. He needed to rub harder; she was getting so close. Her hands twined in his hair and grabbed for leverage to get more of what she needed.

"No." He jerked his head away, and she cried out in protest. "You disobeyed me, so I'm not about to reward you with an orgasm right now. Step out of the panties." The steel edge to his command did little to dissuade the heat she had going, but she had to bite her lip and grit her teeth to hold back a whine of protest.

She did as he directed and tossed her undergarments to the nearby couch. The idea of punishment frightened her, but she couldn't deny the erotic undercurrent beneath her fear.

"Play with your nipples, baby. Show me how you make them feel good."

"What?" A different kind of fear cramped in her belly. A fresh wave of shyness claimed her, and she didn't want to do it.

"Being afraid is okay. Disobeying is not. And believe me, watching you play with those pretty little tits or fingering that hot cunt is going to be a favorite pastime of mine." He leaned back on the bench and waited for her to touch herself.

Tentatively, she cupped both breasts. Other than admire them in the mirror from time to time, she'd only touched them in the shower or when she'd played with herself. But she'd fantasized about Riley's hands on them, roughly squeezing and pinching them to her delight. The first time she'd pinched them really hard during one of her daydreams of him, she'd discovered she could orgasm without touching her clit.

She traced her nipples lightly, but her mind screamed to stop with the gentle touch, to show him the truth. Feeling braver by the second, she twisted each hard bud to the point of pain and released them.

"Mmm, I've dreamt of you like that, baby girl. So innocent looking but I always imagined on the inside you needed a firmer touch. Pinch them harder."

She followed through on his request. Pressing her fingers together past the first point of pain and into dangerous territory. "I want an orgasm, Riley."

"Not yet. Harder." His demand grew louder.

The firestorm of sensations increased and every erogenous zone throbbed. "If I keep this up, I won't be able to stop."

He reached between her legs and parted her folds. "You're very wet. I like that. Harder." His fingers circled her opening, caressing the sensitive area with a barely there touch for only a moment before withdrawing and moving away.

He was driving her mad. The ache in her nipples matched the ache in her clit, and like it or not, she was about to come.

"Release your fingers, and resume the position I gave you earlier."

She wanted to yell and scream that he was being mean, but she'd already been caught not following his commands. She didn't want to do it again. Whatever he had

planned was sure to be incredible beyond her imagination. Despite the pain of blood flowing back into her nipples, she clamped her mouth shut and bowed her head.

"Very good, now come and lay across my lap, stomach down."

Eager to find out what he had in store for her, she moved and took her place across his thighs. She tried not to think about the fact that her ass was bare to his eyes and his cock bulged underneath. Somehow, she'd keep it together.

"Have you ever been spanked, Jenn?"

"No."

"It's a fetish of mine. Particularly over the knee like this." He rubbed the soft mounds of her ass. "Does that frighten you or is that hot pussy getting wetter?"

She squirmed and contracted her muscles trying to keep the release at bay. He'd not yet given her permission to come.

"I'm curious more than anything. Is that how you'll punish me? By spanking me?" she questioned.

"Oh no, at least not this time. I'd rather your first spanking be associated with intense pleasure. I'll spank you until you scream in orgasm." His fingers slid between her cheeks and caressed the tender opening of her backside. She held her breath and stilled. "Ever been taken here?"

"Only by toys," she whispered. It was one of her darkest fantasies that she hadn't dared to share with anyone.

"I guess I should have brought the larger one."

Before she could ask what he meant, something cool and slick nudged at her puckered opening.

"What is it?" No way would she be able to handle much more of this torturous teasing he seemed to love so damned much.

"It's a butt plug. Now, hold still and relax."

Jenn took a breath and relaxed on the exhale. She could do this. She wanted to please Riley more than anything at the moment, and if it meant holding on without an orgasm, she could do it. Then the tip pushed inside and past the tight ring on one smooth stroke.

"Damn, baby, you open like a dream. I can't wait to see my cock there, but for now, this will have to do." Once he had the toy seated, he tapped on the end repeatedly,

creating shocking vibrations in her sensitive passage. "Since this is our first session together and you're new to the lifestyle, we won't be exploring any punishments in pain."

She heaved a sigh of relief. She'd try just about anything for him, but if he reached a limit she couldn't handle, she'd have no qualms about stopping him.

"Now stand up and make sure you keep the plug inside." The wicked tone of his voice made her cringe. It was crystal clear that no pain punishment didn't mean easy.

Using the edge of the bench as leverage, she pushed to her feet and stood before him. Standing felt awkward with a toy still in her ass. She'd never gone quite this far with her own experimentation.

"Now take your sexy little self and go kneel in that corner with your hands behind your back and your nose pressed to the wall." He waved his arm in the direction of the wall behind her.

She threw a glance over her shoulder and looked at him in certain disbelief. He expected her to take discipline like a small child? "Damn it, Riley. Tell me you aren't serious?" To emphasis her point, she frowned down at him with her best look.

"First thing you need to learn is this isn't about you and what you want. Not at the moment. It's about me and my needs, and right now, I need to punish you for your disobedience so next time I give you an assignment, you'll think twice about taking things into your own hands."

Torn, she didn't know what to do. While it seemed silly, what would it really hurt? She'd spend a few minutes on her knees then they could get to the good stuff.

She sashayed across the room, trying to not walk like an idiot or move the plug too much. Walking made it rub against all those secret nerves nobody talked about. She'd accidentally discovered them on her own when she'd gotten brave and pushed her small vibrator inside. She'd been obsessed with anal play ever since and had done quite a bit of research into it, even going so far as to order a plug from an Internet toy site. When it had arrived, she'd stared at in amazement, fascinated with the unusual shape. It was tapered at the end and very wide at the base. That was about three weeks ago, and she hadn't built up the nerve to try it on her own.

She positioned herself in the corner in the pose he'd requested and touched her nose to the cool wall. It was an awkward position to assume and thrust her ass away from the wall. The toy slipped a fraction, and she clamped her muscles to hold it in place.

"How long do I have to do this?"

"No talking, either. And until I feel you've learned your lesson."

A tart retort burned on her tongue, but she held it back. Telling him what she thought of this exercise probably wouldn't go over too well. Besides, she could handle anything for a few minutes.

Chapter Three

Riley fidgeted on the couch. He'd originally planned on five minutes in the corner, but at the last minute, he'd spied a fair amount of defiance glistening in her eyes. Pride had swelled in him when she'd managed to hold her tongue and get in position without argument. So far, she'd exhibited even more submissiveness than he'd expected. A woman willing to take on domestic discipline turned him on like he couldn't believe, and the fact that it was his Jenn made his rock-hard erection throb. He'd flipped on the television twenty minutes ago but couldn't have told anyone what was on if his life depended on it.

Unable to focus on anything but the sexy woman in the corner, he flipped the off button on the TV and moved to a bench that faced her. The pressure against his pants had become unbearable so he unbuttoned them and freed his aching cock. The vision of her round ass sticking up in his direction was an invitation if he'd ever seen one. He wrapped a hand around his shaft and squeezed sharply. It was past time to be sliding inside her, letting the warm heat of her cunt suck him in and milk him.

Her body flinched with a shiver, and he got a quick flash of the butt plug still firmly lodged in her ass. Thank God, she'd found his book. He'd have waited until at least tomorrow to broach the subject of a relationship and the kinds of things his heart desired.

How does someone fall in love with a slight girl in college then let her leave without saying a word? Only a damn fool…

Riley shook his head, pushing the regret away. He wouldn't dwell on what might have been. Neither of them had been ready for this back then. Sometimes, it takes time to see that the dreams of your youth don't always lead you in the right direction. All that mattered was the here and now, even the future could wait.

A barely audible whimper sounded from the corner, bringing his full attention back to the woman Jenn had become. She'd agreed to give him a chance, and no way in hell would he let her down.

He grabbed the cock ring he'd brought with him earlier and stretched it over his shaft. With the way he felt right now, he'd appreciate the tight pressure holding back his release once she touched him. Jenn didn't know it yet, but she had the power to bring him to *his* knees.

He shucked his pants, crossed the room and gathered his beautiful submissive into his arms. She looked at him with a sheen of tears in her eyes and a trembling lip.

"You are such a good girl, baby." He leaned in and pressed his lips to her cheek and again to her nose and finally claimed her lips for a soft kiss. His tongue gently coaxed her mouth open, and he slid into heaven. She'd become such a beautiful and giving woman and well worth the wait. The kiss turned deeper as he fell into the dark pleasure she unfurled inside him. Arms wrapped tight around her, he lifted her from the floor and carried her into his bedroom. The time for her to be underneath him had arrived, and nothing would keep them apart.

Her arms wrapped around his neck, and her hands threaded through his hair. Somehow, he found his bedroom and lowered them both onto the bed. He couldn't stop kissing her, needed everything she would give him and more. Carnal hunger held him in its grip like a dog with a bone. Fierce and determined.

The softness of her body cushioned the hard edges of his as they fit together as if made for each other.

He reluctantly broke the kiss. "I could get lost in you if I'm not careful."

Naked emotion swam in her eyes, desire riding her hard. After all these years, she trusted him implicitly, and she'd gone through her first punishment with barely a whimper. Honestly, he'd expected a flat-out refusal at which point he would have taken a step back and gone slower. His little Jenn, always full of surprises. As he trailed his fingers up and down her arms, his mind whirled with ideas for the rest of the weekend.

"I didn't expect this, Riley, but I'm so glad I've found you. Not just the man I knew from college, but the man you've become."

"This lifestyle is heavily weighted on the psychological, despite what many believe. This is just the tip of how vulnerable you'll feel, but Jenn, I swear I won't ask you for

anything I don't think you can handle. I won't hurt you." Drawn to the sweet scent of her skin, he buried his face in her neck before trailing soft kisses across her shoulder.

"I trust you," she whispered.

Three simple words and his lust fired to newfound heights. His ability to take it slow shredded, and his mouth fastened on a breast with his teeth scraping against the tight flesh.

Chapter Four

Damn, the man could kiss. He'd left her stunned and helpless, and now, his teeth were working her into a frenzy. He'd sent her to corner time, and instead of feeling like a stupid child who'd broken a toy, she'd focused on the sensations around her—the plug still in her ass, caressing nerves every time she moved even a fraction, the hard nipples that never stopped aching and the craving for Riley to take her.

Greedy hands burned across her flesh as he touched every spot he could reach. Quickly racing to mindlessness, she called out his name, her only clear thought to beg for more. "Please Riley…please."

He spurred into action, dragging them both to a sitting position before he arranged her across his lap. Warm fingers smoothed over her bare bottom and in between the globes. She held her breath when she felt a slight tug on the toy resting there.

"Relax, babe. It's time to feel good," he told her as he eased the plug loose. But instead of removing it like she thought, he pushed it deep, making sure he did it nice and slow.

The man had the fine art of teasing down to a science. She'd kill him soon if he didn't get on with it. On the second pass, the erotic streak inside her started an inferno she couldn't stop. She cried out insanely when his open hand landed on a butt cheek. The sting bit into her flesh before it dissipated into heat from the inside out.

The next one landed squarely on top of the re-embedded plug, and the shocking vibrations tore a long, loud scream from her throat.

"Don't tense. The pleasure comes when you let it happen instead of trying to anticipate it."

"But you're going to make me come, and I don't want another punishment."

Laughter rumbled from his chest. "No worries, baby girl. No more punishment tonight. If you need to come, then come."

Jenn fisted her hands in the sheets as his hand smacked down on different spots of her ass, one after the other, until her entire body burned and she jerked and rubbed across his legs, trying to get just a little more pressure on her clit.

Somehow, even with the freedom he'd given her to come if she had to, he remained in control and purposely held her on the edge. It was a lesson she'd likely never forget.

"Stop clenching, Jenn. I know you're worried, but stop thinking so much and start feeling. You want an orgasm so bad you can taste it, yet it's just outside your reach. Follow my directions, and I promise it will be exquisite."

She willed herself to unclench her muscles once again and allow the throbbing in her ass and pussy free rein.

"There you go. That's my good girl."

Her stomach flipped at the simple words. *Good girl*. Every time he said them, her heart pitter-pattered and the pride she felt left her in a state of awe. She'd always loved being his baby girl and now his good girl. The thought of pleasing him meant the world to her.

He pulled her legs apart and soothed her heated ass with his other hand.

"I can already see how wet you are. Damn girl, you are unbelievable."

Somehow laying across his legs with her ass burning, a plug buried inside her and her pussy open for his view felt right. Not awkward, but exciting. How could she not feel sexy when he kept reminding her how beautiful she was to him every time she felt vulnerable?

"On your hands and knees, on the bed. Now." The sharp edge in his voice trembled through her. Exciting her more.

She scrambled as quickly as she could, all things considered, and assumed the position he requested.

"Shoulders down, head on the mattress." His orders were short and clipped, and she suspected he was on a ledge even shakier than her own.

She'd barely gotten settled when two fingers thrust inside her pussy. No warning, no softness, only fingers slamming in and out of her in a ruthless finger fuck.

She whimpered when more pressure built inside of her. Her head spun as she clung to her sanity.

"What's wrong, Jenn? Don't you want to come?" he whispered at her ear.

"Not like this, Riley. Please, I want your cock." She shuddered out the words as her muscles rippled threateningly around his fingers.

"That's what I was waiting for, Jenn. All you had to do was ask." He removed his fingers and reached across to the nightstand drawer. At least, he'd had the mind to think about a condom. In the moment, she'd completely forgotten. The distinct sound of foil ripping sent shivers of anticipation racing up and down her spine. She wiggled impatiently until he placed the bulging crown of his erection at her hungry opening.

Her body trembled with ever-increasing excitement while she waited for him to take her. Thinking was out of the question as she silently begged him for more. To dominate her in the ultimate way. All her dreams were coming true. The waiting was over.

His hands gripped her waist, and no matter how much she squirmed, she couldn't get him to move. "Please Riley…oh God…please."

"Take it easy, Jenn. Give me a minute. I don't want to hurt you."

"Hurt me? No, Riley, you won't hurt me. Please, I can't take the torture any more." Her weak, pleading voice surprised her. She'd never begged for sex in her life and had no idea how exciting it would be to be this aroused—this needy.

"Oh, Jenn." His cock slid deep, nice and agonizingly slow.

When he'd seated himself fully inside her, she felt the hard muscles of his thighs flex against her backside. They were both panting as her body adjusted to his size. She'd not even gotten a good look at him so there'd been no idea other than the bulge in his pants as to his true size.

"How the fuck are you so tight?" He spoke through gritted teeth. "I-I can't—"

Something broke free in him as he quickly withdrew and shoved back in, the path easily lubricated with her damp need. Every hard, dark stroke was like another ember firing to life as tremors rocketed through her. She was consumed by everything about him and the pleasure he gave as he took his own—hard hands grabbing her ass cheeks for leverage, the overpowering presence of a man who had to claim her and the forbidden need coursing through both of them as he plowed into her over and over.

She met him thrust for thrust, wanting every inch of him to escalate the burning pleasure that built inside her. She twisted against him…desperate. On a hard downward stroke, the plug in her butt wiggled, causing her womb to clench and convulse. She wanted to scream, to tell him how close she was, to beg for the angle that would bring her crashing down in rapture, but it was impossible to breathe let alone make a sound beyond a primal grunt.

His heat wrapped around her when he leaned forward and grabbed her hair, pulling her roughly off the mattress. The thrusts quickened to hot little jabs into her pussy, but it was the slight burn in her scalp and the hot breath on her skin that did her in.

"It's time, Jenn. You're there. You're mine now, and I want to feel you come undone around me. Come now!" His voice was darker, guttural and on the edge of violent. It brushed across her senses and opened the gate of her bliss.

Her release slammed into her, taking her breath. A sudden implosion in her womb gathered and quickly exploded into a violent storm of sensation and pleasure. Convulsions and tremors wrapped around his cock, pulling and sucking as a fresh flood of cream bathed over him. Everything she'd ever thought sex was supposed to be withered away. She'd been waiting for Riley all along, and nothing she'd ever experienced came close to this.

She loved him with everything she had, now and forever.

The fantasy she'd created around him meant nothing next to the truth. She'd been a childish girl with no understanding of the reality either of them needed.

His hand slipped from her hair and fastened on to her shoulder as he bucked into her one last time before she felt the white-hot spurts of his release. The force and intensity of his need took her breath away.

She collapsed beneath him and let the aftershocks take over as she fought to breathe. Why hadn't someone told her how this was supposed to feel? That every experience before today held no comparison? Yet, instinctively she'd known. She'd belonged to him from the minute she met him. It had just taken them a decade to realize it.

"I love you, Riley." She barely managed the words before exhaustion overtook her. "I really love you."

Chapter Five

Jenn awakened to find the bed empty except for a note left on the pillow. He'd been called into an emergency client meeting this morning, and he wasn't sure how long he'd be. He'd promised to keep her apprised by text message if he could, so she'd kept her cell at her side all day.

Since her body was sore, she'd indulged in a long, hot bath and some more reading. She couldn't resist learning as much about his lifestyle as she could before he returned. She still had until tomorrow night to decide if she would enjoy his way of life, but after the night before and the learning she'd done today, she doubted she could say no.

In fact, as the hours had ticked by, she'd thought more and more about earning a soft smile and a delicious *baby girl* from him, so she'd concocted a plan to surprise him. Rushing through the kitchen, she'd found all the ingredients to make a delicious dinner for two. One of the things she'd read in the book was that the majority of Doms preferred to keep their submissives naked as much as possible so she'd spent the entire day trying to get used to walking around nude.

When she'd caught a glance here and there of her plump thighs or her rounded belly, she reminded herself that he found her beautiful and if she looked good to him then she looked good. Insulting her own body was the equivalent of insulting his taste in women. Amazed by how freeing that felt, she'd done pretty good and only thought of covering up about a half a dozen times instead of every minute of the day.

He'd texted her frequently and managed with an impersonal phone call to keep her aroused throughout day. She'd asked for his permission to masturbate a couple of times, and he'd flatly denied her. Last night had been too good, and he wanted her as needy as possible.

Cooking had taken on a whole new delight while naked and desperately needy. With every new, delightful aroma came a fresh wave of desire. She'd begun taking mental notes about how that could come in handy in the future. Now, Riley was due to arrive any minute, and she wanted to be in position. She rushed to set the table and light the candles she'd dug out of the back of his pantry before running into the foyer.

His book had offered many different ideas for how a submissive could present herself, and she'd opted for something simple this time around. If her hands wandered too close to any sensitive parts she was afraid of what she might do. She dropped to her knees and spread them wide. She'd shaved her pussy smooth this afternoon, and he'd have an unfettered view of her flushed folds.

She fluffed her hair and arranged it neatly around her shoulders being sure not to hide her breasts and tilted her head back so as to bare her neck. Only a few minutes later, she heard a car in the drive then a key in the door. Thank God because the muscles of her thighs were already trembling and her neck felt tense.

The door scraped open, and in her peripheral vision, she caught him coming to a halt when he spied her. Her breath held as he stared at her for a few long seconds before closing the door and placing something on the table.

"It looks as if you've been busy studying. I'm impressed."

The praise in his words bloomed inside her. Things were clicking for her faster than she'd ever imagined, and she loved every minute of it. She felt like a brand new woman, one whose sole focus wasn't just a job anymore. At least not this weekend. Come Sunday night, she had no idea where they'd be, and she'd avoid thinking about that until she had to.

"Look at me, baby girl. Show me those pretty blue eyes."

Her head lowered and drank him in. The comfortable black slacks and button down shirt didn't do him justice. He still looked good enough to eat, but this outfit hid the darker persona she craved at the moment, although she doubted the clothes he wore changed anything about him. When her gaze traveled upward to the sea green eyes she could get lost in, she recognized the Dominant in him immediately. Lust and determination stared back at her, sending a shiver down her spine.

"Is your pussy wet for me, baby? Should I check?"

If it wasn't before, it was now since a fresh wave of heat curled in her womb. "Yes."

"I think you should call me Sir when you're submissive like this to me. Not necessarily all the time, but anytime you're on your knees or we're in a setting such as this."

"Yes, Sir." The words rolled off of her tongue naturally and with such ease she didn't know why she'd not taken the initiative on her own.

"Very nice."

The rough timbre of his voice rasped across her senses. Oh damn. He was hungry, and she'd done this to him with a simple gesture. Power surged through her. Everything she'd read was true. The submissive really did have the ultimate power in this type of relationship. Now, she wanted to do more. He drove her crazy when he looked at her or touched her, but what about him? Could her touch drive him mad? She had to know.

"I need you, Riley." She wanted to grab him and tear the pants from his body. She hadn't gotten a good look last night, and now she had to.

"Be more specific, Jenn. What exactly do you want?"

"To touch you. To explore what I missed before."

"Oh babe…" His rough groan made her pussy flood again and her muscles clench violently. "You can do whatever you'd like."

A broad smile crossed her face as she reached for his pants. She fumbled briefly with the button before sliding the zipper down one tick at a time. Her mouth watered in anticipation as he pulled his shirt free and unbuttoned it for her. To her surprise, he wore no underwear. She imagined him sitting in a meeting earlier with a hard-on from some of her text messages.

He pushed the pants out of her way, and they slid down the length of his legs. His freed cock stood thick and ready with a little pearl of pre-cum at the tip. Gingerly, she poked out her tongue and tasted him. She savored the bold, spicy flavor she'd ached for and wanted so much more. Her tongue wrapped around the bulging crown, teasing and licking until she opened her mouth wide and engulfed the head.

A rumble sounded from his throat when her fingers wrapped around his erection, tracing a path along every ridge and thick vein. She marveled at the softness of the skin over hard iron and the fact that her hand wouldn't wrap all the way around it blew her

mind. No wonder she'd felt so full last night. How she'd managed to take both a plug and a cock this big was a wonder in and of itself. His body jerked when she touched the smooth, hairless skin of his sac. Like her, he preferred the less hair look.

"Deeper, baby girl" He gripped the back of her head with both hands and pushed her farther onto his big, beautiful shaft until he hit the back of her throat and her gag reflex kicked in. "Damn that feels good. Please don't ever tell me how you learned to do that. I might want to kill someone."

She laughed around him before lightly grazing her teeth against his skin as she pulled back to the tip. She wasn't about to admit that she didn't have a lot of experience, but she liked to read a lot of books, and she'd studied many erotic novels and their descriptions when it came to taking a man in the mouth. The depictions were gloriously detailed and left her wanting to try them out.

He pushed to the back of her mouth once again, stretching her lips wide and making her take as much as she could fit. This time, when he hit the stopping point, she swallowed around him and pressed her tongue against the vein that ran the underside of his cock.

Looking up through her eyelashes, her gaze locked on with his and the intense need shining down nearly drowned her. The simple fact that the need went both ways was enough to break her down. The emotion of the last twenty-four hours welled inside her, fluttering her stomach. She locked her lips tightly against his skin and sucked as hard as she could.

"Fuck, Jenn…" His hips jerked and withdrew to only push right back in so quickly she lost her breath. She'd broken his ability to hold back as his hips continued to buck in and out of her mouth. "Damn, you are so perfect." He pulsed against her tongue as she licked and swirled. "I'm going to come in your mouth, Jenn. Get ready and swallow it all." He groaned and jerked, and the strokes turned to short, jabbing thrusts.

Riley shuddered and mumbled, and she knew he was close. Her pussy dripped arousal so great it bordered on painful. She grabbed at his legs to steady herself and allow him to penetrate deeper.

With a final shout, streams of semen shot into her mouth and down her throat. She sucked and swallowed and scraped her teeth lightly across the shaft until he was spent and stumbling backwards.

"Damn woman, are you trying to kill me?" He sat heavily on the floor next to her and pulled her on top of him until she nestled in the crook of his arm. That they fit perfectly together came as no shock since she'd curled up to him in college every chance she could. Soaking up his heat had been her favorite pastime.

Riley's heartbeat raced in her ear, his pants blowing warm air through her hair. She might have asked him to fuck her silly, but lying here in the protective circle of his arms, she couldn't bear to move. Minutes passed in silence as his pulse returned to a somewhat normal cadence and her own arousal faded to a dull roar.

"What smells so good? Did you cook?"

"Mmm hmm," she mumbled.

"A naked woman waiting at the door and dinner. I must have died and gone to heaven." He cupped her chin and drew her head up. "You are an incredible woman, and I may be the biggest fool to have waited so long to make a move."

"I'm here now."

"That you are." He bent and captured her lips in a searing kiss that opened her wide, giving his tongue access to her mouth.

The fact he didn't shy away from the taste of his own cum surprised her. She hadn't expected such an open mind from Riley. Hell, she'd expected none of this, but it was the best damn surprise of her life.

Now, she just needed to get that job.

* * * *

"So tell me about the job interview. Did you get an impression of how things went?" Riley reached for a plate and began to fill it.

They had a lot riding on this weekend and even more on the possibility of her moving here. If the rest of their time together went as well as the last twenty-four hours had, she couldn't imagine leaving him again. But without the job…

She tore into a dinner roll and stuffed a small piece into her mouth. "Really well, actually. The board was supposed to be meeting this morning to make a decision, and the director indicated I'd probably hear something today."

"That's great. What did you think of the science center? I've only been there once for a movie in the big IMAX theater, but I've heard a lot of great things."

"Oh, you really should go by there. At the moment, they've got a great touring exhibit on Egyptian history. I perused through it yesterday and was extremely impressed with the quality. I didn't have time to see everything, but hopefully, that won't be my last visit." She'd been so busy all afternoon she'd not given much thought to the fact that she probably should have heard something by now. She took another bite of chicken and did her best not to show her worry to Riley.

"Sounds great. I'll definitely have to make it a plan. Speaking of plans, I have a surprise for you tonight."

She perked up in her chair. "For me?"

"Yes, for you. I got a little distracted when I walked in the house to a beautiful woman on her knees, but there is a package for you in the front hall."

Excited, Jenn jumped from her chair and raced to the door. She loved surprises and couldn't wait to see what Riley had in store for her. Sure enough, there by the door she found a garment bag across the foyer table. Despite her desire to tear it open where she stood, she didn't need another punishment for doing so without permission. She gathered it up and hurried back to the dining room,.

"You bought me something to wear? Can I look now?" She wiggled in anticipation.

"Of course, you can," he replied.

Jenn unzipped the bag and hurriedly pulled the fabric apart. Piece by piece, she withdrew the outfit. Plaid skirt, white blouse, knee socks, black vinyl, high-heeled Mary Janes and matching ribbons for her hair. She laid the pieces across one of the chairs and tried not to giggle.

"You bought me a schoolgirl outfit?" She turned to face him. "Do you have a thing for the schoolgirl look?"

"Maybe." He reached around her waist and hauled her across his lap. "It's the perfect outfit for a good spanking, wouldn't you say? And besides, the thought of you dressed like that made my dick so fucking hard I had to get it."

"You are a very dirty man, and I like it." She smacked a loud kiss on his cheek and tried to jump from his lap. She couldn't wait to try on the outfit for him.

Hands tightened on her hips and held her in place. "Not so fast, baby girl. I haven't finished telling you about the surprise."

"Ooh, there's more?" She squirmed playfully in his lap, fitting his hard bulge between her cheeks.

"There's going to be a lot more of something if you don't sit still like a good girl," he reprimanded.

Jenn fastened her best pout on her face and stopped moving around. Besides, she really liked the sensation of him nestled along her backside. It gave her such dirty thoughts.

"That's better. Now, I bought the outfit because I know how fantastic you'll look in it, but I also wanted you to have something special to wear when we go out tonight."

"We're going out? And I'm going out dressed like that?" She glanced at the outfit as fear twisted her insides. What would people think of her, and what if they ran into someone from the science center?

"Calm down. I can already see your panic. I'm not taking you anywhere the outfit would be inappropriate. I would never humiliate you like that. Do you remember the flyer marking the place in my book you found?"

Awareness dawned. "You're taking me to a fetish club?" Now, this sounded interesting. New York had a ton of underground fetish establishments, and she'd been curious but never, ever would she have gone by herself. This was perfect. She could stretch her wings and experience new things all under the watchful guidance of Riley.

"Are you kidding? I can't wait to show you off. Every Dom in the place is going to be envious of me."

Heat crept up her neck. "C'mon, I'm not buying that." She snuggled her nose into the skin of his neck and licked her way up to his ear. "But I would love to go with you." And maybe when they got back, he'd fuck her again because ever since she'd had his cock in her mouth—no, even before that—she'd been hot and ready for more. When she'd been about to give up for now, his erection pulsed against her ass.

"You are very hard to resist, young lady."

"Why should you resist? I've probably already left a wet spot on these nice slacks of yours."

Riley's nostrils flared, and she knew she was getting to him. A look of strain flitted across his face before he schooled his features. "You are a very bad girl, sometimes, you know that?"

"Yes, I know," she purred. She sucked the corner of his ear into her mouth and grazed her teeth over the sensitive flesh. Heady with her sexual power over him, she ground her bottom across his cock until he groaned in effect. She'd give anything to have him naked right now so she could sink down on his shaft and ride them both to completion.

A loud moan slipped from her throat. When had she lost her mind and become so wanton and needy? For certain, she could go on like this all night until one of them passed out from the exertion. The sense of control she'd felt moments before began to slip from her grasp as her sex spasmed in hunger.

"Stop." Riley's command slipped through the fog of her brain as he lifted her from his lap. "You need to get ready." The harsh gravel tone of his voice came out desperate instead of angry. He sounded as if his control had slipped, as well. "Go ahead and take your new things to the bathroom and get ready. I'll clean up here while you're gone so we won't be late."

"Yes, Sir." She grabbed the clothes and rushed out of the room. In the bathroom, she leaned against the wall and willed her breathing and the beat of her pulse in her sex to slow. She'd do exactly as he asked for now, but sometime before the night was over, she'd make sure that fine control of his snapped again.

Chapter Six

Riley stood at the kitchen sink and stared out into the dark night. What had just happened? He'd nearly flipped his shit, spread pretty little Jenn on top of the dining room table and fucked her senseless. The memory of her mouth sucking on his dick haunted him as he stood there throbbing for more.

His recent reputation had been built around his ability to control a situation, and in twenty-four hours, he'd slipped more than once. Finding her naked at the door had been the best gift anyone could have given him, and not only that, she'd studied his books and made him dinner.

Tonight would be a challenge for her, and while his gut told him she could handle it, his head still worried. He'd waited so long for this, and he didn't want to push her to leave. He'd prefer to collar her the first chance he got, and that would only be the beginning.

He cleared the table and loaded the dishwasher, grateful for the menial task that kept his thoughts at bay for a few minutes until a new idea struck him. She'd pushed his control to almost the breaking point and turn about was certainly fair play. He finished in the kitchen and hurried into the master bedroom anxious to see how the outfit looked. She had the perfect body, a little on the plump side like he preferred. Rounded breasts, cute curves he could hold on to and an ass that made his mouth water just thinking about it. He couldn't wait to take her anally; it would blow both their minds.

The bedroom was empty, but he heard her humming in the bathroom. He quickly removed his clothes, grabbed a condom, poked his head through the door and nearly lost consciousness when all the blood drained from his head to his dick at the lush picture she presented. Bent over the vanity, she applied makeup or something, and the cheeks of her

ass played peek-a-boo under the edge of the skirt as she wiggled her hips. She'd already donned the sexy knee socks that enhanced the shapely swell of her calves. Damn, everything about her turned him on.

"You look like such a naughty girl." And he had just the thing to fix that.

"Do I?" She batted her lashes in the mirror and smiled sweetly.

"Somehow, I knew you'd make the perfect little schoolgirl." He stroked over one leg and up under her skirt to her wet slit. Wet seemed like an understatement. "Aw…is my baby girl still horny?"

"Of course, I am. I've thought of little else all day long and then when you came home…" A tinge of red crept up her neck.

Her shy blush fit the schoolgirl image perfectly. She would definitely be a hit at the club tonight. "Well, we don't want you unsatisfied, now do we?"

"No, Sir," she breathed raggedly.

"Stay still then." Riley flipped up her skirt and moved in behind her, the throbbing head of his dick poised at her entrance. "You have to ask nicely for it, Jenn."

She stared into the mirror, her gaze locked with his. "Will you please fuck me, Sir?"

He slid the swollen tip inside and paused. Fuck, her cunt felt like a heated glove sucking him in. On a short dig, he fed her another couple of inches, watching her pussy lips stretch wide to accommodate him.

Jenn grabbed onto the counter and pushed back, trying to take more of him inside. His hands tightened on her ass until she gasped from the painful grip. "Don't you dare move. In fact, if you want more of my dick then you'll pick up that makeup brush again and finish what you were doing."

"But—"

"No. It's either do as I say, or we stop now." When she didn't respond, he began easing from the hot furnace of her sheath.

"No wait…please…" She grabbed her makeup and, with trembling arms, went back to applying.

"That's much better, baby girl." He thrust forward, impaling her with his full length. "Now, to keep going, you have to keep working, and be careful baby girl, because

however your makeup looks when we're done is exactly how you'll be going out." He flashed a wicked grin at the disbelieving look on her face.

She opened her mouth to protest, and he narrowed his gaze. Her mouth quickly closed, and he withdrew nearly all of the way then eased back in, making sure to angle his hips so he'd hit more of the ultrasensitive spots of her tight channel. It seemed important to teach her this lesson, her pleasure belonged to him and he'd take it or give it at his will, not hers. But she wouldn't be the only one going through hell. The liquid silk of her pussy wrapped him snuggly, and with every pulse of her inner muscles, she squeezed his cock, drawing the building orgasm one step closer.

She'd paused, her brush in midair, and he squeezed her cheeks to regain her focus. Two quick swipes across her face and one deep thrust later, she dropped the tool to the counter.

Her hand slapped the mirror in front of her face. "I can't, Riley. It's too much."

"You can, and you will. Now, pick up your mascara and get to work."

He shuttled slowly in and out of her, setting a nice and easy pace. It was up to her to control her reaction and finish her task.

Satisfaction rushed through him with every rough breath she took that fogged up her mirror. She was so damn beautiful and far more submissive than he could have dreamed. He understood the fever running through her, because his own blood was on fire. His balls ached, tight and close to his skin, and the building release coiled tight in his belly.

A small moan slid from her lips, and it took every ounce of control Riley had not to pound into her mercilessly. He wanted to keep things fair and doable, not set her up to fail. She finished the makeup on one eye with only one small smudge on the corner but she had another one to go.

Before her hand got too close to her eyeball, he took the opportunity to quicken his pace and up the stakes with several hard thrusts.

"Please Riley…I…oh my God!"

He took a measure of mercy and slowed his movements to a near standstill so she could continue. "You're almost done babe, but you need to hurry it up." He could only take so much more.

To make his point clear, he grabbed the back of her neck and gently squeezed. Her hot and more than a little frustrated gaze, drilled into him in the mirror's reflection for a few seconds before she raised the little wand to her eye and expertly applied the black makeup. Even brushing away a smudge with her fingertip. *Fine*. She wanted to play the ice princess? No problem. He had a cure for that.

His grip tightened at the base of her skull for leverage, and he slammed into her soaking cunt over and over, adoring the way her ass jiggled against him.

"Now, finish the lipstick, and if you ask me nice, I might let you come."

She stuck her tongue out at him, but it lost some of its rebellious power when he pushed against her G-spot and her eyes rolled back into her head. A long, low moan keened from within her, and he knew she was perilously close to losing it.

"Jenn, look at me."

Her eyes refocused and stared back at him.

"You're almost there, baby girl. You can do this. Show me." He picked up a bright red lipstick from the counter and handed it to her. "Finish."

Jenn uncapped the tube and twirled the applicator stick. A thin line of sweat slid down the side of her face, and he quickly wiped it away. He caught a slight tremble in her hand as she moved the lipstick to her lush mouth. She didn't need the paint, but she did need the lesson, and she'd likely not forget it once he made her scream in ecstasy.

Her determination to complete her task combined with the hot, slick heaven of her pussy wrapped around him, tightened him into a massive ball of desire and need. His fingers again squeezed at her neck as he bent to lick at the line of her spine. Jenn finished her application, tossed the lipstick to the side and braced her hands on the mirror.

The passion broke free as he tunneled inside her, every pressure point rasped by the hard steel of his cock. Her need met his, and everything exploded.

"Riley," she screamed, scraping her nails down the glass.

After tonight, everything would change forever, one way or another, and he'd never be the same without her. All he could do was demonstrate just how much he wanted and needed her by his side.

He slammed into her one last time and lost the tiny shred of control he'd managed to maintain. Pleasure roared through him and out from his cock as stream after stream of hot cum jettisoned into the small condom reservoir. A deep, primal need to be without a

barrier between them overwhelmed him. He'd never considered fucking without protection until now. He wanted her, skin to skin, his cum marking what belonged to him.

Her muscles clenched and released around him, milking every last bit she could until a deep satisfaction warmed his bones and aching limbs.

Working to catch his breath, he glanced in the mirror at her reflection. Her flushed face, beads of perspiration across her forehead and nearly perfectly applied makeup, stared back at him. They'd both won in this little game, which was exactly as it should be. Her pleasure was his pleasure, and he wanted her to know.

A faint flutter around his shaft brought his focus back to the fact he'd just come and already wanted to do it again. Two days wasn't enough to stake a claim, but by God, if she walked away tomorrow, he'd probably end up chasing after her.

Riley forced himself to withdraw but drew her into his arms as he did. "You are incredible, Jenn, and I'm never going to forget this." He pressed a quick kiss to her shoulder and walked out of the bathroom. He needed to take a few minutes and pull himself together before he pushed her too hard or too fast and ended up driving her away.

She had him in knots with her sweet body and easy submission, and a few second thoughts about tonight speared through him. He shook his head and released the breath he'd been holding. No, she needed to really know him to make an informed decision, and if all they had was the weekend, then it was his duty to show her the reality of his life.

He glimpsed to the vanity area, and his heart cracked at the shocked look on her face. "Come here, baby girl."

She raced into his arms, and he hugged her to him in a brief reassurance.

"You are really good at that, you know," she uttered.

He pulled back enough to see her eyes. "What's that?"

She pressed her nose into his chest. "Making me feel safe."

Now, he was the one standing there in shock. This strong, smart woman who ruled the business world with her high standards, still had the most tender heart he'd ever seen. And it was up to him not to break it.

"You feel so good," he murmured into her ear. "But if we don't hurry up, we're going to be late." He slapped her lightly on the ass. "Ten minutes, okay?"

She nodded and stepped back.

"Thank you, Riley."

"For what?"

"For being you."

Chapter Seven

Jenn glanced down at the cell phone sitting in her lap and chewed on her lip. Still no calls or messages.

"You've been looking at that phone every few minutes since we left the house. What's up?"

She shifted uncomfortably in the seat, more aware than ever that her bare bottom connected with the leather. He'd insisted on no panties, and she hadn't gotten used to the idea of a short, short skirt with nothing underneath while out in public.

"It's nothing," she murmured.

"Jenn, don't try to close up now. I'd hate to have to punish you as soon as we arrive."

He sounded as if he didn't really mean it, but with that wicked gleam in his eyes, she couldn't be certain. He'd kept her off balance most of the weekend thus far, and she doubted he'd stop now.

"I expected to hear about the job this afternoon. I really thought I had a great chance at it, but…"

"Now, you're having doubts?"

She nodded. Twenty-four hours ago, she could have taken or left a job offer, but now, things had changed. Riley had introduced her to an unexpected way of life, and while a certain amount of fear still resided in her, she wasn't ready to walk away. She needed more time to understand everything he'd awakened in her.

"Things happen, Jenn. Their schedule may have changed, and it may take them a while longer to get back to you. I wouldn't worry just yet." His hand squeezed her thigh, heat shooting straight to the still-damp folds of her pussy. It was a firm reminder that he

controlled the situation they were in and worrying about a job would do nothing to change that.

"Try to put it out of your mind, at least for now. Tonight, I need you to be free. To trust in me enough to know I'd never let you be hurt or pushed into something you can't handle. Do you think you can do that?"

Jenn tried to swallow past the lump forming in her throat. She did trust him, but this fear of the unknown threatened to ruin everything. "Riley, I've always trusted you."

"Remember that when we get to the club. Keep your mind open and your worries at bay. I promise, if you'll concentrate on pleasing me and not worrying about what may or may not happen, you're going to fly tonight."

Her mind raced to comprehend the meaning of his words. Could she really put that kind of faith in one man? Somewhere deep inside the dark part of her, she screamed yes. She'd do anything for him, and he'd take care of her. His touch heated her leg, and moisture coated the lips of her sex. Already she ached for him to touch her again, and the desperation clawing at her insides told her she'd do anything for the pleasure.

Riley pulled his car smoothly into a parking lot in front of a large nondescript warehouse with no sign to give her a hint to where they'd arrived. There were many cars in the parking lot, but only a couple of people hovered near the entrance. Large men dressed in black. Security, she presumed.

"Jenn, spread your legs for me."

His demand caught her off guard but fluttered in her belly as she quickly complied.

"That's very good, baby. Inside the club, I will expect that kind of compliance with no hesitation. If I ask you a question, you will answer with a 'yes, Sir' or a 'no, Sir' and under no circumstances will you speak to anyone else."

"But—"

"No. No thinking about why or what. Just obey. Do you understand?"

Not really. "Yes, Sir."

Why take her somewhere he didn't even want her to speak? Fear trembled inside her as she tried to consider the possibilities of submitting to him in public. Would he humiliate her?

Riley's fingers moved up her inner thigh, distracting her from her thoughts.

"Are you wet?"

Was she ever.

His fingers pinched the tender flesh of her clit, and she yelped from the stab of pain. "I asked you a question, and I expect no hesitation before you answer."

"Yes, Sir." She breathed through the bite of pain that had already begun to give way to more pulsing pleasure in her clit. How he knew how to do that astounded her.

"I can already smell the sweet, musky scent of your arousal. It makes me want to bury my head between those beautiful thighs and feast on you. Unfortunately, that will have to wait."

Disappointment rushed through her at his words. God, she wanted him as much as her next breath. The desire for everything he wanted to give her would drive her mad.

"Show me how you masturbate."

"What?"

A frustrated sigh sounded from him. "You are not to question my every request, Jenn. Stop thinking and start feeling like I told you."

Jenn took a deep breath and slowly exhaled. He was right. She hadn't truly opened herself up yet. She needed to release the fear and put the trust she had for him into action.

She spread her legs wider and slipped her fingers through the slick wetness that covered her folds. Her head tipped back at the intense sensations of touching herself while Riley watched. She'd never masturbated anywhere but in private so she'd had no idea how thrilling it would be to not only be watched by a man but to know she was in a semi-private setting where anyone could walk up and see.

"That's it, baby girl. Relax into it, and show me what you like."

A part of her wanted to feel shame for the thrill his words gave her, but she pushed it down. Riley cared for her and would never discourage her from enjoying anything she did for him.

"Your pretty pink cunt aches for more, doesn't it?"

"Oh yes," she breathed. Already the tips of her fingers rimmed the opening, and she ached to plunge them deep.

"Later, I'm going to eat you out until you beg me to stop. I can't wait for you to come over and over on my tongue so I can enjoy what is mine."

Her stomach jumped in response to his dark promise. The images of what he could do to her later blasted through her brain until the finger she'd held poised at her entrance sank home.

"There you go, baby. Fuck your hot pussy. Shove it in as deep as you can." He grazed her clit with his thumb, turning it into a hard bud of quivering need.

Pure desire sizzled down her spine when she turned to meet his gaze. Her finger worked harder in and out of her sex as she reached for an elusive release.

Riley stilled her movements.

"Not yet." He brought her hand to his mouth and sucked her wet finger between his lips, his tongue lapping at the juice. He released her with an audible pop and licked the last of her cream from his mouth. "Don't look so devastated, baby. I only wanted to make sure you were ready for what's about to happen."

He jumped out of the car and hurried to her side as she flipped her skirt down and squeezed her thighs together, willing the roaring ache to a dull throb. He helped her from the car like the gentleman he could be and steered her to the entrance with a subtle press to her lower back.

"Don't be nervous. You look beautiful, and I am going to be the envy of every Dom here tonight. I bet I'll be fielding offers for your service all night."

"What?" She couldn't have heard him right.

Rich laughter rumbled from his chest. "Which reminds me…"

He pulled her to a stop, reached in his pocket and produced a thin, red collar covered in rhinestones that coordinated with her outfit.

"If you go in with a bare neck, many will mistake you as available and free to approach. Since I don't want you speaking with anyone tonight, I'd like you to wear this."

"Why am I not allowed to speak to anyone? Are you embarrassed by me?" She had to know.

"What? Oh God no. You would never embarrass me. It's the club. Lots of intense things go on here, and I don't want to scare you away on your first night." He pulled her to his chest, his mouth perilously close to her own. " Will you wear this for me tonight?"

He wrapped the slim collar around her neck, his hands hovering at the nape, waiting for her response.

"Yes, I'd love to." How could she not? He kept leading her deeper into his world, awakening a side of her she'd never known she could tap into. The whirlwind weekend had created a storm of emotions running through her, none of which involved regrets—other than the regret that it had taken them so long to get here.

Riley clicked the snap of the simple collar closed and stood back, admiring her neck. "It looks good on you. I've never actually collared a sub before, but it's something I think about a lot. Something I want for my future."

Butterflies erupted in her stomach at his words, and her mind reeled with the implications. She'd learned that in the lifestyle, the collar could be as important as a wedding ring or as trivial as a temporary sign that a submissive was being trained. This one fit tightly on her neck, a little uncomfortable so as to remind her of its presence, but it was nothing she couldn't adjust to.

Soft lips pressed to her mouth, wiping away the deep thoughts she'd been mulling. His warm tongue pushed through her lips, and his hand tightened at the back of her neck as he took possession. It was a hungry kiss, surprisingly full of need and more than enough to rob her of her senses. She grabbed his biceps to steady herself, and he pulled away, a loss she felt immediately.

"You're like a siren luring me to be bad, but if we don't stop now, you'll find yourself bent over a car getting fucked in the ass."

Her pussy squeezed. She shuddered. Oh God, why did his sensual threat turn her on so much? And the image. Cool metal pressed against her belly, her bottom bared and visible to anyone who walked by…

"Is that what you want?" she whispered, a little embarrassed by the husky tone of her voice.

"I want a lot of things, little one, but right now, we need to get inside before we miss out on my surprise."

He led her past the security guards who watched her go by with barely disguised interest. Inside, her eyes adjusted to the dark club atmosphere. Loud music blared from somewhere across the room, and the only lights were the spotlights being focused on a platform crowded with lots of people.

Her silly worries about being underdressed were immediately cast aside. A quick glance at the other women in the room showed her as one of the most conservatively dressed. Many were fully naked except for the collars at their necks.

"Don't be nervous. I won't be taking off your clothes here in the club. Doesn't mean I won't push you outside of your comfort zone though, but some things are just for me. However, every Dom is different, and you're going to get a good look at many different aspects of the lifestyle tonight."

He pressed her forward with his hand at the small of her back. "It looks like we made it just in time."

As they pushed through the sea of people, the platform came into full view. There were half a dozen leather-padded sawhorses lined up, and a beautiful man dressed in leather pants and a white shirt left open stepped front and center with a microphone in his hand.

"Welcome to fetish night everyone." The crowd quieted down. "As you all know tonight's fetish is bare bottom spanking, and we've got a full lineup of submissives volunteered for your every pleasure."

Spanking. Riley's fetish. A wild shudder snaked down her back.

"We'll have three rounds of six women, so Dom's who've signed up for round one, go ahead and bring your submissives forward and present them.

Riley grabbed her hand. "Let's go, baby girl. It's time for your surprise."

Fear jerked in her belly, and her head turned to him sharply. "What?"

A stern expression crossed his face, and he narrowed his eyes.

Fuck, she'd broken both rules the first time he tested her. But dammit what did he expect?

"I'll spare you just this once, but if you break the rules again, there will be swift and public punishment."

Oh God. Her mind told her she was in way over her head, yet his words burned inside her in a fire of desire she had no control of. She couldn't bear to disappoint him again, but the knowledge that if she did, he would take care of it, gave her a crazy mixture of both fear and excitement. What the hell was wrong with her?

At the first spanking bench, he positioned her to stand in front of it with her back to the crowd. Good thing. She didn't think she could handle watching everyone stare at her.

Riley leaned into her. "Would you prefer a blindfold this first time?"

First time? Had he lost his mind? Had she?

"I think it will be a good idea," he said. "Taking away the ability to see everyone in the room might make this easier for now." He pulled a black scrap of fabric from his pocket and tied it across her eyes. "Trust me, Jenn. You know I'm not going anywhere."

"All right, let's get this show on the road. All the pretty little submissives are in place so…Bottoms Up!"

The crowd went crazy with cheers and whistles deafening the room.

"Bend over the bench, baby girl, and flip up that skirt," Riley ordered.

Oh. My. God. He really expected her to go through with this. Despite the fear holding her in a vise tight grip, she bent over the leather and lifted her skirt. The fact her ass was now bared to at least fifty or so strangers sent a hot flush to her face.

"Good girl. Everyone is admiring what is mine, and they are already jealous. They all want to spank my pretty little girl." He kept speaking, but it was hard to hear him past the roaring in her ears. Maybe she should have asked for earplugs, too. Then she'd be able to pretend they were alone. Whispers she couldn't make out sounded behind her, but she didn't need to hear the words to know they talked about her.

"You ready for your spanking, Jenn?"

No. She nodded.

"At any time if you can't take anymore, all you have to do is speak. Tonight's play will end, and we'll go home. I don't mind you being uncomfortable with the situation, but I expect you to speak up if you're hurt of if you simply can't take anymore."

She nodded again. She wanted to go home, and she wanted to stay. Her curiosity was piqued, and if this was something Riley would enjoy, she wanted to give it to him. Every time he showed how pleased she made him, a rush of satisfaction and happiness floated inside her. Of course, the fact her pussy was soaking wet and her body turned on more than ever, embarrassed her more than anything. Until now, she'd never truly considered sexual play in public, but she wasn't immune from fantasies…

"On you mark, get set, go!" The announcer yelled into the microphone, and the whispered voices changed to whoops of joy and a rush of movement behind her.

A loud smack sounding somewhere to her side followed by a quick female yelp told her the spankings had started and any second she'd be feeling the same thing. Automatically, she clenched her cheeks in anticipation.

"Relax, Jenn." He'd no sooner spoken and a big hand landed soundly across both her butt cheeks. The deafeningly loud crack filled her ears and a rush of hot pain coursed through her.

She breathed through her nose and out through her mouth as a hand rubbed gently across the tender spot and smoothed the pain away. Was it Riley who'd smacked her ass, or had he allowed someone else to spank her? Before she could consider the thought fully, another smack landed across her ass then one right after the other.

Fuck, it hurt. Her ass burned until the spanking stopped, and a hand gently rubbed the area again. This time the pain streaking through her traveled straight to her pussy and throbbing clit. Pain turned to pleasure, and she wanted more. Moisture coated her sex, and her body ached to be fucked.

"She has a beautiful ass. Would you consider letting me fuck her next round?" A strange voice posed the question, and she held her breath waiting for Riley to respond. Is that what he'd brought her here for? To share her with his friends?

"No. She's not ready for something like that," he finally answered.

"I figured, but couldn't resist asking. I guess spanking will have to do."

Seconds later, the swats to her rear continued. Heat and pain. Desire and pleasure. Everything melded together as whoever spanked her moved from the fleshy cheeks to the tops of her thighs. Time went by, and every second her body responded to something new. So much cream flooded her sex she was afraid she'd drip on the floor. There was no way to hide from Riley, or anyone else in the room, how much this turned her on or made her ache for more. Fear gave way to need so strong she no longer cared who touched her. Riley spoke every few minutes so she knew he watched over her, and that was all that mattered. With him close by, she could be free to feel. Just as he'd asked.

Freedom.

Had it ever been this intense? Lost in her thoughts she didn't realize how much she squirmed against the leather or whimpered or cried for more until Riley whispered in her ear.

"Do you want to come, baby girl?" His words rasped over her, sending shivers racing down her back.

She nodded furiously, now grateful that he didn't expect her to speak because she couldn't form coherent words. Her entire body ached and buzzed with unfilled need that overruled any objection she might have considered before.

She jerked as thick fingers swiped through her folds.

"Jesus, Riley, she's fucking soaked. Is she always this responsive?"

"She's an amazing little sub."

"Well, if you ever get the hankering to share, I want to be first in line."

Riley laughed behind her as the touches on her pussy moved closer to her clit. She struggled to tell whether Riley was the one who now teased her opening or if some stranger touched her this intimately. Shame and need warred inside her, with need winning by a landslide. She didn't care. This was as much for her as it was for Riley, and the ache to orgasm consumed her.

Warm digits spread her lips wide and a finger slid deep inside. Her hips bucked in response, her clit rasping against the leather. Tension coiled deep in her belly as a pending release built quickly.

Riley finger fucked her hard, adding a second finger and stretching her a little more. It had to be him. He didn't want anyone else to touch her like this. Her head could argue, but her heart knew that she was his and he didn't want to share her that way. He felt so good, and she wanted to beg for more. The effort it took to stay quiet overwhelmed her.

Those devilish fingers curled upward and rubbed across her elusive G-spot. Fire flamed bright inside her as she lost the fight for even a modicum of control. She was merely a massive bundle of nerves and needs that only Riley could tame.

"Scream for me, Jenn. Take what you need and come on my fingers." He added a third, filling her.

She couldn't take it. Too much. Pressure built in her womb as he fucked her, and her body bucked and stretched across the bench. Her nipples tightened sharply, and the pressure against the wood became too much.

Everything inside her coiled and struck, exploding outward as pleasure racked over and through her. A vicious and violent scream tore from her throat and drowned out everything around her as she rode his fingers for all she was worth.

Chapter Eight

Riley watched in awe as Jenn flew apart in front of him. All her reserve and shyness gave way to the dark woman underneath. It was the facet of herself she'd kept hidden inside that he had to touch. Her pussy convulsed around his fingers as many of the club goers watched in silence. The screams she'd let loose had distracted many of the Doms and subs as they turned to watch.

Pride warmed him as her final barriers came crashing down, and she collapsed against the wood. He'd known coming here and thrusting her unsuspecting into such play was a gamble, but he couldn't stand to see her leave tomorrow without showing her how far he wanted her to fly. And fly she did.

Little pulses squeezed at his hand, as he reluctantly pulled free. He needed to fuck her so bad his dick hurt. Either way she was his and he had to find a way to keep her. Job or not.

With one arm he lifted her from the spanking bench and hugged her close. She sagged against him, totally wiped. At least for the moment.

"Open you mouth, baby girl."

She did as he asked, and he fed her his fingers.

"Lick them clean."

Her tongue swirled and suckled until he was certain she'd gotten every drop of her precious cream. The sudden urge to be alone with her, the desire to show her just how he felt, overwhelmed him. The rest of what he'd planned could wait for another night. If he had any say so in their future, there would be plenty of time for them to enjoy all the things the club had to offer. For now, the possessive streak he'd known lurked inside him rushed forward and demanded he take her out of here immediately.

He gently eased from her mouth and bent to kiss her. What had been meant to be a simple, easy kiss turned hungry and needy in seconds. The taste of her orgasm was so sweet on her tongue he practically lost his mind. Like the woman herself, the essence of Jenn was spicy and sweet, something he'd never get enough of. He wrenched his mouth free and scooped her into his arms.

"We're going home," he announced.

The little frown of worry that creased her brow charmed him further.

"I need to fuck you, and I don't feel like having an audience anymore."

A soft smile spread across her lips before she pulled in her bottom lip and bit down with her teeth.

He rushed through the club and burst into the parking lot, grateful no one approached them while he loaded her in the car and buckled her in.

Soon, very soon, she'd be under him and he'd be buried so deep inside her neither of them would remember where the other one started or stopped.

* * * *

He'd left her blindfold on, and now, seeing her laid out on his bed, he was torn by the many ideas of what he wanted to do to her. Damn, she'd gotten so deep under his skin his normally cool reserve had fled him.

"What's wrong?" she asked on a whisper.

"Absolutely nothing. In fact, everything is so great I can't stop admiring you."

A rosy flush bloomed across her skin.

"You are so beautiful."

"You're not ashamed of me?" she sounded incredulous.

"Ashamed? What for?"

"For my behavior in the club."

"Oh hell no. And you shouldn't be ashamed, either." He ripped off the blindfold, desperate to see her eyes. For her to see the love and acceptance in his.

"But I—" She hid her face in the covers.

"You what? Don't hide now. Tell me." He cupped her chin and turned her back to face him. "Please don't withdraw. I have to know how you felt."

"Raw." She squeezed her eyes shut for a moment before opening her lids and locking her gaze onto his. "All I could think of was the desperate need that ravaged through me, and if you'd let one of your friends fuck me, I wouldn't have cared."

"And you're ashamed of that?"

"I don't know what I am. I felt so…so…"

"Free?" he supplied.

"Yes."

"Oh Jenn, you are the most beautiful person I have ever met. Inside and out. Please don't turn away from any facet of yourself no matter how dark it might seem at the moment. I want all of you, and it's my job to help you explore those deep, dark desires you hold so tight you can barely see them."

So much love and need rushed through him he had to get closer, be inside his woman. He spread her legs and settled between her thighs.

Her pink, wet flesh beckoned, and the thought of donning a condom sickened him.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"I don't want to wear a condom. I need to feel everything."

"I've been on the pill since I was a teenager so I can't get pregnant, and I've never had unprotected sex."

"Neither have I," he admitted.

"Then take me as you need, Riley, please."

"I want you… And God help me, I need you." Riley sank his cock in her agonizingly slow, amazed again at how tightly she gripped him. Hot velvet. That's what she felt like. Warm and soft. He wanted to show her everything she wasn't ready to hear yet. Make love to her. He also wanted to fuck her every which way possible. The need to dominate rode his control while he stroked in and out of her, slow and deep.

He seized her mouth because he couldn't not do it. *Mine. Possess.*

One way or another, he wanted to get his fill of her taste, but that deep spot inside knew it would never be enough. He'd spent years fantasizing about her while he'd explored his own insecurities, wasting years of this. He was damn lucky no one else had claimed her.

"I've waited so long for this Jenn, I can hardly believe it."

"You?" she gasped. "I've waited so long, and now, when you look at me, I can barely believe that you want me, too."

"Believe in this." He nibbled at her lips. "Believe in us."

"Show me." She wrapped her legs around his waist and lifted her hips in a blatant show of submission.

"See, you are a siren."

Jenn's nails bit at his shoulders as she moved ruthlessly underneath him, stripping away all control.

"I can't help it. I can't get enough of you inside me. So full and stretched."

He groaned and buried his face in her neck. Her words ramped him higher as he tunneled in and out of her with all his strength. With all the blood in his body rushing to his dick, he quickly moved past the ability to think clearly. Every yelp and whimper wasn't enough. He wanted her screams, that moment when her body ruled her mind and she flew free. He'd fuck her day and night just to hear that, to know he'd taken her there.

On every stroke in or out, she tightened on him and squeezed his cock until she damn near took his breath away. They had so much to look forward to and so much more to explore, and tonight was all about convincing her to stay.

"If you ask me nice, I'll let you come." With his balls tight and aching, they'd come together. He and Jenn would feed the needs of each other at the same time.

"Please, Riley, please make me come."

The dam he'd been holding onto broke apart at her words. He flexed his hips and quickened the pace, building a dangerous and delicious friction that threatened them both. Her pleas turned to sharp cries, and the tingling at the base of his spine built to a full-blown electrical charge.

Seconds later, she cried out his name, a litany of curses and screams following closely behind. The clasp of her pussy tightened on his cock, strong pulses of muscles demanding his release.

The pressure of cum building in his balls would not be controlled. White-hot pleasure sizzled in his brain, taking his breath away. He buried his hands in Jenn's hair and gripped the side of her head, locking her gaze to his when the fury of release broke free. Hard spasms rocketed through them both as he emptied inside her in a series of spurts that stunned him.

This woman. This night. Everything cleared. She would be his…forever.

* * * *

Riley opened his eyes to the sound of the shower running and an open suitcase at the foot of the bed. She'd packed her bags. What the hell?

He threw off the covers and stormed into the bathroom. Warm heat and sweet smelling woman enveloped him the moment he opened the door. She was scrubbing her hair and humming a tune he didn't recognize. He needed to think about this before he opened his mouth and demanded she stay.

If getting ready to go home made her this happy, maybe he had no business trying to force her to bend to his will. The water shut off, and he slipped out the door. He had an idea. If she was going to go home today, he'd leave her with a final reminder of what she'd miss. His stomach roiled, and his head pounded. He loved her too much to let her simply walk out of his life after two short days of incredible exploration.

He hurried to the media room and grabbed a few supplies. His goody bag sat on the floor right where they'd left it the day before and instead of searching for what he needed he hooked the handles and rushed back to his bedroom. The sound of her muffled humming drifted through the door as he located the things he would need when she emerged. He pushed everything under the pillow and moved a small chair into the middle of the floor.

"Oh, you're awake." She skidded to a stop, towel in hand and rubbing her hair dry.

"And you're packing." He struggled to bite back the sarcasm.

"Yeah, my flight leaves in a few hours so I figured I better get my lazy butt in gear." The wide smile on her face tore at his gut. How could she be so nonchalant when the acid churning in his belly threatened to eat him alive?

"We should have discussed this. Worked something out."

She opened her mouth to protest, and his hand clamped over it.

"No, the time for talking passed when you started packing your bags without even talking to me. Now, you have to do things my way."

He pulled Jenn to the waiting chair and pushed her into it.

"But, Riley—"

"No talking. If you have any hope of making that flight, you need to stop fighting and be still. In fact, I have a couple of items to help you with that." He pulled out the

rope and the extra special something he'd planned to save for next time, but desperate times called for desperate measures.

"Close your eyes and open your mouth," he demanded.

Her eyes widened before she relented and closed them, her mouth opening wide. Riley popped the ball of the gag into her mouth and fastened the straps closed at the back of her head.

"Relax, it's a beginner's ball gag which should give you no trouble as long as you don't panic. I have a point to make before you leave, and I don't want any interruptions."

With the rope in hand, he proceeded to tie her wrists to the arms of the chair, first one side then the other. She remained soft and pliable with no resistance so he continued wrapping the braided rope around her legs until both were bound to the chair, as well.

He stepped back and admired his work. The little pink ball between her lips contrasted vividly against her creamy skin, and the custom-made pink bondage rope wrapped around her limbs had his dick standing up and taking notice. With her legs spread, he spied the flushed folds of her pussy. He'd bet money it was already coated with her cream. She looked good enough to eat. He'd like to settle between those silken thighs and feast for hours until they both forgot she wanted to leave. He'd get there soon enough, and when he did, she'd beg.

"Open your eyes and look at me. I want you to watch everything I do so you'll remember every time you touch yourself that it will never be as good as it is right now."

A quiet whimper sounded from behind the gag.

He plucked the last item from under the pillow and watched her eyes widen as he walked toward her with the vibrator. Not just any vibrator, either. He'd bought the thick, ribbed toy as soon as she'd planned her trip here. In fact, all of these items were purchased with her in mind.

Riley knelt at her feet and placed the silicone toy against her inner thigh. Her gaze followed his movements, and he inched the vibrator along her skin until it was mere inches from the puffy folds of her swollen cunt. Her legs began to tremble, and he pulled away from her.

"This weekend has been so much more than I could've ever hoped for. You willingly opened yourself to try something new and amazed me with your every response. I'm quite proud of you."

Another whimper sounded from her throat.

He pressed the on button, and her eyes flared with a strong, dark desire at the sound of the low hum. When the tip of the vibrating toy touched her sopping flesh, her body jerked in the chair and her hands flexed and tightened on the armrests.

"You're going to come for me before you go, but not until I give you permission. Is that understood?"

She nodded frantically.

His cock tightened painfully as he pressed the solid length of the vibrator into her opening. Slowly, he watched her channel open and stretch as he slid it deep. The heavenly scent of her sharp arousal filled his senses as he fucked the toy in and out of her. His mouth watered at the thought of her taste sliding over his tongue. No, he definitely wasn't going to get enough of her.

Compelled to take more of what she freely gave, he spread her lips with one hand and eyed the swollen bud of her protruding clit. The little pink kernel of flesh practically begged for his touch. Already her legs trembled wildly from an impending release. He contemplated leaving her like this, on the edge of a mind-numbing desire that made him wild.

He wanted this woman in his bed, each and every night, responding to his every touch. And in the morning, he could wake her with the sweet slide of his cock burrowing deep in her ass.

As much as he liked watching her channel clench around the toy, he wanted more. He withdrew the vibrator, and she whimpered in protest. Her cream coated the silicone, and he couldn't let it go to waste. With the vibrations still humming in the room, he pressed the wet tip to a taut nipple and swirled the cream around her puckered skin.

He pushed away the urge to rip his pants down and fuck her. Instead, he threw the toy to the side and closed his mouth around a flushed nipple. Soft skin and hardened flesh beckoned him. The elongated tips would be perfect for clamps.

Her heavy breaths blew through his hair, letting him know that she wouldn't last much longer like this. He forced three fingers inside her clenching pussy and thumbed her clit with one quick swipe.

Her muscles rippled over his hand, clamping and releasing as her orgasm neared. His mouth released her nipple. "Oh no, not yet. I want to feel you come on my tongue. Concentrate, Jenn. You can do it."

Her body shivered and jerked against the ropes, and her muscles tightened down on his fingers. She dangled on the edge of the cliff, and her mind wouldn't be able to stop her body's need.

"Things can't end here, Jenn. We've barely scratched the surface of what you can do. I will bind you, hurt you and teach you to come on demand. Then," his mouth traveled down, licking a hot, wet trail across her heated skin until his lips hovered over her clit, "I will spread your cheeks and take your ass. My cock will open and stretch you for a long, hard ride to exhaustion. There would be more pleasure than you can imagine and all yours for the taking."

His breath blew over her clit. Every muscle in her body went rigid, and her moan turned to a wail. He wanted nothing more than to spend his days breaking down barriers and teaching her to accept what she hid in the dark, the sweet, sassy submission that would give in to his every wicked need and then some.

"Come now," he demanded. His lips and teeth clamped a steady and firm pressure against her sensitized bud.

She exploded on a muffled scream that tore at his heart. Her hips bucked against his face, and his tongue lapped at the hot liquid pouring into his mouth.

Fuck.

He ate at her pussy until he'd taken everything she had to give. Reluctantly, he pulled away from her and sat back on his feet.

"I can't stand this, Jenn. I want to command you to stay with me. To give us the chance I think we deserve, but it can't work like that."

She mumbled fiercely against the ball, and he reached for the snap holding it in place. Unfastened, it fell to the ground, and she stretched and moved her lips. Her gaze met his, and tears spilled from her beautiful eyes to drip down her flushed cheeks.

"You should have let me explain."

"I did what I had to. I'd do anything to keep you."

She shook her head. "No, you don't understand. Check the messages on my cell phone."

He eyed her curiously. He had no idea what she wanted him to see, but he trusted her. He scooped up the little white phone from the nightstand and pressed a few buttons until he got to the last message.

Congratulations, you've got the job!

"Wait, what? You're not leaving?"

A big grin spread across her face, and her eyes lit in amusement. "Only long enough to square things away and get everything moved here."

He stood in stunned silence, unbelieving what he was hearing. She wasn't leaving. "Does this mean…"

"Yes, Sir, it does."

He rushed forward and untied her with record speed before pulling her into his arms. "I'm not sorry for what I did. I love pushing your buttons."

Jenn kneeled at his feet and dropped her gaze. "And I like pushing yours…"

About the Author

Eliza Gayle lives a life full of sexy shapeshifters, blood boiling vamps and a dark desire for bondage…until she steps away from her computer and has to tend to her family.

She graduated Magna Cum Laude (which her husband translated into something very naughty) from Park University with a dual degree in Human Resource Management and Sociology. That education, a love of the metaphysical and a dirty mind comes in handy when she sits down to create new characters and worlds. The trick is getting her to sit still.

Handcuffs and Lace

Resplendence Publishing's Erotic Romance Line of Law Enforcement Themed Stories

Handcuffs and Lies by Bronwyn Green

Sometimes promises to friends are the hardest to keep. Undercover police officer, Michael Tanner, promised his dying partner that he'd take care of the man's little sister. Trouble is, after her brother's death, Doctor Tori Spinelli wants nothing to do with Michael—or any other cop for that matter.

Tori has always fought against overprotective men and deception. Forced into protective custody with Michael, she's now faced with both in the same package. Despite their differences, Tori falls in love with him, but how can she trust a man who lies for a living?

What the Cuff? By Celia Kyle

God really should have reconsidered making werewolves. That, or Lyssa needed to get better taste in men and stay away from those with wandering eyes—and other things. Drunk as a wolf, she stumbles to her best friend's house to sleep off her whiskey induced haze and wakes to…*cuffs?*

Caleb sees his chance and takes it. His buddies on the force ribbed him but good for buying silver plated cuffs. But with a werewolf in his bed, the woman he's yearned for since they were teens, he wasn't taking any chances. Lyssa was his. She just didn't know it yet.

Ticket Me More by Tia Fanning

Hailed by the bridal flower world as an artistic genius, Meli works long nights making bouquets for women lucky enough to find love, while she herself lives a life of solitude. She yearns to share her heart and body with someone other than Bob, her *Battery Operated Boyfriend*, but acute shyness keeps her from engaging the "living" world.

However, Meli's quiet and predictable existence takes an unexpected turn when she is pulled over and ticketed by the most gorgeous cop she has ever encountered—Officer Michael Johnson. Though he doesn't seem to notice her as anything more than a traffic violation, Meli makes plans to overcome her timid nature and seize the police officer's attention…using any speed necessary.

Search Me Baby, One More Time by Melinda Barron

Wren Thornberry's life isn't going according to plan. She let her father talk her out of marrying Bryan Stockard, the man she loves, and moved halfway around the world. Now she's back home in Texas, babysitting her grandmother while grandma and her boy-toy work through their list of sexual exploits, making themselves the talk of the town.

But what Wren doesn't know is that things in her hometown are about to heat up even more, and it will have nothing to do with her grandmother. It seems that Bryan Stockard is still around, he wants to get back into Wren's life—by any means necessary, and now he has just the tools to do it: a police uniform, handcuffs, and the authority to make Wren *assume the position*.

Cuff Me Lacy by Demi Alex

Three months is way too long to wait for some simple, low-down, straight forward sex. It's not like Officer Chrissie Hansen is asking for prince charming to offer her the love of a lifetime. All she wants is a good orgasm that she doesn't have to work for alone.

At least with "The Bull" she knows what to expect. But when Patrick MacKlick returns to her life and tempts her with new options, she discovers that lace can imprison a heart better than handcuffs can.

Going Commando by Catherine Chernow

Bounty hunter Shyra Lawrence listens to her favorite radio station one morning where the DJ's are discussing "going commando" —*a.k.a.* wearing no undies. Captivated by their conversation, she decides to shed her panties in favor of the freedom that wearing no underwear brings.

Enthusiastic, Shyra sends an email to her best friend, Donna, detailing the delights of

panty-freedom, but unbeknownst to Shyra, she's hit the send key...to the wrong email addy!

When Derek Grayson opens his emails that morning, he discovers that his #1 employee and top bounty hunter has sent him an erotic, enticing message about going commando. Derek has always been polite, professional, and so damned attracted to Shyra that it's almost painful. Working day in and day out with voluptuous woman has sent Derek's hormones into overdrive on more than one occasion.

Now, Shyra's shed her panties and Derek's got all he can do to contain his lust when she announces that she's... GOING COMMANDO.

Also available from Resplendence Publishing

Scorcher by Celia Kyle

Phoebe's a salamander with a problem. Fire is her element, her very best friend, and the core of her nature. But she can't control it worth a darn. One decent temper tantrum and *poof!* Fire galore. Good thing she lives in the desert with nary a tree in sight. Well, there are a few bushes and such. And her house. And a few cacti...sorta. At least until she'd gotten mad over getting stuck by one of the darned things...

Brant lives by fire and dies by fire. Literally. As Fire Chief, it's his job to stamp out fires in Winthrop, making sure residents of the small town in the back woods of Arizona don't have to worry about fire taking their businesses and homes. As a phoenix, he has the ability to sense fires the moment they start. It's a handy talent that keeps the residents safe. Except for his girlfriend, who seems to be able to blow up just about everything, including the stove.

Red: A Seduction Tale by Maddie James

Garnet Boudreaux is going home. Not back to her nice little apartment in New York City, but to her childhood home in the bayou. She doesn't want to go, and isn't certain what will be waiting for her when she arrives. But standing there in the voodoo shop on Bourbon Street, in the middle of one helluva party, she's told by Madame Madeleine Dupuis that she has no choice. She presses two pouches into Garnet's hands, wraps a red cape around her, and tells her she must go—and go now—to see to her grandmother.

Max LeBlanc spies the lovely redhead across the street and knows in a heartbeat that she is the one. A rougarou always knows when he's met his mate. Some may call him a lycanthrope, a werewolf if you will, but in Cajun bayou lands, he's known simply as *The Rougarou*. He'd waited several hundred years for this moment, and for her. There is nothing left for him to do but mark her and claim her as his mate. Soon.

Oriana and the Three Werebears by Tia Fanning

Oriana Ricci has taken over the family business—flying cargo and rich tourists around Alaska's barely inhabited Kodiak Archipelago. When her plane malfunctions and she's forced to make an emergency landing, she finds herself stranded in the middle of a National Wildlife Refuge. With no civilization for miles and no hope of rescue, she thinks all is lost…

Until she stumbles upon the entrance to an underground bunker.

Jack, Jordan, and Jonathan McMathan own and operate a secret intelligence firm contracted by the US Government. Hidden away in an old Cold War spy station located the middle of the Kodiak National Wildlife Refuge, the brothers are not only able to do their top secret jobs safely without fear of discovery, but are better to protect their other, more personal secret: they have the ability to shift into Kodiak bears.

Like a fairy tale gone bad, the brothers return home to find their lunch tasted—or eaten, their computer chairs adjusted—or broken, and a beautiful blonde sleeping in one of their beds. This situation poses a big problem for the brothers…

Their location is now compromised. But more importantly, what are they to do with the lady?

Extinction by Carol Lynne

Professor of Environmental Science/Wildlife studies at UNLV, Jack McBain has spent his adult life trying to track a legend overheard during his youth. Born and raised in the Canadian Province of Newfoundland, Jack remembers his grandparents telling stories of a race of people eradicated by European settlers in 1829. According to the legend, the Beothuk people didn't die out as first thought, but were transformed into wolf shifters.

When Newfoundland wolves began to appear in great numbers, the European settlers began killing them under the guise of population control. In 1910, the last of the Newfoundland wolves was shot, making them one of the few extinct species of wolves in the world.

Following spotty leads, Jack begins to track what he believes are Beothuk/Newfoundland shifter wolves. His search leads him to the Lake Mead National Recreational Area outside of Las Vegas. There, on Spirit Mountain, he finally comes face to face with not only the shifter he's been looking for, but the man of his dreams he didn't know he needed.

Are you hot for teacher?

Check out the *Hot for Teacher* Series at Resplendence Publishing

Two Plus One by Brynn Paulin

College math teacher, Briony Swift, lives life on the straight and narrow. After all, one plus one always equals two. But when two of her adult male students visit her office one afternoon, she soon discovers that one plus two might be a new and better equation to explore...

Body of Art by Bronwyn Green

Art professor Seth Granger has two problems—an absentee life drawing models and a case of unrequited lust. Luckily, his troubles have the same answer—his colleague, Dr. Callie Sullivan.

The trick will be getting her out of her clothes and into his studio…and hopefully into his bed. However, she's intent on keeping her mind on her art and ignoring him. Now he just needs to convince her she should be his body of art.

Sense and Sensuality by Cara Hart

Eleanor McLaren leads a subdued life. She hates parties, avoids social interactions, and she cannot talk to men. But within the shell of her timidity lies the heart of a siren. Afraid of her own boldness, she hides her desires. Especially from the man who stars in her dreams of passionate encounters and works in her department.

Eddie Harrington has never lacked for partners in his pleasure games. But for some reason, Eleanor is the one woman he can't get out of his head. She is definitely not the type he usually pursues. Then he sees her at a bar, looking like his wildest fantasy. And one night

with her is not going to be enough. The man who never commits just might have met his match-until a mistake from his past forces her to choose between trusting him or walking away.

Sex Ed by Mia Watts

Mina Lasky has a pesky crush on Biology professor, Derek Link. They've worked in tandem in the same University facility long enough that even the sound of his voice makes her hot. It's time to put the fantasy to an end. Mina signs up to be his guinea pig in a female sexuality lab for those on the doctorate track. She hopes to work Derek out of her system while enjoying some much needed sexual stimulation.

Dr. Derek Link has been itching to get his hands on the quiet, sexy Chemistry professor. He can't believe his luck when she signs up to be his lab. But one night isn't enough and Mina won't admit they can have something a lot more long term.

And when one of the students recognizes Mina, her heart isn't the only thing on the line. With her career in the hands of a blackmailer, and her heart begging to trust Derek, she's beginning to think the lab was a very bad idea.

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