

ELLORA'S CAVE TABOO

Marilu Mann

All Tied Up

Merry Kinkmas

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Wendy has a kinky fantasy – she wants to be tied up. Not just spread-eagle in bed, but with rope all over and around her body. She shares her wish with her lover Peter, who arranges a session with local *Kinbaku* Master, James Darling.

They learn that having sex at someone else's direction while completely restrained is more than hot. Can they repeat their experience? Do they even want to without Master Darling?

As for James, he'd like to make their arrangement more permanently...binding.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

All Tied Up

ISBN 9781419931697

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Cover art by Darrell King

Electronic book publication December 2010

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ALL TIED UP

Marilu Mann

Dedication

To anyone who has ever explored a fantasy—no matter where it took you. Hope you enjoyed yours as much as Wendy and Peter enjoy theirs!! And to those who haven't, here's to finding the opportunity!

Chapter One

"I can't breathe."

Wendy gulped air as she fell to her side. Peter's heaving chest caught her attention. Her heart pounded hard enough to jump out of her chest. The smell of sex mingled with perfume lingered on her skin. Peter slowly moved one hand over to pat her thigh.

"You okay, babe?"

"Peachy. As soon as you hook me up to some oxygen." Rolling toward him, she smiled. "You?"

"Nope. Dead. You've drained my cock completely and I've suffered a massive heart attack."

She laughed as she moved closer to place a kiss on his sweaty brow. Another marathon lovemaking session with the man she adored. She should be the most contented woman on earth, but there was still one thing she wanted to experience with Peter. Something she'd wanted ever since she'd read about it in an erotic novel.

She'd never had the guts to ask a lover for this particular thing, but Peter was different. She knew he was just as willing to try something new as she was. He'd proven that over the last two years.

"Peter? You know how we're always talking about our fantasies and fulfilling them for each other?"

"Yes." He rolled onto his side to face her. His light brown hair stuck out all over his head even as his gorgeous brown eyes lit up with humor and excitement.

"Well, there's one thing I've been wondering about."

"What's that, babe?"

"Being tied up."

"We've done that a time or two." He trailed a hand over her shoulder and down to rest on her hip, pressing a kiss to her nose.

"No, I mean really tied up. You know, hanging from the ceiling, rope all over my body, totally tied up and suspended."

"Huh. We'd need to reinforce the supports in the attic before we tried out one of those swing things. In the meantime..." Peter pulled her closer and kissed her again. "There's something I want to know."

"What?"

"If you're..." another soft kiss landed on her forehead as his hands stroked down her back to her sides. "Still ticklish..."

Wendy shrieked, trying to roll away as Peter mercilessly tickled her sides and stomach. Finally she was able to trap his hands under her back and she struggled for breath as Peter continued to laugh and smother her face with kisses. She responded and as he moved his mouth to her jaw then to her neck, she raised up just enough to release his hands, forgetting, for the moment, all about the fantasy she'd mentioned.

Peter showed just how much stamina he still had as he pressed kisses and soft love bites to her shoulders. He sucked on her nipples, getting them hard. He refused to stay in one spot, though, traveling down her body until he reached her neatly trimmed pussy. That had been one of his fantasies, trimming her cunt hair and shaving her nether lips smooth. Keeping them that way was a pain in the ass, but since he did all the work, it wasn't that much of a hardship. Peter licked slowly between her pussy lips, teasing her clit before sliding his tongue down to rim her ass.

Wendy lifted her hips, giving him total access and Peter didn't disappoint. Thrusting his tongue deep into her pussy, he alternately teased her clit and asshole with his slightly calloused fingers. Wendy grabbed his head. Peter took the hint, moving his tongue faster as he pinched her clit with one hand. Slowly he pushed his other thumb into her ass.

Wendy screamed out another climax and felt Peter groan against her pussy. Just as she caught her breath, he moved swiftly up her body. Pushing her thighs wide, he stuffed his cock deep on his first thrust. She grabbed his biceps as he pounded into her.

"Come, oh shit, come now!" Wendy forced the words out.

Peter shouted out his own climax then collapsed beside her. "I love you, babe."

"I love you too, Peter." Wendy put her head on his shoulder to revel in the afterglow. She let her rope fantasy fade into her "Maybe Someday" files.

* * * * *

Peter looked up as Wendy came into the room. He grinned, getting to his feet and gesturing to the decorated tree behind him. "Ta-da! Told you I'd get it up and decorated before you got home, but I saved the tree topper for you."

She laughed as he held up the angel her mother had given her. Peter kissed Wendy's cheek. He handed her the ornament then pinched her butt while she put the angel on top of the tree. She spun around with a huge smile.

"It's perfect!"

"Not quite, but it will be when we exchange gifts. You'll really like what I got you." Peter's grin teased her.

For a full week he'd hinted about her gift. She'd barely resisted searching through his wallet looking for a jeweler's receipt. She felt sure that the "something special" was an engagement ring. Usually they exchanged their gifts a few days early as neither of them was very good at waiting...or at keeping secrets.

This year, however, they'd decided to wait until Christmas Eve. Since that had been Peter's suggestion, Wendy thought he might have wanted to make this Christmas even more special by proposing.

Tonight would be their night, before the madness of visiting both of their families on Christmas Day. She almost wished they'd told everyone they were going out of town just so they could spend more time alone. Still, this would be a very special

Christmas, and not just when she tried on her ring. She'd managed to do a little sneaky shopping of her own and found the perfect wristwatch. One Peter had lusted after months ago. Tomorrow they'd see three sets of parents—one on her side, two on his, and fourteen siblings, in-laws, nieces and nephews between them. They'd found that this quiet time together allowed them to smile through even the noisiest of holidays.

They sat on the couch to share the takeout Chinese food she'd picked up on her way home. After they'd cleaned up and put away the leftovers, Peter tuned the stereo to some soft jazz. Wendy couldn't stop her heartbeat from speeding up when Peter left the room. She watched his tight ass as he went upstairs to get her gift. Had he really gotten her an engagement ring? Shaking her head, she picked up her briefcase to get his gift.

Looking up when he entered the room, her excitement died. The box Peter carried was much too big for an engagement ring. It was even too big for the pair of suede boots she'd been lusting after for months. He put it under the tree and joined her on the couch.

"Whose turn is it to go first?" He leaned forward to kiss her cheek, his grin still stretching across his handsome face.

"Yours." She didn't really remember, but hoped seeing his joy as he saw the watch might hide her disappointment. Handing him the festive package, Wendy took a deep breath as Peter tore into the paper. She loved his little-boy enthusiasm, how he took such enjoyment from the simplest things. Smiling, she remembered how he translated that eagerness in bed.

"Holy crap! Wendy, it's the watch I wanted. Wow, babe, this is gorgeous. Thank you." Leaning forward again, he kissed her, crushing the box between them. They both laughed as he leaned back to pull the watch out.

Taking off the one he'd been wearing since she'd first met him, Peter put the new watch on. His face lit up as he showed it off. She loved the look of the stainless steel band against his wrist.

Another kiss, another hug, and his excitement took over again. He picked up the big box, laying it across her lap. "I hope you like this. It took me some time to find just the right thing."

"I'm sure I'll love it." Wendy carefully lifted one taped end then followed the seam with her fingernail. She savored these moments. As she exposed a plain white box her heart picked up speed again. *Maybe there's a ring box inside.* She shot Peter a teasing look as she lifted the box to remove the paper from underneath. She noted it was too heavy to hold a ring box.

Moving aside the tissue paper lining the box, she still didn't get it. There was just some rope inside. It lay there like a snake looping back over itself. Looking at Peter, she couldn't hide her confusion. "What is this?"

She thought he was making a joke about "tying the knot", and that he had the ring in his pocket. But he didn't answer—just gestured to the box again. Lifting the rope, she saw an envelope on the bottom of the box. Her name scrolled across the front in an elegant masculine scrawl that wasn't Peter's.

The rope fell back in the box with a soft thud as she lifted the envelope. Peter shifted beside her as she pulled the flap up, bringing her attention back to his face. He grinned from ear to ear. Excitement practically rolled off him in waves.

Turning her attention back to the card in her hand, Wendy opened the heavy cardstock to see more of that elegant handwriting inside.

This card entitles the holder and one guest to experience an evening of Kinbaku. Present yourself at eight-thirty tomorrow evening at the following address. Do not be late.

Master D

"Peter, what is this?"

"Your fantasy. It took some doing, but I found a Kinbaku master living right here in town! I called in a few favors to get an introduction, but I wanted to do this for you." He studied her face for a minute then leaned back. "You're disappointed."

"No, I'm just..." She hesitated, figuring exactly how to say what she really wanted to say. "Overwhelmed. My god, I don't even know what to say."

"We don't have to go. I'll get you something else." He reached for the card. Wendy snatched it close to her chest.

"No. This is...Peter, look at me." She waited until he met her eyes. "No one has ever done so much to give me something I've only dreamed about. I can't believe you went to that much trouble. Thank you, sweetie."

It was her turn to pull him close. Tossing the box, Wendy kissed him hard. Leaning back, she saw the happiness return to his face. With an impish grin, Wendy reached around to pull the rope out of the box. "Strip, mister."

"Yes, ma'am!" Peter stood, immediately yanking off his clothes. She got to her feet and started stripping too, he alternately helped and got in her way. When they were naked and exchanging kisses, Wendy leaned down long enough to grab the length of rope she'd dropped to take off her bra.

Running it over his shoulders, she looped it around Peter's waist to pull him closer then ran one end of the rope up between his legs. A sharp intake of breath caused her to look at his face. The flush high on his cheeks let her know he'd enjoyed the feel of the soft rope on his cock. His growing arousal matched the dampness between her legs.

Pushing him down on the couch, Wendy took a moment to enjoy the view. His head tipped back against the couch. His cock rose to greet her. She dragged the rope over the mushroomed head of his penis. The surge of power when it jumped surprised her. In her mind, she saw him tied up instead of her.

Looping the rope lightly around his throbbing dick, Wendy went to her knees between his splayed legs. Brushing the rope over and around his dick, she watched his face. Peter never took his eyes off her hands and his cock. Wendy smiled as she leaned forward, taking the head of his rod in her mouth. Peter groaned, lifting his hips as she deep throated him.

She pulled the coils off as she swallowed leaving one loop teasing him. She loved the feel of his thick cock filling her mouth up.

Stroking him with the end of the rope in her hand, she brought him right to the brink. Pulling away, she watched his eyes unglaze. As he started to speak, she quickly stood up then straddled him. Peter held his cock at the base as she sank down onto him. He shuddered as he pulled the rope off himself to wrap it around one of her breasts. Wendy gasped then leaned forward. Peter tightened the rope so that her breast ballooned forward. Another tug gave her a bite of pain that mixed with pleasure.

The rapid rise of desire went straight to her nipples. Peter tugged her forward to suck a swollen bud into his mouth. His teeth nipped increasing that tug-of-war between pleasure and pain. Wendy dug her nails into his shoulders as she fucked herself with his hard cock.

The rope rubbing around her breast combined with his teeth teasing her nipple sent Wendy over the edge. She let her head fall back. Thrusting herself down on his hard cock, Wendy reveled in the feeling of Peter torturing her nipples with his wicked tongue. Peter grabbed her hips to thrust hard inside her. Wendy felt his cock pulsing against her slick walls as he came shooting deep inside her.

He used one hand to drag her head to his. She drove her tongue into his mouth mimicking the pounding she'd just gotten. His hand slid down her body. When he pinched her clit, she screamed out her own climax and fell into him wrapping her arms around his neck to steady herself.

When she remembered how to move, Wendy slid off to Peter's side. He turned his head to face her. "I love you, Wendy."

"I love you too. Merry Christmas."

Chapter Two

Master James Darling leaned back surveying the club. He awaited a young couple who'd contracted for an evening with him. Wondering if they knew exactly what they had asked for, he watched the interactions of his favorite place. These people were his family, his source of pleasure and his entertainment.

Since he'd released a slave under mutual accord six months ago, he hadn't found anyone in particular to take Joshua's place. He played in the club, but never brought anyone to the dungeon in his home.

I've become too jaded for this. I need a change of scenery. Maybe a trip somewhere. Glancing at the gold watch on his wrist Master Darling got slowly to his feet. They should be here soon. He'd warned them not to be late, but one part of him hoped they would be. He enjoyed a nice spanking as a warm-up. He made his way through the club, nodding at those he knew. The manager of the club, smiled as he reached her side. "Good evening, James."

"Shalene, I'm expecting a young couple, have they signed in yet?" As visitors to the club, they'd have to read and sign a privacy notice before being allowed past the foyer.

"They've just arrived. Would you prefer to greet them or have them escorted to the private room you've reserved?"

"I'll greet them. Thank you, Shalene."

"James, I'm somewhat disappointed that you've chosen to do this in private. You do know that most of the subs here would give their teeth to spend an hour with you in private, much less have a full evening. Plus, if you'd agree to a public performance, I could pack this place."

"Another time, love. Tonight is special for these two. He wants to fulfill one of her more prurient fantasies first. Quite an interesting conversation we had on the phone."

"I'm sure. Well, enjoy your lovebirds." She inclined her head. James enjoyed the sight of her nicely rounded ass covered in the bright red latex mini-dress as she walked away.

Turning his attention back to the front of the club, he opened the foyer door. He let it close with a sharp sound. The couple turned to look at him. Excitement, unease, lust, a virtual parade of emotions chased across both faces before the man touched the woman's waist then stepped forward.

"Master Darling? I'm Peter Barrett, and this is Wendy Banning. We spoke the other day on the phone?"

"I know." James glanced at his watch. Damn, they were on time. "Have you both signed the agreement?"

"Yes." Another glance at his lady, and the young man smiled. "We're both excited about this, but we're not sure what to do next."

"From this point onward, you'll address me as Master Darling. Protocol insists that you be properly garbed before entering the club. Guests must follow the rules." James nodded at the silent doorman.

"I'll have someone show you to the dressing rooms. Robes are laid out for you. A guide will show you to the private room you requested. My advice is to keep your eyes down and your hands to yourself until you reach the room. These will identify you as being taken for the evening." He held out two slim leather collars. The woman's eyes widened.

"I will be waiting for you." He left before he gave in to the urge to reassure them. This was a business transaction, nothing more. The young man had paid handsomely to have him fulfill a fantasy. That was exactly what he'd do. Despite the fact that the young couple sent his Dominant instincts into full alert, he'd give them what they'd asked for. Not what they really needed.

Still the vision of Peter on his knees sucking James' cock while James feasted on a trussed-up Wendy aroused him. He adjusted the fit of his leather pants as he strode

quickly through the club to the back. In moments, a discreet tap on the door announced their arrival. He hadn't had nearly enough time to get his lust for them under control, but he'd manage.

He let them enter and then closed and locked the door. There were emergency release triggers on the outsides of all doors, a safety precaution he approved of.

"Well, now that you've truly arrived, we will discuss this." Facing both of them, James took a deep breath. Setting a pair of shears on the bed, he pulled his knife out of his boot. Casually pulling a small length of rope out of his pocket, he cut through it. After demonstrating the sharpness of the blade, he slid the knife back into its custom-made sheath. "First lesson. Always have something sharp to cut through anything you tie. Safety first, always."

"How much do you know about Kinbaku?"

"Not much, really." Again Peter spoke for both of them, glancing at Wendy before looking back at him.

"Sir."

"Excuse me?"

"'Not much really', *Sir*." James cocked his head to the side, noticing the faint flush that rose in Peter's face.

"Oh, right. Sir. I'm sorry. We're not used to any of this, Sir." The smile that went across his face almost caused an answering one on James' face. They were incredibly appealing.

"That's obvious as neither of you have disrobed nor have you dropped your gazes as a proper submissive would. We'll rectify that immediately. Lose the robes."

They both froze for a moment, then as he took a step forward, they quickly stripped. James uncoiled the braided dyed cotton and silk rope he habitually wore as a belt. "*Shibari* is the art of tying someone up. It started out as a means of torture."

Accurately gauging their unease. James looped the rope in his hands as he stepped behind Peter. Wendy turned her head to watch him, but Peter stayed still. "Kinbaku is the actual art of Japanese bondage. I've studied both for years. I will be using only Kinbaku to bring you the utmost pleasure with no pain, as negotiated."

Stopping behind them, James let his gaze roam freely. Wendy had a small beautifully rendered tattoo of a butterfly on one nicely rounded hip. It suited her. James trailed one end of the rope over her shoulders down to her plump ass. "Wendy, Peter tells me this is your idea. You've longed for this for some time. Is that correct?"

"Yes Master Darling."

Her immediate response pleased him. James hummed as he trailed the rope across Peter's shoulders. Peter's body seemed honed by hard work. His body was similar to James' former slave but Peter's cock was slightly thicker. A predatory smile slide across James' face.

"Let's begin, shall we? Hands behind your back. Now."

The couple reacted like mirrored images straightening with hands behind them like naughty children. James gave each ass a gentle rub. Their fear fed him as much as their anticipation. He could smell Wendy's arousal.

As he worked, he let the silence build around them. Eventually one of them would speak. Then maybe he could release some of his own tension with a spanking. He hoped it would be the woman. Her ass curved just the way he liked. He felt his cock twitch. He'd love to fuck her there as well.

Peter glanced to his left. His breathing increased. Wendy's pretty pink nipples stood out hard from her breasts. Her face had that gorgeous sheen from arousal. James Darling had been more than Peter expected. From talking to him on the phone, Peter had a totally different idea of what the guy might look like.

The blond god who'd met them in the front of the club looked like walking sex. Was it the leather pants and vest? Was it the colorful Koi fish tattoo covering his left

arm? Maybe it was just his air of confidence. Whatever it was, Peter had never been so turned on by another man in his life. Other than once in college, he'd never even had any sexual interaction with another guy.

Swallowing hard, he kept his head turned to the side, watching while Master Darling looped the rope in his hands around Wendy's arms from wrist to elbow, ending by tying one knot. When the man picked up another length of rope and moved to him, Peter turned his face back to the front.

"This particular type of bondage requires very few knots, relying mainly on a variety of loops and wraps to achieve the necessary and desired results."

Master Darling proceeded to wrap Peter's wrists. The smooth texture of the rope as it wound around his arms felt good. Peter flexed slightly, testing the tension. A sharp smack on his ass caused him to jump.

"Do not move unless I tell you otherwise. Understood?"

"Yes Sir." Peter heard the scratchiness in his own voice and felt Wendy glance his way. Master Darling wrapped him from his wrists to his biceps.

"This particular rope might chafe a bit, though it should be soft enough not to leave too many marks on either of you. Spread your legs, Peter."

Taking a deep breath and daring another glance at Wendy, Peter widened his stance. The rope caressed his upper thigh. The tautness around his waist down to his other thigh made his heart race. He saw Wendy from the corner of his eye. Her gaze seemed glued to his legs and he felt his cock swell. The pleasure on her face caused him to harden even more. Master Darling noticed as well.

"Well, there's a pretty sight. Don't you agree, Wendy?" Master Darling moved into his line of vision. Peter took another deep breath before remembering that he wasn't supposed to be staring at this sex god. "We'll have to keep that up, won't we?"

With that, Master Darling stroked his cock and Peter choked off his immediate desire to move...whether forward into that touch or backward out of it, he wasn't sure. Master Darling laughed softly as he pulled another thin length of rope out. "What a

gorgeous cock you have, Peter. It's nice and hard. I'm sure it brings Wendy much pleasure. Does it, Wendy? Does Peter's cock bring you pleasure?"

"Yes Master Darling."

"Would you like this lovely cock and balls bound, Wendy?" Peter jerked his head toward her then and saw the sly smile on her face. He knew what she was going to say before she opened her mouth. He wasn't sure why he wasn't objecting. He felt glued to the spot firmer than Master Darling's ropes wrapped around his lower body.

"Yes Master Darling, I would like to see that."

"Know this, pretty Wendy. Those tits of yours won't be spared a wrapping of their own. One of the joys of Kinbaku is soon to be yours." Master Darling gripped Peter's chin forcing his face forward. "You'll like that, won't you, Peter?"

"Yes Master Darling." The hoarseness of his voice didn't surprise him. The smile that danced across Master Darling's face caused a trill of pleasure to course through his body too.

Without hesitation, Master Darling used the thin rope to bind Peter's balls, squeezing them carefully but not any more tightly than he squeezed himself when masturbating. Peter leaned his head forward, watching as Master Darling swiftly bound his cock. Inanely he noticed that Master Darling wore a watch very similar to the one Wendy had given him for Christmas, only gold.

As soon as he'd finished wrapping Peter's cock like a gift, Master Darling went to one knee in front of him. He glanced up at Wendy and smiled slightly.

"You won't mind if I sample this lovely cock will you?" Peter looked over at Wendy. When she shook her head, Master Darling asked him, "You don't object do you, Peter?"

Peter rasped out "no". The other man's smile widened as he leaned forward to take Peter in his mouth.

Peter let his head fall back as a cry escaped him. Master Darling sucked him deep, tonguing him and enveloping him in wet warmth. Peter felt his hands clenching as he watched that blond head bob. He could hear Wendy panting beside him. He turned his head toward her. Her gaze fastened on the two of them. Then she licked her lips.

Master Darling released him and moved to Wendy. Peter gasped for breath, trying hard not to fall over. He watched greedily as Master Darling turned his attention to Wendy.

That had to be one of the hottest things Wendy had ever seen. Peter, so strong and sure, so helpless as Master Darling sucked his cock. Now the sexy Dom stood in front of her a knowing smile on his handsome face. "You enjoyed that. Lovely Wendy liked watching me go down on Peter."

"Yes Master Darling."

"Good. I wonder how he'll feel when I go down on you." With a quick glance to the side, Master Darling laughed. "Hmm...not quite as willing to share as you are, I think. Still, I will taste you, Wendy...and before the night is over, someone's going to be fucked. Either you or your man will be bound for *my* pleasure."

"Me. You can have me." Wendy glanced at Peter then back at Master Darling. "No one fucks *him* but me."

"Possessive little thing. Some latent Domme tendencies?" Master Darling started winding rope around her torso, over and around her breasts. She could feel the constriction build. Like a really tight bra, it was uncomfortable without pain. Then he produced something from his pocket that looked like small lassoes. "Do you know what these are?"

"No Master Darling."

"They're nipple ropes." He leaned forward, sucking one of her nipples hard, causing it to stand out even further from her body. When he was satisfied with the hardness, he released her. He captured her nipple with the loop. Tightening it just to the

point of pain, he loosened it a fraction. Her other nipple received the same treatment. Wendy could see Peter moving his hips, thrusting his bound cock up.

Master Darling went to his knees in front of her, spreading the lips of her pussy. Without any warning, he sucked her clit into his mouth. Wendy nearly fell at the extreme pleasure that coursed through her, but Master Darling seemed to anticipate that. His hands latched onto her hips, holding her in place for his touch. Just when she thought she'd come, he released her, flicking her clit once more before getting back to his feet.

Wiping one hand across his face, Master Darling moved deeper into the room. Wendy noticed the various lengths of rope dangling from hooks in the ceiling. She looked over at Peter and saw a matching excitement on his. One or both of them would soon be swinging from those ropes.

James considered his options. Should he tie them up facing one another, back to back, head to foot? The possibilities were endless. Why he hadn't played with couples more often? They were in for a real treat. Decision made, he crooked his finger at Peter.

"Peter, I'll start with you. Over here." Taking hold of another rope, James placed it flat against Peter's body. He let the ends of the rope smack against Peter's ass and thighs from time to time as he covered Peter in rope. Pleasure surged through James as the younger man's cock swelled even more.

When he had Peter bound to his satisfaction with nothing overlapping, he went to the winch system and hoisted him off the ground. The way he'd bound him left Peter no option to close his legs, and now he'd make sure Peter would have no leverage to move. James bent one of Peter's legs then quickly wrapped it so that he couldn't straighten from that forced position. With another rope, he tied Peter's ankle to his wrists, allowing plenty of play in the rope so that he could almost but not quite straighten that leg.

In that position, it almost appeared that he was flying—awkwardly, but flying nonetheless. James tugged here and there to verify Peter wasn't in pain. Turning his attention back to Wendy, he saw her heightened color. That combined with the compulsive lip licking told him she was enjoying this.

"Over here, Wendy." When she reached him, James wrapped her lower legs. Her musky arousal excited him. Stroking her pussy lips with one hand, he gathered some of her moisture. He brought his hand to Peter's mouth. "Lick it. Lick her juice from my hand."

Peter groaned as he complied. James watched Wendy's face as Peter sucked his fingers clean. James removed his hand then grabbed Peter's hair and forced his head up. Sealing his mouth over the Peter's, James shared Wendy's taste by pushing his tongue into Peter's mouth.

Releasing him, James turned back to Wendy. Her mouth tempted him too, so he kissed her. She reacted immediately, sucking his tongue into her mouth and tilting her head to allow him better access to her mouth. Wrenching himself away from that tasty morsel was hard, but necessary.

James moved around behind Wendy. He needed to get her off her feet for what he really wanted to do. Wrapping more rope around her torso with the intricate skill he'd been taught over the past twenty years, he neatly immobilized Wendy. His ropes enhanced her lovely form to perfection. When he had her off the ground with her head just underneath Peter's cock, he truly wished he'd remembered to negotiate for pictures.

They were gorgeous. Peter bound facedown with his head even with Wendy's neatly trimmed pussy and Wendy bound faceup with her head below Peter's cock. Neither of them could move without his assistance, his direction. He knew from years of training that the suspension was spread out over their bodies. No one limb would be overstressed. He could send them so much higher. Tie them up and keep them near him for a very long time. He had so much more to share.

Shaking that thought firmly away, James reminded himself that they weren't his. Wouldn't ever be his. His job was to give them more pleasure than they could expect. His pleasure would be showing them the joys found in totally bound submission. He wouldn't fail.

Striding over to the winch, he lowered Peter so that his cock was well within reach of Wendy's mouth which put her pussy under Peter's mouth. "Feast, my lovelies. Feast on one another. Show me how you pleasure one another."

Neither of them hesitated, Wendy arching up to take Peter's cock deep and Peter diving for her cunt like a man on a mission. James moved around them, touching first one and then the other. A light slap on Peter's ass, quick squeeze of Wendy's breast, he didn't want them anticipating where he might be next, who he might strike or caress next.

James felt his own cock straining against the front of his leather pants so he palmed it. He looked up to see Peter watching him even as he continued to lick at Wendy's pussy. With a grin, James unfastened his pants. He pulled his cock out, stroking his length and squeezing his balls.

Stepping closer to the two of them, James ran one hand through Peter's hair, waiting until the younger man lifted his head, his chin glistening with Wendy's arousal. "Suck my cock, Peter."

He heard Wendy's moan, saw her pussy clench and rubbed the head of his dick against Peter's mouth. "Suck it."

Though he'd demanded it, Peter's acquiescence surprised and pleased him in equal measure. Stepping closer, allowing Peter to take even more of his length, he looked down to see that Wendy watching them. He remembered her words regarding Peter and who would be fucking whom.

Reaching down, he slid three fingers into her drenched pussy, fucking her in time with Peter's motions on his cock. Peter's groan let him know the other man could see

what he was doing. Wendy's answering moan as she took Peter back into her mouth pleased James.

Chapter Three

Wendy felt the bonds holding her securely. Her breasts swelled in their constriction while Peter's cock filled her mouth. When Master Darling started fucking her with his fingers, she nearly jumped right out of the ropes.

This feeling of weightlessness, being bound while pleasuring her man sent her soaring in a new kind of incredible ecstasy. She reveled in the stricture of the ropes holding her tightly, the taste of Peter in her mouth and...and even Master Darling fucking her.

His sinfully sexy voice urged Peter to suck harder, faster. His hand moved deeper and harder into her pussy. Wendy sucked Peter to the back of her throat then swallowed, knowing it would push him right to the edge. Sure enough, he swelled even more inside her and when Master Darling pinched her clit, she went right over the edge, Master Darling's voice encouraging both of them to "Come, now!"

Peter couldn't believe he'd actually sucked Master Darling off, but the salty taste still lingering in his mouth as Master Darling released him from his bonds told the tale. He'd felt Master Darling's hand in his hair, watched Wendy coming and released his own load down her throat. Never in his life had he experienced anything like that. Now Master Darling's hands rubbed the circulation back into his body, briskly and efficiently. Peter lay on his side on the massive bed as Master Darling did the same for Wendy.

Master Darling seemed to be the only one retaining the power of speech as he praised them for their performances, stroking their bodies, bringing them back to themselves. Peter met Wendy's sated gaze. They smiled at each other knowing what they'd discovered together.

Wendy lay on her back on the king-sized bed watching as Master Darling wrapped Peter up in an intricate maze of that soft cotton rope. He talked quietly as he worked, occasionally stroking Peter's arms or legs. He'd instructed Peter not to talk, and so far Peter had refrained. Master Darling intrigued her.

He was probably in his early forties, with a rock-hard body. Peter's build came from working construction, as did the calluses on his hands. Master Darling's hands weren't rough, making her think his body might be the product of working out in a gym. Right now, however, she just enjoyed watching those muscles at work.

Master Darling had Peter on his knees on a small cushion where he was now tying his ankles to his wrists. He hoisted Peter up in the air again just far enough so that he couldn't touch the floor at all. This time he was on his back. As she glanced up again, Wendy saw Master Darling look her way.

"Wendy, come here." That damn sexy voice and his commanding nature had her responding immediately. Something inside her wanted to rebel, but the rest of her was too interested in what he had planned. She strolled toward him watching the smile come and go across his face.

"Straddle your man, put your pussy on his face. Peter, you're to pleasure your lady, but not bring her to orgasm, understood?" Master Darling and Wendy looked down long enough to watch Peter nod, then Master Darling held out his hand. He helped her maintain her balance as she straddled Peter's head.

The first touch of his tongue on her pussy had her jumping slightly. Then Master Darling started wrapping her body with another length of that soft rope. He fashioned a bra of sorts, then pulled her arms back wrapping them from elbow to wrist. With Peter still licking and sucking on her and Master Darling stroking and still wrapping that rope around her, Wendy shot into arousal faster than she ever had before.

Pushing up to her tiptoes, she tried to get away from Peter's mouth. Master Darling pressed her back down while at the same time shaking his head. "Don't you come, Wendy, not yet."

She gulped air, trying desperately to suppress the need to impale herself on Peter's tongue. Clenching her bound hands, grasping for anything to hold on to, she started a little when Master Darling covered her hands with his. "Peter, stop now."

Wendy nearly shouted her frustration, but Master Darling simply picked her up bodily and moved her down Peter's body. He set her on her feet again with her legs straddling Peter's hips.

"What a lovely pair you two are. You're simply enthralling." Master Darling rubbed his hands over Peter's chest, pinching his nipples then sliding his hands down over Wendy's thighs. "Yin and yang, one soft," he squeezed Wendy's thighs, then let his hands glide back up to Peter's chest. "One hard. The feminine and masculine coming together, joining so perfectly."

With that he lifted Wendy and lowered her again, this time right down onto Peter's cock. She found that she could reach the floor now, her feet flat as Peter's cock filled her pussy.

"Ride him, Wendy. You said earlier that no one fucked Peter but you, so fuck him. Do it." Master Darling cupped the back of her head and kissed her as she started rocking back and forth on Peter's hard cock. With nothing to hold on to, using only her legs and thigh muscles to lift and lower herself onto Peter's body, Wendy felt totally off balance.

The only thing keeping her from falling over onto Peter was Master Darling's hands. He cupped her breasts from behind, squeezing and pinching her nipples. She could feel his warmth all along her back as she continued to ride Peter.

"Oh fuck, oh, fuck..." Peter's voice reached her and Wendy could feel Master Darling's hand moving under her body. She just knew he was squeezing Peter's balls. Peter strained against the ropes holding him immobile and Wendy turned her face into Master Darling's neck to inhale his scent. "Please..."

She almost didn't recognize her own voice. She'd never heard that amount of neediness come from herself. Master Darling continued plucking at her nipples, but finally commanded, "Come, both of you, come now!"

Wendy arched her back and felt Peter exploding inside her body. Master Darling continued stroking and petting both of them, always touching one or both of them, until the last shudder left their bodies. Wendy felt herself slumping slightly and he was there again, picking her up and moving her to the bed. She could barely keep her eyes open, but heard the sound of the winch as Master Darling lowered Peter to the floor.

She managed to open her eyes again as Master Darling put Peter on the bed beside her. The massive groan Peter released as Master Darling untied him let her know just what was in store for her. Sure enough, as he began unwrapping her from her bonds and the sharp pleasure-pain hit her, Wendy couldn't keep the soft cries in.

Master Darling rubbed them both, restoring circulation to their limbs and continuing the pleasure of his touch. She opened her eyes again to see Master Darling kissing Peter, and watching the man she loved respond. Then he turned to her and Wendy felt the full power of Master Darling's blue gaze.

"Are you pleased with your Christmas gift, Wendy?"

"More than I ever thought possible." She smiled at Peter and reached for his hand. Master Darling smiled as he moved around to her side of the bed. Putting his hand over their joined ones he kissed her.

Wendy felt Peter's hand tighten on hers and wondered if watching her kiss another man turned him on. Would it work with any other man or was it something specific to Master Darling? How could she be so attracted to someone else when she really, truly wholeheartedly loved Peter Barrett?

James moved to the foot of the bed, watching the play of emotions across the faces in front of him. They were so willing, so eager. His heart hurt a bit as he began coiling his rope.

"You both rest. I need to put away my tools."

When Wendy lifted her head, he shook his. "No, Wendy. Don't offer. If you were in service to me, then I would show you how to do this properly. But it isn't for you."

James withheld the "yet" he wanted to speak. Playing with them had fed something he didn't realize needed feeding. The smooth feel of the rope soothed him so he focused on that. Maybe he'd seek out other couples—specialize in this sort of thing. He smothered a sigh. Maybe Peter and Wendy would want another session.

Once he had his environment the way he liked, he turned his attention back to his subjects. Wendy was fast asleep, but Peter lay there watching him. James cocked an eyebrow at him. When Peter gave him a slow, sexy smile, James crossed to the bed. With his crotch at eye level to Peter, James glanced down.

"See something you like?"

With another smile, Peter slid a hand down James' pants. "May I?"

"Oh, absolutely." James kept his voice low to match Peter's. Wendy moaned softly so Peter tugged her in against him as he turned on his side.

The touch of slightly calloused fingers pulling at his cock had James hardening again. When he felt Peter's tongue trace slowly around his shaft's head, James' fists clenched. It felt so good to have a man's mouth there.

It wasn't that women weren't good at sucking cock, but men seemed to know better what to do, how much pressure to exert and when. Peter brought his free hand down to cup James' balls. He kneaded them against one another and the sensation nearly brought James to his knees.

James moved closer, sliding his cock deep into Peter's throat. He felt Peter open to him and marveled at the younger man's natural ability. He let James throat fuck him as if he'd grown up in gay steam rooms. James closed his eyes imagining he was thrusting deep into Peter's ass...or Wendy's. As the tension built, James looked at Peter whose eyes were closed.

A slight movement from Wendy showed him that her eyes were open. She wore a slightly dazed lustful expression. They didn't speak. He thought Peter might be embarrassed to be caught sucking a man off by his girlfriend. Then James nearly lost control as Peter scraped his teeth gently along the base of his cock.

Tapping Peter on the shoulder, James moved to pull out. Peter abandoned his massaging movement on his balls to dig his fingers into James' ass. James felt one finger skate desperately close to his anus but not actually touch. The sensation was more than he could take. He exploded into Peter's mouth, letting Peter's tongue stroke the sides of his cock.

When he withdrew, Peter smiled then mouthed, "Thank you."

James watched as Wendy closed her eyes quickly. She gave another soft sound, snuggling into Peter's back. Peter's eyes never left James'. A flash of something like regret seemed to light Peter's eyes, but James couldn't be sure.

He waited until Peter joined Wendy in sleep, then sat at the table to the side of the room, taking his journal out of the drawer where he'd concealed it earlier. When he'd been in service to a Kinbaku Mistress years ago, she'd started him on the habit of taking notes after scenes. Twenty years later he still did it. This would be a very good entry.

Chapter Four

James leaned forward as Peter and Wendy stirred. If they hadn't started waking up in just a few minutes, he'd have had to disturb them. Their time in the private room had ended. It saddened him that it was "the end" for them. As Wendy sat up, James stood and walked to the end of the bed. He smiled at the massive stretch Peter executed before also sitting up.

"Wendy, Peter, I hope this has been what you expected?" He tilted his head, clearly waiting for an answer. Wendy didn't disappoint...he'd love to explore more with her to see if she truly was a Domme in a sub's skin.

"Master Darling—"

"James. Once the scene is complete, or if we ever meet outside these rooms, you may call me James." They nodded.

"James, I just wanted to tell you how much I...we...enjoyed this. I know I can speak for Peter. This is, quite possibly, one of the best Christmas gifts I've ever received." Peter nodded as they clasped hands again.

All James wanted was to pull them into a hug and suggest another meeting. Knowing they weren't as enmeshed in the lifestyle as he was meant nothing. He could teach them, tutor them in the art of Kinbaku...

Taking a deep breath, James stepped back. "I'm glad. I'm thrilled to have been able to provide this pleasure for you. Now our time is at an end. One of the dungeon monitors will be coming around shortly to ensure that the rooms are empty."

He couldn't stop himself from adding, "If ever you decide to repeat tonight's...adventure...I've left my card on the table over there. I'd be honored to continue our association."

Indicating the table where he'd been journaling, James moved closer to the door. He

had to leave now or he'd do something totally out of character with his Dom nature and ask them to call him...and soon! With another smile, he nodded his head and left the room.

Leaning against the closed door, observing the quiet hallway, James patted the pocket where his journal rested. Now that his work was done for the night, he'd head home to an empty house. Still, he'd have the memory of this night for some time to come, and who knows, perhaps the next time he came to the club he'd seek out a couple instead of one sub.

Peter watched Master Darling leave and took a deep breath before turning to Wendy. "So, I guess we should go get our clothes and get home?"

She nodded and scooted off the bed. As Wendy picked up the robe she'd worn into the room and handed Peter's to him, she bit her lip. Peter waited, knowing she was thinking hard about something.

"Peter, I have a confession."

"What's that, babe?" Peter felt his pulse racing, he had no idea what she was going to say, but he wasn't sure it would be good.

"I wasn't asleep the whole time."

Now he *knew* his heart was going to pound out of his chest. "What do you mean?"

"I saw you... Oh hell. I saw you sucking Master Darling's cock." She stepped closer to him, putting her hand on his chest and staring into his eyes. Peter couldn't speak, couldn't move. He didn't know where to begin, how to explain why he'd done it. Why he'd wanted to do it.

"Peter, that was one of the hottest things I've ever seen in my life!"

He went boneless and sat back down on the bed, rubbing one hand over his chest. She wasn't pissed or freaked out. He hadn't ruined everything with Wendy. *Sweet Jesus, that was the most scared I've ever been!*

"You okay?" She sat down beside him, rubbing his back.

"Yeah." Peter cleared his throat and met her eyes again. "I just...I couldn't stop myself. I'm not gay."

"Oh, honey, I know that. Believe me, I know that." Wendy laughed, wrapping both of her arms around one of his, leaning into him. "I also know that you love me as much as I love you. Peter, anyone who'd do for me what you did tonight? Well, that shows me how much you love me, how much you wanted to make me happy. You gave me something that I never expected to happen. You're an amazing man, Peter Barrett, and I'm so glad you're mine."

Peter tilted his head against hers, letting his cheek rest on the top of Wendy's head. "I am yours, Wendy. Always."

He waited until she shifted away from him to make his last confession. "Wendy?"

As she looked at him with a smile on her beautiful face, Peter let the truth spill from his mouth. "I enjoyed sucking James' cock. A lot. In fact, I wouldn't mind doing it again. Do you think we should take him up on his offer and meet with him?"

Her face lit up as she laughed. "Peter, you read my mind."

Jumping up from the bed, she ran to the table and scooped up the card James had left for them.

"Are you going to call him or should I?"

Peter smiled but didn't answer. He wasn't much of a talker about his feelings and all that but he needed to work this out. It wasn't just that he'd enjoyed sucking James off. He'd felt something for James. More than casual sex afterglow and he needed to figure it out. No way was he gay.

"So are you going to call him?" Wendy handed him the card. Shaking his head, he stuck it in the pocket of his robe.

"We need to talk first, babe. I want to make sure we're on the same page with this. We see him again, things between us could change."

Wendy cocked her head. She gave him a steady, contemplative look. "Peter, you're the one who said we should do this again. What's up, honey?"

Instead of answering, Peter pulled her in for a kiss. Then he led the way back to the locker room. He could feel Wendy behind him. He knew she wouldn't be happy with him. She hated it when he clammed up.

But sometimes he needed the space. Once they were dressed and in their car, she tried to bring the subject back up. Peter shut her down with the one thing he knew would work.

"I need to work this out for myself, Wendy. I promise we'll talk later but right now I need my inner man cave, okay?"

Peter didn't want to admit how much he'd liked it. If he did, it meant he was gay and where did that leave Wendy? Giving himself a mental kick in the ass, he focused on the ring he was picking up in a few days. That was what he wanted out of life. His ring on her finger and her hand in his hand forever—not some kinky, hot sex with another man.

Of course, as he considered it, he realized that it wouldn't have been half as hot without feeling Wendy's tits pressed into his back. Maybe he'd known that she was awake. Her breathing always gave her away. His cock twitched when he pulled that scene back up in his head.

Shit. Peter knew he had a problem. He wanted to do that again. The three of them fucking and sucking together. When he really got into it, the hardest part to accept was that he'd liked being ordered around. When Wendy had staked her claim on him, he swore he'd gotten harder.

So what did that make him? Gay? Kinky? Fucked in the head? No way was he any of those things. All he needed was a beer, a game and some pizza with his boys. They'd set things...

Straight. Peter laughed then but he didn't explain it to Wendy. If he told his fellow bricklaying pals, they'd mortar his ass into a foundation wall and leave him there. No.

He had to work this out himself. Just a day or so in the inner cave and he'd be right as rain.

Wendy tried not to worry as she drove home. Peter rarely shut her out, but when he did, he did it well. He'd go quiet for a day or so then come find her and talk through whatever bothered him. It was almost like he argued with himself, trying to see things from all angles before coming to her to get her input. Since he always came to her she'd leave him alone right now.

Besides, she had an idea. One she hoped would speed his thought processes along. She still had that length of rope Peter had given her on Christmas Eve. Maybe they could try their own Kinbaku night. Surely she could find some information on the internet? She'd always been a quick study. As she took the final turn to their house, Wendy smiled. She'd do some research over the next couple of days and give Peter a surprise he'd never forget!

Two days later she felt ready to carry out her scheme. She'd made sure to arrive at home before Peter and changed into one of the bra and panty sets that always made him sweat. When she heard his key in the lock, she lay back on the couch and stared at the doorway to the living room.

"Wendy? I saw your car in the driveway. Everything..." His voice died as Peter rounded the corner to the living room. "Wow."

"Well? Like what you see?"

"Oh, babe, you know I do."

"Then get naked and get over here."

Wendy sat up as Peter quickly stripped, leaving his clothes where they fell on the floor. Running the rope between her hands, Wendy couldn't help but compare it to the rope Master Darling had used on them. This felt scratchy, those had been softer to the

touch. Still, she was determined to see if they could recreate the events of the other night without James present.

Handing the rope off to Peter, Wendy knelt on the ottoman. They didn't have hooks in the ceiling or anything, so she'd decided to improvise. "I want you to wrap my arms, start at the elbow and wrap down to my wrists."

Peter grinned as he moved behind her. He wrapped the rope around her elbow, pulling it tight and Wendy flinched. "Ouch!"

"Sorry, babe. How the hell did Master Darling make this work?" He tried again, starting a little lower on her arm and Wendy tried not to move, but the feel of the rope was so different that she just couldn't stay still.

"This isn't working, Wendy. Your skin is too sensitive for this rope."

"Well, what if I try tying you up?"

"Why, cause I have tougher skin?" Peter laughed and leaned over to kiss her shoulder. "Go for it, babe."

She got up and Peter took her place, kneeling on the ottoman. Wendy mentally reviewed the websites she'd visited trying to remember how the rope had been looped to avoid using knots. She managed to bind his arms but her handiwork didn't look nearly as neat as Master Darling's had.

Still...her man was on his knees in front of her and his arms were immobilized. It was a huge turn-on for her, and judging from the size of his erection, it was working for Peter too. Replaying their scene with Master Darling, she tried to infuse some of the command into her voice that she'd heard and felt in his.

"Turn around, Peter." His instant compliance caused her nipples to tighten and her pussy to get wetter. Wendy picked up the rope she'd bought at the hardware store and wrapped it around Peter's torso and upper thighs. The packaging said it was a clothesline, but it would serve her purpose. She left both ends hanging loose, one behind him, the other in front. Stroking one hand down his chest, she marveled at the picture he made. Tan skin outlined by the whiteness of the clothesline wrapping around

his body.

Looping the rope around the base of his cock, she heard his intake of air. His cock bobbed eagerly toward her and she smiled as she bent forward to lick around the thick head of his cock.

“Wendy...babe...don’t—”

“Quiet!” She spoke sharply and heard Peter take another deep breath. Glancing at his face, she saw Peter’s eyes widen as she leaned forward again and this time took him into her mouth. A soft groan escaped him, but he didn’t say a word. Wendy sucked Peter deep, letting him hit the back of her throat even as she tightened the rope looped around his cock.

He shifted in his bonds and thrust forward slightly. Wendy moved back, letting his cock slide slowly out of her mouth and releasing the pressure of the rope on his dick. Peter’s head fell back and she watched his shoulders shake a little. Tightening the rope again, she used it to stroke his cock.

This time Peter cried out. With a wicked grin, Wendy slapped his ass with the end of the rope hanging behind him.

“Hey!”

“I told you to be quiet.” She smacked him again with the rope, yanked his head back by his hair and kissed him hard and fast. Peter groaned again, responding immediately to her aggression, kissing her back.

Gentling the kiss, Wendy reached down and began stroking Peter with the rope again. She felt him shivering a little and wondered if she could make him come just by using the rope. Breaking away slightly, Wendy looked down at her hands surrounding Peter’s cock. “Oh hell! Peter why didn’t you say something?”

The skin on his dick was bright red, not from arousal, but from chafing.

“It’s fine, babe. It doesn’t hurt, but I think I need you to loosen the ropes around my arms. My fingers are starting to tingle.”

"Dammit!" Wendy yanked frantically at the ropes. Now, of all times, she remembered how casually James had displayed both a big pair of scissors and that damn boot knife. She should've had the foresight to put something like that out tonight.

"Don't move, I'll be right back!" Racing for the kitchen, Wendy grabbed one of the butcher knives from the knife block, then shook her head and reached for a smaller one. She didn't trust her own shaky hands to use the bigger knife on the ropes around Peter's arms. The smaller paring knife would have to do. Right now, all she wanted to do was get him out of those ropes!

Running back into the living room, Wendy slid the knife carefully under the rope and tugged, nearly crying when it didn't slice through right away. Peter leaned away from her, and the first rope came apart. She managed to get him out of the bonds, throwing rope all over the place in a sudden frantic need to free Peter. He helped, talking to her the whole time.

"It's okay, babe. I'm okay. Look, no damage." Finally with both arms free, Peter pulled her against his chest. Wendy wrapped her arms around him holding on tightly. Peter repeated his mantra that he was okay and rubbed her back.

Finally Wendy lifted her head and stared at his face. "That was definitely not what I'd planned."

"I know, babe. But it's okay. Look, James said he'd been doing this for twenty years, right? This was the first time we've ever done something like this on this big a scale. We'll get better."

"Was it working for you?"

"Did you see my cock? Hell yes, it was working for me. Wasn't it working for you?"

"Totally, but I should have remembered to put a knife or scissors close by."

"So we'll remember next time." Peter tilted her head up and kissed her. Sighing into his embrace, she sucked his tongue into her mouth, telling him without words how bad she felt for having hurt him.

Chapter Five

"So, it's settled. Tomorrow we'll get in touch with James and get him to —"

"If you say 'show us the ropes', I'm going to smack you." Wendy pinched Peter's nipple and laughed as he retaliated by tickling her.

They'd retreated to their bedroom after the disaster with the rope and spent some time just holding one another. Since the next day was a Saturday and neither of them had to work, they planned to sleep in. Wendy snuggled closer, putting her head on Peter's shoulder.

"Are you sure you're okay with this?"

"Yeah. I'm okay. You're not the only one who knows how to research things on the internet. This is one of the hardest things I've ever had to admit, but I really like you being in control, you know? I think that's why I reacted as strongly as I did to James, what he did to us the other night. Not that I'm going to do everything you tell me, but now and then in bed, it's okay."

"I do know what you mean." Wendy yawned and wrapped her arm around Peter's waist. "I don't think I can do everything someone else tells me to do, either, but every now and then taking orders is kind of nice."

Peter stroked a hand over Wendy's arm and kissed the top of her head. He knew the signs, she'd be asleep in minutes. Sure enough, she shifted so that her hand was under her chin and her whole body relaxed against his. He grinned and kissed the top of her head again.

In a way he was really looking forward to meeting with James again. It would add something very interesting to their relationship, they just had to figure out all the dynamics, and he'd need to talk to James about what had happened between them.

There couldn't be any misunderstandings going forward. Not about the three of them and not about how he felt.

Peter woke up early. Wendy muttered in her sleep as he slid out of the bed. He had to talk to James. Leaving a note for Wendy, Peter headed for James' home.

Peter rang the bell and looked around the quiet neighborhood. It was probably too early for this. After his bout of research on the internet, he could imagine some of the ways James might react. A shiver that wasn't connected to the early morning chill went through his body. He saw movement behind the opaque paned window and took a deep breath as he waited.

James leaned against the doorframe, a coffee cup cradled in one hand. He wore a pair of dark blue pajama pants and a white t-shirt. His hair was tousled and his feet were bare. Peter couldn't stop the small snort of laughter when he read the t-shirt across James' broad chest. *The beatings will cease until morale improves.*

"Good morning, Peter. What are you doing here?"

"Morning. Have you got a minute? I need to talk to you."

"Of course, come in. Are you alone?" James peered past Peter's shoulder.

"Yes, Wendy's at home. This won't take long. At least I hope it won't. I don't want to keep you from anything."

"I have no plans." James closed the door and headed for the back of the house. "Would you like some coffee?"

"No. Yes. Dammit. Can I just say this?" He paused to take another deep breath as James turned back. "I'm not gay."

"I never thought you were." James' face took on that same sternness it had held during their session at the club.

"But the other night...I mean...what I did to you —"

"Stop." The note of command rang out as James took a step forward. "What happened between us happened between consenting adults. It has nothing to do with being gay or straight. It has to do with giving and receiving pleasure."

James shrugged. "I happen to enjoy partners of both sexes. I'm greedy like that. I understand your discomfort, Peter. You trusted me to respect your boundaries while still fulfilling your needs. However, in that moment, you needed to feel another man."

"But..."

"There is no 'but'. What happened in that room stays there. There's no need to discuss it outside of the club."

"No, you don't understand." Peter paced away then turned back and flung his arms out to the sides, every nerve in his body screaming at him to just say what he needed to say. "I liked it. A lot. I liked you telling me what to do, I liked Wendy claiming me as hers."

"Well, that comes as no surprise." James' statement totally deflated Peter. He stared as James continued.

"Peter, I've been in the lifestyle for over twenty years. I've been a Dom my whole life. I *know* what my lovers want. I also know that you and Wendy are committed to one another. The other night you honored me by opening that commitment to include me. As I explained to you, I *enjoy* both sexes. I've been exclusively with women, with men at various times. No right. No Wrong. Only consensual, safe sex. Understand?"

"Yeah, I think so." Peter reached up to scrub the back of his neck. He froze when James grabbed his forearm, pulling it higher.

"What is that?"

"What?"

"That mark on your arm. Tell me that is not what I think it is. Did you and Wendy attempt your own Kinbaku session?"

"Well..." Peter stopped at the darkening expression on James' face. Clearing his throat, he nodded, knowing James wasn't happy with his honesty.

"I can't believe you'd take such a risk. Either of you. If you were mine, I'd have you both tied to a spanking bench and paddled until you couldn't sit down for an entire day."

Peter simply stared as James stepped even closer. He could feel the fury and underlying concern roiling off James.

"Didn't either of you hear me say I'd studied this for twenty years? You don't just decide to do this one night and go out and buy some rope! Obviously Wendy used something with more hemp than cotton, or your arm wouldn't be in the shape it's in. Are there more marks on you? Tell me the truth."

"Just a few. They don't hurt."

"That is not the point!" James released his arm and turned away. He took two deep breaths before turning back to him. "This is not something you play at. If you want to do that, buy some quick-release restraints to use. Kinbaku is *not* something you trifle with."

"Then teach us. We want to learn more. That's the other reason I'm here." Peter held one hand out to James. "We want you to show us more."

He'd managed to shock James this time.

"Don't get me wrong, it still freaks me out a little that I'm so damn attracted to you. It also freaks me out that Wendy is just as attracted as I am. You need to understand that she is the love of my life and I want to marry her. But dammit, there's something about you that seems to make everything with Wendy—" He had to stop, had to find the right words.

"More intense?" James spoke quietly now.

"Yes. Is that wrong?"

“Peter,” James laughed and surprised Peter by pulling him into a brief hug. “It’s not wrong as long as everyone involved is okay. Jealousy has no place here. I’m a sexual Dominant. That’s part of your attraction. I suspect Wendy is more of a Dominant than either of you realize. It may be that I come into your lives, teach you both, and then we decide I have no place in your relationship. It’s happened to me before, with those I choose to train.”

Picking up his coffee cup again, James took a sip then met Peter’s gaze. “All I ask from you and Wendy is total honesty. If we begin something, if you both agree to submit to me, to learn from me, and it’s not working—for any of us—then we walk away, no regrets, accusations, or anger.”

“How does this work? I mean what do we need to do?”

“Well, we’ll be spending more time together. Here, in the club, or in your home, whatever seems to suit our needs best. I have a dungeon in my basement. I also happen to know that Shalene would love to have me do some demonstrations in the club. If you both agree to that, we could meet there.”

“So you’ll do it? You’ll teach us?”

“As long as we can all agree on what I said earlier. Everyone is completely honest, from start to finish.”

“Okay, in the spirit of honesty, I should probably tell you that I plan to propose to Wendy on New Year’s Eve.”

“That’s wonderful. I’m happy for both of you.” James grinned. Peter thought James looked younger when he smiled. Peter wanted to see him smiling more. Shaking that thought away for the moment, he focused on James again.

“I came over here to ask you to teach us, maybe ask you to do another session with both of us. I still want that, but I think I want more than that from you.”

“You heard Wendy during our first session, Peter. No one fucks you but her, so if that’s what you had in mind...” James let his words trail off as Peter shook his head.

“Actually,” he laughed. “I wanted to ask you to come back to the house. Show us what we did wrong the other night.”

“Damn, I’m so disappointed.” James laughed and turned toward the stairs. “Help yourself to the coffee. Cups are in the cupboard over the coffeepot. I’m going to shower, then we’ll decide whether your first training session will be here or in your home. Give me twenty minutes.”

With that, he took the stairs two at a time. Peter wandered toward the back of the house. James’ place was a lot more upscale than theirs. He wondered just what James did for a living. A newspaper lay neatly on the table in the kitchen. Obviously James’ need for order extended beyond the bedroom.

Pouring himself a cup of coffee, he gave in to the urge to snoop. Opening the fridge, he found the usual items, eggs, milk, some fresh veggies, some fruit. There was also an open bottle of white wine and an unopened bottle of champagne.

Sipping at the coffee, Peter wandered back into the living room. The flat screen TV caught his eye, and he moved closer to the entertainment center it rested in. Noticing a collection of DVDs, he bent found some there that he and Wendy had in their collection. *Okay, so we do have some things in common other than playing with rope.*

Hearing James on the stairs, he turned to watch him come into the room. Wearing a white button-down shirt and jeans, James threaded a leather belt around his waist then met Peter’s eyes. “Now, were you going to call Wendy or are we both going over to your place?”

“Why don’t we surprise her?” Peter moved toward James, but stopped when James put out his hand.

“One thing first.”

James pulled Peter closer and kissed him. Peter didn’t move. It felt way different from the other night. James tasted of toothpaste and smelled like cologne. He responded to the kiss, shocking himself but relaxing when he realized how right it felt. It wasn’t the same as kissing Wendy, but it caused his cock to react anyway.

James released him and stared hard at him. Peter stared back, then grinned. "What the hell?"

"Just wanted to get that out of the way. There's nothing wrong with liking my touch, my kiss. If it ever becomes something you don't care for, I expect you to tell me immediately, clear?"

"Yes Sir." Though he'd meant it to come out in a teasing way, Peter heard the clear agreement in his voice.

"Fine. Let's go." James led the way out of the house, and it wasn't until they got to the porch that Peter realized he still had the coffee cup in his hand.

"Shit." When James turned around, Peter pointed toward Wendy's car pulling to a stop behind his truck.

James turned back to look at Peter. "I guess we'll be having our discussion here instead. By the way, how did you know where I lived?"

"You can learn a lot on the internet." They laughed as Wendy walked up the sidewalk to join them.

"I found your note." Wendy slipped her arm around Peter's waist and turned her face up for his kiss.

James smiled. They communicated well. He hoped that they would bring that openness into this new venture. When Wendy turned to him, he made himself frown at her.

"You could have hurt him badly, Wendy. We need to talk. Come inside."

He held the door open as Peter led a contrite-looking Wendy into the living room. James didn't enjoy this part. With these two, he'd need to establish seniority at once. That meant laying down the law.

"The scene begins now. For the moment, your safe word is buttercup. That's for both of you. Say that and the scene stops immediately so we can discuss whatever has

made you uncomfortable. We'll discuss individual safe words after this scene is completed. Wendy, remove your skirt and underwear. You're first. I want you over my knee."

Her alacrity in following his orders surprised but also pleased him. As she settled over his lap, he spoke to Peter.

"Wendy is being punished for hurting you. Your punishment will be for allowing it to happen. You both should have known better. Ten swats for Wendy. Five for you. You will count for Wendy. Keep your focus on my eyes while counting."

"Yes, Master Darling." Peter looked uncomfortable. James knew it was probably more from the direct eye contact.

"OW!" Wendy's yelp drowned out Peter's "One, Sir".

Trying to ignore her sweet heated flesh bouncing against him, James administered the full ten strokes. "Are you clear on what you did wrong?"

Wendy slid off his lap, surprising him by kneeling in front of him on the soft carpet. Though they had no formal training, they were both quite natural in the scene. "Yes, Master Darling. I'm sorry. I just wanted —"

James interrupted. "I don't want your excuses. I'm not the one you owe the apology. Peter, remove your jeans and boxers. You're next. Wendy, remain on your knees keeping your eyes on Peter's. You will count every swat he receives and tell him you're sorry."

Even though it was only five smacks on Peter's tight ass, Wendy wept by the last one. Peter joined her on the floor where he gathered her into his arms. "It's okay, babe, it's okay. I'm not mad."

"Neither am I." James joined them on the floor to pull them against him. "The punishment is complete. You won't do it again without me until you know the techniques. Wendy, Peter, do you want to learn the art of Kinbaku?"

When they nodded, he grinned. "Well, do you have anywhere you need to be today?"

At their negative responses, James grinned. "Good, I'm going to make sure you're both all tied up this afternoon." He stood motioning them to stay where they were.

"I think I'll try something a little more festive this time." James retrieved three coils of rope from a nearby drawer—one white, one red and one green. "I'm feeling in the holiday mood."

"Both of you remove the rest of your clothing and follow me." He waited until they both disrobed and led them to his kitchen and through it to the basement. "Once we enter the basement, the scene will begin again. There will be no further punishment, only pleasure. Wendy, I know you don't want me fucking Peter. Do either of you object to oral penetration on my part?"

They exchanged a glance and James hoped they were both remembering how Peter had sucked him off during their first encounter. He knew it was in the forefront of his mind, but if they didn't want that, he wouldn't force the issue.

"No, that's okay." Wendy spoke, her eyes still on Peter's face and he grinned slightly then nodded and turned his attention to James.

"Yeah, that's okay."

"Good. Then follow me. Hands clasped behind your backs. For the moment, you have permission to speak, to ask questions, and to keep your gazes up. In the future, I may require more restrictions."

James opened the door at the foot of the stairs. One of the club members was also a private contractor and did jobs like this one on the side. He had a spanking bench bolted to the floor in one corner and some stocks in another. Both pieces of equipment faced the center of the room. A spider's web took up another corner, and he could imagine binding one of them in that contraption.

The very center of the room, however, was where he did most of his work. A large sturdy frame with hooks embedded in it about every eighteen inches took up most of

the space. There were also reinforced beams in the ceiling with other hooks that could hold a sex swing or one or more bound submissive. That's where he led Wendy and Peter.

"Wendy, come closer. Stand here and watch. You will not move unless given explicit instruction, understood?"

"Yes Sir." She moved close, her hands still behind her back as he'd instructed.

He stroked from her thighs up to the side of her neck. She shivered as he draped one end of the red rope over her shoulder. "Don't drop my rope, pet. This is your first lesson in how to tie someone up."

He liked the way her breath hitched as she nodded without jostling the rope from its intentionally precarious perch on her shoulder. James gave into the temptation to lean forward and nip the base of her neck. Another shudder rewarded him. "Now watch."

Motioning Peter forward, he used the red rope to bind his hands and arms in such a way that Peter couldn't move his arms at all. He admired how it made Peter's chest thrust forward. Testing the tension, he ensured that the circulation wasn't impaired. Wendy never looked away but he could smell her arousal.

"Peter, spread your legs." As the other man complied, he threaded the white rope through the red binding then looped it over one of the hooks above Peter's head. "Further. I want you slightly off balance."

Pulling the rope tighter, he forced Peter to lean forward, his spread legs keeping him from moving too far. He wove the rope from hook to hook so that when he elevated Peter, the tension would be spread out properly. With a smile he snapped the loose end from Wendy's neck enjoying her hiss of surprise. Then he secured the rope to another hook.

James moved around in front of Peter. Stroking his hand over Peter's chest he glanced at Wendy. She watched his hand and her face was flushed.

“Wendy, I want you here now.” She responded immediately. James picked up the green rope. “Sit down there. Spread your legs and leave your hands behind your back.”

As she complied with his instruction, James bound her legs open using hooks. Before he turned his attention to her arms, he indulged himself by pulling a small silver vibrator out of his pocket. He teased her pussy with his fingers as he inserted the device. He kissed her as he turned it on. When he had her just at the edge of screaming, he stopped.

James bound her hands behind her back. He left her sitting upright, panting slightly. He reached around from behind to tweak her nipples. He knew that Peter could see the proof of her excitement. Now it was time to show them the pleasure to be found at his hands.

Moving to the cabinet built into one of the walls, James opened it and removed several small lengths of silk rope. Returning to Peter, he wrapped the base of his cock and balls with the silky rope in his hands. He stroked Peter’s cock until it stood hard and proud away from his body. He watched Peter’s thighs flexing, knew the other man’s buttocks would be tightening and wished for a mirror behind Peter.

Grinning at his own lecherous thoughts, James turned his attention to Wendy. He looped more silk rope around and between her breasts surrounding her breasts without covering them. Sucking her nipples one at a time, he brought them to hard peaks again before moving back to Peter.

Going to his knees, James deep-throated Peter. He scraped his teeth gently against the flesh reveling in the way Peter jumped. Once he had Peter rock hard and on the verge of climax, he moved. Peter moaned when James released the suction on his cock. James turned back to Wendy.

Releasing Wendy, he brought her to her feet. Rewrapping the rope so her hands were bound in front of her but avoiding her breasts in their silk bindings, he lifted her right off her feet and carried her closer to Peter.

“Wendy, reach down and take Peter’s cock. Rub the head of his cock over your pussy and when I tell you, not before, put him inside you.” He heard his voice catch showing his own heightened excitement.

Holding her thighs open, he stepped closer to Peter. His cock throbbed against her ass through his slacks. Watching over her shoulder, James bit Wendy on the neck again as she did exactly as he’d instructed. Peter’s aroused moans reached his ears and as soon as he heard Wendy’s answering whimper, James moved even closer.

“Put Peter’s cock in your pussy then put your arms around his neck and your legs around his hips. Do it now.” James lifted Wendy higher so she could get the correct angle, then let her slide down as she raised her still bound arms and looped them around Peter’s neck. As soon as she wrapped her legs around Peter, James wrapped his arms around Peter.

James thrust against Wendy’s ass, driving her onto Peter’s cock. His own cock ached but he couldn’t allow that release yet.

He moved behind Peter to bind Wendy’s ankles. He chose to use green to contrast the red wrapping Peter’s arms. Leaning into Peter’s back, pressing Wendy’s legs between them, he whispered to Peter, “Kiss her. And while you’re kissing her, flex your hips and fuck her.”

Peter groaned, immediately claiming Wendy’s mouth. Gifting Peter with the same neck nip and ass thrust, James moved around to Wendy. “Kiss him back, Wendy. Clench your pussy around his cock. Let him feel every muscle in your legs and pussy. That’s it.”

James stepped back, enjoying the picture they made. Peter slightly off balance and Wendy clinging to him as though her life depended on it. Peter thrusting into her and Wendy’s beautiful ass flexing as she clenched and released Peter’s straining cock.

With a smile, he released his own throbbing cock and moved back behind Wendy. Lifting her slightly to take some of the pressure off Peter, James nestled his cock

between her ass cheeks. One day perhaps he'd take her just like this, with Peter's cock buried deep in her pussy and his in her ass.

Peter met his eyes, still kissing Wendy, and James moved one hand up to cup his cheek. Looking Peter right in the eyes, he spoke, "Come."

Watching Peter's eyes flutter and feeling Wendy's entire body tighten, James knew this was the beginning of something grand. He looked forward to many more nights of having Wendy and Peter all tied up.

Epilogue

Putting the finishing touches on the table, James took a deep breath. Tonight promised to be special all the way around. Tonight as they celebrated Peter's birthday, he intended to offer them an opportunity to learn even more about the lifestyle. Wendy had shown more Dominant tendencies in the last three months, but only toward Peter. She had become quite the interesting switch.

He checked the clock as he opened the wine and lit the candles. The sound of their entrance caused him to smile.

Moving into the hallway, he watched them walk toward him. Wendy was stunning in a flowing skirt and gorgeous blouse. Peter wore a white dress shirt and slacks. James grinned when he realized the younger man wore a bolo tie. Seems rope-type accessories were rubbing off on Peter.

James was reminded of the first time he'd seen them and all the times since then. They'd spent practically every night together for a week right after the first of the year and settled into a rhythm. James had insisted on a two-week break after a month to make sure this was something they all wanted.

That time off had culminated in a mutual expression of love that had taken even James by surprise. He was happy to be a part of this created family. Tonight, he'd offer tangible symbols of his love for them. He glanced at the gifts on the sideboard. Two small boxes and a larger one. Peter's birthday gift was a T-shirt that said, "Please Sir, May I have some more?" He could easily wear it in public without anyone outside the community knowing the deeper meaning.

The other two would wait until after they talked about a private arrangement between the three of them. The collars resting in their individual boxes were as unique as the people he wanted to offer them to. A sterling silver rope chain for Peter. James

wanted to wrap it around Peter's cock. His own cock jumped in response. Especially if he could finally convince Wendy to share that sweet-assed man of hers.

Wendy's was a delicate white-gold rope that would be beautiful against her neck. He hoped that they would understand how much they meant to him.

When they were all seated, James took their hands in his so that they were a linked circle. "I'm very glad you are here."

After dinner, James gave Peter his birthday gift, which Peter loved. Now that the time had come, James was more nervous than he'd expected. Keeping his back to them as he picked up the other two gifts, he took a deep breath before returning to the table.

"Wendy. Peter. I have something I want to ask you." He was glad his voice didn't give away his excitement.

They looked at one another with matching smiles. "Good because we have something we want to ask you as well."

Peter pulled a wrapped gift from Wendy's purse. James reached for his two boxes and put them in front of Peter and Wendy first.

"I would like to ask you both to wear these. When the day comes that we dissolve this connection, I want you to keep them with my respect and love for you both."

Wendy gasped when she saw her necklace. She rose from her chair, Peter's diamond sparkling on her finger as he raised her left hand with James' necklace held tight. "Will you fasten it, Master Darling?"

The emphasis on the word 'darling' made James chuckle as he fastened the chain. Then he did the same for Peter.

"Now you, please." Wendy pointed at the James' gift.

His throat tightened when he saw the bracelet. He'd seen the flat, heavy gold link chain with a blackened steel rope threaded through it on a shopping trip with Peter.

"We wanted to show that you belong to us too. We know it's not right for you to wear a collar, but when you see it you'll think of us."

James' heart felt full as he led the way to their dungeon, fastening the symbol of love and respect from his newly collared subs.

About the Author

Marilu Mann brings the steaminess of the Louisiana bayous to her books and she doesn't stop there. Marilu's willing to travel to the frozen tundra of Wisconsin to heat up those northern nights and melt a little snow. She'll also circle the world to Wales, Ireland, Scotland and back just to bring you books that make you sweat.

Currently residing in Texas, Marilu is an avid armchair traveler. Her sexy shifters will set your blood to boiling in no time. Owned by one Diva Teen and various animals, Marilu keeps busy writing the novels her readers beg for.

Marilu is thrilled to be a part of the Ellora's Cave family and loves to hear from readers.

Escape Into the Fantasy...

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

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