



LUST BITES

THINK KINK

NATALIE DAE

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total e-melting*

THINK KINK

Natalie Dae

Dedication

For Tess MacKall and Regina Carlyse, who *knew* this book just had to be written.

Chapter One

Anna

How long will he leave me here this time?

The bite of the clamps on Anna's nipples had eased since Kline had placed them there, the long, thin chain joining them having long since warmed on her belly. When he had dropped the chain, she had jolted at the cold shock of it, her wrists pulling at the duct tape binds that held her to the bedposts. She had requested duct tape this time, wanting a more dangerous feel to their monthly hotel trysts.

The handcuffs weren't doing it for her anymore.

I need to push it to new levels.

Kline had called her greedy, and she was. Greedy for whatever he gave her, however he chose to give it. Tonight, she lay spread-eagled on the bed, her ankles taped to the bottom posts, and a ball gag filled her mouth. Blindfolded, she waited in the blackness, listening for any sound that indicated he would come to her soon.

When she had packed their case—full of the toys they used and various outfits to suit whatever mood Kline was in—her stomach had bunched with excitement. These nights at the hotel gave them a chance to relax, break free and be as loud as they liked. Living in an apartment in New York City was difficult sometimes. Neighbours banged on the walls if she screamed too loudly, and Anna was sure they thought Kline beat her, that she didn't *like* the delicious things he did to her.

How wrong can they be? I love it. Every damn minute of it.

She sighed and took a moment to assess how her body was responding. Her heart beat wildly and her pulse flickered hard in her throat. Breathing through her nose, long, steady inhalations and lazy exhalations, she felt she had herself under control. For now. It wouldn't be long—or would it?—before Kline came in and sent her to the place she craved, to the edge of her comfort zone, whispering their special words in her ear.

Think kink, Anna. Tell me, what do you want me to do?

She couldn't tell him, the ball gag saw to that, and he knew it. But that was how she wanted it. Being unable to voice what she desired added to the excitement. Gave her orgasm a sharper edge. Made her anticipate so many things...some that Kline gave her and some he

didn't. He ruled the bedroom on these nights, called all the shots. Her inability to express what she needed him to do without the use of words had her inventing a sign language he read so easily.

She flexed her fingers if his mouth hovered over her nipple—*suck it, lick it, please*. She undulated her hips if his hot breaths skimmed her slit—*fuck me with your tongue*. And she lifted her back from the bed if his cock tip nestled at her entrance—*fill me, slide your cock inside me*.

Kline responded most times, but others...no, he made her wait. Moved his mouth or cock elsewhere, leaving her exquisitely frustrated, whimpering, begging that he meet her requests. Yet that was all part of the game. To be teased, pushed to her limits.

He knows me so well.

Her thoughts ratcheted her desire up a notch and she squirmed, the aroma of her juices wafting up to her. Could Kline smell them? Was he even aware of how she writhed on the bed waiting for him? Or was he in the living area, acting as though she wasn't even in their suite—needing him, wanting him?

Anna held still and listened for him, trying to gauge where he was. The only sounds she heard were the ticking of an old-fashioned alarm clock and the gentle swish of the sheer drapes at the balcony doors. Also, a light pattering of rain as it landed on the balcony. The breeze sighing through the doors brought with it the scent of a storm to come, and then other sounds filled her ears, those of her heavy breathing and rapidly fluctuating pulse.

Kline...hurry.

She was so wet, her folds dripping with juices, and she imagined him licking their slickness, tasting her love for him. Her need. She squirmed again and arched her back, revelling in the feel of the tape chafing her skin.

Loving not knowing when he would enter the room.

Loving this freedom to be a wanton woman for the night.

A sound from the living room had her cocking her head.

What was that? The main door opening and closing?

She strained to listen better, her hearing more pronounced now her sight had been taken away. A shuffle, then the murmur of low voices. Male voices. Who was Kline speaking to? Had he ordered food this time? They had discussed him eating strawberries from her slit, doused in her cream, him feeding her the fruit as she lifted her head in search of them.

Oh, God. I want him. Need him to fuck me hard.

A whisper of fabric, barely perceptible, snagged her attention. The air seemed different, as though it was tangible and had the ability to change form. Someone was in the room, but it wasn't Kline. No, his scent didn't tantalise her nose, didn't flip her tummy like it so often did. Another, wholly different smell drifted around her, one of expensive cologne and a hint of peppermint.

The creak of that person walking over the carpet came to her, loud and close, and she sucked in a breath.

Who's there?

She trusted Kline wholeheartedly and only questioned what he had seemingly set into motion. Did she dare believe he had finally given her what she'd asked for twelve months ago? Did he now feel she was ready?

Fuck, if he has... I wasn't expecting this. I –

The carpet creaked again and the presence of that person drew closer. The air surrounding her seemed to buzz with the invasion, pushing against her naked flesh, letting her know it was there. Quiet breathing joined her now ragged breaths, and a brief kiss of air skimmed her breasts.

It wasn't the breeze through the door. No, it was altogether warmer, heavily scented with the mint she'd detected, and left a rash of tingles in its wake. Anna held still, waiting for more, her heart rate picking up speed and more juices oozing from her folds. She went to speak, then remembered the ball gag, swallowing instead.

What would she have said anyway?

Who are you? Is Kline watching? Touch me.

The thoughts sent a shiver of delight up her spine and she held off squirming again. The anticipation of not knowing who stood in the room was both delicious and a little frightening. But that's what she had wanted for such a long time. What she craved. The unknown held so much promise—the blindfold ensuring she never knew what Kline was doing unless he touched her, unless he was on the bed with her.

"My God, you're beautiful," a male voice said, the timbre soft, a gentle flow of waves.

Anna jumped a little, startled at the voice yet wanting to hear more of it. It wasn't one she recognised, wasn't someone she knew. Interesting. Where did this man come from? As

far as she could make out, he wasn't someone from the club—not anyone she had spoken to anyway.

So he likes blondes then.

While the bedroom visitor remained silent, she thought about the club and who had joined recently. She'd missed last week's session, bogged down with a bad cold. Maybe he had been initiated then? Maybe she had missed the chance to see his naked body as he kneeled before the whole room and pledged to learn the art of dominance or submission.

His breath brushed her skin once more, jolting her out of her thoughts. It felt like every hair on her body stood on end. Her legs shook, the movement jingling the chain, making it slide off to one side. It pulled at her nipples, the tug a sharp pain she savoured.

She wanted more.

Pull the chain, stranger.

As though he'd picked up on her thoughts, the chain lifted, the gentle pull not hard enough for her. She wanted a striking yank, a jerk that would make her back arch and a muffled cry seep around the gag.

Harder.

He complied, pulling the chain slowly, testing her pain threshold.

Is he new to this?

He kept a steady hold but continued to apply pressure. Her nipples stretched and her breasts lifted with them, the teeth of the clamps biting harder. Taking in deep breaths through her nose and releasing them around the gag, Anna indulged in her imagination. Was he naked? Did he stand beside the bed, cock engorged, wishing he could climb on and sink himself inside her? Did he have the nerve to do that? Or was he awaiting Kline's instructions?

Who are you? Have you done this before?

"You're so wet, Anna," he said.

Oh, God. He said my name. It sounds so damn sexy coming from him.

"I can see how much you're enjoying this." He paused, adding more lift to the chain. "And I smell you. Beautiful. Head. So fucking hot."

His use of a curse word set Anna's desire skyrocketing. She keened before she had a chance to stop the sound erupting. Her clit throbbed fiercely and she fought against the binds

despite knowing she was held fast. She wanted to touch him, to see if he was clothed, and if he was, to take those clothes off.

Where is Kline? Fuck, I want him here too. This stranger...oh, fuck yes, he knows what he's doing.

The chain dropped to her belly, the release leaving her nipples aching, the sensation spreading through her breasts. She focused on her breathing, trying to make each inhalation longer than the current quick pants. As though his hand hovered inches from her stomach, his body heat radiated and her skin prickled.

She flexed her fingers.

Yes, touch me. Run your hands all over. Everywhere.

"I don't know where to touch first," he said. "Jesus, you're so lovely."

The bed dipped between her legs and the mattress jostled as he climbed on. Skin touched her inner thighs—his outer thighs?—the warmth of it bringing on another surge of cream from her cunt.

Long moments passed as she waited for what he would do next. The waiting was always a killer. She never could stand it, yet she loved it at the same time. And knowing he was naked—at least his lower half—had her imagining his hard-on jutting proudly, his tip swollen and shiny, his width hopefully a girth that would stretch her to her limits.

She keened again, the sound ending on a whimper of want.

"Wait, Anna," Kline said, his voice coming from her right.

She imagined him leaning against the doorjamb, watching the man on the bed with her, fisting his cock with slow moves as he observed. Did he want this as much as she did? Was he enjoying it, or had he realised he'd made a mistake in giving her what she wanted?

Is he jealous?

That he might be forced a sensuous laugh from her.

She smelt Kline now, his familiar aroma mingling with that of the other man. The thought of her lover watching another man sitting between her thighs turned her on so much she could feel her orgasm already starting to unfold. It burned between her legs, uncoiled inside her abdomen, excitement streaking up her body and straight to her nipples.

She longed to speak, to instruct them in what she wanted them to do, but she and Kline had agreed. For one night each month she had no say in what happened.

That's why he made me wait so long for this. To teach me not to expect him to grant all my wishes as soon as I ask for them.

"Lick her," Kline said. "Fuck her with your tongue."

Fuck, yes. Lick me.

His words finely tuned her desire and she lifted her ass to show the man exactly where she wanted him. Where Kline wanted him—the man's tongue gliding over her folds, dipping inside her, swirling around her clit.

His hands, warm and firm, gently came down to rest on her hipbones. Two separate intakes of breath were sucked in, neither belonging to her. They sounded like heaven.

"Fuck, you're soft," the man whispered, smoothing his hands up and down her sides.

He brushed his fingertips along the undersides of her breasts, his palms warm on her ribs. Anna drew in her breath, the unfamiliar touch exciting in its foreignness. This was too much to take in at once. Her thoughts pinged from what Kline *might* be doing to what the man *was* doing. The combined images and feelings wrenched a cry from her that made her throat, nipples and clit ache.

Would she be able to handle this? To hold off coming until the man wanted her to?

I'm not strong enough. Too close already.

The mattress dipped beneath her again and she imagined the man shifting into position. He placed his hands at the tops of her thighs, fingers splayed, and then the tips of those fingers moved, their journey ending on either side of her slit. A long time passed before anything else happened, the tortuous seconds wetting her cunt some more. She held her breath, body tense, and waited for what the man would do next.

He parted her folds, stretching the flesh to further expose what she offered. What was his for the taking, if only he dipped his head.

Please...just lick me.

Time stretched out until she growled in frustration. She knew that would amuse Kline, that he'd think she had lost control, that she couldn't wait like he had taught her. And she couldn't, damn it. Not tonight. Not this time. Not with this new experience added to the mix. How could he expect her to have power over her body's reactions when something so different was happening? Something so fucking sexy she could hardly stand it?

Come on, stranger... Please!

Was the man studying her? Looking at how wet she was, how much she wanted him? Had Kline told the stranger to wait until he told him to eat her pussy? That was undoubtedly the case. Kline liked to dominate and would have chosen a man who would do as he was told. Frustrated yet thrilled that her lover knew her too damn well, Anna gasped as desire warmed her cunt. She burned there, needing that tongue to press against her clit, to roam over her until she came, bucking and jerking.

“Now,” Kline said.

Before Anna had the chance to process the command, the stranger’s tongue slid inside her, his breaths hot, further warming the raging fire already heating her up. Her abdomen spasmed and she cried out. She would fail this test. How could she be in charge of her body? She’d lost all control.

The man’s tongue eased out of her, and he swirled the tip up one side of her slit, pausing at the top for a beat. She wanted—God how she wanted—him to flick that wet heat over her clit until she juddered with her orgasm, but he didn’t. Instead, he skirted around it, laving down the other side.

Then he took his mouth away.

Fuck! You bastard!

She acutely felt the emptiness there, the loss of heat from his breaths, the lack of pressure from his tongue. She pulled at the wrist restraints, wanting nothing more than to break free and sink her hands into his hair, guiding him down to her cunt and holding him still until he had brought her to completion. She tried to speak, to tell him to stop playing games, that she couldn’t stand it any longer, but nothing emerged except a garbled string of noises.

Kline’s low laughter vibrated over her, through her, around her, and she swallowed a glut of curses. She loved him yet wanted to scream at him—and that confused her. After all, he’d only given her what she’d wanted.

“Think kink, Anna,” he said, chuckling again. “What do you want, sweetheart?” He paused then went on. “You don’t need to answer that. I know what you want. All good things come to those who wait.”

He always said that, a tease which never failed to send her crazy, but this time she wanted no teasing. This time she wanted her desires met *now*, the throb of her clit assuaged, her orgasm released.

A strangled groan left her, unbidden, and she hated that her body had betrayed her again. Usually so focused, she'd entered new territory, where everything was novel. She needed to get used to that. How could he expect her to take this calmly?

"You can do this, Anna," Kline said, his faith in her prominent in his voice. "Relax. Take a deep breath. Control yourself."

She did as he asked, practising mind over matter, telling herself it was only Kline between her legs, Kline who had tasted her juices.

It didn't work. Her mind kept erasing her attempts at trying to maintain her cool, and images of Kline watching as the man awaited his instruction pushed her closer to the edge.

I can't. This is too much. Too exciting. Please, just...just let me come.

"Let her come," Kline said.

The stranger's warm mouth covered her clit and he sucked the nub, holding it between his teeth. He flicked his tongue across the swollen, aching bud, his hot breaths fanning her exposed wet flesh. Every nerve ending in her body seemed to scream and she tensed, fists clenched and toes bunched tight. She raised her ass from the bed, pushing her cunt into the man's mouth, stuttered grunts seeping around the ball gag.

The chain lifted—by Kline's hand. She'd know his actions anywhere. He tugged, steadily adding pressure, and her nipples stretched, pleasure-pain ripping through her breasts. The stranger released her clit, lapped at it with forceful strokes, and she whipped her head from side to side. The tape burned her wrists and she lifted her head only to slam it back down again, the assault on two areas of her body at the same time nudging her orgasm towards that sexy climb. Swifter than usual, her excitement rushed through her, the eye of her sexual storm intensifying in her core, building to a level she'd never experienced until tonight.

The stranger licked harder, the sounds of him lapping her juices mingling with the tinkling chain, her ragged breathing and Kline's stuttered gasps. The pressure on her nipples increased as Kline lifted the chain higher, then gave several short, sharp tugs. Her nipples burned, her clit burned...she chased the pinnacle, which threatened to crash over her with unrelenting force.

Anna's body gyrated and bucked. She raised her ass some more, shoving her cunt harder into the stranger's face, her fingernails digging into her palms. Kline pulled the chain

higher and she arched her back, wanting to ease the pain in her nipples yet wanting so much more of it.

"Fuck her with your tongue," Kline said, panting. "Make my woman come hard. Lick her. Yes, that's it. Lick her faster."

Oh, my God. Oh, fuck. Oh...

"You like this, Anna? You like my attention to your nipples and his on your cunt?"

She nodded, whimpered, her orgasm so close she could taste it.

"Then come. Let it go."

Kline gave a long, pain-inducing jolt on the chain and the stranger upped his pace on her clit, the breath from his groans adding to her pleasure. Then the chain relaxed, pooled on her belly, and a clamp was removed from one nipple. The relief was short-lived. Kline's mouth took the clamp's place, and he suckled the throbbing nub, his hand roving over her free breast. The man pointed his tongue, flicking her clit with fast strokes, and she was undone.

The image of both men and what they looked like attending to her body brought her orgasm on with such ferocity she lost her ability to breathe. Her body arched again and for a moment time was suspended as she soaked in the sensations ripping through her—a hot mouth on her nipple, another hot mouth on her cunt, bliss radiating from both places to combine as one intense ball of desire. Her orgasm exploded, ebbing and flowing to every part of her.

Finally, she sucked in a breath and released it quickly, sucking in another. Sweat dripped down her temples and into her hair. Kline groaned, the pained sound humming through her breast.

With her pleasure subsiding, the man's attention to her clit slowed, grew lighter, as though he knew she'd be too sensitive for much more. His gentle swirls gained the same rhythm as Kline's mouth on her nipple, and she lowered her body to the bed, spent, hot and breathless.

Kline left her first, the air cold on her freed nipple. The stranger slid his tongue down to her opening. He licked away her juices before abandoning her pulsating cunt completely. The mattress lifted and she guessed the man had climbed off the bed. She briefly wondered whether he would leave the room or stay to observe. A breeze sighed over her, cooling her

heated skin. Her pelvis shuddered with after shocks. Along with Anna's slowing breaths, she heard the squeak of the carpet, the shuffle of footsteps, and the click of the door as it closed.

Chapter Two

Kline

She broke faster that I thought she would.

Kline stood in the bathroom, the sink cold on his palms as he gripped it. Pre cum dribbled, seeping into his pants, the tip of his rigid cock straining against the fabric. Fuck, he'd wanted to push that man away from her and lick Anna himself, yet at the same time the sight of another licking his woman made his cock throb harder than it ever had.

He stared at his reflection in the mirror, battling the emotions roiling inside him. He was angry, but he couldn't take his rage out on the man. It wasn't his fault. Kline had asked the man to join them, had *wanted* this because Anna did yet...

What the fuck is wrong with me?

"You're worried this is the start of something new. That you won't be enough for her on your own now," he whispered.

His feelings were a jumbled mess, and he needed to sort through them before the next phase. He loved her so much he had been willing to do this, to give her whatever she wanted, but he hadn't expected to feel so...vulnerable. So worried that he'd lost her the minute that man touched her.

I've always been so in control. Always been the one to have a handle on my emotions.

He shoved away from the sink and ran a hand through his short, dark hair, comparing it to the blond man's longer style. Kline would keep Anna blindfolded. He didn't want her putting a face to the man's touch, and he wouldn't call him by name in her presence. Kline wanted this as impersonal as he could get it. He couldn't deny he'd been turned on, though. Shit, he'd almost come when he'd suckled her nipple, gazed on her face, seeing how his gift to her gave her so much pleasure.

Is it just my jealousy bothering me or my feeling out of control?

The excitement of having a third person in the bedroom had been a revelation. When he'd focused on her pleasure, he relaxed and enjoyed the experience, but now...

You can still enjoy it. It's just for one night. One time. And then you need to make her want only you. Think kink – think of newer ways to keep her wanting you. Just relax, man. Enjoy it.

Kline nodded, taking a deep breath before exiting the bathroom.

Retake command. Own the situation. Call the shots.

He stared at the naked man sitting on the sofa, whose hand curled around his cock. Eyes closed, the guy massaged his length, soft groans leaving his slightly parted lips. Kline's cock stiffened as he studied the way their visitor fisted himself and he wondered if their guest felt awkward at sharing Kline's lover with Kline in attendance. It was a first for him and Anna and they'd just have to feel their way through it, take every moment as it arrived. The man, however, did this for a living.

Kline sat on the other end of the sofa.

The man kept his eyes closed, continued his attention on his cock. "Mmmm. I need...fuck, I need to come. This is so intense. So...shit." He stopped fisting and stood, pacing the floor like a caged animal. "Your girlfriend's so damn hot I want to—"

"Yeah, she has that effect on me." Kline kept his tone light, but inside jealousy ripped him up. *Stop it. Be pleased the man wants her. Don't let him do anything unless you say.* "You ready for the next part?"

The man stopped pacing. "Fuck, yeah."

"You remember what I told you?"

"Yeah."

"And that was?"

"Only do what you say."

Kline's chest swelled, his sense of control returning. He had nothing to fear, not from this guy. He'd just relax, enjoy this. For Anna. "All right. Good." He stood and walked towards the bedroom door, his fingers gripping the handle. Taking a deep breath, he turned to the man. "Give me fifteen minutes, then come in."

Kline opened the door and stepped inside the room. The scent of sex hit him hard—the scent of *her*—and he breathed in deeply. Closing the door, he stared at her. Anna's chest rose and fell as her breaths accelerated, and he wondered if she anticipated the man's or his touch. Which voice did she want to hear?

Her lips curved and he knew she sensed him in the room, that they were alone. Relief surged through him—he'd been stupid to think she'd want another over him. They shared a love no other could break. This was as he'd hoped, just a little something different.

Walking over to the bedside cabinet closest to the balcony, he took the scissors from the top and cut the tape from the wrist nearest him. Her arm dropped to the bed but she left it

there, waiting for his command to move it. He freed her ankle next, then strode across to cut the other binds. She remained spread-eagled, so fucking beautiful exposed that he almost stripped, wanting to climb on the bed and sink his aching cock inside her.

Resisting, he gently removed the ball gag, dropped it to the floor, then took some soft wet wipes from the packet on the bedside cabinet. He smoothed the cool fabric over her wrists and ankles, washing away the stickiness the tape had left, hoping his attentions eased the burn that undoubtedly prickled her skin. He attended to her cunt next, cleansing her folds with tender strokes.

Finished, he placed the wipes in the trash and stood at the end of the bed, looking down on her once more. God, he loved her. More than life itself. She completed him, made him feel whole and wanted, and they fitted together perfectly in every aspect of their lives.

"I love you, Anna. Speak to me. Tell me what you want."

She smiled, dashed her tongue out to lick her lips. "I want you. Inside me. Fucking me hard."

"And what about our guest?"

"Let him watch. Let him see how much you turn me on."

Kline's heart swelled and he moved towards the balcony before he took her there and then. His cock ached with the need for release, his balls throbbing with an incessant beat that was growing by the second.

"Are you sure that's what you want?" He looked out over the city, at the sparkling lights of a place that never seemed to sleep.

She didn't answer right away, and he closed his eyes, imagining her mind ticking over the possibilities.

"Maybe he can touch me." She hiked in a breath.

"Ah, it sounds like you want him to do that very much."

"I do."

"But I call the shots, you know that."

"Yes."

Kline turned from the double doors and walked to the bed, gazing upon her, resisting straddling her, sinking himself inside her right up to the hilt. He took her hand and helped her from the bed, leading her towards a cushioned stool that stood close to the wall beside

the balcony doors. The thought of someone out there spying on them, seeing them, hardened his cock further.

“Undress me.” He toed off his shoes and socks, bringing her hands up to his shirt buttons.

Her lazy smile sent a spear of lust to his cock and he sucked in a breath as her fingers moved from one button to the next. He looked down, watching her movements, noting the pink band of chafed skin around either wrist. The sight turned him on so much he closed his eyes, closed his mind off from it.

I want to come. Damn it!

Was it because he knew the man would enter the room any second? He wasn't sure how many minutes had passed already—Kline had purposely not looked at the clock. The anticipation of not knowing when that door handle would turn down heightened his excitement. Yes, he admitted, he wanted that man in here as much as Anna. Wanted him to walk in here and see him fucking her.

Yes, she's mine, and you'll know it as soon as you come in here.

Anna slid Kline's shirt down his arms and the fabric fell to the floor. She expertly undid his trousers—she was so used to doing things blindfolded now—and they whispered down his legs. He kicked them off and away, standing before her naked, his cock jutting, the tip touching her navel.

“I feel you,” she said, lips bending into a smile. “You're wet.”

“I want you,” he breathed, pulling her towards him, crushing her against his chest.

He sank his fingers into her hair, rested his cheek to the side of her head and breathed in the scent of her. Revelled in their closeness, her sweet body pressed to his. He cupped her face and tilted it, dipping his head to cover her mouth with his. No matter what, that mouth belonged to him. No other would kiss it, sample her tongue brushing over theirs, know the intimacy it gave.

He kissed her hard, holding her head rigid, conveying the emotions raging inside him. *Mine. My woman. My beautiful lover.* His chest tightened and he took his lips from hers, holding her hand to guide her closer to the stool. He sat, the seat cold on his skin, and tugged her to stand between his legs. “Straddle me.”

Anna lifted one leg and pressed it to his outer thigh, then did the same with the other. He gazed down at her slit, the curly hairs glistening with moisture, and gripped her about

the waist.

“You’re going to fuck me. Fuck me hard and fast.”

Kline reached to the bedside cabinet and picked up a condom. He placed it in her hand. She ripped open the packet and took the rubber out, feeling blindly with one hand until her fingertips met with his shoulder. She trailed them down towards his cock and rolled the condom over his length. Her touch, the sight of her hand working his shaft, made pre cum drizzle again.

He pulled her down, positioning his tip at her entrance. “When I tell you to, you’re going to sink onto my cock. It’s hard for you. Fucking hard. You feel that?”

She nodded and took in a shuddering breath. A pink flush spread over her breasts, creeping up to her throat, and the high spots of colour deepened on her cheeks. He guided her hands to his shoulders, holding her wrists for a moment, the heat from them warming his palms. His gaze searched out her nipples, hard and prominent, their rosy hue stark against the paleness of her breasts.

“You’re beautiful. So fucking beautiful.”

Shifting his hands to her waist, he drew her down onto him, her sheath tight and fucking heavenly on his cock. He sucked in a breath, the heady shock of how she felt around his hardness never failing to amaze him.

“Now move,” he said, digging his fingers into her flesh. “Nice and slow. Love me, Anna. Fuck me.”

She began a slow, sensuous pace, the bite of her fingernails into his shoulders sending pleasure through his skin. He stared at her face, at the blindfold, the black fabric tied in a tight knot above one ear. The hanging strips swayed with her movement and he reached up to grip them in a fist, yanking her head down so her lips met his. He opened his mouth, inviting her tongue inside, and she pressed her full breasts to his chest. Her nipples rasped against him and she clenched her sheath, squeezing his cock, goading him to come.

He held off, concentrating on how her mouth felt rather than her cunt around his cock. Her breaths grew heavy as she upped her pace and he knew she was drawing closer to another explosive release. The sound of the door clicking open surprised him for a second—he’d been so wrapped up in her he’d forgotten about the man. Instead of the jealousy he’d experienced earlier, a new emotion gripped Kline. One of ownership, that he was showing the man who owned Anna.

You can look and you can touch, but she's mine.

Kline ended the kiss and glanced across the room. The man stood in the doorway, fists bunched at his sides, his eyes wide. He'd known what he'd encounter. They'd discussed what would happen, but it was clear the sight of Kline fucking Anna was more than the man had imagined.

"He's here, Anna," Kline said, still looking at the man. "He sees you fucking me. He wants to join in. Will you let him, Anna?" His voice wavered as she increased speed. "Will you...let him strike you...the way I...strike you?"

Fuck, I'm close.

She dug her nails into him harder, hung her head back and slowed her pace.

She's close.

"Yes," she whispered, rising and falling on his length—slowly.

The man gripped his cock and squeezed the tip. He panted, gaze glued on her.

And he's close.

The knowledge that Kline controlled this situation with his words spurred him to take charge. He nodded to the man. "Take the paddle out of my bag."

Their guest released a gasp—the paddle hadn't been discussed—and walked towards them. His cock swayed, the tip engorged and dripping pre cum. His balls were tight and looked full to bursting, the two sacs well-defined. He stood beside the bed and stooped, hand disappearing inside the bag.

"Speak to me, Anna," Kline said. "What are you thinking?"

"I smell him," she said, inhaling deeply. "He's excited. Are you excited, stranger?"

The man looked at Kline for permission to answer. Kline nodded, roving his hands from her waist to cup her breasts. He thumbed her nipples, staring at the man all the while. Taunting him that Kline was the one being fucked.

"Yes," the man said, his blond head bobbing. He stood upright, paddle in hand, and gripped the handle in a fist so tight his knuckles whitened.

"How much do you want her?" Kline asked. He was going to test his own emotions now, see how far he could push himself. "How much do you want to sink your cock in her ass?"

"Oh, fuck. I want her. I want to ram inside her and feel her walls grip my cock hard." He clutched the paddle tighter.

Kline turned from him and looked at Anna, at the way her neck arched, head still hanging back. He leant forward and licked up the column of her neck, tasting the sweat of her desire. Lips against the hollow beneath her Adam's apple, he said, "Do you want him in your ass? Want him there while I'm here?" He jerked his hips so his cock thrust up harder, letting her know exactly what he'd suggested.

She lowered her head, chin to chest, and her hair fell forward to hide her features. Then she lifted her chin, shook her hair away from her face and smiled. "Yes. Let him fuck my ass. Let him have me."

Her words sent lust to Kline's cock and had the man inhaling sharply. Could Kline deal with that? There was only one way to find out.

"First, he needs to spank you. Spank you hard. You're a bad girl for wanting him, Anna, you know that, don't you?"

"Yes. God, yes. I'm bad." She pushed down onto Kline, holding still, as though if she moved again she would come.

His cock pulsed, and the seconds stretched out, long and tense.

"Paddle her ass," Kline said, looking at the man. He jerked his head, silently ordering him to stand behind her.

The man complied and studied her, his gaze shifting from her head to her ass.

He wants her. Like I want her.

With a practiced hand, the man swooped the paddle through the air, striking her ass cheek. She jolted and cried out, her pussy spasming around his cock. Fuck, that felt good, but he wanted a more violent reaction. Her cunt to clutch him harder. Her fingernails to dig deeper. A strangled moan to leave her mouth. For her to bend her head and kiss him hard and deep.

"You like that, Anna?" Kline asked, holding her waist and lifting her up then down to set the pace on his cock once more.

"Yes. More. I want more. Harder." She bit her bottom lip.

"Strike her again," he said.

The man lifted the paddle and made a swift arc through the air. The paddle smacked against her skin, the resultant sound meshing with her pleased cry. Her channel gripped Kline to the point he thought he'd lose control any minute, and he squeezed her waist to slow her down.

"Again. Hit her again."

He closed his eyes, waiting for the slap, the clench, the scream that would erupt from her. They came one by one, and his hips jerked upward, his cock throbbing painfully as he struggled to hold off his orgasm.

"More. Harder," he rasped. "Keep hitting until...I tell you to...stop."

She pressed her fingertips into his flesh and he knew she was bracing herself for the assault. The slaps came one after the other, fast and hard, and she claimed his mouth, pushing her lips to his and her tongue seeking his. The intensity of the kiss took Kline's breath away and he held her still on his cock, knowing if she moved again right now he'd come. The man struck again, his strangled grunt filling the air, and Anna whimpered.

Drawing his mouth from hers, Kline leant back and lifted one hand, telling the man to stop. She shook, from pleasure he knew, but she'd had enough. He waited while she regained her equilibrium. Then he removed the remaining nipple clamp and tweaked the freed bud between a finger and thumb. He pinched it hard, every so often tugging, forcing her to focus on the pain of what he was doing rather than that on her ass.

He reached back to the bedside cabinet and held up a condom for the man. He watched him roll it down his slim, short length, satisfied she would be able to take him up her ass with ease. Kline then picked up the lube and indicated for the man to take it.

"Anna, he's going to lube up his cock now. You like the idea of that?"

She stopped breathing for a moment, tilting her head at the sound the lube made as the man coated himself. "Yes."

"You want to fuck us both?"

"Yes."

The man released his shaft and threw the tube onto the bed. He closed his eyes.

Seems he's closer than I thought.

Kline looked at her face, ready to catch her honest reaction when he asked his next question. He didn't want her doing anything just to please him. Just because she *thought* he wanted something. It had to be her decision. Everything about tonight was for her.

"You want him up your ass and me in your cunt, Anna?"

She smiled. "Yes."

"You want to control us both, don't you?"

"Fuck, yes."

"You like the idea of us both wanting you. Both taking you." From his peripheral vision, Kline caught sight of the man jerking his own cock.

"Yes. I want you in my cunt and him in my ass. I want your hands...oh, fuck...on me, your mouth on mine, and his hands...mmmm...on my nipples. Pinching. Squeezing. I want...everything you want to give me. *Everything.*"

"Then you'll have it. Us. As hard and fast as you want it." Kline inhaled deeply to steady his fast-beating heart. If Anna wanted this, then he wanted it. He kissed her, light butterfly pecks on her lips, then drew back, peering over her shoulder at the man. "He's going to prime your ass now, Anna. Make it nice and wet, ready to take him. He's got a hard cock, sweetheart. You ready for us both now?"

"Yes," she said, nodding, brushing her lips over his.

Fuck, I adore you, Anna.

Chapter Three

The Man

Shit, this is so fucking hot.

The man, working name Jack, had never felt like this before. Usually he did this kind of thing for money only, but for some reason, this woman had got under his skin. Damn, he didn't need any emotional involvement, had always remained aloof, doing his job then leaving when it was over. But tonight? Fuck, Anna was too damn hot, and he wanted her. Like her lover had her.

Permanently?

He shook his head, unsure where these feelings had come from. He didn't do commitment. Had never wanted the ties that came with a relationship. He enjoyed getting his kicks, getting paid, and getting the hell out.

Kline's words echoed around Jack's head, bringing him out of his insane fantasy. *"He's going to prime your ass now, Anna. Make it nice and wet, ready to take him. He's got a hard cock, sweetheart. You ready for us both now?"*

Jack reached for the lube again, squeezing some onto his fingertips. He dropped the tube to the floor beside the stool and stepped forward, kneeling behind her. The scent of her still lingered on his face and he licked his lips, tasting the tang of her juices. She even tasted different from other women. Sweeter, creamier.

Taking in a deep breath, he waited while Kline moved his ass closer to the edge of the seat. He leant back against the wall, taking her with him so Jack had better access to her backside. Jack took in the sight of her splayed ass cheeks, the smooth beauty of the cleft. His cock pulsed. He eased his lubed fingers down the valley, stilling when he reached her tight pucker. His fingertips butted the base of Kline's shaft, and Jack wished his own cock was inside her instead of Kline's.

Do your job, damn it. Nothing more, nothing less.

Gently, he pressed the tip of one finger to her rear entrance and eased it inside. The rim of her channel gripped hard and he pushed his finger further, drawing down again, repeating the action to loosen her up. The rigidity of Kline's cock on her inner wall felt hard and unyielding beneath Jack's finger, so he lifted upward, sliding in and out with his finger

pressed to the upper wall. Reaching down for more lube, he drizzled a generous amount down Anna's cleft and caught some on the tip of his second finger. As he eased his first finger out, he pushed back in with two, feeling her rim protesting, fighting the intrusion. It excited him and he scissored his fingers, stretching her wider, imagining the burn.

"That feel good?" Kline asked her, his hands smoothing up and down her waist.

Anna nodded and Jack could imagine how she felt with a cock in her cunt and fingers inside her ass. How she'd feel with him inside her too. Unable to wait any longer, he shifted closer, positioning his cock at her ass. Fingers out, he rested his tip to her pucker and applied a little pressure, gratified when the rim sucked him in, tightening around his glans.

He could come just from that.

Wiping his lubed fingers down his thigh, Jack looked to Kline for further instructions. The other man eyed him over her shoulder, his stare penetrating, letting Jack know this was one time only and Jack had better enjoy it while it lasted. How Kline knew what flicked through Jack's mind he didn't know. Maybe Kline had picked up on how Jack had been feeling from the minute he first walked into this room.

"You want him to fill you now, sweetheart?" Kline asked, staring up at his lover, cutting Jack out of the equation.

Purposely. Keeping me in my place. Letting me know where I stand in Anna's life. Where he stands.

Jack tried to shrug it off but he was damned if he could. His hands itched to touch her, to cup her breasts as she'd requested, to pinch her hard nipples and make her beg him for more. Beg *him*.

She nodded and her whispered yes made Jack want to fill her to the hilt and fuck her ass until she came solely from what *he* did. But Kline called the shots—Jack had agreed to that—so he forced himself to concentrate on the job at hand, not the confusing emotions taking him by surprise.

"All right, Anna." Kline nodded to Jack. "He's going to fill you now. That hard cock of his is going to slide up your ass. And I'll feel it too. You like the idea of that?"

"Fuck, yes," she said, her voice catching on the last word.

Jack swallowed, pushing away the knowledge that yet again Kline was making sure Jack knew Kline was in the equation. That Kline would also feel Jack inside her.

It doesn't matter. Fuck her. Enjoy fucking her. Pretend he isn't here.

Jack pushed inside slowly, not wanting to hurt her, but she took him with ease. He stilled, taking a deep breath. Just being inside her had him wanting to ejaculate.

"You set the pace," Kline said, running his hands up and down her back. "Tell me when you want him to touch you. Where you want him to touch you."

She rose and fell, the muscles in her legs prominent beneath the skin. She looped her arms around Kline's neck and he did the same to her. Jack closed his eyes, taking in the feel of her as she glided, her tightness hot around him. He kept his arms by his sides but wanted her to ask him to caress her breasts, to let him fondle her so she cried out his name.

He knew she wouldn't. Knew the only name that would spill from her lips would be Kline's, as it should. Jack opened his eyes and glanced down, watching that smooth ass as it lifted then slid down on his cock. He fitted so perfectly there and he wished she'd go faster, pump him with hard, measured strokes until he came.

"Touch me," she whispered, arching her back to create space between herself and Kline. "Touch my breasts, stranger."

Jack didn't hesitate. He slid his hands up her back and around to cup her full breasts, nipples hard against his palms. Massaging them, he enjoyed their softness, the way the flesh undulated beneath his hands, the pearls of her nipples rasping on his skin. She groaned, the sound seeming to vibrate through her body and straight to Jack's cock. He moaned himself, daring to lean forward and press his cheek to her back. He canted his hips for her to take more of him inside, and his balls ached, a tingle spreading at the base of his cock.

I'm not going to last much longer. She's too fucking sexy. Too beautiful. Shit!

"Pull my nipples," she said, her voice stronger now.

Jack guessed she now realised she was the one in control here, not Kline. She was the one who held them both in the palm of her hand, her movements directing the show. If she stopped, they were the ones left wanting.

And fuck, I want her so bad.

Jack kneaded her breasts one last time then took each nipple between fingers and thumbs. He rolled the hard buds, applying pressure with a light pinch.

"Harder. Pinch them *harder*." She released a breathy *ah!*

"You like that?" Kline asked. "You like the way he's touching you? The way he's filling you? The way *I'm* filling you."

"Yes!" She gasped, working their cocks faster. "I'm going to come soon. Oh, fuck, you're both driving me crazy. Harder, stranger! Come on, pull them. Tug them. Hurt me!"

Jack did as she'd asked, pinching then pulling her nipples downward. He leant to the side a little, watching as one nipple distended to what he imagined was a pain-filled level. She cried out, the sound one of pleasure, and Jack pulled harder. He glanced up to find Kline watching, peering between his body and Anna's, his greedy gaze drinking it all in. Jack gave another swift pinch, another sharp wrench, then released the pressure.

"Fuck, that felt so good, stranger." She bucked faster. "I'm coming. Oh, God, I'm coming!"

The base of Jack's cock tightened with his imminent release. He straightened behind Anna, cupping her breasts and easing his cheek back down to rest on her back again. He felt her hair brush his face and reared back, watching as she lifted her face to Kline's and kissed him, her tongue wet and loose, their mouths open so he could see everything. He licked his lips, wishing his mouth on hers, and closed his eyes, wanting his orgasm to rock him.

The first ejaculation came hard and fast, jetting out of him, stretching the hole in his cock to a painful degree. He grunted, panted, letting the sensations take over. He kneaded her breasts, digging his fingers into the softness, and watched the couple kissing. The sight was so damn erotic it forced another powerful shot of cum out of him.

"Oh, fuck, you're so damn hot," he said, not caring whether Kline hadn't given him permission to speak.

"You hear that? Hear what he said about you?" Kline murmured, his lips beside hers. "You feel him coming?"

"Yes, yes!" she cried out, grunting as she glided up and down. "Fuck, yes!"

She milked Jack of everything he had to give and his breaths turned to ragged pants. Kline had yet to come and Jack admired the man's stamina. Anna jerked, her abdomen rippling. Kline's tool pressed against the inner wall separating their cocks. Jack's remained hard and he wanted more, for this night to go on longer than the allocated hour. Whether he stayed on after that he didn't know, and doubted Kline would extend the invitation.

Anna kept going, riding out her orgasm. Her groans became louder, then tapered off as the rush of ecstasy receded. Kline eased her to a stop, lifting her off their cocks, slapping her thigh as he manoeuvred her to stand beside the stool.

Jack glanced at Kline's cock, long and thick, much bigger than his own, then shifted his gaze to Anna. She stood panting, hands bunched into fists, angry red marks around her wrists and ankles. A red blush covered her chest and fingerprints stood out from where he'd kneaded her breasts. Had he been too hard on her?

"The bathroom," Kline said, staring at Jack.

Jack stood, leaving the room without daring to look back. He had to get Anna out of his mind, cementing her there as just his client's lover. It was stupid to think anything could come out of this. Confused at the way this evening had dramatically changed him, he entered the bathroom, flushing the condom down the toilet and washing his cock at the sink. He heard footsteps, surprised when they grew louder and Kline and Anna joined him.

"Sit and watch her suck my cock." Kline pointed to the stool beside the sink. "Watch how she makes me come."

Jack obeyed, lowering his ass to the stool. He'd watch all right, and imagine her sucking his own cock. He'd take whatever time with her he could.

Kline pulled open the shower stall door and jabbed his finger on the button to get the water running. He guided her inside, joining her once she stood under the stream. The water must only have been tepid, for no steam filled the cubicle, and Jack had a clear view through the glass to where she stood. She looked beautiful with the water cascading over her, wetting the blindfold.

If only I could see her eyes...

Her blonde hair darkened and she lifted her hands to smooth them through it. Her breasts jutted, nipples sweet and hard, and Jack wanted to join the couple in that cubicle and sink his cock into her cunt this time, to kiss her swollen lips and dip his tongue between them. The feel of their bodies, squashed together in there, slick and wet... *Fuck, this is too much.*

He hardened, surprised at how quickly she had him hot again.

Christ...

Kline's cock was still covered by the condom and he took it off, dropping it into the tray. He reached for the shower gel, soaped his hands and washed his cock, holding his hands up to catch the water that drizzled off Anna's breasts. He sluiced the soap from himself and squeezed gel into his palms again, dropping the bottle into the tray. Stepping forward, Kline ran his hands over his lover's body, cleansing her, taking away the scent of

sex from her skin. She lowered her hands to her breasts, fondling them with slender fingers, and Jack remembered how they had felt beneath his touch. His cock strained, bobbed, and Kline glanced his way. He nodded, giving Jack permission to fist himself. He did, gripping hard and tight, trying to mimic how her ass sheath had felt around him. It wasn't the same but it would have to do. No way could he leave here without coming again. Anna had done something to him, brought more to the plate, given him pause to think about how he'd agreed to work tonight with only thoughts of doing his job, then returning home to get ready to hit the clubs. Now? He'd give anything to take her with him.

Or to take her home and fuck her in his bed.

Kline finished soaping her and gently turned her around so she faced the spray. The lather glided down her body, a cloud of it catching on her thatch before sliding down one beautiful, slim leg. Jack began a slow rhythm on his cock, leaning his back against the cold tile. Kline turned her to face him again then pressed down on her shoulders.

"On your knees, sweetheart."

She kneeled, looking up at Kline, seeming to know her lover gazed down at her. It was like they had some kind of connection, something Jack would never have with her. He sighed a little, realising his dreams, the emotions of tonight were wasted. Foolish. Still, he'd enjoy himself while he was here, knowing when he left he would carry the memory of Anna with him forever. Her submissive pose tugged at his heart and he wished she kneeled for him like that, ready to take his cock in her mouth.

Jack's balls ached again at the thought of how her pretty mouth would feel around him. How she would suck him and lick his tip, hand skating up his inner thigh to cup his balls. He groaned, his imaginings sending a forceful flow of blood to his cock, and fisted faster.

Kline placed his feet either side of Anna and took his cock in hand. He brushed it over her lower lip, and she flicked her tongue out to catch a taste of him. Still holding himself at his base, Kline cupped the back of her head and eased his cock inside her mouth.

"Suck me, Anna. Make me come," he said, staring at the top of her head.

She obeyed, drawing her mouth up Kline's shaft then back down again, repeating her movements, making them faster every time she sucked him deep. Jack's breaths grew laboured and his heart rate increased, as did the speed of his fist on his cock.

"You're so beautiful," Jack whispered, hoping the sound of the water drowned out his words. He lifted his hips, pushing himself into his hand, and pressed his toes against the

tiled floor.

As her head bobbed faster, her lips tight around her lover's shaft, Jack cupped his free hand around his fist to give himself a two-handed fist-fuck. The extra strength and tightness heightened his need and he kept his sight on her mouth as he jerked his hands. Kline took his hand from her head and braced himself against the tile with one palm and the glass stall with the other. He thrust out his hips, pushing himself further into her mouth, and his face contorted at the same time his abdomen jolted.

Jack worked himself harder, faster, wanting to come at the same time as Kline so he could imagine she swallowed his semen. His ass tightened a second before his balls pulsed with a harsh throb, and Jack gave in to his orgasm. It spiralled through him, taking his breath away and stopping his heart for two beats. Then his ejaculation spurted out of him, just as heady as before. He cried out at the same time as Kline and fought to keep his eyes open so he could watch Anna swallowing her lover's cum.

His own fluid slapped onto his belly, a second and third expulsion quickly following, and Jack couldn't keep his eyes open any longer. He fisted hard and fast, with a force that would normally hurt, wanting to experience what he just had – another rope of cum forcing his cock hole wide. It came, pushing out of him, the feel of it painful yet sweet at the same time. He'd never come so hard so fast and slowed his hands, gasping for breath and struggling to open his eyes.

Anna eased her mouth off Kline's length and licked it from base to tip, cleaning him, clutching his buttocks to hold him still. He gazed down on her as though Jack wasn't even there, and Jack guessed he wasn't. Not for Kline, anyway. By the look on the guy's face, he only had eyes for her, time for her.

Jack rose and washed at the sink, leaving them to their private moment. Once he'd finished, he risked a glance at Kline, who smiled at him – the first genuine smile all night. Looking away from Jack, Kline helped Anna to her feet and guided her out of the stall. He reached for a towel and wrapped it around her, holding her close, pressing her cheek to his chest.

"Our guest will be going now, Anna. Do you have something to say?" Kline asked.

She nodded, that damn blindfold denying him a look at her eyes.

"Thank you," she said, a small smile playing on her lips. She lifted her head and tilted it, gauging where Kline's was. "Will he visit again?"

Jack sucked in a breath, his heart beating hard as he anticipated Kline's answer. He couldn't imagine the man allowing it. He was too...dominant. Kline closed his eyes for a second, and Jack knew the man was battling on how to answer Anna. He clearly loved her, had said as much when Jack had met him in the bar earlier. Adored her.

Kline opened his eyes. "I can deny you nothing, sweetheart," he murmured, stroking her hair. "But it is up to me when he visits with us again, you understand?"

She nodded, smiling wider. "Surprise me. It can be next year, next month, next week. Doesn't matter. Just whenever you want."

Kline seemed to bleed relief and nodded, kissing the top of her head.

Respect for the man grew inside Jack. Kline had pushed aside his feelings for Anna in favour of her happiness. And the guy *knew* how Jack felt, he was sure of it.

I'll have to be content with whatever I'm offered – if ever.

Jack eyed Kline, waiting for the nod that he could leave. It came, slow and with a smile, and Jack couldn't resist a wink at Kline before drinking in the sight of Anna one last time before he left the bathroom.

With a sigh, he entered the living room and slipped on his clothes, opening the main door of the suite while wondering how long it would be before Kline let him into their lives again. He realised now, after seeing the love Kline had for Anna, why he'd allowed her to have her desire.

But Jack had been stupid to ever think he could have anything more with her than what Kline permitted.

Jack sighed again and walked down the carpeted hallway. He pressed the elevator button and watched the numbers light up above the doors, though his mind remained on Anna. Images of her played through his head, had been burned there during the short time he'd been in her company. The doors slid open and he stepped inside, knowing he would count down the days until the phone rang and Kline's deep voice asked if he was available for another tryst at The Hibbard Hotel.

About the Author

Natalie Dae is a multi-published author in three pen names, writing several genres. She lives with her husband, children, and three cats in an English village. She writes full time and is also a cover artist and blog designer. In another life she was an editor. Her other pen names are Sarah Masters and Charley Oweson.

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