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Paradise of Pleasure

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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-burning*.

# **PARADISE OF PLEASURE**

**Trina Lane**

## *Dedication*

To all my fans who love a steamy dominate love story.

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## Chapter One

"You want me to do what?" Mike Wright exclaimed.

Elaina Roman lifted her chin, and looked straight into the shocked, pale blue eyes of the slack-jawed man across from her. "I want you to tie me up."

"During sex?"

"Yes."

"Why on earth would you want something like that? It's silly and theatrical. What we have is more important than games in bed. At least I thought so."

"It has nothing to do with games, Mike. A couple who dabbles in BDSM or chooses it as a lifestyle doesn't have any less of a meaningful relationship. Some would argue that they have stronger base for success because they're honest about what they need. I want to try, is that so bad?"

"It's not bad, El. It's just not us. Isn't what we have enough? Don't I satisfy you?"

"What we do is fine, but haven't you ever wondered if it could be more? We've been dating for six months, and I can count the number of orgasms I've had on one hand."

Elaina watched her current boyfriend's—or imminent ex-boyfriend by the way things were looking—face go pale. His eyes darkened in embarrassment or maybe anger. She still couldn't read his expressions very well because they surfaced so infrequently.

"So if you've had so few orgasms, what's with all the moaning and gasping when we're in bed? Are you telling me you've been faking this whole time?"

"It's not that I fake enjoying sex with you. I do enjoy it. You make me feel good. I just rarely 'get there.' Maybe it's my fault. Maybe there's something wrong with me. It's..."

"It's what? You started this. Go ahead, spit it out."

"I was reading this book the other day about female sexual fantasies. In it the woman was describing being tied up by her lover. Being controlled, not by force but quiet authoritative command, and I...god, Mike, it made me so hot I nearly had to run to the ladies' room in the lounge. I figured if reading about it got me so turned on, maybe experiencing it would be even better. I want to experience that with you." Elaina looked

down at floor in her Miami Beach condo. The cool travertine tile beneath her bare feet did nothing to dispel the heat in her cheeks.

"El, look at me." Mike said, quietly.

She met Mike's iceberg eyes, their placid colour a far cry from the vibrant azure of the ocean outside her balcony. There was no need for more words. She knew his answer. She knew that her risky venture hadn't paid off. Not only had she lost the opportunity to explore her fantasies but also the companionship of a good man, colleague and lover.

"I can't. I'm sorry. And I think...if this is really what you want? Then..."

She nodded her head. An errant tear tracked down her face. Mike closed the distance between them and gathered her in his arms. She nuzzled against the side of his face. She regretted the loss, but knew deep inside what they shared wouldn't be enough in the long run. They wouldn't survive if this part of their relationship was faulty. Sex wasn't everything between a couple, but a lack of satisfaction in the relationship was a kill-shot to long-term happiness.

"I never meant to hurt you," she whispered.

"Oh sweetie, I know. I want you to be happy, and unfortunately this isn't something I'm prepared to do, to make that happen."

"What if I got help? What if I—"

Mike shook his head. "El, I saw it in your eyes. This fantasy is not a kink or passing whim. I think this is who you are, and there's nothing wrong with that, but it's not who I am."

"I want you to be happy, too," her voice cracked as her vision swam.

Mike nodded and placed a kiss on her forehead then quietly, slowly walked out the door. Elaina sank down on her couch and pulled a pillow across her lap. She curled up into the foetal position and stared sightlessly at the sage green walls of her small condo. What now? Where did she go from here? Hitting the meat market clubs in South Beach didn't sound appealing. She was thirty-four and all the girls in those clubs were Barbie-oid co-eds. Besides, the hours she spent at the clinic left her with little energy to go out and dance the night away. So what other alternatives were there? Online dating? Elaina shuddered as she recalled some of the horror stories her friends had shared about acquiring e-stalkers. Maybe she should stick with her B-O-B for a while, but honestly, that held little appeal either. She

wanted a man's hot, hard body on top of hers. She wanted that physical connection to another person, not a rubber substitute—even if it did vibrate and twirl in little circles.

It was time for an intervention. Elaina wiped her cheeks and uncurled from around the pillow. She picked up her cell phone, and scrolled through her contacts until she found the person who would have the answers to all her questions. Elaina tapped the photo of her best friend Anne, smiling at the memory of last Halloween when it was taken.

"Hello?"

"Brain?"

"Pinky? What's up sweetie?"

"You busy tonight?"

"Well, I was going to try to take over the world, but what do you have in mind?"

"Sorry, hun, we'll have to do that tomorrow night. How does a *Sex in the City* marathon and take away from Aristotle's sound?"

"Damn, who did the dumping?"

"It's a long story. Can you make it? I'll spill my guts."

"You have to ask? I won't even charge you my usual and customary fees."

"Gee, what a pal," she responded sarcastically.

"Hey, what are best friends for? I'll see you in a few."

"Okay. Thanks, *Brain*. I'll make it up to you."

Elaina hung up the phone and instantly felt better. She knew Anne would talk her through this. Her best friend wasn't one of the top psychologists in Miami Beach for nothing. Confessing her desires might be on the embarrassing side, but you didn't spend twenty years as best friends with someone without learning most of their secrets. Hell, she had enough dirt on Anne to fill Biscayne Bay. A quick rejuvenating shower was in order to cleanse her spirit, then she'd get the DVDs set up. She knew Anne would pick up the takeout on her way over. She wasn't sure why, but she had a feeling that things were going to work out. With a smile on her face, Elaina headed for bathroom.

\* \* \* \*

Elaina leant over the side of the mahogany launch that had taken her from Key West to her destination on a small, private island. The sight before her was one of fantasies. Sculpted

ridges glistening in the sun, the scent of coconut oil in the air, and the heat that caressed Elaina's skin as the man captured her hand to assist her onto the dock made her insides quiver with anticipation. The landscape wasn't anything to sniff at either. White, powdered sand floated across the land, palm trees swayed in the warm, gentle ocean air and turquoise water lapped at the shore as if it was a lover's tongue.

"Ms. Roman? My name is Lucas. I'm the resort manager."

Elaina realised that her hand was still within Lucas' grasp, but his touch felt too good to relinquish just yet. "It's nice to meet you. Thank you for the personal service. It's not something you see much anymore."

Lucas smiled. "We strive to make every service we provide personal."

Elaina thought the line was a little cheesy but Lucas' smile was magical.

"Will your Master be joining you later?"

What Master? She didn't have a Master. She'd ventured here looking for the right man to fill the role, however temporary. Elaina didn't want this sun-kissed vision before her to kick her off the island before she could experience all it had to offer, so naturally, she fibbed. "Yes. I was instructed to come early and prepare our room." That sounded like something a submissive would say, didn't it?

Lucas smiled and tightened his hand around Elaina's. "Then let's get you checked in. I'll show you to the reception lodge."

They walked along a sun-bleached boardwalk. Bluer-than-blue water lapped at the pillars sunk into the foundation of the island. The warm air caressed Elaina's skin, and lifted her thick hair from her shoulders. The tropical heat sank into her muscles, loosening the tightness, which had invaded with the anxiety of taking on such an adventure. The tops of thatched roofs from the private bungalows dotted the horizon. Every available space between them seemed to be filled with green foliage shielding the island from the skies above.

The reception building emerged from the thicket. It was two stories tall with wooden verandahs that begged for moonlight strolls with a lover. Gauzy white sheers floated in the breeze, tempting passers-by to investigate the welcome found within its walls. The entire setting was so idyllic Elaina had a hard time reconciling it with the reputation the island had for catering to couples who lived a BDSM lifestyle. The one image seemed almost the antithesis of the other.



As they entered the lodge, Elaina saw what she assumed was the reception desk. Lucas stepped in front of her before she could head in that direction.

"I regret that I must leave you here as I have other duties to attend to. I hope your stay with us lets you experience everything you desire."

"Thank you. Maybe I'll see you around."

"I'm quite sure you will. I'm a very hands-on manager," Lucas finished, smiling.

Elaina squared her shoulders and headed for the reception area. It was time to find out just what this place had to offer. Time to see if it held the answers to her questions about herself and her desires.

"Was that her?" Derrick Collins asked Lucas when the man joined him on the verandah outside his office.

"Yep. When I asked whether her Master would be joining her later, she hesitated for a second, then smoothly said she'd been sent to prepare their room."

Derrick's hands tightened on the railing. The rope lashing the joints together bit into his skin and he looked out to the ocean. "Reporter?"

Lucas joined Derrick at the railing. "I don't think so. Her expressions were so open and genuine. I think she truly wants to be here, but maybe didn't realise that this was a couples' resort. What do you want to do with her?"

"Play it by ear. If she starts to snoop we'll ship her off with the first high tide, but if...did you see the way the light hit that mahogany hair of hers? How her pale skin glimmered in the sun? Is it as soft as it looked?" Derrick asked softly.

Lucas smiled. "Oh yes. And she has the most incredible dove grey eyes you'll ever see. So large you can read everything within their depths."

"Hmmm. Then to blindfold them would be a shame. I wonder how that soft skin would mark?"

"Derrick? What are you thinking?"

"Nothing," he responded, quickly.

"No, it's something. Talk to me."

He turned to face Lucas, his long-time friend and manager. "Well, we want to keep an eye on her, and we know she has no Master. I'm without a sub —"

Lucas crossed his arms and stared at Derrick. "And that's the only reason?" He arched one eyebrow.

"Of course, what other reason would there be?"

"Maybe you like what you saw? Maybe you *want* to spend time with her? Ever since Caro—"

Derrick threw up his hand. "Don't say it. I'm not looking for a permanent sub. We saw how that turned out last time. I'm content mingling with my guests and providing them with what they need."

Lucas placed a hand on Derrick's shoulder. "I don't want you to spend your life content. I want you to be happy. We both know that you'll never find that mingling among your guests. You need a sub of your own. You need someone to belong to you. Someone to fill the emptiness inside you."

He shrugged off Lucas' hand. "Have you been reading Hallmark cards online again? Besides, I don't see you all worried about being alone. You've never had someone permanent."

Lucas turned away and stared out at the horizon. "You know I want to live the lifestyle twenty-four/seven, and it's more difficult to find the right person willing to be soul mate and slave all wrapped into one." He leant against the wooden railing of the balcony. "So many slaves have come and gone from my life. Eventually, they each wanted to pursue a normal lifestyle and ended up leaving. I don't begrudge them. Everyone needs to carve out the life that's right for them. This doesn't mean I'm not lonely, though."

Derrick had never heard his friend talk about his needs in such a long stretch. The man portrayed the consummate playboy Dom with such aplomb that Derrick never realised Lucas was lonely. Living and working on this island didn't help. All the guests who came here were already paired up. That was how they'd designed the resort. Derrick didn't want this slice of heaven to become another meat market, but a haven for those of like-minded inclinations. Maybe this was Lucas' chance? This Elaina person was without a Master, Lucas without a slave. Could it be fate?

"What about Ms. Roman?"

"What about her?"

"You said she's beautiful, and we both know single."

Lucas shook his head. "She's stunning, no doubt, but not the right one. I'd love to play with her, but I can already tell she's new to the scene. Maybe even searching for her identity as a sub. I sensed excitement and anxiety. I need someone who's experienced, who's comfortable in their skin as a slave." Lucas turned his head to see Derrick standing beside him. "Besides, I think she already has her eye on someone, and I'd never willingly be a consolation prize."

"Who?" Derrick growled.

Derrick ran his hand through the thick strands of his dark brown hair. He really should cut it in this heat but never quite found the time to take a trip to one of the bigger islands. Why the fact that Elaina already had her sights set on someone on the island bothered him, he had no idea. He'd never even met the woman. His only exposure was the registration questionnaire she'd submitted. That, and seeing her lithe body stroll down the boardwalk to his island, watching the gentle sway of her hips, her hair glinting in the sun. Derrick had frozen when their eyes had met for the briefest of seconds. She'd been standing beneath the verandah, looking up into the palms swaying above her head when her gaze had landed on him standing in this exact spot. The large almond-shaped lids had widened in surprise, then the moment had passed.

"That's right," Lucas said, smugly. "You, my friend, are her choice du jour. Now, she's downstairs checking in as we speak. May I suggest you haul your ass down there and introduce yourself before some pair tries to wheedle her into a three-way."

Derrick spun on the ball of his foot and raced through his office with the sound of Lucas' laughter as his soundtrack. He leant over the balcony inside the reception area hoping to spot his prey. When he didn't see the dark, brownish-red tresses he began to panic, until...there! A hint of bare leg flashed in his peripheral vision. He had no idea why he was convinced that particular leg belonged to Elaina, but some part of him knew only one person had skin so smooth and toned. He gathered his wits since it was unseemly for the top dog of a BDSM resort to appear so discombobulated over a potential sub.

He slowly walked down the wide-planked wooden steps then strode across the reception area in complete command. Several of his employees and one couple, who'd been repeat guests, nodded to him as he entered the open-air bar on the lower level. There, sitting at the bar with a look of dejection was the first woman who'd sparked something deep inside him in many years. Maybe Lucas was right — god forbid the man actually hear him say that —

maybe it was time to move on. Time for him to find the *right* woman for whom he could be both a lover and Master.

*Elaina Roman, could you be her?*

\* \* \* \*

Elaina sat at the bar swirling her little pink umbrella around the edge of whatever alcohol-infused fruit drink the bartender had given her. The afternoon shadows slowly invaded the island. The sound of waves rolling up onto the shore mingled with soft guitar music being played in the corner by an artist. However, the beauty of her surroundings couldn't dispel the insidious desolation taking over her body.

What was she supposed to do now? Her bags had been taken to the bungalow she and 'her Master' had been assigned. However, before she braved that nest she'd needed a little liquid fortification. The staff was under the impression that her Master would be joining her later, and everywhere she looked there were couples and quartets lounging around in various stages of dress and undress. A few of the outfits made her eyes bug out, as they seemed to be missing coverage in a few key places. One woman was kneeling on the floor beside a man sitting in a chair with nothing more than a few leather straps criss-crossing her skin. Apparently she and Anne had made one major error in their research. This particular resort was for couples only.

How they'd missed that she wasn't too sure, but suspected it had something to do with the pitcher of margaritas they'd consumed while trolling the Internet. The whole idea to take this trip had been a whim. Elaina had known she was overdue for some vacation time from the sports medicine clinic where she worked as an orthopedist. With Mike no longer in the picture, it'd seemed like a good time to hightail it out of town.

Elaina had been excited the whole trip down from Miami. Not only was she getting a vacation in a tropical paradise, she'd also finally be allowed to explore the desires that had consumed the corners of her mind ever since reading that woman's account of life with her Master. She'd pictured her ideal Master in her mind. Tall. She wanted him taller than her own six-foot height, which had always been a struggle in the dating pool. Even when she'd found a man who was over six feet, every time she slipped on her prized Manolo Blahnik's, she'd tower above him. Not a dynamic she yearned for in a dominant lover. So, yes, most definitely tall. Strong. His strength should be of mind and body. To carry his height with

animalistic grace, he would need firm muscles. Muscles anchored to strong, chiseled bones. No steroid freak, just pure masculine beauty. She imagined kneeling at his feet, like the woman at the other table, looking up into dark liquid eyes—eyes that could command her with a single glance.

Whatever the bartender had put in her drink must've be good stuff, because she could swear her fantasy man was walking towards her. He was tall enough that she had to tilt her head up—even perched on the high stool—to meet his bottomless dark gaze. She took another sip of her drink, wanting to prolong the hallucination. Each stride of his long legs spoke of quiet strength. Every person's eyes in the bar followed his movements, as if by hypnotic command. As her fantasy man came closer, she realised that his image didn't waver as a desert mirage but became decidedly more corporeal. The dark, tanned skin of his neck showed at the open collar of his dress shirt. In the midst of all the scantily clad patrons, his apparel stated business rather than pleasure. Maybe he was a bouncer of some kind, here to kick her off the island? Elaina swallowed hard as her living dream stopped right in front of her.

"Ms. Roman, my name is Derrick Collins. I'm the owner of *Placeres del Paraíso*. I believe you met my manager Lucas when you arrived."

Elaina shivered, the vibrations from Derrick's deep voice resonating throughout her body. They landed and lingered in her already damp pussy. She tried to answer, only to have her breath strangle in her throat, her eyes locked on Derrick's full lips as arousal took over her body. She wanted to lean forward and lick the dark skin at the hollow of his throat. She ached to latch onto his strong arms, and feel the vitality beneath the trappings of his office. She clenched her legs together to appease the pulsating throbs demanding this man's possession. What was wrong with her? She'd never reacted to the presence of a male like this before. Maybe it was the drink—some type of super aphrodisiac mixed in with the succulent fruit. Heat flashed up from her core and landed in her cheeks. How much more obvious and idiotic could she appear?

"Elaina." Derrick whispered, stepping forward to support her neck from behind as he tilted her head up to meet his gaze.

"Yes, Sir?" *How did that come out so easily?*

"You're alone on my island. We can't allow that here. You have two choices. Either you leave now, or you become mine for the duration of your stay."

"Yours, Sir?"

"Mine, Elaina. My submissive. My slave to pleasure. I'll take you higher than you've ever been. I'll feed your soul with every desire you could imagine, and some you've never dared dream of. You'll leave my island with the knowledge of who you truly are. No more wondering if there could ever be more. No more wandering lost, seeking that, which can fulfil you."

"Oh god."

Elaina's heart beat so fast she was sure it would jump from her chest. This larger than life man *wanted* to bring forth every dark fantasy she'd ever had. She stared into his eyes. So dark, there was no definition between his pupil and iris. He had hypnotic eyes, a deep commanding voice and the heat of his hand on her neck branded her skin. His touch was both arousing and secure.

"What's it to be, Elaina?"

There really was no choice. The chance to experience everything she'd ever dreamt, or a frustrated boat ride back to Key West and a long, self-recriminating drive back home.

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"I'll stay. I'll be yours."

Derrick placed a butterfly-soft kiss against her lips. The tender connection startled her. She'd expected him to overpower her, dominate her, claim her, but this felt more like a greeting between lovers. His lips lingered, their breath mingled. Elaina tilted her head closer—wanting a stronger connection—but Derrick backed away before she could increase the pressure.

"In time, I promise. That was to seal our agreement. When the time is right, I'll give you what you need. You'll be tied to my bed, your legs spread, my fingers buried deep in your dripping wet cunt. God, I can smell you, Elaina. I can smell how much you need. You're close, aren't you? I bet one little touch could set you off right now. One slide of my finger through your silky wet folds and you'd explode for me. Your body craves what I can give it. It craves to feel my hard cock buried deep inside you. It craves to hear my words commanding you."

Elaina's body shook from the force of her arousal. Derrick was right. One touch and she'd come. Probably harder than she'd ever done so in her life. His sexy voice ratcheted up

her need with each syllable that passed his lips. She tried to rub her legs harder together to assuage some of the desire consuming her. Her clit pulsed and her nipples ached, pushing against the fabric of her camisole seeking sensation. She gasped when Derrick pulled her legs apart, firmly. Her short, khaki skirt rose high, nearly to her hips, as Derrick stepped between her spread thighs. Now, even she detected the scent of her arousal in the humid tropical air.

"No," he growled. "You will not cheat me. You may not touch yourself, unless I order it. When we fuck, you will not come unless I expressly allow it. I said you would be mine, and I meant completely."

She sat there in a public bar with her legs willingly spread for the most gorgeous man her imagination could have conjured. Other guests and staff sat idly by. Whether they watched her and Derrick she didn't know, and for some reason, didn't care. Elaina had never been one for voyeurism but now the thought that some of the other couples waited with bated breath to see what Derrick would do to her next, forced more slickness to seep from her pussy lips. She was so wet, so needy. Derrick's hands had slid up her thighs to her hips. He pulled her to the edge of the seat. One large hand splayed across her lower back, the other buried in the mass of hair at her nape.

"Please," she begged.

"Please what?"

Her hands grasped his back, but his strength prevented their bodies from colliding the way she wanted. "I need to come."

"Not yet."

Elaina whimpered.

"Before I allow us to go any further there is one very important ground rule we need to establish."

"Now?" Elaina exclaimed.

His denial actually made her angry. So many times she'd never even come close to having an orgasm, and now, when it was barely a breath away, this man was denying it. It made her frustrated. It made her almost furious.

"You get me all worked up. You make me actually want you, want what you say you can give me. You bring me this close, only to say 'stop.' What are you, some kind of sadist? Or wait, maybe you're like a teenage virgin. All talk and no show."

Derrick tightened his hand in Elaina's hair a fraction. "Silence."

Derrick's voice hadn't risen above a whisper, but the fury that had been churning inside her arrested with the single word. His dark eyes above her, which moments ago had been slumberous with desire, now burned with intensity.

"First of all, I denied you your orgasm not to deprive you of your pleasure, only prolong it. When I let you come, it will consume every part of you. The siren of your scream will echo across my island, and I'll be the only one to witness such a beautiful sight. Secondly, before we get any deeper, we need to establish your safeword. Do you know what that is?"

Elaina swallowed hard. The image of her back arched high, head thrown back in ecstasy as Derrick made her come over and over again burned in her mind. She could feel the scream buried inside her and knew he was right. Elaina knew that this man would, for the first time in her life, make her experience a mind-blowing orgasm, and despite her recent lack of inhibition, she appreciated that he desired to share the experience between only the two of them.

"Safeword? That's like the magic word, right? I say it and all games stop."

"That's right. No matter what we are doing. The moment that word crosses your lips, it all stops. I could be spanking you, have you trussed in silken ropes or be shoving my cock deep inside you, and time will stand still. So what's it to be?"

Elaina was still stuck on the image of her tied up in ropes. Did he mean tied to a bed, a chair, or, oh god, she'd seen images on the Internet of women suspended from ceiling held prisoner by intricate webs of rope. Surely he didn't mean —

*What am I supposed to be thinking of again? Oh right safeword. "Um...penguin?"*

Derrick chuckled. "Penguin it is."



## Chapter Two

Derrick led Elaina out onto the dance floor. He pulled her into his arms and swayed to the soft melodies coming from hidden speakers. It was peaceful now, but once a week this quiet open-air cantina turned into a raging night club with all the lights and loud music one would expect to find on Duval Street in Key West.

Elaina felt so good in his arms. He hadn't realised when she'd been sitting at the bar just how tall she was. When upright, the top of her head came to his chin, which was something he'd never experienced with a playmate. Elaina's reactions to his directives at the bar had launched his desire to Master her to uncharted heights. The scent of her arousal floating up to greet him had nearly done him in. His cock had throbbed with the need to plunge deep inside her, hard. Elaina's whole body had opened to him, begging for his mastery. She'd been only moments away from splintering the air with her cry of completion, and as much as he'd wanted to experience that song, he knew the longer he could keep her on the edge, the harder she would fall. The more she'd crave what only he could give her. The more he would crave to give it to her. In that, he would become her slave.

Where these intense feelings were coming from, he didn't know. He'd played with countless women over the years, both before and after opening this resort. He'd only known of Elaina's existence for a couple of weeks and met her a mere hour ago, but something deep inside told him this woman was different.

He didn't know if he was ready to trust in a relationship again. Carolyn had burned him good, and despite knowing, logically, that all women wouldn't stampede across his heart, it was difficult to believe, to accept, to allow any vulnerability to the fairer sex. It was no hardship to Master them with a firm hand and commanding voice. His body, his psyche demanded control as much as Elaina's demanded submission, but trust was a two-way street and he was firmly hogging both lanes.

Derrick's erection pressed against her as they danced. The firmness dug into her stomach with their bodies plastered together. He felt huge, and she was both nervous and excited to see his cock in its full, bare glory. Performing rough calculations in her head, she knew him to be quite a bit larger than Mike. Hell, quite a bit larger than any man she'd slept

with. Would she be able to take him? Would her pussy stretch to accommodate his width? How much of his length would she be able to swallow? Was it even possible to fit something that big inside her ass?

"What are you thinking about so hard, Elaina?"

*Yeah, like I'm going to tell you that.* "Nothing," she squeaked.

"Honesty, is a key to our arrangement. When I ask you a question I expect a truthful answer. Now...what were you thinking about?"

She knew her cheeks must be turning bright red with embarrassment. Hopefully, the shadows in the bar disguised the reaction. "Your cock," she whispered.

"What about it?" Derrick spun Elaina around so her back was plastered to his chest. He captured her hips in his grasp and ground his against her. He bent his head and whispered in her ear, "What about my cock? It's hard for you. It wants to fill every opening of your body. I'm not a small man in any respect, but don't worry, before I slip my cock inside you, you'll be so primed your body will open like a magnificent flower. I'll thrust inside you with more power than you've ever known and you'll love every second of it. Your juices will flood from your body, and your mind with splinter with ecstasy."

"Derrick," she gasped.

"Put your arms around my neck," he ordered.

Elaina opened her eyes to find the entire bar had emptied. Where had everyone gone? There was no bartender or patrons. It was as if they'd all vanished into thin air, leaving only her and Derrick in this bubble of time.

Derrick's large hand moved lazily down from her stomach where he'd been holding her, pressing her body tightly against his. Long fingers inched up the material of her skirt to her waist. Warm tropical air blew across the saturated lace of her panties. Her head fell back to land on Derrick's broad shoulder. Without any coercion her stance spread, opening herself to the experience. The fingers moved to her inner thigh, leaving a trail of fire as they closed in on her aching pussy. She couldn't prevent a soft whimper from escaping. He adjusted her position, and with deliberately slow movements, lowered his head to place an open-mouthed kiss against her lips. His tongue insistently pressed inside. She greeted its slick warmth with her own.

The kiss was soft and steamy with just the right amount of pressure. Elaina opened every part of her to Derrick's control. She became his puppet to master and loved every second of it. Finally, she'd found a man who could demand her response without force.

Derrick fisted the thin material of her thong and ripped the protective barrier, baring her pussy lips to the world. One more hard pull and the string at her hip caved to his demands, the material floating to the ground at their feet. Elaina gasped at the possessive move, but couldn't spare a second thought for the loss of lingerie because she wanted his touch so desperately. She knew the opening of her pussy gaped, the ripples of flesh slick and greedy for his touch. One long finger ran through her thick cream, and Elaina trembled, unable to bite back a moan of pleasure. The extremity's thick length dipped inside her vagina, but not nearly deep enough. When Derrick pulled the invading digit out she tried to tighten her muscles to keep him inside. A stinging slap by the palm of his other hand on her fleshy mound startled her.

"What did I say? You're mine. I decide what to do with your body, not you."

Shivers raced from head to toe, both from the pleasure and anticipation. Elaina had never expected to respond to a physical touch such as Derrick's little punishment, but there was no denying the spark of need it ignited deep within her. His finger slipped inside her again, while his thumb pressed against the knot of her engorged clit. She tried not to move, not to make demands of his touch, but her body spoke a language of its own. Her hips arched and thrashed, alternately seeking more first from the finger buried deep inside her then from the iron heat of Derrick's cock.

Another finger slid inside, and her muscles burned with the delicious invasion. The thumb circling and pressing against her clit made her crazy. The two fingers tickled the tissues high inside her—smooth, forceful plunges designed to bring her to the edge of insanity.

"Damn you're tight. You're burning my fingers alive, and I can't imagine how it's going to feel when I finally get my cock inside you."

"Yes! In me. Please," she cried.

"Not yet. You're not ready. You haven't earned my cock."

A strangled scream left her throat with the next forceful thrust of his fingers. Her pussy clenched over the fingers buried inside her, quivering from Derrick's possession. His other hand speared into the thin material of her camisole and roughly pinched the turgid nipple of

her left breast, while this thumb simultaneously pressed hard against her clit. His lips covered hers and his tongue speared inside her mouth with greed. It was all she needed and Elaina went up in flames. Her climax washed over her, and Derrick released her mouth at the same time a cry split her lips. The sound echoed in the empty bar, drowning out the music and calls of the birds nesting in the trees only a few feet away. Sparks raced through her body, igniting nerve endings she never knew existed and burning away any previous conception of what an orgasm felt like.

\* \* \* \*

Elaina stood beneath the water of her outdoor shower, relishing in the hedonism of the tropical experience. The wide showerhead high above her head allowed the water to flow like rain from the sky. When she opened her eyes she was greeted with a magnificent ocean view. There were bamboo screens that could close off the area for those desiring more privacy, but Elaina had decided to just go with it. She could only see the barest evidence of her neighbours if she leant out over the balcony. The luxurious thatched-roof bungalows sat high in the treetops, and the lush foliage and tropical flowers nature provided acted as privacy screens. They reminded her of the tree houses from that movie, *Swiss Family Robinson*, when she was a kid, although far more luxurious. The fictional family didn't exactly have king-sized beds, air conditioning and claw-foot tubs, now did they?

Elaina wrapped a thick towel around her and lounged in the Adirondack chair on her verandah. She closed her eyes, and let the sounds of the surf and faint calls of tropical birds soothe her. Her body still hummed from her experience with Derrick earlier. She'd been shocked when he'd sent her away without seeing to his needs, and when she'd tried to push the issue, he'd once again reminded her of their positions. Apparently seeing to her partner's pleasure also came under his jurisdiction.

A knock on the door brought Elaina out of her peaceful daze. She crossed through the bedroom and slipped on the blue satin, knee-length robe she'd brought and peered out the exterior shuttered windows that surrounded the living room. A resort staff person stood outside the door with a garment bag over his arm. Elaina tightened the sash of her robe and opened the door.

"May I help you?"

"I have a delivery from Master Collins. He bids you to wear this when you join him in an hour at the restaurant."

"An hour?" Elaina exclaimed.

"Yes, ma'am."

Elaina accepted the bag and shoved the door closed on the staff person. She stared at the black vinyl and wondered what was inside. Belatedly, she realised how rude she'd been and opened the door only to find her front patio vacant. She'd have to remember to track the young man down and give him an extra large tip.

Carrying the bag into her bedroom, she laid it out across the high mattress. Her hands shook a little as she pulled down the zipper and spread the openings wide. It was silly, how nervous she was at seeing what Derrick would choose for her to wear. She hoped it would cover her more than the leather harness the woman in the bar earlier had worn. She squealed in delight when she uncovered a black leather miniskirt and emerald green top.

Elaina hurried through drying her hair and applying her makeup. She lifted the top from the garment bag to see the neckline, trying to determine how she should wear her hair. The lightweight fabric would plunge between her breasts in a loose cowl, and the back was nothing more than a decorative crossing gold chain and spaghetti tie. The metallic chains with their centre medallion shimmered in the low light of her bedroom. Elaina decided it needed to be shown off.

She scooped her hair up into a messy knot, letting a few of her dark mahogany tresses escape. She slid the top over her head and secured the strap behind her back. Next, she slipped on the skirt, but what had escaped her notice at first was that *this* was no ordinary mini. The front was divided into panels with two, three-inch wide rectangular sections cut completely away. The remaining edges were held together by two thin buckled straps. Except for the waistband, the fronts of her legs were almost bare. She turned to look at the back view in the full-length floor mirror. The Lycra material cupped her ass and the black leather continued at the bottom edge, the pleats causing it to flare out. In fact, if she were to bend over, the micro-mini skirt quite literally revealed all her secrets. She lifted the apparently empty bag and shook it upside down, hoping a pair of panties would fall out. When a tiny scrap of black landed on the white duvet, a rush of pent-up air escaped her lungs in gratitude.

If Derrick had truly demanded her to go without, she would have, but it would have been a lie to say the prospect didn't make her squirm. Was she ready for something so blatantly decadent? Could she casually stroll around the island, knowing a slight tropical breeze would give any passer-by a free show? Elaina had no doubt that she would end up naked within public view on the island at some point, perhaps even tonight. The thought of wearing nothing but moonlight in Derrick's presence, waiting for his next command, anticipating his next touch, made her insides quiver. A shiver coursed over her entire body. Whether it stemmed from arousal or trepidation she didn't know.

When she turned around, she gasped at the image before her. She'd never looked so sexy or been so thankful she worked out religiously. The low cowl neck highlighted the soft inner swell of her small breasts. The midriff-baring top, which came to a point at just above her navel, exhibited the good muscle tone she'd managed to maintain after retiring from the professional beach volleyball circuit. The high heels and short skirt made her legs appear endless, and when she turned around, the smooth skin of her back was proudly displayed with perfect contrast to the gold chain.

\* \* \* \*

Derrick watched as Elaina strutted towards him down the path from her bungalow. There was no other term for that walk. It was a pure female-on-the-prowl catwalk strut, and he loved it. The panels of the leather skirt he'd sent flapped, exposing deeper glimpses of her soft flesh. The emerald green top set off her complexion and dark-red hair to perfection. He hadn't truly seen much of her body earlier, despite feeling the luxurious wet heat sucking at his fingers. Now the vision before him nearly made his knees weak. He was perversely glad that she'd caught the eye of several men and women mingling around the torch-lit pathways, glad because he knew Elaina belonged to him. This week only, he forcibly reminded himself.

He stood in the shadows of the front verandah of the main building. It was easy to conceal himself in the shadows since he was dressed in black from head to toe. No leather pants for him—not in this heat—but black jeans and a short-sleeved, black button-down shirt worked just as well. Tropics or not, he refused to give up his black leather boots and wide black leather belt. Elaina stepped up onto the decking and paused. He reached into his

pocket and slid the switch of the remote control to the vibrating panties he'd supplied up a few notches. Elaina froze.

Derrick watched her mouth gape open and her wide grey eyes flutter closed. Her knees quivered and threatened to collapse. Surging forward, he wrapped an arm around her waist and gathered her body against him. Elaina's arms instinctively latched themselves around his neck, and her head rested on his shoulder. The hand in his pocket continued to manipulate the remote sending vibrations skating across her labia and clit.

Derrick held Elaina tight against his body. When she tried to ride his leg to enhance the stimulation, he captured her hips and forced her to remain still. A soft whimper landed against his neck, but Elaina's rocking motions stopped. His hands slid around to capture her ass, left bare by the lace thong. Her skin was so smooth and soft in his hands. Elaina was lithe and toned, but she had the most perfectly round ass. He couldn't wait to watch it flush from the power of his hand.

He gently pulled her away from him. The light from the building spilling out onto the verandah allowed him to watch her eyes darken in need. Derrick captured her lips with his own, plunging his tongue deep into the sweet cavern. He fucked her mouth, thrusting inside with the same control he would his cock. He couldn't wait to feel Elaina accepting his length. To watch the thick tool fill her slowly, relentlessly feeding her every inch until she swallowed around the head as it slipped deep into her throat. He imagined the moment when she gave herself over to him, trusting Derrick to know her limits.

Long minutes later he ended the assault. They were both breathing heavily and one of Elaina's legs was wrapped around his hip.

"Master Collins?"

Derrick looked over his shoulder to see one of his waiters standing patiently a few feet away. "Yes?"

"Your table is ready, Sir."

"Thank you, Jeremy. We'll be along shortly."

He looked back at Elaina. "We'll dine, then I'll show you around the island so you can see what we have to offer."

He saw the question in Elaina's eyes before she could even voice the words.

"You will call me Sir. The others around here call me Master Collins, as is my right. However, I think it's a bit formal. I would prefer to hear your sweet lips cry out, 'Sir,' when I'm spanking you. When I'm fucking you. When I'm—"

Derrick halted the endearment before it could escape. Love had no place in his and Elaina's agreement for the week. She came here to learn about being a submissive, and he would teach her much of what she needed to know. The fact that she would take that knowledge and go back to the mainland shouldn't disturb him. Despite the 'shouldn't,' he *couldn't* stop the tightening in his gut with the thought of her using her lessons to build a true relationship with a lasting Master.

"Sir?"

"Let's go. I have it on the best authority that André has prepared a succulent feast for us. I called ahead and placed our order."

Derrick guided Elaina through the main dining room. Once they reached the back deck, he led her over to one of the padded wicker chairs.

"Please sit."

She followed his instructions without question, even if her face was a mask of confusion. Kneeling at her feet, Derrick slid her high-heeled sandal off her delicately arched foot. He smiled at the seashell pink nail polish covering her toes. When he was finished removing her shoes, he stood and held out his hand. Elaina's soft palm slid into his hand and she stood.

Derrick pointed out on the beach. A handful of candlelit tables were scattered across the white sand. Tall palms protected the privacy of the diners.

"We're going out there?"

"Yes. I like to dine in quiet. Appreciate the beauty of this paradise without being hounded by my staff. It's my 'me time' for the day. Tonight I wanted to share it with you."

"It's so romantic."

Derrick slid a hand on Elaina's lower back and guided her out onto the sand. When they reached the table furthest out on the beach, he assisted her into chair. Moving to the other side of the table, he seated himself and nodded at Jeremy who stood waiting to pour them the Sauvignon Blanc he'd chosen to complement the meal. The crisp lime and tropical fruit flavours from the New Zealand based winery would really set off the Maine lobster and



filet mignon. He'd specifically ordered the meal designed for two because he had every intention of feeding each luscious bite of the cuisine to Elaina's lips.

Derrick leant back in his chair and slowly sipped his wine. "Tell me more about you."

Elaina fiddled with the napkin on her lap. "What do you want to know?"

"Everything."

"In the course of one meal?" She smiled and lifted the wine glass to her lips.

"Fair enough. How about the Cliff's Notes version? From your application, I know you live in Miami but little else."

"I practice orthopedics at a sports medicine clinic in Miami Beach."

"So you're not only beautiful but a brain. That's a deadly combination to a simple man like myself."

Elaina scoffed. "Simple? I hardly think so."

Derrick shrugged. "Why sports medicine? Were you an athlete?"

"Yes, actually. I played volleyball throughout high school. I made the switch to the beach two years after that, and even played professional until I blew my knee out seven years later. I'd been attending the University of Miami in the off-season and had completed my bachelor's degree in exercise science."

"So when you weren't on the beach—"

"I was in the library. I knew the risks of playing a professional sport, and while I loved the game, it was destined to end sooner rather than later. After my injury, I went to medical school and never looked back."

"What about family and friends?"

"My parents live in Galveston, and my best friend in Miami is Anne. I have one older brother who's on the SWAT team in Houston."

"I don't detect any Texas in your voice?"

"It, um, only comes out when...when I..."

Derrick leant forward. "When you what, Elaina? When you're aroused? Will I hear a little Texan drawl right before I make you come?"

Elaina's blush was so refreshing. In his world, most of the women were so controlled or well-trained that spontaneous emotion was a rarity. Elaina was such a sweet contradiction of confident woman and innocent desire that it made his jeans uncomfortably tight. He spread

his legs to accommodate his growing arousal. His hand clutched the remote beside his leg, and he set the trigger to the highest setting without warning.

Elaina cried out and grasped the edge of the table. Her back arched, and her chest and abdomen glowed beautifully under the torchlight. As quickly as he'd instigated the stimulation, he shut it off. Elaina watched him, panting. He flipped the switch again, only this time to a low strum. The musical sound of a soft moan floated to him on the sea breeze.

"Don't close your eyes," he ordered. "You will keep your eyes on me unless I blindfold you or instruct otherwise."

"Yes, Sir."

Jeremy appeared and set their entrée on the white linen table. He could tell that Elaina wanted to look up at the young waiter to thank him, but kept her gaze on him as he played with the settings on the vibrating thong. He nodded his thanks to Jeremy, waiting until he was out of the line of sight before halting the stimulation to Elaina's pussy. Elaina raised her glass of wine to her lips, a slight tremble visible in the beverage.

"Very good. Now stand, bring your cushion and join me over here."

Elaina did as she was told and waited beside his chair. Her shoulders were back and her hands rested on the bare skin of her thighs.

"Does this position strain your injured knee?"

"No, Sir. It was a while ago, and I had surgery to correct the torn ligament."

"Good, because I like seeing you on your knees before me."

Elaina's eyes shone with excitement. She licked her lips, and Derrick was tempted — oh so tempted — to fill them with something other than the feast resting on the table. Instead, he calmly sliced a piece of the filet mignon and placed it on Elaina's lips in offering. She opened obediently and an earthy groan vibrated around his fingertips as the flavours burst across her tongue. Satisfaction with her easy acceptance warmed his gut, but he kept his features as even as possible. Some of the pleasure he felt must have shown through, though, because Elaina's lips arched in a little grin.

The lobster had come to the table already prepared for dining. He picked up a piece of the tail, and after dipping it into the butter sauce, held it out for Elaina. This time her tongue danced on Derrick's fingertips, sending a jolt straight to his already hard cock. André had really outdone himself by adding *foie gras* and black truffles. They ate in silence. The slight breeze caused the palms above their heads to rustle, creating a perfect soundtrack. He

periodically played with the vibrator, keeping her on edge—waiting for the next morsel to pass her lips, waiting for the next tingling pulse to her pussy while he set to consuming his portion of the meal. He noticed that Elaina's eyes were watchful of each of his movements. Her eyes devoured him, hunger burning within their depths.

When they'd finished, Jeremy came and took the plate. Derrick relaxed back against his chair, letting the delicious meal settle. It wasn't long before Elaina had reached her limit and began to squirm. He waited several minutes longer, sipping his wine. His eyes were trained on her as she awaited whatever he chose to do next. He eventually stood and held out his hand. When she reached her feet, he stabilised her with a hand on her waist. His fingers stroked the silky skin of her back until her legs could support her.

Derrick leant forward and placed a chaste kiss on Elaina's lips. "Thank you for a lovely meal."

"You're welcome, Sir."

## Chapter Three

"This place is so amazing. Not at all what I expected," she said.

"You came to the tropics and expected a dungeon?"

"No. Not a dungeon, per se, but not all this." Elaina gestured around them. "My bungalow is beautiful. The pool I passed along the path to the restaurant looks like a lush lagoon. We're walking hand in hand down a beach and the colours of the sky fill me with awe at their beauty. It's a South Pacific oasis, right here in the Keys."

"That's the way it's supposed to be. The fact that we cater to a certain clientele, and provide them with the amenities and freedom to be themselves is only incidental. When I designed the resort, I wanted to provide a safe haven for others in the scene. Somewhere they could relax and rejuvenate. We offer many of the same activities as thousands of other resorts in the Keys, but with a twist."

"I'm sure the fact that it's a private island makes that goal more obtainable than if you were anywhere else."

"Yes, that is a perk," Derrick said, smiling.

"So...do you own the actual island?"

"My family's company does. We've been in the resort business since Hemingway's time. Of course back then my grandfather did things on a slightly smaller scale. When I approached them with the idea five years ago, we started looking for property."

Elaina stopped and turned to face Derrick. "They didn't mind the whole BDSM thing?"

"Honey, this is the Keys. Anything goes down here. Of course, it didn't hurt that we were booked solid for a year before the first boat docked, thanks to some creative advertising by Lucas. We put stuff out on the web and in magazines that specialised in paraphernalia for BDSM enthusiasts. We promoted this place as a high-end paradise where you can experience pleasure beyond your wildest dreams."

They continued to walk along the shore, Elaina squishing the cool sand between her toes. She'd never experienced anything like the dinner they'd just had—both the meal and the company. It hadn't been a hardship to keep her eyes trained on Derrick as instructed. His yawning eyes burned into her psyche as his long fingers fed her bits of steak and lobster. The best part had been when she'd sipped the wine right from his lips. The crisp fruity drink had

mingled with his unique flavour, making her await the next taste with anticipation. The intermittent pulses from the vibrator had kept her only a step away from climaxing the entire meal. She desperately wanted to finish their play and hoped he was leading her somewhere where they could do so.

Derrick turned inland and started up a path that had been concealed behind a large palm frond. They walked along the path, going deeper into the foliage. Derrick stopped and lifted another palm away from the pathway. Before them stood a thatched-roof cabana. The sides draped in gauzy white material that flowed in the breeze but left the interior open for viewing. Within, Elaina saw several pieces of equipment.

Derrick led her inside and stopped in the centre of the wooden structure. Her head rotated around in wonder, and she tried to assimilate everything she saw into what little she'd read online. His hand captured her chin and lifted her gaze to his face. Their peaceful walk along the beach had apparently come to an end. It was time.

Derrick moved behind her. The tips of his fingers trailed down her back. A quick jerk and the material of her top clung by only the gold chain, the front free and loose in the night air. Another flick of the centre clasp and the emerald green scrap floated to the ground. Her hands automatically came up, but were captured by Derrick's strong grip before they could reach her breasts.

"You won't cover yourself."

Elaina's arms fell to her sides. Derrick slid the hidden zipper down in back of her skirt, and she was left in only the deliciously tortuous thong. Large hands cupped her ass cheeks, and Derrick's thumbs slid into the crevice. It took everything she had to remain still. She wanted to push back into Derrick's heated touch. Her breathing was heavy, and a shiver of excitement raced through her. Here was her answer. In this cabana, her body bared to anyone passing by, she would finally find out if there was more. If a firm touch and deep command could give her the outlet she needed to experience satisfaction. If her fantasies could equal reality, or if this, too, was just a disappointing game. Judging by the orgasm Derrick had given her earlier, she had high hopes.

The sea air cooled her heated skin, and she fisted her hands to keep them still. The scrap of lace at her hips was removed and, without conscious thought, her hands once again moved to cover herself.

"Elaina."

Derrick's deep voice, filled with censure, growled behind her. She jerked her arms back to her sides, but the damage had been done.

"It seems I can't trust you to follow orders. I was going to let you undress me, but now I'll have to find something else to occupy your hands."

Derrick raised one arm and quickly secured her wrist in a leather cuff attached by a cord to one of the ceiling beams. The treatment was repeated on the other side. The cuffs stretched her arms out and above her head just high enough to feel the tension, but the position wasn't uncomfortable. Her ears strained for the sound of Derrick somewhere behind her. Was he examining her? Did he like what he saw? Was seeing her bound and helpless, awaiting him, a turn-on?

Elaina was tempted to close her eyes, but remembered Derrick's earlier command. She didn't want to fail him again. She craved seeing that look of pleasure she'd caught at the dinner table when she'd knelt before him. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Derrick crossing from the opposite side of the cabana. He placed something on a small table right outside her line of sight, and moved in front of her. He stood with his arms crossed. The black material of his shirt stretched tight across his shoulders and chest. His legs were braced apart, encased in black jeans that emphasised his strength. He was epic, and he was hers.

His eyes bore holes into her as they travelled up and down her naked body. Elaina felt moisture seep from her slit. She wanted his touch. She'd do whatever it took to experience his hands on her once again. When his gaze landed on her nipples they tightened, reaching out for him. Her heart beat so fast, it felt as if it would explode from her chest at any moment.

Derrick lifted his hand and undid the first button on his shirt. One by one the closures opened and the sides parted. With precision he stripped the material away, leaving Elaina with an unencumbered view of a darkly tanned, wide-muscled chest. Her fingers itched to trace the hills and valleys. Her lips tingled, wanting to taste the salty skin glistening in the low light cast from hidden sources scattered around the cabana.

Strong hands released the wide leather belt and undid the button of Derrick's jeans. This may be punishment, but Elaina could think of few better views to endure. With minimal fanfare Derrick removed his boots and stripped the jeans from his body. Elaina got her first glimpse of his cock, and the tall proud spear jutted up from the neatly trimmed thatch of his groin. Its thick column flushed dark, and the tip glistened from drops of Derrick's need escaping the flared head. She swallowed hard when his hand wrapped around the turgid

staff and started stroking. It was only fair that his cock matched the magnificence of his large body.

She couldn't wait to feel all that strength, all the muscle, pressing against her. Holding her down, moving above her. She'd dreamt of a man who could tower over her, who could dominate her with his very existence, and it seemed fate had made her dreams a reality. But only for this week, she forcibly reminded herself.

"What are you thinking about?" he questioned.

"How the world works. How it is I came to be here, in this place, at this time, with you."

"Yes, well. As good as that is, I want your thoughts to be much less existential. I want you to only think about the pleasure I'll give you." Derrick slowly walked in circles around Elaina. "I'm going to twist your nipples between my fingers, make them stiff and achy. I'm going to suck them between my lips, nibble on them with my teeth until you cry out for mercy. I'm going to tunnel my cock into your hot mouth."

Derrick had stopped behind her and his breath rasped in her ear. His hands came around her front and traced the contour of her body, but didn't make contact with her skin. Elaina tried to lean into his touch, only to have his hands move out of reach, and her body tilt forward. The free fall was halted by the cords keeping her upright and tied to the wooden beams of the ceiling.

When his hands did make contact she stiffened as they spread her ass cheeks apart. Elaina knew Derrick knelt behind her because his breath panted against her back hole. Nobody had ever examined or touched her there. And *there* Derrick knelt, his eyes no doubt trained on that most private part of her.

Something warm, soft and wet touched her skin. It trailed up her trench and —

*Oh my god, that's his tongue!*

The slick appendage flicked across her asshole, and Elaina released a high, keening cry. She'd never experienced a similar sensation in all her life. Her nerve endings screamed with unparalleled pleasure, and when the pointed muscle stabbed between the clenched ring guarding her entrance, her mind vaporised into a torrent of need. Rough breaths shook her body, her legs trembled.

“There’s a very fine line between pain and pleasure. Some in the scene can absorb the pain, sometimes beyond the limits of what a normal person could think possible, and use it to feed their pleasure until they soar.”

He pulled Elaina’s hips back until her back arched, the bend beautiful in its grace. He wedged his knees between her legs to keep them separated. Now she was spread open. He saw the evidence of her arousal coat her pussy lips. She was dripping with need.

“You’re stunning,” he growled. His voice hoarse as his fingers dipped between the spasming lips of her cunt to gather some of her moisture. He dragged them back to her rear entrance and tickled the tightly furled rosette. “So wet for me.” His finger sank into her pussy and he groaned at the snug clasp within her plush walls. “So tight and hot. I can’t wait to sink my cock deep inside you. But first—” His finger retreated and attacked her back hole again. He pressed inside, firmly. “We’re going to make you tighter.”

He picked up the lube and butt plug he’d laid on the table earlier. He squirted some lube onto his fingers and placed them at her entrance. One finger slid deep with a gasp from Elaina above him. He added a second when the inner walls released their death grip on the intruding digit. Scissoring them apart within the untried tissues.

“Sir—”

“Such a pretty little asshole.”

Elaina cried out at the pinch of Derrick’s fingers stretching her. She couldn’t decide if she wanted to experience more of the dark desire coursing through her or run away. Her mind told her one thing, her body another. Then the fingers were gone and she felt empty. How could she not be sure she wanted something in the first place, only to crave it when it was gone?

“I’m going to fill your ass. Take a deep breath. When I push the plug in, you’re going to bear down. It’ll hurt at first, but I want you to ride the pain. Take it within you and use it. Let the pinch feed your need, let it drive you higher. When you’ve taken the whole thing, I’ll fill your tight little pussy with my cock.”

More cool lubrication entered her, soothing the lingering burn from Derrick’s fingers. She was a heartbeat away from begging for more when a hard blunt object pressed against her ring, and her body flared open. Elaina bit her lip and pulled on the ties securing her



arms. Her body began to twist in the ropes until Derrick's hand fell to the swell of her ass cheek. The resounding smack, the flare of heat, the sting, all stirred something inside her.

"No," Derrick said, harshly.

She stilled and the pressure resumed. Her muscles locked down against the invader. She gasped as the object slid deep inside her. It was so different from having a man fill her pussy. Different, but no less erotic. The farther the plug slid inside her, the wider it became. A bite of pain ricocheted up the nerve endings of her back. She didn't think she could take any more.

Derrick's free hand came around to her front. The large palm rubbed circles on her stomach and the soothing gesture helped ease her contracted muscles.

"Breathe. That's it, deep breaths. You're doing so well. I wish you could see what I see. Your graceful back arched, your hole flared out and sucking this plug deep within the confines of your body."

Elaina closed her eyes for the first time. She used Derrick's hand as a ground and searched for the pain from the plug piercing her ass. Taking it within her, she did as he'd told her and fed on the bite. Instead of focusing on the fire at her back entrance, she imagined the heat seeping deep within her body—spreading to all parts—and let her body relax. She wanted more. Her body moved of its own volition. Pressing back, seeking more. Somewhere in the distance she heard herself cry out, pleading Derrick to push it hard inside her, to fuck her. There was no more pain, only pleasure, only the deep seeded need for something more.

Derrick's hand trailed down from her stomach and strummed her clit. The little nub was hard and pulsing. Each flick of his finger sent fireworks shooting through her body. She wanted to press into the touch. She wanted to move away from the jolting sensations. Her body was an instrument and he the musician. His long fingers played between the lips of her pussy. They moved up and down the folds, circling the opening but not advancing.

Out of desperation, she screamed, her voice crying out into the night sky. Anyone beyond the cabana could watch, they could take pictures—hell, at this point, if she ended up on YouTube it wouldn't matter, as long as Derrick finally fucked her. One finger sank deep inside her cunt, moving in circles as if it were a tiny cyclone. Her juices rolled from her core, and she moaned at the blissful possession. Her muscles clenched down to hold the finger deep inside her prisoner. However, she wasn't strong enough, and when Derrick's digit retreated, she whimpered in regret only to gasp when it returned, accompanied by another.

If this is what his fingers felt like, what would happen when he shoved his massive cock into her? She couldn't possibly survive.

Derrick gripped the base of the plug and pulled it out a fraction, only to push it back home again and again. Elaina's hot panting breath and mewling sounds made his cock lengthen and throb. He wanted to plunge deep inside her and fuck her as hard as he could. He wanted to claim her in the most primal way, spewing his seed deep within her body and marking her as his for all time. The beautiful sounds she made as he pierced her ass with the plug, her breathy cries above him, begged him to fuck her. Her pussy wept, and her scent was ambrosia to his senses.

He slid his fingers deep inside her cunt, pressing against her G-spot. He felt the width of the plug buried deep in her ass through the thin membrane separating her cavities. Tapping against it, he imagined how unbelievably tight she was going to be wrapped around his cock. He stroked gently in and out of her vagina, determined to ratchet up her desire until she exploded.

Elaina's body glistened with sweat, and the heat from her core burned his hand. Her juices spilt out and soaked his palm, tempting him to lean in and take a taste. That would have to wait, though, because he couldn't hold back any longer. He removed his fingers from her cunt, and couldn't resist slipping them into his mouth for a brief sample. He lapped at the sweet nectar and moaned at Elaina's exquisite flavour. He would be eating her before long.

Derrick stood behind Elaina, his hands grasping her hips. Fitting his sheathed cock to her slick cunt he prodded.

"You're going to take my cock now, honey. Your quivering little pussy wants it, doesn't it?"

"Yes! I want it. Fuck me, Sir, please," she pleaded, softly.

He pushed the head inside, and the inferno of Elaina's body seared him through the condom. In one smooth movement, he pulled her down as he drove up into her with a guttural groan. He tried to wait for her channel to release its death grip on his cock, but his body wouldn't allow the intermission. It demanded that he move. He leant forward and buried his face in the slick fragrant skin of her neck. His hips pumped in and out in a strong steady rhythm.

“Oh god, oh god,” Elaina whimpered

“How’s it feel? How good is it to be stuffed front and back? To have your little body crammed so full of cock?”

“It’s so good...I...I had no idea,” she panted.

“It feels like sweet heaven inside you. So wet, so tight. Sweet mercy,” he whispered.

Derrick tried to hold out. It wouldn’t do to lose control now. The velvet clasp of her body dragged across his engorged flesh, sending him spiraling closer and closer towards climax. Her lithe body twisted in the ties, as she pushed back into each thrust of his hips. He slung an arm under her waist and lifted her off the ground. With her body suspended, he manoeuvred her so he could get deeper. Pushing into her harder, he picked up momentum, sliding through her thick cream and spearing her sensitive tissues.

Elaina’s body tightened around him further, heralding her impending climax, and Derrick thanked the gods because he knew he wouldn’t last much longer. Her pussy spasmed around him, and the rippling vibrations sent him hurtling over the edge. He howled out in ecstasy and heard Elaina’s answering call as he filled the barrier that prevented him from truly claiming this amazing woman. It felt as though pleasure overflowed from every pore of his body. Unending waves consumed him as every nerve exploded.

Derrick wrapped his arms around Elaina, holding her tight against him as they both tried to catch their breath. When he was sure his legs would hold him upright, he withdrew from her body and stepped around to her front. He released the cuffs on Elaina’s wrists, and her arms wrapped around his neck. Her body went lax with sleep. He carried her over to the platform bed and laid her gently on the soft surface. After disposing of the condom, he poured some water from the pitcher beside a washbasin onto a cloth and moved back to the bed. Gently, he bathed the sweat and juices from Elaina’s body. When he was finished, he reclined next to her and pulled the cord that would release the mosquito netting. The night sounds of the island surrounded them, and Derrick found himself being lulled to sleep by the sound of the surf in the distance and the warmth of Elaina’s body beside him.

\* \* \* \*

Elaina sat on one of the padded loungers that lined the beach, soaking up some rays. The sun was warm—but not blistering, having passed its zenith—and the heat soothed any

aches left over from her and Derrick's intense session the previous night. The amazing experience had answered at least one of her questions. There was definitely more to sexual bliss, and it appeared that Derrick knew just how to give it to her. After she'd woken from her pleasure-induced coma, Derrick had walked her back to her bungalow. He'd given her a sweet kiss on the lips and bid her goodnight. While she appreciated the tender care Derrick had provided after their session, Elaina was glad there hadn't been any pressure to spend the entire night together. She needed a bit of time to decompress, and tended to think best when alone.

So she'd showered, snuggled deep into the plush robe provided by the resort and had sat out on the verandah of her bungalow until the first muted colours of dawn crossed the horizon. When her eyes had finally become heavy with exhaustion, she'd climbed into her luxurious pillow-topped bed and let sleep claim her. Her dreams had been filled with more erotic images of her and Derrick in all manner of situations, and she wondered if any of them would come to fruition during the remainder of her stay.

When she'd gone down to the café to grab some lunch, there'd been a note from Derrick waiting for her. He'd instructed her to wear non-restrictive clothes and to meet him on the path just beyond the pool at exactly four p.m. She had a little over an hour 'til the appointed time, and already her blood began racing at the possibilities of what would happen.

Her online research regarding BDSM activities had left her wide-eyed in shock more than once. Some of the images had made her wince thinking that couldn't possibly be pleasurable, while others had left her aching and wet, seeking relief from her fingers. She was tempted to indulge before meeting Derrick, but the urge lessened when she remembered Derrick's command not to touch herself without his express permission. Why an order like that pleased her, she wasn't quite sure.

She was a thirty-four-year-old woman and saw masturbation as a healthy outlet. However, the echo of Derrick's deep voice, issuing the decree, resonated in her spirit, and some part of her wanted to please him more than finding a quick release. Elaina supposed that, coupled with her cataclysmic orgasms last night, it meant she did have submissive tendencies.

\* \* \* \*

Forty-five minutes later she checked her mirror one last time before leaving her bungalow. She'd showered and dressed in a white cotton cover-up, feeling a bit risqué that she remained nude beneath the flowing, blousy design. The plunging neckline provided peeks of the flesh beneath when she moved, and one quick draw of the strings at her elbows and waist would allow the material to pool at her feet. The crocheted detail along the neckline, sleeves and hip gave the garment a touch of elegance that she thought fit in quite well with their island setting. She decided on simple sandals to protect her feet from the crushed shell pathway.

She didn't exactly have pockets to put her key in, so she laced it through a rubber band and put it around her wrist. On the way out the door, she felt a combination of serenity and eagerness enshroud her. Her feet verily flew down the path through the lush foliage. She stopped for a moment to inhale the scent of tropical flowers in bloom around her, and to savour the quiet breeze as it lifted her hair away from her neck. Remembering Derrick's order to be on time, she hightailed it to the pool. She turned the last corner and stopped at the vision before her. There he stood, a towering wall of human perfection.

"Elaina." Derrick nodded his head. "I'm glad you followed my instructions."

"Yes, Sir," she said, breathlessly.

Elaina closed the distance between them and resisted the urge to go up on her toes for a kiss. Derrick's eyes were riveted to the deep V-neck of her cover-up, and his eyes flared when the material gaped enough for him to get a view down the opening.

"Are you naked under that thing?" he growled.

"Yes, Sir. I thought it would please you."

"It does please me. I believe I shall give you a reward before the night is through."

Elaina smiled. "May I ask where we're going?"

"You already have, but I believe I shall wait to show you." He held out his hand.

"Come with me."

They took a left at a fork on the path, away from the main building and restaurant. She was simply enjoying her walk when they stopped beneath a towering wooden structure that looked vaguely Japanese in style. It appeared to symbolise the entrance to the garden in front of them. As they passed through the arch, Elaina's heart accelerated. She had a feeling they'd reached their destination, but was still unsure what to expect. A few more steps into the

garden, and she had a partial answer. A cabana with a three-tiered thatched roof stood in the centre of a small glade. Derrick led her inside and stopped.

"Last night I gave you a preview of how it felt to give up control, to relinquish command of your body. With you secured to the ties I could have moved you, touched you, done anything to you I wanted, and beyond using your safeword, you effectively became my prisoner to passion. Have you ever heard of Kinbaku?"

"No, Sir."

"It's more popularly known as Shibari." Derrick watched Elaina's head shake negatively. "Kinbaku is a Japanese form of bondage. You'll be my canvas and the jute is my medium. Your body will be imprisoned with a series of intricate knots, and I'll hang you from the ceiling of this hut like a beautiful creation. Do you trust me?"

Derrick's description was both poetic and exhilarating. Adrenaline pumped through her system. She would truly be at his mercy, her only way out a simple word. He was right. It all boiled down to trust. Did she trust Derrick to keep her safe, to know what he was doing? She'd known him one day, and yet given her body to him without qualm, only to have the most erotic experience of her life.

Derrick gripped her chin and raised her gaze to his. "Elaina? I expect an answer when I question you."

"Yes, Sir."

"Yes, Sir what?"

"Yes, Sir...I trust you."

Elaina closed her eyes when Derrick placed a soft kiss on her lips in praise. Their bodies only connected by the brief touch, but it was probably the most important kiss of her life. The ties at her elbows came loose, followed by the one at her waist and instantly her body was once again bare for Derrick's inspection. She stood still in the centre of the hut, her hands at her side. Derrick slowly walked around her, his eyes caressing every inch of her skin.

"I see a glow on your skin that wasn't there yesterday. Did you spend time on the beach?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Did you use protection? The rays can be brutal down here."

"Yes, Sir."

"I'm glad. The only redness I want to see should be the blush on your ass after a good spanking."

She swallowed, and a tingle ran up and down her body imagining how it would feel to have Derrick's palm land on her ass cheeks repeatedly. Or would he use a paddle? She could hear the smack in her mind, feel the flare of pain, the heat that would build until her normal pale complexion turned rose.

Derrick lifted one of her arms, and bent it to rest in the middle of her back. He repeated the movement with the other arm so that the tips of her fingers rested on her forearms. It was then that she felt the first lash of the jute. Her arms were now secured, and the support of the rope relieved any stress from holding the position. She closed her eyes and willed her body to mould in Derrick's magical hands.

The rope passed over and under her breasts several times, further pinning her arms to the side of her body. Derrick weaved and knotted a new length of jute in the centre of her back. With gentle hands he brought the double strand across her shoulder, the tips of his fingers caressing her skin from collarbone to breast. He tucked the rope into the strands beneath her breasts, and lifted it up to the opposite side. Her first jolt came when he pulled the rope. Her chest arched out, and a gasp escaped. Her mind cleared and tranquility permeated her being. Her breathing slowed to a hypnotic rhythm. It was at that moment that she truly gave herself over to Derrick's ministrations.

Elaina stood still as a statue, her eyes closed, savouring the strength of the silky golden strands wrapped around her naked body. Derrick stood behind her and knotted another long length of jute into the conglomeration at her back. Where would this piece go?

Derrick wrapped his arms around her. Her body swayed in the ropes, now attached to the hook hanging from the ceiling.

"Give yourself over to the bindings. Let your body swing, feel the blood pulsing through your veins from the constrictions," he whispered in her ear.

One of his hands covered her eyes, and the other supported her stomach. She allowed her muscles to go lax, and leant back against him. The ropes held her securely, and her body moved as if it were a pendulum. The warmth of Derrick's body made her feel secure. And the rope twisting and knotting around her made her aware of every inch of her body.

"Good girl. Now keep your eyes closed."

The next thing she knew a band of silk covered her eyes. Her other senses opened and flooded, feeding her clues about what was happening around her. Derrick's spicy scent moved in front of her. His hands slid around her waist, and another length of rope enclosed the circumference. She could tell he was twisting the rope around itself, tying knots along the way. The small balls put pressure where they laid on her skin.

"Spread your legs."

Warm air from Derrick's breath landed on her pussy. She moaned and tried to move closer, only to be reminded of the anchor high above her head.

"Your earthy scent is intoxicating. Just wait, sweetheart, things are only going to get better."

Elaina gasped as Derrick's thumbs spread her pussy lips, and slid the rope between her labia. One of those delicious knots rested against her engorged clit. Another moan escaped and she arched, testing out the rope's stimulation. Derrick slid around to her backside, tucking the rope between her legs and threading it between the cheeks of her derriere. He secured it to the pattern decorating her back.

The next several lengths passed around her stomach, hips and thighs. Then all of a sudden she left the ground, her body fell forward and the world as she knew it spun away.



## Chapter Four

Elaina was well and truly trapped in Derrick's web of desire. Her body was completely suspended and swayed gently in the island breeze. The bindings rubbed on her sensitised skin, and she couldn't prevent the little moans and gasps when the knot on her clit shifted. Sometimes gravity or her own movement forced her body to press into the silky cords a little tighter, causing little sparks to shoot up and down her nerve endings. Heat radiated onto her skin from a source other than the tropical air. She inhaled deeper and picked up the tantalising scent of mango. He must have lit some candles nearby.

"You look so stunning. Your skin is flushed with passion. Your nipples are hard, reaching out for my touch. And your sweet little cunt is dripping with desire. I can see how much you enjoy this. You're thrilled to be secured in my web."

"Yes, Sir."

Derrick's fingers traced the edges of the rope decorating her body, over her shoulders and down the curve of her back. She tried to arch into his touch, but each wiggle forced some of the lengths to tighten, most notably the ones surrounding her breasts. Derrick's web was a cocoon filled with warm energy surrounding her.

She let her head follow gravity's command and sighed as Derrick's large hand caressed the back of her neck. Her hair became a curtain surrounding her head. A few strands caught by the breeze tickled her face, and Elaina resisted the urge to blow them away. Then Derrick's soothing touch was gone. Where did he go? What would he do now? Elaina's pulse began to race, faster than it had since the whole process started. Anticipation and excitement built inside her, pooling in a pulsating beat centred right on her clit. Her juices seeped from her core, soaking the rope threaded between her legs.

The sensations built to nearly unbearable levels, and she was about to call out for Derrick to help ease the tension when a shocking heat seared her, radiating from a point in the small of her back. A cry ripped from her body, and before she caught her breath another splash landed on the swell of her buttocks. It was the candles! Derrick was dripping wax onto her from the candles he must have lit. Each drip brought a sweet flare of agony and heat, but no real pain. Splashes landed at random intervals always on a new part of her body.

Derrick decorated her from the base of her neck to the soles of her feet. She moaned and whimpered as fathomless pleasure radiated through her body. When a drop landed directly behind her knee, she almost came right then and there.

Time was forgotten as she slid deeper and deeper under Derrick's masterful spell. Her mind floated in a haze of ecstasy. Whereas before she'd been desperate for a climax, now the ebb and flow of sensations were a release all their own.

Derrick stepped back to admire the amazing view before him. The multitude of lit candles in the cabana created a glow, which enhanced Elaina's skin shimmering behind the golden sleek cords embracing her gorgeous body. The rainbow colours of wax decorating her body refracted the light, creating an aura around her. His only regret was that her deep mahogany hair draped over her head, obscuring her face. The soft whimpers and slow deep breaths expanding her chest let him know that she'd given herself over to the pleasure.

The hardness of his cock had reached agonising proportions. As silently as possible he moved in front of Elaina's head. He'd purposely raised the ropes to place her directly at the level of his hips earlier. He flicked the button on his jeans open, then tugged the tab of his zipper down. He smiled as Elaina's head tilted with the sound. Derrick lifted one side of her hair, and smoothed it over the opposite shoulder. He fished out his cock and stroked the staff a few times. The caress felt so good, he nearly groaned. He smeared the essence leaking from the tip around Elaina's lips.

"Open wide, Elaina."

Her pink tongue flicked out and licked at the slit of his cock with unerring accuracy. Derrick hissed at the fiery caress, but jerked away from the touch.

"I said open, not lick," he growled.

He held the base of his cock and aimed for the open portal. The hunger to feel her sweet lips closing over his skin churned within him. Fire exploded in his body as the head of his dick slipped inside. Inch by inch he fed her hunger. And she was hungry. A moan rose from her chest and the vibrations skipped across his cock, causing a similar response.

"Sweet heaven."

His entire body ached for release. The last hour had slowly built his arousal. Each twist of the rope, each splash of wax on Elaina's body had him climbing higher. She'd responded

so beautifully both last night and now, her submission a purely natural instinct. Her lips closed over him, her tongue stroking his steel-hard flesh.

"That's it. Good girl," he rasped. His teeth snapped when her tongue wriggled against the ultra-soft fold just beneath the head. His thighs tightened, his stomach muscles convulsed. "Suck me deeper. Take as much as you can." His thumbs massaged her opened jaw in slow circles. "Loosen up and relax. I know you can, baby. You look so beautiful with my cock filling you up."

Elaina's jaw went slack and Derrick slid home, deeper than he ever truly thought possible. "Oh fucking hell...yes..." His cock flexed and Derrick wanted to see her eyes. He held her head stable with one hand and jerked the silk blindfold off with the other. "Look at me," he ordered.

Stormy eyes rose to meet him, and he began to fuck the lips stretched tight over his width. He moved slowly at first, so not to overwhelm her, then picked up the pace when he knew she could handle it. Elaina's pupils were blown wide open, her cheeks flushed.

"I'm going to come," he warned her hoarsely. "I'm going to fill you up, and you're going to fly with me." His hands speared through her hair as he shuttled his cock in and out in short rapid thrusts. Elaina's hips squirmed in their web, and he knew the knot at her clit rubbed on the bundle of nerves. She moaned and her lids fluttered as her own need began to overtake her body.

Derrick was almost there. Any second his cock would erupt in a torrent of semen. Elaina tightened on him, suckling harder, drawing him deeper until finally a savage growl tore from his throat and jets of cum spurt inside her mouth. Her scream of release vibrated his cock and fed his climax. When the last drop of cum had been wrung out of him, he slipped out of Elaina's mouth. A little dribble escaped over the edge of her swollen lower lip and her head hung to ground as her strength left her.

He dropped to his knees and lifted her chin. Taking her lips in a sweet kiss he tasted himself within her, and out of the depths of his soul, fierce pride roared. The most elemental part of himself was now within her body. It was a shocking but not unwelcome feeling. He'd never thought to claim another sub again. His trust in the establishment had been broken with Carolyn's betrayal, but from the moment his and Elaina's eyes had met when she'd stepped foot on the island, claiming her had been all he could think about.

\* \* \* \*

Elaina sighed as the bubbles from the Jacuzzi caressed her body. She leant back against Derrick as he massaged all her muscles. After Derrick had released her from the web of jute, they'd slowly strolled back to his bungalow hand in hand. He'd dressed in just his jeans and she in her cover-up. They'd taken a leisurely shower under the stars and Derrick had meticulously soaped away all traces of the soy-based wax from her body. Now her body was the consistency of a wet noodle, and she wanted nothing more than to curl up in Derrick's arms and sleep.

However, since she didn't know if that sort of behaviour was welcome in their arrangement, she decided to soak up whatever luxurious treatment he was willing to provide. This post-sex aftercare was a revelation to her. She'd never been with a man who'd pampered her so much after they'd spent themselves. Was this part of the Dom/sub relationship, or was this just Derrick? Either way, she'd take it, and most likely beg for more.

"What are you thinking about?" Derrick whispered in her ear.

"Everything," she giggled. "This is an amazing place. Your bungalow, I mean. It's huge but homey and comfortable. This outdoor Jacuzzi is seriously something I could come to covet, and your view is amazing. I think I could see down to the tip of the island from here."

"Well, since I live here year round, this *is* my home. I put a lot of thought into how I wanted it designed. In fact, most of the bungalows are derivatives of what you find here. I saved a few perks just for me, though."

"Oh yeah? Like what?"

"I have his and hers bathrooms. Complete with a multi-jet steam shower and claw-foot tub, just waiting for a good soak. The vaulted ceilings don't make me feel so closed in—as you can imagine with my size that can be a problem in some of the smaller units. And while I maintained the British colonial furnishings as with the rest of the resort, I did go with more overstuffed chairs and sofas for comfort, and I admit to hoarding the best view for myself."

"What's it like to live here full time?"

"Paradise. Don't mistake me. I work hard to keep this place going and organised, but you can't beat the view from my office or home."

Elaina settled deeper between Derrick's legs, letting the water come up over her shoulders now that his massage was complete. "What about when the hurricanes come? And

doesn't living and working within the confines of the resort get cagey at times. What happens if there's a medical emergency?"

Derrick settled his arms around Elaina's waist. "We have protocols in place should a storm come up. If I start to go stir crazy, I can always escape to one of the bigger islands for some R and R. We also have a seaplane and pilot on staff to fly to the medical centre in Key West if necessary." He spun her around in the water so they were facing each other and their lips met in a lingering lover's kiss. "Of course, since meeting you, I have an even greater reason to visit the big city more often."

Derrick's words caused Elaina's heart to jump. Did he mean that she was more to him than a plaything, more than a diversion for the week? Elaina had straddled Derrick's lap when he'd spun her around, and his cock nestled between her legs had thickened with their play. She wiggled her hips, and smiled when Derrick groaned before capturing her hips and grinding her pussy down on his filling length. Her arms wrapped around his neck, and she gave into the impulse to kiss him again.

Before now, all the kisses they'd shared had been part of a scene, bestowed upon her from her Master as a reward. This kiss was more. It felt like two lovers relishing in a moment together. She was so tempted to raise her hips and force his hard cock deep inside her. To unite their bodies and take each other to completion without the structure of play, but that would be her taking what she wanted. While she knew making love to Derrick would send her soaring, it seemed wrong. She didn't come to the island to find a replacement lover for Mike. She came here to find herself. Derrick had offered to guide her on her quest. He hadn't agreed to become her new boyfriend.

Reluctantly she pulled back from their kiss. "I hate to spoil this moment, but I think I'm turning into a prune."

He chuckled. "We wouldn't want that. I happen to enjoy every inch of your smooth, silky skin." He lifted her off his lap, exited the Jacuzzi then held out his hand. "Come on. We'll get you dried and lotioned up. I've already arranged to have dinner delivered."

For a moment she stared at his hard cock, standing tall against his stomach. She wanted it inside her again. The thick length had filled her mouth so perfectly, and caused spasms of pleasure to wrack her body when it was buried deep inside her pussy. He didn't seem perturbed that she'd called a halt to their activities. Why was that? Was she wrong before?

Was she merely a convenience? Frustrated by the mess of contradictions floating around in her head she accepted his hand and rose from the water with as much grace as possible.

Derrick cradled Elaina's left cheek in his hand. "You're welcome to stay the night should you desire. You should know that you've submitted to me so beautifully, and I've enjoyed our time together. More than I ever thought I would, more than..." He swallowed and leant down to place a chaste kiss on her forehead.

"Thank you, Sir. Do you want —" She pointed to his erection.

He shook his head. "Not now. I enjoy the wait, the anticipation building inside me until I take you again. Oh, and Elaina...when we're not in a scene, I'm simply Derrick."

*Who is Derrick? My lover? My friend with benefits? My Master?*

"Thank you, Derrick. I've...You've made me...It sounds heavenly but —"

"It's okay. I know this arrangement is new to you. Tomorrow, before we do anything else, we're going to talk about what you've experienced. So tonight, when you go back to your unit, I want you to think about what you've felt, how you've responded to the different scenes, and what more you want to experience before you leave."

Elaina nodded, and if the thought of her leaving caused a pain in her chest it was nobody's business but hers.

\* \* \* \*

Derrick paced the length of his office. He'd come here to escape for a little while. He thought if he surrounded himself with the paraphernalia of his life, then the emotions running rampant through his body might disappear. Yesterday in the Jacuzzi, he'd wanted nothing more than to make love to Elaina. He'd been seconds away from pushing deep inside her, when she'd pulled back and made the excuse about pruning up. It'd been an excuse too, he could tell. What he couldn't figure out was if Elaina was running from similar emotions, or if she didn't feel anything at all?

Was he simply a means to an end for her? A test dummy sacrificed to determine if the D/s lifestyle was what she wanted, or did she feel the deeper connection between them, too? Even if they shared a connection, he had to decide what, if anything, he would do about it. Was he really ready to try having a full-time sub again? Could he place his trust in Elaina after knowing her for such a short time? He and Carolyn had played together for years before they'd decided to make things permanent, and look how that had turned out. She'd

mentally spat on their commitment to each other with the first guest in a pair of tight leather pants who'd crooked his finger at her. Of course, if he were being brutally honest, he would admit that asking Carolyn to be his had been a mistake from the beginning. He'd known deep down she didn't want that type of relationship, but at the time, he'd wanted so badly to have someone belong to him, to belong to someone else. She'd enjoyed being someone's submissive for the theatrics and attention, not because she wanted to pledge her heart, body and soul to her Master.

Derrick thought of all the times Lucas had asked him what he saw in Carolyn. There was a knock at his office door and he smiled when his best friend walked through.

"You were right," Derrick said.

"Naturally...which impart of my genius are we discussing?"

"Carolyn and I. It was wrong from the beginning."

Lucas rolled his eyes. "Well, duh. I've been trying to tell you that for two years, but what made *you* finally see the light?"

"Elaina."

Lucas nodded and smiled. "She is hot, and during the brief amount of time I've spent with her, she seemed intelligent and kind. If I thought she had what I needed, I wouldn't hesitate to give you a run for your money."

Derrick growled. "Mine."

Lucas held up his hands. "Chill. I know that. Now what are you going to do about it?"

Derrick returned to pacing. "That's just it. I have no idea. I don't even know if she would be willing to uproot the life she's built in Miami. Hell, I don't even know if she wants a D/s life."

"She seemed pretty comfortable that first night."

"You saw us?"

Lucas nodded once. "Briefly, I wanted make sure everything was okay."

Lucas had been a good friend over the years. They'd shared women on more than one occasion, and it didn't bother Derrick that Lucas had witnessed his and Elaina's activities that first night.

"I took her to the kinbaku hut the other night."

"And?"

"She glowed in the ropes so beautifully. I wish you could—" Derrick stopped. He thought of the perfect way Lucas could help him. "What are you doing tonight?"

"Having a few drinks, maybe see if I can find a couple willing to take on a third?"

"You want to see how Elaina responds first hand?"

Lucas arched his eyebrow. "Is she ready for that?"

Derrick's blood heated at the thought of Elaina submitting to both him and Lucas. He imagined the expression on her face when both of them fucked her simultaneously. His cock thickened at the notion of her body laid out as a feast for the two of them. It was merely a bonus that Lucas' presence would provide Derrick with further insight.

\* \* \* \*

"Suck Lucas' cock, Elaina."

She knelt on the floor of Derrick's living room, face to cock with his resort manger. The proffered organ was thicker than anything she'd seen before. Lucas wasn't as long as Derrick, but had him beat in the girth department. The other major difference was that Lucas was uncircumcised. She'd never given head to a man with foreskin before. Presumably the process was the same, but she didn't want to do anything wrong. Elaina didn't know if she could do Lucas' cock justice but she'd give it her all to please her Master.

"Elaina."

Derrick's deep voice held an edge she hadn't heard before, probably due to her delay. She licked her lips and stretched her neck forward. The fat head of Lucas' cock slid between her lips. His taste was different from Derrick's, more salty.

"Don't be afraid of it, Elaina. Use your lips and tongue, play with the foreskin," Lucas said, then hissed when she complied. "That's it...good girl."

Derrick stood to the side of Lucas, his mountainous body bared to their eyes, his cock rapidly filling. She checked his expression as he watched her blow his best friend. The ownership, the pride was clearly evident, and the last of the tension in her body gave way to the experience.

"She's beautiful, Derrick. Fiery hair, smoky eyes. Has she been a good girl?" Lucas growled as he braced his feet apart and pushed his cock deeper into her mouth.



Derrick walked over to stand behind her. His fingers feathered her cheek bulging with Lucas' cock, and Elaina shivered with the caress.

"Mostly, but there's something to be said for being bad. Right, kitten? You're not to make him come."

Derrick knelt behind her, and his hands cupped her swollen breasts. His lips landed on her shoulder at the same time his fingers pinched her tight nipples. The two opposing sensations made her groan. Derrick's fingers continued to rub and squeeze her nipples, while his lips peppered sweet kisses along her neck. Lucas' cock thrust slowly inside her mouth over and over. She was trapped and loving every second of it.

A hot little flare of pain shot from her nipple, and she reached for the mounds only to have her progress halted.

Lucas imprisoned Elaina's hands in his grasp. "Uh-uh. The clamps will heighten your pleasure, and when we remove them you'll feel the most delicious pain as the blood rushes back into the tips."

She was so focused on the clamps pinching her nipples and the lust burning in Lucas' eyes that when a shock of cold lubricant hit her anus she cried out around the thick cock stretching her mouth. One of Derrick's fingers breached her back channel. The tight muscle pinched when the second quickly followed, but it only took a moment before the two digits were moving with ease. She stared up at Lucas, her eyes begging for more. His response was to increase the momentum of his thrusts. Her tongue thrashed against his cock as she hollowed her cheeks with each withdrawal. Both her wrists were shackled in his grasp above her head.

"Holy fuck, Derrick. You'd better hurry or I'm going to blow."

Another of Derrick's fingers worked up her back entrance. His dark voice murmuring encouragement as her body opened to him.

"That's enough, Lucas," Derrick ordered.

When Lucas pulled out, she whimpered. He quickly sheathed his cock and reclined on a wide chaise lounge.

"Lucas is going to fuck your pussy, and I'm going to fill your ass, sweetheart. You're going to scream so beautifully for us, aren't you?"

Elaina knew she'd be lucky if she didn't pass out, but all that she managed to squeak out was, "Yes, Sir."

"Climb on top of Lucas. Straddle him. Take his cock deep inside you, baby."

She did and the moment Lucas' wide cock pierced her vagina, she went wild. Lucas stabilised her hips and snarled with pleasure as he arched, plunging deep into her core.

"Sir!" she cried out while Lucas simultaneously yelled –

"Holy god!"

Lucas pulled her into his chest with one arm and stilled her gyrations by clamping the other hand on her hip. Her fingers dug into Lucas' shoulders when she felt Derrick press against her back. The head of his cock nudged her stretched opening.

"Relax against Lucas, Elaina. Open for me, and we'll make you feel so good."

He entered her slowly. Inching his way inside. It felt so different from the plug they'd used the first night together. His hard flesh flexed as it tunneled through the tightness of her body, and she fought to adjust to the impalement.

"It's okay, baby," Derrick soothed her.

"Jesus, Derrick... I've never had a heat like hers surround me. She's creaming all over my balls."

Hunger tore through her body. Incredible sensations of both pain and pleasure ricocheted inside her so quickly, she couldn't cling to either one. Derrick had her pinned against Lucas' broad chest. She couldn't move as he gave a solid thrust and entered her completely.

"Yes," she screamed.

"That's it," Derrick whispered. "We're all the way inside you. Now the real fun begins."

She lay between them, her body held in suspension as they fucked her in a practiced rhythm. Derrick's cock dragging through the newly awakened nerve ending of her ass while Lucas' hips flexed, drawing his cock in and out of her pussy in a spellbinding motion. Whimpers and cries sang from her throat as her body went up in flames.

With silent communication the pace of both men's thrusts increased in perfect synchronisation. Their groans mingled with her cries. Four hands caressed her body, two mouths latched onto her neck and shoulders. The three of them writhed in complete abandon. She pleaded for more and they gave it to her. Heated whispers of praise floated over her skin.

It felt as though every cell in her body tightened with her approaching orgasm. Her cunt milked Lucas' cock and her ass clung to Derrick.

“Come for me, Elaina! Come now!” Derrick yelled.

Lucas released the nipple clamps, and fire engulfed her entire being. The wave of sensations rampaging through her body crested and she tumbled over the precipice. Her womb contracted, and an unearthly wail echoed in the room.

“Fuck!” Lucas cried, savagely, moments before he tensed and his body shook with the force of his orgasm.

Derrick’s mouth latched onto the curve of her neck where it met her shoulder and bit the muscle. The claiming mark caused another climax, stronger than the first, to rip through her and as her world went black she felt his cock throb in release.

## Chapter Five

Elaina stood on the beach, gazing out at the turquoise water. The white sand along the shore sparkled so bright under the sun it hurt her eyes. The tide washed up over her toes and the sand beneath her feet was pulled away, drifting to unknown parts of the world until it landed at another person's feet. Maybe somebody else like her. Somebody, who while searching for themselves, ended up losing their heart.

Her time with Derrick had cemented her need for a Master. She no longer had any doubt, no longer wondered if there was more. Her only remaining problem was now that she'd found what she was searching for, she had to give it up. Her time in paradise had come to an end. Well, it would come to an end with the rising of the sun in approximately twelve hours.

Her last day on the island and she hadn't heard a word from Derrick all day. Her body still throbbed from the amazing experience he'd given her with Lucas the night before. After she passed out, Derrick had bathed her and tucked her into his massive sleigh bed. She'd woken later smelling like vanilla and wrapped in a pair of strong arms. Derrick's slow breath had bathed the top of her head, and his body heat had kept her warm despite the cool air from the air conditioning. It was at that moment that she knew she was in love and wished upon every falling star she'd ever seen that Derrick could learn to love her too.

His silence today, though, was an answer all its own. Well, if she couldn't have his love, at least she could make the most of his domination. She smiled as a naughty thought flashed through her brain. Tonight was the one night a week where the open-air cantina turned into a raging dance club, filled with those looking to cut loose. With determination she spun around and headed back to her bungalow to prepare for the night's festivities.

\* \* \* \*

The lights flashed overhead. The bass thumped and the beat pounded through her skin. Elaina tucked her body in closer to her dance partner. The man's hands circled her waist, and his hips ground against her. The barely there dress hugged her body like second skin. She knew the teal colour set off her newly acquired tan and red hair to perfection. Her sky-high

heels made her legs look endless. The entire effect was designed to draw in her prey, namely a six-foot-seven-inch tall Dom who owned her heart and had set her soul free.

Another man joined their little dance party, effectively sandwiching her between the pair. Their bodies pressed so close together, it left Elaina with little doubt of the effect she was having on their anatomy. Out of the corner of her eye, she spied Lucas on the phone. His hands were waving furiously and while she couldn't hear his voice over the music, his steely gaze zeroed in on her little section of the dance floor. She hoped he was calling Derrick because the man behind her was starting to get a little grabby.

Derrick stood in the shadows of the club, watching Elaina dance song after song with man after man. Her body moved in beat to the music with the fluidity of a natural athlete, but there was no joy in her eyes. He noticed that she kept slyly pushing away the tentacles of her current partner when they tried to grab her ass. He'd had enough of this shit! Stalking across the dance floor, he caught Lucas' gaze and nodded. It was thanks to his friend he knew where to find his wayward sub.

He stepped up behind the octopus and tapped him on the shoulder. The man tried to brush Derrick off, until he turned around. Then, deferring to Derrick's superiority, he slunk away without a comment passed between them. Derrick grabbed one of Elaina's hands and spun her around. Their lips landed fractions of an inch apart, and her hands immediately clung to his chest. He wrapped an arm beneath her ass and lifted her.

Elaina's legs wrapped around his waist, and he turned away from the gawkers. His long legs carried them quickly across the courtyard to his home. The entire time Elaina's arms were locked around his neck and her lips pressed against his temple. As good as it felt, he couldn't allow her behaviour to go unanswered.

"Stop, right now!"

Her body tensed, but she didn't let go. Once he entered his bungalow, he slammed the door shut and strode into the bedroom. He sat on the same bed he'd shared with Elaina the previous night. He stripped the miniscule dress from her body, and draped her over his knees. His hand landed heavy on the flesh of her ass, watching as the skin turned bright white then flush a beautiful shade of rose.

"What was the meaning of your little show tonight?"

“Nothing, Sir. I only wanted to have a good time,” she said, her head hanging to the floor.

Another hit landed on the other ass cheek. “Don’t lie to me! You knew our deal. Why the blatant misbehaviour?”

“I hadn’t heard from you all day. I thought you were through with me.”

He smacked the underside of her ass, where her thighs met the lush cheeks. “I’ll tell you when we’re through, you understand me? You want to leave? You want to slink back to the mainland now that you’ve gotten your taste of what this lifestyle can do for you?”

She didn’t respond. It was time for a change in tactics. He thrust two fingers up high inside her cunt, and a startled cry greeted him at the same time as his hand flooded with her cream. He gave her another smack.

“Do you?” he growled.

“No,” she choked out, then sniffled. Her hands wiped at her eyes.

He finger fucked her, as her body told him everything her voice would not. “What do you want? Tell me. Tell me, now!”

“You!” she cried out, pushing back into his hand. “I want you! I love you! I don’t want to leave! Please don’t make me leave, Sir.”

Derrick lifted her upright and flung her onto her back on the bed. His body spread out over hers, and he took her mouth in a feverous kiss. “You’re mine. You understand me? Mine.”

His clothes disappeared in record time and with no ceremony, his spread Elaina’s legs wide and plunged inside her. Their bodies rocked together as they climbed higher. Every thrust deep into her body tightened the seal of their bond. Elaina’s legs wrapped around his waist, her nails scratched down his back. The burn only pushed him higher. His hands cupped her ass and lifted her hips, so he could reach the deepest part of her core. Tiny spasms rippled along the length of his cock.

Elaina was stunning with her head writhing on the pillow of his bed. Her red hair became silky flames on the white sheets. He surged in and out of her, claiming her with his cock as she’d claimed his heart with her exquisite need. Watching her blossom as a submissive the past week had been a privilege and magnificence he refused to share with another Dom. Oh, he might share her body from time to time with Lucas, but her submission, her love, and her soul belonged to him.

She came with an intensity he'd never before experienced. Her cunt locked down on his cock so tight he groaned at the punishing grasp. When the muscles relaxed their death grip, he fucked her without mercy. He slammed his body into hers over and over, and just when he thought he would die with an angel in his arms, his cock exploded deep inside her, bathing her in his seed. The final element needed to truly mark her for all time.

"I love you," he gasped.

They collapsed in each other's arms, boneless and covered in their combined sweat. As their hearts and breath slowed, Derrick knew that in his Elaina's arms, their pleasure would always mean paradise.

## About the Author

If you look up the word conundrum in the dictionary, there should be a photo of Trina Lane. Her personality is so multifaceted that her friends have spent countless hours scratching their heads in wonder. A scientist with a passion for history, music and photography she loves to travel and experience new places but is terminally shy around people she doesn't know.

Trina has been devouring romance novels since her tender teenage years, although only began writing two and half years ago. When her debut novel was met with resounding success, she said "Hey I can do that again". The rest as they say is history.

Her choices in reading and writing material are as diverse as her iTunes library, which contains music from Mozart to Metallica. Her one concession is all stories must have a happily ever after ending-did we mention she's incurably romantic?

She lives in Missouri with her loving and indulgent husband, and orange tabby cat-affectionately referred to as 'Houdini' for his stealthy escape attempts.

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