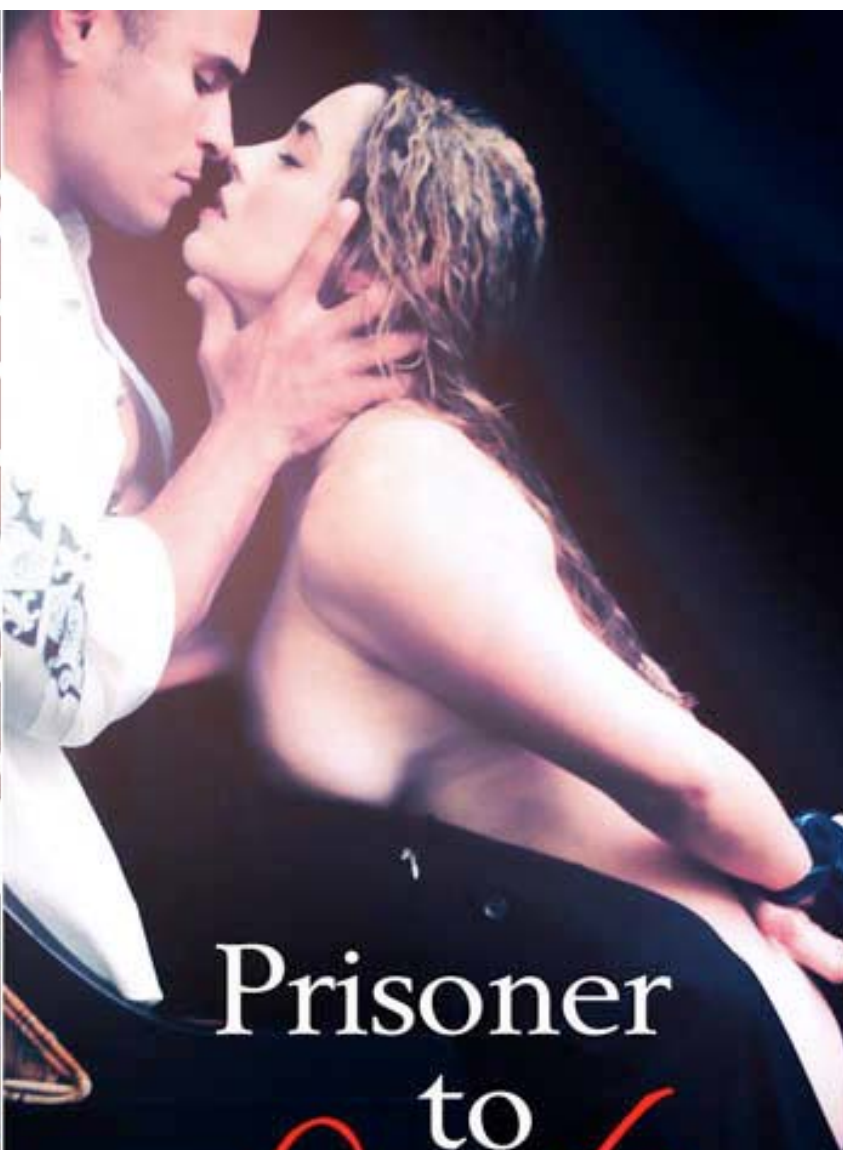


ELLORA'S CAVE EXOTIKA



Prisoner
to
Lust
JAYME
WHITFIELD

Prisoner to Lust

Jayne Whitfield

Caught up in the chaos of a protest, shy Valerie finds herself arrested and pleading her case to a domineering local police officer. Unable to fight the sexual tension she feels and convinced that the only way to save her job is to do the unthinkable, Valerie offers him a deal.

Amused and intrigued by the attractive woman, Christopher agrees to her scandalous bargain. Determined to enjoy the sizzling heat between them, he immediately takes charge, testing her to see just how far she's willing to go. Leading her down a new path of self-discovery, Chris plans to show her how much fun it is to be his prisoner of lust.

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Prisoner to Lust

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PRISONER TO LUST

Jayne Whitfield

Dedication

For Jim.

Acknowledgements

Jaynie Ritchie, who will be missed. Briana St. James, for getting it done.

Chapter One

Officer Christopher Barrett watched the milling students with distrust. As individuals, he knew they were fairly harmless, but the growing mob in the park was starting to make everyone in law enforcement nervous. His adrenaline was pumping as he walked down Schenley Drive, his senses on full alert, his gaze searching the shadows for anyone suspicious. The tension in the air was thick, as if the whole city was holding its breath. The street was lined with SWAT units, their shields up and batons out, ready and waiting for the trouble they could all sense to finally boil over.

As Chris picked his way down the sidewalk, his attention was drawn to a young woman who slid down the street on a purple ten-speed. Her unruly hair streamed behind her as she darted past and he was instantly entranced. About ten years his junior, she had curves in all the right places. They were enhanced by the top she wore, and he whistled low and appreciatively as her bike jolted over a bump in the road, her breasts bouncing and straining against the fabric. His eyes followed her as she shot between the barriers and headed into the park. He'd seen her around the area before, and wondered briefly what she was doing in such a volatile situation; she didn't fit his mental picture of the other college kids lining the park with their protest signs.

* * * * *

I can't believe this is happening to me!

The single thought echoed in Valerie Middleton's mind now that the full extent of her predicament dawned on her. She realized there was no way to back out, no escape. from the crush of bodies.

As the book club broke up and she headed out of the conservatory, she'd been swept up into a crowd of people pouring past the entrance. She'd tried to move toward

the edges, to find some way out of the mix and over to her bike, but it was pointless. They'd exited the park and were quickly approaching the police barriers. Shocked and afraid, she looked around, her eyes drawn to faces covered with black bandannas or hidden behind grotesque masks, her ears ringing with the sound of a thousand voices chanting "abolish money", "storm the banks", and even "death to the pigs"!

Over the chanting was an even more ominous sound—police officers ordering the crowd to disperse, warning they would use tear gas and water cannons if they did not comply. The crowd responded with obscene gestures. One woman wielding a bullhorn yelled, "Power to the people, not the G-20."

Just then, a path opened beside her, a clear line between her and the sidewalk. She practically dove for the opening, narrowly sidestepping a canister of gas tossed her way, but her hope for escape vanished as strong arms encircled her waist. Scared, she kicked and screamed, but the viselike grip only tightened. Unable to resist, she was dragged through the crowd. A thin thread of hope sprang to life when she spotted the police line growing closer and closer. Her fear receding, she realized she was being helped to safety by one of the black-clad SWAT officers she'd spotted earlier in the evening. Her nerves had just begun to settle when she was dumped unceremoniously into a police van, her hands quickly cuffed behind her back.

"Wait! You've made a mistake! Please, you have to let me go! I wasn't with them!"

The cop who'd apparently pulled her from the road snorted.

"Sure I have, lady. You're as innocent as a baby...just like all the others in here. I'm sure you'll be able to straighten it all out when you get down to Centre Avenue." His words were punctuated by the slamming of the truck doors. Sinking against the cool metal wall behind her, Valerie wondered how she would explain this to her parents. With a groan, she realized things were even worse than that—there was no way she'd keep her job at the law firm with a criminal record. An arrest would mean the end of her career, far more serious than her parents' wrath, even if she had dodged jail time.

* * * * *

"Got another truckload! Let's go, people!" Chris greeted the announcement with a groan, but stood up and made his way toward the lobby. The buzz in the station decreased as several officers poured through the doors, ready to go unload and process another group of protesters.

As the back doors swung open, Chris' annoyance melted away as he spotted the woman from earlier in the evening. He schooled his expression, trying to avoid looking like a cat about to pounce on an unsuspecting canary. Reaching into the truck, he hauled the startled woman out onto the sidewalk and steered her toward the precinct's entrance. As they passed through the glass doors, she looked back at him, her eyes pleading.

"Wait...please. There's been a mistake."

"A mistake? Sure..." He didn't wait, instead leading her to his desk and plopping her down in the cheap vinyl chair next to it.

"Got any identification on you?"

Valerie dug out her driver's license and handed it to him. She had the oddest sense that she'd seen him before. As he pulled out an arrest report and began writing, she continued to plead with him.

"No, wait! I swear I wasn't with those people! I was at a book club meeting, and then they were there and I was stuck and they were shouting and I couldn't get out of the crowd and I was so scared." Her voice had a nervous pitch to it and her words rushed out in an anxious flood. "So you see, Officer..." her gaze dipped down to his name tag, "Barrett, really, this is all a mistake, a simple mistake. You really do have to let me go!"

"I have to let you go, eh. And why is that, Valerie?" Chris arched his eyebrow and watched her, attempting to hide his amusement at her obvious determination to sway him to her side.

“Oh yes, you really do have to let me go! I’ve done nothing wrong, was just in the wrong place, you see, don’t you? It’s like I said...book club, you know? So you have to! You have to let me go—you have to! I’ll do anything you want, but please, please, you have to let me go! If you don’t, well, I’ll be ruined. My job...my life...oh don’t you see, you have to!”

Cocking his head to the side, Chris let his gaze travel over her, taking in every detail. Her face was flushed, her eyes wide and pleading. The handcuffs she wore pulled her arms behind her back, thrusting her breasts forward. He blinked then set his pen aside, leaning toward her. When he spoke, his voice took on a dangerous tone.

“Anything?”

Valerie thought perhaps she’d just offered to make a bargain with the devil.

Yes, she thought, he just might be Satan. It would explain a lot – such as my reaction to that body of his. Only Satan could look that good.

According to the nameplate on his desk, he was Officer Christopher Barrett, an amazingly handsome man with auburn hair and the most beautiful hazel eyes she’d ever seen. The same officer who, just moments before, had been prepared to book her and throw her in jail. Now she wasn’t so sure that was going to happen, thanks to the plea deal she’d just offered.

No, her inner voice corrected, not a plea. A deal – a deal with the devil.

She wasn’t sure what had come over her, but she couldn’t stop staring at his strong arms and chiseled face. Before she’d realized what she was saying, she’d blurted it out.

Anything, she thought. I told him I’d do anything. What was I thinking?

Well, she knew what she’d been thinking. Desperation had kicked in—if she got arrested, odds were good that she would lose her job. Of course, it wasn’t all about self-preservation. Under the fear was the honest admission that this was the hottest guy she’d ever laid eyes on. The two emotions had merged and something inside her just snapped.

One night then I'll never see him again. Why not?

Once she'd said the words to him, there had been no turning back. He had stopped writing, looking up so slowly and intently that Valerie nearly fainted from the sexual electricity coming off him. His gaze traveled over her, moving from the tips of her shoes to the top of her head, and she blushed furiously each time it lingered in one particular spot longer than the others. Her thoughts were racing nearly as fast as her pulse. She wondered what he thought of her, what he was going to say, what he would want her to do. In her own mind, she wasn't anything special, just your average twenty-six-year-old with a medium build, brown hair, glasses. In her stockings, she stood only five foot six and she was currently dressed in the ankle-length hippie skirt and a black sweater she'd worn to work. She hadn't thought one bit about it this morning as she started her day, but now she regretted the choice.

Altogether unimpressive.

As she waited, she wondered if the sweat she could feel beading between her shoulder blades was from the heat in his gaze. She could feel herself becoming excited. Her traitorous mind wandered, sending her visions of him striding, pulling her from the chair, dragging her into his arms. In her head, he was kissing her, his hands seemingly everywhere at once. Something about the image of herself, handcuffed and helpless under his command, sent shivers through her body. Just as her dream guy was forcing her to bend over the desk of a suddenly empty police station, the real man cleared his throat.

She'd let out a little gasp as she noticed the slight grin tugging at the left side of his mouth. Had he guessed what she was thinking?

"Are you willing to go through with that?" he asked. She couldn't pull her eyes away from his.

Green with such pretty gold flecks in them, she thought.

"Anything at all?" he asked again.

Nervous energy flooded her. Her stubborn mouth refused to cooperate, and her only response was a single nod. Apparently it was enough, because he looked at his watch and then at the paper on his desk. He crumpled it up and shoved it into his pocket before flashing her a predator's smile.

"It's a deal."

"Good. And you can call me Chris."

Valerie felt faint. Her vision went dark around the edges and she wondered if she would pass out. Sure it was from all the blood in her body rushing...somewhere, she took a slow, deep breath. After she'd recovered from the shock of his answer, she realized he was whispering quiet instructions. She nodded mutely, agreeing to everything he said without hesitation. Ordered to wait in the empty administrative area while he finished his shift, she tried hard not to think of what would happen next. She didn't have to wait long, and soon she found herself sitting in the back of his patrol car, speeding through the streets toward her apartment.

* * * * *

Gritting her teeth, Valerie silently cursed her stupidity at getting caught up in the mess of the protests. She wondered what the next twenty-four hours had in store for her and her mind spun out possibilities. Fear and apprehension mingled with excitement. The emotions were too much for her to handle and with a sigh, she laid her head back against the cool vinyl seat. Just as her mind quieted and she started to drift off to sleep, the car came to an abrupt halt.

"Where should I park?" His question was said in the same forceful tone he'd used all night.

"Anywhere on the street here. There isn't any private parking for the complex."

She was silent as he maneuvered into a parking space, her hands trembling as her nerves began to build. She gathered up her things, waiting for him to open her door,

but he didn't move. Instead, he adjusted the rearview mirror so that he could see her clearly.

"Take off your panties."

Chapter Two

The command came out of nowhere, shocking her and actually making her blush. She started to stammer out a protest.

“Anything. You agreed. Now do it. Take off your panties.”

Her face burning, she complied. It wasn't an easy task to accomplish in the small backseat. She had to pull her long skirt all the way up to her hips before she could get a grip on the silky fabric. Since she couldn't stand, she lifted her ass off the seat, arching her back and wriggling the panties down to her ankles. Sitting back down, she lifted her feet and pulled them free. Looking up, she searched his face for some clue as to what his next demand would be.

“Now the bra.”

Mortified, she bowed her head, taking a deep breath before reaching behind her back and up under her shirt. A few moments later she had her bra in hand. Her nipples responded to the mixture of rising desire and the cool air seeping through her cotton shirt, becoming hard buds easily visible through the thin fabric.

“Leave them there on the seat.”

She nodded, placing the clothing on the vinyl next to her thigh. He stepped out of the car, opening her door for her and offering his hand to help her out. Grateful for the small kindness, she let him pull her up and out onto the sidewalk. Her mind was racing. The cool breeze was working its way up her skirt and she had never felt so exposed before in her life. She shivered slightly, goose bumps breaking out along her skin. She started to cross her arms over her chest, but his look told her to forget the idea. Cupping his hands over her breasts, he rubbed the nipples with his thumbs then pinched them. She gasped, trying to pull away. When he finally let her go, Valerie realized how futile her effort to escape had been. She knew he was in control now.

Great, she thought. I've turned into a character in a bondage novel.

"Lead the way."

Walking to the front door of her apartment, Valerie was grateful for the empty streets. She fumbled in her bag for her keys, fighting to pull them out from the tangle of yarn she'd stashed in it. She could feel him behind her, standing so close that the heat of his body radiated along her spine, his hot breath tickling the small hairs at the back of her neck. Her hand shook as she unlocked the door, and she let out a sigh of relief when she made it to the relative safety of her own hallway.

He closed the door, turning to watch her as she set her bag down. Valerie felt as if she was on fire; he'd ignited a hot, slow burn that radiated throughout her body. Then he spoke again.

"Take your clothes off."

Her entire body seemed to come alive, thrumming with an odd mixture of dread and anticipation. There was no hesitation this time and she wondered at her excitement from being ordered about. He watched her as she pulled her shirt over her head, exposing her breasts. Her eagerness faded as he inspected her, drawing her arms away from her body and turning her first one way, then the other. She knew her breasts weren't very large, only a B cup, but they were firm and had large nipples. His face gave no hint of his thoughts, and Valerie found herself resisting the urge to hide.

"The skirt," he said, taking a step back. She wondered if she'd imagined the touch of impatience in his voice.

Sliding her skirt down, she let it fall around her feet. Watching its descent, she kept her eyes lowered, unsure of what she would find if her gaze met his.

"Turn around and grab your ankles. And keep your eyes open."

She did as she was told, her eyes glued to his shoes, holding her position as his hands traced the cheeks of her ass and danced along the edge of more sensitive parts. For a moment, she thought he was going to penetrate her, but then his voice rang out again.

"God, you're wet. Face me and kneel down."

She did as she was told, sitting back on her heels. Her body sang with tension, the excitement so overwhelming that Valerie felt as if she'd somehow entered a trance.

"Spread your legs."

The scent of her arousal filled the air around her. She found it strangely erotic and again wondered at her own body's responses.

"Wider. Now take a finger and slide it inside yourself. I want you to feel how ready you are."

Valerie froze. There was no way she could do this...was there?

A slut. I'm turning into a slut!

Unwilling to admit to herself how much she wanted to comply, she pleaded with him.

"You can't expect me to...I mean...I can't..."

He didn't say anything. Instead, he merely unbuckled his belt, pulling it loose from his trousers. Her body betrayed her again, setting off a shiver of anticipation that she knew he saw. Deciding there was no sense in fighting her own desire, she reached down and placed her hand between her legs. Her finger slid easily past her labia and dipped into her sex. Desire coursing through her, she couldn't resist the impulse and moved her finger around slightly, her eyes drifting shut.

"Eyes open," Chris commanded. "Rub your clit. Good girl, now back inside you, deeper this time."

She followed his orders, her fingers sending electric shocks through her body.

"Take it out."

She let out a small sigh as her finger slipped free.

"Hold it up. Look at it. Do you see how wet you are?"

Flooded with conflicting emotions, she couldn't make herself answer. Seconds ticked by, feeling like eternity. A sharp crack broke the heavy silence, and Valerie's

head snapped up as she realized it was the sound of his belt slapping across the palm of his hand.

"I asked you a question. Do you see how wet you are?"

Her heart racing, she nodded her reply.

"Say it. I want to hear you say it out loud. Tell me how wet you are, how ready you are."

Her voice was a whisper as she told him what he wanted to hear.

"Now suck your finger clean."

And if I don't?

Valerie was shocked at the defiance of her own thought, shocked to realize she was turned-on by his threats of punishment. She struggled mentally, torn between anger at herself for such imprudent behavior and excitement at being so submissive. She licked her lips nervously before opening her mouth and inserting her finger to the middle knuckle. She suckled it before slowly pulling it out again.

Stepping closer to her, he unzipped his pants and freed his cock. Valerie's eyes widened when she saw it; she hadn't been prepared for something so big. It was long as her hand and nearly half that in girth. Chris didn't give her much time to think about what she was facing. Grabbing a handful of hair at the back of her head and twisting until she cried out, he shoved deep into her throat.

"Suck it."

She started to gag almost immediately, straining against his hand and trying to pull away. He only pushed harder, jamming his dick even farther into her throat, before pulling her head back and thrusting in again. It was everything she could do to breathe, and she gasped for air each time he pulled back. She knew he was taking her enjoyment away, depriving her. She was merely there to provide a hole to fuck. The thought, which should have made her cry, sent her senses reeling and she realized she was close to having an orgasm.

Suddenly he tensed, pounding into her harder and faster. She knew he was going to climax. Waiting until he pulled back partially, she twisted her head, spitting him out of her mouth, only to have her face and breasts covered with his cum. Her own orgasm washed over her, powerful waves of pleasure that took her breath away and left her in a puddle of weakness on the floor.

Breathing heavily, he leaned back against the wall. Casually zipping his pants, he looking at her, the same way a hungry beast might look at a small, helpless rabbit, and smiled.

"I see we're going to have to teach you some manners."

It was a moment before his words sank in. Her mind racing and her body humming, she remained on the floor, oblivious to the cold tile, her thoughts trying to decipher a meaning to what he'd said.

"Where's your bathroom?" As he asked, he leaned forward, offering her a helping hand. Pulling her to her feet, he smoothed her hair, tucking a strand behind her ear. She couldn't help smiling up at him.

"How tall are you, anyway?"

He laughed. She hadn't heard his laugh before and realized how much she liked the sound. It was rich, deep and honest.

"Six foot three."

"Really?"

"Yep. Now where's that bathroom?"

She padded silently down the hall, leading him through the living room and into her tiny bedroom.

"There?" he asked, pointing to a small door on the far wall. At her nod, he stepped into the tiny room. She followed behind him, watching as he leaned over the tub, turning on the taps. He tested the water temperature and poured some of her scented bubble bath into the water.

"Climb in."

Puzzled, she stood for a moment just looking at his face, and he laughed again.

"I'm not going to drown you, I promise."

She grinned and stepped into the tub.

"I'll be right back. You relax for a minute." Before the words were out of his mouth, he'd already disappeared from her view.

Closing her eyes, Valerie slid down farther into the warm water. She could hear him rummaging through her room and wondered why it didn't bother her. Her thoughts turned again to his last comment in the hallway, and she wondered what he'd meant.

Oh I'm sure I'll find out, she thought as he came back into the bathroom.

He knelt by the side of the tub, a bath sponge in hand, and gently washed her body, lightly teasing her nipples and delighting in their response. When he reached for the shampoo, she couldn't hold back any longer.

"Are you married?" Chewing her bottom lip, she waited for his response.

He laughed again, squirting shampoo into his hand.

I'm starting to really like that sound.

Shaking his head at her question, he gently massaged the shampoo into her hair as he answered her. "No, are you?" His eyes were dancing, a playful expression on his face.

"No. It's just...well...you're so..."

"So what?"

"I don't know. Different. You're different from all the guys I know."

"Well, we're in luck then. You're very different from the women I know. And before you ask, yes, that's a good thing! Now lean back and close your eyes."

She did as she was told, enjoying the sensation of the water sliding over her hair and down her back as he rinsed out the soap. Once he'd decided she was thoroughly

clean, he helped her out of the tub and wrapped her in one of her own soft bath sheets. Suddenly sleepy, she tried to stifle a yawn.

"None of that," Chris admonished. "We're just getting started."

Valerie glanced at the clock, surprised to find that it was only one in the morning. She had quite a bit of time left before her end of the bargain would be fulfilled.

Chris pulled her closer, tugging her towel off and using it to slowly dry her skin. Lost in the sensation of the fabric skimming across her skin, she closed her eyes and smiled.

Working his way down her body, he knelt and turned his attention to her legs. Lifting first one, then the other, he rubbed them in long, smooth strokes from the top of her thigh down to her ankle.

The feeling was so exquisite and Valerie was so relaxed that she gasped with shock when she felt him gently bite the inside of her thigh.

Dropping the towel, he forced her legs wider apart and leaned in, dragging his tongue up her thigh, across her pubic mound and down the other thigh, where he bit her again. She moaned, her hands moving to wrap themselves in his hair, only to find him pulling away.

Standing, he left her and went to the bed, picking up a skirt and handing it to her. She was surprised to see it was the black leather miniskirt her friend Gloria had given her on her birthday. She'd never worn it, had worried it would give people the wrong impression of her, but as she stepped into it, she was pleased as it slid easily over her hips. Chris zipped the back for her before handing her a plain white tank top. She pulled it over her head, adjusting the built-in bra shelf and the straps, then took the black ballet shoes he handed her and slipped them on.

"Are we going somewhere?"

"Yeah," he responded. "Shopping. You need something decent to wear."

She couldn't help laughing.

"What's wrong with the clothes in my closet? Or did you mean that I don't have anything that makes me look like a prostitute?"

"No, I meant that you don't have anything in this entire apartment that makes you look like what you are—a desirable woman with a hot body."

With that, he turned and walked through the door. She had no choice but to follow him. Rushing to catch up, she didn't even stop to lock the front door. Coming down the front steps, she was surprised to find him waiting patiently on the sidewalk.

"Before we go any further, we need to talk about something."

He had a rather serious expression on his face, and Valerie suddenly felt as if the wind had been knocked out of her.

What now?

Nervous, she started to chew her bottom lip, waiting for whatever decree he was about to hand down.

"I'm giving you a chance to walk away."

"What? What do you mean?"

Walk away? Why?

"Once we leave here tonight, there is no turning back. If you go with me, you're doing it because you want to, not because of some deal. I'm freeing you from our bargain, letting you walk away. On the other hand, if you decide to go with me now, there will be new rules."

"What rules?" Valerie wasn't sure if she'd just stumbled on the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow or been handed a live grenade. She considered what would happen if she took the out he was giving her, wondered what would happen if she did.

Would I ever see him again?

"First, you admit you're doing this because you want to. You take responsibility for your actions."

Ouch. Does he mean out loud?

"And you will agree to follow my orders when they're given, without question or hesitation. If you are given a task that you absolutely cannot do, you will say the words 'white swan' and I will understand."

"That's it?"

"Would you like more?"

"No, no. Those are fine. Can I have a minute to think about it?"

"You have exactly one minute." He looked at his watch, then at her, waiting for a response.

Valerie's mind raced. She could walk away now, go back inside and have an amazing story for her friends tomorrow, a fantasy come to life to remember forever. On the other hand, she could agree to the new rules and the experiences wouldn't end.

What will I miss out on? Will I spend the rest of my life wondering what I could have had? What I could have done? Am I brave enough to agree? He did say I could get out of something if it was too much. I like that.

"Time's up," his voice was barely above a whisper, and Valerie wondered if he was worried she would back out. "What's it going to be?"

Before she realized what she was doing, Valerie blurted, "I want to come with you."

"Good," he said. "Very good."

He leaned forward, giving her a kiss that left her weak in the knees.

"I live two blocks over. Let's walk there and we'll take my car."

He reached out and took hold of her hand, wrapping it in his as he headed off down the sidewalk. After turning down a side street, they came across a beautiful three-story brownstone and he unlocked the front door. Valerie waited as he went in and got his keys, then followed him to his car. She was surprised to see it was a sleek, red two-seater with a convertible top and leather seats.

Chris opened the passenger door for her and she slid in, wondering how a police officer could afford such a luxury car. As she watched him climb into the driver's seat, it

occurred to Valerie for the first time that it was rather late to be heading off for a shopping trip.

“Where are we going?”

“You’ll see.”

Chapter Three

It wasn't long before Valerie realized where Chris must be taking her. There were only two options for late night clothing purchases in this town—a large discount store that sold everything, including groceries, or the adult store over on Fifth. She doubted she'd be discount shopping with him.

Valerie hadn't been to Night Moves before, put off by the idea that someone she knew might see her there, and was surprised to find that the store was brightly lit and very clean. The front of the store was filled with neat little rows of shelves displaying oils and incense, the back wall showcasing racks of clothing and lingerie.

The store seemed empty at first, but then Valerie noticed a young guy in his early twenties standing behind a cash register in a slightly darkened corner. Next to him was an open doorway with a beaded curtain, leading deeper into the store.

Chris moved immediately to the racks of dresses, leaving Valerie free to wander. Picking up a small gold box with pretty script writing on the front, she turned it over and was shocked to realize it was a package of edible underwear. Her face burning with embarrassment, she put it back and scanned the room, praying no one had seen her, only to find the clerk smiling at her.

"Need help finding anything?" the man asked, and Valerie shook her head, retreating to relative safety beside Chris.

Pulling a dress off the rack, he held it up to inspect it, then put it back and chose another. Nodding to himself, he walked over to the counter, motioning for the clerk to help him.

"Those are great, aren't they? Local designer, has her stuff here on consignment. Been selling like hotcakes."

"Have anywhere she can try this on?"

"We don't usually allow..."

Impatient, Chris interrupted, "I'm not spending two hundred and fifty-eight dollars on a dress without knowing it's going to fit. So where can she try it on?"

"Well, I guess she could use the employee bathroom. Come on into the back, I'll let you in."

Chris motioned for Valerie to follow and led the way through the beaded curtain. As she walked through the back room, Valerie's eyes got wider and wider. There were more customers back here. A couple looking at a wall of DVDs turned to watch as they came through, and a man in his fifties watched their progress from behind a shelf of assorted novelties.

Chris nodded to them all, but Valerie ducked her head down, trying to avoid making eye contact. She was so intent on following the pattern of the carpet that she bumped into Chris' back when he stopped abruptly.

The clerk unlocked the door to the bathroom, swinging it open and Chris ushered Valerie in, closing the door behind them.

"Take off your clothes and slip this on," he said, handing her what appeared to be nothing more than a mesh sack with bronze silk at the sleeves and down the sides. Pulling it over her head, Valerie realized it had a leather band at the neckline, accented by a single metal ring, but that it left everything in both front and back exposed.

"Turn around and raise your arms up over your head."

Chris wrapped her in a leather bustier with demi cups, cinching the bronze ribbons that ran down the back, then turned her around and repeated the process with the front laces. Her mind racing, Valerie couldn't believe he'd picked out something so...indecent. A quick downward glance showed her that the mesh wasn't dark enough to hide anything and the bustier ensured that her breasts were lifted up and together, exposing her nipples.

It's even worse than being nude.

After adjusting the laces and tugging on the sleeves, Chris nodded to himself. Handing her a pair of clear plastic shoes with six-inch heels, he waited as she buckled the strap around her ankle.

"I need to see you walk in it," he announced, and to her horror he opened the bathroom door. The sound drew the attention of everyone in the room, and Valerie struggled with the urge to cover herself with her hands.

"Walk to the far wall, then come back," Chris ordered.

Valerie couldn't move. She was frozen in place by the stares of the people in the room. The old man had moved his hand down and was rubbing his crotch. The woman had turned her attention from her date and was openly staring at Valerie's nipples. Her knees grew weak and she thought she might faint.

"Now..." Chris' tone was dark and threatening, spurring her into action. Valerie focused on a spot on the wall, keeping her eyes on it and putting one foot in front of the other until she reached it.

"Now that is fucking hot," she heard the old man mutter as she turned to head back to Chris.

"Needs something," Chris announced, ordering Valerie to stop in the middle of the room. He walked around her in a circle, obviously considering his options.

"May I?" the woman asked, moving to stand at his side.

"Sure. What are you thinking?"

She walked over to a shelf and plucked something off it. Valerie couldn't see what the package contained, but it obviously pleased Chris, whose face broke out into a smile.

"Perfect," he murmured. As if the idea had suddenly struck him, he asked the woman, "Would you like to add them?"

The woman looked at her date, who nodded. Even the clerk was watching now, Valerie realized. She turned to look at the woman, a pretty blonde in her mid-thirties,

who licked her lips. Walking up to Valerie, she raised a questioning eyebrow, as if silently asking for permission. Valerie closed her eyes for a moment, the world seemingly going still around her. Finally, she nodded.

The woman smiled, then dipped her head, sucking Valerie's left nipple into her mouth. She grazed her teeth along the tip of it then bit down as her other hand came up, pinching and squeezing Valerie's right nipple. Valerie's eyes flew open. She wanted to shove the woman away, to cry out, but the expression on Chris' face gave her all the warning she needed to stay quiet.

After a moment, the woman pulled her mouth away, leaving a dark wet spot on the mesh highlighted by red lipstick. She realized that anyone who saw it would know how it had gotten there. Valerie was surprised at how her body had responded to the stimulus, startled by her hardened nipples and the fluttering in her belly. Lost in her inner struggle, she was completely unprepared when the woman reached up and grabbed her nipple, pinching it hard between her fingers, then pulling it out and fitting it with a silver nipple clamp. Her gasp of pain at the initial contact was genuine, but after a moment she realized that it didn't really hurt, it just kept steady pressure on the sensitive body part.

Turning her attentions to Valerie's right nipple, the woman repeated the process, teasing it with her mouth until she felt it was ready, then capturing it in a clamp. A slender metal chain connected the two clamps, dangling over the top of the bustier. Valerie was flushed red with embarrassment, her eyes on Chris' face, her breath coming in tiny little pants.

"We'll take it," Chris announced, and everyone in the room laughed. Everyone except for Valerie, who was currently praying for the floor to open up and swallow her.

* * * * *

Valerie didn't remember much of what happened for the next few minutes. Her mind was reeling with the onslaught of new emotions and she was lost in a maze of self-doubt.

How could I let them look at me that way and enjoy it? I liked having her touch me!

She was vaguely aware that Chris had slipped a jacket over her shoulders and steered her toward the car. As he helped her into the passenger seat, she felt the touch of the cold leather against her ass and shivered. Sliding in behind the steering wheel, Chris leaned over and kissed her before brushing her hair back from her eyes.

"You were wonderful," he murmured. "So beautiful. The way you blushed, how you stood so perfect and still. And God, the way your body responds. Everyone in there wanted to fuck you."

Valerie bowed her head a bit more, but he wasn't having any of it. Tilting her chin up, he turned her face so he could look directly into her eyes.

"Don't ever be ashamed of who you are, Valerie. You are beautiful, sensual and anyone who has the luck to be with you should be damn proud of it. Do you understand?"

She whispered her reply and he seemed satisfied.

"I'm taking you someplace very special. I won't lie and tell you that you'll have an easy time of it once we get there. I'm willing to bet that you're going to be pushed to your limits and you're going to want to make it stop. You'll be tempted to use your safe words, to run from it, but I'd also bet that you're stronger than you know. I hope you'll let yourself go through with it. I want you to promise me that you will try, that you'll go as far as you can before you ask for it to end."

His words frightened her.

What does he have planned? Where is he taking me? What does he expect me to do? Can I do it? Do I want to? I've come so far, how can I back out now?

Unable to deny him, she nodded her assent.

"Let me hear you say it. Tell me that you will try to be a good girl and take what is coming with all the beauty and strength I know you have."

Her throat constricted at the order, but she repeated the words. He kissed her again, then started the car, maneuvering it out of the parking lot and onto the deserted streets. As he drove, his right hand stroked her thigh. She felt drowsy, her senses overwhelmed and her mind starting to go blank. The buildings lining the streets flew past in a blur, and soon the car had made its way to a slightly seedier part of town.

Chris turned down an alley, coming to a stop next to a nondescript building with no windows and only a single door. There were no billboards or neon to announce what was inside, and the only sign of life was a large bouncer standing guard. Chris opened her door for her, then led her across the street.

"Evening, Chris," the bouncer greeted.

"Hello, Chuck. Good to see you."

He handed the man a hundred dollar bill, and Valerie blinked at the exchange, wondering again where he'd come up with all the cash he seemed to have. As far as she knew, city employees barely made enough to survive on, yet here he was spending hundreds of dollars of cash in one night. The bookkeeper in her longed to continue that particular line of thinking, but her thoughts came to an abrupt halt as the door opened and she stepped into what could only be described as a medieval dungeon.

They were standing in a long brick hallway in the flickering light cast by two small candles mounted on the walls. The hall was decorated with an oil painting depicting what Valerie thought was a Roman orgy, and on either side hung long chains with manacles attached. The hallway ended in a black curtain, and Valerie was at once both terrified and excited to see what lay beyond it.

Chris turned around, taking her coat off and leaving it on the floor by the doorway. At her puzzled expression, he smiled.

"Someone will take care of it."

She nodded, following him through the curtain into the next room. The air was heavy with the smell of musk and sweat, and the low beat of a single drum reverberated across Valerie's fragile nerves. The room was pitch black, so dark she couldn't see her own hand. As the music picked up, lights began to flash and she was finally able to take in the scene playing out in front of her.

The room was laid out into sections, all surrounding a central stage. At the far back corner was a small bar selling chips and sodas, surrounded by plush couches and small tables, the type you might see in any coffee shop in the city. Close to where they stood were rows of wooden high-backed chairs.

I wonder what those are for.

As if he'd read her mind again, Chris nodded toward them.

"That's where they seat the slaves before they auction them off."

"Oh." Valerie didn't know how else to respond, her heart thudding in her chest as she thought of the horrible possibilities a place such as this might have waiting for her. She was thankful that the chairs were empty and turned to peruse the rest of the club.

Between the entryway and the bar there was a theater. A raised stage rotated slowly, enabling the audience, who sat in rows encircling it, to watch the performances from every angle. There was no bad seat in the house.

The only furniture on the stage was a contraption that at first glance appeared to be eerily similar to a gallows. A tall wooden post protruded from the stage floor, rising up ten feet before intersecting with a thick crossbeam. The crossbeam was then bisected by a large metal band, which had a round metal hook screwed into it. From the hook dangled two long ropes which were currently tied to the wrists of a young naked woman. The ropes had been pulled tight and secured to the main post, raising the woman's arms over her head. As the woman spun slowly around the room, a man in his forties repeatedly smacked her ass with a black leather whip.

Valerie was transfixed, watching as the woman arched her back with each blow, wondering how she could stand to be humiliated so publicly.

You'll know soon enough, her inner voice warned, and she looked at Chris, trying to hide the panic she felt. He smiled at her, leading her through the crowd to a small settee near the bar. After she was seated, he bought them each a drink then sat by her, his hand on her thigh. They sat in silence for a few minutes and Valerie couldn't drag her eyes off the woman on the stage, who was currently begging to be released. Valerie imagined herself in the woman's place, completely helpless before Chris, and became wet with desire.

"Are you enjoying the show?"

Valerie gave a small nervous laugh and nodded.

"How much are you enjoying it?" The dangerous edge had returned to his voice, and Valerie's heart raced.

"It's okay..." she mumbled, knowing it wasn't what he wanted to hear. She was puzzled as he stood, taking her now empty cup and tossing in the trash can. He turned back to her, kneeling in front of her and abruptly forcing her knees apart. Valerie could feel his breath on her stomach as he inserted first one, then two fingers inside her.

"I'd say you were enjoying it quite a bit, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," she said breathlessly.

He smiled at her then, wriggling his fingers before pulling them out. Standing, he raised his hand to her mouth and waited. Mortified that someone might be watching but mindful of her agreement, she licked them clean.

"You're next, Valerie," he said, pulling her up from the seat and kissing her, silencing her protests with his lips. When he broke the kiss, he led her to the center of the room then helped her step up onto the stage.

He's going to spank me in front of all these people?

She considered using her words, the ones he'd given her earlier, but then remembered her promise. As Chris wrapped the rope around her clasped hands and hoisted them high above her head, Valerie saw herself in her own mind. The dress she

wore enhanced her current position, revealing everything but leaving a sense of mystery. The silver chain from the nipple clamps dangled delicately over the top of the bustier and, from the back, her ass was easily visible.

Caught up in her own imagination, she was startled when Chris addressed the crowd.

"Hi everyone. Thank you for giving us time this evening. I'm here with my new friend Valerie. As you can see, she is quite beautiful. Sadly, she lacks the manners that one would hope to find in someone so attractive."

Chris forced her to bend forward slightly at the waist, making her spread her legs wide and rubbing her ass as he spoke.

"I've brought Valerie here to learn those manners. I can't think of a more conducive place for teaching than this club. That's why I'm asking you all for your help. We need to teach Valerie how to be a pleasant companion, to say please and thank you. With that in mind, I'd like to ask each of the men in the room to take a few moments with her."

Her face burned with embarrassment as she listened to Chris' speech. The crowd was murmuring and Valerie could see some of them smiling at her, nodding their heads. As her tension mounted, Chris turned his attention back to her. Leaning in close, he whispered in her ear.

"I'm going to sit over there and watch you. Each of these men is going to take a turn paddling your ass. Before he starts, you will ask him to spank you, and you will say it loud enough for everyone in the room to hear. When he is done, you will thank him for being so generous. Now be a good girl and make me proud."

He kissed her then disappeared into the darkness beyond the stage lights. A man Valerie hadn't seen before stepped onto the stage, picking up a black leather paddle and rubbing it lightly over her ass. She closed her eyes, but then opened them again, knowing Chris would want them that way.

Chapter Four

"Hello Valerie," the stranger said, slipping a paddle between her legs and lightly teasing her as he ran the edge across her clit. "It's nice to meet you."

Valerie said the words they wanted her to say then felt the tension building in her own body, her ass tightening in anticipation of what was to come. He seemed to wait forever before bringing the paddle down, the blow landing across her right cheek and causing her entire body to jump in response. The crack of the paddle hitting its mark seemed deafening to Valerie. Before she had recovered completely, another blow landed and her body jumped again.

He's not hurting me, she realized.

Sure, each blow was slightly painful, but he wasn't hitting her hard enough for the sting to last between contact. Valerie's stomach flipped as the next blow landed, and she realized she was getting turned-on. The blows came in a steady rhythm, first on one side of her ass, then the other. Two more blows, then the man stopped and Valerie realized he had stepped off the stage and was standing in front of her. She was amazed at her own disappointment, her own building need.

I want more.

She pushed the thought away, working hard to muster the words she was required to say.

"Thank you for spanking me," she whispered. Her ass tingled and her face burned, and she was so wet she was sure they could all see.

"Louder." Chris' command came from somewhere beyond the lights, and Valerie felt a strange thrill at hearing his voice, knowing he was still there and watching.

"Thank you for spanking me," she repeated, this time in a stage whisper. The man smiled at her, turned and disappeared into the darkness. Her mind was reeling, but all

rational thought fled as she felt someone land a strong blow on her ass, just above her left thigh. Her punishment continued, a blur of men and blows and sexual excitement. Her ass was stinging now, and she was sure it would be red and hot to the touch and the thought of it excited her even more.

She was beyond caring what they thought of her, immersed in her own reactions and needs, and it took her a minute to realize that the last man had stopped and was waiting on her to speak. She thanked him, then she was crying. She had no idea where the tears had come from and part of her recognized they weren't tears of pain or sorrow but disappointment. She was disappointed that it was over and the understanding made her cry harder.

Suddenly, Chris was there, kissing her tears away, wrapping her in his arms. His touch set her skin on fire, and her sobs were soon forgotten. His mouth found her nipples, teasing them and biting around the clamps that still held them captive. Her head falling back, Valerie moaned softly, arching her back toward him.

Valerie's eyes closed, her mind drifting on a sea of sensations and need. All there was for her was that moment, there, with Chris. His hands were roaming her body, teasing between her legs, tracing the lines of her hips, stomach, collarbone. Reaching around, he grabbed her ass, squeezing her burning cheeks and making her yelp in pain. The squeezing became a slow massage and the pain faded into pleasure, the sensations mingling until she couldn't separate one from the other.

God, I need him inside me.

Chris moved away and Valerie, feeling the loss of his touch, opened her eyes, searching for him. He had a blue velvet bag in his hand, one she'd never seen before. Loosening the drawstrings that held it closed, Chris slid out the contents, holding it up for Valerie to see. Six inches long, the dildo was made of clear glass with a raised blue swirl running the length of the shaft. The end swelled outward, forming a textured ball an inch wider than the tip.

Valerie's stomach tightened and she could feel the slickness of her sex. Her mind tried to process her situation, but her senses overwhelmed it. She knew on some level that Chris was about to fuck her on a stage in front of a room full of strangers, knew that everyone would see her, would be watching, but she was so far gone that the thought just turned her on even more.

"Please," she begged, and Chris smiled.

"Please, what?"

"Oh God. Please. I need..."

"Yes?" He trailed the cool glass wand over her breasts, letting it clink against the metal nipple clips and sending shivers through her body.

"I need it...please, Chris."

"What do you need, Valerie?"

She couldn't say it. She was mute, unable to force her mouth to form the words. Her whole body ached with need, and the cold glass of the dildo against her skin was almost more than she could bear.

"What do you need, Valerie?" he asked again, sliding the toy down lower, slipping it between her wide-spread legs and rubbing it up and down while holding it so that it barely made contact.

She moaned loudly, pulling against the ropes that bound her hands, thrusting her entire body back onto the dildo. Without warning, Chris brought his hand down hard on her ass, a loud crack accompanying the pain that swept through her. Valerie cried out, shoving her body forward to escape but unable to move far enough away to avoid the next blow that landed hard in the same spot. The pain was so intense that it brought tears back to her eyes.

"I asked you a question." His hand was massaging her ass, the dildo back between her legs, teasing her, making her want more.

"Please," she begged. "Please, I need it in me."

“Good girl.” Chris smiled again, but he wasn’t letting her off that easily. “What do you want me to do to you?”

“Oh God.”

“Say it, Valerie.” He slid the tip of the toy inside her, just enough to let her feel it, then pulled it back out. He kept it up, in and out in shallow, short bursts.

“I want you to...oh, please. Oh. God. I want you to fuck me.”

“Louder, Valerie. I can’t hear you.” The dildo slid in halfway, then back out. Valerie’s entire body rocked in time to the thrusts, straining to pull it in deeper.

“Please. Fuck me, Chris. Please.” Her words faded into a whimper as he forced the glass deep inside her, the textured ball rubbing against her lips. Thrusting it in and out, in and out, he worked it in deeper and deeper, until she’d taken it all. Bringing up his other hand, he found her clit, his fingers twirling, pinching, pulling it.

Moaning, Valerie arched her back and rocked into his strokes. She felt hands on her tits, pulling on the chain that dangled between them, squeezing the clamps that bound them. A woman’s nails scraped her stomach, and Valerie realized there was someone else on the stage, but she didn’t care. Chris moved the dildo faster and faster, his fingers keeping tempo, driving her closer and closer to orgasm.

“Come for me, Valerie.”

His words sent her over the edge. The world exploded around her, shock waves crashing over her body. She screamed in ecstasy, throwing her head back and closing her eyes. Her body was slick with sweat and flushed from the heat of her climax, her legs shaking as they struggled to support her. Chris didn’t stop though. He kept his fingers moving, working the dildo inside her. He moved it slower now, drawing it in and out of her cunt, sending wave after wave of pleasure over her until she couldn’t stand it any longer and her knees collapsed.

Reason slowly returned. As she hung from the beam, panting, her cum dripping down her legs, she realized where she was. Physically and emotionally spent, she buried her face in her arms. Chris wouldn’t have it though. Grabbing her by the hair, he

lifted her head up high then forced her to stand. After kissing her deeply, he took a step back, making her face the audience, forcing her legs farther apart so that they could see the evidence of her downfall.

Finally, he reached up to untie her hands. Pulling her close to him, he held her in his arms, rocking slightly back and forth, his hand rubbing her back as he whispered that it was okay. Her arms were numb, heavy and useless from the time they'd spent restrained, and her legs were still shaking. Chris helped her off the stage, the sound of applause ringing in her ears, driving her through the crowd, then fading as they made their way outside. He covered her with the jacket again then nestled her into the car.

* * * * *

Chris used Valerie's keys to let them in, and Valerie moved as if she were in a trance, aware of her surroundings but too caught up in her own head to even think about them. It was as if her mind had given way to her senses, everything around her reduced to its most basic form. Clink of keys, swish of door, soft cloth sliding across her skin as he removed the jacket. He was carrying her now, laying her gently on the bed, kissing her.

"God, you're beautiful. You were wonderful tonight, perfect, really. I've been waiting all night for this, can't wait to be inside you." He kept up a running litany of words, his praise ringing in her ears as her passion built again, higher and higher. His mouth was everywhere, kissing and licking, giving playful little bites as his hands explored her body, touching her in ways that made her tremble with desire.

He pulled her to her feet again, undressing her slowly, freeing her nipples from the clamps in a rush of pain and pleasure. He knelt, his tongue tracing the line up her calf, past her thigh, then on to her stomach, finally working his way across her breasts. Rising up, he kissed her deeply, his tongue exploring her mouth, teasing her lips. Valerie brought her hands up, first tangling them in his silky hair, then trailing them down his muscular back and letting them linger on his ass.

He groaned into her mouth, pulling her tight against him. She could feel his hard cock pushing against her belly and she ground herself into him, wanting more. Pulling back, he pushed her gently onto the bed, spreading her legs and dipping his head between them. She moaned, low and soft, as he spread her lips with his tongue. Her hands found his hair again, running through it before pulling his face harder against her.

He took his time, teasing her, nibbling on the inside of her thighs then finally slipping a finger inside her. Reaching up with his free hand, he captured her nipple, pinching and rolling it between his thumb and forefinger. She arched her back, moaning and begging him for more. Swirling his tongue over her clitoris, he inserted another finger inside her, twisting and rubbing them in and out.

Valerie couldn't control herself. Her hips pushed off the bed, her hands curling into fists in his hair as she started to come. Her legs were shaking as he pulled his fingers out of her, fucking her quickly with his tongue as his thumb rubbed her swollen clit. She tried to pull away, too sensitive, overwhelmed by the pleasure washing over her, but he held her in place, licking and sucking until at last her body started to relax.

With a smile, he rubbed her clit one last time, watching her entire body jump in response. Reaching down, he picked up his pants, took out his wallet and pulled out a condom. Once it was securely in place, he climbed up onto the bed with her, nestling between her legs, his hard cock pressing against her tingling pussy, his mouth claiming hers in a hard kiss.

His hips rocked slightly, his cock burrowing into her, slowly, shallow at first. Moaning into his mouth, she wrapped her arms around him, her fingernails scratching their way down his back, grabbing him on his ass, pulling him in deeper. Shifting his weight, he thrust in and out, her legs wrapping around him, her hips rising off the bed to meet him.

Valerie could hear herself moaning, begging him for release. His mouth left hers, finding her nipples, teasing and biting them as he drove harder and harder into her.

They reached climax together, their bodies tensing, clinging to each other as the waves of pleasure consumed them.

Her pulse racing, Valerie panted below him, and Chris wriggled his ass, making her jump. He laughed, rolling off her and onto his back, dragging her with him so that she was nestled in the crook of his arm. Kissing her lightly, he brushed her hair back from her eyes.

"That was incredible."

She smiled at him, unwilling or unable to break her silence. He kissed her forehead, slowly extricating himself and heading for the bathroom. Valerie saw the light come on, heard the door close and then sleep claimed her.

* * * * *

When Valerie finally woke, sunlight filled her room and a glance at the clock told her it was two in the afternoon.

I slept away Sunday, she thought.

As she went to get out of bed, she realized that her ass hurt and her nipples were sore. The previous night came flooding back and she felt a rush of sexual excitement. Looking around, she wondered where Chris was.

Throwing her robe on, she made her way through the apartment, looking for some sign of him. Her disappointment mounting, she realized he was gone, and all evidence of the night before had gone with him—he'd even taken the dress. Wondering if she'd imagined the entire episode, she went into the bathroom, turning to look at her still-red ass. Confused and hurt, she wandered back to the bed and climbed in. As she pulled the covers over her head, she heard the rustle of paper.

Digging among the sheets, she found it. He'd left her a note, his neat handwriting marching across a piece of paper, obviously worse for its time spent hiding amongst the covers.

You're beautiful. Last night was a fantasy come true. Work all week – see you Friday night. Don't bother picking out anything to wear. Be sure to check the DVD player – Chris.

Her heart singing, Valerie sprang from the bed and darted into the living room. There, on top of the DVD player, was a blue velvet bag. Her entire body burned as she picked it up, realizing what was inside. She slid the dildo out of the bag, then held it up to the light. It had been cleaned and the sunlight streamed through it, the textured ball reflecting it, casting sparkling beams around the room. Looking back at the DVD player, Valerie realized there was a disk in the tray that she hadn't seen before. Curious, she pushed it the rest of the way in, setting the dildo and Chris' note on the coffee table before searching for the remote.

She sat on the couch and flipped the television on and her heart almost stopped. From a camera mounted above the stage, the entire scene had been filmed. She watched, mesmerized, as Chris led her onto the stage, tying her hands above her head. She couldn't believe how exposed she'd been, even wearing the dress. As the stage turned, anyone in the audience would have been able to see every detail of her body. Mortified, she wanted to turn it off, but as she felt the familiar ache building between her legs, she knew she wouldn't.

The men came next, she knew. There would be a string of them, and Valerie's body reacted as she watched the first man draw the paddle between her thighs before he spanked her. She was strangely turned-on by the sight of herself, the way her tits bounced and her legs tensed with each blow. She could see how red her ass was getting, and the connection to the stinging she still felt this morning sent an electric shock through her body. Her hands moved as if they had a mind of their own, sliding up her sides and pushing her tits together. Tracing her fingers around her nipples, she was amazed at how responsive they were. They were still sore from the clamps but she didn't seem to notice as she pinched and pulled them.

On the screen, another man had appeared behind her, this one shorter than the last. Valerie could see his erection straining against his pants, and the thought that all these

men had wanted to fuck her sent her pulse racing. Her right hand slid down her body, pinching and then pulling apart the outer lips of her sex, teasing her clit. Dipping her finger inside herself, she let her juices build, then returned it to her clit, rubbing and pinching it. Her eyes never left the screen. As she watched, a woman at the back of the stage slid out of her chair, turning so that she was facing the lap of the man next to her. The man drew out his cock and the woman began to suck it. Valerie realized they were so turned-on by watching her that they'd started to have sex right then and there, and the thought sent her mind reeling as an orgasm ripped through her body.

The scene on the television continued though, and it wasn't long before Valerie was engrossed again. Remembering the glass dildo, she reached for it. As she leaned back against the couch, she saw Chris come onto the stage. Watching him, she mimicked his movements with the dildo, her pleasure building almost as intensely as it had last night.

I am such a slut.

She came again, fingers dancing over her clit, dildo slamming in and out of her as her passion mounted. As she cried out in pleasure, the phone rang, ripping her back to reality.

Panting, she waited a moment before scooping it up and hitting the talk button.

"Hello..."

"Having fun?" A thrill shot through her as she heard Chris' voice coming through the phone.

"Mm. Good afternoon," she answered, dodging the question.

"Playing shy again, are we? You know, I was there last night, I saw the real you. I know you're probably sitting on your couch, that glass dick I bought you hanging out of your dripping cunt, watching as I fuck you with it on screen. Aren't you?"

Her face flushed with embarrassment, she whispered her reply.

"Yes."

"Good girl. Pinch your nipples for me. Hard."

She moaned, turned-on by following his orders.

"Harder," he demanded, and she pinched herself, crying out.

"Mm. I can't wait to see you again," he said. "I'm already imagining how good you taste."

She whimpered, unable to respond, and he laughed.

"Slide your hand down and slip it inside yourself. Are you wet?"

"Yes."

"How wet?"

"Really wet."

"What are you going to do about it?"

She didn't respond.

"I thought we taught you manners last night, Valerie. Do you need another lesson?"

"No...I...I'm going to fuck myself."

"With what?"

"The dildo."

"Whose dildo?"

"Yours." She was getting hotter by the second, and her breathing was speeding up. She was sure Chris could hear it.

"I'm so hard right now. I'd like to fuck you, bend you over the couch and slam my cock into you until I come. Would you like that?"

"Yes..."

"Mm. Me too. But you'll have to wait until Friday. Can you wait, Valerie?"

"No."

"Then what will you do?"

"I'll fuck myself again."

"Every night?"

"Yes."

"Will you think of me?"

"Yes."

"Good." The tone of his voice changed, and Valerie wondered at his ability to keep such a tight rein on his psychical responses. "I'll let you go back to your fun, Valerie. I just wanted to call and reassure you of something."

Puzzled, she wondered what he could be talking about.

"That disk is the only copy. It's the security video from the club."

Unaware that she'd even been worried about it, Valerie was surprised by the relief that flooded her.

"How...how did you get it?"

"I own the club."

"What? I thought you were a cop?"

"I am. I also own a discreet BDSM nightclub, which you had the pleasure of visiting last night, and God were you hot."

"Wait. You own the club?"

"Mhm. Inherited it from my grandfather, actually."

"Well that explains the car..."

"Yeah, one of my indulgences." Without waiting for her to answer, he continued. "And before you ask, I'm a cop because I love what I do, not because I need the money. Now I have to get back to work. Remember to eat something, and I'll see you Friday night."

"Okay...I'll be ready...bye..." she wasn't sure how to end the call.

"Bye, pet," was all he said as he hung up.

Valerie wanted to watch the video again, and as she reached for the remote, she noticed that the note Chris had left had writing on the back. Picking it up, she flipped it

over, smoothing the wrinkles away with her hands, then stared in shock at what she read.

Pittsburgh Bureau of Police Civil Warning

He'd written in the details, her name, address and phone number. It took a minute for it to sink in, and when it did, Valerie started laughing.

A warning. A stupid warning! He wasn't going to arrest me! All that because he was going to give me a warning!

About the Author

Jayne Whitfield grew up in the wilds of Florida, a region where epic tales from the past collide with the sun-drenched reality of the present. Immersed in stories of sunken treasures, rumrunners, cowboys and Indians, juke joints and promiscuous women, the small town where she lives has evolved into a duality of gang violence and oil-soaked tourists, drugs and the natural beauty of paradise. She wouldn't trade it for the world, even if she does have to dodge the occasional hurricane.

When she's not digging through stacks of historic documents at the local library or haunting the coffee shops looking for the best brew and free WiFi, Jayme can be found traipsing through a marsh with her husband and children in tow, a camera slung over her shoulder. She also enjoys watching cheesy science fiction movies, quoting Douglas Adams, theoretical physics and loom knitting.

At home, she loves to relax with a good book, but more often than not the stories are drowned out by a chorus of characters in her own head; a menagerie of voices waiting for their tales to be told. After trying to ignore those voices for years as she wrote for trade magazines and a local paper, Jayme finally gave in and turned to the spicier side of storytelling.

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

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