



Thief of Hearts: Stolen

by

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I knew him only as the Thief of Hearts, and yet I knew him far more intimately than anyone I had ever known—and he knew me far more intimately than anyone ever had. He had stolen into my room in the dead of night while I lay sleeping and brought me passion such as I'd never known, capturing my body and enslaving my heart and soul. Had he given me a taste for bondage? I wondered. Or was it that he knew, as he seemed to, my inner most secrets, the ones I'd hidden even from myself?

Twice he had come to me in the night and bound me and thrilled me to the depths of my soul, and that easily I was addicted, forever altered and desperate for him to return.

He didn't. Night after night I climbed into my lonely bed, hoping tonight, surely this night, he would return to me and love me as he had loved me before.

It was love to me. Nothing that made me feel like he made me feel could be purely animal lust and only that. It was deeper, stronger, a

bondage of the soul. He felt it too. I knew I wasn't imagining it. In capturing me he had found himself as tightly bound. He had as much as said so.

When time passed and he didn't return, I began to question that and I would be hurt and depressed for a time, and then angry. Then I would begin to worry that, perhaps, something had happened to him to prevent him from coming back to me.

I knew him only as a dream lover, who called himself the Thief of Hearts, but I was convinced that he was real. And, if he was real, then the real world had interfered. It must have. If not, then he would no more have been able to stop coming to me than I could refrain from wanting him.

I began to think more and more about how it was that he had managed it at all, simply appeared as if he were nothing more than a ghost, but I simply couldn't accept that he was a ghost. He was real. He was alive.

I had never been particularly interested 'otherworldly' manifestations, or anything of a paranormal nature, but my obsession with my dream lover turned my mind in that direction and I began to scour the book shops for an answer. When I finally ran across a book about astral projection, I was convinced that I had found the answer. He had dream walked into my life, and somehow, he no longer could.

Or, perhaps, it was that he no longer would? Something he had said that last time led me to believe that he thought that I was not real, that I was a figment of his imagination. Perhaps he had become concerned that he had

fallen in love with a woman who did not exist?

The question was, could I go to him?

The answer, unfortunately, was no.

I studied the books I found religiously. I did everything that they suggested, and still I could not dream walk. I could dream of him. I frequently did, but it was no more than a dream and there was a vast difference between my dreams and what had happened before, adding weight to my convictions.

Obviously, I had no psychic abilities whatsoever.

Just as surely, he did—but he was being stubborn.

Thwarted of that ‘simple’ solution, I began to rethink things. Finally, it occurred to me that he was, almost certainly, ‘in’ to the bondage scene. If I had any hope of finding him, I must gather my courage and find my way into the ‘secret’ world of bondage.

When all was said and done, I was a coward, however, and it took real desperation to boost my rabbit ass over that hurdle. In point of fact, I had no interest in bondage in general, but one man in particular, and I wasn’t entirely certain how I was to ‘enter’ the bondage scene to look for him without actually participating.

I began by cruising the bondage shops. I was a little surprised to discover that there were several, two that focused entirely on bondage/submission/domination and several others that carried every sex toy imaginable, which included those used by the bondage crowd.

I decided to focus on the bondage shops, certain that if my lover could be found, that would be the place. Window shopping was not the way to go, I soon discovered. The clerks began to look at me as if they thought I was bent on shop lifting.

I had to admit going in three or four times a week and ‘looking around’—mostly at the other patrons—might look suspicious. Finally, I began to buy a trinket here and there, just to assure my welcome. Whenever the shop wasn’t too full, I’d let the sales clerk show me around and try to pump her for information. Finally, I became such a regular that the clerk began to mellow towards me and asked me which of the ‘clubs’ I liked best.

There were clubs?

She gave me the name of her favorite spot. A lot of people liked to club hop, but she thought it was just too much going from one to another, and, really, what was the point? If you stayed in one spot, sooner or later everyone made it through the club anyway.

I told her I really appreciated it but I was fairly certain I didn’t have the nerve to show up by myself. She took the hint and invited me to go with her.

When Saturday night rolled around I was both terrified and so excited I had to fight to keep from hyperventilating. I knew in my heart tonight, finally, I would find the Thief of Hearts!

I don’t know what I had expected, but I was both surprised and vaguely disappointed when I saw the club. It was really quite ordinary. The

only thing that I could see—from the outside anyway—that looked any different than any other club I'd seen was the fact that the patrons lined up outside and waiting to get in looked like they were dressed up for a costume party.

I relaxed a bit, though, because my friendly neighborhood sales clerk had told me to be sure to dress 'kinky'. I had done so, but hardly with aplomb. Despite the fact that it was at least sixty degrees outside, I'd worn my coat, fearful that one of my neighbors would see me and think that I was moonlighting as a prostitute. The high heeled, shiny black leather, thigh high boots were enough to give them that idea. The cat suit, which I'd bought at the shop where Cherie worked, was actually almost 'decent' if one didn't look too closely. Made of leather looking black spandex, the neckline was modest and it had short sleeves. The 'legs' were so short, however, that the bottoms of my butt cheeks were exposed. The zipper, set in with a contrasting red fabric, went from the rounded neck, down my belly and through the crotch, ending just above the crack of my ass. There were also zippers across the middle of each breast, and they were not merely for decoration.

The cat suit in general, and the crotch zipper in particular, had given me problems. I didn't own a pair thongs, and I didn't particularly care for the way the outfit looked with my panties showing in the back. Pubic hair and zippers combined for a sort of torture, however, that I wasn't 'in' to. I'd ended up shaving my pussy and cleft to keep from catching hair in the

zipper. Completely nude beneath the suit, my pussy feeling uncomfortably sensitive, I felt kinky, whether I looked it or not.

When Cherie got out of her car, parked a few places down from where I'd parked, and rushed to meet me, I nerved myself, discarded the coat and got out. Cherie squealed in delight when I walked around the end of the car. "Oh my God! It looks fabulous on you! I got the red one, and it doesn't look nearly as good on me."

The compliment boosted my self-confidence a couple of hairs—something I needed rather badly to face the prospect of going inside the club.

Considering the line waiting to get in, I shouldn't have been surprised to see that it was really crowded inside, but I was—and vastly disappointed when I didn't see anyone that I could immediately identify as my Thief, although I noticed one man standing near the bar as we came in that seemed oddly familiar. When we'd found a seat at a small table and ordered our drinks I asked Cherie if everybody there was into bondage/submission/domination. She shrugged. "A lot of them. Some are into the really 'bad' shit though, S&M."

I must have looked as fearful as I felt. She smiled comfortingly. "Don't worry. I'm a regular and everybody here knows I'm not 'in' to that stuff, and don't hang with people that are. I'll let you know which ones you want to steer clear of."

Our drinks had barely arrived when I noticed a man approaching our table purposefully. Stocky and probably not much above medium height, I immediately dismissed him as a possibility. My Thief was very well built, but not nearly that stocky, and a good bit taller.

The man was dressed in leather and chains, and wearing a hooded mask that gave me the creeps.

He was not the least discouraged by the fact that I glanced at him and then away again. As if I'd encouraged him, he swaggered over to our table and propped his elbows on it, leaning toward me.

Cherie gave me a nudge under the table. When I glanced at her, she shook her head ever so slightly. "Go away, Steve. My friend's not in to your brand of play."

He didn't even glance at her. "How do you know?"

"I'm not," I said flatly.

He tilted his head to one side, studying me. "Don't knock it till you've tried it." Fear inched its way up my spine. He didn't look like the type that would take rejection very well. I glanced nervously at Cherie.

"She said, no, asshole. Take a hike!" Cherie snapped.

He glared at her. Mask or no mask, I was certain of that from the way his eyes narrowed. "Fuck off, bitch. I was talking to the little lady here."

Cherie eyed him a moment in tight-lipped silence, then glanced over his shoulder. Lifting her hand, she waved at someone in the crowd.

Steve glanced over his shoulder, stiffened, and pushed away from the

table. “Later.”

I was ready to go home the moment he disappeared. I knew I’d gotten in way over my head. Before I could gather strength into my weak knees, however, I saw a man in the distance, moving through the crowd on a collision course with Steve. They exchanged a few words and then Steve moved on without a backward glance.

I’d lost all interest in Steve, however. The man who’d spoken to him was the one I’d noticed when I came in—the one that had seemed familiar. My heart seemed to stand still in my chest. Excitement flooded through me.

“Who was that?”

“Don’t worry about it. He comes on strong when he’s in his leather, but he won’t bother you again. Club rules. No means no.”

I shook my head. “The guy that spoke to him.”

Cherie shrugged. “I didn’t see him. Might’ve been Kane. I gave him the signal.”

My interest caught, I turned to look at her. “Signal?”

“You are a newbie, aren’t you? Everybody here’s into games, but you have a safety. Anytime you feel uncomfortable, or you think your partner’s gone a little too far, you use the safety word. Same goes for the club, except you give a signal. The bouncers take care of anybody that gets out of line.”

“Kane’s one of the bouncers?” The man I’d noticed was big, but he didn’t seem massive enough to be a bouncer. Moreover, I just couldn’t picture my Thief in that role.

Cherie smiled. “He owns the place, but, yeah, he’s one of the bouncers too. Want to meet him?”

I nodded, but now I wasn’t sure I wanted to. From a distance, I would’ve been willing to swear he was my Thief. I realized that I would almost rather go on believing it than have my hopes dashed.

Cherie stood up and looked around, then sat again. “He’s disappeared. Next time I see him, I’ll try to get him to come over.”

Disappointment assailed me at once. I spent the next several hours craning my neck for a glimpse of him. Several times I was certain that I had spotted him, but he was always moving in another direction. Once, he stopped only a few tables over from where I sat. When I saw him, he was looking directly at me—I thought. I smiled, hoping it would encourage him to come over, but he looked away, speaking to the people at that table and I decided he must not have noticed me after all.

A ‘friend’ had joined Cherie not long after our arrival. I was too busy looking for my Thief at first to pay them much mind, but as the night wore on they became friendlier and friendlier until I began to feel uncomfortable. Toward midnight, when I had begun to think my night was a bust and to wonder how I might gracefully depart, Cherie told me she was going upstairs to one of the playrooms with her friend.

Up until that moment, I’d been wondering what was upstairs. I’d seen a steady parade up and down since our arrival and had decided there must be restrooms upstairs. Her comment made me feel like a complete

fool, but fortunately it was far too dim in the club for her to notice my blush. I nodded. “I was just about to head home anyway,” I said.

“You sure you don’t want to stick around awhile? I’ll be back in about an hour.”

I shook my head firmly. “Actually, I’ve got a headache. I’m just going to hit the lady’s room and then head out.”

She shrugged. “There’s one down the hallway past the stairs. It’s a single so not many people use it.”

I glanced in the direction she’d indicated. It was curtained off and dark beyond the curtain. Most likely that was why no one used it, I thought. I quickly discovered, however, that the other restroom, the main one, had about a ten minute wait. If I hadn’t drank two drinks I would’ve waited until I got home, but I didn’t think I could hold it that long.

It wasn’t until I’d gotten in the tiny restroom in the back that I discovered that I was far more intoxicated than I’d realized. My cat suit had presented a bit of a challenge for me to begin with. Now I realized I was going to have to come out of it all together just to pee. Deciding there was no hope for it, I took it off, tossed it over the door and relieved myself.

Whether it was ‘public’ nakedness, or just the fact that my pussy was extremely sensitive now that I’d shaved the hair off, the moist towelettes that I carried with me everywhere to freshen up after I used the toilet, gave me the biggest thrill I’d had in weeks.

I wasn’t really much for masturbation, and besides I’d been saving

myself for my lover, but I decided right then that I was way beyond mildly horny if my towelette could give me that much of a thrill and that I would have to break out my trusty vibrator when I got home. I suppose it was my distraction that made me incautious, but once I'd dressed, I exited without giving a thought to the fact that the bathroom I'd used was at the end of a very dark hallway.

I was sorry for it the moment I stepped out. I'd taken no more than a step or two when I was caught from behind. I screamed instinctively, but there was so much noise in the club it was doubtful anyone heard, or thought anything about it if they did. Before I could scream again, a hand was clamped over my mouth.

Terror washed over me. My brain immediately screamed 'Steve', even though I hadn't given him another thought after he'd left the table. A coldness crept over me, and with it a blackness far more profound than the darkness of the hall.

When I regained consciousness, I wasn't altogether convinced, at first, that I had. Blackness still surrounded me. I found that something significant had changed, however. I could not feel arms binding me, but I could not move so much as a fraction of an inch in any direction. Panic assailed me for several moments while I wondered if I was paralyzed, but it subsided once more when it occurred to me that I could feel the temperature of the room, air wafting over me, that I'd felt my muscles bunch and tense when I'd tried to move. I couldn't be paralyzed and feel all of that, I knew.

With my mind, I searched my body, trying to decide what had happened, trying to understand why I couldn't seem to move at all, for, although I became almost immediately aware of being held somehow, I could not feel cords or chains biting into me, couldn't feel cuffs.

I realized that I was in a sitting position, but I couldn't feel anything beneath me, only that my knees were drawn up.

I could hear breathing. It terrorized me until I began to wonder if it was only my own frantic breathing against the cloth over my mouth, for I could feel the pressure and the flutter of fabric beneath my nostrils with each breath.

Abruptly, I felt a tug near my buttocks and my heart skipped several beats. The sound of a zipper being slowly pulled along its teeth was loud in the silence. Cool air brushed my buttocks, and then my pussy. The sound stopped and the sense of release with it when it reached a point just above my pubic mound. After a few moments, I felt another tug, heard the sound of a zipper, but this time at my breast. Cool air caressed the breast that had been exposed, causing the nipple to pucker and stand erect. A moment later, I felt the inevitable tug on the other zipper and I was sorrier than ever that I'd chosen the cat suit. It hadn't even been necessary to undress me to leave me vulnerable and fully exposed. I jerked reflexively when I felt a hand cup my left breast, lift it away from the fabric. Almost impersonally, the hand carefully pushed the fabric out of the way and tucked it beneath first one, and then the other breast so that my entire breasts, and not just the

nipples, were exposed.

I was panting so hard with fear that I think I would have hyperventilated again and lost consciousness, if not for the cloths over my face, one bound around my eyes and the other my mouth.

Briefly, hope assailed me when I remembered that my Thief had blindfolded me that first time, but it was almost immediately dashed, for I could not believe, no matter how much I wanted to, that my Thief had found me. He had never before come to me except in dream and this was no dream.

I knew he liked to play games, and it didn't seem altogether farfetched that he might have found me and wanted to introduce me to real world bondage, but it occurred to me that I was hopeful mostly because I was afraid it wasn't him.

I was still struggling to figure out what had happened, and where I was, when I felt my legs tighten, felt them lifted and pulled apart. The folds of flesh around my pussy parted, exposing me fully to whoever watched, whoever it was that had decided to play a game.

Again, fear washed through me. I had not agreed to play a game. I hadn't been asked. No one had shown me any particular interest—except the S&M freak—and I was deathly allergic to pain.

Was that it? I wondered frantically. Had he merely waited, and watched, until the opportunity presented itself? --Until I'd presented him with an opportunity, I corrected myself.

He must have taken me to one of the playrooms upstairs, I realized. I knew I couldn't have been unconscious long—and yet I'd been bound so thoroughly in that time that I could not move at all beyond a twitch of muscle.

He said nothing at all, which seemed ominous in itself. I felt as if he was studying me—knew he must be, and yet, he had not touched me beyond exposing me by unzipping my cat suit.

Quite suddenly, without warning, something hot and moist covered one of my nipples—a mouth, I realized, flinching, fearful that he would hurt me. Instead, he began sucking and tugging upon my nipple. As frightened as I was, as unwilling as I was to be touched at all, warmth radiated from that suckling mouth, flooding me with sensations I tried to fight. For several moments I actually thought that I had succeeded in tuning it out, but I was almost immediately shown that I would not be allowed to simply ignore what was done to me. The heat and warmth and moisture of a second mouth came down over my free breast. Caught up as I was, completely focused on that mouth and what it was doing to me, I jerked with shock when my other breast was covered as abruptly as the first.

Even as heat spiraled through me, so too did shock and disorientation. It could not be that horrible man as I'd first thought, for I hadn't been hurt, but somehow I'd been captured by two men and I had no clue of who they could be. Worse still, my breasts were too sensitive for me to ignore them completely. As much as I wanted to, I could not prevent my body from

responding to the insistent tugging on my nipples. Heat and tension built sluggishly inside of me, slowed by my determination but finally overwhelming my silent protest, flooding my sex with moisture. My pussy throbbed, ached with sensitivity. I focused on that discomfort, trying to rid my mind of the pleasure that was taking over my mind. I didn't want to feel any of this. I didn't want anyone touching me except my Thief.

I repeated that over and over in my mind, hoping they would stop before I lost my focus, but need began to creep in, the need to assuage the ache of my pussy. Almost as if my mind had conjured it, the heat of yet another mouth assaulted me. I felt hot breath and then the mouth opened over me, covered my pussy, sucking my clit. I gasped, tried to move away from the third mouth, but it was only an instinctual urge to retreat. I knew I couldn't.

The pleasure was sheer torture given I had no desire to feel it. I bit my lip, renewing my efforts to close my mind to what was happening to me, trying not to think about the pleasure thrumming through me as my breasts and my pussy were all sucked and tongued at the same time, but the stimulation coming at me from every most sensitive nerve ending was driving me wild with mindless pleasure.

The faint whine of a vibrator filtered through my fevered mind. I flinched when I felt a touch near my rectum. This was something I'd never had any interest in trying. I knew there were many people who considered it wildly exciting, but I wasn't one of them. The gentle, but unrelenting

intrusion succeeded in distracting me. I went tense, expecting pain, felt my body plummet from near culmination to very nearly the opposite end of the spectrum.

Discomfort was the first sensation I registered as the tiny vibrator was inserted. The sex toy almost immediately discovered a g-spot I hadn't even known I possessed, however, sending my libido sky rocketing. The sensations from the mouths sucking on my nipples, the sucking on my clit and the vibrations against that previously unknown g-spot sent a shock wave through me that felt more like an explosion than a climax. I cried out.

Instantly all stimulation was withdrawn. I quaked and shuddered, but the abrupt withdrawal left me hanging on the edge. It was rather like a violent 'almost' sneeze. I felt abraded, dissatisfied, unfulfilled.

I struggled to catch my breath as I felt my body cooling, felt my climax slipping further and further from my grasp. I told myself I was relieved. They'd stopped. I hadn't actually cum and, technically, I hadn't betrayed my lover.

I suppose I was just too disturbed by the near miss to fully grasp the situation. My heart slowed, my breathing became easier, but my body continued to hum, aching from the near fulfillment that had not quite given me the release I needed, and my mind couldn't seem to move beyond that discomfort.

I groaned with a mixture of pleasure and reluctance when I felt that first disembodied mouth catch hold of a throbbing nipple. He bit down,

pulled, almost hard enough to cause pain. The almost was the problem, because until that point, I'd hardly noticed his possession beyond the heat. The sharp tug sent a new spiral of sensation through me and dizziness as I lost my breath. Before I'd caught it, the same was done to my other nipple and another shock wave went through me. My pussy flooded with moisture, throbbing almost painfully with the need to find release. A hot tongue nudged its way through my cleft, was dragged along it and then over my clit. My clit throbbed to life, begging for attention. The mouth fastened tightly against me, sucking.

I groaned, my body thrumming instantly into almost painful pleasure, felt myself building so rapidly toward climax that I couldn't seem to catch my breath. With dread, I heard the vibrator once more, felt it slowly inserted. Again, it throbbed against that g-spot, forcing me toward a climax I was afraid to try to reach.

Mindlessly, my body sought release against my will. Despite my best efforts, a groan escaped me, and again, everything stopped instantly, leaving me hovering near the brink, frustrated, desperate and no longer in control of even my mind.

True consciousness receded. I passed beyond any ability to think at all. My body felt, and responded, desperately seeking the release that had been denied.

Time passed. I had no idea how much time, but my body was not touched, was allowed to lull itself into a state almost of rest. Slowly, my

mind began to function, sluggishly, but enough that I began to think that my ordeal was over.

I found, however, that they had merely been waiting for my body to adjust once more to its normal state, for it to respond slowly to the stimulation so that I could be denied surcease again.

My mind was working with them and against me. I tried hard to ignore the mouth as it sucked my nipple inside once more, nudging it, pulling, suckling. The tingles of renewed awareness could not be ignored, however and when the other mouth caught my nipple, I descended into mindlessness. The mouth that soon covered my clit and suckled it had my body screaming for release, searching desperately for it.

This time, however, I did not hear the whine of the vibrator. This time, everything stopped before I even neared completion.

I felt like weeping, fear having abandoned me long since. All I could think about was the need for release they kept denying me.

Abruptly, something icy touched my buttock. I jerked, tried my best to escape in mindless panic, but I could no more avoid that than the other. I lost my breath as it was drawn slowly along my cleft, back and forth until the flesh cooled, became almost numb. The iciness was drawn in a circle around each nipple, the circle closing slowly but surely and finally skating over each nipple in turn. The dampness was allowed to dry. I relaxed fractionally.

Again the ice was applied, rubbed back and forth along my cleft, then

each nipple.

My body cooled, but it did not return to normal. Inside it still buzzed with dissatisfaction.

I was allowed to rest, how long I had no idea, but I knew better than to believe it was over. Disoriented as I was, I was familiar with this particular game. The object was to tease me over and over and withhold fulfillment until I was mindless and begging for it. I was very close to that point already, but too stubborn to acknowledge it. In any case, I could say nothing. Everything was muffled against the gag and words indistinguishable.

It was a relief really. I knew I would deeply regret it later if I begged for release.

Despite everything, the new assault caught me off guard. I jerked when I felt something hot and moist touch the sensitive flesh between my rectum and my pussy. It moved to my hole, delved inside. I jerked as a wave of warmth washed through me. In a moment, it was withdrawn, dragged across my clit. A mouth closed over my clit, sucked it gently and then released it. Slowly, the tongue lathed me again, delved inside my passage. This time, however, it plunged and retreated several times, and each time, my heart jerked and sensation flooded my nerve endings. I was so focused on the feel of that tongue probing my passage, I jerked in surprise when a mouth closed over each nipple at the same time. Caught completely off guard, heady sensations flooded me before I could even

think to try to stop it, to turn my body off to it.

To my partial relief, they withdrew before I'd more than begun to warm up. The relief was short lived. I'd no more than cooled when they assaulted my senses once more, this time almost as one, capturing my nipples and my clit and sucking on them so that my body shot toward release. This time they did not relent until I was on the very edge, felt my climax begin to shudder through me.

Again, they stopped just shy of giving me what I was now desperate for.

I lost all awareness of everything beyond my body and those torturous mouths after that. My body ached desperately for fulfillment, but I could not get it, even when I focused my whole being on it.

I was near mad with frustration when I was allowed to rest again. They had not once touched me anywhere except in my most sensitive erogenous zones, and yet my whole body ached with sensitivity.

I groaned when I felt the mouth cover my pussy yet again, for I'd been allowed to rest and cool so long that I knew I would barely reach the point where I was approaching climax before they stopped once more.

The whine of the vibrator assailed my ears and with it a sense of desperation. I was going to die of unfulfilled pleasure if they kept this up. Slowly, it was inserted, but even as it penetrated, I felt something hard pressing against my body's opening. My heart skipped a beat as I felt a huge cock stretching me, filling me. The muscles of my belly clenched

almost painfully against the intrusion and I felt something harder even than the cock as he plumbed my depths. Beads? I wondered briefly, but could not focus beyond that. As he began to move inside of me, my body clenched, gathering for release. The sucking on my nipples, my clit, the vibration against the g-spot in my rectum, the hard pounding of his cock had me mindless within moments.

I was nearing climax when my gag was pulled down and a cock forced into my mouth. Excited as I was, I welcomed the intrusion, sucking desperately on the cock as waves of pleasure engulfed me from every direction. The cock pounded harder, almost painfully deep. The sucking on my nipples and my clit grew harder, as hard as my own sucking on the cock in my mouth. Abruptly, I felt the cock in my mouth jerk, felt his seed spew down my throat. The cock in my pussy slammed into me hard, jerked, sending such an explosive climax through me that I lost all awareness.

Sunlight streaming through my windows woke me. Confusion filled me as I rose to full consciousness and opened my eyes to see my own ceiling above me. I looked around, noting each thing that was familiar to me, wondering for some moments if I had dreamed everything that had happened to me.

Abruptly, I sat up. Every muscle in my body protested and I fell back against my pillows more confused than ever.

It could not have been a dream then, I realized.

Had I been given a date rape drug? I wondered a little frantically,

realizing that nothing that had happened seemed quite real now. Try though I might, however, I couldn't recall ever taking my eyes off of my drink. I had held it between my hands. No one, not even my friend Cherie had touched it. I had only gone to the restroom once, and I had not gone back to the table. By that time, I had finished both drinks.

In many ways, it seemed strangely like my experience with the Thief, more dreamlike than real.

But it differed greatly, as well. I had not dreamed going to the club. I knew that much. I could not have dreamed the bondage game either, for my body refused to allow me that comfort.

The one thing that confused me more than anything else was my memory of being stimulated all over at once. Surely what I had experienced wasn't even physically possible? Even if, by some strange contortions, they could have all assaulted me at once, why would they? Try though I might to dismiss it, though, I could remember far too well what it had felt like to have every orifice filled and stimulated at once, even while someone had sucked both breasts and my pussy. My imagination failed me when I tried to figure it out, and worse, my body thrummed to life at the memory, clamoring for more of the same.

I tried not to think about what had happened. I knew in my heart that I loved my Thief—but my body had betrayed both of us.

I was devastated and depressed. I avoided the places I'd sought before in my search for my Thief, for instead of finding him, I'd found out

something I didn't like about myself.

Where before I'd had almost a nightly ritual of trying to summon my lover, I now did my best not to think of him at all, certain that I couldn't face him again, convinced that he would know, somehow, that I'd betrayed him.

Days passed, and slowly I began to forgive myself, realizing that it had not been my fault. I had set out to find my lover, not betray him. I had been bound. I could not have prevented what happened to me. My body had responded without my consent, unable to ignore the assault to my senses.

Nearly a week passed when I woke one night to realize that I was not alone. Dread seized me, but it wasn't the fear of finding a stranger in my room. It was apprehension that my Thief had come at long last, now, when I was tainted, and he would know.

As before, I found myself bound, unable to move, suspended in the swing I had loved before.

Blind, gagged, almost completely deaf to sound, I was once more forced only to feel.

"Do you want to play?" a husky voice whispered in my ear.

Recognizing his voice, I felt like crying. I shook my head. I really didn't want to play. My body said otherwise, however. It became immediately alert, almost reaching out for stimulation.

"You're certain?"

I nodded.

“You’re not certain?” he asked teasingly.

I frowned, nodded sharply.

He chuckled, and I felt something graze my skin, his finger, I thought, lightly, more of a tickle than anything else as it moved along my arm, over my breasts and then along the other arm. It skated across my palm and then began to move back the way it had come until it reached my collar bone. From there it traveled down, over my belly, paused while I held my breath and then skated along one thigh, over my knee, my shin. It raked along the bottom of my foot, tickling, then up the inside of my leg, lightly flicked my clit and then traced a similar pattern along the other leg.

Tension had stolen through me by the time he’d traced my body.

“Do you want to play?” he whispered.

I wasn’t as certain as I had been, but I shook my head anyway, knowing I didn’t deserve the luscious pleasure/torture he had in mind.

I felt him bend near me, felt his hot breath. My nipples puckered and stood erect. Dampness gathered in my pussy. When his mouth closed over one nipple, a jolt went through me. My mind reeled. He teased it exquisitely, suckling then nudging it with his tongue. My heart sped up as pleasure flooded through me. Moments passed, and I sank deeper and deeper into feeling, not thinking.

He stopped. I caught my breath, tried to jog my mind into action. I lost it when I felt the gentle scrape of his teeth on my other nipple, lost my

breath as his mouth closed over it. I was gasping for breath when he released it and moved away.

My clit throbbed with the knowledge that it was its turn. Disappointment filled me when I felt his mouth on the first nipple once more.

He released it after only a moment and again stepped away. By this time, my body was humming, needy. All I could think about was having him touch me everywhere, kiss me, stroke me until I was a mindless mass of nerve endings.

“Do you want to play?”

I nodded eagerly.

He withdrew.

Confusion filled me. I’d forgotten how the game was played. The questions were only meant to tease me with the notion that I was in control. In truth, he was, completely, and he would not give me release until he was certain he had teased me to the point of madness.

I shook my head, certain I wasn’t up for this sort of torment at the moment.

It made no difference.

His mouth opened over the sensitive part of my thigh, near my pussy. He sucked, hard. The muscles in my belly clenched. He moved his mouth to the other leg, sucking it. Me! My pussy screamed in distress, but he ignored it.

He moved away again and I sagged, tense, but certain that I had to rest and force myself to relax.

To my surprise, he moved back to one nipple and took it into his mouth almost at once. My heart jerked, began to race as he finessed it wonderfully with his mouth and tongue, but I was tense as well because of my certainty that he would stop before I neared my climax.

Abruptly, a mouth closed over my other throbbing nipple. I jerked in surprise, tense, confused, for he had not moved. He still suckled my other breast. While I was still grappling with my confusion, trying to dismiss the unpleasant certainty that swept through me, a mouth settled over my clit and sucked.

Fire flooded through me, but panic, as well. This was not right! My mind screamed, and yet, despite all of that my body ignored my distress, climbing toward release.

My body rapidly reached a point where it teetered on the edge and it was only my fear of having it snatched away from me that kept me hovering for breathless moments. Without surprise, but with a good deal of frustration, those wonderful sensations were withdrawn abruptly even as I began to climax.

Shaking, quaking inside, my body cooled slowly, and as it did my confusion grew.

I wanted answers, but could not demand them.

I braced myself when it started again, when I felt the brush of a tongue along my cleft. No amount of resistance could help me, however, when I could not elude it. I gasped when I felt his tongue delve inside me teasingly, felt like my heart would beat me to death as he abandoned that torment and closed his mouth over my clit.

I was swimming upward toward release again when a mouth covered each of my breasts. Pleasure poured through me, making my head spin.

The faint, but distinct, whir of a vibrator assailed me. I clenched against it, but it was slowly inserted, fluttering against my internal g-spot. My whole body tensed toward an explosive climax.

Suddenly, I was abandoned. “No!” I screamed against the cloth covering my mouth.

“You want me to stop?”

I could hardly catch my breath, could scarcely think. I shook my head.

The cloth was pulled from my mouth. I felt his cock nudging my lips and opened my mouth wide. Beads studded the top of his cock, but I was only dimly aware of that inconsistency. I sucked him, hoping it would bring my own climax.

As I sucked, I felt something huge nudging my pussy, parting the flesh, thrusting inside until it sank so deeply I felt as if I would be split in two. I welcomed it, lifted toward it as it was slowly withdrawn and thrust

inside of me again. I sucked his cock frantically, barely even aware of the sound of the vibrator until I felt it penetrate my rectum.

The sucking on my nipples and my clit were my undoing. I climaxed, felt the cocks in my mouth and my pussy jerk, felt and tasted the spilling of his seed.

I was barely conscious when the cloth was pulled from my eyes. My lover's eyes gleamed at me with a combination of triumph and repletion. Glancing around, I discovered that it was only the two of us and I frowned in confusion.

He held a finger up. "Watch."

As I stared at him, he became two. The two divided again and became four, and then six. I was more confused, not less. They were identical.

"I don't understand," I managed on a breathless gasp.

"You do."

"But..." I trailed off as it occurred to me that astral projection itself made no sense if one considered it. How could there be a rule about how many times he'd projected his image?

Relief flooded me, though. "It was you ... the other night."

His brows rose. "You doubted it?"

Guilt swamped me. "I didn't know what to think--I thought it was someone else and I was afraid. And then I thought it was you ... but there seemed to be more than one."

He shook his head, as if to chastise me. “This game is ours.”

Relief and happiness filled me, relief that I had not betrayed him after all and that he seemed to think of this as something special between them just as I did. “I thought you were only a dream.”

“I thought you were,” he said. “I’d conjured the woman of my dreams and I couldn’t believe, at first, that you really did exist ... just as I’d imagined you.”

He untied me, gathered me into his arms and carried me to the bed, laying me down and dropping to the bed beside me. We simply stared at each other for a while, absorbing the reality of our dreams.

He frowned finally. “How did you find me?”

Embarrassment flooded me. “When I became convinced that you were real and that you didn’t think that I was, I tried to astral project, but I discovered I couldn’t. So I went to look for you.”

“I didn’t think it was purely coincidence that you’d showed up at my club—not after I got over the first shock of seeing you in person, that is.”

“But you didn’t come over,” I reminded him.

He looked a little sheepish. “I thought you just looked like my Kate. I didn’t realize that you really were at first. Finally, I decided to try astral projection. I thought, if it really was you, I’d be drawn to you And I was.”

I frowned. “You’re not really here now, are you?”

He smiled. “I can be, if you want me to.”

I closed my eyes. “Yes, please.”

I’d been pacing the floor for a good twenty minutes when my doorbell rang. I grasped the knob and pulled it open without even checking first to see who it was.

To my surprise, I found him far more imposing in the flesh--and far more handsome. I smiled. “Kane!” I exclaimed, flinging my arms around his neck.

His arms closed around my waist, pulling me tightly against him. “Kate!”

Pulling away finally, I caught his hand and tugged him inside, closing the door.

“Now,” I said, smiling. “You can show me what else you can do.”

He laughed, catching me in a tight embrace. “Now? And here I thought I’d satisfied you in ways no woman had ever experienced.”

“You did. I’m just curious to know what else you can do.”

Releasing me, he dug into his jeans pocket and produced a ring. “Marry me, and I’ll show you everything.”

The End