

ELLIS O. DAY



HIS
LESSON

LA PETITE MORT CLUB INTIMATE ENCOUNTERS

His Lesson

La Petite Mort Club Intimate Encounters, Volume 1

Ellis O. Day

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HIS LESSON

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CHAPTER 1: TERRY

Terry sat in his office pretending to listen to Dan who rattled on about a potential new client. He should be paying attention but he couldn't stop thinking about next week. It was his first vacation in years. Before he'd met Maggie, vacation had meant days alone with nothing to do. Now, it was ten days with him, Maggie and the children—no work, no chores, no running the kids to activities, nothing but hanging out at the pool, playing games and sleeping in late. There wouldn't be much sex with the kids sharing the same hotel suite but they'd make up for that when they returned home.

Derek, the contractor he'd hired, had sworn a week would be more than enough time to finish soundproofing the master bedroom. Once that was done, he wouldn't have to wait for the weekends the kids were with their father to go down on Maggie. Those sounds she made—the moans and mews of pleasure were almost as good as her lips around his cock.

He'd have to talk to Ethan, his friend and owner of La Petite Mort Club, about purchasing some of the larger toys. He'd love to take Maggie to the Club but his little rabbit wasn't quite ready for that yet, but when she was... He shifted and focused on Dan. If he didn't stop thinking about Maggie his boner would be knocking on his desk.

“Ms. Carmel's husband had her sign a prenup but I think we can work around it,” said Dan.

“How?” Prenups weren't all created equal but they were difficult to get voided.

“Here.” Dan flipped through a stack of papers, placing one on Terry's desk. “This property isn't listed on the prenup.”

“Really?” That was interesting, but the best part was how far Dan had come in the past few months. The young attorney now checked all assets thoroughly, never taking his client's word.

“This place has been in Mr. Carmel’s family for years,” said Dan. “I doubt he’d want to lose it.”

“What he wants doesn’t matter.” He hadn’t wanted to lose his business or his family, but it’d happened anyway when his wife had left him.

“It does if he agrees to our offer. Pay up and he can keep the property.” Dan straightened the papers as he waited for Terry’s reaction.

The other attorney dressed the part of the rich, successful lawyer but he was too eager for praise. It showed a lack of confidence and that’d be sniffed out and annihilated in court and meetings. Terry leaned back in his chair, letting the man sweat. He’d hired several young attorneys like this—smart, driven, but no swagger. He’d been just like them, until he’d joined La Petite Mort Club. Sex, power and money had a way of making both men and women feel invincible and that confidence flowed into other aspects of their lives. He should ask Ethan to send invitations to some of his employees, starting with Dan.

“I think we should take her retainer,” said Dan.

“Agreed.”

“Great. I’ll have everything ready by Monday.”

“Monday?” The guy must be planning on working the weekend again. Ever since Dan’s girlfriend had left him, the young man had thrown himself into his job. Terry had done the same thing when his wife had left and it wasn’t healthy. “I won’t even be here Monday and you should get a life.”

Dan’s face fell.

Damn, he’d hurt the kid’s feelings. “I understand it’s hard to go on after a breakup.” Jesus, what had Maggie done to him? He sounded like a woman.

“I just...” Dan stared at the papers on the desk. “We were together for five years.”

“Moving on is hard. We all go through it and we all get over it.” They needed to move on from this topic. He tapped

the paper on his desk. “So, how much are you going to—”

“We’d been together since college. I can’t even imagine dating anyone else.”

“You don’t have to date.” The other man needed to fuck.

“Oh.” Dan’s cheek heated slightly. “I could never pay for it.”

“Of course not. That’s illegal.” He helped Ethan dance a fine line with that law.

“Then...”

“There are plenty of women out there who just want to fuck.”

“Really? Where?” Dan smiled. “I sure don’t know any.”

“Join a gentlemen’s club. There are some excellent establishments in this area. I found them helpful after my divorce.”

“I looked into them right after Lisa left.”

“And?”

“I didn’t care for them.”

“They aren’t for everyone.” He could forget having Ethan send that letter.

“I’ve heard there are nice ones but the few I went to were...” Dan frowned.

“Yes, some are quite distasteful.” The women and men working in the free and cheaper establishments were nothing more than uneducated kids, barely over eighteen, forced into that life due to no other options.

“I tried to get an invitation to the best one...La Petite Mort Club but wasn’t able to.”

“I think, I can help with that.” Damn. Maybe, Maggie was right and he did need to watch his big mouth. He’d meant to arrange this behind the scenes.

“Really?” This was the first time he’d seen Dan excited about anything but work in months.

“Absolutely.” He couldn’t wait to tell Maggie that his big mouth had saved the day once again. “I’ll check into it after my vacation.”

“Thank you. I never...” Dan looked about ready to cry.

“Don’t mention it.” This kid needed some hair on his nuts.

“I-I never expected you to care about anything but my work. I appreciate it. I really do.”

Good lord, the guy was not only going to mention it he was going to keep talking about it. He glanced at his watch. He had an appointment with his assistant but not soon enough.

“I’ve worked at a few other firms and they don’t even treat the non-partners like humans.”

“Yeah...well.” His eyes drifted to the door but Ms. Richard’s was always precisely punctual.

“We were all machines to them. Only there to pump out the paperwork.”

This conversation was getting uncomfortable. He needed Maggie. She’d listen and comfort Dan in her kind and caring way, making the other man feel cared for and happy. His employees loved her almost as much as he did.

Time stopped.

Sound disappeared, everything except the thud of his heart pounding in his ears as icy fear filled his chest.

He loved her.

He’d sworn never to fall in love again and yet...his stupid, fucking heart had done just that. Son of a bitch. What was he going to do? He didn’t want to love her. He wanted to take care of her, be there for her, hold her and fuck her in every way imaginable, but he didn’t want to love her. Like his divorce, it didn’t matter what he wanted. There was no undoing this. All he could do was accept it and tell her.

Sound trickled back through his head slowly—Dan’s words, the noise of Ms. Richard’s typing outside his door—as the knot around his heart eased a bit. She’d been telling him

that she loved him for months now. His chest tightened again. It had to have hurt her when he hadn't said it back, but she'd never withheld her words. She was so much stronger than he was.

His phone beeped. It was Maggie. A cold sweat broke out on his skin. He couldn't talk to her right now, not even in text, but she wasn't one of those clingy women who texted for no reason. "Dan, I have to take this."

"Of course." The younger man stood and left the office, closing the door behind him.

Terry picked up his phone. It'd be fine. He didn't have to say anything right now. He'd tell her later when the time was right.

MAGGIE: Change of plans. Meet me at the Club tonight after work.

He read it again and again, his dick starting to harden. Was she truly ready for the Club? If she didn't enjoy herself, she may never want to go again and that'd be a shame for both of them.

TERRY: The Club? You sure?

MAGGIE: Yep.

TERRY: What about the kids?

MAGGIE: Nick and Sarah are keeping them for the weekend.

TERRY: The weekend?

Oh, his dick was paying attention now.

MAGGIE: We pick them up Sunday afternoon and go straight to the hotel for Spring break.

He shifted on his seat to take some pressure off his cock. An entire weekend at the Club with Maggie was a fantasy of his—several fantasies, actually. There was no keeping his dick down now.

TERRY: Ok. I'll be home in a few.

It was only fair she relieve the pressure in his groin because she'd caused it.

MAGGIE: Okay, but I won't be there. I'll meet you at the Club and when you get there, you can do WHATEVER you want to me.

He groaned. This conversation was not for texts. He dialed her number.

"Hey, I thought you might call." Maggie's voice was filled with laughter, but this was serious.

"Are you sure? I warned you once not to say that unless you were absolutely positive that you meant it." His heart thudded, skipping beats as he waited for her answer. A Sub needed to trust her Dom completely. It took time, patience and worthiness on the Dom's part. He didn't think they were there yet, but...

"I'm sure." Now, her voice was soft and a little shaky.

"Maybe, we should stay home instead." He didn't want to. Now that she'd put the Club on the agenda, he wanted to take her there and show her off.

"Oh. Okay. Sure. If you don't want to go, that's fine." Her voice cracked.

"Damn it. That's not what I meant." His hand tightened on the phone. "I'd love to take you to the Club."

"Really? You aren't..."

"I'm not what?" Now, his temper rose along with his dick.

"Nothing. Never mind."

"Say it."

"It's nothing."

"It's not nothing. You still don't trust me." This hurt more than he wanted it to. All his feelings for her were like that—too strong, too raw and too dangerous for his long-term well-being.

"How can you say that?"

“How can you think I wouldn’t want to take you to the Club?”

“Ah...”

He waited, almost hearing her mind scrambling for some lie he’d believe. She still thought she was too heavy and therefore unattractive. He should’ve taken her ex to court for hiding assets and let the asshole go to jail. The man deserved the death sentence for destroying her confidence. Terry tried to show her every day how gorgeous and giving she was, but obviously, she didn’t believe him. He had no idea what else he could do to convince her. “You know what? Don’t answer that question.”

“No?” The word slipped out like a squeak.

Good, she should be nervous. “No.” He leaned forward on his desk. “I’m going to ask you two questions again but this time think before you answer.”

“Okay.”

“And rabbit, I expect an honest answer. Understood?”

“Yes, Sir.”

He smiled. She understood perfectly. He usually reserved the use of her nickname for their bedroom. “Do you truly want to go to the Club? Before you answer, know that I want to take you there more than you can imagine.” He lowered his voice. “You should see how happy my dick is just thinking about it.”

She laughed. “Yes. I’m ready to go to the Club as long as I’m with you.”

“You’d better not go with anyone else.” He almost growled. He wasn’t into sharing. He’d gladly show her off but no one else was going to fuck her.

“Your second question, Sir.”

“I should punish you for pushing me along.”

“I’m sorry, Sir.” She didn’t sound sorry at all. “But I have an appointment.”

“You do? What kind of appointment?” He leaned back on his chair. She hadn’t mentioned anything that morning. Of course, she hadn’t said anything about the Club either.

“I have to get ready for tonight. You know, hair, nails, clothes.”

“I certainly don’t want you to miss those appointments.” His dick pressed against his zipper at the promise in her words. She wanted to be ready for him. “So, the second question is...Did you mean it when you said I could do *whatever* I wanted?” His heart slowed again. There were so many lovely things he couldn’t wait to show her. He’d taught her a lot but some things couldn’t be done in a house full of kids, especially one with thin walls.

“I did.” Her words were whisper soft. “It’s your birthday and this is your present.”

“You already gave me the present of the trip and the remodeling of our bedroom.”

“The soundproofing of our room was your idea and you’re paying for it.”

“Yeah, but your present to me will come later— every night and every morning if we wake early or the kids sleep in late.” God, he wanted to fuck her 24/7. “And during the day on the weekends.” Shit, he was going to have to jerk off, or he’d never make it through an hour at the Club with her.

“Yes, but the soundproofing of our bedroom is Daddy Terry’s present. Me and you at the Club, that’s Sir’s present.”

“Fuck, Maggie.” He was as hard as a rock. “What time are you going to be there?”

“Six.”

He looked at his watch. It was almost three. “I’ll never make it that long. Swing by the office.”

“Terry, I don’t know.”

He didn’t care if his entire staff knew he was banging her in his office, but it made her uncomfortable. As her Dom, her

happiness came before his, but this time, they could both get what they wanted. “I’m expanding the offices.”

“Yeah. I know.”

“I have the key to the floor below this one. There’s no one there.”

“No one? I thought you were hiring someone to renovate.”

“I am, but I haven’t decided which contractor is getting the job.”

“And no one will be there or come in while we’re... You know.”

“You can lock the door behind you.”

“Okay, but it’ll have to be quick.

“Trust me. That won’t be a problem.” He rubbed his dick through his pants. “Oh, I need you to bring something.” He’d been waiting to introduce her to a few toys.

“Sure. What?”

“That’s a secret. Go to my closet. You know where the key is.”

“Oh, that closet.” Her voice held a smile.

“Yes, that closet.” His toy chest, so to speak. “On the top shelf is a small wooden box. Bring that and don’t open it.”

“You’re kidding, right?”

“Not in the least, rabbit.” He smirked. She was going to be so pissed when she realized it was locked. His little rabbit did her best to obey, but she was curious and had her own mind even when it came to bedroom play. He’d never imagined that he’d find mild disobedience attractive in a Sub, but he should’ve known. It meant he got to pseudo punish her—a lot and his dick really, really liked that.

CHAPTER 2: TERRY

Terry paced in an empty office downstairs, his mind spinning. He loved Maggie. Loved her. Not just cared for her. Not just liked her. Not just wanted to fuck her every waking minute, but he loved her. On top of that, they were finally going to the Club and she'd agreed to let him do whatever he wanted all weekend long.

Scene after scene tumbled through his head, but he had to start small. Conquer the mountain of her nerves and insecurities one rock at a time. He'd start with the simple. He grabbed his phone and dialed.

"Hey, what's up?" asked Ethan.

"I need a room for this weekend."

"Ah...have you spoken with Maggie?"

"Yes. She suggested—"

"Great. You know. So, you don't need a room. She already booked one."

"She did?" His dick strained, ready to burst through his pants like the Kool-Aid man.

"Yes, she did. Happy birthday to you."

"No fucking shit." He drummed his fingers on the table. His little Sub had everything planned. It was time to take back control. He'd give her something familiar and yet different. "I need the Mobile Saint and"—he grinned—"a bowl full of large, fresh cherries. I'll need them filled—"

"I'm at the airport. Call Julie."

"Shit. I'm sorry. I forgot about your friend."

"Yeah. No problem." Ethan's voice was soft. "I hadn't seen him in a long time."

"Still." It was hard when a friend died but especially one who'd helped his own end along with drugs and alcohol.

“Yeah. It sucks but...life goes on.” There was a forced lightness to Ethan’s tone.

“I’ll let you go. Is Nick helping Julie with the Club?” He didn’t like dealing with Julie and had suggested numerous times that Ethan replace her, but his friend wouldn’t listen.

“You said you talked to Maggie.”

“I did.”

“Then you know Nick and Sarah are watching her kids.”

“Oh. Right. She did say something about that.”

“Forgot everything except the thought of playing at the Club with your Sub, didn’t you?” Ethan laughed.

“Yeah. There’s no room for any other thought after that announcement.”

“Surprised you had enough blood left in your brain to call me.”

“I have to divert some from my dick to plan the weekend. Plus, it’s a button on the phone. I didn’t have to remember your number.”

“That’s true.” Ethan chuckled again. “Since I hate to leave Maggie with a Dom who’ll wing it, hold on a minute.” He began typing.

“I can call Julie—”

“Cherries I can do. You’ll have to work with the staff to prepare them how you want, but the cherries will be at the Club. Talk to Jake in the kitchen but”—more typing—“the Saint is busy tonight.”

“Is it free tomorrow?”

“Yep.”

“That’ll work. Thanks.” He already had a plan forming for tonight. The Mobile Saint would’ve been nice but he could play without it.

“The Saint’s reserved for you. Where do you want it?”

“In our room.” Tonight, he’d show her the playrooms but tomorrow it’d be just her and him, re-enacting in “La Petite Mort Club style” the night he’d feasted on her body.

CHAPTER 3: MAGGIE

Maggie clutched her purse to her side as she stepped off the elevator and walked into Terry's suite of offices. No one would know she carried a mystery, sex toy in her handbag. Mystery. Ha. She couldn't believe the jerk had locked the box. It was insulting that he didn't trust her.

"Hi, Maggie," said Rebecca, Terry's assistant.

"Hi. Is Terry in there?" She nodded at the closed door to her right. The juncture between her legs already throbbed for him, eager to try whatever new, secret pleasure he had planned.

"No. He said to give you this." Rebecca handed her an envelope.

"Thanks." She opened it, staring at a piece of paper with the number 303 scrawled across it and a key. It must be to the office downstairs. "Have a nice weekend." She turned and headed for the elevator, her stomach twisting a bit. Whenever she thought about what might happen at the Club, her nerves battled the steady hum of excitement that pulsed through her body. She trusted Terry but she was going to a sex club. Her. Maggie. Mother of three.

"Thank you. You too and enjoy your vacation." Rebecca's voice cracked and then she coughed.

Maggie stopped and walked back to the desk. Right after her divorce, she'd done her share of trying to hide her tears behind a cough. "Is there something wrong?" She hadn't noticed it before but the other woman's eyes were slightly swollen and red, like she'd been crying.

"No. Of course not. Everything's fine." Rebecca smiled but her lips quivered.

"Everything is not fine." Maggie pulled up a chair. Terry wouldn't be happy about being kept waiting but too bad. She may be his Sub but it was good for him to not always get

exactly what he wanted when he wanted it. No matter how much he tried, he couldn't control everything.

"It is. Really." Rebecca looked away.

"Please, tell me. Maybe, I can help."

"It's stupid." Rebecca faced Maggie, a lone tear sliding down her slender cheek. "My ex got married and I-I'm having a hard time."

"I understand." All too well. David had remarried three months after their divorce was final. "How long were you married?"

"Oh. We...never married, but we lived together for eight years."

"I'm so sorry." She took Rebecca's hand in hers. What a jerk. The guy had strung her along for years and then married someone else.

"Thanks." Rebecca pulled her hand free and wiped at her eyes with a tissue.

"When David remarried, I did nothing but sit on the couch and eat ice cream for weeks." Besides when she'd had to take care of the kids, but she wasn't bringing that up. The other woman didn't have any children. Maggie's kids had been her reason to get out of bed, to get dressed and to pretend to be normal. She had no idea how Rebecca forced herself to do any of those things.

"I'd love to do that. Maybe, I will this weekend."

"You should." She glanced behind her to make sure no one was around before leaning closer and lowering her voice. "You know what else you should do?"

"No. What?" Rebecca eyed her warily.

"You should find someone." She never would've suggested this before she'd met Terry. She'd been raised to believe that sex was only for committed relationships. It wasn't. There was nothing wrong with finding pleasure with another person for a few hours. Being in love with the man made it better, but it wasn't a necessity.

“I’m not ready for that.”

“I understand.” She had to tread carefully. Everyone grieved differently. She needed to make it clear that she wasn’t judging the other woman. “How long have you been broken up?”

“Almost a year.” Rebecca’s cheeks heated. “I find it difficult to talk to strangers and I wouldn’t even know where to meet a man anymore.”

This was excellent. Rebecca was willing but shy. Maggie had just the man for her. A man who was bite-her-lip gorgeous and currently unattached. “I know a few nice, single men.” Like the sexy, hunk of a man soundproofing her master bedroom. “When I get back into town I can set you up with one of them.”

“No. Thank you.” Rebecca took Maggie’s hand and gave it a quick squeeze. “I appreciate it. I do, but I’ll be okay. I just need time.”

A year was long enough to get over a jerk. However, Rebecca may be shy but she wasn’t a pushover. Maggie had seen the other woman hold her own against angry clients and even Terry. Subtlety was the key for this situation. “Of course, you will and you’re right. You’ll find someone when you’re ready.”

“Thank you for listening.” Rebecca smiled, but sadness lurked in the shadows of her dark green eyes. “I feel better already.”

She’d soon feel much, much better because Maggie was an expert at manipulating stubborn people. She did live with Terry. “Buy a tub of ice cream and enjoy your weekend.” She walked to the door and hesitated.

“Is there something else?”

“I hate to ask when you have your weekend planned.”

“What do you need?”

“It’s just...I’m a bit worried. We’re leaving Beast at home while we’re gone.”

“I thought you were boarding him?”

“We were going to, but the guy who’s remodeling our house is a friend of Ethan’s. He’s new in town and doesn’t have an apartment yet. Terry told him to stay at our place. Since he’s staying, there was no reason to board Beast.”

“I’m sure the dog will be happier at your house than in a kennel. I know mine preferred being at home.”

“You have a dog?” That was nice. At least, Rebecca wasn’t alone.

“Had. He passed away eighteen months ago.” Rebecca pulled another tissue from the box on her desk and wiped at her eyes again.

“I’m so sorry.” Maggie wanted to crawl into her overstuffed purse. The woman had lost both her lover and her dog within a year.

“Thanks. He was a great dog. I still miss him.”

Time to play the guilt card. “So, you understand my worries.”

“Ah...”

“I don’t really know Derek. I met him and Ethan vouched for him but...”

“You trust Ethan, don’t you?”

“Yes, but I’d feel much better if someone I knew checked in on Beast to make sure everything’s okay.”

“Of course.”

“Are you sure you don’t mind stopping by the house?” She knew Rebecca wouldn’t mind at all once she got a peek at Derek.

“It’ll be my pleasure.”

Maggie certainly hoped so. She dug in her purse. The sight of the box reminding her of the horny man who was going to wring her neck for taking this long. “Here’s my key.”

“You want me to let myself in? What about this Derek guy that’s staying there? Won’t he mind me barging into the house?”

“I’ll tell him to expect you every evening.”

“Every evening?” Rebecca’s voice was calm and her posture perfect—only the slight widening of her eyes gave away her surprise.

“Oh. I’m sorry. That’s too much to ask.” Maggie knew it wasn’t. Rebecca may not be a pushover but she was an assistant, helping others was ingrained in her.

“No. Not at all. I’ll be happy to do it.”

“Great. Thank you so much.” She stepped out of the door into the hallway. “You’ll go by tonight, right?”

“Tonight. Yep. Absolutely.” Rebecca’s smile was a bit strained.

Maggie didn’t care. Hopefully, the other woman would take one look at Derek and jump him. If it weren’t for Terry, Maggie would have. The guy was average height, muscular, with dark hair, dark blue eyes and a smile that melted panties.

Her phone beeped.

TERRY: Where the hell are you?

Maggie bit her lip to keep from laughing.

CHAPTER 4: TERRY

Maggie had better show up soon. Terry already had their first night at the Club planned. It was time to show her just how attractive she really was.

The sound of the door closing drifted into the room, followed by heels tapping on the tile. Maggie stopped in the doorway, her hazel eyes wide and her hair a riotous mass of curls. Her breath hitched and her tongue darted across her lower lip as her eyes raked over him.

His dick, already fully aroused, hardened even more. He'd never grow tired of how much she wanted him. Desire was the greatest aphrodisiac a woman could give a man, but nakedness ran a close second. "Take off your clothes."

"Yes, Sir." She put her purse down on the floor before grabbing the bottom of her T-shirt. Her eyes landed on the large window behind him and she stilled.

"Maggie." He knew exactly what she was thinking and he was going to use that worry, that tension, to make her come so hard her cries shook the furniture.

"Ah..." She glanced at him. "May I close the blinds, Sir?" She started for the window as if expecting his consent.

"You get points for remembering to ask, but no, you may not."

"What?" She stopped mid-stride.

"You heard me." He could barely keep the smile from his face as her eyes darted between him and the window.

"But..."

"Yes?"

"Someone might see us." Her face heated. It was a testament to the innocence of her soul that she still grew embarrassed after all the things they'd done.

“Take off your clothes”—he took a step toward her—“or do I need to spank you.”

“No. I’ll get undressed.” Her hands played with the bottom of her T-shirt. “But we can’t—”

“You’re thinking too much again.” He stalked closer, shifting so she retreated toward the window. “You know that’s not allowed.”

“Terry, this is serious.” She lowered her voice. “We can’t do it in front of a window where anyone can see us.”

“Do you trust me?”

“Of course.” She actually seemed offended.

“Then why aren’t you obeying?”

“You’re kidding, right?” She glanced out the window that was now directly behind her.

“Do I look like I’m kidding?” He took the final step, boxing her against the glass. “Now, take off your clothes. I mean it.”

“I...can’t. There are people in the park, right down there.” Her finger shook as she pointed out the window.

She never stopped challenging him and it both annoyed and excited him. He loved the game, the chase and the final surrender, but if she truly trusted him, she’d know he’d never put her at risk.

“Come.” He turned and walked to the desk.

“Thank you, Sir.” She hurried over to him. “You’re going to close the blinds, right?”

“Put your hands on the desk and bend over.”

“Yes, Sir.” She took one more peek at the window before obeying.

He paced behind her, his eyes raking over her lush frame. God, he loved her body—her tits large and soft, her backside round and ripe. His dick hardened even more as he imagined his handprint on the pink, round globes of her ass, but first

he'd make her wait. Make her anticipate his next move, his next action and when she was nothing but a bundle of nerves and sexual frustration, he'd spank her and fuck her until she screamed.

CHAPTER 5: MAGGIE

Maggie's breath grew heavy as she waited for Terry to touch her. She shifted on her feet. She needed him to do something, say something. She knew he was pissed about the window, but some things went beyond sex and games. If she were arrested for public indecency, her ex would file for custody of the kids just to get back at her and Terry.

"I'm disappointed, Maggie."

"What?" She hadn't expected that. She started to straighten but his hand landed on her back, keeping her bent at the waist.

"You said you trusted me and you were ready to go to the Club."

"I do. I am." At least she thought she was.

"What do you think happens to disobedient Subs at the Club?" He leaned down, his large body surrounding hers as his lips whispered against her ear. "I've been very lenient with you, but I won't be at the Club."

"Lenient?" She shivered as his breath tickled her neck. Terry was a lot of things but she'd never considered him lenient.

"Yes. Very." His hands skimmed down her sides and around her waist, stopping on her abdomen. His long fingers teased the button of her pants. "Disobedience like this would result in a firm, hard punishment." He pressed his swollen cock against her ass.

"Yes, Sir." She shifted, pushing her butt against him. She was more than ready for his firm, hard punishment.

"I'm going to give you a taste of what you'll experience at the Club if you question me." He unbuttoned her pants. "I need to know before we go if you can handle it." He rolled his hips, rubbing his dick against her softness.

"Yes, Sir. I can definitely handle it." She could more than handle it. She wanted it. Needed it. She wiggled her ass along

his erection.

“You think so?” He smiled against her ear.

“I do, Sir.” She almost panted, thinking of how it was going to feel when he entered her. His cock both long and thick felt even bigger in this position.

“Kick off your shoes.” He lifted off her.

She obeyed without hesitation and in one quick yank, he pulled down her pants. She stepped out of them, pushing them to the side with her foot.

“Lovely.” His hand caressed her ass, tugging the strap of the thong. “Are these new?”

“Yes. I bought them for you, Sir.” She leaned forward, arching her back and offering him her ass. She was in heat for this man. She needed the touch of his hand and his lips on her flesh and his dick sliding inside her, thick and hard.

“Thank you.” Hot, wet kisses trailed along the top of the thong and down her butt cheek.

The sensations, both erotic and a little ticklish, made her want to press against him for more and move away. She froze as he separated her cheeks with his thumbs, before kissing along the crease.

“Terry...Sir...” She gasped as his tongue skimmed around her buttock before pushing inside. She couldn’t help it, she jerked away. She knew people did things like this, but it was new territory for her and it felt wrong.

His fingers dug into her flesh, keeping her still as he increased his sensual assault on her ass—his mouth hot and wet, his tongue pressing forward into an area where no one had ever been. It was wicked and...wonderful.

He stretched her opening, the teasing pressure ebbing and flowing as his tongue stroked in and out of her. She shouldn’t like this, but the motion, the pressure, sent sparks igniting through her core. She bit her lip to stop her whimper of pleasure but the sound slipped out, low and wanton.

“You like this. Don’t you?” His hot breath tickled her sensitive flesh.

Even after all these months of kinky sex, her upbringing poked to the surface. Good girls didn’t do things like this and they certainly didn’t like them, not if they wanted to keep their man.

“Answer me, rabbit.” His hand drifted up the inside of her thigh. “I’m going to know for certain in a moment.”

She was slick with need. There was no way he’d miss how turned on she was, and she didn’t want him too. She wasn’t a girl. She was a woman and she loved this man. Nothing they did was wrong or dirty. He may leave her one day but it wouldn’t be because she enjoyed kinky sex. “Yes, Sir. I like it a lot.”

“Excellent. You’re going to like this too.” He stood, reaching around her and tapping her lips. “Open.”

She did and he slid his finger into her mouth. His breath hissed as she sucked, wishing it was his cock. She twirled her tongue, stroking him.

“Enough.” His voice was thick with desire as he moved his hand away. His finger, now wet and slippery, slid between her butt cheeks, pressing on her opening and slipping inside.

“Ter...Sir...What...” She couldn’t finish because pleasure shot through her as he stroked in and out with the tip of his finger. Each glide seemed to pulsate inside her pussy.

His other hand slid between her thighs, his fingers slipping through her wetness. “Fuck, you *really* like this.”

“Yes...Sir, but I...need more.” She thrust back against his hand. She needed him harder and deeper inside her ass.

“I wish, rabbit, but you aren’t ready for my dick...not yet.”

“Oh...please...Sir. I...I need...more.” She was so close to release. If he didn’t do something she’d cry.

CHAPTER 6: TERRY

“I can’t.” Terry truly wished he could fuck Maggie in the ass but right now, that’d be painful for her. He leaned over, kissing her neck. “I’m too big and you’re too tight. Soon though.” He was one lucky mother fucker. She was loving and kind, a natural Sub, with a body he drooled over, and she got off on anal play. He’d known he could make it okay for her, but only some women actually enjoyed it.

“Okay...but...more, Sir. Please. Maybe, not your... your...”

“My what, rabbit?” He watched for the flush on her cheeks.

“Not your cock but I need more, Sir.”

He grinned. She was so eager and yet still so hesitant about talking dirty, unless he made her wait for release. Then, she had the mouth of a sailor. “Oh, you’ll get more.” He slid his finger farther inside her and her gasp turned into a moan as he stroked her.

“Yes, Sir. Please.” Her hips thrust against his hand.

She was ready. A little pressure on her clit or a deeper, faster thrust and she’d come. He pulled his finger out of her ass.

“No.” Her voice was petulant as her back arched, offering her butt to him again. His little rabbit didn’t like being denied her orgasm.

“It’s time for your punishment.”

“What?” She stared at him over her shoulder. She was adorable. Her hair mussed and her eyes a mix of passion and bewilderment.

“You didn’t obey. I told you I’d give you a punishment similar to what you’ll get at the Club.”

“I thought this was it.”

“Not even close.” He grinned as he twirled his finger.
“Turn back around.”

She frowned, but did as she was told.

He yanked her underwear down and her breath caught. She spread her legs wider and the tension left her body. Perfect. His little rabbit thought her punishment would be a good, hard fuck, but that’d be her reward and it’d come later. His hand landed on her butt and she jumped.

“Ouch. Terry...Sir.”

He slapped her again, the pink of her ass cheek turning a rosy red.

“That hurt.” Her hand rubbed her butt.

“Move your hand.”

“Terry...I don’t...”

He smacked her other cheek before grabbing her wrist. “Keep your hand here.” He placed it on the desk. “You need to take your punishment like a good Sub.”

“But...” Her hand hovered at her side.

“Trust me.” He kissed her palm and she put her hand back on the desk. “Where’s the box I asked you to bring?”

“In my purse.”

“Where is—”

“By the door.”

He strode across the room and retrieved the box. “How mad were you when you discovered it was locked?”

“It’s locked?” Her eyes widened with false innocence.

“Rabbit. Tell the truth.” He shook his head, trying not to laugh.

“You told me not to look inside.”

“Nice aversion attempt, using a true statement but not answering the question.” He pulled his keys from his pocket and unlocked the box. “We lawyers use that a lot.”

“Yes, I’ve learned from the best.”

“You have.” He smiled at her as he opened the container.

“What’s in there?” She leaned up, trying to see inside.

“You’ll see.” He walked back across the room, dropping the lid on the box as he passed her.

“Jerk,” she muttered.

He laughed. “I assume you were pretty pissed off when you couldn’t open it.”

“I can’t believe you locked it.”

“I can’t believe you don’t obey me unconditionally.”

“I...I’m sorry.” Her voice lowered. “I try but—”

He put the box on the desk and wrapped his arm around her waist, lifting her so her back was flush against his front. “Don’t be.” He kissed her ear. “Don’t tell anyone but I enjoy it when you disobey me.”

“You do?” She half-turned in his arms, her hazel eyes searching his face. “Really?”

His heart melted. She was still so unsure of herself and of him. Hopefully, he could change that tonight. “Yes. I enjoy everything about you.” He kissed her, his tongue darting into her mouth to comfort and tease and to show her everything he felt for her. He’d tell her with words later, but it had to be the right time for this first confession of his love.

She shifted in his arms, her soft curves cradling his hard cock, like she’d been created just for him. His hips rocked against hers, desperate for relief. He was going to fuck her right now if he didn’t slow this down. He broke the kiss and her lips followed his, luring him back to temptation. They had hours before the Club. They could fuck now and play more later. His hand drifted between her thighs and she moaned in his mouth.

“Yes, Terry...Sir. Please.”

“If we do this, you stay here with me until we leave for the Club.” His finger slipped inside her, stroking along her

sensitive flesh.

“Yes...No. I can't.” She clutched his wrist, attempting to keep his hand between her legs.

“Then, back on the desk.” He pulled his arm away, her grip no match for his strength.

She sighed as she turned and leaned over the top.

“Spread your legs.”

She did.

He picked up the box, pulling the butt plug from inside and slipping it into his mouth before spreading her cheeks. Her breathing stilled and she tensed as he slid the plug inside her.

“Te...Sir, what is that?” Her body was as stiff as his cock.

“A butt plug. It'll stretch you. Get you ready for my dick.”

“Oh.”

“Relax.” He pushed the plug in and out, slowly. He had to get her back to the edge so he could continue her lesson.

“Oh...oh, Sir.”

“You like that.” It wasn't a question but her answer was a bonus.

“Yes, Sir.” Her face flushed and her mouth opened as she gasped for breath.

“Good.” The palm of his hand landed on her ass and she jumped, her gasp turning into a moan. “Feel how you clasp the plug when I spank you?”

“Yes,” she whispered.

He smacked her again and she moaned, resting her head on the desk.

“You'll obey won't you?” He hit her again, turning her cheeks rosy.

“Yes. Yes, Sir.”

“If I tell you to drop on your knees and suck my dick in front of everyone, you'll do it. Won't you?”

She hesitated and he slapped her again. She said she trusted him, but she didn't. He lived with her, took care of her and her kids and yet...she didn't trust him, not completely. He smacked her again, her ass jiggling, red and hot.

His dick pressed against his zipper as his irritation rose with his desire. Soon, he'd have to stop because he never played when angry. "Maggie, why won't you trust me?"

"I...I do. I'm trying."

He sighed. It couldn't be forced. He caressed her butt, rubbing away the sting. "I'll never ask you to do anything that you won't enjoy. If you don't know that, perhaps we should wait." He bent, kissing the red skin of her ass.

"No. I want to—"

"You may want to, but you're not ready." He straightened and took her hand. "Stand up."

She did, her legs trembling a bit.

He pulled her into his arms, kissing her softly—a lover's kiss filled with feeling. "And that's okay. We can wait. I'm not going anywhere."

"No." Her mouth found his, hard and desperate before she stopped, her lips still against his. "I do trust you. I want to go to the Club."

"Maggie." He should stop this. She wasn't ready, but he really wanted to take her there and show her how beautiful and wonderful she was.

"Please. I only hesitated a moment. Is that okay at the Club?"

"Yes. Hesitation is fine. Disobedience is fine, but then comes the punishment. I'm not sure you're ready."

"I am." She grabbed his face, her hands cupping his cheeks. "I've been planning it for weeks, and I want to do this." Her gaze lowered. "Would you be that disappointed if I ___"

"No." He lifted her chin. "I'm never disappointed in you."

“But earlier you said—”

“It was part of the scene.” His thumb skimmed over her cheek, her skin so soft and supple. “I’m disappointed in myself. It’s my job to help you trust me and I haven’t done enough to warrant that gift.”

“You have.” She kissed him. “I swear. I do trust you. I want to do this for you. I do.”

He studied her a long moment. He wanted the weekend at the Club with her, but she needed it to see that her ex was an idiot and that she was an extremely desirable woman. He wished he were enough to make her believe in herself again, but he obviously wasn’t. If they were going to do this, he had to make sure she was ready to obey or everything would backfire. She’d think she had disappointed him and her confidence, already shaky, would plummet.

He’d give her one more chance. “Take off your shirt.”

Her eyes darted over his shoulder. She shifted her position a little, just enough so his body blocked hers, before obeying.

“And the bra.” It was going to be an interesting weekend at the Club, as she tried to maneuver her will around his.

She dropped both to the floor.

She could try all she wanted, but she was going to lose. “Go, stand by the window with your back to me.”

CHAPTER 7: MAGGIE

“What?” Maggie clamped her mouth shut. She’d just sworn to Terry that she trusted him. Questioning the first order he gave her wasn’t the best idea she’d ever had, but she was *naked*. If she stood in front of that huge window anyone could see her. All they had to do was glance upward.

He raised his brow, a frown forming on his handsome face.

“Sorry, Sir.” She started for the window, each step slow and deliberate. In a minute, he’d stop her. This was a test. He’d said he’d never tell her to do anything she wouldn’t enjoy. She glanced over her shoulder at him. He did realize that she wouldn’t enjoy getting arrested, didn’t he?

“Keep going.”

The window loomed ahead and her feet froze. She couldn’t do it. If she got arrested or even ticketed for public indecency, she might lose her children. “Red.” She turned, looking up at him, praying he’d understand.

His face tensed and then softened. He took a deep breath. “The window is tinted. No one can see inside.”

“Really?” The big jerk could’ve told her that sooner.

“Yes. Really.” He sounded hurt.

“Oh.” It’d been a test and she’d failed. “Green.”

He sighed, shaking his head.

“I’m sorry.” She should’ve known by now that he wouldn’t do anything to put her or her kids in any kind of danger.

He walked over to her, taking her chin in his hand. “I told you before, don’t be sorry.” He kissed her nose and dropped his hold. “This isn’t your fault.”

“But, it is.” She couldn’t have him blaming himself. “You’ve been perfect.”

A sexy smirk slid across his face. “Perfect. Really?”

“Okay, you can be a bit bossy sometimes and—”

“Sometimes?” He laughed. “The truth, rabbit.”

“Fine, a lot of time but usually, I don’t mind. How’s that?”

“Better.” His brown eyes were soft with a tenderness that made her body melt and her heart fill with love.

“I should’ve never questioned you. I should’ve known you wouldn’t ask me to do something that could get me arrested.”

“Yes, you should have but if you aren’t there yet that’s okay.” He brushed a strand of hair from her face. “I understand. It takes time.”

“The others, did they—”

“They don’t matter.” He cupped her face in his large hands. “This is about you and me.”

She nodded, tears welling in her eyes. She loved him. She should trust him, but she’d loved the wrong man before and it’d almost destroyed her.

“Stop that.” He kissed the tear that trickled down her cheek. “You know there’s no crying when we play”—he grinned—“except tears of pleasure.”

“I am sorry, Terry.”

“I know but I mean it when I tell you not to be. You’ll trust me when you’re ready.” He kissed her softly. “And until then, I’ll keep pushing and testing you.”

“Can we still go to the Club?”

He frowned, his eyes searching hers. “You know it doesn’t matter to me if we go this weekend or ever. Being with you is enough.”

He was crass and arrogant but sometimes he said the sweetest things. “I love you.”

His mouth came down on hers harder this time and she opened for him, letting him inside to invade and conquer. He grasped her ass, lifting her and pressing her flush against his large, strong body. He strode to the window, making her moan

as his dick rubbed against her pussy with each step. He stopped, letting her slide down his frame. She leaned into him, loving the feel of his hardness against her—the perfect balm to her softness and need.

“Turn around.” His voice rough in her ear. “Hands on the window.”

She obeyed without hesitation, staring at the people below them. Everything was so clear, not even a smudge on the glass broke the illusion of being on display. He kicked her legs apart. She leaned forward, her breasts brushing against the cold glass and making her shiver. He unzipped his pants and wetness flooded her core as he stepped closer, his dick sliding between her ass cheeks and bumping against the plug. She couldn't stop the moan as the toy wiggled, sending sparks of pleasure to her aching pussy.

“Look down. See those people out there?”

She nodded, trying to keep her eyes open as his cock, hot and hard, pushed between her thighs. He slid along her folds, bumping against her clit over and over.

“Watch them while I fuck you.” The tip of his dick pressed at her opening, stretching her. He stilled on the cusp of entering her body, his breath hot and heavy in her ear. “They have no idea what we're doing.” He pushed into her with one hard thrust.

She gasped, trembling as he filled her. She stood right above all those people as they walked and talked or sat on benches, staring at their cell phones. She moaned as he rocked against her, his pace slow and steady. Her body throbbed and she clutched at him with her inner muscles, trying to keep him inside her.

“Fuck, Maggie.” He grasped her hair, wrapping it around his fist and holding her head steady. His cheek pressed against hers, his voice thick with desire. “If any of those people glance upward, they'll see you. They'll see your face filled with passion and they'll see you scream your release as I fuck you.”

She stiffened. Had he lied to her?

“Trust me.” He nipped her ear. “Please. You know me.”

“Yes, Sir.” This was all part of the game, the fantasy. They couldn’t see her.

“That’s it, rabbit.” He pumped into her and stilled, his dick buried deep. “Do you think they’ll look away when they see you or will they stare?” His hot words slipped into her ear, painting pictures. “Will they watch you being fucked? Wish it were them fucking you and making you come?”

“I...I don’t know.” Her body tightened, imagining them looking at her, naked and vulnerable to the whirlwind of feelings he created inside her.

“Would you like it if they did?” He tugged on her hair as he pumped into her with fast, hard thrusts.

“I...I...” God, she was close. She clung to him, her pussy clenching onto his cock. She was coming. He pulled all the way out and she moaned, her body trembling at the betrayal. “No.” She panted as her back arched, searching for him.

His arm came between them, the cloth of his shirt scraping her oversensitized flesh. He pressed his dick against her folds, pushing forward, the heat and hardness skimming along her clit. “One of them will look up and when he does, I’m going to finish fucking you. He’ll see how beautiful you are when you come.”

She rocked against him, making his cock bump into her clit over and over. His heat. His hardness. It was what she needed. Her eyes lowered as the pleasure soared through her.

“He did. That guy. He’s looking up.”

Her eyes popped open. A man on a bench stared up at them. Wetness flooded her, covering his cock and making it slicker. Her hips moved faster, matching Terry’s pace and his cock bump harder and harder against her clit.

“I know that guy.” His hot, heavy pants filled her ear. “I think he’s going to come up here.”

“What? Why?” She had no idea if this were still the game or if he were telling the truth. Lord help her, her body

tightened at the thrill of being discovered.

“He’s one of the contractors. He’s supposed to look over the suite and give me an estimate.”

“Wha...” Her word turned into a moan as he guided his dick to her opening and pushed inside, filling her like she yearned to be filled, like she’d been made to be filled.

“What do you think he’ll do when he sees us?” His thrusts came harder and faster now. “Maybe, I’ll ask him to join us. Would you like that?” His tongue darted into her ear.

She couldn’t answer. Her mind whirled with feelings and thoughts, so dirty and hot that they stuck in her throat and made her legs tremble.

“You could suck his dick while I fuck you.” He tugged on her hair, his other hand holding her hip steady as his cock plunged into her, deep and fast. “Or he could fuck your ass.” His fingers drifted between her butt cheeks, finding the plug. “He’s here, right now.” He nipped her ear as he pulled the butt plug out.

She gasped at the loss but his fingers slid between the folds of her pussy, teasing her clit before moving between her cheeks, one sliding inside her butthole and stretching her.

“Do you feel him?” He thrust inside her with his finger, going a little faster and deeper each time. “Feel him fucking your ass, while I fuck your pussy?”

“Yes.” She closed her eyes and it was happening, both of them, hard and hot, thrusting into her.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“We’re going to come inside you. Both of us. We’re going to fill you up with our cum.”

The rhythm of his finger in her ass sent spirals of pleasure into her already overfull pussy. Her hands clasped at the slick glass as she tried to hold on to something but his finger and his cock kept coming and going. She clamped down around him as his movements became rougher and less controlled. He was

close and so was she. He wouldn't stop now. He couldn't. She panted as her body tightened around him, racing toward the edge of release. His dick and his finger plunged inside her at the same time, sending her rocketing into orgasm. She screamed, her body tightening and clutching onto his hardness. He pulled his finger from her ass, dropped his hold on her hair and grabbed her hips as he thrust into her, so deep she trembled again, moaning and trembling as he pushed her over another edge. He held her to him, his muscles stiffening as he came.

He leaned against her, his breath heavy on her neck, his body pressing hers against the glass. "You good?" His voice was rough but had a slight edge to it.

His nervousness made her fall even more in love with him. He challenged her and made her do things that she'd never imagined but always enjoyed—a lot. She'd remember that tonight at the Club. If she became unsure about something, she'd think about this game and the pleasure he'd given her.

"I'm wonderful." She wiggled and he lifted away so she could turn. She wrapped her arms around him. "That was"—she sighed—"better than wonderful."

He kissed her, gently. "I'm glad you enjoyed the game." His hand found her ass. "I'm really glad you like anal."

"I never thought I would." She felt her face heat.

"Many women don't. Some are okay with it"—he kissed her again—"and a few, very special ladies love it." His dark eyes heated. "And I'm one lucky son of a bitch to have found one like you."

CHAPTER 8: MAGGIE

Maggie sat at the bar in the Club, forcing herself not to gulp her drink. She glanced at a table in the corner. Too bad she couldn't wait for Terry there, but she was pretty sure he'd be pissed if he found her hiding. Her only option was liquid courage. She took a long sip of her rum and coke. She should've never listened to Annie when they'd gone dress shopping. Annie had sworn that this dress would have Terry drooling at her feet. If she hadn't been tipsy from their girls-night out, she would've known better. She was a mother of three, approaching middle age. She didn't have the body for this outfit.

She tugged on the slinky, peach dress, attempting to cover more of her legs, but there wasn't enough material. Even though she'd been working out a few days a week with Terry, her legs and butt were still too big, causing the dress to cling to every curve. Fortunately, she'd had time to add a small section of lace to the plunging neckline. It helped but she still couldn't lean forward without showing everyone her nipples.

"Maggie-May, nice to see you again." Richard walked over to her. "May I join you?"

"Of course." She glanced at the door. She was glad to see a familiar face but the last time she'd been here, Terry had not been happy about her talking to Richard.

"Can I hope that you're here alone and not waiting for anyone?"

"Sorry." She smiled at him. He was a handsome, older man with an elegance and sophistication of manners that put her at ease. "Terry should be here shortly."

"Shame. He never learned that very important kindergarten lesson."

"Which one is that?"

"That it's nice to share." His gray-blue eyes raked over her, resting a moment on her breasts before traveling down her

body.

“Oh.” She was glad he hadn’t. She didn’t want anyone but Terry.

“You look lovely tonight. Special occasion?” His gaze rested on her legs.

“Yes. It’s Terry’s birthday.” She forced herself not to pull her dress down because if she tugged too much, her breasts might pop out. Of course, that would make him stop looking at her legs. She took another sip of her drink to keep from laughing.

“He’s a lucky man.” Richard touched her ponytail. “A very lucky man.”

Maggie’s phone beeped. It was Terry. “Excuse me.”

CHAPTER 9: TERRY

Terry parked his car in the garage of La Petite Mort Club. He was late. He'd gone home to take a quick shower and to grab his present for Maggie. A trip that should've taken a half hour took close to an hour.

Beast had cut his mouth chewing on one of the kid's action figures. Derek had been ready to rush the dog to the emergency vet. Terry had spent forever calming the guy down. The dog wasn't bleeding anymore and shit like this happened with kids and dogs. A man had to learn to roll with life when he had a family. His chest tightened. Maggie had given him that and so much more.

He picked up the package and opened it. He ran his finger over the intricate gold strands affixed around the brown, leather collar. He'd bought this for her months ago but he'd been waiting for her to trust him enough to let him lead her completely, to guide her and to dominate her. He prayed it'd be tonight.

He slipped the box in his jacket pocket and got out of the car, grabbing his gym bag from the backseat. He hesitated. If she truly wasn't ready, tonight could scare her away from the Club or even him. He couldn't lose her. He wouldn't. He dialed her number.

"Hi. Is everything okay?" asked Maggie.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, Sir. I'm sure."

"Damn it, Maggie, I mean it. Once I walk into the Club, the only thing that's going to save you is your safeword."

"I don't need saving from you. You won't do anything I won't like."

Her words made his legs shake and his dick almost explode. "I'll see you in a minute." He hung up and strode to

the door. He handed his gym bag to the bouncer. “Hey Tim, I need you to make sure this gets to our room.”

“Yes, sir.” The bouncer took the bag and the tip Terry offered. “Thank you and she’s at the bar talking to Richard.”

He nodded as he walked into the main room of the Club. It was early so the place wasn’t full but it would be soon. The weekends always packed in a crowd. He greeted a few of the regulars as he strolled past the stages and couches, some in the open and some tucked discreetly in the corners.

His eyes landed on Maggie and all the blood rushed to his dick. She looked like innocence begging to be lost—temptation incarnate for a man like him. She wore a sexy, peach dress that promised to be almost as soft as her pussy and fuck-me high heels with sheer white stockings. Her curly hair, pulled back in a ponytail high on her head, screamed for him to use it to guide her as she sucked his cock.

He stopped a few feet from her, content for the moment to watch. He loved the way her eyes sparkled when she talked, her breasts swaying and shifting with every breath and movement.

She must’ve felt his gaze because she stopped talking in mid-sentence and turned, her face lighting up in a smile. “Terry.”

“I believe it’s Sir now, don’t you?” He walked toward her.

“Yes, Sir. Sorry.” Her hazel eyes darkened with heat.

“No need to apologize but don’t forget again.” He took the last step to her side, his hand skimming down her back, loving how she shivered at his slightest touch. “Richard.” He nodded at the other man.

“Terry.” Richard shifted away from Maggie, not that he’d been too close, but it was an acknowledgement from one Dom to another. “May I buy you a drink?”

“Thanks.” His fingers glided over her skin. She was soft everywhere and she was his.

“You’re a lucky man,” said Richard.

“I know.” He couldn’t tear his eyes away from her. “You look lovely.”

“Thank you.” Her cheeks heated, still unsure of herself.

Hopefully, he could help her with that tonight. “Stand. Let me see you.” He offered her his hand.

She hesitated a moment, glancing around. He raised his brow. Here was the first test. She obeyed at home but in public her shyness and insecurities would struggle against her willingness to submit. It was a battle he would’ve preferred to wait to have. He’d wanted to shore up her confidence with his devotion, but they were here now and he’d use everything he knew to show her how sexy and attractive she truly was.

CHAPTER 10: MAGGIE

Maggie took Terry's hand. She didn't want to be on display but she knew what that raised eyebrow meant. He was her Dom, her Sir and she had to obey or be punished. She shivered. His punishments were divine, but it'd be embarrassing for him if his Sub didn't obey. She slid off the bar stool.

Terry dropped her hand and took a step back, his dark gaze roaming over her and making her skin tingle.

"Lovely." Richard's bluish-gray eyes were more blue than gray as they wandered up and down her body.

"Turn around. Slowly," said Terry.

Her breathing increased as more men and some women stared openly at her. A few of the guys came closer, their eyes raking over her. She didn't like being the center of attention so she had no idea why the throbbing between her legs had increased to a steady hum. She turned, slowly, as commanded.

"Stop," said Terry when she faced away from him.

A hand caressed her ass and she jumped, twisting around. It'd better be Terry's hand.

"Did I tell you to move?" His voice was firm, no teasing. He was in full Dom mode.

"No, Sir." She shifted so she was once again facing the open floor of the Club.

The hand came back, skimming over her butt. The touch was light at first, almost ticklish but it grew heavier, running up and down her ass making her short dress shift, rising and falling with the caress. His long, strong fingers cupped her bottom and she stiffened at his slight squeeze. It was Terry. It had to be. He wouldn't let Richard or someone else touch her ass, would he? The fingers drifted lower, teasing along where her thighs met her butt before sliding between her cheeks.

"Beautiful," said Richard. "May I?"

The hand on her ass stilled, fingers still tucked between her flesh, so close to her pussy. Terry leaned closer, his hot breath tickling her ear. “This is your last warning, Maggie. Do you want to stay here or go home? If we stay, you do everything I say. Everything. Understand?”

Her heart almost beat from her chest. She wasn’t sure about this. Would he let another man touch her? Have sex with her?

“Do you understand?”

She nodded.

“Words. I need to hear your words.”

“Yes, Sir. I understand.” She swallowed, her throat dry and tight.

His hand slid away from her pussy and caressed the underside of her ass. His fingers skimmed along the hem, teasing the line of skin on her thigh, as his erection pressed against her hip. “Decision time, rabbit. Stay or go.”

This was it. This was when she proved to him that she truly trusted him. “Stay, Sir.”

“Good.” He kissed her ear and stepped away from her. “Turn around.”

She did. Richard and two other men she didn’t know stood near Terry.

“On your knees.” Terry’s dark eyes locked with hers.

“Ah...” She loved giving him blow jobs but here, in front of everyone?

Terry grabbed her arm and pulled her to him. “You either trust me or you don’t. Which is it? Decide now because you’re starting to piss me off and if that happens we go home.”

“Uh...” She searched his dark brown eyes. This was the man who’d helped her, saved her and had done nothing but cherish her, body and soul. Yes, he’d coaxed her do things that’d made her uncomfortable at first, but once she’d let her body decide what was right and what was wrong, she’d loved

all of it—every dirty, kinky thing they'd done. She took a deep breath. "I trust you."

His eyes darkened to almost black as he cupped her neck in his large hand, tipping her head for his kiss. His mouth came down on hers, hard and demanding, almost desperate. She opened, leaning against him and relishing the delicious power he held over her. The power she allowed him to have. She grabbed his shirt, clinging to him, loving his taste and the way he dominated every cell of her body. She pressed against his erection, wanting him closer, no longer caring where they were or who was watching. All that mattered was him.

He broke the kiss, his hand cradling her head. "Kneel." His voice was thicker and darker, heavy with desire.

"I'd have punished her," said one of the men who stood near Richard.

She glanced at him. He was younger than Terry, in his late twenties or thirties. He had auburn hair and blue eyes. He was handsome but the derision in his gaze made her want to wrap herself in a blanket and run out the door.

"Look at me. Not them. I'm your Dom. I'm all that matters in your world."

He was right. Tonight was for him and what he wanted. He knew her, knew what kind of person she was. He'd never ask her to do anything she wouldn't enjoy. Her eyes held his as she put her hand on his chest. She knelt, letting her fingers skim downward, across his abdomen and over his leg, barely missing the large bulge in his pants. He'd be hot and hard, eager for her mouth. Her tongue darted across her lower lip. He inhaled sharply and she looked up at him, waiting for his command.

He pulled a box from his jacket pocket and handed it to her.

"Thank you." That was not at all what she'd expected. "What is it, Sir?" The box was long and dark with a label she didn't recognize.

"Open it."

She lifted the lid. A brown leather collar lay on a bed of red silk. Two strands of woven white and yellow gold circled it, each clipping to a gold heart-shaped O-ring. She'd never imagined a collar could be this lovely. "It's beautiful. Thank you, Sir."

"I had the inside padded and lined with silk." He ran his finger down the length of her throat. "The only pain I want you to feel will be intentional."

Her mouth went dry and she shivered at the promise. Before Terry, she'd never imagined pain could intensify her pleasure.

"May I?" He held out his hand and she placed her gift in his palm. He removed the choker, tossing the box on the bar and stepped behind her. "Raise your ponytail."

She did, conscious of the way her breasts pressed against her dress when she lifted her arms. The other men stared openly at her chest, their gazes dark and hooded with desire. She wanted to drop her arms and cover herself but a tiny part of her yearned to unzip her dress and let them get a good look at what they really wanted to see.

The metal on the back of the choker chilled her skin, contrasting with the warmth of his body and the heat when his finger brushed against her flesh. He stepped back, the collar tight but not uncomfortable. He walked around to her front and she started to lower her arms. His brow raised in warning, so she stopped, staying as she was for his pleasure.

"Now, everyone knows you belong to me." He teased his finger along the front of the collar and then down her neck, curling through the heart-shaped ring. He tugged and she leaned forward, at his mercy. "You look per...almost perfect." He plucked at the cloth covering her cleavage. "What's this?"

"White lace, Sir." She was going to get it for that comment.

"Still have a smart mouth, do you?" His lips turned up in a quirk.

"I'd punish my Sub for that," said that same snide man.

“That’s why you have shitty subs,” said Terry.

“They’re not shi—”

“He’s got you there, Bruce.” Richard laughed. “You squash every spark of personality from your partners until all you have left is a breathing-blowup doll.”

“That’s not true.” Bruce’s tone was petulant.

“Yeah, it is,” said the other guy. He was about the same age as Bruce but blonde and looked like a sexy surfer. “But if you pay attention, you might learn something tonight.”

“That’s an excellent idea.” Terry smiled down at her. “Lessons start now.”

CHAPTER 11: TERRY

By the look on Maggie's face, Terry's little rabbit was terrified. That wouldn't do. Scared, he could work with. Nervous was great—a fabulous aphrodisiac—but terrified would ruin it for her. It was time to change his plan. She wasn't ready for the stage.

“Come, rabbit.” He offered her his hand.

Her fingers trembled as he helped her to stand. “First lesson is to pay attention to your Sub.” He pulled her to his side. “And that's what I'm going to do. In private.”

She almost sagged against him in relief.

“Private? But I thought—”

“You're not learning the lesson, Bruce,” said Richard.

Terry bent and kissed her, gently. She opened for him but her body was stiff with fear. He teased his tongue across her lips, dipping inside to tangle with hers until she leaned more fully into him. His cock strained against his pants as she pressed against him. He captured her jaw, holding her still, making her forget everything but him. Her arms wrapped around his neck, her hands buried in his hair. He grabbed her ass, lifting her so her pussy cradled his cock. She moaned into his mouth and he pulled her leg up, opening her. If he didn't stop now, he'd fuck her right here and she wouldn't give two shits about the men watching, but he wanted her to see them, to see how they desired her. He pulled back, breaking the kiss and grinning as she leaned forward, following his mouth for a hot second.

“I'm going to get us some drinks,” he said against her lips and she nodded. He turned toward the bar, waving over the bartender. “I'd like bottles of Glenfiddich, Barcardi and Coke along with a bucket of ice delivered to...Do you know which playrooms are available?”

“Ethan has OYT One reserved for you.” The bartender bent, retrieving a full bottle of scotch from the cabinet.

“He does?” OYT One would be perfect for tonight—kinky but nothing that’d make her too nervous. He’d thank Ethan with a nice bottle of cognac when his friend returned.

“Yep. She set it up.” The bartender nodded at Maggie.

“She did?” He turned and she was watching him, her hazel eyes uncertain.

“I hope you don’t mind, Sir. It’s part of your birthday present.”

“Mind?” He touched her face. “No. Not at all. Surprised but pleasantly, very pleasantly.” It was the only proof he needed that she truly did want to experience the Club.

“So, you like that room? I had no idea about...anything here.” The red in her cheeks contrasted with the eagerness in her eyes. “Ethan suggested that playroom.”

“It’s perfect.” He took her hand and kissed her fingers when her phone rang.

“Sorry.” She pulled her hand from his, leaned around him and grabbed her phone from the bar.

“Is it the kids?” He’d probably weep if they had to leave.

“No. It’s—”

“Give it to me.” He held out his hand.

Her fingers stilled over the screen as it rang again. “But—”

“Nick and Sarah will call the Club if they need us and anything else can wait until tomorrow.”

“Can’t believe you’re not punishing her for this,” grumbled Bruce.

“Don’t be an ass. Kids always come first.” Terry shot the other man a disgusted look.

She placed her phone in his hand and he turned it off, dropping it into his jacket pocket just as his phone rang. He grabbed it.

“Is it Nick?” Maggie touched his arm.

“No. Derek.” He pressed the button. “Is my dog dead?”

“Ah, no,” said Derek.

“Sick?”

“No, but—”

“It can wait until morning.” He hung up his phone and turned it off. He took her hand. “Shall we?”

“Absolutely.” She smiled up at him as he kissed her fingers and led her toward the back.

“What about the lesson?” asked Bruce.

“You’re still not paying attention.” Richard’s tone was disgusted. “If you want to learn, shut your mouth and watch. In silence.”

CHAPTER 12: MAGGIE

Maggie's breath returned to normal as she followed Terry down the hallway. The night they'd met he'd saved her in a playroom and now, they were going to one together...to play. A shiver danced down her spine. She wanted this. It wouldn't be anything like that other night with those other men. Terry would never force her to do anything.

He opened the door and turned on the light, dropping her hand as they walked into the room.

The walls were gray and the lights were soft and dim, giving the room a romantic atmosphere. Several chairs and a few tables sat scattered around the room along with one red, plush love seat. A dark wooden bar was built into the wall and toward the back of the room stood a cabinet, made from the same wood—rich and heavy.

“It looks different.” Not at all what she'd expected.

“It's not the same room you were in the night we met.” He strolled to the table and waved in the waitress with the drinks.

“I know, but I thought they'd all look about the same.” That room had been dark with several stands that looked like wooden saw horses. A woman had been strapped to one, her butt bright red from spankings.

“Most of them are different. Different toys for different tastes.”

“What does OYT mean?” She'd asked Ethan, but he'd refused to tell her. She'd been filling in the letters in her head ever since: Orgasm. Yummy. Toys? Ouch. Yell. Torture?

“Ethan didn't tell you?” His dark eyes met hers.

She felt that gaze like a caress and her body melted, ready to start the night. “No. He said you'd do that.”

“He's wrong. I won't tell you, but I will show you.” He smirked and turned away, handing the waitress some money.

“Oh.” Maggie frowned, studying the room and trying to see something that she could attribute to those letters.

“Do you want the door open or closed?” asked the waitress.

“Open,” said Terry.

“What?” Maggie spun toward him. She wanted that door closed.

“Yes, Sir.” The waitress left.

“Problem, rabbit?” He poured a drink and carried it to her.

“Ah...” She took the glass. “No, Sir. I thought—”

“Tsk, tsk.” He shook his head, his eyes gleaming with humor. “Do we need to go over the rules again?” He wandered to the large cabinet.

“No, Sir.” She smiled slightly. His rules would offend some women, but she loved them. Giving complete control to him, freed her and allowed her to just feel, to just be.

“I think, maybe we do.” He opened the cabinet doors and Maggie’s breath caught in her chest.

It was full of...things. Terry called them toys, but they didn’t look fun to her. Whips. Paddles. Floggers. Riding crops. Plus, a lot of other things she didn’t recognize but looked like they’d been invented during the Spanish Inquisition.

“We’ve been over the rules again and again.” He grabbed a riding crop, testing the weight in his hand. “Drink up. You’re going to need it.”

“Yes, Sir.” She took a big gulp as her heart raced, sending blood zipping through her body and making her skin tingle. He’d slapped her bottom many times but he’d never used something like that.

“What are they?” He walked toward her, the crop whooshing softly as he waved it through the air.

“Ah...” She took a hesitant step backward.

“Say them, rabbit.” He moved closer.

“Rule one. Always do what you say. Rule two. Never question your Master.”

“You seem to have a real problem with that one.” His eyes danced with amusement as he stalked closer.

Her nerves settled to an eager hum. This was Terry. The man she loved. He might hit her with that thing, but he wouldn't hurt her. The crop made the air sing as he moved closer, flipping it back and forth. She inched backward. He might not mean to but that was going to hurt.

“What are the others?” He stepped behind her, stopping her retreat. The heat from his body warmed her back and his hot breath whispered over her neck.

“Ah...” She couldn't think with him so close. She wanted to lean against him but she wasn't allowed, not until he commanded.

He reached around her, taking the glass and bending to place it on the floor. “Did you forget?” He skimmed the leather tip of the crop up the front of her thigh as he stood.

“Uhm...no. I know it.” Her mind couldn't think of anything but the toy as it tickled up and down her leg, making her body tremble with fear and excitement.

“Go on.” His hand pulled at her skirt. The material slid up her hips, the cold air on her front contrasting with his heat behind her. “What's the next rule?” His lips pressed against her ear and she tipped her head.

She needed him to kiss her. “Rule four...Oh.” She jumped at the sting as the crop slapped her thigh.

“You skipped number three.” He tapped the toy along her upper thigh.

She inhaled as sensations whirled through her body—the bite from the crop like a nip of his teeth, so close to her pussy. She leaned against him, her insides clenching. She needed his touch, needed him to feed the wave that'd crash, smashing her into nothing but feelings.

“Spread your legs.” His voice was dark and wicked.

She widened her stance, giving him full access to her body.

He ran the crop between her thighs. “What’s rule three, rabbit?” He kissed her neck, sucking to the point of pain and then licking away the sting.

She rolled her hips, desperate for any touch, even the light tickle of the toy.

“Last warning.” He nipped her ear.

“Ah...I...Uhm.” She couldn’t concentrate. She knew these rules. “I can’t think.”

He shook his head, the crop trailing down her inner thigh. “Second lesson. Punishment.” He stepped away from her.

“What?” She turned.

The three men, Richard, Bruce and the blonde surfer-guy, stood in the doorway.

“Gentlemen, help yourselves to a drink and make yourself comfortable,” said Terry. “It’s time for her punishment.”

CHAPTER 13: TERRY

Terry smiled slightly as Maggie tugged her skirt down in a futile attempt to cover herself. She'd be naked soon, so there was no point in trying to hide her underwear. He grabbed the glass from the floor and handed it to her. "Here."

"Thank you, Sir." She took the glass but didn't drink. Instead she stared into the dark liquid, frowning.

"Did you want to say something?" He skimmed his hand down her cheek. He'd be amazed at her softness until the day he took his last breath.

Her eyes darted to the men as they filled their glasses and sat on the chairs near the door.

"Yes?" he prodded.

"Ah...Sir. Terry." She grabbed his arm and tugged.

He allowed her to lead him across the room to the cabinet. "Did you want to pick out a toy? It's a bit unconventional in the Dom/Sub relationship, but I'm not opposed to trying new things."

"No," she snapped.

"Temper." He hooked his finger in the ring on her collar and tugged until their eyes met. "Trust me."

"I do."

He raised his brow.

She blinked and his chest constricted at the tears in her big, hazel eyes. He took her drink and put it on a shelf in the cabinet before pulling her to him. She rested her head on his chest.

"It's okay, rabbit. We can stop."

"Really?" She looked up at him. "You're not angry?"

"No." He kissed her, letting his lips linger on hers for a long second. "It has to be good for both of us or it won't

work.” He kissed her forehead. “I think you’ll enjoy this, but if you’re not ready, that’s fine.”

“You think I’ll like them watching us?” She glanced around him at the other men. “Looking at me while we...”

He leaned to the side, blocking her view and her gaze went back to him where it belonged. “Yes. I do. I believe you’ll enjoy seeing the desire on their faces when they look at you.” His hands skimmed up and down her back, unable to not touch the treasure in his arms. “So lush. So ripe. So fucking hot.”

“But...I’m...”

He grabbed her chin, stopping her words. “It’s okay if you’re not ready, but don’t...do not say anything derogatory about yourself. Not now. Not tonight.” If she mentioned her weight, he’d lose it. He’d been hard and ready to play all day. Their short interlude in the empty office had barely quenched his need. The idea of spending the entire weekend with her at the Club was enough to keep him hot and horny. When he’d seen her dressed in her “fuck-me-now” outfit coupled with her innocent disobedience he’d burned to sink into the scene and punish her. To show her how much pleasure he could bring her...bring them. If she ruined it—not because she didn’t want this, or wasn’t ready but—because she thought she was too heavy, his temper would blow and that’d be the end of their games. “Tonight.” He kissed her. “I want you to see yourself as I do.” He cupped her ass, pulling her against his erection. “Trust me, I don’t think you’re anything but beautiful.” He glanced over his shoulder. “And they see the same thing I do.”

The other men watched them. Bruce frowned, petulant as always. The kid had better change his attitude, or he’d be out of the Club. Ethan didn’t deal well with spoiled, rich bastards who danced a fine line between rough and brutal. Dale sipped his drink, looking a bit perplexed but patient and Richard was amused. As an experienced Dom, he understood the patience required to properly train a new Sub.

“I...don’t know.” She stared at them, her brow wrinkled with concern.

“Let me prove it.” He ducked his head until he caught her gaze. “Give me a chance. If you don’t like something we do, you always have your safeword.” He prayed she wouldn’t use it.

“I know, but I’m still not sure.” She studied him. “Why do you want them to watch us? See me?”

“Because it’s fucking hot.” He grabbed the heart on her collar and pulled her up on her tiptoes until her lips were only a breath from his. “They’ll be hard and hot for you. Wanting you. Wanting your mouth on their cocks. Wanting to suck your breasts and bite your nipples. Needing to sink their dicks into your wet pussy and knowing they’ll never be allowed because you’re mine. Only I touch you.” His lips landed on hers, unable to wait another moment. He had to have some of her, just a taste for now, but something. She moaned as his tongue plunged into her mouth, his hands hard on her ass, holding her against him as desire roared through his veins.

CHAPTER 14: MAGGIE

Maggie almost melted at Terry's onslaught. His kiss, hard and demanding, called to her but she couldn't forget the men watching them. It was wrong to do these things in front of them, wasn't it? *Yes, but it was so hot.* They wouldn't touch her. They'd watch and want...desire her...except they wouldn't. They'd see her thick thighs and big butt.

He pulled back, his hands keeping her against his hardness, keeping her body purring for his while her mind balked at what he was asking. "It's okay to be nervous." His arms tightened around her. "I'm here. Trust me to keep you safe."

"I'm not..." If she admitted that she wasn't worried about the other men touching her, he'd want to know why she was scared and he already didn't like that answer.

"Maggie." He touched her chin, bringing her eyes up to his. "Have I ever done anything you didn't like?"

"I didn't like it when you called me a whore." She kept her face passive, but she was sure he'd see the amusement in her eyes.

"I did not..." He swatted her ass. "You should know better than to tease when we're playing." He kissed her gently. "You're always the one who pays."

Yes, he made her pay—in hot, glorious ways that drove her mad. He'd tease and torment, bringing her to the edge of release before retreating and making her want to kill him but when he finally let her come...Oh lord, it melted her bones. Her knees trembled and she bit her lip to keep from moaning as her pussy brushed against the hardness in his pants.

"Let me rephrase." His lips curled in a smirk. "Have I ever asked you to do anything sexually that you didn't end up enjoying?" His hand slipped under her skirt, his fingers teasing along the thong and between the crack of her ass. "You're still wearing the butt plug, like I told you." His finger tapped it gently, sending vibrations through her body.

Her eyes grew heavy as wetness pooled between her legs, her body begging him to touch it again, harder this time.

“Do you like this?” His fingers skimmed over the toy in her ass, pushing in a little as his other hand lifted her to her toes, pressing her pussy flush against his erection.

She moaned, barely able to form a thought as he teased her from the front and the back.

“Words, rabbit.”

“Yes.” She wasn’t sure if she was answering or begging.

“Before today did you think you’d enjoy a toy like this?” He rocked against her as he twisted the plug.

“No.” Her breasts rubbed against his chest with each breath, causing her nipples to harden to the point of pain. They needed his mouth and his tongue to sooth them.

“That’s right. You thought it was dirty but you like it. A lot.” He continued his play—the toy rolling in and out of her ass, making her pussy jealous of the attention. “And I believe you’ll like this too.”

She tried to peek around him but his hand left the toy, capturing her collar and keeping her from moving. She gazed at him. “This is different.”

“Is it?” He kissed her before she could answer, his lips hard on hers as his tongue dove into her mouth, searching and teasing. He broke away, his breath heavier, his voice thicker. “I helped you discover another aspect to your sexuality. Another way for pleasure.” He kissed her again, but this one was nothing more than a quick tasting. “That’s all I’m doing now.”

“But, they...” She jerked back her head and he let go of her collar, allowing her to look around him.

The men drank and talked, seeming at ease while waiting for them to begin.

“They aren’t important.” He captured her chin. “Focus on me.”

“But if they’re not important...If you don’t want me to look at them then why—”

“Trust me, Maggie. I’m your Dom. Your Master. Look at me and obey just like at home. Okay?”

She bit her lip. She wanted to make him happy and she really wanted to share this part of his life with him.

“I need an answer.” His dark eyes searched her face. “It’s okay if you’re not ready. We can try again some other time.”

“You won’t be angry...I’m sorry. I know you won’t be mad at me but you will be disappointed.”

“Never.”

“You said you didn’t lie.” This time she raised her brow.

“I’m not lying.” He chuckled. “Okay. Let me clarify. I’ll be sexually disappointed and frustrated and you’ll pay when I get you to a hotel, but I won’t be disappointed in you. In us.”

She blinked back tears. Every time she thought she understood him, he did something that made her love him even more. “Let’s stay. Let’s try this.”

“Are you sure?” He watched her closely.

She nodded as she glanced at the guys. She took a deep breath. “I’m sure, as long as I can just look at you.”

“Absolutely.” He kissed her and it was hot and dark, but something deeper burned in the background.

She leaned into him, searching for what it was. Passion? Yes. Gratitude? Yes, but there was something more.

He broke the kiss and handed her the drink. “This might help you relax.”

“Thanks.” She chugged her rum and coke. She trusted him, but a little liquid courage wouldn’t hurt.

He took the glass and put it aside. His dark eyes holding her prisoner. “You are beautiful, Maggie.”

She flushed, her eyes dropping slightly. She knew better than to argue with him about this, but she still didn’t believe it.

“You know I don’t lie.”

“I know.” It was true but so was the fact that he made his living manipulating the truth to his advantage.

“But you still don’t believe me.”

“I do. I know you find me attractive.”

“I find you beautiful,” he corrected. “I have from the moment you bumped into me.”

“Please. You were a grouch. You yelled at me for trying to clean up the mess I made on your jacket.”

“I didn’t yell. I snapped and it was because you weren’t paying attention to me, the man. You were too busy dabbing at my clothes.”

“I didn’t want them to stain.”

“I didn’t care. Here you were this lush, beautiful woman with tits I wanted to bury my face in and—”

“Terry.” She slapped his chest, picturing his face smothered against her breasts. The heat between her legs revved up again.

“It’s true.” He chuckled.

“You still don’t need to be crass.” She glanced at the other men who were once again watching them.

“You love it when I talk like that. You get so fucking wet.” His hand slipped between her legs, hovering right below her pussy. “You’re wet now. Aren’t you?”

“Yes.” There was no point lying. He’d discover that for himself very soon. Her lips parted on a gasp as his finger stroked along her crease.

“Soaked and we’ve barely begun.” He kissed her, his tongue diving into her mouth and exploring while his finger slid back and forth between her legs.

She reached up, clinging to his shoulders and pressing against his strong body.

He broke the kiss, stepping away. “It’s time, rabbit.”

CHAPTER 15: TERRY

“Look at me.” Terry’s dark eyes locked with Maggie’s. “Ignore them.” *For now*. Later, he’d make sure she saw that these men—all experienced, all attractive—found her beautiful.

Her hazel eyes were wide as she stared at him. She was nervous, maybe a little scared.

“Trust me.” He gave her a quick kiss before striding across the room to the bar. “Anyone want anything?”

The men answered in a chorus of no or I’m goods. He turned back toward Maggie. “Another drink?”

Her eyes darted to the guys. “Shot, please.”

Bruce snorted.

“Problem?” He leveled his gaze on the other man.

He regretted convincing Ethan to give the kid another chance. If Bruce didn’t shut the fuck up so he could learn how things worked, Terry would have to have a difficult conversation with Franklin, Bruce’s grandfather. The older man had mentored Terry after law school. Franklin was wise, sophisticated and honorable, nothing at all like his douche bag of a grandson.

Bruce’s eyes widened and he glanced at the other two men before straightening and saying, “Yeah. Her answer should’ve been yes or no. She shouldn’t have told you she wanted a shot. A good Sub—”

“Don’t you mean a good blow-up doll?” asked Richard.

Dale laughed. “He doesn’t think that’s what he means, but it is.”

“It is not,” snapped Bruce.

Richard snorted. “God, you sound like a spoiled brat.”

Bruce shot Richard a glare but continued, “A good Sub obeys. Answers the questions she’s asked.”

“You know absolutely nothing,” said Richard.

Terry chilled the rum in a shaker before taking it to Maggie.

“Sorry,” she mumbled.

“He’s an ass but he has potential”—Terry glanced at the other guys—“if he can shut his fucking mouth and let that big brain of his learn something.”

Richard and Dale laughed.

Terry kissed her forehead. “Enjoy the drink while I straighten out our guest.” He walked back to the bar, poured himself a scotch and took a sip as he strode across the room and grabbed a chair. He positioned it directly in front of her but several feet away, making sure she could see the other men if she wanted, or just look at him. “Gentlemen.”

The others quieted, ready for the show.

“Before we start, Bruce, you’re confused about what a Dom-Sub relationship is and remember it is a relationship not a dictatorship.”

“I’m not confused and I—”

“Really? Then please, tell me your definition.” He sat sideways on the chair.

“The Dom is the boss and the Sub obeys.”

“Why?”

Bruce laughed.

“That was a question not a joke.” If the kid didn’t understand this basic tenant of the kink, he’d never be a good Dom.

“You’re serious?” Bruce looked around.

Both Dale and Richard nodded.

“I am.”

“Okay.” Bruce straightened a bit. “A Sub obeys because that’s what she is. She’s a Sub.”

He struggled not to roll his eyes.

“God, you’re an idiot,” said Richard.

“Shut up,” said Bruce.

“No, Bruce, you shut up and you might learn something,” said Richard.

“Please. Gentlemen.” Terry took a sip of his drink, glancing at Maggie. She rolled the empty shot glass between her hands, her cheeks flushed from the alcohol. “Maggie, pour yourself another and come here. This is going to take longer than I’d thought.” He should be well into his game by now but instead he was teaching a fucking class on BDSM. If it weren’t for Franklin, Bruce would be out the door and out of the Club.

She nodded and hurried to the bar. She hated being the center of attention unless it was just him and her. He should’ve had her come to his side right away, but he truly hadn’t thought Bruce was this much of a dick.

She poured her drink and walked toward him, her hips swaying in a seductive rhythm that called to him on a primal level. Silence filled the room for one long second as the others stopped bickering to appreciate her body. Terry didn’t think she even noticed. She was still that naïve about what a lush Sub like her did to men like him. She stopped by his side. He placed his glass on the floor and patted his leg. Her eyes widened as her gaze darted to the other men.

“Sit, rabbit.” He took her hand and pulled her closer. “You might learn something too.”

She lowered herself onto his lap, as stiff as if she were sitting in church. That had to change. He wanted her boneless and relaxed before he wound her up with sexual tension.

He turned back to the guys, resting his hand on her knee and caressing the soft skin with his thumb. “Let me explain why a Sub, a good one, like Maggie obeys.” His fingers moved up her legs with teasing caresses.

“She doesn’t obey if you ask me,” muttered Bruce.

“This is new to her. It’s usually just us.”

“So what? If she were well trained, she’d obey no matter what.”

Richard almost choked on his drink. “I didn’t think it was possible to be that ignorant.”

“He expects his Subs to be a robots,” said Dale.

“No, but I expect them to do what I say.” Bruce frowned at all of them.

“With no feelings or thoughts of their own?” Terry’s fingers skimmed along the crease of her legs a few inches above her knee, making the stiffness in her back lessen and her shoulders droop.

“They feel what I tell them to feel,” said Bruce.

“I bet that works wonders when you’re fucking them. Do you tell them what to cry out in their moment of release?” Terry shook his head. “Sorry. I doubt they have that with you.”

“They come. Hard.” Bruce’s face flushed scarlet. His inability to please his partners had been one of the complaints to Ethan. The women here, both Pleasure Associates and members, were willing to do many things but they expected to find pleasure in every game.

“How? If you don’t even know them?” He continued this steady teasing of Maggie’s flesh with his fingers as she sipped her drink, relaxing even more.

“I don’t have to know a woman to make her come.”

“You need to know her to tell if she’s truly enjoying herself or if she’s faking it while she prays you finish.”

“What? No.” Bruce’s eyes darted to the other men. “They aren’t faking. I’d know.”

Richard shook his head, smirking into his drink.

“Subs are people first. Women or men who have their own thoughts and feelings no matter what a Dom commands.” He

ran his other hand down Maggie's back and she leaned against him as she sipped her drink and listened. Her legs slid open a bit more from her movement and he stroked farther up her inner thigh. "A good Dom-Sub relationship is about trust. The Dom needs to know what his Sub fears. What her insecurities are so he can help her through them, not control her with them."

"I don't agree. She's a Sub so she obeys."

"She's a woman. She obeys because she trusts me. She knows I won't ask her to do anything that she won't enjoy." He kissed her neck, inhaling her soft fragrance. God, he wanted to bury his entire body inside of her and never come out. She tipped her head, giving him full access and he almost groaned. He'd never been good at denying himself what he wanted, but it wasn't time. Not yet. He gave her one last kiss and turned back toward Bruce. "She might be nervous about it at first, but she trusts me enough to know that she'll enjoy it." His hand moved farther up her leg. He was almost to her pussy now and the heat and fragrance of her arousal called to him, begging him to replace his hand with his face and worship her.

"Hmm." Bruce walked to the bar and filled his drink. "I still don't see it."

"How many Subs have you had in the past six months?" asked Richard.

"A few," said Bruce.

"And why did the relationships end?" asked Dale.

Bruce's eyes narrowed.

"You don't have to answer us but you need to be honest with yourself." He kissed Maggie's neck again, sucking hard and nipping, making her squirm on his lap. He bit down harder, relishing her softness wiggling against his cock. Her lips parted and a gasp slipped free as her eyes closed and her body melted against his. She was ready and that meant he was done talking. "The lesson is over. You have two choices. Get out or shut the fuck up and learn something so the next relationship you have can satisfy both you and her."

CHAPTER 16: MAGGIE

“Open your legs, rabbit.” Terry’s voice was rough in her ear.

Maggie wanted to obey. Her body demanded it, but the men watched, all eyes on his hand as it pushed her skirt higher and higher, exposing more of her body to them.

“Now.” He nipped her ear and her legs fell open as her back arched, pushing herself toward his hand.

She moaned as his finger slid across her seam—firm and slow. She squeezed his arm that was wrapped tightly around her waist, her other hand clenching her glass.

He kissed her neck again, his finger continuing to work its magic. The men’s gazes gleamed almost feral and the pleasure of his finger began to slip away. She closed her eyes, pretending it was just him and her.

“Stand up.” He clasped her waist, helping her off his lap.

She pulled down her skirt, covering herself and he frowned. She should’ve waited for him to tell her to do that, but she hadn’t wanted those other men to see the cellulite on her thighs.

“Go stand where you were before.”

She glanced at the glass in her hand.

“Do you want another drink?” he asked.

She shook her head. She was warm and a little tipsy, but not drunk. She looked at the guys again. Maybe she should have another.

“Okay.” He took the glass from her and placed it on the floor by his chair. “Go back to the center of the room and stand there.”

She turned, her stomach tightening into knots. He knew she didn’t like to be on display. This wasn’t something that’d make her happy or horny. The ache between her legs had fled as soon as she’d stood and lost contact with his touch. She

stopped and turned around. Terry had shifted so he was facing her. The men hadn't moved, their eyes still on her.

“Look at me, Maggie.”

She did and a bit of the tension left at the heat in his dark gaze.

“Good. Now, remove that hideous piece of lace.”

“You think it's hideous?” She looked down. It was a lovely, intricate piece of artwork.

“I think anything that covers your tits is hideous”— he grinned—“except my hands or my mouth.”

She flushed, her eyes darting to the men behind him. At home, when it was just the two of them, his foul language turned her on, but this was different.

“Take it off, Maggie.”

“I can't. It's sewn inside.” She'd worked hard to get it right. She wasn't tearing it out.

“Then remove your dress.”

Her heart almost stopped. She'd picked her lingerie for him not for everyone in the Club. Okay, three guys weren't everyone, but it was more than she'd expected to see her underwear.

He shook his head. “I can see that you're having trouble obeying.” He cast a glance over his shoulder at Bruce as he stood. “Let me help you with that.”

She fidgeted in place, her hands tugging at the hem of her dress. He was going to remove her clothes and everyone would see her thick thighs and big butt. Even her breasts wouldn't save her. They looked great with the bra, but without it... They weren't as firm as they used to be. Her stomach twisted. She had no idea why he thought she'd enjoy this. She hated it. Her mouth dropped open as he walked past her, stopping at the cabinet. He reached inside and turned around, holding a blindfold.

She couldn't help it. She took an involuntary step backward. She wouldn't be able to see anything.

He grinned. "You can't run from me, rabbit." He reached into the closet again and a motor hummed. "Time for you to see what OYT means."

She followed his gaze upward. A large hook lowered from the ceiling. She didn't even want to guess what he was going to do with that.

CHAPTER 17: TERRY

Terry's grin widened at the look on his little rabbit's face. He'd told Maggie she wasn't ready to come to the Club but now that they were here, he'd make sure she enjoyed every kinky moment.

He pressed the button that stopped the motor and grabbed a pair of padded cuffs from the cabinet, his eyes lingering on one of the ball gags. She'd absolutely hate wearing that. He stifled his chuckle as he picked it up. Maggie's eyes almost bulged from her head at the sight of the toy.

"This"—he held up the ball gag but didn't remove it from the package as he turned toward the other men— "is for Bruce if he doesn't keep his fucking mouth shut."

"It's the only thing that is fucking in this room," said Bruce.

He laughed until he looked at Maggie. Great. They were back to really scared. He hung the ball gag back in the closet and strode over to her. He took her chin, forcing her to look at him. "I'd never use a ball gag on you." His thumb traced her lips—so soft, so moist. "You know I love hearing you scream when I fuck you. If I wanted you to be quiet, we wouldn't be soundproofing our bedroom." He pressed in a bit with his thumb and she opened her mouth. "The noises you make when I go down on you...I swear, they're almost enough to make me come." She ran her tongue over his thumb and it was like she'd licked his dick. Their game started in earnest now. He tugged on her collar, pulling her to him and kissed her, long and deep, falling into her warmth and wetness. His other hand grabbed her ass, pressing her into his erection. His hips rocked against her, begging him to get her out of those clothes. He broke the kiss, his lips barely a breath from hers. "You know me, rabbit. You trust me."

She nodded.

"Say it."

“I trust you, Sir.”

He took her hands and affixed the handcuffs around them.
“How does this feel?”

“Okay.”

“Not too tight?”

“No.” Her eyes were wide but more with anticipation than fear. They’d played with bondage at home so this wasn’t new to her.

“Good. Raise your arms.”

Her gaze darted over his shoulder at the others.

“Okay. This first.” He walked behind her, placing the blindfold over her eyes. He kissed her neck, inhaling her perfume, warm and fragrant from the heat of her body. He nibbled his way to her ear. “It’s just you and me now. My commands and your pleasure.” His hand trailed around her waist, pulling her back against him so her lush ass cradled his cock. “See what you do to me? I’m like this for you always. Hard and hurting. Wanting to tear off your clothes and slide inside you.”

“Yes.” She rested her head on his shoulder, her hand clinging to his wrist.

“Raise your arms.”

She barely hesitated before obeying. He ran both hands across her abdomen and then upward, cupping her breasts but the damn lace was in his way. He affixed the restraint over the large hook.

“I’ll be right back.” He kissed her neck and walked to the cabinet, pressing the button. The motor hummed and the hook lifted back toward the ceiling. He pressed the button again when she was almost on tiptoe.

She was fucking gorgeous—blindfolded, reaching to the ceiling, her dress tight over her breasts and her skirt riding up her legs, barely covering her pussy. He wanted nothing more than to walk over there and fuck her, but it wasn’t time for

that. Games had to be played. Desire had to be stoked. He took a deep breath. “Now, do you know what OYT means?”

“Ah, no.” Her lips moved a little as she tried to figure out the abbreviation.

“I’ll give you a hint. T stands for toes.” He walked to his chair and grabbed his glass from the floor.

“Toes?”

“How are you standing?” He headed for the bar.

“On my tip...Oh.”

“Exactly.” He filled his glass. “Think of all the things I can do to you when you’re like this. Helpless. Unable to move.” He leaned against the bar, enjoying the view but more importantly, making her wait. The anticipation of what he was going to do next, would drive her mad, making her tight and needy, anxious and wet.

He took a sip of the scotch, grabbing the chair and dragging it as he walked across the room. Her soft expressive face was both tense and curious. He stopped right in front of her and placed his glass on the chair before walking slowly around her. “You have no idea how fucking beautiful you are.”

Her head tipped toward his voice and her cheeks heated from his compliment. His hand skimmed along her waist, soft and warm—just like her. “I tell you that over and over, but you don’t believe me.” He stopped behind her. His hand caressing her ass. “Maybe, after tonight you will.”

CHAPTER 18: MAGGIE

Maggie trembled as Terry kissed along her neck, teasing her with teeth and tongue. With the blindfold on the only thing in her world was him—his voice, his heat, his touch.

He unzipped her dress. His mouth, wet and hot, followed the trail of the zipper, stopping where her spine met her hips. His tongue dipped between her butt cheeks and she shivered, her back arching, offering her ass to him.

He kissed his way back up, his hands dragging her dress with them. She may as well be naked. There wasn't much to her peach lingerie and that meant the other men could see everything.

Terry sucked and nibbled along her neck as he cupped her breasts. She shifted her hips, making her dress fall back down, but it stopped on her hips.

"I saw that." He slapped her ass.

"Ou..." Her protest turned into a moan as he pinched her nipples.

"If I wanted your dress lower, I would've moved it."

"Yes. Sir." She never would've done that at home. She had to focus on Terry and forget about the other men.

His mouth teased her shoulder, leaving the dress where it was. "I see you bought this outfit at the shop I recommended."

"Yes, Sir," she whispered. "I didn't want you to ruin any more of my clothes."

"Smart girl." He nipped the tender flesh where her neck and shoulder met.

She sighed, leaning backward to rest against him as he licked away the sting. His hands went back to her breasts, squeezing as he kissed along her shoulder, stopping at the tie that affixed the sleeve. His teeth grazed her skin, making her shiver with desire. He had such a talented mouth. She wanted

it everywhere—her neck, her lips, her breasts and between her legs—especially there. He captured one string with his teeth and pulled. The dress fell from her shoulder and his mouth was there, kissing her flesh as he moved to the other side, unfastening that tie too. She held her breath, waiting for his mouth to land on her skin, to kiss her again but he stepped back and the top of her dress fell, catching on her hips with the rest.

His footsteps echoed through the room as he walked in front of her. “Beautiful. So fucking beautiful.” His finger trailed over her breasts before dipping between them. “Thank you for the lingerie. It’s magnificent.”

She gasped as his mouth, hot and wet, affixed on her nipple. His tongue laved back and forth, torturing her sensitive bud with the scratchy lace of her bra. Her arms shook and the cuffs scraped her wrists as she tried to grab his head and hold him to her.

He grasped her hips, pulling her against his long, hard body. She moaned, her head falling backward as his dick rubbed against the juncture between her thighs. That was it. That was what she needed. She wanted to press against him but with her feet barely touching the floor she didn’t have any traction. She was at his mercy.

Footsteps tapped on the tile and her breath hitched.

She’d forgotten about them. He pushed her bra down and his hot mouth was on her flesh, sucking and teasing, his teeth scraping across her skin and making her shiver. He sucked hard, pulling her nipple into his mouth. She cried out as pain and pleasure shot through her body, pooling in her pussy. He stepped away. The cool air teased her wet breasts, keeping her nipples turgid. She leaned forward, her toes grazing the floor and her breath coming in pants. She wanted him. She needed him near her—his mouth on her breasts, his body pressed into hers.

“The peach was an excellent choice.” His voice was rich and dark, thick with desire. His footsteps drew closer as if he couldn’t stay away. His hot breath feathered her hair and then

his lips tickled her ear. “The color shows how eager you are for my cock.”

“What?” She had no idea what he was talking about.

“She’s so fucking wet,” said one of the men.

“Your panties are soaked. The peach is dark from your desire.” Terry tapped her pussy and her body quivered so hard she swayed.

“She’s gonna come just from his touch,” muttered another voice.

There were more murmurs from the others. Their voices rough with desire. She couldn’t help it. She got wetter.

CHAPTER 19: TERRY

Terry immediately noticed the change in Maggie. It was what he'd been hoping would happen. This time when she remembered about the others she didn't freeze; she melted.

It was time.

He motioned for the guys to go back to their seats. They'd moved to the bar to refill their drinks, but he was pretty sure they'd actually done it to get closer to the show. Dale glanced at Terry as he picked up his chair. Terry nodded. He didn't blame him. He'd want a front-row seat too. Dale moved several feet closer and sat. The others followed.

As soon as they were situated, Terry trailed his hands up her sides, enjoying the softness and heat of her skin. It was like liquid fire. "I'll never tire of touching you." He kissed the side of her exposed breast as he lifted her, pulling her off the hook. He unlatched the handcuffs and stepped back, dropping them on the floor. "Unhook your bra."

She reached behind her and unfastened it. She waited for his command, her breath shallow and fast. His hand drifted to his belt. He'd love to fuck her right now, but he'd waited too long to play with her at the Club. He would not come too soon and end their session. Tonight he'd push both their limits.

"Take it off." He stroked his dick through his pants, giving it some relief. Her cheeks were flushed and her lips red from his kisses. She was gorgeous but the best part was that not an ounce of uncertainty or self-doubt clouded her features as she pulled the bra off and dropped it to the floor.

His eyes locked on her tits, unable to tear his gaze away from that gorgeous sight. He could tell by the heavy breathing behind him that the others felt the same. No man could turn away from beauty like this. Her breasts were large and soft, dipping naturally. The color was a pearly white—this succulent flesh had never seen the sun. It'd be so easy to leave his mark there. To show her and the world that she was his.

Her nipples puckered for him, begging him to taste them, to roll them around on his tongue like a berry and bite them hard enough to make her scream with pleasure. She was perfection; living art created just for him.

His feet moved forward, unable to stay away from her another second. His finger rubbed her nipple, soft and teasing, making her lean toward him, making her search for his touch. “Do you like this?” He pinched her nipple and twisted, turning her gasp into a moan.

“Yes, Sir.” She straightened, causing her breast to push against his hand.

Eagerness like that should be rewarded. He ran his nail over her nipple as his other hand slipped into her panties. She was slick and hot, his fingers gliding easily through her crease before moving up to her clit and pressing gently.

“Oh...” She widened her stance, giving him better access.

“You like this too, don’t you? You like it when I play with your tits and rub your sweet, little pussy.” His fingers moved faster, dipping into her wetness before going back to her clit.

“Yes, Sir.” She panted.

“Good.” He stepped back, moved his drink off the chair and sat down. “Now, you do it.”

CHAPTER 20: MAGGIE

“What?” Maggie almost moaned when Terry stopped touching her. She’d been so close to release.

“You heard me, rabbit. Start with your tits.”

She couldn’t see a thing with the blindfold, but he had to be kidding. He didn’t actually want her to play with herself in front of those other men, did he?

Terry was a hands-on kind of guy, but occasionally, he liked to watch as she touched herself. He’d sit across the room, his dark eyes filling with heat and making her bolder. Sometimes, he’d make her bring herself to orgasm. She shivered at the memories. Those nights were particularly hot. She’d be satiated and he’d be ravenous—his hands and mouth everywhere as he took her rough and wild.

“Rabbit, don’t make me get the riding crop.”

She bit her lip, remembering him behind her, large and strong, teasing and slapping her naked flesh. Her hands went to her breasts, squeezing. Her fingers found her nipples, rolling them and pinching, sending that surge of pleasure shooting through her abdomen and exploding between her legs.

“Tug on them while you pinch them.” His voice was rough. He was close. It wouldn’t be long before he joined her.

She amped up her efforts, pinching and tugging, moving her hands for a quick moment to make sure he saw her turgid peaks. His mouth would be hungry to taste them, to devour them. More wetness soaked her flesh. The other men would see them too, their eyes heavy and hot as they gazed at her. Their bodies aroused for her. Her legs trembled and her hips began to rock, searching for something—a touch, a finger, a cock.

“Stop.”

Her hands shook as she forced them away from her breasts.

“You cannot come until I tell you. What color are you at, Maggie?”

Her jaw clenched. She didn't want to answer. He'd make her wait and she wanted to come. She inhaled deeply. He was her Dom. She'd obey. “Almost at Red.”

“Good girl.”

The smugness in his tone made her grit her teeth. He'd have that knowing smirk on his handsome face that made her want to scream. She needed to touch him, or herself, push him beyond his control. Make him give her what she wanted, but she didn't move. Waiting was torture but the end would be fabulous.

“Tell me when you're at Green.”

Green? She wanted at least Yellow. Green was so far away from where she was now. Green was cold and she wanted hot and hard, but she inhaled deeply, forcing her body back from the edge. Only their ragged breathing disturbed the silence. No, there was more than her and Terry's hot and heavy breath filling the room. They were there too, panting and waiting. They'd be staring at her breasts, her body. Were they aroused? Playing with themselves? Her heart raced so fast it stumbled, skipping a beat. The idea of these other men watching her should freak the horniness right out of her. It had before, but it didn't now. Instead, it made her pulse race and her body hum, revving back toward Red.

Footsteps sounded, moving away from her. She strained to hear. Ice tinkling in a glass. Liquid pouring. His footsteps returning to her side.

“Here.” He captured her hand, wrapping her fingers around the glass.

“Thank you, Sir.” She took a sip. Rum and coke. Strong. She took another sip. He stayed by her, the heat from his body warming her, his scent—cologne, Terry and arousal—wafting around her making the pulse between her legs purr again.

“Finish it.”

She gulped it. The cold of the liquid contrasting with the burn of the alcohol as it slid down her throat.

“What color?”

“Green.” With a hint of Yellow. Her body still tingled with desire.

“Good.” He took the glass and walked away.

She wanted to beg him to stay, to take over and take them both to the end, but she knew better.

“Touch yourself.” He sat on his chair, the wooden legs making a slight scraping sound on the floor.

Her hands went to her chest, finding her nipples. They were still firm but no longer painfully hard.

“Touch your pussy.”

She ran her hand down her torso, taking her time and making him suffer. She wanted to see him—his dark eyes hungry and hot as she teased herself and him.

“I can see your desire through your panties. You’re even wetter than before.”

It wasn’t a question, but she answered anyway. “Yes, Sir. For you.”

He moaned and she was pretty sure so did at least one of the other men. Her hand skimmed over her mound, fingers searching her folds through her panties. The men’s breathing increased, heavy and hard, emboldening her. She slipped her hand between her legs and under the wet silk. Her mouth parted as she teased her clit for one quick second before bringing her finger to her lips and painting them with her desire.

“Jesus.”

It wasn’t Terry. It was one of the others, voice thick with desire. Whoever spoke danced the edge of passion because of her, just by watching her. She’d help him along. She opened her mouth and sucked on her finger.

“Fuck me.” Again, not Terry.

“That’s not going to happen.” That growl was Terry and he was by her side in a second, his mouth hard and hot on hers, his tongue invading and demanding.

She wrapped her arms around him, leaning into his strong, hard body and melting against him. His dick pressed against her belly but it was too high. She stood on tiptoe and rubbed against him, his hard flesh soothing her but not enough. She needed him inside her. “Terry...Sir, please.”

“Not yet.” He nipped her lip and unhooked her arms from around his neck before walking behind her. He wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her to him. “Feel what you do to me.” He rocked against her, his dick hard and insistent against her ass. “You, Maggie. You do this. No one else. Just you.” His words were like gravel in her ear—harsh and desperate.

“Yes.” She grabbed his wrist, clinging to him but also trying to persuade him to move his hand between her legs, to touch her where she ached for him.

“Now, see what you do to them.” He pulled off her blindfold as his hand cupped her mound. His fingers rested gently on her folds, taunting.

Her breath caught in her throat as her eyes focused, seeing the others. All three of the men watched her— eyes hooded with passion, faces taut with desire. Her gaze dropped lower.

Richard’s pants bulged, his hand wrapped tightly around his glass. Dale smiled when he saw where she looked and continued to rub himself through his jeans, a soft rhythmic pressure to keep himself aroused but nothing that’d take him to completion. Bruce, however, stroked away, his cock out of his pants, the tip purple. He wouldn’t last long.

“See them, Maggie. You did this to them. You.” Terry kissed her neck. “You’re so fucking hot and sexy and beautiful.”

She felt it. She always did when she was with Terry but this was different. They didn’t care for her. Two of them didn’t

even know her but they wanted her. His fingers began to move, sliding over her folds and rubbing.

She clasped his wrist, holding him in place, keeping the pressure and the motion on her pussy. “Terry...I’m...Red.”

“Come, Maggie. I want them to see how beautiful you are when you come.” His hand pushed under her panties and he shoved a finger inside of her, pumping in and out as his lips captured her neck.

It was what she wanted. What she needed. His touch. His body. Her eyes closed and her head dropped onto his shoulder as waves of pleasure rushed through her.

“Open your eyes.”

It was difficult, but she obeyed.

“Look at them. Let them see you break apart and shatter in my arms.”

Richard’s face was tight and his eyes a stormy blue. His arm shook as he clasped his glass like it was a lifeline. Her eyes trailed down his body to his crotch. His bulge was even larger than before.

Terry’s thumb teased her clit, rolling and pressing. “See what you do to them. See how hard their dicks are for you.”

She gasped, rolling her hips with his touch. Her tongue darted out, licking her dry lips as her gaze moved on to Dale. His hand still stroked his cock through his pants, but his motion was a little faster, a little firmer. He had nice arms, lean but muscular. Her eyes locked with his blue ones. He smiled. It was wicked and hot, making her body tremble against Terry’s hand.

“You like this, don’t you?” Terry nipped her ear as he slid another finger inside her. She moaned low and long as he stretched her. “Look at Bruce. Watch him come. For you.”

Her gaze darted to Bruce, but he was beyond seeing. His eyes were half-closed and locked on Terry’s hand. Bruce’s stroking matched Terry’s rhythm, as if his dick were between

her legs instead of straining for release beneath his own fingers.

Terry's grip around her waist tightened and he kicked her legs farther apart. He twisted his hand, curling his fingers and hitting her G-spot over and over.

"See what you do to them. See Bruce. In his head he's making you tremble. He's fucking you hard and fast. This"—he slipped another finger into her—"is his dick."

She gasped as he stretched her farther, his fingers relentless in their motion, bumping against that spot. Her breath froze in her chest as pleasure rose, threatening to overtake her. Bruce's fist tightened and he groaned, leaning to the side and coming onto the floor.

"You did that." Terry pressed down on her clit with his thumb as he continued to stroke inside of her.

It was too much. Bruce's orgasm, the storm raging through her body. She moaned, her nails digging into Terry's wrist as she broke apart, her body trembling and her hips thrusting against his hand as she came.

"Beautiful. Fucking, breathtaking," said Richard.

Terry pulled his fingers from her, sliding them into his mouth. "And delicious."

Dale's blue eyes were dark and heavy. "May I have a taste?" He stared at the juncture between her thighs, burning her with his gaze.

"Would you like that, rabbit? Dale can eat you out, while Richard sucks your tits and I'll fuck you from behind."

Her heart had never raced so fast as his words painted pictures in her head. It was erotic. Taboo. Was she ready for that? Did she even want that? She didn't know. Her pussy tightened at the thought but she wasn't sure. She'd let Terry decide. "Whatever you want, Sir."

"Good answer"—he grinned against her neck—"but I want to know what you want. What you really want?"

Did she want them? Terry wasn't good with sharing.

“Answer, rabbit. We’ll do whatever you want. Do you want them to fuck you?” His head shifted slightly so his cheek rested against hers. “Bruce might not be up to it, but the other two are more than ready.”

Bruce was stuffing his flaccid penis back into his pants as the other men looked at her, their gazes hot and hopeful. They were both attractive and she was sure they’d make it good for her, but...

“No.” She didn’t want them. “Only you. I only want you to...fuck me.”

Some tension left his arms. “What about the other? Do you want them to suck your tits or lick your pussy while I fuck you?”

Her breath rattled in her chest as images once again flashed into her head. “No.”

Dale seemed to deflate, except his dick. That didn’t sag even a little.

Richard stood, grimacing a little. “Maybe next time, Maggie-May.” His eyes met Terry’s. “Thanks for letting me watch.” He turned and strode from the room.

“Hold up, Richard. I’ll buy you a drink while I find a woman.” Bruce stood and followed.

Dale didn’t move, except his hand. It was back to making a slow stroke on his cock. “Unless you want me to go, I’d like to stay and watch a little more.”

“Fine with me, but shut the door when you do leave.” Terry bent, grabbing the handcuffs from the floor. He straightened, reached around her and slapped them over her wrists.

“What are you...”

He raised her arms, his large hands grasping her sides and lifting her. He slid the cuffs over the hook and let her slide down his body. As soon as she was on her toes, he walked to her front.

“These have to go”—he yanked her underwear down and pulled the chair closer—“because I’m going to have more than a taste.”

CHAPTER 21: TERRY

Terry couldn't wait another second. He grabbed Maggie's thighs, lifting her and dropping her legs over his shoulders. He inhaled deeply, the scent of her arousal going straight to his cock like a jolt of electricity. She was so fucking hot. Her pussy almost dripped for him. Him. Not them. He'd given her the chance. He would've understood if she'd wanted them, but she hadn't. She'd only wanted him and it made his chest and his dick swell with pride and possession.

Dale moved closer to get a better view, but Terry didn't care. Dale knew the rules and he wouldn't touch unless invited. Terry buried his face between her thighs, letting his tongue tease along her slit before slipping inside her warmth. She tasted tart and delicious. He rubbed his dick through his pants. He wouldn't last long and that meant he had to get her back to the edge. He sucked on her clit, his other hand slipping between her ass cheeks. He pushed his tongue inside her, stroking and licking as he nuzzled her clit and pressed on the butt plug. Her thighs tightened around his head as her moans of pleasure filled the room. He let go of his dick, afraid he'd come in his pants if he didn't. He grabbed her ass, holding her still as he stroked in and out of her wet heat. Her body trembled around him. She was there, at the edge, waiting for him to fuck her over the cliff into orgasm.

He gave her one last lick as he dropped her legs off his shoulders and stood. "Take my seat."

Maggie's eyes widened as Dale sat only inches away from her pussy.

Terry moved behind her, letting his lips rest on her ear. "He's going to watch while I fuck you."

CHAPTER 22: MAGGIE

Maggie's entire body tightened, her thigh muscles shaking as her pussy throbbed, begging for release. She was ready to come again. Terry's tall frame pressed along her backside. His dick, hard and ready, rubbed against her ass as he wrapped his arm around her waist. Dale sat in front of her, his face even with her aching pussy. Terry lifted her, removing her hands from the hook, his breath hot and heavy in her ear as she slowly slid down his body. Her legs trembled when her feet touched the floor, Terry's arm the only thing keeping her from tumbling to the ground.

"You good?" His voice was rich and deep, seeping from her ear into her blood like a drug.

She nodded, but he needed her words. "Yes, Sir."

He moved his arm from around her waist and unlatched her handcuffs, letting them drop to the floor. He reached between them and the sound of his zipper filled the silence. She moaned in anticipation and desire flooded between her legs. If he didn't take her soon, she'd melt into a puddle on the floor.

"Put your hands on Dale's shoulders." Terry grabbed her hip with one hand while his other positioned his cock at her entrance.

She didn't even hesitate. It didn't matter that her breasts swayed in Dale's face. That his hot breath teased her nipples. All she cared about was Terry. The heat from his cock called to her and she'd do whatever he told her as long as he fucked her. She needed his dick inside her more than she needed air.

Terry yanked her hips back and pushed inside her in one, long thrust.

"Ohhh..." She moaned, her head dropping and her eyes drifting shut from the pleasure. She'd never tire of how he filled her, stretched her.

“Look at him while I fuck you.” Terry wrapped his hand in her ponytail and pulled up her head.

She forced her eyes open and stared into Dale’s blue ones. They were darker from his passion. Terry’s cock slid out of her body and she whimpered. She’d waited all night for this. She deserved this.

“Don’t fret, rabbit. You’re pussy’s going to be fucked hard soon.” He twisted his hand, sending pain shooting through her scalp as the head of his cock prodded at her entrance and he slowly slid back inside of her. Her fingers dug into Dale’s shoulders as her body clenched around Terry’s dick, trying to pull him deeper. Make him move. Make him touch those parts of her that only he could reach.

“Please...Sir.” Her breath came in pants, her lungs waiting on his motion.

“Fuck. I want to touch her.” Dale’s voice was thick and gravelly.

“No.” Terry dropped his hold on her hair, his fingers digging into the flesh of her hips. The air hissed through his teeth as he remained motionless, his cock embedded deep inside her. “She said no.” He began to move, a little at first and then more—back and forth, each thrust longer and harder.

Her body rocked with his, adopting his rhythm and feeling the tension build as sparks of pleasure zipped through her. If Terry asked her again if she wanted Dale to touch her, she’d say yes. The other man’s face was so tight it looked pained, all because of her.

Terry wrapped his arm around her waist, lifting her off her feet. She dropped forward, leaning more heavily on Dale. Terry’s arm tightened, shifting her upward another inch as his dick pushed back inside her, sliding along a spot that sent lighting ricocheting through her body.

She moaned, her pussy clenching around his cock, trying to keep him...right...there. “Yes. There. Please.”

Her hands clasped onto Dale’s shoulders so tight she was pretty sure her nails dug into his flesh, but his eyes darkened

more as his hand moved to unzip his pants. He pulled out his cock. It was thick and hard, the tip red and angry, begging for a soothing touch. He spit into his palm and began to stroke, following Terry's rhythm.

She swayed back and forth as Terry thrust into her, causing her breasts to bounce inches from Dale's face. Terry's pace increased, his cock hitting her G-spot over and over, sometimes grazing it and other times pressing so hard that sparks flashed before her eyes and she cried out with pleasure.

"See what you do to us." Terry bent, making his next thrust shove right against that spot and then he stilled—his cock pressing against that spongy bundle of nerves.

"Oh...god...oh..." It was so much pleasure. Too much. Her arms shook.

"You're so fucking hot. So open. So giving." He grabbed her collar, pulling back her head. "Touch him, Maggie. Stroke his dick while I fuck you."

Her hand dropped from Dale's shoulder and wrapped around his cock. He sighed deep and guttural as she squeezed. He was hot and hard, velvety and smooth in her palm.

"That's it, rabbit. Tug him tight." Terry's hips pumped into her, frenzied now. The games were done. Each stroke hit her G-spot. Each stroke sent her spiraling toward her release.

"Fuck." Dale grabbed her hand, tightening her grip and helping her to stroke him harder and faster.

Terry's hand wrapped around her neck, holding her cheek to his lips. "Your pussy is mine, Maggie. You're mine. Always. I...fuck...you." He pumped into her with each word. "Only me."

"Yes." She panted. "Only you." She was more than fine with that.

"Others may look because you're fucking beautiful but you are mine." He let go of her neck and reached between her legs. His fingers slid along her clit and pressed down.

She screamed as she fell over the edge, her body tightening around his, clinging to his cock. He moaned in her ear, his body stiffening for one long second as he found his release. His breath was hot and heavy as his hips thrust gently into her. She tightened around him, pulling every ounce of pleasure from him.

“Fuck.” Dale’s head tipped back and his semen covered her hand as he came.

Terry pulled her up and away from Dale. Her body flush against his with his dick still buried deep inside her.

Dale zipped up his pants. “Thank you both. It was fun.” He grinned. “I’ll buy you a drink later if you’re around.” He strode from the room, shutting the door behind him.

CHAPTER 23: TERRY

Terry's face rested in the crook of Maggie's neck. He needed to move, to take her somewhere and hold her, but that'd mean he'd have to pull out of her body. He didn't want to do that. If he'd fucked this up by asking her to touch Dale, it may be the last time she let him touch her.

Her knees buckled and his arms tightened, holding her up. She was boneless from her orgasm, like living putty—warm and malleable in his arms. He needed to take care of her and make sure things were good. He pulled from her body and his heart eased a bit at her whimper. If she still wanted his dick inside her, she didn't hate him. He lifted her, snatching his jacket from the chair as he walked across the room. He gently placed her on the loveseat and wrapped his jacket around her. She stared up at him, her hazel eyes soft and wide. He saw nothing in them except spent passion.

He kissed her, a soft brushing of his lips on hers but she didn't flinch or pull away. "I need to get our things." He walked around the room, gathering their clothes.

He pulled on his underwear and pants before stuffing his socks into his pockets and sliding on his shoes. She watched him in silence. That wasn't good. Maggie was seldom quiet. He prayed he hadn't ruined things. No, he wouldn't allow that. He'd fix it. She could berate him and tell him she never wanted to come back to the Club and he'd accept that, but she wasn't going to kick him out of her life or her bed, not over something as stupid as a hand job.

He tossed the rest of their clothes over his shoulder and walked to the love seat. He bent and picked her up.

"What are you doing?"

"Taking you to bed." He headed for the door.

"Terry...I'm going to need a moment."

He prayed it was because she was tired and not because she was disgusted with him. What had he been thinking? He

hadn't been, not his brain anyway. He'd been so caught up in the scene. She'd been so eager and hot for him. Him. He'd wanted to see her jerk off Dale. He'd wanted the other man to have a small taste of what he was missing. What he'd never get, because Maggie was his. "I want to hold you, that's all."

"Oh." She rested her head against his chest. "I can walk."

"Don't care." He strode from the room and down the hallway toward the private suites.

"People are looking." She hid her face against his shoulder.

"Trust me." He smiled as she lifted her head a bit, peeking at the people as they walked by. "They've seen Doms carry their Subs before."

"I'm sure, but..."

"Hush and let me hold you." He kissed the top of her head. "I don't want to be even an inch away from you right now." He kissed her again. "If I could've figured out a way to get to our room without pulling my cock out of your pussy, I would've."

CHAPTER 24: MAGGIE

Maggie wasn't positive what was bothering Terry, but she had a good guess. She should've refused to touch Dale. Terry didn't share. He'd said that at least a hundred times, but at that moment she would've done whatever he'd asked her to do.

Terry placed her gently on the bed, removing his jacket from around her shoulders and covering her with a blanket. "Do you want something to drink?"

"I'm fine." She sat up. They needed to talk.

"I'll get you some water." He walked to the kitchen area and grabbed a bottle from the refrigerator. He came back into the room, his stride less confident than normal, and handed it to her.

"Thank you." She took a few gulps, thirstier than she'd thought and then leaned over, putting it on the nightstand.

He hovered by the bed. She stared at his chest, her body beginning to hum again at the sight of all that glorious flesh. It'd be hot and smooth, the hair soft under her hands. She could skim her fingers up and down, getting lower with each trip but this wasn't the time. He was...upset. She forced her gaze to his face, but he stared at the floor. This wasn't good. She was naked and his eyes weren't on her.

"Terry, I'm...I don't know what to say." She could say she was sorry but apologizing for everything was the old Maggie. The new Maggie—Terry's Maggie—only apologized if she were truly sorry or at fault and she wasn't either of those things. He'd told her over and over that in the bedroom her job was to obey, not to think and tonight she hadn't. She'd obeyed and she'd enjoyed it.

"Shit." He ran his hand through his thick, black hair. "Fuck. I never should've told you to touch him." He began to pace. "I lost control of the scene. I shouldn't have. It's my fault. I...I...just...Fuck." He stopped pacing, his eyes searching hers.

“You’re not upset that I...I touched him?” She’d done more than touched another man’s chest or shoulder; she’d given the guy a hand job.

“What? No. I told you to do it.”

“I know but...”

He took two large steps and was back at the bed. He sat on the edge, his body stiff with tension. “You’re not mad that I asked?”

“Asked? You don’t ask. You demand.”

“I know.” His handsome face crumpled. “I shouldn’t have ordered you to touch him. You’d made it clear you didn’t want to involve them and I...I’m sorry.”

She touched his cheek and leaned forward, kissing him softly. “I didn’t lie when I said I didn’t want them touching me but if you’d asked me later...when it was just the three of us and we were...deep in the middle of...everything, I would’ve had a different answer.”

“So, you’re not mad at me? Disgusted by this? By me?”

“No. Never.” She cupped his face and kissed him again, this time letting her tongue travel over his lips but pulling back when he opened. She smiled. “I’m never disgusted with you. Mad? Plenty of times but not this time.”

His eyes searched hers for a long moment before he stood. He kicked off his shoes and shoved down his pants and underwear before crawling onto the bed. She smiled as she dropped on her back and he moved over her, his large body surrounding hers.

He kissed her, his chest pushing her into the mattress and then he rolled, pulling her flush against his side. “I’m glad you’re okay with...with what happened but I shouldn’t have invited Dale to sit so close.” He kissed her again. “You’re too fucking beautiful. I’m impressed that he didn’t touch you.”

“I’m glad he didn’t.”

He leaned up on his elbow, brushing the hair from her face. “Maggie, do you want a threesome?”

She searched his eyes but couldn't see what he wanted her to say. "Do you want that?"

"I asked you first."

"Stop sounding like the kids." She grinned.

"Answer my question." His face was serious.

"No, Terry. I don't. I only want you, but if you want others...I guess...I'm okay with it sometimes as long as I'm there too."

"I don't. I don't want any other women."

"Men?"

"No. You know I don't like to share."

"But tonight..."

"I do like them watching you. Seeing you with me. You're so fucking beautiful." His fingers skimmed over her cheeks.

The caring and heat in his eyes almost made her disintegrate into the bedding.

"You don't believe me when I tell you. So, I wanted the other men there to show you how beautiful you are."

"Oh, Terry." He'd done this for her. Yes, he'd obviously enjoyed it too, but the silly man had thought she'd needed it. "I do believe you at the moment you say it." She grabbed his hand and kissed his fingers, enjoying the darkening of his eyes when she teased the tips with her tongue. "I'm working on my self-esteem but things like that take time. They don't go away overnight."

"I hate seeing you so unsure about us."

"I'm not unsure about us."

"You thought I didn't want to bring you to the Club because I didn't want to be seen with you."

"I did think that." She glanced away. "You're right. I am unsure sometimes."

"You shouldn't be."

She could feel his gaze on her but she couldn't look at him, not yet. Her insecurities weren't his fault. She knew he cared for her but he'd never said he loved her. She told herself it didn't matter. Her ex had said it and he'd cheated on her, divorced her and had tried to steal their money. Words meant nothing; a person's actions did. She knew this, but her silly heart wanted the words and that was her issue, not his. "None of this is your fault or because of you."

"But I'm supposed to take care of you and helping you realize how beautiful you are is part of that."

"Terry..." She sighed. He was so sweet and so naïve sometimes.

"Don't. I know you think you're fat and unattractive but you aren't. You're lush and beautiful. You had to see it tonight in their faces, even if you can't see it in mine."

"Oh, Terry." She wrapped her arms around his neck. "You are such a man."

"I am that"—he lowered himself to her, pressing his hardening dick against her thigh—"but I don't think you meant it that way." He shifted so his cock rested at the juncture between her thighs. "So, what did you mean by that?"

"I meant"—she lifted her leg over his hip—"that just because they were aroused it doesn't mean they think I'm beautiful."

"No man jerks off while watching a woman unless he thinks she's hot."

"Okay, but hot isn't beautiful."

"No. It's better."

She laughed. "I guess body wise, it's better."

"Then you saw it, right? You know what I see every time I look at you or think of you."

"I did see it. Their lust and desire." It had helped her lose some of her inhibition. "But the only time I need to see it, the only face I want to see it on is yours."

“Listen, closely.” He pulled her collar, forcing her face closer to his. “I’m never sharing you with anyone.” He kissed her long and hard, making her melt against him and then he stopped, his breath heavy. “But, you will see lust and desire on other men’s faces because unless you don’t want to come back here, we’ll be performing again.”

“W-we will?” Her heart raced with both nerves and anticipation.

“Do you want to come back and play after this weekend?”

“Yes.” She didn’t even hesitate. This was part of who he was and lord help her, she wanted it to be a part of herself as well.

“Good.” The heat in his eyes almost incinerated her. “Next time, maybe we’ll take the stage.”

“The stage?” She wasn’t sure she was ready for that. “Tomorrow?”

“No. I have something else planned for tomorrow.” He rolled over, pulling her on top of him.

“What?” She squirmed in excitement. Tonight had been unexpected but glorious. She couldn’t wait for tomorrow.

“It’s a surprise.” He slapped her ass. “Now, stop wiggling. We both need to rest a bit. Then, we’ll fuck again before getting dinner. Ethan has a great restaurant here.”

Go back out there? See Bruce and Dale and oh god, Richard. “I don’t know if I can face those guys again.”

“Oh, you will and they’ll act like nothing happened but whenever they look at you, they’ll remember how beautiful you were when you came. How hot you were when you touched yourself and licked your fingers.”

She dropped her head on his chest. “I did do that, didn’t I?”

“Yep and it was fucking ball blowing. I thought Bruce was going to bust a nut right then.”

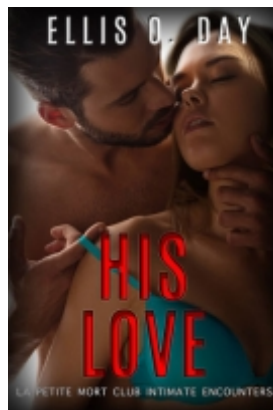
“You’re a bad influence on me.” She would’ve never done something like that before she’d met him. Never. Ever. She’d been shy and timid—a rabbit. Now, she was his rabbit. She kissed his chest, teasing his nipple with her tongue and teeth. His bunny was bold and sexy. At least, that’s how she felt right now. Actually, she felt that way a lot more than she used to.

“So much for resting.” He shoved the covers out of his way as he helped her sit up so she straddled his waist, his thick cock already hard and ready for her. “Show me how bad of an influence I am and fuck me, Maggie.”

Thanks for reading *His Lesson*.

I hope you enjoyed the story.

Do you want to read about what happens the next night at The Club? Then [grab your copy of His Love](#).



Or check out the excerpts below. There’s one for how each of the couples meet along with [Playing House](#). This story is all about Nick and Sarah’s weekend watching Maggie’s kids.

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Plus, for a limited time if you sign up for my newsletter, you can get **[The New Hire free](#)**. This book is only available for members of my newsletter who've purchased His Lesson.



If you have any questions, email me.

authorellisoday@gmail.com

His Love



Maggie let the heat from the bath water soak into her muscles, washing away the soreness. Yesterday had been wild—wonderful but wild. Her butt still stung and she was tender from the lash on her thighs and Terry’s dick between them. Sometimes he liked it rough and so did she. She loved the way he filled her, his cock big and hard stretching her and bringing her an almost unbearable pleasure, but she paid the next day.

These hot baths helped, thank God, because there was no reprieve from his sexual appetites. If the man wanted food as much as sex, he’d weigh a thousand pounds. She grinned as she ran the loofa up her arm and over her breast. The scrape across her nipple ignited the embers in her blood that Terry had assuaged earlier when he’d joined her in the tub. He was insatiable and she’d never felt so wanted as when she was with him. He showed it every day by helping with the kids, giving her silly little presents and his desire. He made it clear that he cared for her. She frowned, dragging the loofa up her other arm. She hated that word. Care. It wasn’t enough but it might be all she got.

“If you’re not doing it right, I’ll be happy to help.” Terry’s deep voice made her drop the loofa.

Instinctively she covered her breasts but that only lasted a second. Her hands fell away, searching the water for the sponge. He liked to look at her and she liked how his gaze

darkened, feeling almost like a caress on her skin. “When did you come in?”

“A moment ago. Long enough to see you frowning.” He grabbed a towel and walked to the tub, his dark eyes roaming over her naked body. “Is your head hurting again? Do you need me to get you some more Tylenol?”

“No. Everything’s fine.” Emotion clogged her throat. He was so caring but did he love her?

He raised his brow. “You frown when you’re happy now?” He opened the towel and held it out for her.

The man was as tenacious as he was stubborn. She should’ve gone with the headache excuse. Since she hadn’t, she needed to change the topic before he forced her to lie to him. She was not ruining their weekend because she was being emotional and foolish. “You’ve been quiet today.”

He’d been almost stoic. Several times she’d caught him staring at her only to look away when she glanced in his direction. It wasn’t like him to be evasive and he certainly wasn’t shy.

“Have I?” His eyes were locked on her breasts as he offered her his hand.

“Yes.” She took it as she stepped out of the tub.

“Perhaps, it only seems like that since there are no children around filling every second with chatter.” He wrapped the towel around her and began rubbing her dry, the soft cloth rough on her sensitive skin.

“Maybe.” She wasn’t buying it. They had every other weekend alone when the kids went to their father’s house. She didn’t want to but she had to ask...again. “You sure you’re not —”

He grabbed the heart shape ring affixed to her collar and tugged her to him. “For the last time, I am not upset about last night. I was in charge. Your actions were my decision. My responsibility.”

“Are you sure?” She rested her hand on his chest, her body pressing against his. “You seem upset today.”

He pulled her up by the collar until she was on tiptoe. “I’m sure. I just have a lot on my mind.”

“Like what?” She searched his eyes. He was hiding something.

“Like, last night was fucking hot and I’m going to make sure that today and tonight are even hotter.”

She almost melted right there on the floor. She wasn’t sure if she was ready for another scene like last night and yet her body ached for it.

“Now, go into the living room before we miss our couples massage.”

“Oh, they’re here already?”

“Yep.” He pulled her against him. His dick, hard and ready, pressed into her belly. “And if you don’t move, I’m going to fuck you in the bathroom again, but this time, I’m bending you over the tub.” He stepped away from her.

“That sounds lovely.” She let the towel drop and moved closer to him. She didn’t need a massage. She needed him.

“Later.” He almost growled. “Right now, the massage.”

“Fine.” She frowned before she bent, wiggling her hips as she grabbed the towel.

“Rabbit, you’re asking for it.” He swatted her ass.

“And I’d love for you to *give it* to me, Sir.” She straightened.

“Go.” He gave her a gentle push toward the door. “I have everything planned. No matter how tempting you are, I’m not going to deviate from our schedule.”

“Okay. Okay, but a rabbit can try.” She grinned as she strolled out of the room, letting her hips sway seductively.

A guy in all black with blonde hair and a sexy smile stood near a table. “Hi, I’m Kevin. I’ll be your masseuse today.”

“Ah...where’s the other masseuse?”

“It’s just me,” said Kevin.

Terry walked up behind her, the heat from his body sinking into her skin.

“Come on. Hop on up.” Kevin patted the table.

It was covered in a white fitted sheet. Where was the other sheet? The one that went over the person being massaged.

“Are you going to massage both of us?” She glanced at Terry and the heat in his dark eyes caused wetness to pool between her legs. She knew that look. Her body knew that look; it meant pleasure. Her blood slowed in her veins, flowing thick and sweet like honey. “I thought this was a couples massage.”

“It is. La Petite Mort Club style.” His grin widened. “Now, get on the table like a good Sub.”

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Playing House



Sarah grabbed the takeout and grocery bags from her car and walked into the house. “Hey, boys. Can’t pet you. Got my hands full here.” She tried to push past her two dogs, but that was no easy feat. Tank was a Belgian Malinois, a retired military dog, and Sweetie was a pit-bull mix. One of them alone could block the doorway but both together, wiggling and wagging their tails could push her back into the garage.

“You need help?” hollered Nick from the living room.

“No. I got it.” She squeezed between the two monsters and opened the laundry room door, stepping into the main part of the house.

Nick sat on the couch, glancing up from his laptop. “Wow. You got a lot of food. Want some help putting it away.”

“No. Thanks.” She headed into the kitchen. She was the luckiest woman alive. Not only was he gorgeous—black hair, brown eyes and a body she drooled over—but he was the most helpful man she’d ever met, never skimping on doing more than his share of housework.

She dropped everything on the counter and began putting away the groceries. She slipped the dessert she’d gotten from

her friend, Maggie, in the back of the refrigerator. She couldn't have him chowing down on it now. She may need that sugary safety net to assuage his temper after she told him she'd volunteered them to watch Maggie's three children this weekend.

Nick loved kids. He probably wouldn't mind babysitting but she should've asked him first. It'd been a spur of the moment thing and Maggie had been so excited. She couldn't back out now. She grabbed the takeout bags, opening the premade salad and dumping it into a bowl. "You ready to eat?"

"Always," he answered.

She jumped, her heart pounding. "You scared me."

"I see that." Nick stood in the doorway, looking sexy as always—hair a little too long and mussed, dark eyes roaming over her. His worn jeans hugged his body, letting her know that he was semi-aroused and making her heart race for an entirely different reason than surprise.

Would she ever quit turning into a quivering mess of desire when he looked at her? She hoped not, but she didn't have to let him know how he affected her. It was good for him to have to work for it. "I got salad and Thai food."

"Salad and Thai food? What kind of combination is that?"

"Salad is good for us and Thai...that sounded good to me. Since you wouldn't tell me what you were hungry for when I called..." As soon as the words left her lips, she knew her mistake and her blood began to hum in anticipation.

"Oh, you know what I'm hungry for." He prowled closer. "What I'm always hungry for."

She moved to the other side of the table. They both knew how this would end but the game was always fun. "I meant to eat."

"Me too." His grin widened and his eyes darkened as they rested on the juncture between her thighs.

"For dinner. Eat for dinner." Suddenly, she wasn't so hungry.

“Dinner can wait.” He stalked her.

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Free: Interviewing For Her Lover



“Do I have to take off my clothes?” Sarah tugged on the hem of her black dress. It was shorter and lower cut in the front than she normally wore, but the Viewing was about finding a man for sex and according to Ethan men liked to look.

“No.” Ethan turned her away from the door and forced her to look at him. “You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to do.”

She stared into his blue eyes. Why couldn’t he be interested in her? She’d only met with him five or six times, but she trusted him. He ran his business, La Petite Mort Club, very professionally and he was gorgeous with his sandy brown hair, strong cheekbones and vibrant blue eyes. Sex between them would be good. Easy. He was attractive and...not for her. She didn’t want decent sex or good sex, she wanted mind blowing, screaming orgasms and that wouldn’t happen between him and her because there was no chemistry, no attraction.

“Listen to me.” He moved his hands to her shoulders and gave her a gentle shake. “You aren’t selling yourself to the highest bidder. You’re looking for a partner. One who’ll”—he grinned—“turn you on in ways you can’t even imagine.”

She glanced at the door where the men waited. Waited for her. Waited to decide if they wanted to fuck her. “I’m a bit nervous.”

“About what?”

This was embarrassing, but she’d been honest with him up to this point. She’d had to be. He was helping her...had helped her to choose the five men in the other room. “What if none of them...”

“They will want you.” He touched her chin, turning her face toward him. “A few of them may back out after this but not because they don’t want you.”

“Yeah, right.”

“I’m only going to say this once. You’re beautiful and different, unique.”

“That’s not necessarily a good thing.” She had long legs and a nice body—trim and firm—but with her auburn hair and green eyes she was cute at best, not gorgeous. The men she’d chosen were all rich, good looking and powerful. They could have anyone they wanted.

“It’s exactly what they want, or most of them anyway.” He took her hand and led her closer to the door.

She leaned on his arm, hating these shoes. She should’ve stuck with her flats but Ethan had given her a list of what she should wear and high heels were on the top. She’d found the smallest heels in the store and by Ethan’s look when he’d first seen her she might’ve been better off going barefoot. He’d met her at the private entrance and his gaze had been appreciating as it’d skimmed over her dress until he got to her feet. Then he’d frowned and shook his head.

“Finding the right men for you wasn’t easy.” He stopped at the door.

“Thanks a lot.” She shifted away from him, his words hurting a little. She hadn’t been sure of her appeal to the opposite sex in a long time, not since the early years with Adam.

“It’s not because you aren’t beautiful but because you want to be dominated and you want to dominate—”

“I do not want to dominate.” All she could picture was a woman in black leather with a whip and that wasn’t her, not at all.

“If you say so.” He smiled a little. “But, you do want to lead the scene. Right? Because that’s what—”

“Yes.” Her face was red. She could feel it. She didn’t want to talk about her fantasies again. It’d been embarrassing enough the first time, but he’d had to know what she wanted to compile a list of candidates.

“Most at the club are either doms or subs. Very few are switches.” His eyes raked over her. “That’s what’s so special about you. You want it all and...that’s what made choosing these men difficult.”

He’d given her a selection of twenty-two men who might be interested in what she wanted. She’d narrowed it down to seven. Two had been uninterested when he’d approached. That’d left her with the five who’d see her in person for the first time tonight, but she wouldn’t see them. That’d come after the Viewing when she interviewed any who were still interested.

“Remember what you want. This is your deal. You call the shots. At least a little.” He kissed her forehead. “But don’t refuse to give them anything. You don’t want a submissive.”

“No.” That didn’t turn her on at all and she only had eight weeks. One night each week for two months before she’d go back to her lonely life, her lonely bed, dreaming of Adam.

“You can do this.” He pulled a flask from his jacket and unscrewed the lid. “For courage.”

“Thanks.” She took a large swallow, the brandy too thick and sweet for her taste but it was better than nothing.

“Now, go find your lover.”

She laughed a little but sadness swept through her. There'd be no love between this man and herself. This would be sex, fucking. That's all. The only man she'd ever love, her only lover, was dead. This was purely physical. "Thank you again." She stood on tip-toe and kissed his cheek. He may be gorgeous and run a sex club but he was a good man, a good friend.

She turned and opened the door and walked into the room, trying to stay balanced on these stupid heels. Men wouldn't find them so attractive if they had to wear them. The room was dark except for one light highlighting a small platform. That was for her. She stepped up onto the small stage. The room was silent but they were there, above her, hidden behind the one-way mirrors, watching and deciding if they wanted to take the next step—to eventually take her.

She stared into the blackness of the room. It wasn't huge but its emptiness made it seem vast. She glanced upward, the light making her squint and she quickly stared back into the darkness. This was arranged for them to see her. That was it. She'd get no glimpse of them yet. She'd seen their pictures, chosen them but meeting them in person would be different. A picture couldn't tell her their smell or the sound of their voices.

She tugged at her dress where it hugged her hips, wishing the questions would start, but there was only silence. She shifted, the heels already killing her feet. Ethan hadn't liked them and if they weren't going to impress, she might as well take them off. She moved to the back of the stage, leaned against the wall and removed her shoes. As she returned to the center of the stage a man spoke, his voice loud and commanding almost echoing throughout the room.

"Don't stop there. Take off your dress."

She bent, placing her shoes on the floor. That wasn't part of the deal. She wasn't going to undress in front of five men, only one. Only the one she chose. She straightened. "No."

"What?" He was surprised and not happy.

"I said no. That's not part of the Viewing."

“I want to see what I’m getting.”

She stared up toward the windows, squinting a little. She couldn’t tell from where the voice had come. The speaker system made it sound as if it were coming from God himself. “And you will if I pick you.”

Another man laughed.

“It’s not funny. She’s disobedient,” said the man with the loud voice.

“Not always. I can be obedient.” These men liked to be in control but sometimes, so did she.

“Will you raise your dress? Just a little,” asked another voice.

“Didn’t you see enough in the photos?” She’d applied a few months ago for this one-time contract. She’d been excited and nervous when she’d received the acceptance email with an appointment for a photography session. She’d never had her picture professionally taken, since she didn’t count school portraits or the ones her parents had had done at JCPenny’s. She’d been anxious and a little turned on imagining wearing her new lingerie in front of a strange man, so she’d been disappointed to find the photographer was an elderly woman, but the lady had put her at ease and the photos had turned out better than she’d expected. She glanced up at the mirrors, hoping she wasn’t disappointing all the men. That’d be too embarrassing.

“Those were...nice, but I’d like to see the real thing before deciding if you’re worth my time.”

She raised a brow. “You can always leave.” She shouldn’t antagonize him. She was sure the bossy man had already decided against committing to this agreement. Disobedience didn’t appeal to him. That left four. If she didn’t pick any of them, she could go through the process again, but she didn’t think she would.

The man chuckled slightly. “I know that, but I haven’t decided I don’t want to fuck you. Not yet, anyway.”

The word, so harsh and vulgar excited her. It was the truth. That was what she, what they were all deciding. Who'd get to fuck her. It was what she wanted, what she'd agreed to do, and as much as she dreaded it, she wanted it. She was tired of being alone. She missed having a man inside her—his tongue and fingers and cock.

“Do any of you have any questions?” She clasped her dress at her waist and slowly gathered it upward, displaying more and more of her long legs. She ran. They were in shape. The men would like them.

“Lower your top,” said the same man who'd told her to take off her dress.

She didn't like him. If he didn't back out, she'd have Ethan remove him from her list. He was too commanding. He'd never allow her to be in control.

“I don't know if he's done looking at my legs yet.” She continued raising the dress until her black and green lace panties were almost exposed.

“Very nice and thank you,” said the polite man.

“You're welcome.” This man might work. She shifted the dress up another inch before dropping it, giving them a glance at her panties.

“Now, your top,” said the bossy guy.

She lowered her spaghetti string off one shoulder, letting the dress dip, but not enough to show anything besides the side of her bra.

“More,” he said.

“No.” She raised the strap, covering herself. She didn't like this man and wished he'd leave. She'd kick him out but that wasn't part of the process and they were very firm about their rules at this club.

“He got to see your pussy. Why don't I get to see your tits?”

“You got to see as much as he did.” She was ready to move on. She bent and picked up her shoes. “If there's

nothing else, gentleman, we can set up times for the interview process.”

“Turn around,” said another man.

It was a command, but she didn't mind. There was a politeness to his order and something about the texture of his voice caused an ache between her thighs. There was a caress in his tone but with an edge and a promise of a good hard fuck.

“Are you going to obey?” His words were whisper soft and smooth.

“Yes.” That was going to be part of this too. Her commanding and him commanding. She dropped her shoes and turned.

“Raise you dress again.”

She looked over her shoulder at where she imagined he sat watching her.

“Please.” There was humor in his tone.

She smiled and slowly gathered the dress upward. She stopped right below the curve of her bottom.

“More. Please.” There was a little less humor in his voice.

She wanted to show him her ass. She wanted to show that voice everything but not with the others around. This would be just her and one man, one stranger. That was one of her rules. “No. Only if you're picked do you get to see any more of me than you have.” She dropped her dress, grabbed her shoes and walked off the stage and out the door.

She was going to have sex with a stranger. She was going to live out her fantasies for eight nights with a man she didn't know and would never really know, but she wasn't going to lose who she was. She'd keep her honor and her dignity which meant she had to pick a man who'd agree with her rules.

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Free: The Voyeur



Annie finished making the bed and gathered the sheets from the floor, keeping them as far away from her body as possible. These sex rooms were disgusting and Ethan was a jerk making her work as a maid. She almost had her Bachelor's Degree in Culinary Arts, but he'd refused to hire her for the kitchen—too many men in the kitchen. The only job he'd give her at La Petite Mort Club was as a maid and unfortunately, she needed the money too badly to refuse.

She stuffed the dirty sheets into the cart and hurried out the door. She had almost thirty minutes before she had to be at the next “sex room.” She hid the cart in a closet and darted down a back hallway, staying clear of the cameras. Julie, the woman who supervised the daytime maids, was a real bitch. If she were caught sneaking away from her duties, she'd be assigned to the orgy rooms every day. Right now, they all took turns cleaning that nightmare. She swore they should get hazard pay to even go in those rooms.

She slipped through a doorway and hurried to the one-way mirror. She stared at the couple in the next room. From her first day here, she'd been curious about the activities at the

club. She was twenty-four and wasn't a virgin but she'd never, ever done some of these things.

The woman in the room below was tied to a table, legs spread and wearing some sort of leather outfit that left her large breasts free and her crotch exposed. She had shaved her pussy and her pink lower lips were swollen and glistening from her excitement. The man strolled around the table as if he had all night. He still had his pants on but had removed his shirt. His arms and chest were well defined but he had a slight paunch. His erection tented his pants and Annie felt wetness pool between her legs. She had no idea why watching this turned her on but it did. Ever since she'd accidentally barged in on that guy and girl in the Interview room, she couldn't stop watching.

The man below ran his hand up the woman's inner thigh, glancing over her pussy. The woman thrust her hips upward and Annie ran her own hand between her legs. The man's mouth moved but Annie couldn't hear anything and then he slapped the woman across the thigh hard enough to leave a red mark. Annie jumped. She wasn't into that, but she couldn't stop watching the woman's face. At first, it'd contorted in pain but then it'd morphed into pleasure. The man hit her again and then bent, kissing the red welts—running his tongue across them as his fingers squeezed her nipple.

Annie clutched her thighs together, searching for some relief. Her panties were soaked. It wouldn't take but a few strokes to make her come. She started to slide her hand into her pants.

“Having fun?” asked a deep voice from behind her.

She spun around, her heart dropping into her stomach. “Ah...I was just finishing cleaning in here.” Damn, she should've closed the door but she hadn't expected anyone in this area. The rooms were off limits on this floor until tonight and she was the only one assigned to clean here.

He shut the door and locked it before strolling toward her. She'd seen him around the Club, but more than that she remembered him from the military photos her brother, Vic,

had sent to her. She carried one of the three of them—Vic, Ethan and this guy, Patrick—in her purse. He'd been attractive in the picture, but now that he was older and in person he was gorgeous. He had dark green eyes, brown hair and a perfect body. He stopped so close to her his chest almost brushed against her breasts. She was pretty sure it would if she inhaled deeply. She really wanted to take that deep breath and feel his hard chest against her breasts.

“Don't let me stop you from enjoying the show.”

“I...I wasn't. I should go.” She started to walk past him but he grabbed her hand.

His grip was warm and strong but loose enough that she could pull free if she wanted. She didn't. Even though she only knew him from her brother's pictures and letters, she'd had many fantasies about him when she'd been in high school. Her gaze dropped to the front of his pants and her mouth almost watered. He was definitely interested. She dragged her eyes up his body, stopping on his face. He smiled at her.

“There's nothing to be embarrassed about. Watching turns us all on.” He kissed the back of her hand and she jumped as his tongue darted out, tasting her skin.

“I...I should go.” She didn't move.

“No, you should watch.” He dropped her hand and grabbed her shoulders, gently turning her toward the mirror. He trailed his hands up and down her arms. “Watch.”

The man in the other room was now sucking on the woman's breast as his fingers caressed her pussy.

“Would you like to hear them? Or do you like it quiet?” His voice was a rough whisper against her ear.

“Sound, please.” She wanted to hear their gasps and moans. She wanted to close her eyes and pretend it was her. She shifted, squeezing her thighs together.

He chuckled as he moved away. She felt his absence to her bones. He'd been strong and warm behind her and for a moment she'd felt safe, safer than she had since her brother

had come back from the war, broken and sad, and her father had started drinking again.

The woman's moans filled the room and Patrick came back to stand behind her, this time placing his hands on her waist.

"I'm Patrick," he said against her ear.

She couldn't take her eyes from the scene in front of her. The woman was almost coming as the man thrust his fingers inside of her.

"What's your name?" He nipped her neck and she jumped.

"I...I..." If she told him her name, he might say something to Ethan. Ethan would kill her if he knew she was in here watching.

"Tell me your name." His lips trailed along her neck and she tipped her head giving him better access.

The guy was kissing his way down the woman's body. Annie wanted to touch herself, to make herself come but Patrick was here.

He nibbled her ear. "Why won't you tell me your name?"

"I...I'll get in trouble." She rubbed her ass against his erection, hopefully giving him a hint.

"Tease." His hand drifted down her stomach, stopping right above where she wanted him to touch. "Tell me your name or I'll make you suffer." He unbuttoned her pants and left his hand—warm, rough but immobile—resting on her abdomen.

"I can't." She stood on tip-toe, hoping his hand would lower a little but he was too tall or she was too short. He had to be almost six foot and she was barely five-foot four. "I could get fired and I need this job."

"Darling, Ethan won't fire you for fucking a customer."

"We can't." She spun around. She hadn't thought this through. He was her fantasy come to life and she wanted him to be hers just for a moment, but Ethan would find out and then she'd be in deep shit.

“Don’t worry. I’m a member and you work here, so we’re both clean.” He hesitated, his hands tightening on her hips. “Are you protected?”

“What?” She had no idea what he was talking about.

“Ethan makes sure everyone at the Club is clean but only the...some of his employees are required to be on birth control.” He ran his hands up her sides, getting closer and closer to her breasts. “Are you on birth control?” His eyes darkened as they dropped to her tits. “If not, it’s okay. There are other things we can do.”

Oh, she wanted to do everything his eyes promised, but she couldn’t. “No, I’ll get in trouble. I need this job. I have to go.” She tried to move but her feet refused to obey, so she just stared at his handsome face.

“Are you sure?” He bent so he was almost eye level with her. “I promise. Ethan won’t care. A lot of maids become... change jobs. The pay’s a lot better.” His eyes roamed over her frame. “Especially, for someone as cute as you.”

Ethan would kill her before letting her become one of his pleasure associates.

“I could talk to Ethan for you.” His hands moved up her body, stopping right below her breasts.

Her nipples hardened and she forgot everything but what he was making her feel. He ran his thumb over one of them and she leaned closer, wanting him to do it again.

He did. He continued rubbing her nipple as he spoke. “I could persuade him to let me...handle your initiation into club life.”

Her heart raced in her chest. It could be just her and him doing all these things she’d seen. Her pussy throbbed but she couldn’t do it. She wouldn’t do it. She couldn’t have sex for money. Her parents were both dead but they’d never understand and she couldn’t disappoint them. “No. I can’t do that...not for money.” Her eyes darted to the door. She needed to get out of there before she did something she’d regret.

“That’s even better.” He smiled as he stepped closer. “We can keep this between us. No money. Only a man and a woman.” He leaned down and whispered in her ear, “Giving each other pleasure. A lot of pleasure. In ways you haven’t even imagined.”

There were moans from the other room and she glanced over her shoulder. The man’s face was buried between the woman’s thighs.

Patrick turned her around, pulling her against him and wrapping his arms around her waist. “Are you wet?”

“What? No.” She struggled in his arms, her ass brushing against his erection again.

“Oh fuck. Do that again.” He kissed her neck, open mouthed and hot.

She stopped trying to get away. She wanted this...this moment. She shouldn’t but she did, so she wiggled her butt against him again. He was hard and long and her body ached for him. It’d been too long she’d had sex. She needed this.

“Would you like me to touch you?” His hands drifted over her hips and down her thighs.

She’d like him to do all sorts of things to her. She nodded.

“Say it.” His words were a command she couldn’t disobey.

“Yes.”

“Yes, what?” He untucked her shirt from her pants.

“Touch me. Please.” She was already pushing her hips toward his hand. She wanted his hand on her, his fingers inside of her.

“Are you wet?” he asked again.

She inhaled sharply as he unzipped her pants.

“Don’t lie to me. I’ll find out in a minute.”

She’d never talked dirty during sex and she wasn’t sure she was ready to do that with a stranger. Her heart skipped a

beat. Maybe, she shouldn't be doing any of this with a stranger. She grabbed his hand. "Maybe, we shouldn't."

The woman below cried out and the man straightened, wiping his face and unbuttoning his pants.

"Watch. The main event is about to happen." Patrick's hot breath tickled her neck.

Her gaze locked on the man's penis. It was large and demanding. He straddled the woman, grabbing his cock.

"Don't you want to feel some of what they feel?" He nibbled on her ear and then neck. "I can help you."

She may not know him, but she trusted him. He was a former marine. He'd been a good friend of Vic's. He wouldn't hurt her and she needed to come. She loosened her grip, letting go of his hand. He slipped inside her pants, caressing her pussy through her underwear. His fingers were long and strong. She closed her eyes, leaning against him as he stroked her.

"You're already so wet and hot." His breath was a warm caress on her ear. "But, I'm going to make you wetter and then, I'm going to make you come." His other hand shoved her pants down, giving him more room to work. "Open your eyes and watch the show."

She did as he said. The man was inside the woman, thrusting hard and fast. The woman was moaning and trying to move but the restraints kept her mostly helpless.

"Fuck, you're soaked." Patrick's hand cupped her and she arched into his touch, rubbing her ass against his erection. He shoved his hand inside her underwear, his finger running along her folds until he slipped one inside.

"Oh." She grabbed his hand—not to push him away, but to make sure he didn't leave.

He smiled against her hair. "Don't worry, baby. I won't stop." He stroked his finger inside of her and his wrist brushed against her clit.

She needed more. She needed to touch him, feel him. She turned her head, wrapping her arms up and around his neck. He kissed her. It was desperate and wild, but he stopped too soon.

“They’re almost done. You don’t want to miss it.”

She turned back to the mirror. The man below continued to fuck the woman as Patrick finger-fucked her. His other hand slipped under her shirt to her breast. His lips sucked her neck as he rocked his erection against her ass. He was everywhere, and she was so close. The muscles in her legs constricted. Her hips tipped upward.

“Wait, baby,” he groaned in her ear, as he pushed a second finger inside of her. “Just a few more minutes.”

His fingers were stretching her and it felt wonderful. She moaned, long and low as he thrust harder and faster, almost matching the pace of the man in the other room. She could almost imagine it was Patrick’s cock and not his fingers inside of her.

“Oh...oh,” she cried out. He was pushing her toward the edge. Her body was spiraling with each pump of his fingers. She was going to come—right here while watching that couple. It was so dirty and so wrong and it only made her hotter.

The woman below screamed and her body stiffened. The man thrust again and again and then grunted his release.

“Show’s over.” Patrick nipped her neck at the same time he pressed down on her clit with his thumb, sending her shooting into her orgasm.

She trembled and he pulled her close, his hand still cupping her pussy and his fingers still inside of her. When her heartbeat had settled, he removed his hand and bent, pulling off her shoes and removing her pants before lifting her and carrying her to the wall.

“My turn.” He wrapped her legs around his waist.

Her phone rang. “My work phone. I...I have to answer it.”

“When we’re done.” He unzipped his pants.

“Annie, answer the phone. I know you’re around here. I can hear it ringing you stupid bitch,” yelled Julie.

“Oh, shit.” She shoved Patrick away, and ran across the room, grabbing her clothes off the floor. “It’s my boss. She’ll kill me if she finds me like this.”

“I’ll take care of Julie.” He headed for the door, zipping up his fly. “Don’t move.” He grinned over his shoulder at her. “You can take off your pants again, but other than that, don’t move.”

“No. Please.” She raced over to him, grabbing his arm. “I need this job.” And Ethan could not find out about this.

“She won’t fire you. She can’t. Only Ethan can fire you.” He bent and kissed her.

His lips were gentle and coaxing this time and her body swayed into him. He pulled her even closer and she could feel his cock, thick and heavy, pushing against her. Her pussy tightened again in anticipation.

“Damn it, Annie. This is going to be so much worse if I have to call your stupid phone again. Get out here!” Julie was only a few doors down.

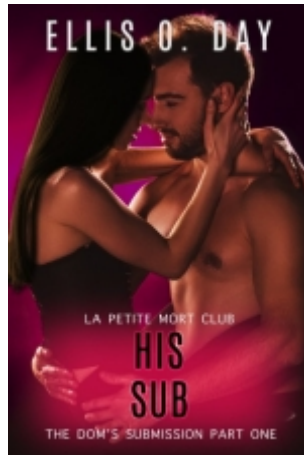
She grabbed Patrick and tugged on his hand. “Please, hide.” She glanced around, looking for somewhere that would conceal a six-foot muscular man.

“I’m not going to hide from Julie.”

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FREE—His Sub



Terry wandered through the crowd of well-dressed women and men at La Petite Mort Club. It was the same scene every time Ethan, his friend and owner of the Club, threw one of these events. The members mingled with the newbies, hoping to snag something different or someone interesting.

Ethan strolled casually toward him, a ready smile on his face as he greeted his guests. “Terry, about time you made it down here.”

“Like you can talk.” His friend spent most of his time in the back office, watching the Club on monitors.

“I’ve been mingling for over an hour.”

“It’s your business not mine.” He leaned against the balustrade, peering down on the crowd.

“True, but you could sell your practice and buy me out.”

“And run this place?” He laughed. “No thank you.” He tossed back his scotch. “I spend enough time here as it is.” He used to practically live here except when he was at the office or in court, but lately he’d been staying home more.

“Good turn out tonight.” Ethan waved at a waitress and a moment later they each had another drink.

“Yeah, but I don’t see one interesting person in this crop of wannabe members.”

“And you can tell if someone is interesting just by looking at them?”

“I can tell not one of them has an original thought. Look at them. They’re all in red.” The Club was awash in a sea of red dresses—short, long, dark, light but always red.

“It is a Valentine’s Day party.”

“I know but you’d think one woman”—he held up his finger—“one would consider that everyone else would be in red and wear a different color.”

“There are some pinks out there.”

“Same thing, just lighter.”

Ethan grabbed his phone from his pocket and looked at the text, frowning.

“Problem?” The Club was usually a safe place but on open night events, when Ethan allowed non-members access in order to recruit new members, the place could get dangerous.

“A little skirmish over a woman.” Ethan grinned, his blue eyes sparkling as a couple of young guys hurried past them, almost tripping in their haste to stay close to a group of very attractive women. “These youngsters haven’t learned that sharing is more fun.”

He ignored Ethan’s teasing. He’d taken a lot of shit from Ethan, Nick and even Patrick because he wasn’t into the sharing thing. He preferred it to be him and one woman, one sweet, little sub. Since he was in no mood to listen to any more crap, he’d change the subject. “Those kids barely look old enough to drink.”

“You’re showing your age.” Ethan patted his shoulder. “You should find some nice, young thing and teach her how to please her master.”

“Maybe I will, if any of them show enough originality to dress in something other than red.”

“I’ve got to go and sort out this problem.” Ethan slid his phone into his pocket. “I’ll find you later. If you find that elusive non-red dress, I’d suggest we share but...” He chuckled as he headed down the stairs, maneuvering through the crowd like he had nowhere to go, when in reality he was heading for the back—the playrooms.

Terry’s eyes stopped and lingered on the new hire, Desiree, who was moving around the room, talking and flirting with all the men and some women. She was interesting—exotic and smart—but there was a shrewdness behind her eyes that he’d learned a long time ago to avoid. A woman like her had an agenda and she stuck with it, no matter what.

Someone slammed into his back, causing his drink to spill down his front, staining his shirt and suit.

“Oh...oh, I’m so sorry.”

He spun around and encountered a red dress and breasts—milky white and lush. The skin would be fragrant and softer than rose petals.

“Oh. Your shirt. Let me get something to wipe that up.”

He forced his eyes away from those lovely breasts. Her hair was a rich mahogany. It’d probably hang past her shoulders in waves of curly silk but right now it was piled haphazardly on her head in what had been some kind of elegant style before disobedient strands had escaped their restraint. She looked mussed and damn it, he wanted to be the one to muss her.

“Paper towels? Napkins?” She glanced around and then hurried over to the bar.

She was short and curvy—her body succulent, ripe and he’d bet juicy. She grabbed a stack of napkins and headed for him. Her dress was too tight, like she’d recently gained some weight. He usually went for the tall, athletic types but for some reason his dick had picked this woman.

She returned to his side and dabbed at the wetness on his shirt and jacket as if she actually gave a shit about his clothes.

This was no subtle caress, no flirtation—just indifferent efficiency.

“I’m so sorry.” She wadded the napkins in her hand, still patting at his clothes.

“You said that already.” His words came out gruffer than he’d meant. No one treated him with disinterest. He was a rich, successful, attractive man and she was treating him like a child. He wanted to pull up her—unfortunately, red—dress and fuck her right here. They were at the Club. It wasn’t out of the question.

Her hand froze. “Oh.” Her large hazel eyes looked startled and then hurt. “Sorry. Ah, excuse me.” She headed toward the stairs, dropping the wet napkins in the trash before disappearing in the crowd.

He turned around, so he could see the first floor and waited for her to appear. She hurried across the downstairs room, bumping and stumbling through the crowd. A lone, scared, little rabbit in a room full of predators. She stopped for a moment, scanning the crowd as if searching for someone.

“Who are you looking for, little rabbit?” he mumbled to himself. “A husband? Boyfriend?” He grinned as he lifted his scotch to his lips. “Girlfriend?” He frowned at the empty glass. “You spilled my drink. I’ll forgive you, but it’s going to cost you.” He waved at one of the waitresses. “Everything has a price, little rabbit.” As one of the best divorce lawyers in town, he knew that better than anyone.

The waitress brought him another drink. He paid, giving her a large tip before turning to find his little rabbit. He took a sip of the scotch, enjoying the smooth burn and his lush little bunny’s journey through La Petite Mort Club. She froze in her tracks, her jaw dropping open as she gazed at a threesome on one of the couches.

The woman was sandwiched between two men, stroking one’s cock as the other man fondled her beneath her red dress. The man behind her looked up and said something to the little rabbit. Her face heated and Terry’s eyes dropped to her chest.

Yep, they were a pretty shade of pink but what he really wanted to know was if the color matched her pussy.

She stumbled away from the threesome, bumping into another man. It was Richard, who stopped her from falling and then immediately let her go, stepping away. She was safe with Richard. As a member of the Club and a gentleman, he knew that safewords were law and consent was absolutely necessary. She said something to Richard and continued through the Club, disappearing in the crowd.

“You’re not getting away that easily.” He followed along on the upper floor, keeping her in sight. He had no idea why but he wanted her. Maybe, it was simply because she was different than everyone else here.

He took another sip of his drink. It was obviously the little rabbit’s first time at a place like this but she didn’t seem eager to participate or interested in watching. She truly seemed to be looking for someone specific—not just someone to fuck. Well, she’d found the latter because he was going to fuck her. In the office he followed his head but at La Petite Mort Club his cock was king.

She headed toward the playrooms. There was no way he was going to miss this. He sauntered down the stairs, grabbing another drink on the way. She wasn’t hard to follow. She left a path of irritated people in her wake as she bumped into them and apologized profusely before hurrying forward. Her full, round hips swayed under her tight, red dress that’d seen better days—hem frayed and at least five years out of style. Not that he minded, especially the snug fit of the cloth, but his women were usually much more put tougher.

They were the CEO types—women who thrived on being in charge. He enjoyed teaching them how much fun turning over control could be. When they were with him, he was their Dom, their master and he made sure they loved every second. He told them when to kneel, when to suck, when to spread their legs or ass and when to come. The more power they had in their everyday life the more they craved bowing to his wishes. His little rabbit wouldn’t know what power was. She

was a hot mess of a woman. Still, his dick wanted her, so his dick would have her.

She was hurrying out of the first playroom when he entered the hallway. Her eyes were huge and her cheeks were on fire. She ducked into the next room and quickly came out—even redder than before.

“Excuse me.” He’d offer his assistance in her search. She’d be grateful. He could capitalize on that unless she was looking for her husband or boyfriend. He wasn’t in the mood to share. He would, however, allow the other man to watch. He could give the guy some pointers on how to take care of his wife because this woman obviously needed guidance.

“You?” Her eyes narrowed.

That wasn’t the reaction he was used to. Women usually purred for him.

“Are you following me?”

“What would you do if I said I was?” He took a step toward her.

“I’d scream. There are bouncers here. I saw them.”

Lord, she was cute. “Yes, but if they came running at every little scream they’d die of exhaustion.”

As if to emphasize his point a woman screamed in ecstasy. His little rabbit’s face heated and she averted her gaze.

“Who are you looking for?” He ran his finger lightly down her cheek. Her skin was as smooth as porcelain but much warmer and softer.

“Ah...” Her breath hitched, making her breasts swell dangerously above her gown.

He could have her out of it in a minute. The skin would be even softer than that on her face. “Did you lose your husband?”

“No.” She licked her lips.

There was no way he could let that offer pass. He slowly bent, giving her time to refuse him. He may command his

women but he made sure they always wanted it first. Her eyes dropped to his mouth and he couldn't help a slight smirk. She wanted this as much as he did. He moved closer and let his lips rest gently on hers. He'd take it slow, make her yearn for him and then he'd make her obey.

“What are you doing?” She turned her head.

“Kissing you.” His lips brushed against her cheek. He wasn't about to lose ground.

“Why?” She turned again, her eyes meeting his.

The confusion in her hazel gaze was as obvious as the hideous dress on her gorgeous body. She may remind him of a rabbit but she couldn't be that naïve. She had to be in her mid to late thirties.

He should use flowery words—tell her she was beautiful, desirable—but that wasn't him. Blunt was the kindest word to describe him. “Because, I want to.”

“You don't even know me.”

He was losing ground. The interest in her face was being replaced with disgust. “No, but I know I want you.” Damn, he shouldn't have said that.

“Well, too bad.” She pushed on his chest and he stepped back, letting her pass.

“This is a sex club, you know.” He followed. “If you aren't here for sex, why are you here?”

She spun around. “I'm quite aware of what this place is and just because I don't want you, a stranger to...to”—she waved her hand about—“in the hallway.”

He laughed. “We wouldn't be the first. There are people fucking in the main room.”

“I know. I saw.” Her cheeks heated.

He stepped closer. “You are adorable.” He touched a strand of hair that was resting on her shoulder. It was like satin.

“I'm a mess.” She pulled her hair free from his fingers.

“A hot mess. A fiery, hot, sexy mess.” He moved closer with every other word. “One I want to fuck, right now.”

Her eyes hardened. “Too bad because I don’t”—again she waved her hand about—“you know, with strangers in the hallway.” She shoved his chest again.

He took a small step back but he wasn’t giving up yet. “We can go to a private room.”

“No.”

Shit. By the look on her face, he’d just made a bigger blunder.

“Let me go.” She pushed him again.

Damn. She’d said the worst three words in the English language besides I love you. He moved away, releasing her for the moment. “Sorry.”

She harrumphed.

“I made a mistake.”

“Yes, you did.” She hurried down the hallway but not before he’d seen the look of hurt in her large eyes.

“What the fuck do you want from me? I made a mistake and apologized.” He trailed after her.

“I want you to leave me alone. Please. Go away.”

He stopped. His little rabbit was running but perhaps, he shouldn’t chase. She darted down a hallway toward the hardcore BDSM rooms.

Normally, she’d be fine—embarrassed but fine. Except with all the newbies here, tonight wasn’t a normal night. He hurried after her. “Hey, I don’t think you want to go—”

“Leave me alone.” She walked faster. “I need to find my friend and get out of here.”

“Okay, but I don’t—”

“Go away.” She sounded both mad and as if she were going to cry.

“Suit yourself, but I warned you.”

She strode into the closest room. He should leave. Let her find out that he wasn't the worst thing in a place like this, not in a long shot, but his feet followed her. She was his little rabbit. He'd found her. No one else was going to enjoy her until he'd had his taste.

“Vicky? Vicky? Are you in here?”

He stepped into the room, staying in the shadows. She was looking around in the dark for her friend. It only took a moment for one of the six guys to notice the little rabbit who'd stumbled into their den.

“Shit,” he mumbled. Not one of those guys was a regular.

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FREE: The Mistletoe Game



“Let me introduce you to...Mistletoe Mary!” Desiree pulled a red sheet off another prop.

Shouts and catcalls from crowd filled the air.

“Oh, wow.” She had no words.

A sex doll was handcuffed spread eagle to a stand. The doll had long, black hair, open, red lips, a body that most women would envy, and she was naked—completely—and it looked like there was a hole...“I think she’s anatomically correct.”

Adrian burst out laughing.

“Dang. I said that out loud?” She cringed as she cast a glance at him, making him laugh harder.

“Yes, you did but I’ll have to take your word for Mary’s *correctness* because I’ve never met her. I prefer my partners living.” His eyes took a quick trip down her frame, leaving heat in their wake.

“Let’s see who goes first.” Desiree reached into a red, Santa bag, pulling out a chip. She held it up. “Green! Green goes first.”

“And my night keeps getting better and better,” she mumbled.

“At least it’ll be over soon.”

“Not soon enough.”

“Both of you, come here.” Desiree removed another sheet, uncovering a cart filled with twelve glasses each containing a liquid of a different color.

Adrian waved his hand. “Ladies first.”

“Chicken,” she muttered, his smile making her want to grin as she walked across the stage.

“Stop right there.” Desiree pointed at the white line of tape on the floor.

Ellie and Adrian stopped.

Desiree rolled the cart until it was directly to Adrian’s right. “I’m sure everyone knows that people kiss under the mistletoe, but the tradition began with a girl standing under the mistletoe. The boys would line up for a kiss, but kisses were limited to the number of berries. They’d wait in line. When they got to the girl, if there was still a berry on the plant, they’d pick it and then kiss her. As soon as the berries were gone, so were the kisses.” Desiree paused. “The Mistletoe Game is based on this but”—she stressed the word—“it’s been modified in La Petite Mort Club style.”

The crowd cheered.

“Adrian, dip the berry into the green glass and then throw it at Mistletoe Mary but be careful where you hit her. Wherever that berry lands is where you get to kiss Ellie and you only get as many kisses as berries.”

“Kiss the doll,” yelled Marc. “She’ll be more fun.”

Ellie flipped him the bird because she couldn’t pull her eyes from that naked doll. If he hit her breast or...lower...Oh God, she couldn’t do this.

“This is getting interesting,” said Adrian.

“That isn’t the word I’d use,” she almost hissed, as she pulled her eyes away from the naked doll. She wanted to slap that sexy smirk off his face but that’d be childish so instead, she grabbed his arm. “Aim for her mouth.”

“Her mouth ?” He frowned down at her. “Why would I do that?”

“A kiss. You wanted six kisses.”

“And I’m going to get them.” His smile was beyond wicked. “All six kisses...wherever I want on your body.”

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FREE: The Baby Bargain



“The other part of the deal. The part that you must agree to if you want co-ownership.”

“The other part?” Her nose wrinkled more and then the confusion on her face cleared. “Oh, the catch.”

“I wouldn’t—”

“Just tell me. What is it? What do you want me to do now? I’m not working more. I can’t. I don’t think it’s physically possible to work more than you already make me work.”

“I agree.” He had to force himself not to lean toward her and pounce on his prey.

“You do? To which part?”

“You work too much and that also stops with this deal.”

“Really?” Her eyes widened in surprise.

“Yes. Once you agree and we sign the contract, I don’t want you working more than sixty hours per week.”

“Sixty?”

“I don’t think we can cut back to forty, at least not until we staff up. I’m thinking another senior programmer, maybe two,

and a few more at a junior level.”

“You want to replace me?”

“No. I want you to be the lead. Train them. Let them take over the more tedious tasks.”

“Oh.” Her eyes got that distant glow again. “I’d be a good...” Her gaze sharpened as they met his. “I’d be their boss, right? Because I’m not going to spend time training people to have you work them until they quit or yell at them until they leave.”

“I don’t yell.”

“Your nickname is Barker.”

“My nickname? No one calls me that.” His eyes narrowed as she tried not to laugh. “You made that up, didn’t you?” His hand itched to put her over his knee and paddle that backside of hers but that was off limits. He wasn’t bringing any of his kink into their bed. She’d be the mother of his child, not his sub or his lover. Okay, she’d be his lover but only for procreation, nothing else.

“I didn’t make it up. You bark at me all day long and it just kind of...happened.”

“That’s the same thing as making it up and don’t call me that. Even behind my back.”

“You won’t know.”

“I’ll know.”

“How will you know? I’m not stupid enough to say it in front of anyone who’d tell you.”

“I’ll know by the look on your face.”

“Fine but I’ll think it.” One side of her mouth slid upward in a half-smile. “All the time.”

“I don’t believe you will.” Not after he’d fucked her and made her come over and over. She’d be putty in his hands, his to mold and transform.

“Okay. You’re right, Gus. You’re always right.”

“Don’t call me that either.”

“Right. Sorry. Gu...Harker.” This time she smiled like she’d won.

He couldn’t wait to show her that she’d never had a chance to win this game.

“So, will I be their boss? It’s the only way I’m going to train someone.”

“You can be their boss and you’ll need to train them well enough to fill in for you fulltime for a few months.”

“Fill in for me for a few months? Why? Will I be going on a trip or something? I’ve always wanted to go on a business trip. Most people think it’s boring, but I’ve always thought—”

“It’s not a business trip, but in about nine or ten months you’ll need some time off.”

“I don’t see why.” Her nose wrinkled again and then her eyes brightened. “Unless you’re giving me a vacation?”

“It’s not a vacation.”

“Then why will I need time off.”

“To give birth. I’ve chosen you to have my baby.”

“Your baby?” Her eyes almost popped out of her head and then she laughed. “Oh my god, Harker. You got me with that one.” She laughed harder. “For one second I thought you were serious. Oh, I can’t wait to tell Ellie. Did she put you up to this? She told me on New Year’s Eve that you were attracted to me. I told her no way. Barker...I mean Harker isn’t attracted to anyone. All the man does is work and yell orders.” She rambled on, laughing the entire time.

It wasn’t that funny. Actually, it wasn’t fucking funny at all. Why did she think it was funny? He was rich, attractive and they got along well. She was semi-attractive, intelligent and a within her childbearing years. This was insulting and her insults kept coming.

“I told Ellie that as far as I knew you didn’t even date.” She sobered for a moment. “Not that I have lately either.”

Neither of us have had the time but you're the boss. You could date if you wanted to which means you must not want to. Ellie said that you were a man so of course you wanted sex...had sex with someone. She thinks men's libidos are stronger than women's, but I say that's only true until they reach a certain age. When they get old, they don't want sex as much as—”

Good god, he had to stop her before she insulted him more. “I wasn't joking. I want you to have my child.”

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Ellis O. Day loves reading and writing about love and sex. She believes that although the two don't have to go together, it's best when they do (both in life and in fantasy).

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