



The
DOCTOR'S
Temptation

A FOREST VALE MEDICAL ROMANCE

Emily Hayes

THE DOCTOR'S TEMPTATION

FOREST VALE HOSPITAL BOOK 6

EMILY HAYES

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“Damn, you look horrible.”
Amira let out a quiet sigh as her sister’s loud voice drifted from the speakers of her computer, filling the previously quiet living room and making the headache that Amira was already dealing with even worse.

“Did you FaceTime me just to tell me that?” Amira deadpanned.

“No, I called to check up on my *wonderful* older sister because I haven’t heard from you since you moved across the country. It’s been two years now, and I would’ve thought that I’d have received at least a text message letting me know that you’re still alive.”

“I moved less than an hour away and it’s only been two weeks,” Amira pinched the bridge of her nose before taking a quick sip of wine. “I’m sorry for not calling,” she apologized to her dramatic sister nonetheless. “I’ve just been pretty busy lately...”

“Yeah, I can tell. You look horrible.”

“Thanks for reiterating that.”

“I don’t say it to insult you,” Bethany waved her off. “I say it to express my concern. Okay, you need to fill me in on everything. How is Forest Vale treating you so far? Have you visited the beach yet? Every time I talk to someone from Forest Vale they always go on and on about how amazing the

beaches are. I can't believe I've haven't visited yet. It could easily be a weekend trip! Oh, how's work? You're adjusting well to the new hospital, right? I heard it's, like, huge! No—I heard that the new sports facility is huge. Have you gone to see it? Did you get to go inside? It's huge, right? I know it is! Have you met any of the athletes yet? Fuck, I can't believe all the top athletes really stay there and you get to just go and visit them all whenever you feel like it! Wait, are you treating any of them yet? Are you—”

“Bethany, take a breath,” Amira interrupted with a laugh, gulping down some more of her wine.

“Sorry, sorry, I'm just excited to hear all about it!” Bethany told her. “You know I've always wanted to move away from our hometown, and I'm pissed that you beat me to it,” she pouted. “The least you could do is fill me in on all the details. I wanna know how different the weather is from home!”

Despite being 35 years old, Bethany had all the enthusiasm of a bright-eyed child. Amira always loved that about her. She tended to get excited by even the littlest things. Bethany had a bright eyed enthusiasm that just never dulled.

“The weather is mostly the same, it's just a lot warmer here since I'm living on the coast.”

“Oh, so you'll answer the most boring question that I asked but you'll skate right past all the interesting ones,” Bethany huffed, causing Amira to let out a tired chuckle. She shrugged as she finished off her wine before putting the glass onto her coffee table.

“Let's start with work.” She sighed. “It's alright, I guess. The hospital is really big and it's really nice too. I've started working with a few patients, and yes, I've been to that huge new sports facility, yes, I've met some of the athletes, and yes, I'm treating a few of them.”

Bethany let out an excited squeal and nearly choked on the potato chips that she'd been shoving into her mouth. “Oh my God, that's so cool! I can't believe my sister gets to hang out with world-famous athletes for a living!”

“Most of them are just popular in the US and it is very much *not* my job to hang out with them.” Amira snickered. She was a doctor, a specialist in treating female athletes. Her job description included taking care of her athletes physically and mentally, treating them for injuries, keeping track of how their mental health was doing, and even keeping track of how things like menstrual cycles and hormonal changes could affect their performances. She was the head of the new Forest Vale Sports department. Her job description did *not* include hanging out with the athletes.

“Well, I mean you fixed Sloane Smith and got her back to winning Grand Slams. How much more big time do you want?”

Amira smiled thinking about the world famous tennis champion she had had a small hand in helping a couple of years ago.

“Are they nice?” Bethany chirped, “Or are they all a bunch of stuck-up assholes?”

Amira shrugged once again. “Most of them have been pretty nice.”

“Are your coworkers nice? No annoying bosses getting on your nerves yet?”

“No annoying bosses.” Amira shook her head. “My coworkers are all pretty nice too, yeah.”

“Then...what’s wrong?” Bethany frowned. “You said that work is *alright, you guess*. You don’t sound very happy.”

“I just have a lot going on right now,” Amira mumbled. “Today was a rough day. Things were pretty busy at work but that’s not really...” She sighed as she tried to figure out what exactly to say. “It’s just a little hard for me to adjust. Everything is so different here. I worked at my old hospital for nearly ten years. I had friends there. I knew all my coworkers so well and I’d even gotten close to some of the patients. Here, I don’t know anyone. My coworkers seem nice enough, but none of them have really warmed up to me and I haven’t warmed up to any of them either. I don’t have any friends here, and because of that, I really haven’t been going out. I haven’t been doing

anything aside from working and coming home and working and coming home and working once again. It's like I'm on autopilot and everything is so...repetitive."

"Go on." Bethany nodded as Amira paused, contemplating whether or not she should continue talking. She really didn't want to worry her sister with her problems, but she needed somebody to vent to and that's what sisters were for, weren't they?

Amira took a deep breath before continuing. "I just feel really alone here. I know it's only been two weeks and I'm busy with work, so I don't exactly have the time to go out and find friends, but I just...I'm used to having someone there to talk to whenever I need them. I...Living alone is just a little hard for me right now." She sniffled.

Bethany sent her a sympathetic look. "I know."

After splitting up with her ex-wife, Rachel, Amira had been living with Bethany before making the move to Forest Vale. It had been hard enough dealing with her divorce before, but at least then she'd been able to have her sister's support while she dealt with it. Now, she was living all by herself for the first time in her whole life. No loud and overexcited sister waiting to scream about something with her when she got home. No wife waiting for her to come home either.

It was lonely and coming home to an empty house every night made Amira wish that she'd never even moved here. She knew that it was a good decision, coming here for a better work opportunity. She could advance her career here. She could make more money, whilst doing what she was really passionate about and that was treating top class female athletes. She'd made the right decision in coming here, but it was definitely difficult to adjust.

Moving away from her hometown also made the divorce feel even more real. The divorce had just been finalized last week after an entire year of going through the process, and now it was official, she and Rachel were over.

It's not that she was necessarily upset about the relationship itself ending

as such. Of course, it was always heartbreaking losing someone who had been such a huge part of her adult life, but it had been time. Amira and Rachel had been with one another for twenty-two years and married for sixteen. Going their own separate ways hadn't been an easy decision by any means, but it was ultimately what was best for them both.

Their relationship hadn't been the same for several years when they finally decided that it was time to call it quits. They'd once been wildly in love, unable to keep their hands off each other, unable to be away from one another for more than a few hours at a time without going crazy. They could sit and talk to each other for hours on end, pulling all-nighters every other night just to talk, laughing loudly at each other's jokes and crying together as they told each other about the things that they'd had to go through in their lives. No matter how much time they had together, it never seemed to be enough. It seemed as if their conversations could never come to an end. It seemed as if they could never run out of things to say to each other.

Until they did.

As the years went by, the spark between them died out. They both got busy with work, focusing more on their careers than on each other. They both grew up significantly, completely changing from the people that they once were. But the problem was that they grew in two entirely different directions, and the new and improved versions of themselves didn't align with one another. Their interests changed. Their thought processes changed. Their entire mindsets changed. They were no longer the perfect fit they had once been. They'd become two entirely different pieces to two entirely different puzzles.

They'd both realized it long before they'd even considered filing for a divorce.

They tried to make it work for a long time. They tried to rekindle the romance that had once been present in the relationship. They tried to realign themselves, to understand each other once more, but nothing they did had

worked. Their fire had burnt out and their relationship had turned cold and stale. It was as if they were just distant friends, roommates living together just for the sake of living together. The feelings just weren't there anymore.

The passion. The sex. The love. None of it was there anymore.

They just couldn't keep going on like that. What was the point of being tied down to a person that you hardly even knew anymore? It was just painful having to continue to see each other every day. Every time they looked at one another, they were only reminded of what was once there but wasn't any longer.

Amira didn't regret the divorce. It was for the best. Being stuck in a loveless marriage for the rest of her life wasn't something that interested her. She was 46 years old. She knew that the split was the best thing for both of them, as difficult as it might have been.

But it was scary. Having to be alone for the first time in her life was scary. Being single for the first time in over two decades was scary.

"Well..." Bethany murmured, sending a sympathetic look to Amira, who'd zoned out for a bit.

Amira cleared her throat and quickly brushed away her tears, waving her hand and chuckling as Bethany began apologizing. Bethany had always sucked at knowing what to do when someone was upset. Amira was used to her little sister freezing up and sitting in awkward silence when someone cried in front of her, but she didn't mind it. It was nice just to have a listening ear, and if Bethany couldn't provide anything else, she could at least provide that.

"It's fine," Amira told her quickly. "It's just nice to be able to get that off my chest. I've been struggling with the move and it's just starting to sink in that the divorce is really—It's really final now. But I'm sure I'll get out of this little slump soon enough. It takes a while to form a relationship with your coworkers, but I'm sure we'll start to become friends soon enough. And I'm sure I'll get used to living alone too. It'll just take a little bit of time."

“Yeah!” Bethany nodded quickly. “Yeah, it’s definitely gonna be a bit of a learning curve but you’ll get used to it in no time. I know it feels lonely right now, but I think you’ll start to like it, eventually! Not having to share your living space with anyone is really nice!”

“What are you trying to say?” Amira narrowed her eyes playfully and Bethany snorted.

“That it’s great not having to fold other people’s underwear when they get mixed in with your own.” She sent the older woman a look. “Anyway, you got the point, didn’t you? Living alone can be nice—and hey, this can be a learning experience for you. I mean, you like getting to experience new things, don’t you? This is something you’ve never gotten to experience before, but you finally do now. That’s great.”

“I guess you’re right,” Amira smiled. “I just need to give it a little time. I might find that I really like being by myself! You never know.”

“Right,” Bethany nodded. “So...back to your work...” She wiggled her brows.

Amira rolled her eyes a little, giggling at her sister’s excited face. Bethany had always been so intrigued with Amira’s job. She honestly couldn’t understand why the girl wouldn’t just study to become a specialist herself.

“You know I can’t tell you much about my patients,” Amira told her. “Everything you already know is about as much as I can tell you.”

“Can you at least give me a detailed description of the inside of the facility that they’re based in? I bet the kitchen is absolutely huge! And is there a pool in the backyard?! I know there is!”

“It’s a sports facility, Bethany, not a mansion out in Hollywood. But yes, there’s a nice pool- water therapy is a great treatment option for a lot of sports injuries- and a very nice dining area—”

Bethany practically screamed. Interior design was her passion, and she was very interested in architecture too. So naturally, she demanded to know

everything about the facility, and Amira resigned herself to spending half the night detailing everything from the floor tiles to the color schemes inside the large building.

“**H**er name is Rina Mazeto and she’s a twenty-seven-year-old professional basketball player. She’s been playing since she was in middle school. Her family has next to no history of mental illness. She said she didn’t start having any problems until early last year when she started struggling with self-doubt, anxiety, and depression. She told me that was right around the time when she lost her grandfather so she thought it might’ve had something to do with that, but that isn’t the problem. She’s realized that she struggles most when she’s on the court, and it’s really affecting her performance...Are you listening to me, Dr. Rosen?”

Well, yes and no.

Casey was hearing the words coming out of Amira’s mouth and she was writing everything down on her clipboard, but even as she made notes, she couldn’t take her eyes off of Amira.

Her eyes constantly flicked to scanning Amira as she spoke, darting between her beautiful hazel eyes, adorable button nose, the pretty mole that was right beside her soft-looking lips, her smooth brown skin...and yeah, maybe Casey couldn’t keep herself from glancing down at her cleavage every once in a while either.

She really wasn’t *trying* to be a creep, it’s just that she couldn’t help herself. Amira was wearing a blouse with three buttons open and if Casey

looked hard enough, she could see the lace fabric of her bra.

And was that another delicate mole on the woman's right breast?

Fuck.

Casey really needed to get her shit together. She was thirty-four years old, for Christ's sake, and she needed to stop acting like a sixteen-year-old, hormonal teenage boy.

But it wasn't her fault. How could she be expected to focus when there was someone as gorgeous and classy as Amira in front of her? She couldn't quite put her finger on what it was about Amira that was so damn beautiful, but seriously, she was drop-dead *gorgeous*.

Casey was an absolute professional. She loved her job and she took it seriously. She *never* mixed her work life with her personal life. She'd *never* looked at a coworker this way before. There had been plenty of coworkers in the past that she'd found attractive, but she hadn't allowed herself to think about it too much because she knew there was no point. She had no intention of ever dating anyone that she worked with, and she wouldn't even allow herself to entertain the idea.

But Amira...

Amira had her rethinking her whole stance on the "mixing work life with personal life" thing. Casey had already come to the conclusion that she'd give anything to have a chance with this woman.

She wasn't even sure why. Amira had been completely professional with her this whole time. From the moment that Casey had stepped inside her office, she'd been talking about the basketball player she wanted Casey to have a consultation with. She'd hardly even given Casey a second glance before she'd begun going through all her notes.

And yet, Casey was already wondering what kind of suit she should wear to their wedding.

"Yes," Casey cleared her throat, nodding her head a little. "Yeah, I'm listening," she murmured, licking her lips after she caught sight of the mole

on Amira's breast again when she leaned forward to grab another file off the table.

"Really?" Amira sighed. "Because it seems like you're doing more staring than listening. My eyes are up here."

If Casey had any shame, she would have blushed and apologized, but she'd lost all her shame long ago.

"I know how to multitask," she said with a smirk. "I can take notes on the patient's condition and appreciate how nice your breasts look at the same time."

Amira choked on a gasp, looking taken aback. She'd clearly been expecting Casey to apologize or deny that she was looking—not openly admit to it, and so casually at that.

"I...You're not allowed to say things like that!" Amira leaned forward to whisper with wide eyes, looking absolutely scandalized. Casey couldn't help but melt at the reaction. The woman was just so damn *cute*.

"Well, I tend to say what I think." She shrugged.

"You should keep your thoughts to yourself, Dr. Rosen!" Amira huffed.

"Right. I'll make sure to keep my mouth shut about how much I like looking at your breasts from here on out, Dr. Alvarez."

Amira's mouth fell open and closed a few times as she tried to figure out how to respond, and Casey waited patiently for her to continue, a smug look on her face as she realized that Amira was speechless.

"I-I think she could really benefit from seeing a psychologist..." Amira continued after managing to collect herself. Her cheeks were still red and her eyes were still wide as they darted around nervously, but aside from that, she seemed to have moved on quite quickly.

Casey rested her elbows on the table and clasped her hands together, resting her chin on them as she watched Amira closely. She imagined Amira on her knees for her. The thought of it drove her crazy.

Amira had the most beautiful dark curly hair, a little frizzy and all over

the place, but in a way that looked good. Her makeup was done beautifully too. It was simple and subtle, but it was beautiful.

Casey thought that Amira's hands were beautiful too as she watched her fingers constantly shuffling through her notes. And her voice was soft and feminine, but somehow commanding.

When Amira pushed her hair behind her ear, Casey imagined how she might gasp if Casey took her earlobe in her mouth. What a delicate beautiful ear.

God, just what I need. A crush on my new co-worker.

It reminded Casey of a conversation that she'd had with her mother a long time ago.

"I knew your father was the one for me when I realized that I found his eyebrows attractive. I'd never had a single thought about a man's eyebrows a day in my life before that, so I guessed that I must've really loved him if I was paying attention to his. You'll know that you truly love somebody when you find an odd body part of theirs attractive. You may not believe me right now, but just you wait. You'll see that I'm right, just like I always am."

Casey had thought it was stupid back then, but now she understood what her mother was talking about. She'd never in her life paid attention to someone's ears before, and now, she couldn't stop internally cooing at how adorable Amira's were.

Casey mentally cursed herself for acting like a schoolgirl with a crush. What had gotten into her? She was usually so chill when it came to women. She was more than used to talking to attractive women and she'd never lost her mind like this before.

Casey had never been in love before. She'd had plenty of relationships in the past, but none of them had lasted and none of the women that she'd been with had made her feel like she was in love.

Casey had always been someone who believed in love and soulmates and all that shit that only really seemed to exist in fairytales. She'd always hoped

to find her one true love one day. Her soulmate, the person that she could spend the rest of her life with.

She'd tried finding that person for *years*. She'd had more relationships with more women than she could count, and each time she'd hoped that they would be the one that she'd been searching for, but it had turned out every time that they weren't.

Casey had dealt with quite a few heartbreaks in her lifetime, and as she'd gotten older, she'd figured that it was probably best that she just stop trying to find that person. It wasn't worth all the pain and sadness that came after yet another failed relationship.

But even after deciding to stop trying so hard to find that person, she'd never given up on the idea of having her one true love. She still believed that that kind of thing could exist. People could have soulmates. People could have their one and only love, the one that they could grow old with. It's just that that kind of thing couldn't be found; it just had to happen naturally, and no amount of searching would suffice.

Casey was a bit of a hopeless romantic, needless to say, so she had to wonder if she was just being delusional yet again. In the twenty or so minutes that she'd known Amira, she'd somehow already managed to convince herself that Amira was her one true love. And Amira had looked less than impressed at her juvenile advances. Maybe she was wrong once again, and maybe—if she even had the chance to start a relationship with Amira in the first place—this would be just another failed relationship to add to the list.

But maybe it wouldn't be.

Casey seriously couldn't remember feeling this way about anyone before. She hardly even knew Amira and yet she felt so strongly about her already. This had never happened in the past. She tended to take a while to warm up to new people, and even though she did believe in love at first sight, she'd never felt that she'd actually experienced it before. Until now.

Maybe she was really in love already.

“Dr. Rosen,” Amira sighed once again. “Are you listening to me?”

At this point, not really. Casey was kinda having a bit of an epiphany right now. But she’d still been taking notes while Amira was speaking, and she’d be sure to look at them later. And maybe ask Amira to go over this with her again too. Just to be safe.

“Yes,” she nodded anyway. “Yeah, I’m listening.”

“Right,” Amira murmured. “So, I’ll get her to schedule an appointment with you soon. I think that’s about all for now. ”

“Okay. When was the last time you went out on a date?”

“What?” Amira raised her brows. “Dr. Rosen, are you always this unprofessional? This is a hospital, not a dating site.”

“Right,” Casey chuckled. “I know. I know, I’m sorry. I’m not usually like this at work—ask anyone! I’m very professional! I even have a strict No-dating-coworkers policy! But I just...well, I like you. I want to see you outside of work.”

Amira couldn’t help the loud snort that left her mouth after hearing that. She quickly cleared her throat and wiped the smile off of her face afterward, though, trying to look serious again.

“How old are you anyway? I’m nearly 50- I’m old enough to be your mother.”

“I’m thirty-four and no you aren’t. It isn’t that much of a difference.” Casey put on her most convincing and charming smile which usually always worked. Amira looked unamused, but not utterly unconvinced, which Casey would count as a win.

“My work is very important to me,” Amira said after a while. “It’s the *most* important thing to me, actually. So, if you can’t keep things professional at work no matter what’s going on in our personal lives, then I don’t want anything to do with you.”

“We’re on the same page,” Casey nodded. “I feel the exact same way. We’ll keep our personal lives completely separate from our work.”

Amira looked lost in thought.

Was she considering saying yes? Maybe this was going better than Casey had thought.

“Sure, we can go out some time, Dr. Rosen.” Amira finally answered after a long stretch of silence. “But you should know that I haven’t been on a date in many years, so I might not exactly know what...” She blushed, leaving the statement dangling.

Casey grinned. “Don’t worry about a thing, Dr. Alvarez. We will have fun. If it helps, I definitely know what I am doing.”

Amira spent the next week wondering why on earth she had said yes to the good-looking *young* Dr. Rosen.

Dr. Rosen had been pushy and charming and, well, if Amira was honest, totally gorgeous. She had short brown hair and piercing green eyes and defined cheekbones and she was tall. She looked like some kind of model. She was the Sports Psychologist Consultant on their team and Amira had had hugely positive feedback from her basketball player on her session with Dr. Rosen. Maybe it was true, she was professional and good at her job.

This was a fresh start for Amira, and she was really looking forward to a date. Well, she was looking forward to any kind of social life outside of the hospital, but why not a date? She was well and truly single now. For the first time in years, she felt jittery and nervous, antsy and excited, scared in the absolute best way.

For the first time in years, she was back to caring about things like how she looked and what people thought of her. Her heart felt as if it would beat its way right out of her chest every time she interacted with Dr. Rosen in the hospital. As much as she should have been mad that she kept feeling Dr. Rosen's eyes all over her body, the thought of it turned her on more than she dared admit even to herself.

It was a little nerve-racking, but Amira was really enjoying the feeling of

wanting to impress someone again. It made her feel young again. She hadn't realized how much she missed that feeling until this thing with Dr. Rosen.

Dr. Rosen had been persistently flirting with her at work and Amira might have been pretending it hadn't affected her, but it certainly had.

At work, when they got the chance, they would crack jokes with one another, usually during their lunch breaks when they would meet up to eat together, each making fun of the other's "disgusting" lunches. Casey would poke fun at Amira's healthy salads while Amira would wrinkle her nose at Casey's greasy food. Then the two would turn their attention to speculate who was dating who amongst their co-workers.

Amira had changed her perception on Dr. Rosen's level of professionalism since seeing her speak on Athlete Psychology. Amira had learnt a lot and had found herself unable to take her eyes off Dr. Rosen's sharp green eyes and strong shoulders.



“WELCOME TO OUR DATE, AMIRA.” It was the first time Dr. Rosen had used her first name and she liked it.

“Why, thank you, Casey.” Amira took the opportunity to do the same. “How was your session with Rina yesterday?”

“Shhh..” said Casey quickly and raised a finger and pressed it against Amira's lips. “There will be no talking about work today. This is officially a *No Work zone.*”

Amira felt Casey's finger against her lips and it sent shockwaves through her.

Fuck, my lipstick.

Now she was pretty sure that her lipstick was all smudged.

“You could've just said that *without* covering my mouth you know! Did you smudge my lipstick?”

“Oh, only a little,” Casey replied. “Here, let me fix it.” She looked intently at Amira’s lips as she used her finger to wipe away the smudge of lipstick. Amira felt desire rushing through her. She felt more alive than she had in years.

“Yeah, I could have have not used my finger, but it wouldn’t have been as dramatic.” Casey shrugged. “Would you prefer it if I told you again, though? The right way?” she teased.

“Yes, I would,” Amira grumbled.

Casey lifted the center console that had previously been separating the two of them and leaned over, getting close to Amira’s face. She could hardly hold in her chuckle as Amira immediately began blushing and trying to look anywhere else besides into her eyes. She rested a finger underneath her chin to prevent Amira from turning her head, then licked her lips as she looked down at Amira’s lips before looking into her eyes again.

“We’ll talk about work later,” she repeated quietly. “But for now, it’s all about us...Alright?”

Amira swallowed. Ugh, Casey’s eyes were doing things to her. She knew where this was going and it was exciting and terrifying all at once.

“I told you to stop doing things like that!” Amira said after pushing the laughing younger woman away from her and unbuckling her seatbelt. “Are we going to get out of the car any time soon or are we gonna stay in here for the rest of the night?”

“That depends on what you want,” Casey shrugged. “If you’d like to go enjoy the fair then we can do that. Maybe eat some nice food, play a few games, ride some nice rides...But if you’d like to stay inside the car, I’ve got something else for you to ride inst—”

“Oh my god!” Amira blushed furiously as she fumbled with the handle, hardly even able to get the car door open because she was shaking too much.

She could still hear Casey’s loud laughter even after climbing out of the car and slamming the door shut.

When Casey finally got out of the car, Amira sent her the most intimidating glare she could muster up, but she could hardly maintain the serious facade. She couldn't help but smile and laugh when she was around Casey, whose energy was infectious.

"You better behave while we are here!" Amira scolded.

"I'll try my best," Casey told her before grabbing her hand and beginning to pull her along. "Come on, I wanna hurry up and get tickets while there aren't that many people in line."

When Casey had first suggested going to the local fair as their first date, Amira had been a little skeptical. She'd been expecting something more along the lines of dinner and a movie because that was what she was used to, but she wasn't opposed to the idea of going to a fair either. It was something a little different, and she thought it'd be fun since she hadn't been to a fair since she was a teenager.

She liked how excited Casey had been for it too.

"Going to a carnival for a date always seems so romantic in the movies," Amira said as she glanced around the large lot filled with rides and booths set up after they'd gotten their tickets. "Are you gonna spend half the night trying to win a stuffed animal for me?" she snickered.

"Please," Casey waved her off. "Everyone's for themselves tonight. If I win a stuffed animal, it'll be mine and only mine. Win your own stuffed animal!"

Amira smirked. "Well, I'm willing to bet that you won't win one anyway. Especially not if we play that shooting game over there." Amira pointed to the one she was talking about before turning to look at Casey. "You know, that always used to be my favorite game to play whenever I'd go to the fair. All my friends sucked at it but I always won pretty easily. My aim is great!"

"Oh, I see," Casey said. "You're challenging me. Well, challenge accepted! I've always been great at that game too. I bet I'll hit every one of my targets. If I miss one, I give you my full permission to make fun of me for

the rest of the night.”

“I’d do that anyway,” Amira scoffed. “So, that’s a boring bet...How about if you miss one, I get to watch you ride your least favorite ride? Twice.”

Casey sucked in a breath through her teeth. There weren’t many rides that she didn’t like, but there was one that she did absolutely despise. Always had.

“Are you sure about that? Are you *sure* that you really want to watch a grown woman scream and cry on the merry-go-round? Don’t get me wrong, I’m sure I won’t miss, but—”

“Wait, are you serious?” Amira cut her off with a shocked laugh. “Do you really not like the merry-go-round?”

“It’s creepy,” Casey pouted. “There’s something about the horse’s eyes that just send shivers down my spine. And not the good kind! And the mirrors...What’s up with the mirrors? Something about them is creepy too.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” Amira laughed, shaking her head. “You’re just saying this because you don’t want to ride the real ride that you’re afraid of.”

“No, I promise, I’m telling the truth!” Casey said honestly. “Merry-go-rounds are creepy as hell and I don’t know why I’m the only one who sees it! Don’t you always get a weird feeling when you’re near the inner circle of it? I always expect someone to just appear to be standing there out of thin air. I always feel like I’m being watched if I ride a horse near the inner circle!”

“Wow,” Amira murmured. “I’m not even sure I want to enjoy the fair anymore after this. I think I’d rather just unpack your unusual fear of merry-go-rounds.” She snickered.

Casey narrowed her eyes. “Don’t laugh, I’m sure you’re afraid of something stupid too! And don’t try to get out of our bet either! You’re just trying to get out of playing the game because you know I’ll win and then you’ll have to ride *your* least favorite ride. Which is...?”

“The teacups.”

“*What?*”

“Stop laughing!”

“You’re making fun of me being afraid of the merry-go-round when *you’re* afraid of the teacups?!”

“It’s not that I’m afraid of them!” Amira defended herself quickly. “It’s just that it just feels weird to be sitting in a literal teacup. It’s like...It’s as if you’re sitting in a witch’s pot or something. I always feel like some big green lady with a broomstick and a huge hat will appear out of nowhere and start pouring boiling hot water all over me...Stop laughing!”

“That’s the dumbest thing I’ve ever heard!”

Amira huffed and stomped her foot a little. “Are we gonna go play the game or what? I can’t *wait* to watch you cling to your horse in fear. I’m definitely taking pictures of it, by the way.”

“No, *I* can’t wait to watch *you* shiver in your boots when you’re forced to ride the teacup,” Casey smirked before marching forward with newfound determination. “Come on, I’m ready to play.”



TECHNICALLY, both of them lost the bet because neither of them was anywhere near as good at the shooting game as they’d originally thought. Amira was actually slightly less bad at it than Casey was, though. She’d actually managed to hit one of the targets.

Casey couldn’t say the same.

“Merry-go-round it is.” Amira smiled at her, wickedly. “And- I’m taking photos!”

Casey stumbled down off the horse after her Merry-Go-Round experience. “Ugh. I hate those bloody horses.”

Amira watched her- how did she still manage to look sexy? Her short hair was all tousled. Her shirt was clinging to her in a good way.

“Right, Amira. Darts and Balloons this time. I’m for sure going to beat

you at this!”

For some reason, Casey was freakishly good at throwing darts and Amira was absolutely terrible at it, which is why she ended up sitting in a teacup waiting for the ride to start. Amira watched as Casey joined her in the teacup and slid close to her.

“I figured I could hold your hand if you are afraid.”

Amira rolled her eyes but felt her heart rate speed up with the proximity of Casey, with Casey’s strong leg pressing up against her thigh. She took Casey’s hand and she felt desire inside of her.

Casey was really bringing something to the surface in her and she wondered where it would go next.

A few rides later and they were on the Big Ferris wheel.

Amira was mesmerized by the beautiful lights as their carriage reached the top it paused.

Casey’s eyes were on Amira again, burning into her, over her lips, her breasts. Amira felt that same rush of desire.

“I don’t remember the last time I had this much fun,” Amira murmured after a few moments of silence. “I’ve been going through a rough time for a while and things have been a little...” Amira broke off with a sigh. “But tonight has been amazing. Thank you.”

“It has,” Casey agreed. “Thank you for letting me take you out. I was really expecting you to say no. You know, since you were mad at me for checking out your breasts at work and everything. But I’m glad you didn’t.”

“I am too,” Amira smiled as she finally turned to look at the Casey. “Are you gonna kiss me? Or am I gonna have to make the first move?”

“Way to kill the mood,” Casey chuckled. “It was supposed to be all romantic! I was gonna catch you off guard and—”

Amira rolled her eyes and pulled Casey closer to her, quickly closing the distance between their lips and easily melting into the kiss. For once, it was Casey who looked shocked by Amira’s boldness.

Amira felt Casey's hand on her thigh, and she lost herself in the kiss, letting out a soft sound of pleasure as Casey's tongue pushed into her mouth.

"Fuck," Amira mumbled into the kiss.

Casey held Amira's hand as they headed to her car after the fair. The sexual tension was huge. The kiss had been more intense than anything Casey could have imagined.

"So, I was wondering if you would like to come home with me?" Casey looked at Amira.

"I... uh... I don't usually do this kind of thing on first dates." Amira said. "But... I want to," she breathed quietly and Casey squeezed her hand.

"I figured you weren't perhaps a sex on the first date kind of girl. But, come home with me. There is no pressure and there is something I want to talk to you about."

Amira looked up at her curiously. Casey knew she needed to bring up her sexual preferences before things got any more heated. There was so much chemistry with Amira, but would they be sexually compatible? It seemed like a lot to hope for.



"I PROBABLY SHOULD'VE MENTIONED this a lot sooner. Okay, I *definitely* should've mentioned this a lot sooner," Casey rambled. "It's just that I really like you so I didn't want to scare you off in case you're not into the same

things I'm into, and it isn't really the kind of thing I can bring up at work."

"Something like what?" Amira looked increasingly more curious by the second. Her hazel eyes were so wide and trusting. Casey wanted to eat her up.

"Okay," Casey murmured. "I have a particular taste, if you will, sexually. I'm into BDSM and I'm a Domme."

Casey waited for Amira's reaction. She wondered what was going through Amira's head. Casey had had some great submissives in her time, but it didn't suit everyone. Casey sensed a natural yearning for submission in Amira, but whether she recognised that in herself and was prepared to delve deeper into it, Casey had no idea.

The reaction that she got from Amira was barely even a reaction at all. Amira simply raised her perfect brows as if she was waiting for Casey to continue, and when she didn't, Amira cleared her throat, blushing a little as she diverted her attention to the suddenly very interesting window of Casey's apartment.

"Am I...supposed to know what any of that means?" she murmured shyly.

"What?" Casey let out a shocked laugh.

"I don't know what any of that means," Amira shrugged. "I mean, obviously I have heard of BDSM, but you are forgetting... it has been more than 20 years since I've slept with anyone but Rachel and our sex life, well when we used to have sex was very, vanilla, I think you would say. I've never really explored anything beyond that. So I don't know what it means when you are saying it to me now."

Casey let out another shocked laugh then smiled kindly as Amira looked at her trustingly and wide eyed in curiosity. This hadn't been the reaction Casey might have expected, but it wasn't a *bad* reaction.

"It's...Well, it can be a little difficult to explain. Or *not* difficult, there's just a lot of things to explain," Casey murmured as she tried to figure out where to even start. "BDSM is kind of an umbrella term that can describe a

few different aspects of sex. Bondage and discipline, domination and submission, sadism and masochism—”

“Sadism and masochism, like pain?” Amira screwed up her face. “I never understood why anyone did that sexually.”

“Well, sadism is when someone derives pleasure from causing someone else pain or humiliation. Masochism is when someone derives pleasure from being humiliated or in pain,” Casey explained slowly, trying to gauge Amira’s reaction as she did.

Amira looked a little intrigued, finally allowing her eyes to drift over to Casey again. “People do derive pleasure from receiving pain?”

“Yeah,” Casey nodded. “More than you would think. There is so much in common between pleasure and pain, that sometimes the boundaries can blur, when it is given by someone who understands it and knows what they are doing.”

“And as I told you, I’m a Domme. That means I’m dominant, which means that I like being the one with the power. I like being the one in charge and I only sleep with submissive. Submissives are the ones who like giving up their control and letting someone else take charge. Though, technically, the submissive holds all the power. Their submission is a gift and should never be taken lightly.”

“Huh?” Amira murmured, brows furrowing.

“For example, if you were someone’s submissive you might allow them to spank you. That’s a form of impact play and a lot of people enjoy it. But while you may enjoy being spanked by hand, you may *not* enjoy being spanked with toys such as paddles, crops, whips, things like that. So, you may agree to allow your dominant to bend you over their knee and spank you whenever they feel it necessary—you’ll have given them consent to do so previously—but your Dominant would *not* be allowed to bend you over and spank you with any objects. Nothing aside from their hands. You see? You submitted to them and allowed them to take control while simultaneously

keeping your own control and not doing something that you wouldn't feel comfortable with."

"I see," Amira nodded. "Well, tell me more about Dominants and submissives. Are there like, rules and things?"

"Of course," Casey nodded. "When you agree to enter a BDSM relationship and allow someone to become your dominant or submissive, there needs to be open discussion first. It's important to set rules and boundaries, punishments and rewards, things like that. There is usually a list of rules that you should go over, and you come up with them together. The rules can be whatever you want them to be, but both sides need to be okay with them. Common rules are usually something along the lines of 'no talking back', 'you must listen to and obey your Domme', you know, things like that. Some doms will have rules where you must refer to them as a particular name, like 'Mistress' or 'Master', for example. There can also be a very wide variety of rules. Some can be for health. I always have a rule that my subs must get at least eight hours of sleep every night, must eat at least three meals a day and must drink at least three bottles of water every day. They're simple rules, but I like enforcing them because I like for my subs to be happy and healthy. And for the sub, it can be nice to have someone there to tell them to do those things. Those are things that can be easy to forget to do when you get busy, so having someone there to remind you can be nice."

"Other rules can be sexual. Maybe your Domme will have a rule that you must put on a show for them every Saturday night or something," Casey shrugged. "So, you'd have to masturbate in front of them every Saturday or you'd be punished. There could be a rule where you must ask your Domme for permission before having an orgasm and you must thank them afterward too. There could also be a rule where you're not allowed to touch yourself without permission. The list of rules can be endless. As I said, you can have any rules you want, as long as both the Domme and sub are okay with them."

"What about rewards and punishments and things? What are those like?"

Amira rested her chin on her fist as she stared at Casey with wide eyes. Casey could see she was absolutely intrigued. Casey smiled to herself. Maybe this would indeed go exactly as she imagined it.

“That’s something that both the dom and the sub have to decide together as well. Punishments especially have to be discussed in great detail to make sure that both parties—especially the sub—are okay with them. There are physical punishments—like spanking or even overstimulation, edging—”

“What’s edging?”

“It’s when you get close to having an orgasm but then stop at the last second before you can have it. Then you get worked up once again until once again you think you’ll have an orgasm but once again, you stop before you get to have it. Having to go through that over and over again can be a great form of punishment—though it can also be fun. Maybe you might be banned from orgasm for a period of time as punishment.”

Casey felt excited just talking about it, explaining her world to someone she very much hoped would submit to her.

“Right, right,” Amira muttered, nodding. Her face looked golden in the hazy light. Her lips were full and she kept licking them nervously.

“Rewards can be whatever you want them to be, like with everything else. If your favorite snack is cotton candy, you can have cotton candy as a reward for being good. If your favorite thing to do is go bowling, you can go bowling as a reward. If there’s a sex toy that you love the most, you can get to use it as a reward. Things like that.”

“BDSM can be something that you engage in only in the bedroom. You could just be dominant and submissive in the bedroom and then have a regular, traditional relationship outside of that, but that’s not really how I like to go about things. For me, I like engaging in a BDSM lifestyle. I like getting to be a dominant at all times, not just in the bedroom. I like having a sub to take care of, and a sub that will serve me. Sexually, domestically, everything. Which is why I thought it best to be open. I have casual bedroom only flings.

That is also an option.”

“Phew.” Amira smiled. “It’s a lot to get my head around.”

“Right,” Casey let out a small breath of relief. “So, what do you think?”

“Well...” Amira sighed, sending Casey a small, apologetic smile. “Well, I’m intrigued. But, I’m not really a submissive person and I’m not sure how well I’d do with giving up my control...I just don’t know if it’d work out. I’m really sorry—” Casey felt it all slipping away. She had been so sure Amira had these natural submissive tendencies under her facade of complete control. She had been so sure Amira was desperate to give up control... but, maybe she was wrong.

“We can still be friends though, right?” Amira smiled sweetly and took Casey’s hand. “I really do like you, as a friend, I mean!” she added quickly, blushing. “It would be nice if we could still spend time together every once in a while. If you want?”

“Yeah, I think I’d really like that!” *That* was an understatement. I’d really like that, but I’d also really like to bend you over, tie you up and do a million filthy things to you.

Stop it, Casey.

As much as she wanted to be way more than just friends with Amira, she was at least happy to still have Amira in her life in some way. She genuinely enjoyed Amira’s company and the two of them got along so well.

“So...” Amira murmured after a few seconds of silence. “I guess I should be getting home then?”

“Oh, right,” Casey nodded. She tried to ignore the sinking feeling she had as Amira stood up and straightened her shirt. “Tonight was really fun, though. I really enjoyed watching you suffer on the teacups.”

“And I enjoyed watching you almost throw up on the merry-go-round,” Amira smirked. “I hope we can do something like that again soon.”

“Yeah, definitely!” Casey agreed as she stood up as well. “Maybe we could even have a beach trip one day. I mean, the weather’s always pretty

nice here and I think you'd have a lot of fun on the boardwalk if you haven't been there before."

"I haven't," Amira told her. "I'd love to go there with you! It's a date—I mean, no, not a date! Y-You know what I meant." Amira laughed awkwardly, and Casey couldn't help the genuine laugh that she let out in response. She wondered if Amira would always be this shy with her.

She had a feeling that the woman had a not-so-shy side to her as well, but unfortunately for her, she'd probably never get to see it. She tried not to think too hard about that as she grabbed her car keys.

"Come on, I should get you home before it gets too late. You need your rest."

Amira's cheeks tinted for the millionth time that day as she nodded. "Yeah, okay."

“**I** scheduled some more therapy sessions for Rina, and she’s pretty adamant about not wanting to be put on any medication so we’ll see how it goes. Honestly, I really think she’s gonna need some meds, but she is really worried about potential side effects damaging her performance.”

Amira was trying her best to focus on Casey as she spoke, but honestly, she was off in a whole other world.

Casey looked so smart and sexy and capable in her navy blue button down shirt with her sleeves casually rolled up to her elbows. Casey was effortlessly sexy. Amira found herself watching Casey’s lips and imagining them on her.

Amira had found herself non stop thinking about the kiss on the Ferris Wheel and everything Casey had explained to her afterwards.

Their date had been so much fun, and Amira couldn’t remember the last time that she’d laughed so much. She couldn’t remember the last time that she’d felt so carefree either. She finally got to let loose and just focus on having fun, not having to worry about being so serious for once. With Casey, she didn’t have to worry about whether or not she looked stupid either. Casey wasn’t afraid of looking dumb as long as she was having fun, and Amira really admired that. Casey really brought her to life.

Even after spending the past couple of days thinking about their date, it was even more at the forefront of her mind here in a meeting with Casey. Dr. Rosen, even.

Stay professional, Amira.

No matter how many times the same jokes, the same conversations, the same memories from the night ran through her head, she didn't get tired of them. She laughed every time she thought of their jokes. She blushed every time she thought of the sly remarks and flirtatious winks that Casey had sent her way. She smiled every time she thought of their kiss...

And no matter how hard she tried not to think about it, her mind just kept going right back to it. She couldn't get it out of her head.

It had been so romantic. The two of them on the Ferris wheel, the beautiful, bright lights from all the rides making for a gorgeous scene. The wind blowing their hair gently, the sound of kids screaming and laughing as they ran around below them, the smell of the delicious fair food drifting through the air. There were a million different things going on at once, yet the two of them had only been focused on each other. All the rest was a blur to Amira, but what she remembered very clearly was the feeling of Casey's lips finally coming into contact with her own.

She remembered how the kiss had started off soft and slow, both of them just testing the waters. And she remembered how the two of them had easily melted into the kiss in no time, tongues tangling together, lips parting and heads turning to deepen the kiss. It felt normal. Like they'd done it a million times before. It felt right.

Amira had felt as if her body was on fire as they'd shared their first kiss. It had felt as if a thousand bolts of electricity were running through her at once.

She'd almost felt as if she was suffocating. Casey had caged her in and the woman had been the only thing that Amira could focus on. She'd taken over each and every one of Amira's senses. Amira could only think of her

while they engaged in their kiss. Casey's hands on her. Casey's mouth on hers. Casey's perfume became more noticeable than any of the other smells around. Casey, Casey, Casey. All Amira had been able to think about was Casey. And she'd loved that.

It was so easy to feel happy and light when Casey was the only thing running through her mind. It was as if she was incapable of thinking about anything aside from the younger woman and that had been such an amazing feeling. Amira hadn't been able to stop thinking about it yet.

She knew she needed to. After all, they'd both agreed that they'd only be acting as friends and colleagues from now on, so it would probably be for the best if Amira could stop thinking about their kiss every two seconds...

But it was easier said than done.

Amira was really starting to want to kick her own ass for turning Casey down. They'd just been about to end the night on a high note. A very, very high note.

Amira was convinced that she could've come from that damn kiss alone. She could only imagine how amazing it would've been if she and Casey had actually had sex.

Amira wondered if she was just torturing herself. She couldn't even *attempt* to pretend that she didn't want Casey. She did want Casey. Very badly. So, why was she denying herself the pleasure that would come with being with her?

Was this because of the divorce? Was she still hung up on that? Maybe she was just scared to move on from her ex-wife, and maybe that's why she'd turned Casey down...

No, that wasn't it. Amira was more than ready to move on.

Or was she?

The whole reason their marriage had failed was because their spark had gone out. The love and passion that they'd once had had faded away. They began boring each other half to death. They never tried anything new.

When they had sex, it was vanilla, and more like a chore than anything else. But that had been back when they still *did* have sex. They'd completely stopped nearly four years before their marriage ended.

Amira had often wished that they could try other things sexually, although she had never actually voiced her thoughts.

Rachel had always wanted to stick to what she knew. She wasn't a fan of trying new things, and Amira had respected that, but she'd never stopped wanting to step outside the box for a bit.

Now, she was finally getting what she'd been wanting. A chance to try something new. And she was turning it down, why?

She didn't know anything about BDSM. She was intrigued, but wary. She had done her own research on the internet yesterday and she moved between being endlessly turned on at the thought of trying something like this with Casey and admonishing herself for being ridiculous. This wasn't the kind of thing self respecting doctors engaged in. Was it?

Amira wasn't even sure she was even the slightest bit submissive. She was a confident, independent woman. She was a doctor for christ's sake, head of her department, no less. Her whole life and career had been forged through not being submissive.

Amira watched as Casey moved to type up some notes. Her fingers flying across the keyboard looked so sexy.

Oh god, I'm so intrigued by her.

Should she talk to Casey about it? Should she try it? Try a sex only casual fling? It's not that she had a problem with having sex with Casey—obviously, she *wanted* to do that—but wouldn't that be stupid? They'd agreed to be friends and colleagues. Friends and colleagues *only*. They shouldn't complicate things even more by having sex when they'd already decided that they weren't going to date because they weren't a match for each other...

And Amira had *never* considered herself a casual sex kind of girl.

But hadn't they only decided that they weren't a match because Amira hadn't been sure that she'd be interested in the BDSM lifestyle? That was really the only thing standing in their way, but if she could get out of her own way on that front, there was no real reason they couldn't try something?

So, wouldn't it be a good idea to try things out? Maybe they *should* have sex. That way Amira could see what it was like to be a submissive. Maybe she'd like it, maybe she could have a bit of fun and enjoy herself for a change.

But what if she *didn't* like it? Then things would just be more complicated, which was exactly what Amira didn't want.

God. She was just thinking in complete circles at this point. There was so much of a push and pull going on in her mind that she was starting to get a headache.

And shit...She'd barely heard a word that Casey, or more accurately, Dr. Rosen had said.

Though, when she looked down at her clipboard, she saw that she'd been scribbling notes. She wondered how on Earth she managed to do that.

She quickly shook her head when she began wondering about that. The last thing she needed was *more* questions running through her mind right now.

"Does that all sound good?" Casey raised her brow.

"Oh...Um..."

Fuck. What did she say?

Amira quickly scanned her notes, letting out a nervous laugh as she did. Everything that she'd written down looked good, so she nodded. "Yeah, that...that sounds good."

"Great. We'll see if this helps her get back on the right track," Casey continued talking. "If not, we'll go with plan B, but either way, she's gonna be alright. We'll help her however we can, yeah?"

Amira's eyes darted around quickly, going from Casey's lips as she

licked them, down to Casey's abnormally attractive hands as she wrote on her own clipboard, up to Casey's ruffled short brown hair as a few strands fell over her eyes...

Damn. Why was this woman so hot?

Christ. Amira hadn't thought of anyone as *hot* since high school. Maybe college.

"Yeah," Amira murmured.



EVEN AFTER WORK, Amira continued thinking nonstop about Casey. She was starting to get a little concerned with how much Casey was on her mind. It was as if she were obsessed with her or something, and she'd never felt this way before, not even with her ex-wife.

And to make matters worse, the thoughts got progressively dirtier as the day went on. Amira didn't finish eating her dinner because she was too busy fidgeting around, squeezing her legs together, and trying to will herself not to give in to the urge to touch herself as she imagined Casey picking her up and putting her on top of the counter, forcing her legs open, and eating her out right then and there.

Amira had to cut her bath short because she kept eyeing the showerhead and contemplating whether or not she should use it to get herself off as she imagined Casey bathing with her, soapy hands massaging her skin softly, fingers brushing over her nipples, and sliding down her body until they reached her sex.

Even while she was watching her favorite show before bed, she couldn't focus on it because her mind was preoccupied with thoughts of Casey sitting next to her on the couch, watching the show with her until she got bored, and then she'd turn the tv off, climb on top of Amira, and strip off her clothes before having her way with her for who knows how many hours.

Amira was practically drooling as she pictured it, and when she finally snapped herself back to reality, she decided that it'd be best to just get to bed. She had work the next day anyway, and she'd hardly slept last night so she might as well turn in early tonight to make up for it.

But it was at least two hours after she'd laid down and she was still wide awake, in the same exact boat that she'd been in the night before. Unable to get a wink of sleep because Casey was constantly running through her head, and this time, it was even worse because she wasn't even having harmless thoughts anymore. No, now she was just thinking of Casey bending her over and spanking her.

She'd never thought about being spanked before. She'd never fantasized about it, she'd never wanted it, she'd never even thought of it. But now she was wondering how that'd feel. She couldn't imagine that *anything* that required her being bent over Casey's lap would feel bad.

She wondered if Casey was even into spanking. Casey hadn't explicitly stated what she was into personally during her general overview and Amira suddenly felt like she needed to know specifics. Her mind was running on overdrive.

It was so hot in this room. Amira could swear that she'd turned the air conditioning on before laying down, but maybe she hadn't.

Oh, well. She'd just have to take her shirt and panties off to cool herself down.

And she was *only* taking them off because she was hot. That was what she told herself as she squirmed her way out of the thin fabric, even as she could clearly hear the air conditioner running.

When she settled herself back in bed, she let out a quiet sigh as she crossed her ankles and rested her hands on her bare stomach, shivering a little from how cool it was in the room.

Her mind was completely empty for a few seconds.

But then...

I wonder what she likes to be called.

She'd used the examples of Mistress and Master. What did Casey prefer to be called? Probably Mistress. Wasn't *master* just what males were referred to anyway? But Casey didn't seem like the type to care about which terms were traditionally used with which gender anyway. *Daddy* sprung to mind suddenly. Maybe Casey likes to be Daddy?

Mistress...That was alright.

"Mistress," she murmured aloud. She liked the sound of it. "Ma'am." She liked the sound of that too.

"Daddy." Amira squirmed.

She let out another sigh as she repositioned herself, uncrossing her ankles and allowing her legs to spread a little. Her fingers twitched where they rested on her stomach and she closed her eyes, allowing them to trail down a little farther.

This was wrong. In her mind, at least. She was not supposed to be touching herself to the thought of Casey, especially not after they'd agreed to just be friends. Friends did *not* masturbate to the thought of each other.

And yet, before she could even stop herself, her fingers began to move around her clitoris. She felt herself and she was wet.

She tried to think of something else as she slipped her fingers inside of herself and then back to her clit. Weren't there a few attractive celebrities that she could think about instead? What was the last porn she'd watched? She really didn't watch much porn. Wouldn't she prefer to think about that?

But no. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't think of anything else. Her mind always drifted right back to Casey, and nothing else turned her on like that.

Her fingers moved faster.

Amira wondered what it would be like to have Casey on top of her, caging her in and pinning her like she'd done on the Ferris wheel.

She bit her lip as she imagined that her own fingers belonged to Casey

instead, her back arching as she crooked them inside of herself a few times in between playing with her clit.

Or maybe she shouldn't imagine that they were Casey's fingers after all. Actually, she'd rather imagine that Casey was sitting at the end of her bed, watching closely as she fucked herself.

Amira wondered if Casey had that rule. The one about the sub having to put on a show for their Domme every Saturday. Was that a rule that Casey liked to have for her subs? Amira felt madly turned on at the thought of Casey watching her touching herself and directing her as she did.

She moaned as she pushed the covers off of her, exposing herself to the cool room, her eyes squeezed shut as she pictured what the expression on Casey's face would be if she was right there watching.

She wondered if Casey would comment on how desperate she looked right now. Fucking herself, whining and moaning like a pathetic slut. She wondered if Casey would make her beg for help. Make her beg for Casey to come and fuck her.

Oh god, she would beg for Casey to fuck her, she realised there and then, "Please, Mistress, fuck me..."

Amira came abruptly, body seizing as she let out a broken cry. She could hardly catch her breath as her body tensed and twitched, her eyes widening as she realized how quickly she'd managed to make herself come.

Holy shit.

If she could get herself off in barely minutes by just thinking about Casey, then she wondered just how damn fast Casey herself would be able to get her off.

Fuck.

She shouldn't be thinking like that.

They were just friends.



“DR. ALVAREZ. Your new soccer player will be in in ten minutes. She is running late.”

“Uh, Thanks, Michelle.”

“And your meeting with Dr. Roman from the ER will be at 10.30am in the board room.”

“What’s that meeting about?”

“You know, the sprinter who was in the ER yesterday with a ruptured achilles tendon. Had to go into surgery.”

“Oh, yes. Thanks.”

Amira watched as Casey walked past. “Have a good day Dr. Alvarez.”

Casey smiled and it was every inch as charming as it always was.

Fuck

Amira could hardly focus on anything aside from the insistent throbbing between her legs, especially when Casey was anywhere nearby.

Amira was really kicking herself for letting Casey get to her like this. Casey probably wasn’t even thinking of Amira anymore, yet Amira felt like she was losing her mind because Casey was all that she could think about.

She hated that she was so distracted. It was affecting her work now and that was ridiculous.

She felt herself blushing. “Uh, thanks...” she called to Casey’s retreating back. Her pants looked snug around her ass and Amira couldn’t help watching. She cleared her throat. “Have a good day too, Dr. Rosen.”

Casey turned and winked at her.

Amira went through the entire day feeling feverish—and that was her excuse for her unusual behavior as well. She’d told her coworkers that she was just feeling a little sick. She wasn’t sure that any of them believed her, but they were at least kind enough to nod and go along with it.

Amira was *beyond* relieved when it was finally time to go home, though she still continued to suffer even outside of work. Once again, she went through her day constantly thinking about Casey and trying to resist the urge

to touch herself as she thought of the woman. Once again, she turned into bed early, and once again, she ended up stripping herself of all her clothes and touching herself to an orgasm.

Though, it hardly provided any relief. She'd felt satisfied enough to actually go to sleep after reaching her climax last night, but tonight, she felt as if she'd only made things worse. It wasn't enough. She wanted *more*. She wanted Casey.

When she'd first come home from work, she'd poured herself a large glass of wine, downed it all, and then poured another. She'd continued sipping on her wine throughout the rest of the night as well.

Maybe that was why she ended up reaching blindly for her cellphone, hands still shaking after her first orgasm of the night as she felt around for it on her nightstand. When she finally found it, she dropped it twice before finally managing to hold it in front of her face.

Amira didn't even have enough common decency to regret sending the text after she'd sent it. Perhaps the wine had canceled her guilty conscience out.

I want to know more.

It was a simple enough text. Really, it could've meant anything. Amira could've been talking about anything! But Casey answered the text within just a minute, and it was clear that she knew perfectly well what Amira wanted to know more about.

Yeah? What do you want to know?

Amira wasn't sure, exactly. She wanted to know more, but she didn't even know where to start. She decided to ask Casey about her personal preferences first and foremost since she was curious to know about those.

Do you like spanking? Do you want to spank me?

Maybe it was too forward. It was *definitely* too forward. But Amira had been thinking about it a lot and she really wanted to know.

If that's something you're interested in then yes, absolutely, I do.

The answer had Amira rolling around the bed, giggling like a schoolgirl as she clutched her cellphone to her chest. When she finally managed to collect herself again, she thought of her next question.

What are some of your rules?

Amira wondered if they were the kinds of rules that she wouldn't mind following so much. Like the "having to put on a show" rule. She definitely wouldn't mind following that one.

No touching yourself without my permission. No coming without my permission. Those are two of my most important rules, sexually.

Well, Amira had definitely already broken those. Not that she had to follow them anyway. She wasn't Casey's sub. She pouted at that thought.

What if I break those rules?

You get punished.

How would you punish me?

Amira held her breath as she waited for a response. Her heart pounded in her chest as she saw Casey typing, and her eyes widened once she saw the message that Casey had sent.

You're not my sub so don't worry too much about that. You're horny, right? That's why you're texting me? I want you to open your legs and touch yourself right now. And don't stop texting me while you do.

Amira froze as she thought about whether or not she wanted to do that. *Of course* she did. That was the whole reason why she'd even texted Casey in the first place. She was horny beyond belief and she needed the woman to help her out because she was the cause of it anyway. But was this really a smart idea?

Probably not, but it was too late to go back now. Amira was already dripping wet and desperate to get some relief, and she'd already texted Casey so there was no reason to chicken out now.

Okay.

Amira wanted to slap herself for sending the one-word reply. That could

be a conversation killer and the last thing she wanted to do was ruin the mood by giving one-worded answers, but she didn't know what else to say and she couldn't think properly as her fingers trailed through her wetness once again.

It was no problem, though. Casey responded easily.

I bet you've been touching yourself while thinking about me before this too, haven't you? I bet you've made yourself come while thinking about me. Thinking about what could've happened on the night of our date. Right?

Casey really was inside of her head, wasn't she? It was as if the woman was reading her mind.

Yes, I have.

Tell me exactly what you thought about to make yourself come.

Amira blushed, eyes rolling into the back of her head already.

Texting with one hand was a little difficult and it was distracting her from the task at hand. She was good at multitasking but texting while touching yourself seemed to be a bit of a learning curve, and it was definitely an inconvenience.

Wouldn't it be easier if I called you to tell you?

Is that what I asked you to do, baby? Did I ask you to call me? Or did I just ask you to tell me?

Hm.

Amira had a feeling that this was just Casey's way of asserting her dominance, and she definitely wasn't complaining about it because, holy shit, it was hot.

She typed slowly, pausing occasionally as she rubbed circles around her clit, two fingers pushing in and out of her wetness sporadically as she did. It was hard to keep going because she was so sensitive from her previous orgasm and she wasn't used to having more than one in a night, but she was determined to have another one, so she pushed herself, moaning quietly as she did.

I thought about what it would be like to be underneath you while you

fucked me with your fingers. I thought about you kissing me. Kissing my neck. Playing with my nipples while you rubbed my clit and fucked me with your fingers. Then I imagined you sitting at the edge of my bed just watching me while I put on a show for you. Telling me what to do. Telling me I'm filthy. Making me do whatever you want me to.

Amira's cheeks burned as she sent the text message, her stomach filling with warmth as she waited for Casey's response. She could barely admit this to herself, yet here she was, telling Casey.

Is that what you want, sweetheart? You want to put on a show for me? You want me to sit and watch you while you play with your pretty little pussy for me? You're an attention whore, huh? You want all my attention on you. You want me to watch you fuck yourself like a filthy little slut, don't you?

Amira whined quietly as she read the text over and over again, her mouth falling open as she sped up her fingers, fucking herself faster and harder. She wanted to come again *badly*, and she was so, so close.

Having Casey talk down to her was only turning her on even more. She'd never realized that that was something that she was into, but apparently, it was because the words went straight down to her core, which was throbbing as she let out a quiet sob, squeezing her eyes closed as she began grinding against her fingers.

She didn't even realize that a few minutes had gone by without her responding until Casey sent her another text.

Don't ignore me, baby, I'm the reason you're so close to getting that orgasm that you want so badly anyway. You wouldn't be nearly as worked up if it weren't for me. You've been thinking about me ever since our date. Been imagining me fucking you every second of the day, haven't you? I've seen you at work, I've seen how distracted you are and how you adjust how you are sitting because your panties are wet.

Once again, Casey was in Amira's head, and *that* was the understatement of the century. Amira couldn't remember the last time she'd been so

desperate to orgasm.

I'm so close! was all she could manage to type up. And even that short sentence was filled with tons of typos. Proper spelling was the last thing on her mind right about now.

Casey responded with lightning speed.

You're gonna come any second now, huh?

Yes!!

Alright. Do you want to be a good girl for me, Amira? Do you like it when I tell you what to do? Do you want to follow my orders?

Yes please!

Okay. Stop touching yourself. Now.

Amira's movements faltered, her fingers slowing down and eventually coming to a complete stop, her brows furrowing as she read the text message several times to be sure that she'd read it correctly.

She was tempted to just keep going anyway, but for some reason, she couldn't bring herself to do it.

I stopped.

Amira sent back, narrowing her eyes at her stupid phone screen. She let out a loud huff when she read the next message.

You're not lying? You really did follow my directions? You're not touching yourself anymore?

No, I'm not touching myself anymore.

She sent every angry face emoji that she could find and let out another huff when Casey sent a few laughing emojis back, along with,

Good...That's how I would punish you.

Amira regretted asking that stupid question earlier. *How would you punish me? Who gives a damn? Why the Hell had she asked?!*

I'm not your sub so you can't punish me :(let me finish please. Please. I need to so badly.

She sent back quickly. She let out a happy squeal when Casey replied.

Go ahead. Come for me. Your orgasm is mine.

Oh, she *did*.

It was seconds later when she was moaning loudly, back arching off the bed as her body spasmed and her orgasm rushed through every inch of her body. This was the orgasm that finally satiated her. This was the orgasm that rocked her world.

She could hardly catch her breath, her legs trembling and hands shaking as she attempted to find her phone. She'd previously thrown it halfway across the bed mid-orgasm.

When she finally managed to find it where it was buried within her sheets, she brought it up to her face again, squinting her eyes in an effort to see the screen even though her vision was blurry.

She bit her lip, contemplating as she read the text message.

I would have loved to see your face when you came. Maybe I'll get to see it soon?

Maybe.

Back at work, Casey was playing it cool. Amira didn't bring up the text sex, so neither did she. Days had gone by and Casey had watched Amira squirm when they were in meetings together. Casey ran her eyes over Amira's body as though she was starving and Amira was her next meal and Amira looked like the deer caught in the headlights just as Casey enjoyed.

They had been in a whole team meeting in the boardroom to discuss all of the athletes they were currently treating and Casey noticed as the other staff dispersed that Amira was waiting and looking anxious. Casey waited too. Suddenly they were the only two left in the big room and you could cut the sexual tension between them with a knife.

"What can I do for you, Dr. Alvarez?" Casey asked coolly.

"I think I'm interested in learning more about BDSM," Amira spoke quietly, barely above a whisper, fiddling with her thumbs as she did. "I'd like an in person lesson if that's alright..."

Casey smiled. "Why don't you say *please* for me, baby. Ask me nicely and loudly. Then, I'll think about it."

Casey was very much enjoying watching Amira squirm.

She watched Amira's breasts bob as she took a deep breath. "Please will you give me an in person BDSM lesson. I'd like to try, please."

Amira looked down at the floor.

“Look at me.” Casey put a finger under Amira’s chin and raised it to look at her.

“Saturday evening I will give you your in person lesson. Friday evening, you will meet me at the Jam Cafe on Sherwood Street and we will discuss what will happen on Saturday.”



FRIDAY EVENING CAME and Casey waited in a booth at the very back of Jam Cafe.

When Amira arrived, she looked gorgeous, her hair was wild and curly and her lipstick was dark red on her full lips. Casey smiled. “Thanks for coming. Sit down.” Amira shuffled into the booth opposite her.

Casey had come prepared.

“Communication and consent are the two most important things when it comes to any relationship and any sexual encounter, but *especially* with BDSM, it’s very important. You have to be open and honest with me about everything, and the same goes for me as well. We both need to communicate clearly with each other. Thoughts, feelings, likes and dislikes, rules and boundaries, everything needs to be discussed in depth so that we can have a safe session and it can be enjoyable for both of us.”

Amira nodded, staring at Casey with her usual wide-eyed innocence as she listened closely.

“First and foremost, I want to know what exactly it is that intrigues you about BDSM. Is there anything in particular that you’d like to try? What’s most appealing to you?”

“Well...I guess I’ve realised I enjoy being told what to do. Following your orders,” Amira murmured. “I do like when you take control. And I like the idea of exploring things with you. Spanking, for one thing. That’s something

I never thought I'd be interested in, but I'm very curious about it and I'd like to try it. I'm not sure if I'd like it, so I'm sorry if I don't—"

"You don't apologize for not being into something," Casey told her quickly. "There's nothing to apologize for. Everyone has preferences and it's completely okay if you try something and don't like it."

"Right," Amira smiled. "Well, I'd love to try it and see. Other than that, I really liked it when you called me a filthy slut." She looked demurely down and Casey felt her own clit pulsing. "Well, that surprised me anyway, how much I liked it. But, yeah, there's nothing else in particular that I have in mind, but that's mostly because I still don't know a whole lot about BDSM."

Casey nodded, pushing one of the sheets of paper toward her for her to see. "I made a list of common kinks and fetishes and different types of play that you can look at. You can see if there's anything that sounds interesting to you and if you'd be interested in trying it, you can put a checkmark beside it. Does that sound okay?"

"Yes, thank you." Amira nodded.

"It's no problem. This is all new to you and it can be a little overwhelming, so we won't try too many new things at once. We'll take things slow and just test the waters for a bit, alright? You can think of our first session as a training session. It won't be too different than what you might already be used to when it comes to sex. Nothing too extreme."

"No spanking?" Amira asked looking almost disappointed.

Casey chuckled. "No, no spanking, but don't worry. We'll get to that soon enough. It's important to pace yourself," she reminded Amira.

Amira nodded obediently.

"Is there anything on the list that makes you uncomfortable? Anything you know right off the bat that you wouldn't be interested in?"

"Maybe being whipped or caned or anything really painful like that."

"Understandable," Casey nodded. "Anything else?"

"No, I don't think so."

“Okay...Is there anything that you don’t want to hear? Is there anything that I said that night when we were texting that made you uncomfortable? I did a bit of name-calling and I know that isn’t for everyone—”

“Oh no,” Amira quickly shook her head, letting out a shy chuckle. “No, that was alright. I liked it a lot. I don’t know why, because if someone called me a slut in real life, I’d go crazy at them.”

“You might be into degradation and humiliation, it’s a common kink.” Casey mumbled, mostly to herself. She licked her lip before clearing her throat. “Now, would you like to go over the rules?”

“Yes!” Amira nodded quickly, looking excited. Casey chuckled, “I knew you had this desire to submit inside of you. I’m excited to teach you.” She smiled and touched Amira’s hand on the table top and Amira nearly jumped off the chair.

“There won’t be too many rules since we’re just easing you in. Just a couple. Number one and number two, no orgasms without my permission, and you must say thank you after you’ve had your orgasm. Just like I mentioned before. Rule number three, you have to use your manners. Say please when you ask for things—and you *must* ask nicely for things, not demand. I’m the one in charge, so you don’t tell me what to do, ever—and say thank you if you get what you want.”

“Rule number four, you will call me, Daddy. You’ll say ‘yes, Daddy’ or ‘no, Daddy’, or ‘Please, Daddy,’ always. It goes hand in hand with the whole *using your manners* thing. We’ll just start with these four rules since they’re simple enough. That sound good?”

“Yes, sounds great.” Amira nodded.

“Great,” Casey smiled. “If everything goes well and you decide that you’d like to continue learning after this session then I’ll introduce a few more rules to you, and of course, we’ll try more things out. I hope everything goes well because I’d *love* nothing more than to tie you up to my bed and have my way with you for a few hours. Bondage is my absolute favorite—are

you alright?”

Casey’s blunt words had caused Amira to choke on her coffee. Amira recovered and nodded nonetheless, blushing furiously as she tried to quiet her loud hacking down before she drew attention. “I-I’m fine!” she squeaked.

Casey lifted her own drink up to her lips to hide her amused smirk. “Anyway...Once you take a look at that list and pick out some things that you’d be interested in trying, I’ll introduce you to them over time. We can explore together, see what you really enjoy and see if there’s anything that you don’t like. It’s important for you to remember that you have full control here, in terms of what we do in the bedroom. You have every right to change your mind at any time. If you decide that you no longer want to do something, then that’s absolutely fine. If you’re not enjoying something that we’re doing, then that’s absolutely fine, and you can stop it. You’ll need to come up with a safe word, which is something that you can say at any time if things get to be too much or become unenjoyable.”

“Right...Why can’t I just say stop?” Amira furrowed her brows.

“You might tell me to stop without actually wanting me to stop,” Casey shrugged. “Like if you’ve been overstimulated, for example, you might feel oversensitive and you might tell me to stop whatever it is that I’m doing, but you might actually want me to keep going at the same time, you know? It’s like when you masturbate and it feels so good but at the same time, it’s too much. But at the same time, you just want to keep going.”

“Ah.” Amira nodded. She knew that feeling very well.

“Yeah. You could be telling me to stop but at the same time, you want me to keep going. That can even be a part of our play. Some subs like for their Domme to force them to take all the pleasure that they’re being given, even if it gets to be too much for them. Some subs like for their Domme to torture them a bit. To overpower them and do whatever they want with them, regardless of what they say. Some subs enjoy the feeling of begging their Domme to stop, only to have their pleas ignored.”

Amira squeezed her legs together, shifting around uncomfortably in her seat. Casey enjoyed watching her.

“But there still needs to be a way to communicate that they truly *do* want to stop if that’s the case. Which is why it’s important to have a safe word. A safe word will *never* be ignored. Everything comes to an immediate stop if a safe word is used.”

“I see,” Amira nodded. “I’d like my safe word to be *Dr. Rosen* then. It’s just your name, but I’m not supposed to call you that while we’re doing a scene, right? Only ma’am or mistress. Obviously at work, things are different.”

“At work things are *very* different.” Casey smiled. “That will work then. Just don’t forget.”

“Right...Now, be honest with me,” Amira sat up straight and sent Casey a serious look. “I know that you have a lot of experience with this and you must have had a lot of subs in the past. Since I’m new to this, I know I won’t be as good as the others were...You won’t get mad if I don’t do something right, right? I understand that there will be punishments and things if I don’t follow the rules, but you won’t *really* be mad at me if I don’t do something right...Right? And if I don’t like something that you do like, like bondage. You just said that you wanted to tie me up. Won’t you be disappointed if I don’t enjoy that?”

“No,” Casey told her firmly. “I won’t be angry if you do something wrong. I know that you’re still learning and I completely understand that. And punishments won’t be introduced for a while, so you don’t even have to worry about that right now. I also won’t be upset if you’re not into something that I am. One of the most fulfilling parts of being a Domme for me personally is having a happy and satisfied sub. I like to give pleasure just as much as I like to receive it, if not more, and I genuinely feel happiest when my sub is happy. Knowing that you’re enjoying the scene and everything that happens in it is the most important thing to me. If you don’t like something

that we do, that's fine. If you don't like something that I personally enjoy, that's fine. It's just important to me that you don't hesitate to let me know that. I feel proud when my sub can communicate with me easily, so please don't hesitate to tell me if you don't enjoy something, and don't worry about what my reaction will be if you don't. I'll be happy with you as long as you're honest with me, understand?"

Amira couldn't keep the smile off her face as she nodded.

"I understand. I trust you and I feel very safe with you."

"Great, those are vitally important things if you are to give control of your body over to me." Casey told her. "Now, another important thing that we need to talk about is aftercare. It's very important. Aftercare is what happens after a scene ends. It's possible for you to have a sub drop after a scene, and it's possible for me to have a drop too although I am experienced in recognising it in myself. To prevent that from happening, aftercare is very important. There are many different forms of aftercare, but my favorite is just enjoying a relaxing bath together and talking about everything that happened in the scene. We can talk about what we liked, and if there's anything that we didn't like, we can talk about that too. This gives us a chance to communicate with each other right after we've finished and clue each other in on how we're feeling."

Amira nodded in understanding, so Casey continued.

"After having a nice bath, I like to get my sub dressed into something cozy, get you a nice snack, and then we can cuddle in bed and watch your favorite comfort show or just continue to talk, whatever you want. Usually, we'll end up falling asleep before long anyway, but that's just in case we don't."

"That sounds really nice. I had no idea there was so much to it." Amira sighed a little, smiling as she stared at Casey and rested her chin on her hand.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Casey laughed, eyes darting around at Amira as her cheeks tinted a pretty pink color.

“No reason...” Amira let out a quiet laugh of her own.

“Well...Anyway,” Casey cleared her throat, taking a sip of her drink.

“Um, we still have more to discuss, so...Shall we?”

“Yeah,” Amira nodded. “Let’s continue.”

The following night, Amira had hardly known what to do with herself as she got ready and drove to Casey's house. She was both incredibly nervous and incredibly excited, anxious and giddy, and slightly worried too. She was worried that she wouldn't like whatever it was that they'd be doing tonight, but she also had a feeling that she was worried for no reason. Casey had told her that they wouldn't be doing anything too crazy tonight, so she was sure that she didn't have much to be worried about.

Still, she spent the entire drive to Casey's house going over the rules that they'd discussed over and over again.

Rule number one, no coming without Casey's permission. Rule number two, say thank you after having an orgasm. Rule number three, use manners. Rule number four, say *yes, Daddy* or *no, Daddy*.

Safe word is *Dr. Rosen*.

These were simple enough, weren't they?

But Amira was a *bit* of an over-thinker, which is why she spent the whole car ride panicking as she thought of all the worst-case scenarios that could happen. What if she came so hard that she couldn't talk and thus was unable to say thank you? What if her mind went completely blank and she forgot the word *Daddy* altogether? What if she came without permission? She wasn't exactly great at controlling when she had her orgasms lately.

She was sure that it wouldn't be a huge deal if she forgot one of the rules tonight, but what if it was? What if Casey decided that she would make a horrible sub and no longer wanted to teach her?



“STRIP FOR ME,” Casey said as she relaxed, fully dressed, in the armchair.

Amira had never stripped for anyone but her hands moved instinctively to her blouse and she began to unbutton it and slip her shoulders out of it and it dropped it on the floor. She slipped out of her pencil skirt realising for a second she was standing there in just her underwear and her high heels. She snuck a shy look at Casey and she saw the way Casey was looking at her so hungrily.

Oh god, it made her soaking wet when she saw Casey look at her like that.

“Bra next.” Casey directed and Amira slipped out of her bra. What had happened to her? A month ago, she could never have imagined stripping for anyone and yet, now, her desire for Casey was so great that she knew she would do anything she asked. She unclipped her bra and released her breasts. Her breasts dropped as the bra came off and Amira thought for a minute she might feel self conscious, but she didn't. She had never felt as utterly desirable as she did when Casey looked at her.

“Mmmm.” Casey smiled approvingly. “Turn around and roll your panties down slowly, bending over as you do so.”

Amira found herself obeying without question. She turned away from Casey and rolled her red lace panties down. She had on her best underwear, but it hadn't lasted long. She leant forwards as she edged the panties down her thighs, down her legs to the floor.

“You look fucking delicious.” Casey called. “You are also dripping wet. I can't wait to taste you.”

Amira felt herself squirming as though she might melt into the floor in a puddle of wetness. She had never felt as turned on as she did in that moment.

“Come and stand here in front of me and open your legs.”

Casey’s order was firm and Amira turned and walked to Casey, still wearing her heels. She spread her legs slightly as she stood in front of her.

“Wider,” demanded Casey and Amira obeyed immediately. It was almost as though her body moved of its own accord when Casey gave the orders.

Casey leant back in her armchair and enjoyed a long swig of her beer.

Amira felt her body quivering in desire.

Please touch me. Please touch me. Please touch me.

Casey made no move to touch her.

“Touch yourself for me. Run your fingers through your wetness and play with your clit. I want to watch.”

Casey’s eyes moved between Amira’s face and her pussy and Amira felt herself blushing again as she began to touch herself. She couldn’t believe she was touching herself in front of Casey, Dr. Rosen, who she worked with. What on earth had happened to her?

“Please, uh, Daddy, can I come?” Amira asked early, knowing how turned on she was, knowing, her orgasm might come upon her quickly now she was touching her own sticky wetness.

“No,” said Casey, firmly. “Take your hand away.”

Amira felt herself aching and pulsing at the loss.

Please touch me. Please touch me. Please touch me.

“Come here, sit on my knee, bring your right hand to my lips.”

Amira felt her eyes widen in excitement and nerves as she moved forwards trying to gracefully sit on Casey’s strong denim clad thighs.

She felt her wetness seeping out of her as she sat on Casey’s lap and raised her right hand to Casey’s mouth as instructed. Casey inhaled deeply and smiled as if the scent of her was the most intoxicating thing she had ever smelt, then she opened her mouth and took Amira’s index and middle finger

in her mouth, running her tongue over them and between them before releasing them.

“Push your fingers inside yourself and then let me taste them again.”

Amira reached obediently between her legs, there was no elegant way of doing this, she crooked her wrist around and pushed two fingers inside of herself, the same two that had just been in Casey’s mouth. She was soaking wet, they slid inside and felt good. She gasped. But she had to remove them straight away and give them back to Casey, so she did as she was told and raised her hand again to Casey’s mouth. She could see her fingers this time were more slick and sticky with her arousal. Casey licked her lips and opened her mouth taking her two fingers in and sucking them clean. Amira felt like Casey sucking her fingers was the most erotic thing she could ever imagine.

Amira felt so close to Casey like this on her lap with Casey’s right arm around her touching her hip. She thought any minute Casey might take her and fuck her, and her anticipation built.

“You taste even better than I imagined. And, *trust me*, I’ve been imagining it.”

Amira craved to know what Casey had been imagining.

“Ok, stand up again.”

Amira stood and positioned herself as before with her legs apart.

“When was the last time you used a sex toy?”

“um..” Amira mumbled and nothing coherent came out.

“When I ask a question, you have to answer it, baby,” Casey reminded.

Amira didn’t know what to say.

“I said when was the last time you played with a sex toy?”

“I—” Amira was finding it a little difficult to come up with a proper response. The second she opened her mouth to speak, Casey leant forwards so her face was only inches from Amira’s sex, she put a hand on the outside of each of Amira’s thighs. Amira jolted and nearly jumped into the sky.

“Did I say you could move?” Casey reminded.

“No, Daddy.” Amira tried as hard as she could to stay still with Casey’s hands suddenly on her legs and Casey’s mouth so very tantalisingly close to her.

“As for sex toys, Daddy... well, I haven’t, not for a long time. Maybe five or six years ago.”

“And, what was the toy?”

Amira took a deep breath and got all the words out. “It was a vibrating dildo, the kind that goes inside and also has a bit on the outside that stimulates the clit.”

“And, did you like it? You like to be fucked with something like that? You liked how it felt inside of you?” Casey moved her right hand to the inside of Amira’s thigh and Amira felt herself begin to shake. She nodded.

“Don’t nod. Tell me.”

“I liked it. Yes, Daddy. I like being fucked.”

Who am I?

Casey’s right hand brushed against her wetness and Amira felt herself desperate to grind down against Casey’s hand.

“Do you want me to fuck you now?” Casey looked her directly in the eye and Amira thought she might come there and then.

“Yes please, Daddy, please fuck me.”

Amira squeaked, eyes rolling back, as Casey’s middle finger slid in between the folds of her sex. When the tip of Casey’s finger curled forwards hitting her G spot, Amira sucked in a sharp breath, nearly choking on her own saliva as she lifted her head up, body tensing up and she quivered and shook.

Casey just kept her finger there and didn’t move. She looked up at Amira’s quivering body as though she was enjoying herself.

“Please,” Amira cried. “Please, please, please. I need it, please!”

Casey smirked and removed her finger. “Not quite yet, I don’t think.”

Tears slipped down Amira’s cheeks as she felt the loss of Casey’s single

finger. She was practically *aching* with the need to have Casey properly inside of her, fucking her. She had never wanted sex this much in her entire life.

Amira watched as Casey reached down to a box next to her chair that Amira hadn't yet noticed.

"This is a traditional Hitachi magic wand. It goes against your clit, it is very powerful." Casey wielded an instrument that looked a bit like a microphone. "Plug it in." Casey handed her the cable and gestured to the wall. Amira leant down and plugged in the vibrator.

Amira stared at the toy in Casey's lap with wide eyes, interested. It looked cool.

"Where did you get something like this?" Amira asked. She had never seen anything quite like that. A vibrator that plugged in. Crazy!

"There's a sex shop in Forest Vale, you know?"

"You went into a sex shop?!" Amira gasped.

Casey chuckled. "Yes, I did. I've been a few times. And I'm planning to make a few more visits too. I'd like to buy some more toys for you. You're welcome to join me if you want—"

"No, that's okay," Amira said quickly. She couldn't imagine walking into a sex shop. She might actually pass out from embarrassment. "I'll let you handle it."

Casey grinned, turning the toy onto its lowest setting. Amira opened her mouth to say something else but the words didn't make it past her lips as Casey pressed the toy up against her clit, causing her to jolt and try to get away from the sudden vibration. Casey skillfully held her in place with a firm hand on her hip not allowing her to go anywhere no matter how much she squirmed.

Casey turned the vibrations up a notch, chuckling evilly as Amira felt her body shaking and she struggled to remain standing.

"Please, can I—? I need to come, please!" she practically shouted above

the sound of the vibrations.

Casey pulled the wand away, swiftly. “Not yet, no,” she said, like it wasn’t a big deal. Amira gasped and felt weakness in her legs, but she daren’t move and she didn’t want to move away from Casey.

Casey moved to examine her closely.

“So pretty,” Casey leant forward and focussed her eyes between Amira’s legs and Amira felt so exposed. She felt relieved she had shaved and she hoped she had done a good job. Casey spread her lips apart with two of her fingers, watching intently. Amira felt a curious combination of vulnerable, shy and very very turned on.

“What a pretty little pussy you have here.” Casey smirked as Amira felt Casey’s fingers pulling her lips apart.

Oh god.

“Mmmm, so purple and swollen for me, looks like you need a good fucking. You look so open and ready.”

Oh god.

“Yes, please, Daddy. I need it so badly.” Amira felt her body responding to Casey’s every movement.

Casey reached down to the box again pulling out a curved glass dildo. Amira watched, curiously.

“Ok, ok, I’m going to fuck you with this dildo, it is one of my favorites. Have you ever had glass inside of you before, baby?”

“No, Daddy.”

“Would you like it inside of you?”

Amira nodded enthusiastically. Right now she would take anything inside of her. There was a void inside of her that desperately needed filling.

“It will feel cold and hard to start with. But, I think you will like it, baby.”

Amira watched as Casey moved the glass dildo between her legs. She gasped as she felt it teasing at her wetness and then she felt it pushing into her. It was cold! So cold!

Casey fixed her gaze and smiled. “Cold, isn’t it. Don’t worry, it will soon warm up to your body temperature.”

Amira felt Casey pushing the dildo upwards and felt it sliding inside her as though slicing through her. It felt deliciously filling. Amira moaned loudly as it filled her.

Casey slowly began to use the dildo to fuck her, pulling it out, pushing it back in. It felt like it was angled slightly and the curve was hitting her G spot on every entry.

Amira felt heat building through her body. This was it, the exquisite feeling she had been craving.

“Don’t come yet.” Casey said firmly, looking Amira in the eyes.

Amira nodded, choking back her building orgasm and trying to stay calm.

Casey increased the pace with the dildo thrusting in and out of her.

Amira felt a slight gush down the inside of her thigh.

Oh fuck, is that what I think it is?

“OK, Baby, I’m going to put the wand against your clit just on low power and then I want you to wait until I tell you you can come.”

Amira nodded with no idea if she would be able to hold off her orgasm or not. She focussed on it.

Don’t come. Don’t come. Don’t come.

She felt the wand vibrating against her clit.

Stay calm, don’t come.

“That’s good, baby. You’ve been such a good fucking slut for me, and now look at you holding onto your orgasm for me and waiting.”

Casey’s left hand was holding the wand firmly against her clit as her right hand used the curved glass dildo to fuck her with.

Amira felt the heat building inside her again and willed it away.

Stay calm, don’t come yet.

She closed her eyes.

“You look so fucking beautiful, you know. I’m watching every inch of

you. I like how your body is quivering and sweat is running down between your breasts while your own squirt runs down your inner thigh. I like watching your desperation to come.”

Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Oh fuck.

“Open your eyes and look at me.” Amira opened her eyes and Casey’s fierce gaze burned into her own.

“Come for me, baby.” Casey said firmly whilst looking up into her eyes and still fucking her.

Amira felt herself respond and explode at Casey’s words, her orgasm flooded her and she cried out, her eyes flicking closed again. Her eyes were squeezed shut and she could see nothing but bright white and red colors dancing around behind her eyelids for a few moments. She collapsed forwards onto Casey feeling Casey’s arms wrap around her pulling her into Casey’s lap. All she could hear was the buzz from the vibrator on the floor and the low murmur that was Casey’s voice.

“Good girl. Good girl. You are so fucking beautiful when you come. That was fucking exquisite.”

Amira heard herself moaning and whimpering and whispering *thank you, Daddy* over and over again. She had never felt an orgasm like it. Suddenly she felt like she understood something about these power games, how the consistent denial and build up had created such an intensity of feeling building within her.

Her moans eventually died down until they turned into quiet whimpers, and soon enough, she came down from her high and regained her senses. Casey was stroking her hair gently as she pressed soft kisses to her forehead and murmured quiet words of praise into her ear.

Amira wasn’t sure why it made her heart pound even harder than before, hearing Casey praising her and telling her that she’d done well. It felt good and made her heart swell with pride. She was proud that she’d been good for Casey.

“You did amazing, baby,” Casey told her quietly. “Such a good girl for me. You were perfect, you know that?”

Amira couldn't remember being this happy to receive a compliment in her life. Being told that she'd been perfect made her feel so...accomplished, in an odd way. She hadn't even done anything. Just followed instructions. It felt so freeing. Maybe this was what submission was all about?

If her mind hadn't been made up before their session, it certainly was now. Amira had been pretty sure before that she wanted to continue seeing Casey. She wanted to continue exploring BDSM and she wanted to be a good submissive for Casey.

This session had just confirmed and solidified that this was something Amira really, truly wanted. And she was so excited for their next session already. She was so excited to continue learning, and she was excited to explore this lifestyle. Not just in the bedroom, but in general. She wanted to be a good sub for Casey, sexually and otherwise.

“Thank you,” Amira murmured sleepily, already trying to snuggle up to Casey. She could think more about everything that had happened tomorrow, but for now, she could hardly keep her eyes open and now she just wanted to sleep.

Casey chuckled, “No, no, no. Before you go to sleep, we have to get you cleaned up. I'm gonna go run you a nice bath, okay? Just like we talked about, remember? We'll take a bath together, have a small snack, and then you can sleep. Does that sound alright?”

“Mm.” Amira smiled lazily.

“I'm proud of you, sweetheart,” Casey reminded her once more.

This was strange and intense and she felt like she had known Casey a thousand years. It wasn't scary anymore. It felt like the most natural thing in the world.

I like it. I really like it.

I like her. I really like her.

Casey looked at Amira across the conference room table. They were in a meeting with four other doctors and physical therapists discussing the progress of the athletes they were working on.

“... So, Jessica Stevens, the soccer player, you can see up here on the board, here are her latest X rays, left ankle, compared to these from 3 weeks ago when the initial injury occurred.” Amira indicated a point on the X ray with a red dot from a laser pointer. “See here, the alignment of the bone is looking so much better and the fracture is healing well.”

Amira leant down to her laptop to bring up another image and Casey caught her eye and then looked suggestively up and down her body. She could see Amira’s breasts as her shirt gaped as she leant forward.

Amira went red straight away and fumbled with her laptop to bring up another image. Amira looked beautiful when she blushed.

“...um... bear with me... where was I?” Amira clicked another image onto the screen. She took a deep breath and stood back up and looked anywhere but at Casey. Casey loved having this kind of power over her.

“See, here we have the MRI scans for comparison. Look at the ligament here. See how the tear is improving already from the original scans? I’m really happy with her progress. Brooke, how has she been in physical therapy?”

Brooke, the good looking physical therapist nodded, “Yeah, I’m really happy with how she is progressing. I think her goals of being back playing in 6-8 weeks are realistic from my point of view if things continue like this. She wants 6 weeks for the USA v Canada match. We’ve been asked to report back to the US Women’s National Team physio on her behalf. What do you think, Dr. Alvarez?”

Amira studied the MRI scans further. Casey studied Amira’s body in the red shift dress that sat classily just above her knee and allowed an expanse of calf and neat ankles in high heels. Amira was not the average sports doctor. “I think, tell them we will aim for her to be back for that. All being well she will be back training with them the week before. *But...* No Guarantees.”

Brooke nodded and smiled. “I know, I know. OK, I’ll put a report together for them and copy you into the email, Dr. Alvarez.”

Casey imagined Amira bent over this big conference room table open and exposed, being spanked.

Fuck, I need to make that happen, it will be so hot.

She swiped to open her phone and open her messages with Amira and began typing.

Dr. Alvarez. Meet me in the conference room tonight at 5.30pm for a 1:1 meeting. Don’t be late. Don’t wear underwear.

Amira’s phone beeped and she picked it up and opened it. Casey watched her face and it looked like she might melt into a puddle there and then in front of everyone. She watched as Amira adjusted her position slightly as though she was suddenly uncomfortably turned on.

“Dr. Rosen.” Casey flicked her glance to Brooke the physical therapist.

Fuck, what did I miss?

“Would you be able to do a couple of sessions a week with Jessica Stevens on her mindset? I’m concerned she is going to be hesitant when she is back running on her ankle. The injury was pretty nasty when it happened. I want to focus on her confidence so she isn’t holding back when she gets

going again.”

“Of course.” Casey nodded, making a note in her notebook to contact Jessica Stevens and arrange sessions.

Casey’s phone was on silent but it was open on the table in front of her. A text flashed up.

Yes, Daddy.

Perfect. Casey smiled to herself.



THE OTHER STAFF had gone home in the sports department by 5.30 and Casey turned the key in the lock of the conference room and motioned to Amira to flick the blinds down just in case someone from the main hospital ventured over this way or someone came back or whatever.

Amira still looked striking in her red dress but she looked shy and nervous again. The confident Dr. Alvarez from earlier was no longer. Casey again smiled to herself. To be able to have this much power over a doctor so much her senior like Dr. Alvarez was heady.

“So, Dr. Alvarez, I’d like you to bend forwards over the table like the good little slut that you are and lift your dress up to your waist for me.”

There was a second where Amira’s eyes widened and Casey thought she might refuse, but then her desire overtook her and she nodded, moving forwards to the table and leaning forwards as she edged her skirt upwards.

“All the way. Don’t be shy.” Casey’s voice was firm and in control. She felt her own desire rising powerfully within her.

She watched as Amira’s eyes were closed and the side of her face pressed against the large table. Her skirt rose above the round globes of her ass as she rolled it up. She wore no underwear.

“Good girl for following orders. Where are your panties?” Casey asked.

“In my bag,” Amira mumbled. Casey smiled to herself and reached for

Amira's leather handbag that was on one of the chairs. She opened it, finding white lacy panties and a white lace bra folded up inside it. Casey took the panties and raised them to her nose and inhaled. Amira had been wearing them all day and they smelt intensely of her sex. They were damp in the crotch.

Perfect.

“Open your mouth. These might keep you quiet.” Casey commanded and again after just a second of Amira processing the command, she watched as Amira's beautiful mouth obediently opened. Casey pushed the damp white lace panties into her mouth, smiling thinking about Amira tasting herself on the panties.

Mmmm.

Her ass looked especially round and full from this angle. Casey ran her hands over the full cheeks, eliciting muffled groans immediately from Amira.

“Now, this spanking you have been going on about. I thought it would be especially exciting if I spanked the boss in the conference room. Then you will have something really interesting to distract you next time we are in this room discussing the athletes.

Something in Amira stirred this huge desire within her. Casey had had submissive girlfriends before, but they had never been older and more accomplished than her. Here was a powerful, intelligent, very successful doctor in her own right, bent over and submitting to Casey and Casey couldn't get over how good it felt.

She ran her right hand over Amira's ass once more then raised it and paused.

“Would you like me to spank you?” Casey asked her.

Amira nodded and mumbled the words through the panties, “Yes, Daddy.”

Casey smiled. It felt good to have Amira calling her *Daddy*.

They had discussed the spanking and Amira had specifically thought it

was something that intrigued her, but as she had never been spanked before, Casey knew she needed to go easy and check in regularly.

She brought her right hand down in a slap on Amira's ass. It was light enough, but she still noticed Amira gasp. She followed it up, alternating Amira's right and left ass cheek and gradually increasing the power in each slap.

She paused. "Are you ok?"

Amira nodded.

"You want me to go harder or is this enough?"

"Harder." She could just make out the muffled word from Amira.

"OK. If it is too much at any point I want you to slap the table with your hand like this." Casey demonstrated by slapping next to Amira's right hand on the table.

"Show me you can do that."

Amira raised her hand a couple of inches and slapped the table.

"OK, good girl. You'll probably feel things really intensely as I build up with this. It can be quite a full on experience."

Amira nodded. Casey raised her right hand again and went back into a rhythmic spanking alternating each cheek and watching as each cheek reddened under her hands and she could see her own hand prints as the blood rushed to the surface.

This was the thing with spanking, it could create a real high from the experience if done well and Casey always tried to do it well as she had been taught years ago by an experienced mentor. She watched Amira's body and face carefully for signs that it was too much. But so far, Amira's reactions were as she would expect. Amira would gasp if Casey hit harder, but mostly now, Amira was just moaning. Casey had built her up well and she could see that Amira was in a world of her own. The pleasure/pain receptors in the human brain are closely linked and pain causes the body to release endorphins bringing pleasure. Casey always marvelled as she watched a

submissive go into that zone, *sub-space* as some liked to call it. Casey had been there once, when she was learning, she hated the lack of control, but she had to admit, she had felt the high.

Her hand moved harder against Amira's ass. She liked watching Amira's flesh move, purply red, under the impact of her hand. Amira was moaning loudly now and the panties had almost fallen out of her mouth.

Casey could see the wetness between Amira's thighs.

She leant forwards and whispered in Amira's ear, "Do you want to come, baby, are you close?"

Amira nodded, her eyes were screwed up tightly closed.

Casey put her left hand between Amira's legs, pressuring against her wetness, pushing against her clit.

"Do you think you can come against my hand?" Casey asked as she went back to spanking Amira.

Amira nodded again and began to grind down on Casey's hand moaning as she did so.

"Come for me, baby, there's a good girl. Come for Daddy."

It was seconds before Casey felt Amira's thighs grip her hand tightly and her orgasm gushing over Casey's left hand. Amira's whole body shook and Casey marvelled at how beautiful she looked.

"Are you ok?" she whispered, pulling what was left of the panties from Amira's lips.

Amira murmured, "Yes, it was... so good." as she opened her eyes. Casey felt more turned on than she ever had as she dropped her own track pants and sporty underwear to the floor.

"Stay where you are." Casey commanded, firmly.

She knew her own orgasm was so close it wouldn't take much. She stood behind Amira, parting her legs and pressing her stiffened clit and her own wetness against the back of Amira's left thigh. Amira's ass was burning hot where it had been spanked. Casey held Amira's body down onto the table and

ground her wetness into Amira.

“You’ve been such a good little slut for Daddy, haven’t you?”

Casey felt her clitoris hardening and swelling and it was merely seconds before her own orgasm overcame her and flooded through every inch of her.

Fuck, that feels so good.

Casey leant forwards and held Amira close, whispering in her ear.

“Good girl, baby. Good girl.”



CASEY LAUGHED as they walked along the beach near Amira’s apartment. The sun was low as it started to set over the ocean. Casey had gone to Amira’s after work as had started becoming regular for them. They had had sex, then Amira had suggested a walk to make the most of the evening sun. She had been right, of course, it was beautiful and Casey had no issues spending the evening with Amira who she was becoming more and more enthralled by.

“So, if you weren’t a doctor, what would you have been?” Casey asked Amira. They were walking side by side on the sand in bare feet. They weren’t holding hands although Casey secretly wanted to.

Amira waited a second as though considering before she answered.

“Oh, god, I don’t know. I was always so academic, and my parents always pushed me. Maybe a lawyer? Something serious and academic, no doubt. But, I like being a doctor. I like being able to use my brain to help people.” Amira sighed. “How about you? What would you have done, if not psychology?”

Casey laughed, “Oh, that’s an easy one. I would have played football. I mean, that was what I originally wanted to do. Well, it’s what I did.”

Amira smiled, “I should have guessed. You have the build, the muscle, the height. I bet you were an incredible player. Did you go pro?”

Casey pondered her answer. She usually didn’t open up to anyone about

her football career.

“Yeah, I did. But, it didn’t last long.”

Amira looked to her, concerned.

Casey took a deep breath, Amira felt like the one person in the world she could be honest with.

“Compound fracture, tib, fib and my ACL and MCL went in the same injury. I tried to come back after a year of rehab, and my MCL went again first game back. I was one of the unlucky ones. That was the end of my contact sport days. I could have tried to come back again, but I perhaps should have listened to the experts in the first place. They said my right leg would never stand up to playing again, but obviously I spent the next year determined to prove them wrong.” Casey paused for a minute. “I saw you notice the surgery scars in the bedroom and I know you were too polite to ask.”

Amira turned to her and took her hand. “I’m so sorry, Casey. I can only imagine how tough that was for you. How are things now?”

“The knee? Ah, it’s fine. Well, I can walk fine and go to the gym and get through life with minimal pain. I probably wouldn’t want to risk running again, though.”

“I can take a look for you sometime, if you like. We can get up to date X rays and scans. I mean, I think we both know there’s no getting you back into contact sport, but maybe I can improve things for you day to day. It might be that we could get you to a point where you could run and play non contact sports if you wanted to?”

Casey smiled. Amira’s hand was warm in her own. “I’d like that. It has been years since I’ve had it looked at now. I’d kind of given up on it.”

“Casey, why have you waited so long? We are in a leading sports rehab clinic. You are surrounded by specialists.”

“Yeah, specialists for athletes. I’m not an athlete any more.”

Amira pulled Casey round and took her other hand as well. She fixed

Casey with her firm gaze that she used well at work. Casey for once felt like the vulnerable one in their power dynamic. “Casey Rosen. You will always be an athlete. An injured athlete is still an athlete. A retired athlete is still an athlete. You know that as well as I do. I’m sending you for X rays and scans first thing tomorrow and I’m going to put together a treatment plan for you.”



CASEY SAT on the treatment table in Amira’s clinic in shorts as Amira examined her knee. Her fingers were long and elegant and Casey’s own skin looked pale under Amira’s smooth brown hands.

“Was it following your injuries that you trained to do what you do?” Amira asked as she lifted Casey’s leg from the bed. “OK, relax your leg. Let me take the weight.”

Casey nodded. “Yes. I worked with a sports psychologist when I tried to come back, she was my only sanity really. Losing my sport, I lost everything that was important to me. I was so defined by myself and others as an athlete, a football player. I had so many ambitions within the sport. I lived for those moments on the field where nothing else mattered except the team and the ball. I lost so much of my sense of self and working with the psychologist was really the only thing that saved me.” Casey remembered the woman who had helped her well. She winced as Amira moved her leg and she felt a sharp pain in her knee.

“Pain as I move the knee laterally?”

Casey nodded.

“Any pain now?”

Casey shook her head and Amira continued.

“The psychologist, you were intimate with her?”

Casey nodded again. Amira was very perceptive.

Amira screwed up her face. “Unprofessional of her. How old were you?”

“Yeah, I know. Very unprofessional of her. I was 22. But, obviously I wasn’t complaining. She was beautiful, smart, older, fascinating, submissive. She taught me a lot in so many ways. And then she broke my heart.” Casey laughed awkwardly. “Anyway. She doesn’t matter anymore. She may have brought me to this point, she may have awoken certain things in me and shown me another world, but things were over between us such a long time ago now. I’ve fought the rest of the way by myself.”

Amira returned Casey’s leg gently to the table top. She looked intensely at Casey.

“And, what a woman you’ve become. You should be so proud of everything you have achieved, Casey, as a doctor and as a woman. You athlete’s drive and determination has brought you a long way.”

Casey swung her legs around so she was sitting on the edge of the bed.

Amira was studying Casey’s MRI scans and her X rays.

“So, Dr. Alvarez, what’s the verdict?”

It was a minute before Amira answered, but when she did, it was professional and extensive. “I want to put you in intensive physio. I think you have a lot of scar tissue that has built up over the years that is limiting your movement, which I think we can help with. I also think we can put together a rehab programme in the gym and strengthen everything around the knee which I think can really change things for you. I’m scheduling you in with Maria and Harmony to work with you. I know they both have spaces on Thursday mornings, so let’s get them working on you. You’ll be a new woman in 6 weeks.”

“You are beautiful when you are all Doctor-y. You know that, right?”

Amira blushed.

“How did you end up specialising in sport?” Casey asked the question she had always wondered. A lot of the professionals in women’s sport were sporty like herself, but Amira looked like she had never set foot in a gym for any reason other than work. Amira was effortlessly glamorous and feminine

in a completely un-sporty way.

Amira laughed. “Why? Because I look like the least sporty woman you’ve ever seen?”

Casey nodded. “Basically, yes!”

“Well, I loved orthopedics when I first started my training, I found it fascinating so that was my first specialty, I was an ortho surgeon. But, in time, it wasn’t enough. Ortho surgeons patch up the war zones, they are the immediate fix in trauma cases, but I wanted something more long term. I wanted to work with patients long term and see progress and make real change. Of course, the average person with an injury just wants patching up by an ortho surgeon so they can get back to their life. They want a quick fix, they aren’t interested in the work needed by both patient and specialists to completely rehab the injury. Athletes are entirely different. So, I studied under Dr. Ramirez, who I’m sure you have heard of. I knew he was the best sports specialist in the state and most likely in the whole of the US. As soon as I had had a taste of working with athletes, I knew it was what I wanted to do. I loved and still do love the challenge of working to fix someone to a level that they can perform again on the national or international stage. For me, the area which is under researched and under funded is female athletes. For so many years, female athletes have just been treated as ‘small men’. All the research is done on male bodies. Men have always been the priority, so I became passionate about changing that. I worked with the WNBA on studying the difference in injury prevalence in female athletes and I worked with the sports scientists to develop female targeted strength and conditioning programmes. It honestly has shocked me in my career how many medical professionals are so unaware of the differences. We must be more aware of the differences, so that we can treat athletes equally. So, an opportunity to work here on a specialist female athlete unit, was such a gift for me.”

Casey looked at the woman before her. Incredible as a doctor. Incredible as a woman. “You are incredible, you know.”

“Stop it.” Amira blushed again.

“You are such an inspiration, honestly. I read your research papers, I’ve learnt so much already from working with you. I’ve always worked on female athletes. I think in general female athletes overthink more and question things more than male athletes, but I really haven’t worked with men since university. I also think male athletes, particularly high level ones, live in a world of fame and wealth that isn’t applicable to most female athletes.”

“Yes, very true.” Amira nodded. “Coaches always say that too. It is different coaching women. The cutting edge research now is into how to best coach women in team sport environment. Because, there is also the lesbian aspect to consider.”

“The lesbian aspect?” Casey looked up questioningly.

“Well, within men’s team sports, there is a very low occurrence of intimate relationships between the players. (Those that we know of anyway, it is entirely likely there are a lot of male athletes that choose not to come out.) Within women’s team sports there is a very high occurrence of intimate relationships between the players. Both players on the same team and players on opposing teams. This brings a dynamic into the team that just isn’t seen in mens teams. A team of women could have a number of couples within it and also a number of exes.”

Casey nodded in understanding. “This is so interesting. You know, I’ve always known this obviously. It was exactly like this when I was in football. I just never thought of the comparison to men’s team sports. There is indeed so much more to manage within a women’s team than there is in men’s. How did you get into looking at this?”

“Coaches in the WNBA. I had no idea beforehand.”

“You know, I always felt lucky. Coming out as gay as a female athlete was really no big deal. Plenty of my teammates were openly lesbian, bi or queer in some way. I can only imagine how hard it must be for gay male

athletes.”

Amira nodded and Casey continued. “Are you out?” she looked at Amira realizing it was something they had never discussed.

“Well, I guess it depends how you define *out*.” Amira responded. “I never hide or lie about my sexuality. But, as a femme, I am often presumed straight. I’m sure you never have that problem looking like you do.”

Amira’s eyes ran over Casey’s body lustily and she blushed again.

Casey laughed. Dressed in sportswear with short hair and muscles, no, she was very rarely presumed straight. “I can’t say I ever have that problem.”

Amira’s looked seductively at Casey from under long dark eyelashes.

Casey took a deep breath.

Fuck, the things this woman does to me.



OVER THE FOLLOWING WEEKS, Casey introduced plenty of new things to Amira and she happily enjoyed Amira’s wide eyed enthusiasm. The spanking had been an absolute hit and Amira nearly begged Casey to spank her during their next session. Casey couldn’t deny Amira’s big, puppy dog eyes even if she’d wanted to—not that she *had* wanted to—and easily agreed.

Having Amira bent over her lap taking a spanking and seeing how deeply it affected her and how much it turned her on was hotter than Casey had ever imagined it would be.

The first time Casey had spanked Amira over her lap, Amira had orgasmed from the spanking alone. Casey had wondered at the intensity of Amira’s response. It had been incredible. It had felt incredible to have that power over her body, to hold Amira as she cried and her body shuddered as the climax rushed through her.

Amira had been a moaning, crying mess as she’d squirmed around on Casey’s lap, no longer trying to get away but instead, trying to get some more

stimulation. Casey had stopped spanking her when she'd reached her release, but she soon realized that Amira's body was craving more.

Once she'd gotten over the initial shock, Casey had sought out Amira's wetness with her fingers and pushed them inside of her. As she fucked Amira with her fingers, slowly to start with and then gradually building speed and intensity, she had felt Amira building to another orgasm in her arms.

This was what Casey lived for, having a beautiful femme coming apart in her arms.

Casey found herself living for Amira's orgasms. Nothing turned her on more than being able to make Amira come time and time again, her body a moaning, squirming mess of Casey's making.

At work, Amira was ever the professional. Dr. Alvarez, the renowned sports doctor. But, then so was Casey, ever the professional sports psychologist, Dr. Rosen. Casey genuinely enjoyed seeing and treating the athletes. She enjoyed the difference she could make to both their wellbeing and also their performance. Many people underestimated the potential performance benefits of working with a sports psychologist, but mindset and mental attitude was a huge part of athletic performance.

Casey spent her time educating people that athletes aren't the robots that they are often expected to be. Athletes, particularly female athletes are complex, intelligent individuals, whose primary focus might be physical, but it doesn't matter how well conditioned they are physically, if their head isn't in the game, they will not win.

Well, Casey was mostly professional and passionate about her work. Having to see and work with Dr. Alvarez every day was becoming a challenge. Casey found herself distracted often, her eyes roaming over Amira's taut calves in heels, or over her full breasts in button down shirts.

They were be in a meeting, discussing an athlete, discussing how she might improve physically and mentally for an upcoming championship race, and then Casey's eyes strayed to Amira's mouth. Amira's beautiful lips,

always painted immaculately. Casey remembered how they had looked on her strap on last night.

Amira, on her knees, sucking Casey's strap on, eyes closed in focus, her beautiful red lips taking the dildo so deep, she gagged.

Oh fuck, she was so beautiful.

Then Casey lifted her up, bent her over and fucked her. Amira's orgasms, as usual were plentiful.

"There's a good little slut for Daddy," Casey looked to Amira and saw her breathing quicken. Calling her a *good little slut* always had that beautiful intense affect on her. Casey always enjoyed fucking with a strap on. Her strap on was her pride and joy, a lovely black leather harness that she had kept well and cared for well over the years and a thick black dildo that she had bought specially for Amira. It felt like an extension of her body as she fucked and she felt the pressure against her own body.

Casey sometimes wished she was one of those women who could come purely from fucking with a strap on. Casey got close, tantalisingly close, so incredibly turned on and wet, but no actual orgasm.

But, it mattered little. As Amira came again for Casey's fingers against her clitoris, Casey gave her a couple of seconds to enjoy her orgasm before pulling her roughly round and pushing her back to her knees.

Casey loosened her harness slightly which allowed her to pull it to the side to allow easier access and she parted her legs, all the while standing above Amira.

Amira responded naturally now, her mouth seeking out Casey's pleasure instinctively. Words were not needed, but Casey used them anyway.

"Make me come, baby. Make Daddy come, there's a good girl."

Amira's lips were on Casey's clit. Her mouth was moving earnestly against Casey.

Casey felt her orgasm building immediately. She was so ready. Her explosion in Amira's mouth seconds later was no surprise to either of them.

“Fuck, baby, you are so good. You turn me on so fucking much.” Casey smiled at Amira who was looking obediently up at her with those big brown swirling eyes. Her makeup was smudged slightly. Casey felt her heart swell.

She’s so fucking beautiful.

“So, do you think you can do some sessions with Natasha leading up to the World Championships? She’s lost the confidence that helped her win 4 years ago. Coming back from the ruptured achilles while seeing the other girls winning in her absence has really been hard for her.”

Work. Fuck, we are at work. Stop daydreaming. Stop gazing lovingly at her face. She’s just your colleague, your boss. Your lover, your submissive.

Casey nodded quickly. “Of course. Will you email me Natasha’s history?”

She’s not your girlfriend. You aren’t in love with her. Are you?



SHE’S NOT YOUR GIRLFRIEND.

They hadn’t even been on another date since the first one that they’d gone on, and this was starting to bother Casey.

Casey was beginning to realise that her feelings for Amira went way beyond what had officially been discussed between them.

Nothing had been officially discussed between them beyond their D/s dynamic and this was frustrating Casey. She knew she should have brought the conversation up, but she hadn’t dared.

She *thought* Amira felt the same way as she did, but what if she didn’t? What if it was all just about the fun and the sex and the exploration for her?

Casey knew she needed to bring it up. But, as adults, do people ask each other to be girlfriends? How do you differentiate between a casual relationship and something serious which Casey was now sure was what she wanted. And Amira was so grown up. She had had a wife and everything.

Casey was beginning to realise just how inexperienced she was with anything approaching a serious relationship.

I need to change that.

“**W**hat are you doing here?” Amira murmured as she opened the door.

Amira hadn't been sure who to expect when she'd crawled out of bed in order to open her door. It was only 6pm so it wasn't too late for anyone to be showing up, but Casey hadn't mentioned that she was coming over and Amira didn't know anyone else in Forest Vale well enough to have given them her address.

She'd opened the door with a bright smile, ready to greet Casey. Excited to see Casey unexpectedly. But, it wasn't Casey at all.

Rachel. Amira's ex wife.

Rachel was the last person in the world that Amira had been expecting to see. Amira couldn't even remember the last time they'd talked, and the conversation hadn't exactly been pleasant either, so Amira wasn't sure why Rachel was standing outside of her door, smiling as if she was happy to see an old friend.

“How do you even know where I live?” Amira questioned, though she was mostly talking to herself as she tried to comprehend things.

Rachel cleared her throat. “I...Well, you told your sister to give me your new address in case of emergencies, remember?”

Ah.

Amira nodded as she remembered that she *had* in fact asked Bethany to give Rachel her new address just in case.

“Is there an emergency? What’s wrong? Is everything okay?” she questioned quickly.

Rachel chuckled and nodded, though Amira could see that she was struggling to hold back tears. “Everything’s fine, it’s just...I’m sorry for showing up like this—I didn’t even call or ask or—I just thought—I mean things have just been—”

“Hey, calm down,” Amira told the woman, watching as her face scrunched up and the tears slowly started cascading down her face. “Why don’t we go inside? You could use a glass of water, yeah?”

“Yeah.” Rachel sniffled.

Amira was still filled to the brim with confusion as she helped Rachel and her two bags into the apartment before guiding her into the kitchen.

Rachel took a seat at the kitchen table and Amira looked at her out of the corner of her eyes as she moved around the kitchen, grabbing a glass and filling it with ice from the freezer before running some cold water over it.

She awkwardly handed the glass to Rachel before taking a seat across from her and waiting patiently for the woman to start speaking, which she did after downing half the glass.

“Things have just been hard lately,” Rachel murmured, tapping her finger against the glass constantly. A nervous habit. “I thought that things were fine at first—I thought that I was happy to be free, you know, from the confines of our relationship. I thought that living on my own and doing my own thing without being tied down would be nice, and I thought that being single would give me more time to just focus on my career. You know how it was when we were together. I...I considered you a distraction.”

Rachel sent Amira an apologetic look that Amira wasn’t quite sure how to respond to, so she simply averted her gaze down to the kitchen table.

“I thought our divorce would be a good thing but I’m just...realizing that

it's definitely not." Rachel began crying once again as she ran her fingers through her hair. "I feel so lonely without having someone to come home to and all I do is work. It's like I don't have any type of life outside of that! I miss having someone to cuddle with at night and wake up to in the morning, and I miss *you*. I miss how our relationship used to be. I miss when we were so in love with each other that we could hardly stand it! We always swore that we'd never be able to be without each other. We swore that we'd be together forever! And now..." Rachel shook her head. "I just wish that we'd tried harder to mend things between us. I wish we hadn't gotten divorced."

Amira wasn't quite sure what to do with this information or how to feel about it. Honestly, she couldn't say that she felt the same way. The divorce had been hard at first, of course, and she'd felt the exact same way that Rachel was feeling right now, but she'd moved on now. She had Casey now, and she considered her divorce to be a blessing in disguise because if they hadn't gone through with it, she never would've gotten the chance to be with Casey.

"Rachel, we did try to mend things," Amira spoke as carefully as she could, not wanting to make the woman even more upset. "We tried as hard as we could for *years*, and nothing worked. That's why we decided to finally call things quits, remember? There was nothing else we could've done. We've both changed so much over the years and grown apart. The relationship just wasn't the same—"

"I think that's the problem," Rachel nodded quickly. "We kept trying to restore our relationship back to its previous state. That was never going to work. We couldn't go back to how we used to be, that was in the past. We should've been trying to improve our relationship without trying to force it to be what it once was. We should've been trying to better ourselves in the present and look forward to the future."

"I...That makes sense," Amira mumbled. "But—"

"*Please*," Rachel cried. "I'm sorry it took me so long to realize this! I'm

sorry it took us finalizing our divorce to make me come to my senses, but *please*, I think if we take a different approach, we could make it work! I'll do anything to make it work, Amira."

"I can't— being alone has given me the time and space to realise that this is what I want. This divorce was right for me. And, I think in time, you will see it was right for both of us."

"I'm so tired of being alone!" Rachel continued. "I just feel so empty and I just—I hate this! I don't want to be alone anymore; I want to be loved again! I want our relationship back! I w-want—"

Rachel could hardly even talk anymore; she was crying so hard. Amira felt selfish. Especially since she'd *just* been feeling this same way a few months ago.

"Rachel, I don't think it is me you want. I think you just don't want to be alone. Remember you were never good at being alone? If I was away working or anything. You have never coped well with your own company."

Was that the only reason that Rachel wanted to work things out? Because she felt lonely? Because she *wanted to be loved*? That was not a good enough reason to enter a relationship. Just to cure loneliness...No, it would never work if that was the only reason.

"Ugh. I don't know." Rachel said. "Why don't you just give it a chance, Amira, please! We were together for more than twenty years! Doesn't saving a twenty-year-long relationship seem like something worth fighting for?"

What Rachel had said made Amira freeze as she thought about Casey once more. She was starting to feel even more guilty than before.

The main reason she was so adamant about not wanting to give things a try again was because she was seeing Casey. If she was still single, she probably wouldn't think twice about it. She'd probably be more than willing to try things out with what had once been the love of her life again, but because she *was* seeing Casey, she was reluctant. And in her opinion, that really wasn't fair.

Amira knew she was falling for Casey. She knew that was big factor in why she didn't want Rachel back. But, what hope was there for her with Casey? They hadn't had a discussion about becoming serious.

And then there was the sex with Casey. Mind blowing. She felt like they shared a true connection, like being with Casey was where she was really meant to be.

How would Rachel feel if she found out that Amira had been seeing someone anyway? More guilt crept into Amira as she thought about how heartbroken Rachel might be to find out that she'd moved on so quickly after their divorce. Rachel clearly wasn't seeing anybody and she'd clearly been thinking about their failed relationship a whole lot—she must've been if she was willing to pack all her bags and come to Amira so suddenly. It must've been driving her crazy, dealing with this divorce—and yet Amira had been busy having the time of her life with another woman.

Amira felt like an awful person.

She held Rachel in her arms as she cried.

“Can I stay with you? I need to stay with you. We need to try...” Rachel gasped.

Amira felt like she had no choice as she nodded.

Casey was excited as she showed up at Amira's with flowers, determined to have the discussion she had been trying so hard to avoid. It was Amira's day off, she knew she would be home. She hoped she would be home.

When Amira opened the door, Casey could tell that she'd been crying.

"What's wrong?" she'd asked quietly.

Amira eyed the flowers and tears fell from her eyes as she looked at Casey.

Amira stepped all the way outside and quietly closed the door behind her, not wanting to disturb Rachel, who was still asleep on her bed inside.

"I'm really sorry," Amira mumbled. "But I'm a bit of a mess. My ex wife has shown up and... well... it looks like she is staying for a while."

Casey felt confused. Her ex wife?

I thought that was over.

"Are you back together?" Casey asked, trying to harden herself for the response.

"No.. um.. well. No, but I think it might be for the best if you and I stop seeing each other for now. I think I have things to sort out with Rachel. It's clear our marriage isn't as over as I thought it was."

Casey felt herself breaking inside. This was what happened when she

allowed herself to feel for someone.

“Did you plan this?” she asked.

“I wasn’t planning this,” Amira told her. “She showed up at my house yesterday crying and begging me to try to work things out again and I just—I mean, we aren’t doing that, but she is really really upset and I just feel like I owe it to her to work through what is going on for her.”

“Do you feel guilty?” Casey asked her.

“Yes,” Amira said. “Guilty for not wanting to be with her and guilty for what I am doing to you.” It was the first time Casey had seen Amira’s lovely dark hair look messy. Her eyes were red from crying and she looked tired. Casey had never wanted her more. She was so beautiful.

“I love you, you know,” Casey said quietly, her words full of depth and feeling.

Amira’s face froze and tears fell again from her big dark eyes.

“I can’t, Casey. I just can’t right now. I need to help her. She needs me now. I’m sorry. It was a twenty-year relationship,” Amira sniffled. “I just feel like I owe it to her—”

“You don’t owe anyone any fucking thing,” Casey had snapped. “She’s selfish. You know she always has been through your relationship and again now. You are such a kind and giving person, Amira. Don’t let her take advantage of your lovely heart. Your happiness is important too. What *you* want is important too.”

“I’m sorry,” Amira sobbed as she shrunk back into herself and pushed the door closed. Tears were flooding down her cheeks. “I have to go. I can’t do this right now.”

Casey stood holding the flowers still shellshocked by the closed door and Amira. How could she let herself be used again by Rachel for her own selfish needs?



CASEY WAS at work when Amira swanned in four days later. She had been off sick and she hadn't contacted Casey at all personally. Casey hadn't chased her. Amira clearly needed time and space to figure out what she wanted. Casey hoped it would be her, but with every day that passed she felt that hope ebbing away.

Amira headed up the meeting in the boardroom. Casey watched as Amira set her computer up with screen on the wall. She looked thinner and tired but somehow, still immaculate. Her makeup was perfect, her hair was perfect, she still looked beautiful, just not quite Amira. Casey had flashbacks of the times they had fucked in the boardroom. How exquisite sex with Amira was. How seeing her discover herself sexually had been such a privilege to be a part of. Yet, this morning, Amira hadn't even so much as looked at her.

"Right. So sorry for my absence the past couple of days. I want to talk about Janet Rosenberg, the sprinter. I hear she arrived yesterday? Lets go through her scans on the screen here and put together a plan for her rehabilitation."

Casey felt herself zoning out. Janet's injury was physical, not mental and as it wasn't that serious, there was no mention of her doing psychological work with Casey. Amira didn't bring Casey into the conversation at any point. She didn't even look at her.

Casey felt herself falling apart inside. She had been so sure that when she had seen Amira, things would be different. All she could assume from this was that Amira and her ex were back together.

She felt herself struggling to breathe.

"Is this room too hot?" she said and everyone looked at her.

"Not really. Are you ok?" asked Alison the orthopaedic assistant.

Casey felt herself getting hotter and hotter and it felt harder and harder to breathe.

"I.. uh.. I don't feel too good. I'm just going to go outside for some fresh air."

Casey bolted for the door and her first stop was the bathroom where she threw up in the basin. The thought of Amira going back to her ex was just too much to bear.

I love her. I fucking love her.

Casey splashed water on her face and in her mouth. Water to wash away the hurt and the pain and the loss. She looked up at herself in the mirror. Water dripped from the floppy short fringe hair that she pushed back from her face. She looked pale and ghost like and that is exactly how she had felt when she had seen Amira. She felt like she was a ghost. She had been invisible.

“**R**achel, you need to leave. I can’t do this anymore.” Amira looked at her ex wife. So much had changed over so many years.

“What?” Rachel said, surprised. “What do you mean? We are getting on well, we can try and make things work again. We are trying, right?”

“No, Rachel. I told you this. I said you could stay until you felt better, but I’m not trying to make things work again between us. Our marriage is over. I keep telling you this. But, you can’t keep on staying here, you need to sort out something else.”

“Amira! Please. We can work on it.”

Amira felt like she had been repeating herself daily for the past two weeks that Rachel had been in her home. While it should have perhaps felt familiar, it felt like a stranger in her home. Seeing Casey at work had been tearing her apart. She had been avoiding her completely. She couldn’t even look at her. It was entirely unprofessional behaviour and she wasn’t proud of it.

“We can’t work on it, Rachel.” Amira took a deep breath. Suddenly the truth was so clear to her she felt her heart twisted up inside her chest. “We can’t work on it, because the truth is, I’m in love with someone else. I’ve been seeing someone else since we divorced, I love her and I want to be with

her.”

The look of shock was plain on Rachel’s face. Amira saw her face differently these days, she saw the selfishness that had driven so much of their relationship. Rachel’s face, instead of beauty, radiated bitterness and resentment and it always had, she had just been too blind to see it for so long.

“Oh, I see,” Rachel let out a bitter chuckle. “That’s what this is about. You’ve replaced me.”

“Yeah, I did,” Amira stated matter-of-factly. “We had gotten divorced and we’d both stopped being romantically involved with one another long ago. So yes, I did move on. It will never work with you and I, Rachel. You have manipulated me for too long and I have let it happen, but I’m not prepared to let it happen any longer. I’m in love with someone else.” Amira shook her head. “We’re over, Rachel. I’m sorry, but we are. I need you to pack your things and go back home.”

“I left my fucking job for you,” Rachel spat. “I don’t even think I can afford to go back to my home.”

“I didn’t ask you to do that,” Amira stated calmly. “In fact, I would’ve told you not to if I’d known that was your plan. You can go to your family. You are no longer my responsibility.”

Rachel nodded, chuckling bitterly as she stomped away from Amira. “Whatever, I don’t care. You know what? Fine. If you want to give up on us this quickly just so you can be with some slut who doesn’t love you half as much as I do, then that’s fine, Amira, but don’t come crying to me when she breaks your fucking heart.”

Amira thought for a second about how Casey always prioritised her.

Rachel was going crazy throwing her clothes back in her bag, whilst screaming at Amira.

“I’m going, and this is the last you will fucking see of me, I promise you that.”

Amira forced herself to stay calm and not react to Rachel’s histrionics.

She thought about Casey.

Casey had been willing to let Amira go despite the fact that she'd clearly been heartbroken by Amira's decision. She'd put Amira's happiness first, which is more than what Rachel had ever done.

Amira thought of the broken version of Casey she had seen at work lately. Her eyes were always seconds away from tears and she looked like she was struggling. Amira felt so very guilty for what she had put her through.

She said she loves me. And I didn't say it back. Even though I know I love her. I love her.

I love Casey Rosen.

I've probably broken her heart. There will be no chance for us now after what I've done.

Amira felt tears beading in her eyes.



AMIRA'S HOME was quiet and felt peaceful again that evening after Rachel left.

The sound of her work phone ringing interrupted her quiet thoughts.

"Hello?"

"I can't do this anymore."

Amira's brows furrowed as she realized it sounded like Rina Mazeto, the basketball player with unstable mental health they had been working with at the clinic. She hadn't checked the caller ID before answering, but yeah, this definitely sounded like her.

Amira hadn't spoken to her recently. She knew she had been working with Casey and her final report was that she was doing well and back performing well on the basketball court.

Often with athletes, with the pressures on them to perform, their mental health could become a very fragile thing indeed. Rina sounded very troubled

now.

“Rina, is that you? Are you alright?”

“I’m...I think I need help.” She sounded like she was crying. “I... um... I don’t want to be here anymore.”

Amira’s eyes widened then and she snapped into reality. Rina was an athlete under her care. Dr Amira Alvarez had ultimate responsibility for her. She became acutely aware of all the noise going on in the background. The sounds of vehicles passing by, horns blowing occasionally. The sound of the wind blowing harshly...

“I... um.. I wanted to speak to Dr. Rosen but I couldn’t get through when I tried calling her.... so I called you...”

“Where are you, Rina?” Amira questioned as calmly as she could. She was already rushing to put on some shoes and a jacket as she spoke.

“I... um... I don’t know...”

Amira was about to say something but before she could, the line went dead.

“Shit!” she yelled, running out of her room as she dialed Casey’s personal number.



CASEY’S old pick up truck screeched to a halt outside of Amira’s and Amira jumped in. All their personal stuff had been put to one side in the efforts to save Rina’s life.

“I know where she will be.” Casey said as she pressed the accelerator hard and they roared off into the darkness. She spoke about it sometimes in her sessions with me. You heard traffic in the background, you are sure? I think its the freeway out of Forest Vale. Where the high bridge is that leads up to the beach. She said she thought about it sometimes when she drove under there. It’s a common place for jumpers.”

They were heading along the relatively quiet beach road at quite a speed, then Casey took the hard left that would lead to the bridge over the freeway. As they approached the bridge, Amira could hear the traffic from the freeway below and she could see a lone figure sitting on the railings in the middle of the bridge. Tall, long limbed, wearing Adidas sweats. It had to be Rina. She was such a talented basketball player. It was so tragic such that anyone was in this position, let alone a gifted athlete with the world at her feet. If she let go of the railings, she would fall to near certain death in the traffic.

Casey slowed the pick up and pulled over, leaving her headlamps illuminating the bridge ahead. They got out and walked. Amira let Casey lead, as much as she wanted to help Rina, she knew this was Casey's speciality.

Casey's jeans were tight around her ass and muscular thighs and her feet were in butch work boots and Amira couldn't help but feel a twinge of desire as her eyes flitted over her body. Casey was wearing a tight black T shirt and no bra on her small breasts and her hair was still wet from the shower. Amira thought she had never looked more sexy. If this had been any other situation than what it was....

Amira shook herself back to reality, to the seriousness of the situation.

"Rina," Casey called out to her, cautiously, as they approached. "It's me, Dr. Rosen. You can call me Casey, we aren't at work now."

Rina's head spun round to look at them both, her eyes were wide and her dark braided hair looked messy under her Adidas hoodie.

Casey stopped her approach about 10 feet away from Rina and Amira stopped just behind her.

"You remember Dr. Alvarez? Amira? You called her. Is it ok she is here too?"

Rina nodded and she looked numb.

"What happened?" Casey asked, quietly.

"We lost. In the grand final." Rina looked desolate. "I missed a penalty

shot in the last seconds. A shot I could have taken with my eyes closed. I'm supposed to be good at this. I fucking missed. It's my fault...it's all my fault..."

Tears flooded her eyes again and began to run down her cheeks. Amira felt her pain so acutely and wished she could help her.

"Rina, you *are* good at this. You are one of the very best. But, nobody is perfect. Nobody scores every single time." Casey began to work with her and Amira admired how she could think quickly and be so calming in such a situation.

"I should, though... I should.... they pay me enough... I'm supposed to be the star..."

"Rina, remember in our sessions we talked about perspective. Remember we said that as much as you feel that your performance on the court is what defines you, it isn't that. You have so much more to give the world than basketball."

"I don't..." Rina's voice was breaking again.

"You do. You are smart. You are beautiful. You are one of the funniest people I know. You could do anything you like after basketball. Or in fact, now. Remember, you don't have to play. You never have to do anything you don't want to."

Casey paused for a second and looked kindly at Rina, "What would you like to do after basketball?"

Rina looked over and smiled weakly at her. "Um... well, maybe I could go back to school?" She sounded hesitant.

"Of course you could." Casey said confidently. "We could help you with that. What would you like to study?"

"Um... well maybe science? Maybe I could be a sports doctor like you guys one day?"

Casey smiled widely. "Of course you can. I think you would make an excellent sports doctor. Ex athletes are the best sports doctors, don't you

think, Dr. Alvarez?”

Amira smiled and nodded, “Absolutely. Did you know Dr. Rosen- I mean, Casey- used to be an incredible football player?”

Rina shook her head, “No. I didn’t know. I love football though. I’d love to have a go at it one day, but they won’t let me at the moment. They say its too dangerous in case I get injured.”

She looked down at the traffic and looked deep in thought.

“I could help you,” Casey said. “I’ve been thinking about getting into coaching football a bit. We could chuck a ball around a bit, maybe on the weekend if you don’t have a game?”

Rina looked up. “Really? God, I’d love to.” She looked suddenly a little brighter.

Casey moved towards her and offered her right hand out.

“You want a hand getting back over?” she asked, calm and cool and impressive as ever.

Rina nodded and turned reaching her left arm to Casey’s right one.

“OK, I’ve got you,” Casey said, taking a tight grip of her hand. “Here, hold on tight to my shoulder as you turn around.”

Amira held her breath as Rina spun around using Casey to balance as she climbed back over the railing onto the bridge. She felt herself relax as Rina’s sneakered feet were back on solid ground. Casey had been amazing. Even though Casey sometimes seemed unfocussed at work, clearly this was her genius, working one on one with the athletes.

“You want a lift home with us?”

Rina nodded weakly under her grey hoodie. She was so tall, Amira felt dwarfed, suddenly. Even Casey looked almost small next to her.

“Will your dad be at home? Will you be ok till the morning? I can see you first thing tomorrow? I can pick you up on my way in to the hospital if you want?”

Rina sighed and nodded as she squeezed her tall frame into the back seat

of Casey's truck. "Yeah, I feel a bit better. I think I can make it till the morning. My dad is home, yeah."

"OK, I'll have a chat with him when we drop you off. Do you mind if I tell him a bit about what happened? I can keep the details private but I think he should know how you are feeling?"

Rina nodded again. "Yeah, ok." She paused for a moment tipping her head back and closing her eyes.

"Also, I was thinking, I don't have a game on the weekend. Were you serious about going to the beach and throwing a football around?"

"Absolutely!" Casey smiled. "Saturday at 9am on the beach? Although you'll have to do all the running- my old knee won't take it!"

Rina laughed and Amira felt warm inside. Casey had saved this girl.

"Maybe we could meet up with Dr. Alvarez afterwards for breakfast?"

Rina nodded. "Sure. I'd like that."

Amira smiled across at Casey and their hands met on the gear stick. Amira felt electricity run through her.

I love her.



"DO YOU WANT SOME COFFEE?" Casey questioned quietly as she looked at Amira sitting on her couch. Amira looked about as exhausted as Casey felt after the long night they'd had. It was 1am now, and maybe having coffee wasn't a great idea, but Casey was one of those people who drank coffee at any hour of the day or night.

Amira looked tired, but still lovely. She shook her head.

"Maybe, we could just talk?" Amira asked, quietly.

"Sure," Casey said and sat down next to her. It had been a long night by the time they had delivered Rina safely home and Casey had had a serious chat with her father. He was trying to do the best for his daughter, but her

mom wasn't around and clearly he was struggling to cope on his own with the gifted yet troubled young athlete Rina had become.

Casey watched as tears began to fill Amira's beautiful hazel eyes.

"It's alright," Casey murmured, moving closer to Amira and stroking her hair gently. "I know it was a rough night, but everything's okay now. Rina's gonna be just fine—"

"I'm not crying because of Rina," Amira sniffled. "I mean, it should be about that, but it's *not* about that. You were amazing with her. You saved her life." The tears ran down her cheeks. "I'm crying because, well, I love you..."

"Amira—"

"I love you and I'm sorry for not telling you sooner and I'm sorry for fucking things up between us. I'm sorry for everything with Rachel and for how I treated you the past couple of weeks."

Amira took a deep breath. "I thought I owed it to Rachel to be there for her when she was struggling after everything we have been through, but actually, you were right, it was just her looking to manipulate me again. Honestly, spending that time with her only made me realise how happy I have been with you. You have made me feel alive again in a way I never thought I would."

"You mean that?" Casey smiled tearfully.

Amira nodded quickly. "I do! You introduced me to a whole new lifestyle, and I loved it. I loved getting to be your sub and I loved getting to serve you. I feel empty now that I'm not yours anymore," she cried.

Casey held her face and kissed her tears.

"But, maybe you are still mine, beautiful Amira. My heart belongs to you, you know. I was broken without you." she murmured, her lips so close to Amira's face.

Amira melted into Casey's embrace.

"I always want to be yours," she whispered, breathily.

Casey caught her words in a kiss, deeply taking Amira's lips with her own, letting Amira feel her hunger and desire.

Amira writhed in her arms and her mouth opened to Casey's tongue.

Casey felt the familiar bolt of excitement run through her. She stood up, leaning forwards to gather Amira up in her arms and carried her to the bedroom throwing her down on the bed. She tore at Amira's shirt, it resisted momentarily and then ripped from her body causing Amira to gasp. Her bra was suddenly exposed along with the lovely smooth brown skin of her breasts and her belly. Casey couldn't wait to dive in, but she took a deep breath and calmed herself.

She watched Amira's body quivering below her and she could sense her excitement.

"Put your hands above your head and leave them there." Casey commanded.

Amira obeyed immediately and nodded. "Yes, Daddy."

Casey smiled to herself. It *did* things to her when Amira called her Daddy and did exactly what she was told.

"What is it you want from Daddy, baby?" Casey ran her fingertips down lightly over Amira's body, enjoying the response her body gave. When she reached Amira's bra, she roughly pulled it down exposing Amira's breasts. Her thick brown nipples hardened before her eyes.

Fuck, she is stunning.

"I need you to fuck me, Daddy. Please fuck me." Her big brown eyes were full of emotion and need. Casey carefully unzipped Amira's pencil skirt and pulled it down from her hips.

Her body moved in time with Casey's movements, her ass rising to help remove the skirt. Casey caught the scent of her sex and it just turned her on more.

God, I want to devour her.

"Are you going to be a good little slut for Daddy? You remember the

rules, don't you, baby?"

Amira nodded, vigorously. "Yes, Daddy. I'll be a filthy slut for you. I'll remember the rules."

"Good girl, baby." Casey said, her eyes were on Amira's red silk underwear. The red silk panties had a dark patch on the crotch where her wetness had soaked them.

Casey decided she enjoyed the look of Amira's breasts spilling out of the bra and the wet red silk about her pussy.

I think I'll keep her in the underwear while I fuck her. She looks stunning in it.

Casey reached to the drawer in her nightstand and took a set of handcuffs out. Amira's eyes widened at the sight of them.

"I'm going to restrain you, so I can do anything I want with your body. Is that ok?"

"Yes, Daddy." Amira's eyes were still wide, but she nodded her consent.

She picked up Amira moving her higher up the bed then she slipped one handcuff around Amira's left wrist, then threaded it behind one of the metal bars of the headboard and then clasped the other side of the cuff around Amira's right wrist.

Perfect.

She smiled to herself.

She moved to her nightstand again and pulled out her favourite strap on harness and fitted into it a dildo she had bought specially for Amira, but hadn't used it on her yet. The dildo was black and thick and Casey loved the way it felt. Casey stripped off and pulled the strap on harness up around her hips knowing Amira was watching in fascination.

"Open your legs," she commanded. Amira obeyed and Casey noticed that the wet patch was bigger.

"You've got a very wet patch on your panties, baby. That's very slutty of you. Anyone would think you can't wait to have Daddy's big dick inside of

you. Is that it? Are you excited for Daddy's dick?"

Amira was gasping and squirming. Her hips were rising involuntarily. Her body was craving Casey.

Casey loved wearing a strap on. It felt like an extension of herself. She loved how powerful it felt and she loved how it felt to fuck with it. She couldn't wait to fuck Amira with it.

Casey knelt on the bed between Amira's legs. She ran her fingers lightly up Amira's inner thigh until she hit the panties and Amira nearly jumped out of her skin. Casey roughly pulled the crotch of the panties to the side, exposing Amira's swollen folds. She stroked lightly and teasingly over Amira's labia, casually glancing against her clitoris, but purposefully not giving it the attention it so craved.

"Right, baby, first, I'm going to need your help with something."

Casey moved so she was straddling Amira's waist, sitting on her, she moved further up so she was straddling Amira's breasts, her knees either side of Amira, her big black dick hovering towards Amira's chin. Amira's pupils darkened and her eyes flitted between the big black silicon dick and Casey's face.

"I'm going to need you to open your mouth for Daddy's dick. I want you to get it nice and wet so I can fuck you."

Amira's mouth opened and her head reached up towards the dildo. Casey felt her own clitoris twinge and she felt herself flood with wetness as she watched Amira's mouth reach for her dick. She felt her hips pushing forward, pushing herself into Amira's willing mouth, watching her dick disappearing into Amira's mouth.

Fuck, this is so hot.

Amira's lips were stretched wide as she worked to please Casey. Casey felt herself thrusting forwards in excitement and she watched as Amira gagged slightly and tears beaded in the corners of her eyes. She pulled back a bit and put her right hand to Amira's cheek.

“It’s ok. Are you ok, baby?”

Amira nodded and reached her mouth forwards again for more of the dildo, taking it back deeply in her mouth until she gagged herself slightly again. Casey felt deeply turned on by watching Amira’s submission and desire to serve her. She felt all her power hot and centered between her legs. She reached her hand down the front of her harness, feeling her wiry pubic hair and as she squeezed her hand further down she felt her own heat and her wetness.

“You are going to make Daddy come if you keep sucking like this, you filthy slut.” Casey growled, deeply.

Her fingers pressed hard against her clit and she looked into Amira’s willing eyes as her orgasm rushed through every inch of her body.

Amira was hers again. Truly hers. And it felt incredible. Casey collapsed back and Amira gasped as the dildo fell out of her mouth.

“Are you ok?” Casey needed to be sure. Everything needed to be with consent. Casey loved the rough stuff, but she needed to know her submissive liked it too.

Amira smiled widely, “That was the hottest thing I’ve ever seen, Daddy.”

Casey smiled as she sat on the bed next to the still handcuffed Amira.

“Honestly?”

“I never would have imagined I would like doing something like that, but, well, it felt incredible. I felt so powerless to you, so taken by you, so slutty for you. God, I’m so turned on for you.”

Casey looked over Amira’s body. Her legs were still wide open, her pussy still visible, red and swollen to the side of her panties.

She moved instantly kneeling between Amira’s legs, lifting them up, one over each of Casey’s shoulders. The dildo was positioned at Amira’s pussy. She was moaning, her whole body was shivering in anticipation. Casey watched her nipples as they were rock hard and erect for her.

Casey waited.

“Please...” Amira gasped, barely able to speak, suddenly. “Please..fuck me.. Daddy...”

Casey needed no further invitation as she pushed firmly and deeply into Amira. Amira cried out.

“It’s ok, baby. Stay relaxed and your body will get used to it. Breathe.”

Amira’s eyes were fixed on her own and Casey watched as she calmed herself and her body relaxed and Casey began to fuck her slowly and deeply. She felt Amira relaxing into it and Amira’s body responding and opening up for her. It felt incredible.

Amira was moaning beneath her.

“Can I come?” She gasped. “Can I come, please, Daddy?”

“Yes, baby. Come for me.”

Amira’s orgasm rocked Casey’s world. Their connection was different to any she had experienced before.

Later on as Amira got sleepy in her arms, Casey kissed her forehead.

“I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

Casey said the other words she had been wanting to say for so long as she breathed the sweet scent of Amira’s hair. “Move in with me, baby.”

Amira snuggled closer into her body as though she couldn’t get close enough. Casey held her tight.

I’ll never let go.

“Yes, please,” Amira murmured.

EPILOGUE

FOUR YEARS LATER

“Oh my god, Jasper! Come here! Give me back my underwear!”

The energetic golden retriever ran round their yard with Amira’s panties in his mouth and Amira chasing him. It was Jasper’s favorite game and it drove Amira mad.

“Jasper!” Casey’s voice was stern and Amira turned in relief. Casey had that kind of natural authority that dogs respected. Jasper stopped what he was doing, dropped the panties and ran to Casey, sitting obediently at her feet, his eyes full of innocence and his wagging tail full of mischief.

“That dog will be the death of me.” Amira laughed, collecting her panties and wandering back over to Casey and Jasper. Casey looked so handsome in the morning light, she wore sports shorts and a casual T shirt. Her short dark hair was deliciously tousled, her skin was clear and her smile was beautiful as she looked at Amira.

“Good morning, beautiful.” Casey embraced her and kissed her on her lips, briefly, but deeply. Amira still felt herself flutter every time Casey held her and kissed her. Her lust for Casey hadn’t lessened over time, if anything it had grown stronger.

Amira smiled and nuzzled into Casey’s strong arms. Jasper jumped up at her and she ruffled his golden head.

“Oh, are you sorry now, boy?” she laughed.

“He has excellent taste, taking your underwear. He never takes mine. If I was a dog, I would take your underwear.”

“Oh my god!” Amira pretended to be affronted, pulling back and punching Casey on the arm. “Don’t encourage him!”

Casey laughed and pulled Amira close. Amira looked out over the beach and the ocean. They had bought one of the Forest Vale beachfront houses together last year and it was incredible. Every morning, they walked Jasper out along the beach together barefoot paddling in the sea as they went.

Amira loved the view from their home. She loved the salty fresh smell of the ocean, she loved how living with Casey had been and how happy she had been every day.

“It’s so beautiful, isn’t it?”

Casey laughed. “You always say that.”

“But, it is. Every day. So beautiful.”

Casey held her from behind and looked out at the ocean over her shoulder.

“I can’t wait for our little girl to grow up here.”

“Me either.” Amira smiled, feeling warm inside.

Amira had never really pictured herself having kids until she’d met Casey. She’d always assumed that she’d never have them, and she’d been fine with that. But being with Casey made her want to start a family. Amira knew what a great parent Casey would be and what a loving home they could provide.

It had been a long tough year going through the adoption process but they had met their little girl, Lucy, in foster care and she would officially be coming to live with them next week. She was so beautiful with big brown eyes and messy dark hair. Amira couldn’t wait for her to move in and become properly part of their family. And, their plans were, that Lucy would just be the beginning.

Amira could already imagine their kids running around, giggling loudly as they ran away from Casey during a game of tag. She could already see Casey falling asleep with tired kids in her arms. She could imagine her and Casey giving a loving home to children that so badly needed it.

“I can’t believe Lucy will be here so soon.”

“I know,” Amira grinned. “We’ve been waiting so long and now it’s finally happening, Casey. She’s finally gonna be ours. Ours to love and take care of for the rest of our lives. And she will just be the beginning. Are you ready?”

“More than ready,” Casey smiled. “I can’t wait to start this new journey with you. What about you? Are you ready?”

Amira nodded. “I am. I’m going to be the most dedicated mother to our children, I promise you that.”

“I know you will,” Casey kissed the woman’s forehead before hugging her even tighter. “I love you, Amira. So much. You make me so very happy, every day.”

Amira smiled and nestled into Casey’s arms, warm from the sunshine and warm from her depth of love for Casey. This was the beginning of forever and she couldn’t wait.

“I love you, too.”

THE END

MAILING LIST

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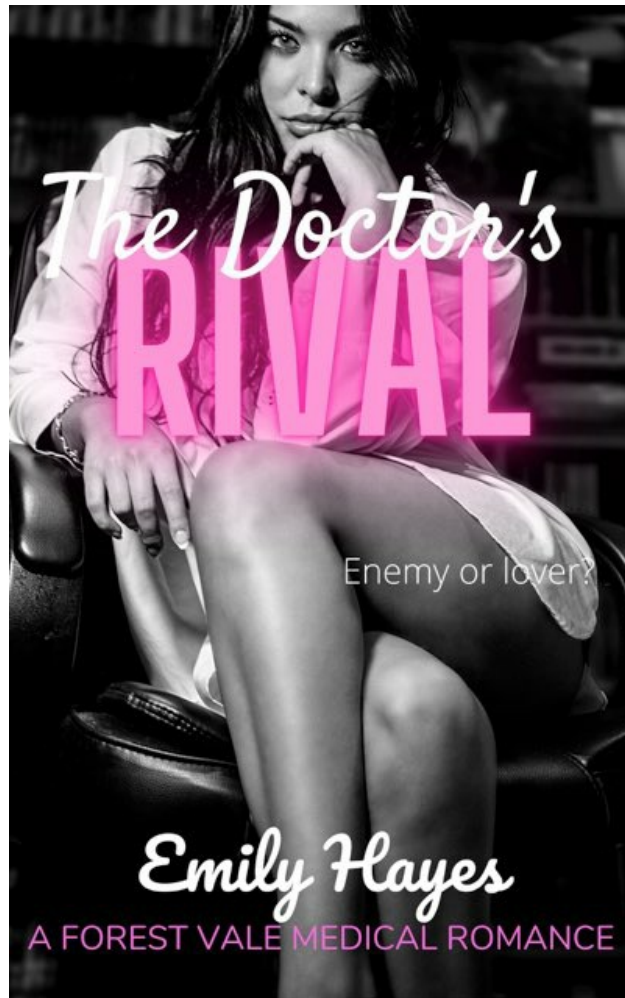
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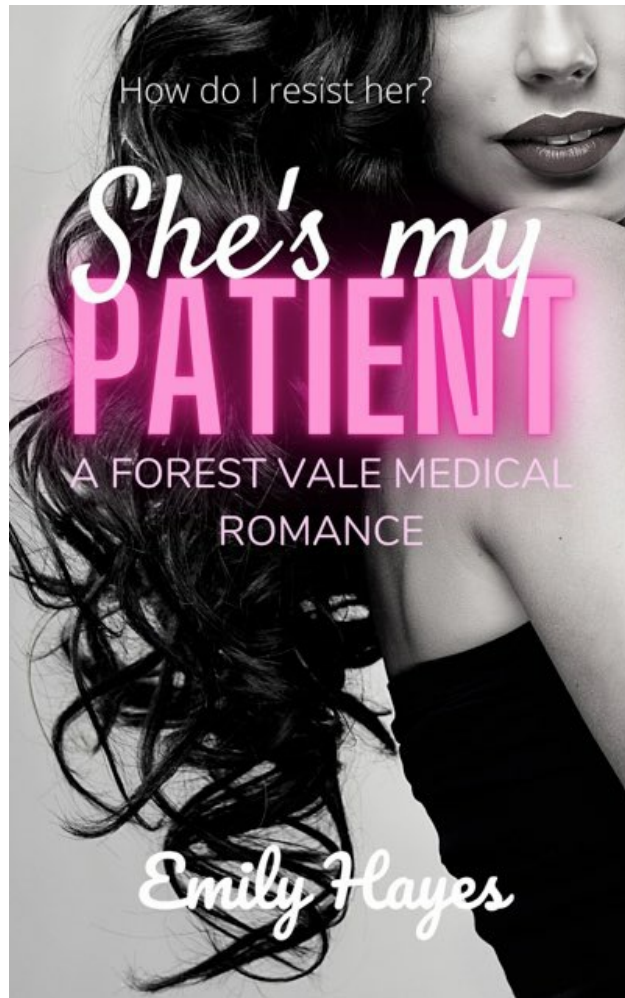
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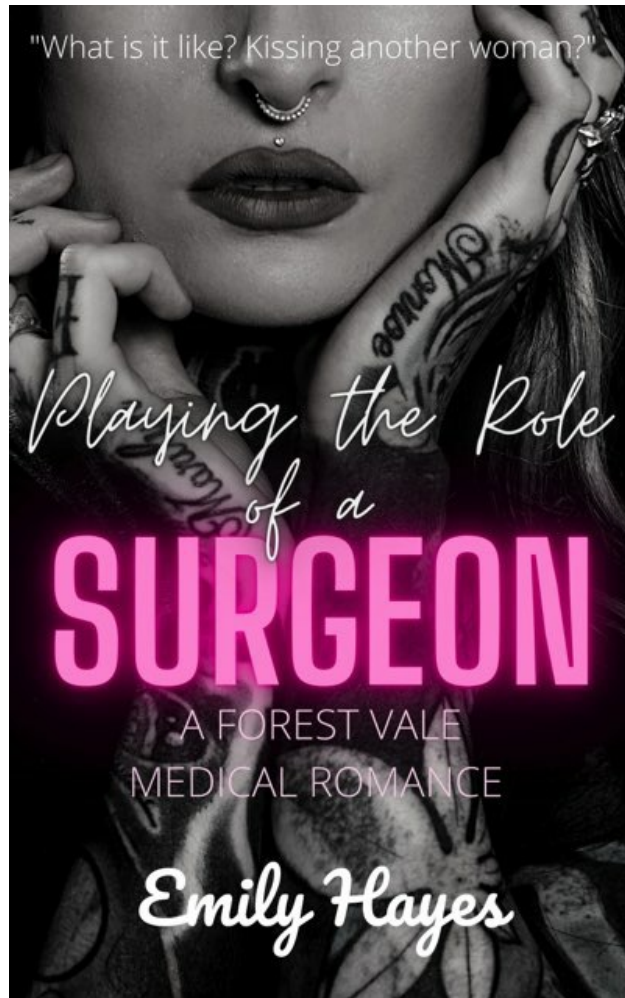
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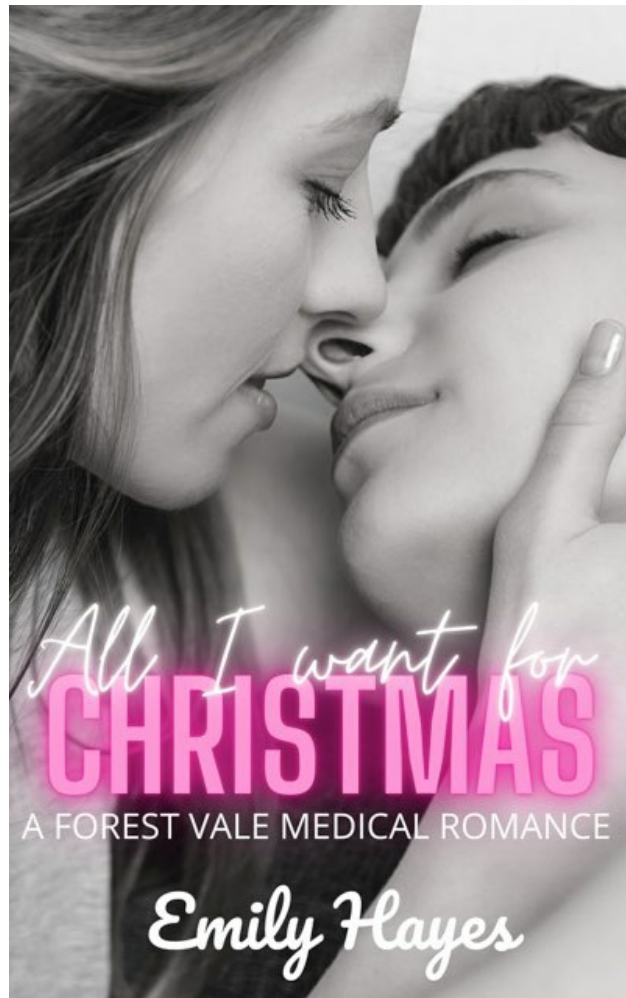
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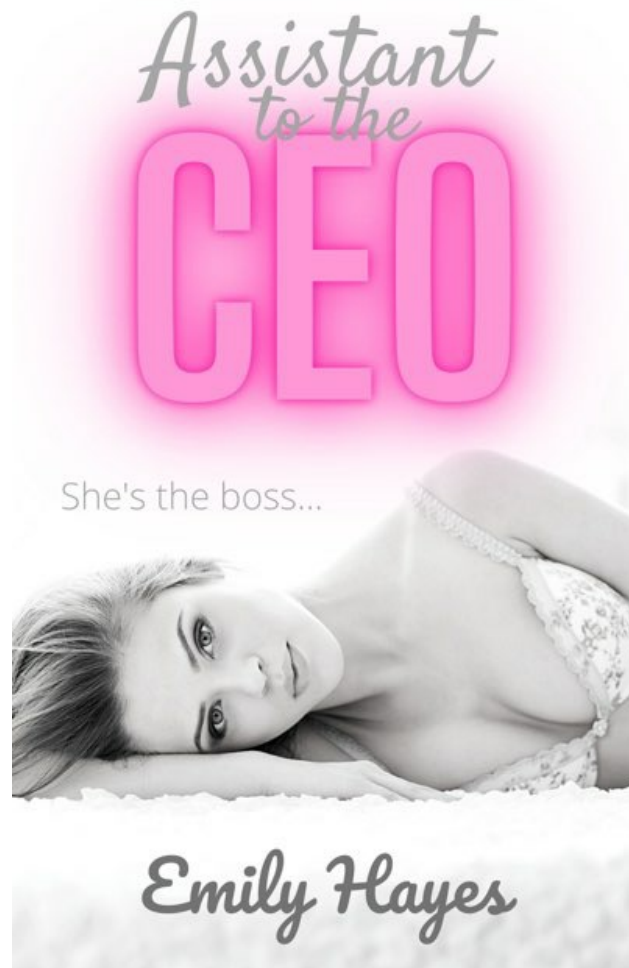


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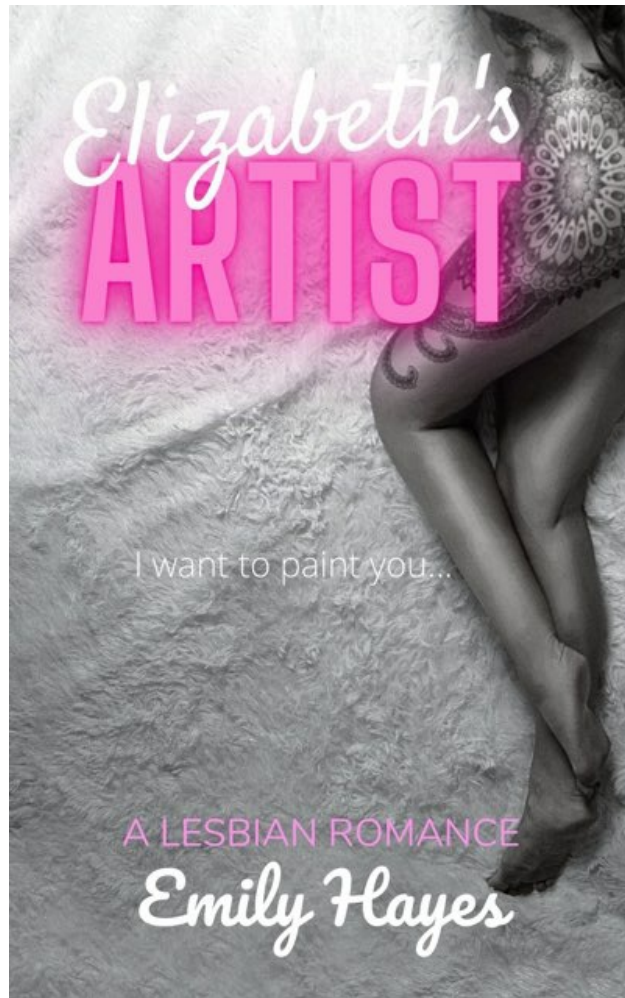
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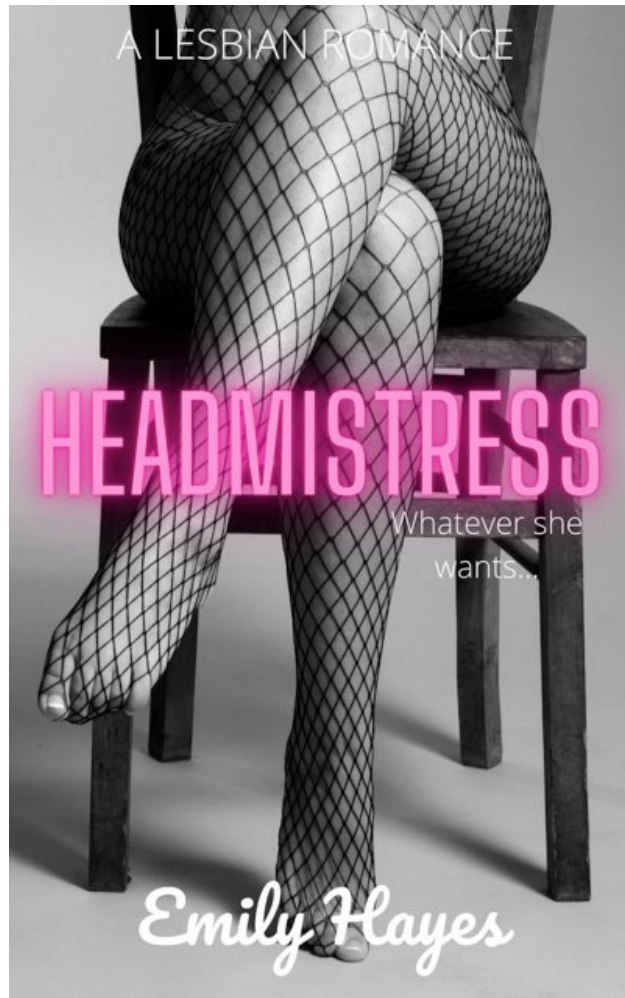




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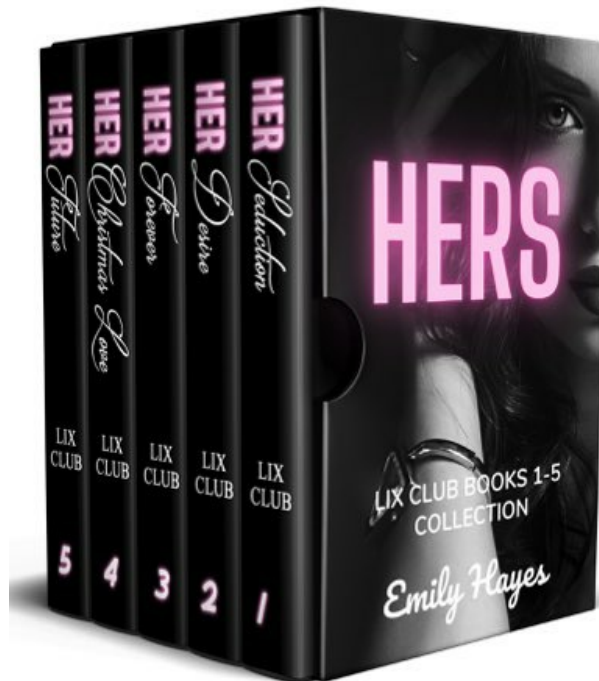
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