

Chained (When Bondage Meets Innocence)

Sabrina Sexton (2012)

Bewertung: $\star \star \star \star \div \div$ Schlagworte: Erotica, Lesbian, BDSM, Fiction Eroticattt Lesbianttt BDSMttt Fictionttt

Krista Hamilton has no idea as she enters the bathroom of her favorite nightclub that her life is about to change at the hands of a man she doesn't know. He ignites her passion and challenges her ideals, proving that her darkest desires are the key to unlocking the orgasm she's never experienced. Daring to go beyond wicked, he opens her mind to the erotic tendencies she's kept locked in her subconscious, and satisfies her for the first time ever in her life.

Determined to forge a relationship with the only girl he's ever wanted, Damien steps outside the bounds of society, and steals a role in Krista's secret fantasy, leaving her without any clue of his identity. When their second encounter surpasses the first, spiraling out of control, the unfolding events destroy his chances and he disappears, convinced that she will never have him.

Left alone, the appeal of her former life withers and Krista admits that her only hope for happiness is to find someone else strong enough to dominate her. Tyler is only too happy to oblige, but after one night together, he realizes there are two choices. Keep the only girl who's both strong enough to sustain his interest and submissive enough to fuel his desire or call his best friend who mistakenly believed that she didn't want him.

When both men become a part of her life, competing for her heart, the only thing Krista knows for sure is that she will never be able to choose between them.

WARNING: This novel contains highly graphic and sexual content including anal, double penetration, BDSM, lesbian sex, and Master/slave relationships. The author is not responsible for any thoughts or medical conditions that may occur as a result of reading it.

CHAINED

by

Sabrina Sexton

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, organizations, places, events and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

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Chapter 1

"Wow," the bouncer said. "You look great! I kind of thought you were a tomboy."

Krista didn't usually put much effort into her appearance. She favored comfortability over the ridiculous airbrushed images portrayed by fashion magazines and Hollywood. More importantly, she actually liked her face when it wasn't covered by fifteen layers of chemical combinations.

Tonight, however, Krista was hoping to catch the attention of one super, sexy bartender. With all the eye candy he was used to seeing, she figured she'd have to go overboard for Damien to even notice her. Thus the outfit – black knee boots, a tiny, black, pleated skirt, and a ripped wife-beater that showed off the edges of her black lace bra. As an added touch, she'd worn her long, light brown hair loose, letting it brush the top of her ass.

"I am," Krista said with a wink. "Just feeling a bit mischievous tonight, Brian."

Truthfully, she was way beyond mischievous. Krista was twenty eight years old and had never been in a serious relationship with a man. Her last relationship had survived just three short months before she broke it off. Like all the others, there had been something important missing. She wasn't sure what 'it' was, but the mysterious missing quality was a deal breaker.

"If you need any company tonight, let me know," Brian said, grinning as he opened the door and held it for her. "I'd be happy to give you a hand, maybe two if things get interesting."

"Save your pick up lines, Brian," Krista said. "We both know you bat for the other team."

"Girl, the way you look tonight," Brian said, looking her up and down, "I'd take my chances at the plate and worry about labels in the morning."

"You're adorable," Krista said, kissing him on the cheek.

"Yeah, yeah," Brian said, nodding towards the open door. "You might want to be careful on the dance floor, lest you flash that curvy ass of yours."

"I wore a sexy thong, just in case," Krista whispered in his ear, laughing as she walked through the door.

Krista surveyed the room letting her eyes adjust to the darkness. It was eleven o'clock, and the club was already busy. The bass was booming – a hard, steady beat that stirred her blood. She couldn't wait to dance away the stress of the week. It was at the top of her list – after she made eyes at the sexy bartender, of course.

Krista pushed through the throng of people around the bar. When she reached the counter, her favorite bartender was nowhere to be seen. Disappointed, she ordered a drink from the other guy and laid a five on the counter.

"Never should have spent a whole hour getting ready," she said to herself when she realized Damien wasn't working that night.

Krista finished her drink in one long gulp and danced into the center of the floor. She let the music move her. Winding sensuously, her body caressed the air around her, seduction shimmering as sweat beaded on her skin. She didn't know why, but her personality seemed to morph into that of a temptress – seductive and sexy, when she danced.

Five drinks and several lame come-ons later, the bathroom beckoned. Krista moved towards the bathroom and figured she'd leave after. If she hurried, she could beat the rush of drunken yuppies, maybe even find a cab. She glanced over at the bar, shaking her head at the stragglers crowded around the bar trying to get their last calls.

Krista stepped into the bathroom, making her way through the dimly lit room when a hand came around her mouth and a knife pressed against her throat. She sobered instantly. Her heart beat doubled, adrenaline rushing through her body as the assailant pushed her into the wall near the door.

"Hello, Krista," the man whispered, his voice deep and husky.

Random thoughts raced through her brain. Who was he? Was his voice familiar? How did he know her name?

"Your timing is perfect," he said softly. "We should have plenty of time to get to know each other."

Fear made her heart drop into her stomach. There was only one thing he could want.

"I'm going to let go of your mouth now, Krista," he said. "If you are quiet, I won't hurt you. But if you scream, things will get very – unpleasant. Nod if you understand."

Krista nodded. Her eyes squeezed shut, tears leaking from the corners.

"Good girl," the attacker whispered as he let go of Krista's mouth. His breath was warm as it blew across her ear, creating a tiny shiver that snaked down her spine. Without warning, he grabbed her breast and squeezed it roughly, drawing a hiss from between her teeth. She was embarrassed to feel her nipples harden at his touch. "Now reach up slowly and lock the door."

"Please don't hurt me," Krista whispered, terrified. "Let me go and I'll never tell a soul."

"There's no fun in that," he said. "I've seen you dance. You're like liquid sex and I've wanted you for ages. The waiting has been so hard."

"To talk to you," he said softly.

"Touch you," he whispered, as his lips brushed her ear.

"Taste you," he said, letting his lips close around her earlobe.

His voice dropped lower and seemed to take all of her senses with it, "To fuck you."

Krista felt her pussy throb, his words sending an electrifying thrill through her system. She knew it had been a long time since she had been with anyone, but she had to have better taste than some whack job rapist in a dirty bathroom.

"It has been torture," the man continued, "wondering what your pussy will taste like on my tongue, how good it will feel to shove my dick inside you, how warm and wet you will be.

Krista's body throbbed again as desire soaked her panties. She had never felt like this before. Heat was gathering between her legs, almost painful, but not quite. Her body was a guitar string, stretched tight, waiting for him to strum a chord and send music coursing through her. She gritted her teeth, wondering how she was supposed to fight both her attacker and her body.

"I don't want this," she said softly, ignoring her body's plea.

The attacker squeezed her breast again, harder this time and a small moan escaped her mouth. He dragged his hand down the front of her body. "Liar," he whispered, his lips barely moving against her neck. "Your nipples have been rock hard since I first touched you and I can smell your sweet pussy cream from here. Now, reach up and lock the door."

Krista wondered what was wrong with her. She couldn't possibly like what he was saying, what he was doing. So why was she creaming in her panties? Why couldn't she catch her breath?

"Lock the door," he said, sliding his fingers under her skirt and inside her wet panties. Krista gasped at the contact, ashamed that he could feel the evidence of her body's betrayal. "Do it now and I will give you what you want."

"My body is wrong," Krista said, tears of shame brimming as two fingers slid easily into her wet pussy. "I don't want this. Please, let me go."

"Lock. The. Door." His thumb rubbed back and forth against Krista's clit and he pressed the knife harder against her neck. She hissed when it pricked her skin, the cut burning as a tiny drop of blood rolled down her neck. Her pussy throbbed around his fingers and she couldn't say whether it was from him teasing her clit or the knife on her neck.

"Okay," Krista said softly, afraid the knife would cut deeper if she did anything more than whisper. She reached up and turned the lock. The sound of the bolt sliding home sent another wave of warmth crashing through her. "I'll do what you want. Just please, put the knife away.

Krista trembled when her attacker scraped the edge of the weapon slowly down her neck.

"I think you like the knife, Krista," he said.

Krista gasped as her assailant pushed another finger into her pussy without warning. He continued sliding his long fingers in and out of her swollen sex.

"You're so wet," the man said. "Tell the truth. Tell me you like it."

"Please," Krista whispered, ashamed that he was manipulating not just her

body but her mind as well. "Don't make me say it."

Grinding his palm against her clit, his fingers stroked her inner walls and she moaned deeply. He bit down on the back of her neck, leaving an imprint of his teeth in the soft flesh. Krista felt her body convulse, throbbing forcefully as she moaned.

"Say it Krista," the man said. "Tell me you want this, that you want to come, that you want me to fuck you. Say it."

He ground his hand harder against her clit, raising the pressure.

"Yes," Krista hissed, clenching her teeth. "I want it. Are you happy? I don't even know who you are." With her pulse pounding in her veins, the biggest truth loomed and Krista broke under its weight.

"And I don't care," she whispered finally.

Saying the words out loud, admitting her desire, snapped something in her brain. She pressed against his hand, forcing the weight of her whole body against him. It didn't matter that this was a stranger or that he held a knife against her throat. She was desperate to alleviate the pressure building inside her. Whoever he was, her attacker had pushed her past the point of rational thought, reduced her to the primal urges of an animal.

"God yes," he said. Krista felt him yank his hand from her panties. The light switch flipped, blinding her in the sudden darkness. She heard the knife clatter across the floor as the man spun her around to face him and kissed her on the mouth, teeth biting and tongue thrusting.

Suddenly, he was gone. One moment Krista had been kissing him, the next nothing. She couldn't see anything and reached up for the light switch. As she felt around for it, his fingers began to brush slowly up her leg, coming to rest on her panties. Krista felt a sharp tug and heard a ripping sound that was both chilling and exciting. He had literally ripped her panties off.

"Spread your legs," he said from somewhere around her waist.

Krista didn't consider that he'd released her, that she could fight back. She didn't think about escaping either. She forgot about the light and spread her legs as wide as she could. He pulled back the folds around her clit, stretching them painfully until she cried out. A second later, his warm, wet tongue licked her clit as his fingers push inside her. She tangled her hands in his hair and moaned

deeply. The man was a genius. He alternated between flicking her clit with the tip of his tongue and sucking on it, all the while sliding his long fingers in and out of her cunt.

He pulled her down and Krista felt her bare ass sliding along the grimy floor as he moved them away from the door. In this moment, she couldn't have cared less. Something was building. Something she'd never felt before. Something that was making her crazy. If he didn't push it over the edge soon, she would lose her mind. He pulled away, the sound of a snap and a zipper invading her mind.

"Do you want this?" he asked, rubbing the head of his dick against her wet hole.

"Please," she said huskily.

"Do you want me to fuck you?" he asked. "I want to hear you say it Krista. Tell me."

Krista had never been vocal during sex. She wished she knew how this stranger could force her to go so far beyond her comfort level or why she responded to him like a crazed, lust-filled nympho. She couldn't stand it another moment. She had to have him inside her.

"Please fuck me," she said. "I need you. I can't take it anymore."

He kissed her, roughly, lifted his hips for leverage and plunged into her with one stroke. Thrusting deep, he pressed his pelvic bone against her clit, grinding into her body as he moved in and out of her.

Krista felt the pressure in her build until it exploded in waves that coursed through her whole body. She had always wondered why everyone made a big deal out of the ever elusive orgasm, but she'd figured it wasn't that big a deal. God she had been SO wrong! She screamed her orgasm into his mouth, lifting her hips to grind against him with each convulsion. Krista's orgasm faded in a myriad of mini convulsions, each thrust pushing another spasm through her body.

Her blood ran cold when someone pounded on the door. What was she doing?

Reality struck hard when Damien heard someone knock on the door. How had he gotten so carried away? He was fucking Krista on the bathroom floor. Any shot he had at a relationship with her was gone and he had no one to blame but himself. He'd been waiting for ages and now that his life was stable, he had ruined everything.

She had come into the bar a little over a year ago, dancing the night away in sweats and a tank top. With her hair in a ponytail and no make-up, she was still the sexiest girl in there. He had girls hit on him all the time, plastered in make-up, wearing push-up bras. Krista was just naturally pretty and didn't have to do a thing to stand out. He'd wanted her from the beginning.

Unfortunately, he wasn't in a position to start something with her. He had some crazy things happening and it was important for him to get them squared away before he started a relationship first. So he'd bided his time, getting his life in order, hoping she didn't start dating someone or find a new club to hang at. In the meantime, he'd discovered that her friend Hannah, was dating one of his friends.

At first, he'd just wanted to find out if she was seeing anyone or had any serious prospects. But the more he talked to Hannah about Krista, the more he wanted to. He wanted to know everything. They'd been talking for months before she let it slip one night that Krista had fantasies about being forced.

Damien didn't know how it had happened, but at some point in the evening, he'd decided to give her a taste of the fantasy and see if she responded. Now he was fucking her on the bathroom floor without even a condom for protection. This was a total disaster. Krista would never forgive him.

The door banged again. "Open up. We're closed."

Damien heard Greg call through the door and knew he had to go. He reached up to stroke her face as he pulled out of her. "I gotta go," he said, as he stood, pulled up his pants and fastened them around his throbbing erection. He didn't know what else to say so he unlocked the door and walked out.

When the door opened and Greg saw who it was, he broke into a grin. "Lucky fuck!"

"Shut up, dude," Damien said quietly, hoping she wouldn't hear. "Just give her a few minutes and don't say anything when she comes out. I'm serious."

"Whatever you say," Greg said walking backwards with his hands up. "I just wish I got half as lucky as you."

The bathroom door opened and Krista glanced over, trying unsuccessfully to get a glimpse of the unknown man. When the door closed, her eyes filled with tears until they leaked from the corners. What was wrong with her? A man had tried to rape her and instead of being upset, she had practically begged for it. Actually, she had begged for it. The truth was – she had never been so turned on. He'd given her the first orgasm she'd ever experienced and it was beyond anything she'd ever imagined. She was twisted

Krista stood slowly, her fingers reaching up to flip the light switch. Squinting in the suddenly illuminated room, she glanced around, looking for her belongings. Her discarded panties were ripped beyond repair. Despite that, she stared at them with a mixture of emotion. It was embarrassing that she was going to walk out of the bathroom with no panties on – that was a given. The surprising part was how impressed she was. He had literally ripped the panties off of her body. Hot...

Krista glanced around trying to find the tiny purse that she always used when she went out dancing. It was in the corner next to the door. When she bent down to pick it up, the knife was laying underneath. She retrieved both items. The knife made of dark wood, an intricate "L" inlaid on both sides in mother of pearl. It was custom.

Krista closed the knife and put it inside her purse, before looking up into the mirror. There was a tiny cut on her neck and a trail of dried blood that ended in a very black drop. It disappeared after a few strokes with a wet paper towel. A quick wash of the rest of her face and several deep, calming breaths fortified her enough to make her exit. As she stepped into a cab and gave the driver her address, her mind drifted – lost in thought.

Chapter 2

"This is crazy," Krista said to herself with a shake of her head. She couldn't possibly be considering going back. Her mind was filled with questions - about him, about her, about what, if anything, happened next. The unknown assailant had controlled her like a puppeteer and she had to find out whether or not it was some kind of anomaly in her psyche.

Even more surprising, was what had happened when she arrived home. Krista had taken a shower, and sat on the couch twirling the knife in her hand. With the events of the night replaying in her head, she had carefully drawn the edge of the knife along her thigh before closing the blade and pushing it carefully inside her pussy.

Masturbation had never worked for her before, maybe because she hadn't known how to orgasm, maybe not. But last night was different. She had held the knife, feeling the wood heat in her hand, the metal cool. It had been closed the entire time, but felt no less dangerous as she drug it along her body, tickling her clit as she imagined her assailant and the things he'd done to her. Over and over she had made herself orgasm until she fell asleep.

What kind of sick shit was that? She had gone from semi-normal to obsessed and depraved in one day. Krista had a feeling the man from the bathroom was the only one that could help her understand. She had to see him again, but really, how are you supposed to stalk a nameless, faceless, would-be rapist? She could only hope that if she went back to the bar, he would find her.

It was nine o'clock and Club 318 had just opened. Krista planned to grab a booth, have a drink and wait. As her eyes went around the room, she took it all in and her heart started to beat a little faster. It was a long shot, but there was a possibility that he'd be here. This was the only place she frequented and he had

called her by name. It had to mean something.

Her eyes landed on the sexy bartender she'd been looking for last night. He was stocking the back-up beer cooler, head down, attention focused on his task. With black, wavy hair that fell across his forehead, bright blue eyes, a full mouth and a strong jaw, his face was perfection. Bronze skin and rippling muscles added to the package, making him full out, the sexiest man she had ever seen in real life.

Krista shook her head as if coming out of a daze. He was not why she was here tonight. She walked up to the bar and asked for a vodka with Redbull, vodka to calm her nerves a little and Redbull to keep her awake. Damien stopped what he was doing and began to make her drink.

Krista leaned in conspiratorially. "I have a favor I'm hoping you can help me with," she said quickly before she lost the nerve. "I am going to be here pretty much all night. I want to 'reserve' one of the booths over there in the corner. I'm kind of meeting someone, but I'm not sure when he's coming." Krista cringed inwardly at how it sounded as she held up her hands to make the air quotes.

"I made a little sign and everything. I just need your permission to put it on the table. Is that cool?" She said this all really fast then bit her lip apprehensively.

Damien glanced up, just for a second, groaning quietly as he looked at her. Her bottom lip was clenched in her teeth with her head tilted down. She was looking up at him hopefully, her eyes veiled by thick lashes. He had never seen anything so sexy. God, he wanted her again.

"Normally I would say no," Damien said, hoping Krista couldn't read his wayward thoughts, "but you're in here all the time, so it's cool. Just out of curiosity, who are you waiting for?"

Damien looked down at his hands so Krista wouldn't see the hope that he knew had to be in his eyes. He pretended to be focused on making her drink, a myriad of questions running through his brain.

Krista rubbed her hand on her jeans nervously. What could she say that wouldn't sound stupid or crazy? "I just met somebody here last night and thought he might come back. No big deal. How much do I owe you?" she asked as he slid the drink across the bar.

"On the house," Damien said. "You're the first customer of the night. Go stake out your table."

"Thanks," she said, smiling as she picked up her glass and walked away.

Krista sipped her drink, sliding into the booth. She pulled the little card that said 'Reserved' out of her purse and put it on the table. Nervously twiddling her fingers, she thought about her previous sexual experiences. She had never been able to get anywhere close to an orgasm until a stranger tried to rape her.

That was not normal. Why would her response yesterday be so amazing if she wasn't at least partially into this kind of thing? Maybe she just hadn't known. More importantly – if this was how she was wired, what else was she into? What else did she not know? She didn't think she could answer the questions by herself.

Damien saw Krista get up and head toward the back hallway where the restrooms were located. She had been fiddling with his knife for the last half an hour, spinning it around on the table. He had to find out what she was really doing here. Had she come to confront him? Had he misread everything and she was upset? Either seemed equally possible.

"Hey buddy," Damien said to his friend, Greg, the other bartender. "Watch the bar for me, alright?"

"Again? Man, you just got some last night," Greg said enviously.

"It's not like that," Damien said running his hand through his hair. He looked down at the erection clearly protruding from his pants. "Well mostly not anyway." He had been thinking about her all night, sitting there, waiting for him. "Just cover for me, okay?"

"Yeah, yeah. Don't take too long," Greg said with a smile.

"I owe you one," Damien said.

"Dude, you owe me like ten," Greg said with a laugh.

Damien walked back to the hallway, but didn't go into the bathroom this time. Instead, he walked to the end of the hall and flipped the light switch near the administrative office. Krista had really gotten off on not knowing who he was and the lack of lights might keep the club patrons out of the hallway. He stood next to the door of the restroom and waited for her to come out. He hadn't seen anyone else go in, but that didn't mean anything.

Krista had waited in the bathroom for ages, hoping that the mysterious "L" would come. After ten minutes, she gave up. Shoulders sagging with disappointment, she opened the door and walked out into pitch darkness. The lights were off, but the music was still playing loudly. Strange.

"Hello," Krista called out. "Is anybody there?"

Krista felt her heartbeat speed up and her palms start to sweat as she stood in the dark, waiting. This couldn't be a coincidence. It was him.

"I'm here, Krista," Damien said softly as he walked up behind her, putting his hands lightly on her shoulders. "The question is – why are you here? I didn't think I would see you again – at least not so soon."

"I-I don't know," Krista whispered. "I think I'm going crazy. I couldn't stay away. I tried to, but everything has gone topsy turvy in my brain. What did you do to me?"

"Did you like it?" Damien asked what he thought was the most important question. Everything came down to the answer to this question.

Krista had tried fighting it last night, unsuccessfully. Maybe honesty would provide a few answers.

"You know I never had an orgasm before last night? And after I left? I masturbated for hours, with your knife – wicked, twisted fantasies circling around in my brain. I couldn't sleep for hours. My brain wouldn't shut off. I don't even know your name, but I came here, hoping to see you. I even considered putting an ad on Craigslist – *Turned out freak seeking would be rapist from bathroom encounter at Club 318. Addicted. Need more.*"

Damien laughed, then pictured her stroking his knife against her body, around her nipples, against her clit. His cock pulsed inside his pants. This was going to be harder than he thought. "What kind of fantasies," he said softly in her ear.

Krista's breath caught in her throat and her lower lip started to quiver. She bit

down on it trying to calm herself. Should she tell him? Could she tell him?

"I don't know," she whispered, taking the easy way out. "It was all weird. Nothing I would ever actually do..."

"How do you know?" Damien said as his hands left her arms and settled on her hips, pulling her against his body. "Maybe you would enjoy those things."

Krista took a deep breath as Damien slid his hand under her shirt and cupped her breast. She knew should stop him, but couldn't seem to convince her mouth to speak the words. A hard pinch of her nipple tore a cry from her throat. Pleasure mingled with pain and hummed along the invisible string between her breasts and her pussy.

"Even if I might enjoy them," she said breathlessly, "how would I know?"

Damien chuckled. "I could help you," he said.

"I don't even know you," Krista replied.

"You know me in all the ways that count," Damien said seductively.

Krista dug down, trying to find her backbone.

"I don't know anything about you other than that you're well endowed because I'm a little sore, and that you get off on raping women. Sure I'm a freak for eating it up, but you were fully committed before you ever found out I was into it. You cut me with a knife," she said pulling away from him.

Damien sighed in frustration. Truthfully, he was surprised he even had a chance to talk to her again. He couldn't tell her that Hannah, her best friend, had told him about her fantasies. His only option was to do something rash and hope she responded as amazingly as yesterday. He reached out and grabbed her, spinning her around as he pulled her forcefully against his chest.

"Did you like it?" Damien asked. "Do you think I would have done it if I hadn't known that you would?"

"Let go of me you psycho," Krista said, pounding her fists on his firm chest. "How could you know? Do I look like a twisted, depraved freak?"

Damien grabbed her arms, pushed them behind her back and held them with one hand as Krista struggled against his chest. He had no choice. He was going to have to tell her about Hannah. She might not ever forgive either one of them for exposing her innermost thoughts.

"Just be still for a second," Damien said, "Let me explain."

"Explain what?" Krista asked, still struggling. "Explain that you're fucking crazy, that I'm am? What exactly are you going to explain?

Damien silenced her with a kiss and ground his aching cock against her. This was going to backfire. He just knew it. Unfortunately, he was too far gone to care. His erection had plagued him ever since she walked into the bar and ordered a drink. And when she'd confessed that she had masturbated with his knife, he'd thought he would bust a nut right then. He had to do something to get her to stop talking herself out of what they both knew was right.

All Damien's skill went into the kiss as he nipped playfully at her bottom lip and ran his tongue against it. Krista moaned softly, opening to him. He could feel her resistance slipping and slid his tongue into her mouth, caressing her from the inside out. He tangled his free hand in her long hair and groaned as she started to kiss him back.

"You are so fucking hot," he said against her mouth.

"I'd love to say the same," Krista said sarcastically, despite the fact that she was grinding against him with her lips melded to his mouth, "but I've never seen your face."

He pulled her hair, wrenching her head back so he could kiss her neck. "Doesn't seem to matter," he murmured against her throat as she leaned into him.

"It should," Krista said, wishing she could summon the ability to think. Every time he touched her, the deep ache inside her became her only focus. She didn't even know who she was becoming, reduced to this burning, aching need.

Damien let go of Krista's arms, reached under the back of her shirt and unsnapped her bra with deft fingers and a flick of his wrist.

"What if somebody comes?" Krista asked when she realized what he was doing.

"That's part of the risk," Damien said, "knowing that I'm doing this to you, right out in the open, a club full of people right around the corner. You like the risk, Krista. It makes your heart beat faster and your pussy wet. There's nothing

wrong with that."

Damien pulled the shirt up and over Krista's shoulders, taking the bra with it and exposing her breasts. There wasn't much light, but the exit sign at the back door glinted off the sweat decorating her skin. His mouth closed around her nipple, and she gasped. Flash fire traveled down to her pussy and she knew it was getting wet. He bit her nipple sucking hard, tearing a cry from her throat.

"You make me do things I wouldn't usually do," Krista said. "Why do you affect me that way?"

"Who knows?" Damien replied while teasing her breasts with his tongue. "Honestly, I've never felt this way either. I pride myself on staying in control. But already, I can feel it slipping away. I want to push you against the wall and fuck you until you can't stand or turn you around and introduce my dick to your lovely ass."

A thrill zinged through Krista's body with each word, even the part about her ass. She had never even considered anal sex before. She squeezed her legs tightly together as the mental picture of him bending her over and pushing into her untried hole burned through her mind.

While he was talking, Damien took a second to re-strategize. If he wasn't careful, this was all going to end up like yesterday. He had to slow it down. With the largest measure of control he could muster, he began to tease her, touching her softly, avoiding her breasts and her pussy, stroking everywhere else. The idea was to drive her wild, but take things slow enough that he wouldn't lose control – again. It seemed easy enough, but with each touch, he felt an electric zing that started at his finger tips and went straight to his dick.

"Please," Krista said. "I'm going to jump out of my skin if you don't touch me soon."

"I am touching you," Damien said. Her begging was just this side of painful. Of course she couldn't know the effect she had on him. Maybe one day, but today, she was still mostly innocent of his world.

"Yes, but I mean really touch me," Krista said as Damien's hand inched slowly up her thigh.

"Anticipation changes everything, makes it more – better. Don't you want it to be better?" Damien asked a teasing note to his voice.

"Can it get better?" she asked. "I mean last night was amazing, so good it may have actually changed who I am, or at least who I thought I was. How much better could it be?"

"You have no idea," Damien said, chuckling. With that he picked her up and carried her over to the speaker he knew was in the corner. It was hard to tell exactly where it was in the dark so he moved slowly. Kissing her deeply on the mouth, he felt around for it with his foot. When his toe hit the speaker, he set her down in front of it.

Dropping to his knees, Damien unbuttoned Krista's pants and pushed them down as far as they would go. Unfortunately, skinny jeans weren't exactly made for this type of encounter. Swearing under his breath, he reached down and pulled off one of her shoes. After easing one leg out of her pants, he decided that was enough. She didn't need to be naked, just accessible.

Damien pushed Krista until she leaned against the speaker as he knelt in front of her. Starting on the inside of her naked leg, he grazed the side of her knee with his teeth, then licked soothingly. He moved up her leg, about an inch and repeated the process. This time he bit down a little harder and she moaned softly.

Damien worked his way slowly up her thigh, biting a bit harder each time, before soothing the ache with his tongue. Krista's moans grew progressively louder and he was thankful that the club always kept the music loud. When he finally got to the top of her leg, he took a deep breath and blew a stream of cool air across her clit, smiling to himself when she gripped his shoulders.

"Please stop teasing me," Krista begged. "I can't take it. I've never felt so tied up inside. It's like an ocean wave, going higher and higher, but never cresting. I need to come. Please!"

Damien took pride in his ability to draw out a woman's pleasure. Most women were so focused on getting to the finish line, they never realized how intense the pleasure could actually be. They didn't realize the pressure could be built layer upon layer, over and over. He called it an endless orgasm and to get it just right required finesse and experience. It was a system of taking a woman right to the edge and then pulling her back before she could come, over and over and over. Each time, the edge went a little higher. Towards the end, all it took was a flick of his fingers on a woman's clit for her entire existence to explode. That was his favorite part. Watching it ripple out in endless convulsions.

"Please, please, pleeeease," Krista moaned. "I'm so close. It feels like there's

fire running through my body instead of blood. I need you. I need to feel you inside me. Something."

Krista was getting close. Damien could feel it in her restless hands and the near panicked sound of her voice. It was time to open up a few more possibilities. He reached up with his right hand and pushed his thumb into her mouth.

When Damien felt Krista's warm, wet mouth enclose his finger, he mentally cursed this idea. His dick was going to fall off. He wasn't sure how much more he could take. Who knew she could do things like that with her mouth? As she wrapped her tongue around his finger, stroking it up and down, he thought he would die. How embarrassing would it be to come in his pants like a teenage boy? He hissed as she nipped the side of his finger playfully and then caressed it with the tip of her tongue.

Playtime was over. Damien was done. He pulled his thumb from her mouth and eased it into her asshole. At the same time, he pushed two fingers inside her dripping pussy and sucked hard on her clit. Krista's body convulsed around his fingers as an orgasmic scream echoed in the small hallway. She grabbed his head and held him in place, grinding her pussy into his face as wave after wave of pleasure crashed through her.

When the convulsions subsided, Damien removed his fingers and reached into his pocket, grabbing a condom. He quickly unzipped his jeans and pushed them down his hips. After unrolling the condom on his erection, he stood, and pulled Krista to her feet.

"I need you," he said kissing her savagely, swallowing her moan of agreement.

Damien tore his mouth away from hers, spun her around and bent her over the speaker. As he gently pushed his thumb back into her ass, he decided it wasn't ready yet. With a groan, he thrust forward, sheathing his cock all the way in her dripping pussy. He began slamming into her, his finger pushing in and out of her second hole with the same tempo. Barely hanging onto his control, Damien concentrated on opening her up.

"Oh my god!" Krista said, sensation overloading her brain. She had never felt anything like this. It was so intense, so many different sensations – the course fabric of the speaker against her face, the amazing cock, even the finger sliding in and out of her ass. She hadn't thought she had another orgasm in her, but the pressure was building again.

Damien grabbed a big chunk of Krista's long hair with his free hand and wound it around his wrist, using it for leverage. A sharp pull lifted her off the speaker as his cock pounded deep inside her relentlessly.

"Do you like that Krista?" Damien asked her, pushing her against the wall.

There was no use denying it. He was invading her body, taking it over and making it his. It didn't matter that Krista had never had anything in her ass before. He played her body like a concert pianist. Her second orgasm was building and she knew he could tell.

"Yes," Krista said with a shudder. She didn't want to like it, but she did. She liked his hand in her hair, pulling sharply enough to force her breath through her teeth as pussy cream ran down her leg. She liked being forced against the wall, with nowhere to go, no give as he thrust into her openings with long, sure strokes. She liked everything.

"Say it again. Tell me you want me." Damien said.

"I do," Krista responded, her fingers scratching against the wall. "You're amazing."

"Tell me you like the way I fuck," Damien growled.

Damien stilled when she didn't say anything. "Say it Krista. You love the way my dick feels inside you."

For several seconds, nothing moved and the only sound was of them both breathing hard, the noise of the club a minor detail. Finally Krista gave in.

Taking a deep breath, she said. "I love your dick and the way you fuck me."

"That's it baby," Damien said as he pulled out and slammed back into her with all of his strength. He drove into her again, pounding her pussy against the wall.

As he filler her up over and over, Krista cried out. Damien slowed his thrust. Now was the time. Her orgasm was so close her legs were shivering. He pulled his dick out of her and let go of her hair. Leaning his body into hers, he whispered in her ear.

"Tell me to fuck your ass Krista. Tell me to fill you up like no one ever has." Damien held his breath. She was ready. He had warmed her up so good, taking his time to make sure he wouldn't hurt her. He was losing control and wanted to claim this piece of her first. He wanted to feel that this one part of her was his, completely.

Krista cried out in frustration as she felt him draw away. She was so close. "Take it, please. Fuck my ass. I just need you inside me," she said with a sob. "I'm so close."

Damien carefully positioned himself at her anal entrance and reached around putting his hand in front of her clit. When Krista took a breath, Damien bit her, hard, on the back of her neck. He thrust deeply into her ass all the while grinding the heel of his hand on her clit.

Krista screamed as her body filled simultaneously with pleasure and pain. Her body convulsed, the orgasm tearing through her, as he slowly pulled out and then thrust deep inside again. She'd thought he would go slow, had secretly dreaded the prospect of postponing her orgasm.

"More," Krista said loving it. She should have known that he knew what she needed. He had prepared her ass to take him and then distracted her with an orgasm while her anal cavity stretched and became accustomed to his size. Krista bit down on her lip and felt her knees get weak. It was so different – intense and raw.

Damien pulled them away from the wall, still buried deep inside Krista's ass, and bent her over the speaker for the second time. With a growl, he plunged deeply, harder and harder in an effort to send them both over the edge.

"God, you are amazing," Damien said, amazed at the woman in front of him. "The way you give yourself to me makes me crazy." His dick was sliding in and out of her easily now. The endorphins from her orgasm had probably helped. He increased the tempo knowing he wouldn't last much longer.

Krista could feel her anal muscles trembling. Something was building with an intensity that felt - primal. She wondered if she could come this way and figured there was only one way to find out. With both hands, she reached back and pulled her cheeks apart, granting him deeper access.

"Harder, please!" Krista exclaimed. "Fuck me like you mean it."

As Krista begged, Damien's control evaporated. He grabbed her hips and slammed into her, fast, hard, and deep. He hadn't wanted to hurt her, but she eliminated rational thought. She played on his base urges, the primitive part of his brain.

"You want more?" he asked, fucking her ass harder than he had her pussy, holding nothing back. He reached under her body and pressed his fingers against her clit, grinding them both against the speaker with the force of his thrust. "Take it all then, slut. Show me you like it. Come for me. Come NOW Krista!"

With a scream, she let the pressure break as his fingers twiddled against her clit with the weight of both their bodies. Nothing had prepared her for her first anal orgasm, the intensity, the mixture of pleasure and pain, the sheer enormity of it. If she didn't know better, she'd swear her hair follicles were even tingling. He'd thought she was kidding earlier, but she truly believed she was becoming addicted to his brand of sex.

As Krista cried out, Damien thrust deep inside, her ass muscles convulsing around him, milking him. With a low groan, he gave one final thrust and the best orgasm of his life ripped through his body.

When it was over, Damien pulled out, slowly. He knew she would be coming down off the endorphins soon and didn't want to hurt her, especially after he had completely lost control – again. Anal sex was tricky under the best of circumstances, but he had lost it, spurred on by her dirty mouth and the way she begged. He pulled the used condom off his dick and dropped it next to the speaker. He'd throw it away later.

Despite his boasting earlier that night, Krista really wasn't going to be able to walk, much less drive home. Without being cocky, Damien knew he was larger than the average man. At a full ten inches and nearly as big around as her wrist, he always had to be careful not to hurt the women he slept with. That's one of the reasons it was so important for him to maintain his control. Unfortunately for her, he didn't seem to have any where she was concerned.

Damien pulled up his pants, buttoning them with deft fingers. Then he reached down and carefully picked her up. Krista was limp in his arms, satiated and exhausted with one pant leg trailing on the ground. He hoped she had enjoyed herself enough tonight to want to see him again after she found out who he was. The illusion she had in her brain would be demolished by the bathroom lights. No matter how he spun it in his brain, she was not going to like finding out that he worked here. She might think he did this sort of thing all the time or that he really was a rapist. The worst possible scenario was that she might not ever want to see him again. If he was honest with himself, he'd admit that he'd never met anyone like her and wanted to keep her in his life, somehow.

"Come on princess," Damien said as he carried Krista into the women's bathroom and hit the light with his elbow. She was unprepared for the sudden illumination and quickly closed her eyes, covering them up with her arm.

"Ughhh, what was that for?" she whined softly.

"Sorry sweetheart," Damien replied. "Couldn't be helped. I've got to make sure you're okay."

Krista blinked her eyes a few times and realized she could see. She could see him, her mystery man. All she had to do was look up. Suddenly, she didn't want to. Was it weird that she was afraid? Once she looked up and saw who he was, everything would become real. She would never be able to pretend that she was normal, never pretend that she had ordinary everyday urges. It was dark territory she'd explored with him and somehow, knowing his identity would change everything. In the end curiosity won out and she dared to glance when he sat her gently on the floor.

"It can't be you," Krista exclaimed with a surprised gasp, dripping with disbelief.

Damien's clenched his jaw in frustration. She sounded disappointed. Maybe her friend had been wrong. He faced up to the fact that the last two days had made him want her even more. No woman had ever called to him more and the thought of not being with her was infuriating.

"Sorry princess," he said, trying to be casual. "You were expecting someone else?"

Krista frowned, thinking about everything that had happened. It truly did not seem possible and she could think of several reasons why.

"One," Krista said, counting the reasons off on her fingers, "I've been coming here for over a year and you have barely ever looked at me. Two, I never told you my name, and three, the knife has an 'L' on it."

As Krista started listing all the reasons why it couldn't or shouldn't be him, Damien tried to check his frustration. None of this was her fault and she hadn't done anything to deserve what he had done to her for the last few days. Granted, he'd made it good for her, but the fact of the matter was that she wasn't into him and hadn't been willing, despite her friend's assurances.

If nothing else, he at least owed her an explanation. "One, I don't look at you, because it sucks tending bar with a hard on. Two, your friend, Hannah, told me your name and three, my name is Lance. That's why there's an L on the knife. My middle name is Damien."

Krista laughed. It might have been because she was semi-hysterical, or maybe because she couldn't get over how lucky she was. Damien was the hottest guy she had ever seen and here he was justifying himself for why he was her secret admirer. Was that the right word? Admirer, stalker, sex god? She wasn't sure which was right. Maybe all of them.

When she started laughing at him, Damien lost it. He reached out and pulled her forcefully against his body. He grabbed her hair and pulled hard enough to wrench her head back so he could see her eyes. There was apprehension there, but he saw desire too. Maybe he could salvage this. He kissed her roughly on the mouth, forcing his tongue into her mouth, exploring it, claiming it. He rubbed his once again hardening dick against her pelvis. Maybe if he could convince her they had chemistry, she would give him a chance.

Krista was stunned. Why was he so angry? She abandoned trying to think when he kissed her. It was a lost cause anyway. He kissed her so hard her lips were going to be bruised. Winding her hands into his hair, she kissed him back, not caring that she stood there wearing half a pair of pants and nothing else. Just as suddenly as it started, it was over and he was halfway across the room.

Damien ran a hand through his hair and took a few calming breaths. He had to get his priorities in order and stop thinking with his dick. Unfortunately, it was rock hard and making a good case for taking her with the lights on, showing her how great it could be, proving to her that he wasn't the monster he'd made himself out to be. Of course, taking her with the lights on might just prove he was that monster. He wasn't usually, but there was something about her that made him lose his mind. It didn't help that she had laughed at him. He composed himself and walked back over to where she stood next to the sink as if in a daze.

"Look, princess - whether you wanted it to be me or not, it was. Neither of us can change that and I wouldn't even if I could. The kind of chemistry we have doesn't just happen every day. Regardless, you are going to need help getting home. So suck it up and let me take care of you."

Krista just looked at him. It was like he was speaking a language that she

didn't understand. In what reality could he possibly believe she didn't want him? She tried to find the words to explain how she felt when the edges of her vision started to go dark. She was dizzy and suddenly nauseous. What was happening?

"I don't feel so good," she said as she slid towards the ground in slow motion. Damien caught her just before she fell.

"What the fuck?" he exclaimed. "Krista, say something,"

Damien shook her gently. Krista was out cold. He laid her down on the bathroom floor and listened to her chest. Her heart was beating. What the hell was happening? He leaned up close to her face and felt her breath against his cheek.

"Krista, come on honey, wake up," he said, shaking her again. Krista didn't respond.

Damien carefully put her pants back on. Her shirt and bra were out in the hallway somewhere and he didn't have time to go looking for them. So he took off his and slid it over her small frame, arranging her arms in the sleeves. He grabbed her purse and picked her up, carrying her out of the restroom. For the second time in as many days Damien decided that everything was a disaster.

"Hey Greg. I gotta go," Damien said, nearing the bar. "Cover the rest of my shift, okay?"

Greg glanced up from the drink he was making. "Dude, what'd you do – fuck her to death?"

"It's not funny man," Damien said gritting his teeth. "I don't know what happened, but I gotta get her to the hospital. Cover for me."

"Whatever dude," Greg said with a grin. "I just want to know, did you stop before or after she passed out."

"You're sick, you know that." Damien shook his head, fighting a smile.

"Man, you're the one who left an hour ago and came back with an unconscious chick," Greg said, still grinning. Damien knew he was never going to live this one down. If Greg wasn't such a good friend, he wouldn't be able to put up with the shit he was going to take over this one.

"Okay, fine, have your laughs. But seriously, I gotta go. Can you flip the light switch in the back hallway and grab her stuff?"

"It's cool man," Greg said, tossing the bar rag over his shoulder. "I got it under control. You're just lucky there was a concert tonight or the place would have been packed. Go on, get out of here. And next time, take better care of your toys."

Chapter 3

Damien carefully laid Krista in the back seat of his car. He buckled the seatbelts around her and hoped that would keep her from rolling around back there and possibly getting more injured. It was bad enough she was having some kind of weird reaction to having sex with him. He didn't think he could take it if she got hurt on the way to the hospital.

Damien hopped in the front seat, started the car and pulled out of the parking lot. He tried not to drive too recklessly, but was really worried about her. His friend was making jokes, but what if Krista was in a coma or something. Is it even possible to fuck somebody into a coma? It wasn't like he was choking her or anything. How the hell could she have passed out?

Damien's mind was spinning with questions as he pulled into emergency area of the hospital and threw the car in park. Jumping out, he opened the back door to get Krista out of the car.

"Hey buddy, you can't park there," a security guard said.

Damien ignored him and undid the seatbelts holding Krista in place.

"Seriously, you can't park there. You gotta go around to the lot," the security guard said forcefully.

Damien finally got her free and pulled Krista out of the car.

"Do what you gotta do man, but I am taking her inside."

When the security guard saw Krista's unconscious form, he relaxed a little.

"Alright," the uniformed attendant said. "Go ahead and take her in, but get your ass back out here, pronto and move this car."

Damien smiled at him. "Thanks. I appreciate it." He carried Krista inside, hoping she was going to be okay and walked over to the triage nurse.

"Excuse me, but my friend needs some help," Damien said. "She's unconscious and I'm not sure why."

The triage nurse grabbed Krista's wrist, feeling for a pulse. As a weak, but steady beat pulsed against the nurse's fingers, Krista's chest rose.

"Well, she's breathing and has a pulse," the nurse said. "That's something. Set her down so I can get her vitals."

Damien carefully placed Krist on the chair, holding her in place. The nurse wrapped a blood pressure cuff around her arm and began squeezing the air pump.

"What happened?" she asked, noting the reading on a chart in a file folder.

"It's a little embarrassing," Damien said sheepishly.

"Spit it out," the nurse said. "I've worked here for 35 years and have heard just about everything. Plus there's other people waiting."

"Okay, okay," Damien said trying to figure out a way to say it so it didn't sound as bad as it did when he said it in his head. "We were having sex and she passed out after we finished."

"How long has she been unconscious?" the nurse asked while reading the thermometer she'd stuck under Krista's tongue when it beeped.

"About twenty minutes," Damien replied.

"Is she on any medications?" the nurse asked.

"Not that I know of," Damien answered. "She didn't mention any, but I only just started seeing her."

"Was she taking any recreational drugs?" the nurse questioned.

"No ma'am," Damien said. "She had one drink a few hours ago, but that was it.

"Anything else you think I should know," she asked, leveling him with a piercing gaze. It was like she was looking right through him.

"It was anal sex, ma'am," Damien replied, wishing he could sink into a hole in the floor. "Alright sir," the nurse said, "we'll take her back to the ER and have someone look at her. In the meantime, you can go over to the billing office and fill out her paperwork"

"Sure thing," Damien said, glad he had something he could do besides sit here with the nurse judging him. He could only imagine what she was thinking. "Is she gonna be okay?"

"Her vitals are okay," the nurse said. "Blood pressure is a little low, but not too bad. We'll have to take her back and run some tests, but it looks like she probably just fainted and is taking a little longer than usual to wake up."

Damien walked over to the billing office and filled out the forms using the information in Krista's wallet. When he finished, he moved the car and returned to the waiting room. God, he was doomed. She hadn't wanted him before all this mess. There was no way she'd want to pursue something with him now.

After an agonizing hour of worry, Damien heard his name called. "Lance McPherson?" a man in a white coat asked, looking around. Damien jumped up.

"That's me sir, but you can call me Damien. Are you the doctor? Is Krista okay? Can I see her?" he asked without giving the man time to answer any of the questions.

"Hello Mr. McPherson. I'm Dr. Gordon. I examined Ms. Hamilton and she's okay. She regained consciousness about forty five minutes ago. We ran a few tests and she seems fine, but we're going to keep her overnight for observation," the doctor said.

"Did she say anything? Can I see her," he asked hopefully.

"She's resting now. She said to tell you to go on home and that she'll be okay." Damien's heart sank. She didn't even want to see him. He was desperate to reassure himself that she was okay and she wanted nothing to do with him. The empty feeling in the pit of his stomach grew.

"Can you at least tell me what happened?" Damien asked the doctor.

"Normally, we would only answer questions for family members," the doctor said. "but Ms. Hamilton told me to answer any questions you may have. She appears to have fainted as a result of stimulation to the vagus nerve. It's rare, but this sometimes happens with anal penetration. She's doing fine now, but her blood pressure was a little low and she was unconscious a lot longer than usual for this type of thing.

"Doc, this may sound a little weird, but did you give her a complete exam," Damien asked, "as in... complete?"

"Yes we did, Mr. McPherson," the doctor said.

"I'm only asking," Damien said, "because this was the first time she ever had anal sex and I may have been a bit... vigorous. I just want to make sure I didn't tear her inside or anything."

The doctor took a deep breath. He hated these types of awkward situations.

"After reading over her chart, we thoroughly examined the area in question and didn't find anything out of the ordinary. She will be sore for a few days, but there was no tearing of the anal wall or tissues. Now I suggest you go home and get yourself some rest. Ms. Hamilton will be released in the morning."

"Thanks Dr. Gordon," Damien said feeling lousier than ever. Krista was stuck in a hospital. It was all his fault and she didn't even want to see him so he could apologize. He didn't think he could possibly feel any worse as he walked out of the hospital.

Damien walked back to where he had parked his car and climbed in. He just sat there for a minute, his head leaning against the steering wheel. How on earth could he have made such a mess of this?

After a few minutes, Damien started the car and drove home. When he got there, he grabbed a cold beer out of the fridge and hit the button to play back the message that was blinking on his machine.

"Hey Damien, this is Ralph," the machine said. Damien felt a strong feeling of trepidation. His boss almost never called.

"I'm aware of tonight's little 'incident' and I'm not happy. I looked over video surveillance. It shows you turning off the light in the back hallway near the restrooms at nine-forty-five and emerging at ten-fifty-seven with an unconscious girl. What the fuck Damien? Am I looking at a lawsuit here? "Greg tried to cover for you, but I told him his job was on the line. He said he didn't know who the girl was, but that you'd met her yesterday. So I went back to yesterday's tapes. Do you know what I found Damien? You going into the women's restroom just after you picked up your check. A few minutes later a girl follows you in. Then there's Greg knocking on the door 45 minutes later, after the bar was technically closed, I might add. You're one of my best bartenders Damien and I hate to have to do this, but you're fired. I can't risk them shutting down my club. You can pick up your last check on Friday."

Damien sat down on the kitchen floor, beer in hand.

"Fuck, fuck, FUCK!" he yelled.

Turning the bottle up, he chugged the beer and got up to grab a couple more. He took them to the living room and sat dejectedly on the couch. With no hope on the horizon, the best alternative was to get well and truly drunk. Another bottle joined the empty one on the table in front of him

After his fourth beer, Damien looked up at the ceiling.

"You know," he said, "you've got one hell of a sense of humor. I bet you're sitting up there laughing your ass off. All the girls over the years, and this is what happens with the one I actually like. Bet you think you're real funny."

Chapter 4

Krista woke up in the hospital with a blood pressure cuff pressing tightly against her arm. As the cuff released and displayed her blood pressure, the machine started to beep. A nurse walked in and turned it off. Krista stretched like she did ever morning and wiggled in bed. WOW, her whole body ached like she'd been to the gym. Hopefully, Tiffini would understand why she wouldn't be able to make it to the gym tomorrow for their weekly Sunday session.

"No need to worry, honey. We're taking good care of you," the nurse said writing down her vitals. Krista asked for a glass of water. She was starting to feel better and looking forward to going home.

"When will I be discharged?" she asked. The doctor had explained last night what happened and how. She had never heard of a vagus nerve, so that part she kind of tuned out. She was just really tired and wanted to lie down in her own bed and go back to sleep. It's no wonder people were always dying in the hospital. The beds sucked.

"Probably in about an hour," the nurse said. "Sylvia has to finish your paperwork and Dr. Gordon will want to come in and have a last look at you. Then you can go home."

"Did he tell my friend he could leave?" Krista asked. "I didn't want him to be stuck here waiting when there wasn't anything he could do except watch me sleep."

"Yeah, he told him," the nurse said. "Mr. McPherson left last night. Is he coming back to take you home?" the nurse asked.

"I don't think so," Krista replied, "I can just take a cab."

"Alright then," the nurse said, "we'll get started processing your paperwork and the doctor will come by in a few minutes."

The nurse walked out, leaving Krista alone with her thoughts. Despite the fact

that she was lying in a hospital bed, and really sore, she felt great. Her body ached, but she figured that was the price you pay for amazing, mind-blowing sex. She thought back to the night before. Damien was amazing. He pushed her to her limits, no doubt, but she couldn't deny the extreme pleasures he'd given her.

Never in a million years had she believed that she would have anal sex, much less with a "stranger" in a night club. Of course he wasn't a stranger now, at least not technically. She rolled his name around on her tongue. "Lance Damien McPherson," she said softly to herself. Damien definitely fit him better, what with his devlish good looks and the dark side of his personality.

She went back over the events of the last few days and was surprised to find that she felt no regret. The way he made her feel, the things she was willing to do when she was with him – it may be that he knew her better than anyone ever had before, better even than herself. He obviously saw some dark potential for passion within her, something she would have denied if anyone had ever asked her before.

She loved the way he made her feel, but it also terrified her. She didn't want to be a freak. She didn't want to crave things that normal people found depraved and twisted. She didn't want to feel that way about herself. All of the excuses sounded childish. She was a grown woman and was going to have to accept this new aspect of her personality. It didn't change who she was, right?

Clearly, she had some issues. She wished she could talk to Damien about it, since it seemed like he would understand, but she didn't have his phone number. Maybe she should call Hannah and see if she would pick her up. Then they could talk about everything. She reached over and grabbed the hospital phone.

After the phone rang a few times, Hannah answered the phone.

"Hello?" she said.

"Hey Hannah," Krista said, "It's Krista. I need a favor."

"Krista, why are you calling me from the hospital?" Hannah asked. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine. I just need a ride home and someone to talk to," Krista said. "Are you busy?"

"No, not at all," Hannah said. "What's going on?"

"I'll explain when you get here," Krista said, figuring that maybe it would be better in person. "Don't rush. I won't be discharged for another forty-five minutes to an hour," Krista said.

"That's okay," Hannah said. "I'll come early anyway and we can talk. How long have you been there?"

"Only since last night," Krista said. "Besides, it was nothing and I didn't want you to worry. They just kept me for observation."

"Observation of what?" Hannah queried.

"I'll explain everything when you get here, okay?" Krista asked.

"Okay, sure," Hannah said, wondering what was going on with her best friend. "You know you're acting kind of strange. Is everything okay?" Hannah asked.

"Yeah, just had a few major revelations over the last couple of days," Krista said. "Thanks for coming to get me. I could really use a friend right now."

"You big dummy!" Hannah exclaimed. "You could have called me last night and then you'd already have a friend there. Anyway, I'm on my way. See you soon."

As Krista placed the phone back on the cradle, she thought about the last few days. It was hard to believe that it had all started on Friday night. How was it that you could go years living a certain way and then have your entire life change in two days? She had accepted that she had crossed the line into freakish territory. Her response to everything Damien had done to her was unexpectedly extreme. All of it appealed to her. She couldn't deny the way her body or her mind had reacted. Truthfully, she didn't want to.

Well, a part of her did, but that was because she was afraid of how people would react if they found out. Hannah had been her friend for eight years, and was always telling her that she needed to break out of her shell. She would be supportive, thrilled even. Heather would probably be okay too. She had a very open mind and mostly just wanted people to do what made them happy. It was Tiffini that would be the hardest sell, with her old fashioned ideas about relationships and men.

Hannah walked through the door about half an hour after they got off the phone. "Sorry it took me so long," she said. "Hospital food always sucks, so I figured you might be hungry and grabbed us lunch." She handed Krista a small

bag and a soda. "One double cheeseburger with no pickles and no mustard, a small fry and a Diet Dr. Pepper," she said with a grin.

Krista grabbed the bag greedily and ripped it open. She hadn't realized she was starving until she smelled the food. "I love that you know me so well," she said as she unwrapped the burger.

"Now, spill it," Hannah said. "What's going on and why were you in the hospital for observation overnight?"

Krista wasn't exactly sure how to go about having this conversation. She figured her friend would take a little while to understand and decided to have a little fun to pay her back. Unless Damien really was a rapist, something she didn't believe, he could only have found out about her fantasies if Hannah had told him. Hannah was the only person she'd ever told. "Apparently, I had some kind of negative reaction during anal sex that made me pass out. Something to do with the vagus nerve," she said as she picked up a few fries and stuffed them in her mouth.

Hannah didn't say anything. She just blinked. The words coming out of her friend's mouth didn't seem like they should be put together in that order. They didn't make sense, at least not when she was talking about Krista. "Huh?" Hannah asked.

"The doctor said the vagus nerve controls blood pressure or something and mine had some kind of rare reaction which made me pass out," Krista said.

"I got that part," Hannah said. "I'm missing the part about the anal sex."

Krista slowly chewed the bite of burger in her mouth and said, "Who knew that anal sex could be awesome? I always figured it would hurt like hell and that the woman couldn't possibly enjoy it. Turns out, it's amazing."

"Krista, you aren't making any sense. You aren't even seeing anyone. Who on earth were you having anal sex with?" her friend exclaimed.

"No idea," Krista said.

"You didn't know his name or anything?" Hannah asked. "I didn't know you did the casual sex thing."

"I don't," Krista said. "I didn't even know what he looked like. I never saw his face."

"Am I being punked?" Hannah asked, looking around the room.

"No seriously," Krista said. "I didn't know anything about him other than that he had a sexy voice."

"Okay, even if I could think of some reason for you to have sex with someone you hadn't ever seen before," Hannah said, "which I can't, by the way, how did it end up being anal sex?

"Because he was amazing and I couldn't say no," Krista replied.

"Amazing?" Hannah said. "As in actually amazing or amazing as in 'I'm Krista and I've never had a real orgasm before, so I think everything is amazing."

"Actually amazing," Krista said. "And that whole orgasm thing – not as overrated as I thought."

"You finally had one?" Hannah asked, clapping her hands with an idiotic grin on her face. "Oh my god, I'm so happy. I was starting to worry you know. I thought your female parts might not ever start working right."

"Anyway," Krista said as she rolled her eyes. "He rocked my world upside down and I think he may have changed me on a fundamental level."

"Wow," Hannah said. "So the first time you had sex with him, it was so good, you let him do you anally.

"Actually, it wasn't the first time I had sex with him," Krista said.

"Okay now I'm really confused," Hannah said. "When did you have sex with him before?"

"On Friday night," Krista said.

"So you slept with him the first time on Friday night, but you didn't know who he was, right?" Hannah asked.

"Right," Krista said.

"And again on Saturday, but you still didn't know who he was." Hannah said, trying to piece it all together in her brain.

"Correct," Krista said.

"If you joined some kind of sex club, and didn't tell me, I'm going to be super pissed," Hannah said.

"No nothing like that," Krista said, trying to keep a straight face.

"So how do you know it was the same guy?" Hannah asked.

"Same voice," Krista responded. "Plus the second time, I went back to where it happened the first time, hoping to run into him."

"Where did you fuck him the first time?" Hannah asked.

"Technically, I think he fucked me," Krista said.

"Whatever," Hannah said. "Where?"

"In the bathroom at the club," Krista said, buffing her nails innocently.

"So let me get this straight," Hannah said. "You, had sex in the bathroom at the club with some guy you had never seen. The sex was amazing, but you didn't know who he was. So you went back the next night and had sex with him again, except anal this time. And you still didn't know who he was."

"Right," Krista said.

"How'd you get him into the bathroom the second night?" Hannah asked.

"I didn't," Krista said, trying to keep the smile off her face. This was the funniest thing she had heard in a long time and she was laughing hysterically on the inside. "He fucked me in the hallway,"

"In the hallway?" Hannah asked, cocking her head to the side in confusion.

"In the hallway," Krista said. "Bent over the speaker, actually and up against the wall."

"In the hallway?" Hannah asked again.

Krista laughed. "Yes in the hallway," she said.

"Bent over a speaker?" Hannah asked quizzically.

"Yup," Krista said.

"And against the wall?" Hannah asked.

"Uh-huh," Krista replied.

"In the hallway?" Hannah asked going back to the beginning where she had gotten confused.

"For god sakes, yes," Krista said. "In the hallway."

"Okay then," Hannah said. "I'm gonna let that one go for now and focus on something I can wrap my brain around."

"Sure," Krista said.

"So how'd you get him to go back into the hallway," Hannah asked.

"I didn't," Krista said. "He was just there. Same thing in the bathroom the night before."

"So you had sex with a stalker," Hannah concluded.

"No," Krista said. "He's not a stalker."

"He sounds like a stalker," Hannah said.

"Nope," Krista said.

"How do you know?" Hannah asked.

"I know he's not a stalker," Krista replied, "because he's a rapist."

"He raped you?" Hannah asked.

"I wasn't raped," Krista said. "I said he was a rapist. Turns out, you can't actually rape the willing, and he had me more than willing before he even put away the knife."

"He pulled a knife on you?" Hannah asked, outraged.

"Cut me with it too," Krista said, tilting her head to the side so she could point to where Damien had nicked her with the knife.

"So you knew he was a rapist," Hannah said. "and that he was willing to cut you with a knife. And you still went back the second night. Why?"

"Because Friday night was the first time I had ever actually had an orgasm," Krista said, "and I was hooked. Unfortunately, since I didn't know who he was, I didn't know what to do. The only thing I could think of was to go back. Although, I did consider putting an ad on *CraigsList*."

"So the best sex you ever had was with a rapist," Hannah said, "who actually cut you while he was trying to rape you, but you didn't care and had sex with him anyway two nights in a row, one of which landed you in the hospital for observation. Am I missing anything."

"Well, at the time I didn't know who it was, but I do now," Krista said.

"So who was it?" Hannah asked.

"Lance McPherson," Krista said slowly. "Known to almost everyone as Damien, the bartender."

"Oh god," Hannah said, a look of horror on her face. "Krista I have to tell you something."

"What?" Krista said blinking up at her innocently.

"Krista, Damien's not a rapist," Hannah said, taking a deep breath. "I guess I sort of put him up to it."

"Huh?" Krista asked, feigning ignorance.

"I accidentally told him about your fantasy," Hannah said. "He's really into you and he's been asking me things about you for a couple of months now. I didn't mean to tell him. It just sort of popped out. But he's not a rapist."

"I know," Krista said, smiling. "I figured that out when he and I were talking before I passed out. Just giving you a chance to come clean."

"I'm sorry," Hannah said, coming over to give Krista a hug. "It was truly just a slip of the tongue."

"I'm not," Krista said laughing as she hugged her back. "Seriously, the sex may have changed my whole life. I mean come on. I went back to a club to stalk a guy who I thought had tried to rape me the night before and ended up fucking him in the hallway. Given what you know about me, what are the odds of that EVER happening? None, right? But it did because the sex was so fucking amazing, I've gone insane, actually lost my mind."

"Start at the beginning," Hannah said. "I need details."

As Krista opened her mouth to explain everything, the doctor came in. "Hello Ms. Hamilton," he said while flipping through her chart. "You're looking much better this morning."

"Thanks Doc," Krista said. "So can I finally get out of here?" she asked.

The doctor looked at Hannah.

"You can talk in front of her Doc. She knows the whole story now anyway."

"We didn't find anything wrong with you, so you're free to go as soon as you sign the paperwork. One of the nurses will bring it by shortly. I would advise that you try to take it easy after any anal penetration. This type of occurrence is really rare, so I doubt it would happen again, but just be on the safe side. You ladies have a good afternoon."

The doctor shook both of their hands and walked out of the room, leaving the door open. No sooner had he left than a nurse zipped through the doors with a clipboard and some papers in her hands. She quickly checked Krista out and gave her copies of the information for her insurance. The two girls thanked her and were glad to be on their way.

As they left the hospital and Hannah drove to Krista's house, Krista replayed the entire two days for her friend. She started at the beginning and told Hannah everything. By the time they arrived at Krista's house, she had talked about her thoughts and feelings – about all of it. More importantly, she was completely addicted to Damien and the way he made her feel. The only problem was that he wasn't aware of how she felt. In fact, he thought she didn't like him at all and she had blacked out before she had a chance to tell him differently.

"So what are you going to do?" Hannah asked as they sat at Krista's kitchen table sipping coffee after Krista finished telling the story.

"The first thing I have to do is get a hold of Damien and explain how I really feel," Krista said. "I have to wait until the club opens tonight, but if he's there, I'm going to go talk to him. Will you come with me?"

"Of course," Hannah said. "I just can't stay long. I have to work tomorrow morning."

"Me too," Krista said. "I just need a little while."

"You know, if you're serious about this whole change thing, it may not just be about Damien," Hannah said. "I've always thought there was more to you than the sugary sweet feelings you always wore on your sleeves, pretending there's nothing deeper." "Maybe I never looked too deep because I was afraid of what I'd find," Krista said. "The only thing I can say for sure is that this is the first time I've ever been satisfied sexually. I fought it at first because it's so far outside what I consider to be normal, but honestly, it was like coming home. It felt so right. I don't know if that's because I was finally being who I was supposed to be or if it was because I was with Damien. Maybe it's both. I just don't think I will ever be the same."

Hannah grasped her friend's hand. "It's just another thing that makes you, you. To tell you the truth, I'm glad to know. It puts a few things in perspective," Hannah said. "Anyway, I have to get some groceries and stop by my house to pick up a few things for tonight, but I'll be back in a few hours so we can get ready to go."

Hannah pulled into the parking lot of her apartment a few hours later, all of her errands finished. She was planning to take a quick shower, when the phone rang. It was Krista.

"Hey you," she said juggling her keys and the groceries as she walked up to the door of her apartment.

"Don't bother coming back," Krista said sounding depressed. "We aren't going."

"You're not having second thoughts," Hannah said.

"No, I'm not," Krista said. "I just called the club and the other bartender, Greg I think, said Damien doesn't work there anymore. Hannah, they fired him and it's my fault."

"You don't know that, Krista," Hannah said. "It could be something else."

"It's not," Krista said with a sob. "I know it. He's never going to talk to me again."

"It will be fine, honey," Hannah said assuredly. "I'll ask Ryan to call him. Okay?"

"Okay," Krista said with a sniffle. She had broken into tears when she realized it was her fault he'd gotten fired. She couldn't imagine that he would still want to have anything to do with her. "Now take it easy," Hannah said. "Everything will work out."

Chapter 5

As the days turned into weeks and the weeks turned into months, Krista lost hope. Everything hadn't worked out. No one could get a hold of Damien. Ryan had even gone by his apartment, but it looked like he didn't even live there anymore. Krista went back to the club a few times, but Greg had quit shortly after Damien was fired and the new bartender wouldn't tell her anything. As a last resort, she'd called the hospital to find out if he had put down his phone number when he filled out her paperwork, but he'd left it blank. She was never going to see him again and it left her feeling empty and alone.

Krista's daily life turned dull and tedious. She went to work every day, paid her bills, and occasionally met up with her friends, but there was no sparkle. There was no thrill. She wasn't even sure she knew how to go about looking for what she was missing. She didn't see any way for normal, average, everyday life to measure up to her experiences with Damien.

One Friday evening after a long day at work, Krista's phone rang. Hannah was calling. She would probably want to drag Krista out of her apartment in an effort to cheer her up. Krista used to love to go drinking and dancing with her friend, but it all seemed so mundane. She answered the phone, resolved to go with her friend where ever it was she wanted to go. None of this was Hannah's fault.

"Hey Hannah," Krista said. "What's up?"

"I'm on my way over and I have a surprise for you," Hannah said. "Take a shower and get yourself together. Don't worry about make-up. I'll do yours when I get there and I'm bringing something for you to wear."

An hour later, Krista thought she had gone into the twilight zone or something.

"You are fucking crazy," Krista said surveying herself in the mirror. "I can't wear this."

"Are you kidding?" Hannah asked. "You look amazing. Every single guy with a penis will want you. Shit, some of the girls might even want you."

Hannah had brought several outfits, but finally settled on a black leather pencil skirt that tied in the back with black silk ribbons sort of like the skirt version of a corset. Black high heels with thin leather straps wound around her legs to mid calf, creating the illusion that she was bound. Matching leather cufflets circled each wrist adding to the illusion. A sheer pink toga style shirt topped a black bra, clearly visible through the fabric. It was the perfect mix of bondage and softness and it matched Krista's personality perfectly.

"What if somebody I know sees me?" Krista asked.

"Believe it or not," Hannah said. "This is you. After everything you told me about what happened between you and Damien, this is totally you. Besides, this is actually pretty tame for where I'm taking you. You'd be amazed by how far most of the people you think are 'normal' descend into the depths of depravity when no one is looking. It's human nature."

"Human nature or not," Krista said, secretly pleased by how different the outfit was from her 'normal' self. "I look like a high-class call girl. How'd you talk me into this again?"

"I cheated," Hannah said. "You promised to 'just go with it' before you ever knew what it was."

"Oh, yeah," Krista said rolling her eyes. Grabbing her purse, she said, "Let's go."

Fifteen minutes later, the girls pulled up to a large black building. On the front in red neon letters it said, *Chained*. As Krista reached for the door handle, Hannah grabbed her other hand. "Listen," Hannah said stalling her. "The most important thing about an outfit like yours is attitude. You look amazing, but sexy is only ten percent about how you look. The other ninety percent is attitude. Don't be afraid to let people see you. No one in this club is going to judge you negatively. I promise."

Pep talk finished, Hannah grabbed the door handle and slid out of the car. Hannah wore a bodysuit that was skin tight all the way past her ass and then loosened softly so it swished when she walked. Decorative rips in the fabric accentuated her stomach and thighs. Hannah had finished off the outfit with gold sandals and jewelry including a chain link belt riding low on her hips. She looked over at her friend as they walked in and hoped this would work.

Hannah knew that being with Damien had started to break Krista out of her shell. The two of them had been friends for years, but Hannah had always felt like Krista was holding something back. She didn't know what it was until Damien entered the picture. Now that she did, she was determined not to let Krista revert to the safety of her former self. Her friend would never be happy that way.

As the girls walked up to the door of the club, the bouncer checked their IDs and opened the door for them. They walked inside giving their eyes a minute to adjust to the lighting. The walls were painted black with blood red sconces hung sporadically. Plush black booths lined the outer wall. Some had tables. Others had what looked like a cross between a bed and a couch. Gleaming in the red light, silver chains dangled from the ceiling. Seduction, sensuality and danger breathed through the club.

The patrons of the club were even more interesting than the decor. There were people dressed in exotic fetish wear, engaging in acts that brought a blush to Krista's cheeks. In one corner, a woman was hanging from cuffs at her wrists that attached to the ceiling chains. She was wearing a sheer dress through which Krista could clearly see her nipples and the curves of her ass. Her companion stroked her pussy while whispering something in her ear. The oversized booth in the other corner was filled with leather clad patrons, appearing to be on their way to a massive orgy. It was as if hyper-charged sex was traveling on air currents throughout the room.

Krista jumped as the crack of a paddle hitting bare skin reverberated through the club. She blushed as she turned and glanced at her friend, who seemed to be silently laughing at her. Hannah linked their arms together, leaned over to Krista's ear and said "Walk like you dance." She carefully pulled Krista to the bar.

The girls sat down on the bar stools and ordered their drinks. Krista took the opportunity to scan the room again. Desire was thick in the club and Krista felt like she was swimming in it. She was halfway to aroused and they had just gotten there. As the bartender set their drinks down in front of them, Krista glanced at her friend. Despite her desire, she needed some answers. This was not their typical excursion.

"Hannah, what are we doing here?" she asked, sipping her drink.

"You've been skulking around for months," Hannah said, "dreaming of Damien and the things he did to you. It's time to move on and I couldn't think of anything better than getting in touch with the wild side he unleashed within you. I watched you fight against your fascination when we came in. Why not just go with it and see where it leads. You'll never know what's there unless you try."

Krista remained silent for a few moments, gathering her thoughts.

"You know, you're right," she finally said. "I've tried so hard my whole life to fit in and be normal. Damien smashed through all my barriers. Then when he was gone, I lost not only him but the freedom to be myself. I've spent the last few months thinking that I couldn't do this without him and trying to figure out how to rebuild the walls. But I'm done trying to be something I'm not. This place calls to me and I need to know why."

"Only one way to find out," Hannah said as she grabbed Krista's hand. "Come on. Let's dance."

The music was different from what Krista usually listened to. It was provocative, with a dark flavor to it, an edge of rawness that beat against her, touched something in her. Krista let the music fill her senses and began swaying her hips in time to the beat. Lifting her hair off the back of her neck with both hands, she piled it on top of her head and tangled her fingers in the soft strands.

Krista didn't know if it was the music, the environment or the freedom of her decision, but she closed her eyes and took her abandonment on the dance floor further than she ever had. With one hand still tangled in her hair, she pulled the other down the side of her face and turned her chin into the caress. Everything but the music melted away as she relished the feel of her hand on her body while moving to the music. A ragged breath lodged in her throat as her fingernails scraped down the side of her neck and across her chest. Her hand brushed the outer edge of her breast, and she flicked a finger across her nipple as it went past. She moaned softly as her hand continued its downward movement. When she reached the top of her thigh, she squeezed it roughly, letting a gasp fall from her open lips.

Hannah watched her friend dance. She wasn't the only one actually. She glanced around the room and could see several pairs of eyes glued to Krista's undulating form. It was as if they could feel the desire coming off her in waves. When Krista brought her hand back up her body, one finger trailing between her breasts, Hannah realized her friend wasn't acting. Hannah couldn't help but watch as Krista twisted her hand around her face enabling her teeth to graze the tip of her thumb. She sucked it into her mouth and dragged it back down her throat, leaving a glistening trail of wetness behind.

Krista was losing control. She knew in the back of her brain that she was in the middle of a club surrounded by people, but was beyond caring. Truthfully, the fact that they might be watching her as she'd watched them earlier was turning her on. She moved her hand down her body again, taking the time to squeeze her breast along the way.

As her fingers trailed down the middle of her stomach, a large rough hand grabbed her arm, holding it in place. Krista's eyes flew open at the contact and she was surprised to find a handsome man staring back at her with a grin on his face.

"Tsk, tsk, naughty girl," he said, moving closer and bringing his body in contact with hers. "You go much further and this entire club will descend like a pack of rabid dogs."

Krista grinned at the man and ground her body against his, trapping his hand against her lower stomach. She leaned into his body, putting her mouth next to his ear. "Maybe that's what I want," she whispered. "Maybe I want someone else to be in control."

The man stepped back and released her, his hips swaying to the beat as he chuckled. "What's your name?" he asked.

She looked him up and down, liking what she saw. The man was tall, about 6'4" with short brown hair styled in that semi messy way that was so popular for guys. His dark green eyes were inviting as he smiled at her. A wide chiseled chest tapered into a narrow waist and his biceps were nearly as big as her thighs.

Perusal complete, she answered him. "Krista," she replied. "Yours?"

The man looked at her as a lion stalks its prey. It couldn't be the same girl Damien had told him about. This girl was hunting for a Dom and the girl Damien had described was practically a virgin. "I'm Tyler," he said, dropping his voice and leaning in close enough to whisper in her ear, "but if you are really hoping to give up control, you can come to my private room and call me Master."

"What would I have to do?" Krista asked leaning back so she could look in his

eyes.

"Nothing that you didn't really want to do," he said. "There's a safe word. If you say it, everything stops."

Krista thought about what she had said earlier and decided she really meant it. She was tired of trying to conform to society's view of normal. "Okay," she said, stepping back. "I just have to tell my friend."

"She can join us if she wants," he said, grinning again.

Krista laughed. "She's not that kind of friend, but nice try."

Tyler found himself chuckling again. "I just meant in case you wanted someone there to supervise, seeing as how we just met and all."

Krista shook her head. "I've played it safe almost my entire life," she said. "The few times I didn't were some of the most wonderfully intense experiences, I've ever had. Do with me what you will. My safe word is lance."

Krista walked over to where Hannah was dancing to explain what was going on.

"Fuck!" Tyler said to himself, when Krista was out of earshot. This was Damien's Krista. It was too late to back out now and even if he did, someone else would take his place, someone who might not be as careful with her as he would. His only choice was to take care of her now and call Damien in the morning when he might be sober enough to actually answer his phone. He was going to have to play this very carefully.

Chapter 6

Krista gasped as she followed Tyler into the private room. She didn't know what she had been expecting, but the room looked like a sex exhibit at a museum. Krista walked around the large room, trying to take it all in. There were hundreds, maybe even thousands of sex-related paraphernalia all carefully labeled with name, function and various uses. Vibrators, anal stimulators, whips, handcuffs, and various other items decorated the room on shelves along the outer wall. Various wooden and leather contraptions were assembled on the floor space around the room. For the life of her, Krista couldn't figure out what most of them were for.

Tyler came up behind her, placing his hands lightly on her shoulders and kissing the back of her head. The action reminded her of the way Damien had approached her in the hallway and she resolved to put him out of her mind. Her focus should only be on Tyler.

"The room functions like the mini bar in a hotel suite," he said. "Whatever you use gets charged to your credit card."

"I was wondering how it all worked," Krista said.

Tyler scooped Krista into his arms, carrying her towards the bed.

"I don't think we could possibly try them all tonight, but I'll do what I can," Tyler said with a grin.

"That's not what I meant," she replied, blushing.

Tyler carefully placed Krista on her feet in front of the bed and kissed her, teasing her lips with teeth and tongue. She rose on her tip toes and wrapped her arms around his neck. With one kiss, he unleashed a floodgate within her. She poured her frustration over the last few months into the kiss. Her hunger, her need, her secret desires - she gave it all, relishing the mastery of his mouth against hers.

Tyler broke away and pulled her shirt over her head as deft fingers released the catch on her bra. Before she could do little more than blink, she was naked from the waist up.

Tyler dipped his head down and sucked her nipple into his mouth as Krista tangled her fingers in his hair. He bit down on her flesh, tearing a cry from her throat. As quickly as the pain had started it stopped as he soothed it with his tongue. When he moved to her other breast, Krista saw a perfect imprint of his teeth surrounding her nipple, like a decoration. After repeating on the other side, he leaned back, taking a moment to view his handiwork.

Tyler was trying to take things slow, because he didn't want to scare her. He'd already established that she liked a little pain with her sex. It was time for a real test, something that would show how far down the rabbit hole she was willing to go.

"You are beautiful," he said, "but untrained. I would be a poor Master if I didn't instruct you properly. Lesson number one – from now on, you must answer every command by saying 'Yes, Master or Yes, Sir,' Is that clear?" he asked.

Krista nodded and whispered, "Yes, Master."

"Good," he said. "Now take off your skirt and anything you are wearing underneath."

"Just like that" she asked.

Tyler didn't respond. He just looked at her.

"I mean yes, Master," she said, reaching behind her back to pull the string that would release the skirt.

"That one is free," he said. "But the next time you question my judgment, I will punish you."

Krista's breath caught in her throat and she wondered exactly what that meant.

"Punish me how, Master," she asked as she shimmied the skirt down her thighs, leaving it to fall in a heap at her feet. She stepped out of it and picked it up, laying it on one of the shelves so it wouldn't wrinkle. Tyler grabbed her arm and pulled her roughly against his chest. His voice took on a low, ominous tone as he spoke softly, slowly, dragging out each sentence. "There are all sorts of punishments for naughty girls," he said. "Maybe I will turn you over my knee and whip you with a paddle. Maybe I'll push you to your knees and make you suck my cock while I spank you with a flogger. If you are really naughty, I may tie you up, work your body until just before you come and then stop, over and over and over until you can't even think anymore."

Krista shivered, not knowing if it was from fear or excitement. She'd felt the heat between her legs rising with each word he'd said. She was having a hard time deciding to be good when the punishments all sounded so interesting. "What if I say no, Master?" she asked out of curiosity, looking up into his eyes.

"That word doesn't exist for you within these walls. You can say it. But it won't do you any good. I'm in charge here and I say what happens. That's what it really means to give up the control you spoke of. It means you're entirely in my hands and you have no will, no choice. You do what I say, when I say it, and trust in me to bring you the pleasure you seek."

"Unless I say my safe word?" she asked.

"Then everything stops and you return to the safety and tedium that drove you to escape into my world," Tyler said.

Krista took a deep breath and pushed away her fear as she exhaled. It was hard to admit, but she wanted this, maybe even needed it.

"I understand," she said.

"Lesson number two," Tyler said. "Every time you address me, in any way, you will call me Master or Sir. There is a reason why I am Master here and it isn't because I get off on the idea of dominating women. It's because I'm strong enough to push you past your comfort zone, to teach your body about the exquisite mixture of pleasure and pain, to force you to accept the things about yourself from which you would hide, and to unleash your base desires, the scary ones that call to you from your subconscious."

As Tyler talked, he scraped his nails down her naked back, still holding her tightly against him. Krista felt herself getting wetter, moisture collecting on her panties.

"Yes, Master," she breathed. She ran a hand down his chest, wishing he was as naked as she was, wanting to feel his bare chest beneath her fingers. With great effort, she pulled away from him and pushed her panties down her thighs, exposing herself to his heavy gaze. She could feel his eyes on her as she pushed them to the floor and a feeling of vulnerability engulfed her.

For a long moment, Tyler just looked at her. She was stunning. Long, light brown hair brushed her back. High, rounded breasts with pink upturned nipples and curvy hips filled his eyes. Her body was perfect, but it was nothing compared to her face. She had light, grayish blue eyes that tilted up at the corners and a cute little nose. He knew she had a full, bow-shaped mouth, but she had sucked her bottom lip into her mouth and was biting down on it. She looked up at him, waiting, hands clenched tightly with what he could only assume was apprehension.

"Don't move," he said.

"Yes, Master," she said.

Tyler left to peruse the shelves, looking for a few things to get them started. He picked up a pair of adjustable nipple clamps with a chain running between them. These were perfect and would adorn her body like jewels. He also picked up a small vibrating anal plug, a suede leather flogger and two sets of restraints.

Krista watched him move around the room, picking up things here and there. She didn't think she could stand it as he strolled along, seemingly oblivious to the fact that she stood here - stark naked. It was hard to see what he was picking up, but knowing that it was meant for her made her nervous.

He returned after a few minutes with several items which he laid on the bed. He picked up the nipple clamps, and sat down on the edge.

"Come here," he said.

"Yes Master," she said as she walked slowly over to stand in front of him.

He reached out and grabbed one of her glorious breasts, sucking the nipple into his mouth. With a gasp, Krista reveled in the feel of his mouth, sucking, biting and licking at her breast. Her nipple hardened and he pulled away, clamping it. He gradually increased the pressure of the clamp until Krista cried out in pain. He lowered the pressure marginally and rubbed a hand against her clit, mingling the pain with pleasure. He then repeated the entire process for her other breast.

By the time he had finished, Krista was fully vested in the outcome of the evening. Her breasts ached, but they also seemed to be attached directly to her

pussy in an inverse relationship. It seemed like the more they hurt, the wetter her pussy became. "Please, Master," she said. "A little harder."

Tyler chuckled. Despite her newness, she was instinctive and naturally inclined to walk the razor edge of pleasure and pain. He increased the pressure of one clamp and Krista squeezed her thighs together around his hand, letting her head fall back in pleasure. A small moan escaped her mouth as Tyler increased the pressure on the other clamp.

"How do you feel," he asked her running his fingernail along the edge of her abdomen, sending shivers down her spine and ripples of pleasure through her as the clamps jiggled on her breasts.

"It hurts," she said. "At least at first anyway. Then it changes." She did not know how to describe the feelings within her body. She hadn't talked about her pussy or breasts before to anyone other than her gynecologist. This was completely different.

Tyler gave a small tug on the chain connecting her breasts and Krista cried out in pain, even as her pussy cream began to run down her thigh. "Answer me completely," he said. "And do not fail to address me as Master."

Krista took a deep breath, blushing prettily as she said, "Yes Master. It hurt at first, then my pussy started to throb. Each time the pain peaks, my pussy clenches tighter. My breasts still ache, Master, but I'm so aroused, I have pussy juice running down my leg."

"Perfect," Tyler said, picking up the vibrating anal plug. Quick as lightning, his hand darted out and wrapped around her wrist. Tugging softly, he pulled Krista onto his lap, exposing her rear.

"Have you done anal before?" he asked as he licked his forefinger and slowly inserted it into her anal cavity.

"Yes Master," she said. "Once."

"Did you like it," he asked, working his finger back and forth.

Krista shuddered at the memory, feeling her muscles clench as the nipple clamps rubbed against his pants. "Yes," she whispered.

"Address me correctly, pet," Tyler said as he smacked her ass with his other hand.

"Yes, Master," Krista said, as the sting began to dissolve.

Tyler continued working on Krista's rear. She was so tight; he knew she wasn't ready for any serious anal penetration. He worked his finger in and out of her anal cavity, loosening her up. As he gradually minimized her muscle resistance, he pulled her cheeks apart with this other hand. A second finger joined the first, slowly, giving her time to adjust to the new size. He moved them back and forth until he thought she was ready, then slowly pulled them out. The cold plug pushed against her sphincter and with a smooth motion, slid inside her, drawing a startled breath from her lips.

"Very good," he said, giving her ass a gentle slap before turning the dial that would make the plug vibrate. "You know most women don't enjoy their first anal experience."

As the plug began to vibrate inside her, she moaned, enjoying the stimulation.

Her voice shook as she answered, "No, Master. I didn't know."

Tyler pushed Krista back a foot or two and stood. Grabbing her hand, he pulled her over to a large wooden contraption that looked like a big X. With infinite care he attached the restraints to the top and bottom of each side. When he finished, he tugged playfully on the clamp chain, turning her around to face the rack.

Krista gasped at the sensation and wondered what this contraption was supposed to do. She had so many questions, but he seemed not to notice as he pulled one of her wrists up and attached it to the restraint with a secure knot. He repeated the process for her ankle. As he finished, he lifted his head and bit her on the cheek of her ass. Her anal muscles clenched tightly on the plug and she cried out in surprise.

"Spread your legs, Krista," he said. "Match your body to the X."

Krista slid her legs apart, reaching out with her free hand to grab the wooden device to steady her balance.

Tyler restrained the other half of Krista's body, first her wrist, then her ankle. He slid two fingers into her pussy from behind as he stood forcing a moan to escape from her mouth. He pulled his fingers out of her pussy, reached up and put them against her lips.

"Taste yourself," he said. Krista balked at the idea, but couldn't pull away.

Tyler felt her resistance and swatted her ass. "What did I tell you about the word no?" he asked. "I am Master here and you will do as I tell you." He pushed his fingers inside her mouth.

Krista was surprised to find that the taste was not unpleasant. She was still a little weirded out to be licking her body's juices off his fingers, but it wasn't as bad as she thought it would be. She used her tongue to clean his fingers, wrapping it around each one and stroking the length up and down.

When she had sucked his fingers clean, he pulled them from her mouth and snatched the flogger from the floor. He was going to enjoy introducing Krista to the pleasure of punishment. It had to be done carefully, though. Tyler was well aware that many Doms ruined this opportunity, too obsessed with their need for power to properly train their subs to equate the pain with pleasure. Krista was a treasure and failing to train her perfectly from the start would be a sin.

Tyler grabbed a chair, placed it next to Krista's leg and sat with one leg on each side of hers. He ran the flogger down her back, barely touching her with it. Her skin pebbled with goose bumps and she shivered in expectation. With a flick of his wrist, the strands of suede landed against the supple flesh of Krista's ass with a soft thwap.

Krista gasped as she felt the flogger smack against her ass with a sting. But when Tyler began rubbing her clit, her gasp turned into a moan and she pushed against his hand relishing the pleasure. Just as the pressure started to build, he pulled his fingers away. Again the flogger landed against her skin, harder this time and she felt the answering touch of his fingers. He moved his fingers against her, building the pressure higher and higher.

For half an hour, he continued until Krista didn't even think of the pain, only the touch of his fingers on her clit. She had given up any pretense of modesty and began begging for release after about ten minutes as Tyler worked her body. Pussy juice ran down her legs all the way to her ankles and she thought she would die if she didn't come soon.

"Please, Master," she begged. "Please, please, please. I can't take it anymore. Please let me come."

Tyler drew back the flogger and began smacking it against her ass, over and over and over again. He shoved two fingers inside her while twiddling his thumb back and forth over her clit. This time, he didn't pull away. He pressed hard against her clit with his thumb, knowing that the vibrating plug in her ass, his fingers in her pussy and his thumb on her clit would send her over the edge, no matter how hard he spanked her.

"Come now, Krista," he said. "Let me feel your pussy convulse around my fingers."

That was all it took to send Krista over the edge. It didn't matter that he continued to whip her as she convulsed. It didn't matter that six months ago she would have been mortified to be in such a position. It didn't even matter that she had met this man tonight and that they were still in a club where people danced and drank on the other side of the wall. Krista's orgasm was beyond intense. Her legs gave way and she sagged against her bonds, sweaty and satiated.

Tyler dropped the flogger. "Very good, Krista," he said. "Did you like that?"

"Yes Master," she said, breathlessly.

"Good," he said unfastening her ankles. He unfastened her wrists and she took the chance to stretch her arms and back. "Walk around," he said. "You need to get your blood flowing after being in one position for so long."

"Yes Master," she said.

As Krista walked around the room, she wondered about Tyler. He was still fully clothed and did not really appear to be that interested in her, at least not like Damien had been. Damien hadn't been able to resist losing control with her and she wished she could see that she was having some type of effect on Tyler.

Tyler took another set of restraints over to the bed and attached them to the corners. As he finished, Krista walked up.

"On your knees," he said to her, unfastening his belt buckle. He pulled his dick from his pants as Krista dropped to her knees in front of him.

"Suck it," he said.

"Yes Master," she said, licking her lips.

Tyler groaned as Krista leaned forward and licked the tip, then ran her tongue up and down the sides of his dick. When she reached the head, she wrapped her mouth around it, and sucked him into her mouth.

As she sucked him deeper and deeper inside, stroking his dick with her tongue and making little circles, here and there, Tyler dug his fingernails into his palms. Holy christ, she gave good head. He had known she would from the way she'd sucked his fingers, but this was incredible.

When Krista felt his dick hit the back of her throat, she changed the angle and pushed him deeper into her throat passage. She swallowed him down, all the way to the base, then slowly pulled his dick out of her mouth. She went back down on his long length, trying to get used to the size of him. As his dick neared the back of her throat again, she relaxed. This time he slid easily into her throat and she concentrated on breathing around him. She pushed him deeper and deeper, swallowing several times.

Tyler was losing his mind. He felt her throat muscles tremble around his dick. No one had ever done that to him before. It was the most exquisite thing he had ever experienced.

"Oh my fucking god," Tyler said as he grasped her head with his hands. Krista had shown already that she could take it all and he was eager to see if she could keep it up. He pulled his dick out of her mouth and then pushed it back inside, all the way down her throat. "That's right. Take it all. Show me how much you love this dick." He increased the tempo, pleased when she didn't pull away or choke. He felt her relax her mouth and throat to accommodate his thrusts.

Krista loosened up as much as she could. No one had ever talked to her the way he was and she felt like she should be offended. Instead, her pussy was getting wet again and she moaned around the dick in her throat.

When Tyler felt the vibrations go through his dick, he groaned. His balls tightened and his orgasm erupted. "Oh yeah, baby. Suck that cock. Suck it good," he said, moaning deeply as he gave one last thrust, squirting his come deep into her throat. As his orgasm subsided, Tyler pulled his dick from her throat, giving her a chance to breathe.

Krista took a deep breath, rising from her knees as Tyler collapsed onto the bed. She went to the mini-fridge and grabbed two bottles of water. As Krista returned with the drinks, her pussy throbbed, forcefully. She had never gotten turned on from giving a blowjob before, but she guessed there was a first time for everything. Maybe it was the anal plug.

"Master, my pussy is throbbing," she said as she handed Tyler a bottle of water.

Tyler looked at her and decided that she definitely deserved a reward.

Grabbing her hand, he pulled her towards another strange looking contraption. It looked like a leather stool, set on top of a wooden block. He reached down, pulled a case from the drawer in the wooden base, and selected a double ended attachment.

"This is a *Sybian*," he said, squirting lubricant on both appendages after affixing them to the machine. With a sudden motion, he pushed Krista's head towards the floor, exposing her wet, swollen pussy and the anal plug, still vibrating in her ass. He gently removed the plug from her ass, admiring her anal opening. Pouring a little lubricant into his hand, he rubbed it into both orifices and guided her into position, helping her slide the toys inside. When her clit lay flush against the base, Tyler flipped the switch, sending intense vibrations coursing through her.

"Oh my god," she said overwhelmed by sensory overload. The pulsations inside her dual holes were unbelievable. Moaning, she began to grind her clit against the vibrating base.

"There you go," he said, walking away to grab a chair so he could watch. "Oh, and one more thing" he called back over his shoulder. "You aren't allowed to come unless I give you permission. Do you understand?"

"Yes Master," Krista said. "I don't know how to stop it, though. It's too intense."

Tyler turned and walked back over to where Krista rocked back and forth on the toy. "Pay attention Krista," he said reaching out to grab her head, putting his mouth against her ear. "Your pleasure is at my will. If you come without permission, you will be punished." He kissed her on the side of her head and went to get his chair.

Anticipation and fear coursed through her body. Tyler had a way of making ordinary words sound exciting and sinister at the same time. She wanted to obey, but didn't know how. Unless she got up off the toy, she wouldn't be able to prevent the vibrations from pushing her over the edge. Krista leaned forward, ground her clit against the vibrating base, then rocked back pushing it deeper into her asshole. She threw her head back in ecstasy as the two sensations engulfed her senses.

Tyler returned carrying a chair and the flogger. He knew that she was going to come from the machine. No woman had ever lasted longer than a few minutes. The question was how long she would draw it out.

Krista heard Tyler set the chair down, but couldn't seem to focus on him. The sensations flowing through her wore against her will. She tried to follow directions, but the machine seemed to take over her body, forcing her to undulate against it. With a sudden crack, the flogger licked against the curve of her ass. The momentary pain focused the machine's pleasure in her clit, drawing a moan from deep in her throat.

"I thought I said not to come," Tyler said softly, rubbing his hardening dick with one hand and wielding the flogger with the other.

"I didn't Master," Krista said apprehensively. She was trying not to, but the way the flogger felt against her skin, made it hard not to clench her muscles tightly around the toy and ride out her orgasm.

"Not for lack of trying," he said watching her squirm as he cracked the flogger against her again.

"I can't help it Master," she cried. "Please let me come."

Tyler hit her again with the flogger. "No," he said. "I say when it's time." Another swat licked against her skin.

"Yes Master," she said. Krista wasn't sure whether it was heaven or hell she was visiting. The pleasure ringing through her body was amazing. The effort to hold back the orgasm, nigh impossible. With each strike of the flogger against her skin, her pussy and asshole clenched around the vibrating toys, building the pressure inside her higher and higher. If she didn't do something to control herself, her orgasm would overtake her whether she wanted it to or not.

She bore down on the machine, clenching her teeth and focusing her eyes on a spot against the wall. Each time the flogger touched her, she counted a number. She resolved that if she got to a hundred, she'd let go, punishment be damned, but nothing was going to make her come before then unless he told her to.

Tyler watched as her body changed. She was still enjoying the spanking, still enjoying the machine, but she was drawing on an inner strength he hadn't known she possessed. She was enjoying the sensations without letting them overpower her. It was stunning to see and something that was almost impossible to teach.

As Tyler worked her with the lash for nearly twenty minutes, Krista maintained her focus. Tyler finally stopped and had to admit, he was impressed. So often, subs and slaves lost their personality along with their will. It was

possible that Krista would be different. He'd been searching for a sub that was strong enough to keep his interest past the training stage. He just didn't know what to do about Damien if she turned out to be the one.

Tyler felt genuine admiration growing for Krista's endurance and her willingness to mirror her will with his. Clearly she had a strong will of her own. Dominating a weak willed person was easy, but dominating a strong-willed person, that would be a heady thing.

Krista heard the switch flip and the vibrations within her ceased. Her shoulders sagged. It hadn't been enough. She had tried so hard to do what he wanted, but he obviously wasn't pleased, else he'd have let her come. She had failed. She didn't know how, but she had. Maybe she was supposed to beg more. She wished she knew.

Krista kept her face down as he pulled her off the machine and took her over to the rack. The throbbing inside her was incessant, but paled in comparison to the tears threatening to leak from her eyes. She bit down on her bottom lip to hide its quivering and closed her eyes.

Tyler looked down at her, lifting her chin to look into her face. "You didn't come," he said softly. "Why?"

Krista despised the catch in her voice as she answered him, eyes still tightly shut, "You said not to, Sir." A tear leaked from the corner of her eye and rolled down her cheek.

"Why are you crying?" he asked.

"I didn't please you, Master," she said dejectedly. "I tried so hard, but I didn't know what else I was supposed to do. And now you're going to punish me when I'm so horny I could die."

Tyler pulled her over to the rack, binding her wrists and ankles roughly. She leaned against the rack, glad for its support, preparing herself for the coming punishment.

"When a sub fails to meet my expectations, she is punished," Tyler said. "When she exceeds them, she is rewarded." With one smooth thrust of his hips he embedded his swollen cock deep inside her aching pussy, pushing the breath from her lungs and a moan from her throat. Putting his lips against her ear, he whispered as he drew out of her and plunged deep within again, "My cock inside your lovely pussy is a reward Krista. Come now and claim the reward you earned."

Krista felt a floodgate release as he spoke. She had pleased him after all. Heart soaring, she let the pressure break over her with a scream as he slammed into her over and over again, pounding her body against the wooden rack.

When her spasms eventually subsided, she sagged once again against the bonds.

Tyler continued driving into her, loving the way her pussy grew softer and gushy after her orgasm.

"Did you like that?" he asked her.

"Yes Master," she answered. "Thank you, Sir."

"Your pussy is so tight right now, all swollen from your orgasm," he said with his head against the side of her face. "I think from now on the new rule will be that you have to come at least twice before I fuck you. Maybe I'll just keep you in a constant state of post-orgasmic tightness by making you come every half an hour so."

"I don't know if I could take it Master," she said, feeling both excitement and trepidation at the thought.

"You would take it if I told you to," he said, thrusting in and out of her faster now.

"Yes Master," Krista answered. "It's just hard sometimes."

"It's. Supposed. To. Be. Hard." He said accentuating each word with a powerful thrust. With a low growl, he drove into her one last time, his orgasm coursing through him. He pulled out of her when it was over and he was finally able to get his breath back.

"You were magnificent in your submission," Tyler said. "The one thing that most people don't understand is that submission isn't about being weak. It took strength of will to hold out against your own body. More strength than any sub I've ever seen. You are amazing."

Pride engulfed her as he loosened the bonds for the second time that day. Krista gloried in both the words he spoke and the way her body melted into his arms. Her muscles felt deliciously weak and the heat from her spanking had faded into a suffusing warmth. He carried her to the bed and began rubbing oil into the welts on her bottom.

"I want to see you again," he said, "but I have to be out of town for the next week. The flogger and the anal plug that you wore earlier this evening are yours to take home. Everything else we used will be delivered to my dungeon. You will wear the plug on the low setting all week while I'm gone. That means at work, in bed, at the mall, everywhere. Do you understand?"

"Yes Master," she said, nodding

"You are not to masturbate, or indulge in sexual gratification in any way for the entire week. Is that clear?"

Again she answered affirmatively. He reached down, pulling his wallet from his pants and handed her a card. "You will call me sometime this week and tell me where to pick you up. My flight arrives on Friday at seven so I expect you to be ready by eight. I don't need to tell you what will happen if you fail to obey, do I?" he said raising an inquiring eyebrow her direction.

"No Master," she said.

Tyler donned his clothes and gave her a quick kiss on her forehead.

"I'm going to find your friend and send her in," he said. "Close your eyes and rest a bit before she gets here. I'll see you Friday. Be good, pet."

Tyler stood and gathered his remaining belongings. With a quick turn, he walked towards the door, looking none the worse for the evenings proceedings. As he reached for the doorknob, Krista said, "I can't wait for Friday, Master. I will miss you." She wasn't sure where the words had come from or why she felt she had to say them, only that they were true.

"Me too, pet," he said, shaking his head with a smile as he wondered how to tell his best friend that it had only been one night, but that he couldn't let her go. "Me too."

Chapter 7

Krista rolled over, stretched her arms over her head and relished the little aches and pains in her body. Each one was evidence of her enjoyment the prior evening and she savored them all. She wasn't sure how long she'd slept, but she felt incredibly well-rested. Who knew that a few spankings and multiple orgasms would leave you feeling so refreshed?

"Glad to see you're finally awake," Hannah said from a chair next to the bed.

"Mmmmm," Krista moaned, turning to look at her friend with a lazy smile on her face. "What time is it?"

Hannah checked her watch. "Ten thirty five," she replied.

"What!" Krista sat straight up. "How can it be so late?"

"Nevermind that," Hannah said taking in the bite marks decorating her friend's body. "It's not like you have anything to do today. Besides, I want details. Based on the look of you, I'd say you had a VERY good time. Talk."

Krista hopped out of bed wandering around the room looking for her clothes. It wasn't like her friend hadn't seen her naked. Just because there were a few marks marring her form, didn't mean she had any reason to be embarrassed.

"On your ass too?" Hannah asked as the bite on Krista's ass became visible. "He must have had you really wound up for you to have been able to take that without screaming off the roof."

Krista blushed as she replayed a few tidbits of the night through her mind. "You could say that," she said. "You could also say that I finally have proof that I'm a freak. I feel like I should mourn the loss of my normal self. But the truth is, I feel great. I am embracing my dark side and I love it."

"So," Hannah said drawing out the word questioningly. "What happened? I'm dying to know."

"First," Krista said, "you tell me how it is that we're still here at 10:30 in the morning while I look for my clothes."

"Fine," Hannah said with a huff. "Your new friend came and found me sometime around 3:30 this morning. Said he had to go and that you were waiting for me in a private room. He also wanted me to remind you that if you obey his commands this week, you'll be rewarded when he gets back on Friday."

"He said that?" Krista asked her friend.

"Yeah," Hannah said. "So when I came in, you were pretty much passed out. You looked too tired to move, so I went and talked with the owner. He said patrons often need to sleep off their evening entertainment and that there is a backdoor that locks one way so you can leave. The door we came through to enter the hallway is locked to keep people out of the bar area until it opens."

"Anyway," Hannah said with a yawn. "I came back and slept a few hours in the bed, then got up and perused the shelves. I had just sat down, when you rolled over and greeted me like the cat that swallowed the canary."

"I kind of feel like the cat that swallowed the canary," Krista said as she pulled the leather skirt up her thighs and fastened the string in the back. She slid her arms into the shirt and pulled the rest on over her head. "Everything changed last night, Hannah. Everything. I had thought that it was important to be normal, to fit in. But who wants to be normal when being abnormal is this much fun? Girl to girl, I have never come so hard or been so turned on as when he was spanking me with one of those leather whip thingies."

Hannah gasped, amazed to hear her friend being so candid about something that would have totally freaked her out a few months ago. "So you're okay with all of this?" she asked her friend.

"I think so," Krista said. "It sort of feels like I've been walking around with blinders on and now someone's taken them off."

"But you are still the same, right?" Hannah asked. "I mean you still think the same things, want the same things."

"The only difference really," Krista said, "is that I'm not afraid anymore. Before all of this happened, I was afraid to ask for what I wanted, what I needed. Probably not just sexually either, but clearly that was my biggest problem since I never had an orgasm until the thing with Damien. So what if I'm a little kinky in the bedroom. It's not hurting anybody and it makes me happy.

"Five years ago I told you that I had a creepy fantasy about being forced. Do you know that was the first time I ever felt genuinely turned on? But in all the time since them, I never asked any of the guys I dated to hold me down or tie me up or do anything really. I faked my orgasms and pretended it was enough. Eighty percent of women fake it. We shouldn't have to fake our orgasms when real ones are there for the taking if we just say what we want, do what we want.

"The real problem is that we've conditioned ourselves to believe this is okay. We stroke our men's egos, hoping they will figure it out on their own and then get mad when they don't. How could they possibly? They think everything is hunky dory because as far as they know, we come every time. If there's not a problem, don't fix it right?

"The truth is, I think more women than we could possibly know want the same thing or something like it. But they are afraid that their man or their friends will think they are freaks. If everybody wants it, it's not freaky – it's normal! So, I'm done with that. I have found what I want and I don't care how weird or freaky it makes me! I'm embracing it, Hannah. I'm okay with all of it."

Chapter 8

It was Thursday afternoon and Krista had just returned to the office from her lunch hour. Unfortunately, she'd had no time to actually eat. Instead, she'd had to run to the convenience store to pick up double AA batteries for the plug wedged into her rear. She wasn't sure how long the batteries were supposed to last, but could honestly say she'd gotten her money's worth after wearing the vibrating gadget all day for six days straight.

She was following Tyler's commands to the letter and wore the plug everywhere, only taking it out when nature called and in the shower. As a result, she'd also started taking frequent trips to the bathroom in order to keep the moisture level in her panties somewhere below soaked. Even her boss had noticed the frequent trips away from her desk. When questioned, she'd lied, saying she had a urinary tract infection.

Krista hadn't any idea when Tyler had dictated this, how difficult it would be. The hardest part was not the constant arousal the vibration caused her. Nor was it her panties, always dripping wet. Not even the fact that she, a tomboy had been forced to wear skirts rather than pants to hide her arousal from her coworkers. The hardest part was not touching herself. Sometimes she didn't even realize she was on the verge of it. She had caught herself grinding into her chair this morning, forcing the vibration deeper without even noticing until her body clenched down and she nearly had an orgasm at her desk.

With an involuntary clench of her pussy, she fiddled with the business card he'd given her. He'd said to call his cell sometime this week to let him know where he should pick her up on Friday. Not wanting to rush into it, she'd waited, telling herself each time she pulled out the card, to give it a little longer. For all she knew he was busy dominating someone else, the time they spent together forgotten. Finally, she could wait no longer.

Krista picked up the card and her cell phone and made yet another trip to the bathroom. After checking the stalls to make sure there was no one else in the bathroom, she sat down on the little bench at the side. Shaking fingers dialed the number. She wasn't sure why she was so nervous, but it was with trepidation that she held the phone up to her ear after hitting the 'Send' button.

"This is Tyler," his gruff voice said from the speaker on her phone. For a second, she didn't say anything. Like a deer in headlights, she couldn't seem to form cognitive thoughts. She shook her head, trying to break the daze. If she didn't say something, he was going to hang up.

"Hello Master," she said breathlessly, as if there wasn't enough air in her lungs to fully form the words.

Krista would swear later that she could actually feel him smiling through the phone.

"Hello my pet," he said, his husky words going directly from her ears to her clit. "I was starting to think I hadn't done my job well enough."

"No Master," Krista said quickly. "Friday night was amazing."

"Really," he said, chuckling at her response. "Then why did you wait so long to call?"

"I didn't want to seem too needy, Sir," she answered. "We only just met after all."

"True," Tyler said. "So, now that you have shown me how capable you are of pretending I don't exist, I am going to have to punish you, I think."

"But, Master," Krista whined.

"Ah, ah, "Tyler said. "No buts. We'll start with a question. Have you obeyed me this week?"

"Yes Master," Krista answered. "It's been hard, but I've been so good, I swear."

"Very good," he said. "So then you are wearing it right now, while you are at work?"

"Yes Master," she said. "Although I had to take a moment to replace the batteries on my lunch hour."

"Good girl, my pet," Tyler said. "You pass,"

"Pass what, Sir?" Krista asked.

"My test," he said softly. "You see, I've used that particular plug on other subs and know exactly how long the batteries in it will last, give or taken an hour. If you hadn't said that you had to replace them, I'd have known that you weren't wearing it all the time. Instead, you passed and deserve a reward."

"Sir?" she softly, wondering what he meant.

"Where are you, right this minute?" he asked.

"I'm in the bathroom, Sir," she said.

"Good," he responded. "Go into one of the stalls, pull down your skirt and take the plug out of your ass."

Krista did as she was told, wondering how he know she was wearing a skirt, but not caring enough to voice the question. She held the phone up to her ear with her shoulder as she slowly eased the vibrating toy from her sphincter.

"Okay, Sir," she said. "It's out."

"Now, turn the dial up to full and put it back in," Tyler said. "You'll need to put the phone on speaker and set it down."

"Yes Master," Krista said. She changed the settings on the phone and set it on top of the toilet paper dispenser. Then she complied with the remainder of his request. When the toy touched her already aroused sphincter, she shivered, goose bumps running down her arms. As it pushed inside her, the increased vibrations stirred the beginnings of an orgasm and the pressure began to build.

"Now, lean back, and play with your pussy."

Krista moaned deeply as she submitted to his request.

"Pinch your clit, my pet," Tyler said. "Pinch it hard, enough that you want to cry out, but keep quiet."

As her fingers pinched her already aching clit, pussy cream squeezed out of her. When she thought she could take it no more, she let go, breathing hard.

"That's it," he said. "Now take three fingers and slide them all into your pussy as deep as you can go. Slide them in and out Krista, while you play with your clit with your other hand." "Master, please," Krista said as pleasure rolled through her veins, igniting every molecule of her body as she followed his directions. "I'm already so aroused. Please give me permission. I need to come so badly. I've needed to for days."

The sound of Tyler chuckling through the phone washed over her. "I didn't say you could come, pet. I said that you deserved a reward for being good. Your reward is to be able to touch yourself, right now while you are on the phone with me. I also said that I planned to punish you for making me wait so long to hear from you. Your punishment is that you cannot have an orgasm."

"No Master, please." Krista begged, sexual frustration mounting as she continued to touch herself, knowing that she couldn't let the pressure break around her. "Please, I beg you. Don't make me wait."

"You will wait for me, Krista," Tyler said harshly into the phone. "Or your next punishment will be much worse. Is that clear?"

"Yes Master," Krista replied. "It's just so hard."

"I know it's hard," Tyler said. "But there's reason for it and you will come to appreciate it in time. Now be a good girl, and go back to work, before you get into trouble. Oh and turn the dial back down to low."

"Yes Master," she said, complying with his command.

"When you get off the phone, text me your home address so I can pick you up tomorrow night."

"Yes, Sir," Krista said, taking deep breaths in an effort to reign in her libido. "Have a safe trip."

"Thank you Krista," Tyler said. "I'll see you tomorrow."

When Tyler hung up, Krista stood, picked up the phone and went to splash some cold water on her face. She blotted the excess water with a paper towel and looked at herself in the mirror. Her cheeks were flushed, but other than that, she looked just the same. Thankfully, her sexual frustration wasn't evident on her face. Nobody would know that she had just spent fifteen minutes masturbating in a bathroom. She texted him the address and went back to work.

Chapter 9

The doorbell rang at precisely eight o'clock as Krista stood in front of her bathroom mirror, brushing out her wet hair. She had rushed home after work, thrown together a quick spaghetti dinner and then hopped in the shower. She'd done everything at twice the speed she normally did and she still wasn't ready.

The butterflies in her stomach had suddenly multiplied by about a hundred as she walked through her house towards the door. She didn't know what he had planned tonight, so she hadn't dressed up. Wondering what was going through his mind, she rubbed her sweaty palms down her thighs as she walked up to her front door. Taking a deep breath, she pulled it open.

"Hello pet," Tyler smiled, walking through the open door. She was dressed in sporty sweats and her long wet hair was leaving little wet spots on the back of her tank top. She looked good without make-up, he decided, fresh with a touch of innocence.

He closed the door with his foot and pulled Krista into his arms. He hadn't wanted to admit it to himself, but he'd thought about her a lot this week. On Tuesday afternoon, he'd begun taking every 'private' or 'unknown' call that came through on his cell since he didn't know her number. By Thursday, he'd pretty much given up on hearing from her and been grumpy, biting everyone's head off without even knowing it.

"Hello Master," she whispered, just before he claimed her mouth. He pushed her head back and plunged his tongue aggressively between her teeth. The kiss wasn't a greeting. Nor was it a prelude to sex. Truthfully, he wasn't sure what it was about. He had dreamed on the plane about punishing her again for making him wait until Thursday to hear her voice. Maybe it was that.

Tyler put all of his feelings into the kiss, filling it with the mounting frustration he'd carried around each day that went by without her call. When he finally pulled his mouth away from hers and stepped back, they were both breathing hard. He saw her lift a hand to her lips, touching them as if to prove they were still there.

"I've missed you pet," he said, breaking the silence.

"I've missed you too Master," Krista said softly. She wasn't sure what had just happened. The kiss was amazing, but way more emotional than she'd been expecting. There was something simmering beneath the surface and she wondered what it was. "Are you okay Master?"

"I'm okay," he said. "Just glad to be home. Have you been good this week, my pet?" Tyler asked. He was looking forward to taking the plug out of her and replacing it with his dick.

When Tyler asked the question, Krista's heart sank. She had worn that stupid plug all week long, just as he'd asked, only to leave it lying on the bathroom counter after her shower. She couldn't believe she had forgotten or that she hadn't noticed before now. She'd grown so accustomed to the way it felt buzzing inside her. Now that she thought about it, her backside felt dreadfully empty.

"Ummm, about that," she said backing away from him as he suddenly began to advance on her, "I actually have. I wore it all week long, everywhere I went. But I took it out to take a shower, just before you got here and forgot to put it back. I've really worn it all week though. I swear I have."

"You know there's a way to determine if you are telling the truth, pet." Tyler moved towards her, his dick hardening instantly. He lifted his shirt from his pants, pulling it over his head and tossing it on the floor as he kicked off his shoes.

Krista was still backing away from him, not exactly afraid, but definitely showing signs of apprehension. He thought about commanding her to stop, but he needed time to undress anyway. Besides, she was moving towards the kitchen table and he intended to bend her over it.

Tyler pulled one of the condoms out of his pocket before unbuttoning his pants and letting them fall to the floor, leaving him naked except for his socks. He stopped moving to unroll the sheath around his dick just as Krista backed into the table. She was a few feet away from him and he could see the pulse jumping in her neck and her quickened breaths.

"Are you frightened?" he asked, taking a step towards her.

Krista licked her suddenly dry lips, not daring to break eye contact. She didn't know what she felt, only that she'd felt very much like prey as he stalked her through the house.

"I don't know Master," she said nervously as the kitchen table brushed against her ass. "Maybe."

"Why," he asked, taking another step towards her and thrilling in the fact that he could see her heartbeat increase.

"You seem predatory tonight Master," she said, trying to swallow her nervous reaction. "It's unsettling."

One more step would bring them together. He hadn't intended to fuck her until they got back to his place, but the opportunity presented itself so he went with it. He stepped forward again, brushing his thighs against hers before spinning her around to face the table.

Krista gasped at the sudden movement, then felt her body melt into him as he pressed against the back of her from her calves all the way up to her neck. She relished the way his teeth felt against the sensitive spot beneath her ear, moaning as he slowly bit down, harder and harder until she cried out.

Tyler released the flesh of her neck to leave dark red teeth marks behind. He moved her hair out of the way, exposing a smooth expanse of throat on the other side and bit down again, slowly. When he heard her cry out again, he let go.

Krista lifted her arms as he grabbed her shirt and pulled it up her body. He took the sports bra with it, flinging both onto the floor as they came free of her wrists. Every thought in her brain disintegrated and a deep moan escaped her mouth when he reached around to squeeze her nipples, rolling the pebbled tips between his fingers.

"Time to find out, pet," Tyler moved away from her and pulled her sweatpants and the panties underneath down to her ankles. Standing, he stroked his aching cock with one hand, pushing Krista's chest down onto the table with the other. He pushed into her pussy, so tight and wet. Tyler drove into her several times, opening her up and making her pussy creamy.

"So wet," he said.

Tyler pulled his dick out, repositioning it at her other opening and pushed forward. She'd been telling the truth. He sheathed himself deep inside her ass

with one stroke. Working his hips, he began to drive in and out of her, squeezing her hips and pulling her towards him at the height of every thrust.

"Oh god," she said, reveling in the way her anal muscles were already trembling around him.

After such a long period of enforced arousal with no satisfaction, Krista was peaking after only a few seconds. She was going to come. Her ass muscles were squeezing around the dick that impaled her and she was about to break into a million pieces.

"Do NOT come yet!" Tyler exclaimed, his dick pounding into her, balls slapping against her pussy lips with every thrust. "You will wait until I tell you."

"Oh please Master," she cried. She had been so horny, all week long and didn't think she could take another moment. "Please, please, PLEASE!" She begged, hoping he would have mercy on her and give her the release she sought.

"Had you been wearing the plug when I arrived, you would have come already as a reward. Now you will wait for me."

Krista groaned, all the while loving the way he felt inside her. If he was determined that she would not come until he did, her only choice was to turn up the heat. She clamped down on him with her anal muscles every time he pushed into her and relaxed them as he pulled out. Over and over again, until her ass was quivering with unreleased tension and she thought she would lose her mind. Her hands searched desperately for something to grab hold of to gain some leverage.

"Good girl, pet." Tyler said as he hammered her into the table. "Come Krista. Come with me!"

Tyler thrust deeply as his orgasm burst from his balls. He could feel Krista's release coincide with his, their convulsions mirroring each others. A few seconds later, their orgasms subsided. Pulling slowly from her ass, he took the used condom off his dick and dropped it in the trash.

"I'm not done with you yet," he said, pulling her off the table. "My dick is covered in come. Lick it clean."

Krista was so thankful for a break in the pressure she'd been carrying around all week, she dropped to her knees in front of him and licked the come oozing from the tip of his cock. "Yes Master," she said between licks, cleaning the come off his dick with her tongue.

Tyler leaned his head back and fought through the urge to push her off him. His dick was so sensitive after an orgasm, he often couldn't take anyone sucking him for several minutes. But he'd barely gotten started yet with Krista and this would speed up his recovery time. He clenched his hands as she sucked his penis deep into her mouth. All he had to do was last until the tingles subsided.

"Mmmm," he moaned as she ran her tongue along the underside of his balls. She nipped at the inside of his thigh and used her hand to stroke the length of his dick. This was the most exquisite torture he could ever devise for himself. Shock waves of pleasure burst throughout his body with each little suck, pleasure and pain, both so strong in their intensity. Finally the tingles abated and Tyler felt his dick return to fully hard. He grabbed Krista's head and thrust into her throat a few times, then pulled out of her mouth.

"That's enough, pet," he said, grabbing her elbow and pulling her to her feet. "Stay," he said and walked over to his discarded pants, pulling a second condom from the pocket. With a practiced motion, he bit the corner off, pulled the plastic from the wrapper and unrolled it around his cock. He walked back to where Krista stood, leaning against the table and picked her up. Her legs wrapped around his waist as he sheathed himself deep inside her pussy.

Tyler backed her into the kitchen wall, using it for support and began to drive into her as he kissed her on the mouth. He felt her try to wrap her arms around his head and grabbed her hands, holding them over her head with one hand. He squeezed her nipple, hard, with his other hand, and swallowed her scream, still kissing her as his dick battered her pussy.

Tyler wanted to hear her cry again and unwound her legs from around his hips. Pulling his dick from her, he set her down and turned her around to face the wall. "Spread," he said, as squatted. With a hard smack from one hand on her ass cheek, he pushed two fingers in her pussy and a third inside her ass. He pushed his fingers in and out of her, smacking her ass with each thrust. Tyler blistered her bottom with one hand, grinding his knuckles into her holes with the other. Her pussy was clenching around his fingers and he knew she was winding up for an incredible orgasm. He pulled his finger from her ass and leaned forward giving it a small lick.

Krista moaned as she felt his tongue against her anal entrance. There was no other feeling in the world quite like this one, she decided. Just as suddenly as it started, it stopped and she felt him bite her ass cheek, hard as he continued pushing his fingers in and out of her pussy. Krista cried out in pain. Tyler let go of her with his teeth and went back to licking her asshole. Back and forth, biting, licking, biting, licking until Krista was certain that the only things she needed in this world were his tongue and teeth. He pulled away and began the same assault on the other cheek, back and forth, teeth and tongue. By the time he was finished, ever single inch of her ass showed teeth marks and her puckered sphincter was quivering uncontrollably.

He stood suddenly, pulled her cheeks apart and drove his cock deep into her ass, plunging in and out, harder and harder as Krista cried out in shock. She concentrated on the way it felt, the sensation of his dick stretching her open then retreating, over and over again. At the height of his stroke, she felt so full, like she would burst, then as he drew out of her, an engulfing emptiness. The feelings rocked through her as he pumped against her ass.

Krista felt another orgasm building. "Please Master," she begged. "Let me come again."

Tyler plundered her hole without remorse. He had waited as long as he could drawing out her pleasure, but he had no restraint left. "Come if you can, Krista, but I'm too close. I can't wait for you."

The pressure rose higher. "Just a minute more Master, please."

"No, Krista," he said, pulling her hair again and reaching around with his other to stroke her clit. "Come NOW!"

Thrusting madly, Tyler emptied his cock for the second time that evening as Krista's orgasm convulsed around him, spurring him on to new heights of pleasure. He loved the way her body clenched him rhythmically, loved that she had pushed herself to comply with his command.

Chapter 10

Krista and Tyler took a shower and sat at the kitchen table, eating the leftover spaghetti and drinking wine as they talked.

"It feels weird to be asking you this, but what's your name?" She figured she should start with the basics and work from there. "I mean, your whole name."

Tyler finished chewing the food in his mouth and swallowed before answering her. "I guess you are probably feeling a bit in the dark," he said. "My name is Tyler Hale. I'm thirty two years old, born on October twenty ninth, a Scorpio, not that I'm big into astrology, but it's one of those things. What about you?" he asked, twirling another bite of the spaghetti.

"I'm Krista. Krista Hamilton," she said, glad to finally know something about him. "I'm twenty eight years old, born on July 3, a Cancer." Krista swallowed, audibly, nervous now that there was no sex to hide behind. She'd never exactly been popular, always shy and a bit introverted. "So, what do you do?"

"You," Tyler said coyly. Krista rolled her eyes and opened her mouth as if to argue. "Just kidding," he said, raising his hands, palms out to ward off the daggers from her eyes. "I own Chained. Plus a few other clubs of similar design around the country."

"So you're pretty big into this whole BDSM scene, then?" she asked.

"Yeah, kind of," Tyler said. "I mean it's been a while since I've had a sub of my own, but you could say that."

"What else do you like to do?" Krista asked.

"I like to read," Tyler said, "and I like sports of course. I also like hiking and watching game shows on TV."

"Seriously?" Krista asked. "What's your favorite game show?"

"Jeopardy," Tyler said without batting an eye.

"Oh my gosh," Krista said. "I used to watch that every day when I was a kid because my mom had a crush on Alex Trebek. At first I hated it and thought it was dumb, but then I released my inner nerd and got into it. I even joined the Scholarbowl team at my school."

"Wow," Tyler said, trying to fit Krista into the image of a nerdy school girl. The two just didn't work. "I just can't picture you as a nerd. Quiet maybe, but not nerdy. Besides, you're too sexy to be a nerd."

"Thanks," Krista said, laughing. "But I wasn't always. In fact, you would die if you saw my school pictures from the 4 to 9 grades."

"I find that hard to believe," he said, sipping his wine and pushing the empty plate away.

Krista stood and walked over to one of the bookshelves against the hallway pulling a book from the very top. She rubbed a thin layer of dust off, opened it about halfway through and walked back to the table. Setting the book in front of Tyler, she pointed at one picture in particular.

Tyler burst out laughing, bending down for a closer look. "I take it back," he said. "You definitely were a nerd."

Krista looked down at the picture, remembering how proud she had been of the way she'd styled it that day. She had hairsprayed her bangs straight up, nearly three inches before letting them fall down in front of one eye. At the time, she'd had no idea that it looked like a rooster's comb or some crazy kind of hair experiment gone awry. She also was wearing bright red lipstick that clashed horridly with the weird orange shirt she was wearing. More importantly, her teeth were about three sizes too big for her mouth.

Determined to get it all out of the way since she'd already started down the path of self depreciation, she flipped the page and pointed at another horrible picture, and said, "Fifth grade." She flipped a few more pages, pointing to another picture. "Oh and there I am at the Regional Scholarbowl Championships with my 6 grade team. I won top scholar that night for answering the most questions correctly They gave me a free ice cream cone when we went to dinner on the way back."

Flipping through the book, she laughed as she explained the circumstances behind each photograph. Tyler thought it unusual for a woman to be so relaxed about not looking their best. He'd never met a woman who would willingly have shown him the pictures he'd seen tonight. Yet Krista had laughed at herself easily, obviously comfortable with who she was and who she had been. It was if she was proud of the things about her childhood that separated her from the "in" clique.

Krista flipped a page and Tyler whistled at the transformation between 10 and 11 grade. A skinny, lanky figure had turned into toned, nicely rounded curves. Her face had finally caught up to teeth and a nose that had seemed too big. It was a complete metamorphosis from awkward child into sexy young woman.

Krista looked at her 11 grade picture and attributed a large part of the difference to the fact that she'd figured out how to properly apply make-up. Always before she'd ended up looking like a clown, taking advice from her mother such as "there's no such thing as too much blue eye shadow" and "you have the perfect skin tone; it goes with every color". She loved her mom, but neither fashion nor make-up were at the top of her mom's strengths.

"No offense," Tyler said, scooting away from the table "But you're like a reallife version of the ugly duckling story."

Tyler pulled Krista up as he rose and pulled her towards the couch. As he sat, he pulled her down on his lap.

"That's me, Tyler," Krista said, "a beautiful swan." She suddenly realized that she had never called him by his name before. It had always been Master or Sir. She wondered if he would be okay with it. Truthfully, it was a little hard to remember to always say Master.

Krista thought about the easy conversation they'd shared. It would have become strained if she was forced to maintain a submissive persona and she was glad she had forgotten. With this understanding came the realization that she was not one hundred percent submissive and that she didn't want to be. In the bedroom was fine, but she was too strong to let this take over her entire personality.

"Tyler," she said his name again, taking a deep breath. "I think we should talk."

Tyler lifted his hand and pressed his finger against her lips. "Shhhh," he said,

knowingly. "I know what you are thinking and its okay. I like being in charge in the bedroom, but I don't want to be responsible for someone's whole life. I'm really looking for someone who matches me, submissive to my dominant side, sure, but with the strength to be their own person. Any doormat can be submissive. That's not what I'm looking for."

"Really?" she asked. "I mean..." Krista blanked. She hadn't expected him to say that or for her to feel so glad to hear him say it. "I just thought..." She gave up and took a second to gather her thoughts.

"I wasn't expecting that," she started. "I guess I figured that you would want to be in charge of everything. That that was how you got your kicks."

"A good Dom doesn't need to be in charge of everything Krista," Tyler said, looking into her eyes openly and honestly. "A good Dom doesn't need to abuse, or humiliate their subs either, although that's what some subs really want. A good Dom cares for his sub, taking both of them to heights of pleasure that usually are not explored openly. A good Dom reads his sub, pushing her past her limits, bending but not breaking. Most importantly, a good Dom has a healthy self-esteem and does not need to truly damage his sub either emotionally or physically to increase his own self worth."

"So how does that tie into all the whips and chains?" Krista asked curiously. She had to admit, she was impressed by what he said and how he felt.

"Did any of the things we did truly hurt you?" Tyler asked.

Krista thought about everything for a moment and then shook her head.

"No not really," Krista said.

"What did you feel?" Tyler questioned. "Think about it for a second and tell me what you really felt."

Krista went over everything she had experienced in her head.

"Some of the things hurt, at least momentarily," Krista said. "But the pain amplified the pleasure. Sort of like the reason for evil is to show how good, good really is. That's a bad analogy. Nothing about what we did was evil. I should have said that it's like the saying that the bad things that happen in our lives help us to appreciate the good things. No, that's not a good analogy either."

Krista opened her mouth, trying to explain what she meant without sounding

like she was comparing it to something bad. It hadn't been bad. What they'd shared had been amazing, wonderful. She didn't want Tyler thinking that she thought it was evil or any such equivalent. Unfortunately, she was rambling now and she had to get it under control.

"I know what you mean," Tyler interjected, grinning. "Stop trying so hard. I'm not going to take offense and just so you know, it's adorable when you ramble."

Krista sighed, rolling her eyes.

"It's just that all of this is so far beyond what I'm used to. I have no frame of reference."

"That's understandable," Tyler said as he nuzzled under her ear. "It's a big adjustment. You have to understand that Americans in general are sexually repressed. Everything we have been taught from the time we were children strengthens this repression and most people are too terrified of being ostracized to seek out what they really want.

"As a result, they push those feelings down and bury them behind carefully constructed walls of propriety. Any urges that are out of the ordinary or do not fit in with society's norm are relegated to fantasy, where we think about them while masturbating, or during boring, routine sexual experiences. What's really sad is how different the world would be, how much happier humanity as a whole if we could all just admit what we really want, if we could go out and fulfill our needs with a person or people that want the same things without shame or consternation. I really believe it would change the world. That's why I opened my club."

Krista listened to Tyler's impassioned monologue. Clearly, he really believed it. Not just as some sort of perverted bedroom play, but as a root to a deeper sense of happiness. Krista examined her feelings and the things she had felt since all of this started and had to agree that she had never felt so happy before. Sure great sex had that effect on most people, but this was the first time in her life that she had ever felt free to be herself. To say what she thought, how she felt and what she wanted. It was strange that giving up control could bring such a feeling of freedom.

Krista relaxed and put her head on Tyler's shoulder. Her thoughts spun randomly as exhaustion claimed her. Eyelids drooping, she snuggled into Tyler's shoulder, secure in herself and safe.

Chapter 11

Krista blinked slowly, letting her eyes adjust to the morning light filtering through the curtains in her bedroom as her stomach rumbled. The smell of bacon and coffee teased her as she stood and slipped into a black satin robe. When she made her way to the kitchen, she was thankful she'd gone to the grocery store last night on her way home from work or they'd be forced to eat pop tarts for breakfast.

Walking slowly across the cold kitchen floor, Krista relished the delightful smells wafting from the stove. Even better was the gorgeous man, preparing the food in nothing but a pair of boxer shorts. Muscles rippled across Tyler's back and shoulders as he flipped an omelet in the skillet. Krista almost thought she should pinch herself and make sure she wasn't dreaming.

"Mmmmm," she moaned softly, sliding her arms around his waist and kissing him on one shoulder. "It smells delicious in here."

Tyler put the skillet back on the stove and turned in Krista's arms to kiss her on the mouth. "You have perfect timing," he said as he pulled his mouth away from hers. "Everything is almost ready. Now go brush your teeth. Your breath is awful." Tyler pushed Krista gently away from him and swatted her on the ass.

"So you like coffee?" Tyler asked, grinning as Krista moaned after taking a sip of coffee. They'd just sat down to eat and her only focus seemed to be the creamy liquid in her cup. Plus she had three different kinds of gourmet coffee and a top of line espresso/cappuccino maker. When he'd found all of that, he'd figured she had a thing for coffee. But after watching the ecstasy on her face when she took her first sip, he realized that he might have underestimated the magnitude of the affair.

"Oh yeah," Krista said. "Me and coffee go way back. I found early on that my feelings about it were deeply intense and unwavering. It's the only relationship

in my life that has lasted more than a few months. Of course it's the only relationship I've ever had that never disappoints me and always gives me exactly what I need."

"What did you need, Krista?" Tyler asked, lust filling his eyes. "What kept you from being happy?"

Krista looked up at Tyler and swallowed, slowly. The conversation was getting serious. Did he know what she had only recently figured out? Could he possibly know that she had subconsciously been looking for someone strong enough to dominate her without even knowing it?

"Was it this?" Tyler asked as he stood and pulled Krista to her feet before dipping his head to hers. He licked Krista's lower lip, then closed his teeth around it, not hard enough to break the skin, but almost. A moan escaped from her mouth and Tyler switched tactics, sucking soothingly.

"Yes, Master," Krista whispered against Tyler's mouth, unable to deny it any longer. It was the dominance she needed with a little pain thrown in. She had found it with Damien and she'd found it with Tyler, both of whom had pleased her beyond anything she'd thought possible.

Tyler's lips left Krista's mouth, traveling down her jaw, teeth grazing here and there, biting, sucking. He pulled roughly on the tie to her robe, freeing her body. Fingernails trailed down the side of her neck, scratching slowly down her chest. A sharp pinch of her nipple tore a cry from her throat.

Tyler pulled away and spun Krista around, bending her towards the table and yanking the robe from her shoulders to throw it across the room. A hard swat on her ass forced her teeth to clench together as she grabbed the edge of the table.

"And this?" Tyler asked.

"Yes, Master," Krista said, louder this time as sharp swats began to rain on her bottom. Despite the pain, her pussy was wet and throbbing.

Tyler tormented her bottom. Always before, he'd mixed pleasure with the pain. This time it was just the spanking with no pleasure to offset it. It didn't stop Krista from becoming more and more aroused. She could feel the pressure building, even as tears leaked from her eyelids.

"You like it," Tyler said, not even questioning now.

"Yes, Master," Krista said.

"You need it," Tyler said, pushing his boxers down his thighs and freeing his cock.

"Yes, Master," Krista cried. "Please."

In one stroke, Tyler buried his cock in Krista's dripping pussy, pushing her body against the table. He pulled out slowly, smacked her ass, and slammed back into her.

"You will always need it," Tyler yelled, gripping her hips tightly with both hands as he began driving in and out of her. "Come Krista, come NOW!"

"Yes, Master, Yes!" Krista screamed, her orgasm breaking over her and convulsing through her body. "Yes, Yes, Yes."

Tyler continued pushing in and out of Krista's pussy as her convulsions subsided. When the last of it had passed and Krista's pussy took on the extra softness that it always did after her orgasms, Tyler pulled out of her. He pulled her off the table, spun her around and pushed her to her knees in front of him.

Krista didn't even blink an eye as Tyler shoved his cock all the way down her throat. He loved that her gag reflex was practically non-existent. Tangling his fingers in her hair, he guided her head away from his body, then back down again until her lips smashed against his pelvis.

"That's right, Krista." he said pulling her off his dick by her hair then pushing her all the way back down it. "Take it all. Swallow it."

As Krista knelt in front of Tyler, giving him her mouth and throat to fuck, she grabbed onto his hips for stability. She wanted him to use her mouth, to slam into it until his come shot down her throat. She secretly loved the helpless feeling that engulfed her when he took her this way, loved that his cock filled up her throat until she could barely breathe. As her lips touched the pubic hair around his dick and pressed against his body, she pulled his hips even closer, showing him with her actions that she could take it all, that she wanted it.

"Oh god, yeah," Tyler said.

He pulled back giving her a second to catch a breath, then pushed in and out, faster and faster, pounding the back of her throat, stretching it each time his dick pushed down into the tight passage. As Krista swallowed him down, her throat

convulsing around his dick, Tyler's orgasm exploded through his body. One last thrust down her throat emptied his cock.

"Finish your breakfast," he said as he pulled his boxers and kissed her on her forehead.

Chapter 12

After he finished his breakfast, Tyler rinsed his plate and walked back to the table. He held his hand out to Krista, pulling her from her chair and picked her up. With her arms around his neck, he nuzzled the soft skin under her ear as they made their way to the bathroom.

Water streamed from the showerhead after a few turns of each knob. As it warmed, steam began to waft through the room. Tyler stepped inside, pulling Krista in with him. He knew the last twenty four hours, although satisfying, would probably leave her feeling sore. Leaning against the wall under the showerhead, he let the warm water beat against Krista's shoulders while he carefully kneaded the muscles.

"Mmmm," Krista moaned, letting her neck droop forward and the tension melt out of her body. "That feels absolutely delicious."

"Good," Tyler said, leaning forward to place a kiss at the base of Krista's neck. After a few minutes, he leaned forward blocking the water flow and grabbed the loofah and body wash from the small shelf along the back wall. He applied a generous amount of body wash to the loofah and squeezed several times to get a rich lather.

Firm, but gentle strokes worked the foamy suds into Krista's skin. One strong hand kneaded each muscle while the other scrubbed. As Tyler worked his way down her back, Krista decided that she had never felt so pampered. The breakfast, the sex, the shower, the massage – it was almost too much to take in. She wasn't sure why, but apprehension suddenly stole through her.

"What's wrong?" Tyler asked as the muscles in Krista's back suddenly tensed.

"Just waiting for the other shoe to drop," Krista said, making a conscious effort to regain some of the relaxation she had been experiencing moments before. "The most important life lesson I've learned is that if something seems too good to be true, it usually is." Tyler chuckled. "Is that what I am?" he asked.

"You must have some idea how all of this seems," Krista sighed, giving up on the relaxation and moving on to what had been worrying her in the back of her mind for awhile now. "Not that I'm trying to fluff up your ego, but let's look at the big picture."

Krista turned to face Tyler and held up a hand ticking off a finger with each example.

"One, you're amazing in bed, which is not common for men who look like you according to my friends. Two, you're incredibly sexy. Just looking at your lower abdominal muscles does funny things to my insides. Three, you're kind and compassionate. Four, you cook, and five, you're a successful businessman. I just don't understand how it's possible that with all of this, you are still single, let alone wooing me."

Tyler looked at Krista and smiled. "Just so you know, I've made a mental note of your prioritization," he said, as he soaped his own body, taking extra time with the abs Krista was so fond of. "And for the record, I'm not single."

Krista's eyes had dropped to Tyler's hands somewhere around number three and now that she had finished talking she had a hard time concentrating on what he was saying. She shook herself mentally as his words sunk in and looked up at him.

"I'm sorry – what?" she asked.

Tyler continued washing his body, seemingly unconcerned.

"I'm not single," he said. "I'm in a relationship."

As Tyler bent down to scrub his legs, Krista felt the breath rush out of her body. She backed away from him and turned away, tears pricking the corners of her eyes.

Deep down, she had known it all along. Tyler wasn't the sort of guy who would be available to someone like her, interested in someone like her. They were from two different worlds. He probably had a sleek, stylish, high society girlfriend tucked away somewhere. The realization that she was in the shower with another woman's man invaded her senses.

"I see," she said, opening the shower door, stepping out quickly and reaching

for a towel.

"Hey, where are you going?" Tyler asked.

"To find clothes," she called back over her shoulder, not even bothering to dry off. She wrapped the towel around her and ran out of the bathroom. She needed air, but she couldn't just step out on the porch naked.

As Krista walked through the bedroom door, she grabbed the clothes that were lying on the dresser and threw them on, refusing to give into the tears that were threatening to overflow. She knew it was stupid to feel this way, but she was really starting to like him. Worse, she couldn't imagine how they had gotten to this stage of their relationship without her asking him about his status before.

"That's not true," she muttered to herself, pulling a sock roughly, onto each foot. "You were too busy getting your brains fucked out to ask."

Krista stuffed her feet into the sneakers next to her bed and walked out of her room, heading towards the sliding glass door to the balcony. Halfway there, she changed her mind. The tears were going to come and there was nothing she could do to stop them. She grabbed her keys and walked out the door. She may have been an idiot for thinking that they had something, but there was no reason for him to see how deeply it hurt to find out that they didn't.

As the door closed behind her, the first tear fell – hot, as it rolled down her cheek. She reached for the railing and ran down the steps focusing on making it to the car before she lost it altogether. The stairs of her apartment building blurred and her emotions engulfed her.

She didn't know who to be more upset with – Tyler or herself. Although to be fair, he hadn't taken anything she hadn't offered. And it wasn't like he had lied to her. She'd never even bothered to ask, so focused she'd been on the here and now during every moment they spent together.

Yanking open her car door, she admitted to herself that this was all her fault. She stepped inside and let the tears fall as she shut the door and started the engine. Granted, Tyler didn't seem like a cheater, but how could she feel like she knew him at all. She had met him and fucked him on the same day which happened to be only eight days ago.

Krista slammed her foot on the gas pedal, fishtailing through the parking lot. More space – she needed to put more space between them. Maybe that would help the bevy of emotions that were coursing through her – pain, guilt, envy.

"FUCK!" Krista yelled, banging her fist on the dashboard as she pulled out of her apartment community without looking. Luckily it was still pretty early and the street was deserted.

"Why couldn't it have been me?" Krista cried to herself. Tears flowed freely down her face as she wished that his girlfriend, whoever she was, didn't exist. It wasn't fair and she knew it. But she had played by the book her entire life and never wanted anything or anyone as badly as she did now.

She'd come close with Damien, but that hadn't lasted long enough for her to know what she wanted and was over almost before it started. Course the same could be said for Tyler. It had only been what, a week, since they met? It was funny how much longer it seemed, maybe because thoughts of him had consumed her since they met. Regardless, it was over now. It had to be. She wouldn't be 'the other woman', pining after some guy that wasn't, nor probably ever would be just hers.

"But," she said quietly to herself as she wiped her tears, "it wouldn't hurt to find out how serious he is about this woman."

Krista tried to convince herself that she was just going to satisfy her curiosity as she turned the car around. Pulling over to the side of the road, she flipped down the visor and glanced at herself in the mirror. Red, puffy, eyes looked back at her and she had tear stains on both cheeks. She leaned over and pulled a tissue from the glove box.

After fixing her face, blowing her nose and a taking a few deep breaths, Krista was ready to go back. She pulled back onto the road and made her way to her apartment, giving herself a pep talk on the way.

"It doesn't make you a horrible person," she said. "You're just going to talk to him, find out where his head is at. That's all." It was fortunate that Krista couldn't see how unconvincing her eyes were from rearview mirror.

Chapter 13

Tyler was sitting on the couch when Krista walked back in the door. Thankfully, he'd gotten dressed while she'd been gone. She doubted she could concentrate if he was shirtless or in a towel.

"Umm, hey," she said, suddenly at a loss for words. She walked over to the loveseat, picked up a throw pillow and sat down, fiddling with the fringe as she thought about what to say.

"Hey," Tyler said. "I was wondering how long it would be before you came back."

Tyler's glib manner irritated Krista and she found that she was still mad at him, regardless of whether or not she was to blame for the circumstances.

"So it was a foregone conclusion that I'd be back?" she asked sullenly. Krista glanced at Tyler's face and felt her anger go up a notch. He didn't even seem slightly remorseful. In fact, his eyes were twinkling, like the whole thing was funny.

Tyler chuckled, thinking to himself how sexy she was when she was mad.

"This is your place," he said rationally. "You had to come back sooner or later."

Krista mentally kicked herself. Of course this was her apartment.

"So you were prepared to wait, indefinitely?" she asked.

"I don't know about indefinitely," he said calmly. "I do eventually have to go to work, but for the rest of the weekend at least."

Krista took a deep breath and counted to five, determined not to let Tyler push her buttons. Clearly he was baiting her and she didn't know why. Whatever game he was playing, she didn't know the rules. "And your girlfriend, she's okay with that?" Krista asked.

"She knows I'm here," Tyler said. "In fact, she knows all about you."

"Oh," Krista said abruptly, trying to reason everything out. At least he wasn't lying to the girlfriend. She figured that made it at least marginally better, although she wasn't sure where that left her.

"So you two have an open relationship or something?"

"Not exactly," Tyler said. "She and I haven't outlined the terms of our relationship yet. We just started seeing each other."

"Okay," Krista said as her anger started to slip away in the face of mounting confusion. "Is she your sub? Is that why she would be willing to be in a relationship with you when you are here with me?"

"I think she wants to be," Tyler said.

Krista was disgusted. She didn't care how submissive you were, you shouldn't have to put up with your boyfriend going out and being with other women. Course she heard about women all the time that knew their husbands were cheating on them, women who didn't even have the benefit of mind-blowing sex as a consolation. It didn't matter, though. Tyler was going too far.

"Just because you are dominant in the bedroom, doesn't give you the right to walk all over this girl," Krista said. "I wouldn't let you do it to me and you shouldn't do it to her. It's not right."

"Not even if it's what she wants?" Tyler asked.

"I refuse to believe that she wanted you to spend the weekend with me, engaged in... everything we've been doing," Krista snapped, once again glaring at Tyler.

Tyler looked warily at the pillow in Krista's hands. The way she was squeezing and twisting it, the seams would bust before much longer.

"She did want it," he said, looking over at her. "She's been looking forward to it all week."

"If you two are hoping for a ménage a trois or something, you've got another thing coming. I don't swing that way."

"I don't know," Tyler said, humor once again glinting his eyes. "Under the

right circumstances you might be surprised to find which ways you swing. And a ménage a trois isn't always about being with someone from the same sex. Sometimes it's not about that at all."

"So that's what you've been doing?" Krista asked. "Prepping me for a ménage a trois with you and your girlfriend?"

"No, I don't think she's interested in that," Tyler said. "I just wanted to clarify, for future reference."

"So then what the hell's going on Tyler?" Krista asked. "Where do I fit into this grand scheme and why would I want to?"

Tyler stood and walked over to the loveseat, laughing as he sat down beside her.

"Why are you laughing?" Krista asked. "This isn't funny Tyler."

Tyler just laughed harder.

"Stop laughing," Krista said, hitting him with the pillow. "What's so funny?"

"It's you, dummy," Tyler said, still laughing. "The girl I'm in a relationship with is you!"

"You JERK!!!!" Krista screamed, raining a torrent of blows on Tyler's head.

"Come on," Tyler said, holding up his hands in defense. "I thought you'd be happy to find out there wasn't someone else."

"Oh my god, you're an asshole," Krista screamed hitting Tyler repeatedly with the pillow. "You just let me think..."

"The worst," Tyler said, still laughing. He grabbed the pillow out of her hands and tossed it over to the couch. Scooting closer, he pulled Krista into the crook of his arm and smiled down at her.

"It wasn't intentional," Tyler said. "It just sort of happened that way and got out of hand before I could even get the soap rinsed off me. Next thing I knew, I was walking around your apartment looking for you. Then when you came back, I couldn't resist. You were so cute – simmering in righteous indignation. Plus, you're really sexy when you're mad."

Krista turned towards him and punched him in the shoulder.

"Oww," Tyler said, grabbing his shoulder and faking injury. When Krista didn't appear to be even slightly remorseful, he grabbed her and pulled her onto his lap, pinning her arms to her sides.

"Woman, I'm trying to tell you I want to date you. For someone who was so upset about another woman, you don't seem very interested in taking me off the market. Maybe I should go find someone to make you jealous. See if that brings you around."

"Don't you dare," Krista huffed, squirming. "You already owe me for this. Don't dig your hole any deeper."

"Depends on how you plan to make me pay," Tyler said, cautiously letting go of Krista's arms.

Krista turned slowly in Tyler's lap until she could straddle him. With one leg on each side, she pushed up onto her knees brushing her mouth against the corner of his lips.

"That was a dirty trick," Krista said, punctuating each word with a kiss. "I think I will keep this IOU until something equally dirty comes along."

Krista hopped off of Tyler's lap and walked to the kitchen to get another cup of coffee. Despite his trick, Krista felt giddy inside, like Christmas had come early.

"How do you feel about a picnic in the park?" Tyler asked. "We could maybe bring a football or a Frisbee? Then I could take you out for dinner and do something else after. There's a martini bar near the park or we could go back to Chained. Either is fine."

"Actually that sounds fun," Krista said. "But forget the Frisbee. I stink at it."

"You got it," Tyler said. "We can go to Quiznos or Subway for the food and then by my house for a football."

Krista smiled, knowing she had a trick up her sleeve.

"Actually," she said. "I have a football."

Krista walked to the hallway closet and pulled a well-worn football from the shelf. She spun it around expertly on the palm of her hand as she walked back, drawing a raised eyebrow from Tyler.

"Clearly, you have some experience with that," Tyler said, impressed.

Krista made a non-committal sound figuring she knew exactly how to get back at him for his trick. She walked to the bathroom to pull out her sunblock before returning to the living room.

"You will have to rub me down," she said coyly. "I burn otherwise."

"I don't think that will be a problem," Tyler said.

"Cool, let me just throw some things together to wear later, and we can be on our way," Krista said.

Chapter 14

"So how was it," Heather asked as she answered the phone.

"Not even a hello, for your dear friend?" Krista said. "I'm hurt."

"Hey you," Heather said. "Now back to my original question. You ditched me and our plan to try that new bottle of wine on the pretext that sex was eminent. So how was it?"

"Awww," Krista replied. "You missed me."

"Of course I missed you," Heather said. "But that still doesn't answer my question. The last time we talked you practically had an orgasm just talking about Tyler. Did he not show up? What happened?"

"Oh he came alright," Krista said, laughingly. "And so did I, too many times to count. Long story short, he came, we fucked and now we're dating."

"What about our history together makes you think I would be satisfied with a long story short?" Heather asked.

"I promise I'll give you more details later," Krista said. "But I only have a few minutes. He went inside to grab sandwiches from Subway and then we're going for a picnic in the park."

"Awww," Heather said. "That's so romantic."

"Ummm, not exactly," Krista said.

"What do you mean?" Heather asked.

"We brought a football..." Krista replied.

"Don't you think it's a little early in the relationship for you to scare him off?" Heather asked. "I mean you just started dating him."

"It was his idea," Krista said innocently. "And my only other option was a

Frisbee."

"Did you at least warn him that you used to be a quarterback for a coed football team in Philadelphia?" Heather asked.

"Not exactly," Krista said evasively.

"Not exactly, Krista?" Heather asked. "Or not at all?"

"Kind of not at all," Krista said. "but I did show off a little when I pulled my football out of the closet. That counts right?"

"Krista, you have to do something to warn him besides that stupid spin trick. Guys are weird about football. More importantly, no guy wants to get shot down in the middle of a busy park when they were expecting to do a little showing off of their own to impress a girl."

"You don't think maybe he might be impressed?" Krista asked. "I mean isn't it possible that he has enough confidence not to be threatened by a girl who can play football?"

"Krista, when has that ever been your experience?" Heather asked. "From the male perspective, it's bad enough that you can out throw them most of the time since they're supposed to be big, strong, manly men. But if you add to that your accuracy, it's a double whammy. If you don't warn him, it's going to backfire."

"But guys are always complaining that girls aren't interested in sports," Krista said. "And I totally owe him one.

"You're missing the most important part," Heather said. "Guys want girls who are interested in sports so they can watch the games without the chick nagging them to death or getting offended. That doesn't mean they want a girl who is better at sports than they are. In the four years you played quarterback for that team, you lost, what three games total."

"Well yeah, but it's not like I won the games by myself," Krista said, pouting a little. "We were a team. And what if he's just as good at football?" Krista asked. "I mean he did suggest it after all."

"Maybe he is good, Krista," Heather said. "In which case, it won't hurt at all to just throw it out there. It'll give you something to talk about."

"But he owes me one," she said.

Krista explained the shower fiasco and his little joke that morning.

"He totally deserves it," Krista said.

"Maybe," Heather said. "I still don't think it's a good idea though. Just mention that you used to play beforehand. That way, he will have some time to come up with an excuse to save face, like a sprained wrist or his shoulder is acting up."

"You know how I feel about it when guys do that," Krista said.

"Yeah, I do," Heather replied. "But between what Hannah and you have told me about this guy, he's exactly what you need. Seems pretty pointless to start off screwing with his ego. You remember the Justin debacle don't you? You thought you'd show off a bit for him and his friends, next thing you know he can't get it up."

"I remember," Krista said. "He didn't seem to have nearly as strong of a personality as Tyler does though."

"It's your choice," Heather said. "Just think about it. Anyway, I gotta run, but I'm expecting a full report with details next Friday when we do the wine thing."

"I will," Krista said.

"Bye," Heather said.

Krista pressed the button on her cell phone that would end the call. Now she just needed to ring Tiffini and let her know that Tyler was coming to their workout tomorrow. They'd discussed it over breakfast and he was cool with the idea.

She called Tiffini, but it went straight to voicemail. Krista left a message and hung up. Tiffini might call her back today, but probably not. It wouldn't really matter since she'd see her in the next day anyway, but Krista didn't want to just show up with Tyler in tow. Maybe she'd try again later tonight.

"That looks like a good spot," Krista said, pointing to a nice shady spot under a tree near a wide open area where several people were engaged in various activities including a few guys playing football. "We can set up the picnic there and then toss the football around out there."

"I was thinking the same thing," Tyler said as he walked to where Krista had pointed and set the basket down on the soft grass. After Tyler spread the blanket on the grass, Krista sat down facing away from the people that were playing in the large open area. She turned towards Tyler and handed him the sunblock.

"You promised," Krista said.

"That I did," Tyler said.

He rubbed the sunblock into any area with exposed skin and handed the bottle back to Krista.

"Thank you," she said leaning towards the picnic basket. "So what did you bring us to eat? I'm starving."

Tyler and Krista ate their sandwiches, enjoying each other's company and the gorgeous day. The football players had come closer and Krista was suddenly inspired.

"Why don't we ask those guys over there to play football with us?" she asked.

"They look like they're already playing a pretty serious game," Tyler said, glancing over.

"I'm sure I can talk them into it," Krista said.

"Why not?" Tyler said. "If you can talk them into it, of course."

"So if I can," Krista asked, "want to put a wager on who will win?"

"I didn't know you liked to gamble," Tyler said.

"I don't," Krista responded. "But me whipping your ass in football isn't really a gamble. It's pretty much guaranteed."

"You think, do you?" Tyler asked with one eyebrow raised. "And if I win?"

"Anything you want," Krista said.

"Anything?" Tyler repeated.

"Yes, anything," Krista replied. "Whoever wins gets to pick what they want – one freebie request to be determined later, no take backs."

"You're on," Tyler said already trying to decide what he wanted when he won. "Any rules?"

"Nope. Anything goes," she said. "You know I can actually see the wheels turning in your mind. It won't matter because I'm going to win."

"Not likely," Tyler said. "I used to play in high school and I'm very competitive. So don't think I'm going to take it easy on you because you're a girl."

"I'd be offended if you did," Krista said as she finished her sandwich. "I'm going to talk to them and see if they'll play with us."

Krista had been watching the guys play since they got here, planning something of this nature and had a pretty good idea of who she wanted for her team if they agreed to play. She was hoping to get them to stop playing before Tyler had a chance to work out the same thing. She grabbed the football and jogged over to them, putting a little extra shake in her run so her hair would swing.

"Hey," she yelled in a friendly voice. "Excuse me."

The six guys stopped what they were doing as Krista jogged up to them.

"Hey guys," she said as she stopped. "I'm sorry to interrupt your game, but I was wondering if you could help me out with something."

Krista spun the ball around in the palm of her hand. She wasn't sure why, but having a football in her hand always changed her. It was the only time that she didn't feel awkward or shy. She loved the feeling of confidence that it inspired and figured she would need it to get these guys to help her.

"Depends on what it is," one of them said.

"Here's the thing," she said. "My boyfriend and I made a bet on a football game, me against him. And we need people to play with us."

She spun the ball again. It wasn't a major trick, but she figured the guys would be more likely to be willing to play with a girl if they thought she had at least been exposed to a football.

"I'd really appreciate it," she said hopefully.

"Do you know anything about football?" another one said. "Do you know any

routes? Can you catch?"

"I know enough," Krista said. "I used to play for a coed team back in Philly so I'm not completely green."

"All right," he said. "I'm in. If for no other reason than because you're cute and I might get to tackle you."

Krista looked him up and down. "You'd have to catch me first," she said with a wink.

"Ooooh," the blond guy said. "She got you Eric." He looked back at Krista. "All right, we'll play."

"You speak for everyone?" Krista asked.

"Trust me," he said walking towards her. "They are all thinking the same thing as Eric. He's just the only one ballsy enough to say it." He held out his hand. "Hi, I'm Steve."

Krista reached out and shook his hand like she did when meeting new people at work, firm with a solid shake. This was one of the guys she was hoping to get on her team and he'd never take direction from her if he thought she had a girly handshake.

"Krista," she said. "And that's Tyler over there under the tree."

"Nice to meet you Krista," Steve said, introducing the other guys.

"I was watching you play earlier," she said, pointing to two of guys. "Xavier & David, right? You two were both playing quarterback. What other positions do you play?"

"I can run pretty well," Xavier said.

"I can run or receive," David said.

"Awesome," Krista said. She wanted to get the guys talking and build some rapport with them.

"Sam," Krista said. "To be so much shorter than the rest of these guys, you have some serious moves. I saw you juking these guys left and right out there."

Sam grinned. "Well, they all outweigh me by at least thirty or forty pounds so I'm a bit quicker. Makes me a good running back."

"You're taller than me," Krista said with a laugh. "Course that's not saying much. But I'd take you on my team."

"That's big of you," Sam said, laughing at his own joke. "Get it? Big?"

"That was horrible," Krista said laughing. "You know that right?"

"So what position do you play?" Ben asked.

"I usually play quarterback," Krista answered. "But I'm pretty fast and have good hands so I can always take a receiver slot if necessary or running back to change it up."

"Really?" Xavier said. "You don't have the build for a quarterback. I mean I could fit my hand around your whole bicep."

"I'll be honest with you guys. I can't lob the ball sixty yards down the field or anything. But within 35 yards, I'm deadly accurate. Plus, I understand the timing to run routes. So I'll put the ball where you can catch it, guaranteed.

"You talk the talk," Eric said. "I guess we'll find out if you walk the walk."

Krista laughed, responding easily, "Keep your eyes on my ass and find out. It'll give my guys an advantage on the field."

"Damn Eric," Ben said. "She got you again."

Eric just laughed. "I've always liked a girl with a quick tongue."

Everyone laughed, but Krista came right back at him.

"Too bad," she said. "My tongue only goes for long, deep strokes."

"Give it up, dude," Steve said, clapping Eric on the shoulder. "She's running circles around you."

"Besides," Xavier said. "Her boyfriend is on his way over and he's got like thirty pounds on you. I think he could take you."

"I was just having some fun," Eric said. "You know, getting to know her. And she said she played ball on a co-ed team so she's got to be used to it. That team I played for always gave the girls a hard time."

"I'm cool," Krista said. "It's not like I didn't know going in that I had to be good with something other than my mouth. The rest of me can back it up."

Krista winked at Eric knowing he would appreciate the word play.

"One more thing guys," Krista said. "My boyfriend doesn't know I used to play and I'm hoping to impress him. Can we keep that between us – at least until he catches on anyway?

All the guys said they would.

"You got to know, though," Ben said. "A pretty girl like you, talking about sports is dead to rights sexy. But if you can play the game as well as you talk it, impressed may not be what he comes out being. No guy likes to get beat by a girl. Especially not one he's boning."

Krista opened her mouth to respond when she heard footsteps coming up behind her.

"Hey guys," Tyler said as he jogged up to the group. "I'm Tyler."

The six guys greeted Tyler good naturedly as he draped his arms around Krista's shoulders, effectively claiming her. Everyone introduced themselves and talked for a minute, getting to know each other and talking about the positions they play.

"She told me anything goes," Tyler said, getting back to the point. "She hasn't been up here bribing you guys to lose on purpose has she?"

"Like I would," Krista said, ducking out from under his arms and hitting him on the shoulder. "All women fight dirty, as a general rule. But I don't need to cheat to beat you. I have an advantage."

"Oh really," Tyler said. "What's that?"

"You'll see," she said. "Unless you need more time to let your food digest?"

Krista batted her eyelashes at him and knew how he would respond.

"I don't think so," Tyler said. "You've already had enough time to charm these guys out of their pants. I don't think you need any more."

"No one is pantsless," Krista said. "Although there might be some merit to the idea." Krista pretended to think about it for a second. "Naw, it'd be too distracting. I might forget the object of the game."

"Ha. Ha.," Tyler said, pretending not to be amused. "So we're picking teams now right? I'll be a gentleman and let the lady pick first..."

"Why thank you," Krista said as she and Tyler divided the guys up into teams. Steve, Sam and Xavier were on her team. Ben, David and Eric with Tyler.

"So what's the play area that you guys have been using since there's no field here?"

Ben outlined the area and explained the modified ruling system they used since there obviously weren't enough people to play standard football. He made sure both Krista and Tyler understood and called it game time.

"So are we flipping for first ball," Krista asked.

"Naw...," Tyler said. "We'll keep with tradition and let you go first."

"Uh-uh," she responded. "I didn't mind taking first pick because one of us had to. But I don't want you saying later that you gave me the game. We flip. Anyone got a quarter."

"I do," David said, reaching into his pocket. He pulled out a quarter and handed it to Steve.

"I picked first so you call it," Krista said to Tyler.

Steve flipped the coin into the air.

"Heads," Tyler said.

The coin landed in his palm and he slammed it on the back of his hand.

"Tails," he said looking down and showing the coin to both teams. "Our ball. Side bets anyone?"

"No way you guys are gonna beat us," Eric said. "Twenty on us for the win."

"Done," Steve said, thinking to himself that it would be an easy twenty. He had a feeling Krista could back up everything she said.

Krista walked over to where Tyler was standing, reached up on her tip toes and pulled his head down for a kiss. She put everything into the kiss, using her teeth and her tongue expertly.

"For luck," she said innocently as she pulled away and went to stand with her team. "You're gonna need it," she called back over her shoulder.

Tyler watched her jog away.

"Snap out of it man," Eric said, snapping his fingers in front of Tyler's face. "You know she did it on purpose and I don't want to have to give up twenty bucks to Steve."

"I know," Tyler said grinning over at Eric. "But she's a hell of a kisser."

"We can tell," David said nodding towards the bulge that had risen in Tyler's shorts. "Do something with that before the game starts, man or I'm not hiking the ball to you."

"I got it," Tyler said, adjusting himself as the two teams moved towards opposite ends of the field.

Krista called her team over and gave them all a big hug now that the game was over. They had won. When the score hit twenty one to nothing, Ben, the reasonable one apparently had called it.

"You guys were great!" she exclaimed, ecstatic that they had won.

"Not just us," Xavier said, admittedly impressed. "You play better than most of the guys I know. Shit you play better than me."

"You know Eric is pissed," Steve said, giving her a high five. "He figured you were all talk, or he wouldn't have thrown in twenty against you."

"Not my fault," Krista said. "I warned him."

"True," Steve said. "But no guy believes a random girl can actually play ball. Even if they have some skills, you tackle them once or twice and they're usually done."

"You did," Krista said stating the obvious. "From the first play on, you didn't question me or my play calling once and you put up your own twenty before the game even started."

"Yeah, well, I don't know," Steve said. "I just had a feeling."

"Whatever," Sam said. "We kicked their asses."

"Yeah we did," Krista said, brushing imaginary dirt of her shoulders. "We should go to a bar and celebrate. A round on me for everyone."

Steve looked over at the other team. "I don't know if one round will be enough. Even your boyfriend doesn't look completely thrilled to have had his ass handed to him and Eric looks downright dangerous."

"Two then," Krista said. "It was just a game after all."

The two teams joined ranks in the middle of the field and Krista explained her idea to go to a bar and buy a few rounds. Everyone agreed to meet up and Tyler named a nearby bar. While Krista was talking with the guys about the game, he packed up the picnic stuff and took it back to the car.

An odd arrangement of conflicting emotions had settled in his chest and he needed to get them figured out before tonight. It was never good for a Dom to play with unresolved emotions in the mix. He thought about the game, going over each snap in his mind and the way Krista had totally snowed him. The only thing that could be more embarrassing was if he'd been playing ball with his friends instead of some random guys they'd just met.

Krista had been precise, knowledgeable, strategic and unstoppable on the field. On top of which she threw her body around with abandon, tackling the guys and making plays. If she hadn't been playing against him, he'd have thought it was pretty hot. As it was, he almost did anyway.

The thing that was really bothering him, is that she had set this whole thing up from the word go. The picnic spot, the bet, the kiss – it had all been part of her plan to get back at him. She had totally played him. At least he knew not to underestimate her in the future. He just hadn't planned on taking a beating at the hand of her and her team.

Tyler looked over at her laughing with her team mates as they relived highlights from the game. It was hard to stay mad at her when she was having so much fun. Plus there was a small voice in his brain telling him that he might have deserved a little payback. Clearly that's what this was about. And whether she had told him before hand that she knew more than just a little about the game or not, she would have won. Even with a heads up, he would never have expected that she was could handle the ball or the game like she had. He would just have to suck it up and take his ass whooping. Decision made, he returned to the group as they made plans to meet at the bar.

Chapter 15

"Hey," Tyler said as they climbed into his car. "It really was a good game. You're a hell of a player."

"Thanks," Krista said, glad to know that Tyler wasn't going to nurse hurt feelings. "And maybe next time, you won't be so quick to play jokes."

"I certainly will think twice about it," Tyler said. "Although part of what made the game fun was knowing that you were getting back at me. I might be willing to risk it, just to see what you'll do."

"Tease at your own risk," she said, grinning. "So what would you have picked if you had won?"

"I would have made you pick one of those guys to bring with us tonight," Tyler said matter of factly. "I would have shared you with him, both of us fucking you at the same time."

"Oh my," Krista said, her pussy clenching as she envisioned it in her head.

Krista didn't say anything else as they drove to the bar. Her imagination had clearly run away with her as she stared off into nothingness. Tyler looked over periodically and realized that this was something they had to do, whether or not he had lost the bet. He had figured the idea would entice her, but had no idea she would respond this strongly. He wondered which one of them was occupying her mind at the moment as they pulled into the parking lot of the bar.

"We're here," he said loudly to get her attention.

"Oh," Krista said, shaking her head as if she was coming out of a daze. "That was quick."

"Umm, sure," Tyler said, knowing what had really happened. Even if Krista

hadn't clearly been thinking about it, her hardened nipples and flushed chest would have given it away. Tyler took the knowledge and tucked it away to use later.

"I'll go inside and grab us a table," Krista said as she looked around for the other guys and didn't see them.

"Ok," Tyler said. "I'll wait here for everyone."

"I don't really drink beer," Krista said. "What do you think I should get?"

"I'd do a pitcher of *Yuengling*," Tyler said. "They have it on tap here."

"Ok," Krista said. "Do you want anything?"

"No, I'm driving," Tyler said.

Krista leaned up and gave him a quick kiss.

"Thanks for being cool about the game thing," Krista said, smiling.

"It was fair," Tyler said, turning her towards the door and giving her a little swat on the ass.

Krista filled six glasses from the pitcher and passed them around the table. She lifted her own jack and coke in salute.

"Thank you guys for playing ball with me and Tyler this afternoon. And a special thanks to my teammates without whom I could never have won the game. Cheers!"

A chorus of "cheers" went around the table.

"Krista if we ever get to play with you again," David said, "I want you on my team."

Ben lifted his glass. "Amen to that," he said. "Although for someone who tackles like a dude, it was infinitely sweeter for you to ride me to the ground."

"Here, here," David said in agreement.

"I think I got a raw deal. I would have rather been on the losing team," Xavier

said. "No offense, Tyler."

"None taken," Tyler said, lifting his own glass of soda. "I'm still trying to figure out how she always managed to launch herself off the ground like that. If I didn't know better, I'd think she had rockets in her shoes or something."

"I'll never tell," Krista said with a smile.

"What about you Eric?" Tyler asked. "You have fun today?"

"Unlike the rest of you," Eric said, "I thought today's game sucked."

"Oh yeah?" Ben asked. "Why?"

"I was too busy trying to keep from getting face planted by a girl to enjoy myself," he spat. "You guys keep fluffing her ego. I'll be back."

Eric slammed his glass on the table and headed off to the bathroom, stunning the group into silence with his acidic response.

"I think I'll go get some more drinks," Krista said, trying to fill up the awkward silence.

"Don't worry about him," Steve said. "He's an ass. Plus he's mad that he lost to a girl and had to pay me twenty bucks. Don't let him get to you."

"It's a whatever," Krista said, turning to head towards the bar.

"I'm going to talk to her," Tyler said after a minute, an idea forming in his mind.

Krista ordered another pitcher of beer and a second drink for herself from the bartender as Tyler walked up behind her. He grabbed her roughly and put his mouth against her ear.

"You broke Eric's ego when you used him to get back at me," Tyler whispered. "I think you should make it up to him."

Krista turned in Tyler's arms so she could face him.

"How?" she asked.

"Go to the bathroom and suck his dick," Tyler said very seriously.

"What?!" Krista exclaimed.

"Go the bathroom and suck his dick," Tyler said. "Do it now Krista or you'll miss your chance."

"I can't believe you want me to suck another man's dick," Krista replied in a hushed whisper, hoping no one would overhear.

"I don't want you to suck another man's dick," Tyler said. "I want you to suck another man's dick because I told you to. Now do as I said and stop questioning me. I'll take care of the drinks."

"Yes Master," she said, feeling her pussy throb at the thought. She'd never thought in a million years that a man she was dating would tell her to do something like this or that she would like it if he did. As she walked to the bathroom, she kept telling herself she should be upset. Too bad it didn't help alleviate the throbbing inside her.

Krista made her way to the men's restroom and glanced around the room. No one seemed to be looking at her, so she pushed the door open and walked inside. When the door closed behind her, she leaned against it with her eyes closed, trying to work up her nerve.

"What are you doing in here?" Eric asked, glaring at her as he washed his hands in the small sink. Apparently, he hadn't wanted anyone else to see quite how upset he was. But now that they were alone, that didn't seem to be the case.

"Tyler thinks I used you in my bid to get back at him for something that happened earlier," Krista said. "He thinks I should make it up to you."

"And you thought following me into the bathroom and talking about it would make me feel better?" he asked, rinsing his hands and grabbing a paper towel from the dispenser to dry them off. "Well that's one thing that you have in common with regular women. But you're wasting your time. Men aren't wired that way. I don't want to talk about it. I want you to leave me the fuck alone."

"Actually," Krista said pushing herself off the door and walking towards Eric, "I had something different in mind."

"What?" Eric replied sardonically. "Another drink?"

Krista stopped when she stood next to him and reached out her hand. She dragged the hand down his chest, letting it stop against the front of his shorts.

Eric's dick twitched against her. She grabbed his hips, pulling him around so he could lean against the sink. Her tongue, licked a path around her lips as she dropped to her knees in front of him.

"Don't you want to find out about those long, deep strokes I mentioned?" Krista asked. She lifted his shirt and licked his stomach along the edge of his shorts, enjoying the salty taste on her tongue.

"What about your boyfriend," Eric asked.

"What about him?" Krista asked. "He said to make it up to you. I used you before. The only way I can think of to make it up to you is to let you use me back."

She pulled his shorts down a little lower, running one finger along the inside edge. The tiny hairs on his abdomen seemed to be calling her and she couldn't wait to play with them.

"Don't you want to use me?" she asked Eric, looking up at him through her eyelashes.

"Well, yeah," Eric said. "But what if someone comes in?"

"They'll see a guy getting his dick sucked and turn around," Krista replied. "Or they'll stay and watch. Whatever, it doesn't matter."

"What if one of my friends comes in?" Eric said.

"I doubt that will happen," Krista said, nuzzling against the front of Eric's pants. "Tyler probably told them we were talking and to give us a few minutes. But if not, who cares. Don't you think it would be kind of hot for one of them to see me sucking your dick after what happened on the field today?"

"Yeah," he said, realizing that his dick was already hard, just from hearing her talk about it. "Yeah it would be."

"So stop making excuses," Krista said.

"Fine," Eric said as he pushed himself off the edge of the sink. Krista pulled his shorts down, an inch at a time, kissing his abdomen as she went. Finally, his erection sprang free and he leaned back against the sink.

"Very nice," Krista said, licking her lips.

Eric had a nice dick. Long, but not too long and thick. It was perfect for this.

A single drop of pre-come gleamed in the lights. Krista reached out with her tongue and licked it off before wrapping her lips around the head and sucking him into her mouth. The salty tang of his sweat was fascinating and she relished it before taking him deep into her mouth.

"Oh god," Eric said. "I can't believe this is happening."

Krista pulled back so she could speak, letting a trail of saliva hang from his dick to her mouth as she looked up at him. She'd seen enough porn to know that he'd appreciate the visual.

"Believe it," she said.

She sucked him back into her mouth, taking him into her throat this time.

Krista began making long, deep strokes, just as she'd said. Each stroke started at the head of his dick with a flick of her tongue before sliding all the way to his base.

"Holy fuck you are good at that," Eric said.

Krista wrapped her hand around the base of his dick, and began going faster.

"You like that don't you," Eric said as she moaned around his dick. "I bet you are a dirty, little come slut. Sucking my dick in this bathroom, like a fucking whore."

Krista moaned again. At this moment, she felt like a dirty slut and was surprised to find that it was making her hot.

"That's right, slut," Eric said, grabbing her head and shoving it down the length of his dick. "Take it all the way in your throat."

Krista removed her hand so he could press her head as far down as he wanted.

"Fuck yeah," he said, shoving in and out. "You want it don't you, slut? You want to make me come in that hot little throat of yours."

Krista kept sucking and moaning, knowing the vibrations would drive him crazy. The way he was talking to her turned her on and she wished she had some way to ease the throbbing in her pants.

"Suck it, slut," Eric said. "Show me you want my come."

Eric pushed off the edge of the sink forcing Krista back onto her heels. She

tilted her mouth to accommodate his thrusts. Holding her head in place with both hands, he began slamming into her, shoving his cock into her throat with each thrust.

"Oh yeah," Eric said. "Take it you sexy bitch. Swallow that cock down your fucking throat. Show me how much you want it."

Krista kept her composure as Eric's frenzied tempo increased. It was hard to find a moment to breathe, but she knew better than to stop for air. He wouldn't last much longer anyway.

"Swallow my come slut, you hear me?" Eric said as his stroke altered.

Krista moaned, promising with her eyes that she would as she looked up at him.

"Fuck, fuck, FUCK!" Eric yelled, as warm, hot jets of come flooded Krista's mouth. She kept swallowing until Eric pulled his dick from her mouth.

"That was amazing," he said, trying to catch his breath as Krista stood and wiped the corners of her mouth.

"I know," Krista said, giving him a wink as she turned and walked out the door.

Chapter 16

Krista stood outside the men's restroom for a moment, trying to get herself under control. God that had been HOT! Her pussy was throbbing so much she couldn't even think. How was she going to sit and carry on a conversation like this? Especially once Eric came back. She hoped he didn't act weird.

"Hey Babe," Tyler said as Krista sat down. "Did you get everything taken care of?"

"Y-yeah," she said, blushing as she reached for her drink. "We're good."

"I knew you would," Tyler said, reaching over to hold her hand.

At that moment, Eric returned and slid into his seat.

"Sorry I was a dick," Eric said, grabbing his beer and taking a long swallow.

"Holy shit," David said. "Did everyone else just hear that? Please tell me you all just heard Eric apologize."

"Dude, shut the fuck up," Eric said. "Krista just showed me what a dick I was being and you guys didn't deserve that. Neither did she."

"I think I'm going to fall out of my chair," Steve said.

"Hell is freezing over," Sam said joining in.

"Now you guys are being dicks," Krista said, staring at each of them in turn.

"Krista that tongue of yours must be magic," Xavier said.

"It is," Krista replied, a devilish glint in her eyes. "Eric here just needed a oneon-one demonstration."

Krista figured that the guys would think she was kidding, so she played it up.

"What did you think Eric?" she asked, batting her eyes. "Was my tongue...

magic?"

"The tongue was nice," Eric said honestly, "but the throat was better."

"Well, I pride myself on being able to swallow every drop."

Krista downed the rest of her drink and slammed the glass on the table.

"Honey," she said turning towards Tyler. "I think we're gonna need some shots."

"That's what I'm talking about," Ben said, laughing.

Tyler went to the bar and returned a few minutes later with a bunch of shots. One was different from the others. It was layered, with a dark liquor on the bottom, a creamy looking one in the middle and whipped cream on top. Tyler set it in front of Krista and passed the others around to the rest of the guys.

"What's this," Krista asked.

"Your shot," Tyler replied. "It's a blow job. The boys and I were hoping for a demonstration of the technique you used to convert our dear friend Eric from a horse's ass into a respectable guy."

"Damn Krista," Steve said. "How are you going to handle that?"

"Who said I used my hands at all," Krista asked with a grin. She put her hands behind her back and leaned forward, sucking some of the cream off the top. A seductive lick of her lips followed before she wrapped her mouth around the shot glass. When she leaned her head back, the drink spilled into her mouth and she swallowed the contents. As the glass emptied, she sucked it into her mouth letting her lips close around it before it pushing it back out. Several times she did this before finally dropping the shot glass on the table, with a lick of her lips. Cheers erupted from the table of guys and Krista felt herself blush.

"I feel cheated," David said. "I'd be an ass too if that was my reward."

"Don't you know that all girls are attracted to assholes? It's a rule somewhere or something," Eric said. "Although to tell the truth, I think the shot glasses blow job was better than mine. I want a do over."

"You wish," Sam said. "You're lucky she went along with it this long."

"I don't know," Krista said, winking at Sam. "I think the shot glass might have lasted longer."

"Dude, she burns you again and again," Sam said, slapping Eric on the shoulder. "You need to start carrying around your own personal fire extinguisher.

As the afternoon progressed the jokes got more and more taudry. Krista wasn't sure if she was egging them on because she was horny or not, but when Tyler announced that they had to leave for dinner, her panties were wet.

"Sorry boys," Krista said. "Gotta go."

"Awww," Xavier said. "But we were having so much fun."

"I know," Krista said, "But a girl can only take on seven guys for so long before, she needs a break."

"When will we see you?" Steve asked.

"We'll hang out soon, don't worry. You all gave your numbers to Ty right?"

"Yeah," Xavier answered.

"Alright then. We'll get together and play some ball or something. Maybe next time, I can ride you into the ground," she said, nudging Xavier in the shoulder.

"Darling," Xavier responded. "I'd let you ride me anytime."

"I'm sure you would," Krista said with a laugh. "The question is whether I would enjoy it as much as you would. See ya guys."

Krista and Tyler left the bar and climbed into the car. It was about four-thirty so they had plenty of time to shower and get ready. As Tyler put the car in gear, he looked over at Krista.

"I think I should pretend my ego is broken," Tyler said. "Eric seemed like a completely different dude when he came back."

"Yeah, well, you told me to," Krista said.

"Don't lie," Tyler said. "You know it got you hot or you'd never have put on

such a show with the blowjob shot."

"Why'd you bring me that one anyway?" Krista asked.

"I couldn't resist with all the banter going back and forth," Tyler said. "Nice call, by the way, talking about it. The others will never believe you actually did it. They'll think it was cover for whatever sentimental stuff you talked about."

"Why did I do it?" she asked. "Why did you want me to?"

"Several reasons," Tyler said. "One, I knew it would turn you on and was considering it foreplay for tonight. Two, we wouldn't have had nearly as much fun if Eric had kept being a dick all night. And three, it was a test."

"A test?" Krista asked.

"Mm-hm," Tyler replied. "Periodically I will have to test you to see whether you are willing to do something or not. Some of the things you may want to do. Some you may not. But the way you react shows me what you really want and how far I need to push you."

"But what do you want?" Krista asked. "I mean does it make you happy?"

"It makes me happy to be a part of you finding and taking the things that make you happy," Tyler said. "That's what all of this really means for me."

"Oh," Krista said. "Ok."

Tyler pointed to the back seat, drawing Krista's attention to a large white box that was sitting there. She had noticed it earlier, but had no idea what it was.

"It's for you," "Tyler said. "I picked it up while I was in San Diego and had it shipped here."

"It's a little early in the relationship for gifts, isn't it," Krista asked.

"Not really," Tyler said. "Besides, it's not really a gift. More like a promise," he said. "Of things to come."

Krista reached into the back, grabbed the box and sat it on her lap. She slowly lifted the lid, carefully pushing the tissue paper out of the way. Inside the box, nestled on what appeared to be a large swath of white velvet, were some of the most exotic bindings she could imagine. There was also a pair of silver strappy sandals and a cloak made of the softest, sheerest material Krista had ever seen. When she picked it up, the material sifted through her fingers like liquid silk. The bindings were just as exotic as the cloak. There was a set of nipple clamps with pink rose quartz stones inlaid on the sides to resemble roses. A set of silver bracelets, also decorated with pink roses were lined with black leather and had a round protrusion that allowed them to be attached to restraints. Another slightly larger set would fit her ankles and a long chain of matching disks would ride low on her hips. In the center was a collar that matched it all.

Tyler looked over at her as she perused the contents of the box, running her fingers along a piece here and there. He was dying to know what she thought and more importantly if she would comply with the request he was about to make.

"What do you think?" he asked quietly.

"They're amazing," Krista replied. "But too much."

"Nonsense," Tyler said. "Of course you may not like them as much when you find out what they are for..."

Tyler let the sentence hang there out in the open for several seconds waiting for Krista's curiosity to get the better of her.

"Okay," Krista said, "I'll bite. What are they for?"

"In a month, there's a party, a BDSM party, in New York. A number of my friends, both dominant and submissive will be there. I want to take you and I want you to wear that."

"I would wear it under my clothes?" Krista asked.

Tyler shook his head.

"Just that," she responded, "in front of people, other people, people I don't know?"

Tyler nodded.

"Panties," Krista said. "You would at least let me wear panties with it."

Tyler shook his head again.

"I can't," she said shaking her head. "Really, there's not enough confidence in the world for me to be comfortable around other people wearing nothing but that."

Tyler looked at her from the corner of his eye as he drove.

"It's not about being confident or comfortable," he said. "Quite the opposite in fact. But you asked what makes me happy. Taking you to the party wearing that would make me very happy. Whether you know it now or not, it would make you happy too."

"It's in New York?" Krista asked.

"Yes," Tyler replied. "Every room of one of the most exclusive five star hotels in the city has been booked and the hotel will be shut down to all outsiders for the weekend. All guests must arrive by nine pm on the night it begins and cannot get back in if they leave. Basically, it's like when you went to lockins as a teenager, except everything that happens is very, very adult themed."

"How many people will be there?" she asked, fingering the bindings, curiosity sneaking into her thoughts about how it would feel to be walking around wearing only this.

"Five hundred – maybe a thousand," Tyler said. "I would be with you at all times, and nothing would happen to you that you did not want. I give you my word."

"Why do you want this?" Krista asked. "I mean aside from proving you are my Master, what does it accomplish?"

Tyler sighed. "There are always activities a lone Dom can engage in at a party like this and my room has been booked for almost a year," he said. "I have been to parties of this nature many times, but never brought anyone with me. I've never had anyone I wanted to bring with me.

"You are special, though, strong-willed and independent. To dominate a strong willed person is a heady thing and a gift that you give me. I cherish it, more than you will ever know. But I also want to show it off, flaunt it, if you will, to the other Doms. Together, you and I would be the envy of the entire party. It's selfish of me to want that, I know. But it doesn't change that I do want it."

"And there will be others, dressed like this?" Krista asked. She was stalling and she knew it. She was going to do it. To be honest, her blood was stirring a little at the thought.

"There will," Tyler said.

"You said you ordered it last week after we had spent only one night together."

Tyler grinned sheepishly.

"How did you know I would call you?"

"I wasn't certain that you would," he said. "But I hoped so and planned to give this to you as a gift."

"So you have purchased a set like this for every sub you've ever trained?" Krista asked.

"Actually no," Tyler said. "I always give a gift to a new sub, but nothing like this. I knew from the first night, though, that you are special. So I wanted to give you something special."

Krista wasn't sure what to think. It all sounded a little weird. Of course, a year ago, this would all have seemed much weirder.

"You told me once," Krista said as she picked up the collar and closed it snugly around her neck. "That a good Dom doesn't need to humiliate his subs. That hasn't changed, right?"

"Right," Tyler said. "Humiliation is the farthest thing from what you would feel."

"Okay then," she said, letting her hair fall into place. "I'll do it."

"Good," Tyler said. "You should probably do a few test runs, so you can get used to how it feels to be around people wearing nothing but this. You should wear it tonight and I will take you back to my club.

"Although I think we should wait to unveil you until we reach the VIP section. Unlike most clubs, you can't just buy your way into the VIP section at *Chained*. You have to be vetted or accompany a vetted member because the entire area is basically a big staging ground for various scenes."

"How do you become vetted?" Krista asked curiosity piqued.

"You have to attend ten events sponsored by the club and then be recommended by a vetted member," Tyler said. "It's impossible to get recommended if you don't follow the rules. This allows all of the members to play in the VIP section knowing that the others around them are playing by the same rules. Also, only vetted members are allowed to use the private rooms in the back." "It sounds pretty serious," Krista said.

"It is serious," Tyler replied. "There's always the opportunity to abuse subs in your care, beyond what they are willing to accept, when they are tied up. It can be very dangerous to play this game with people you don't know. The rules are put in place to protect those that choose to play the game."

"The first night," Krista said, "when we met, I was just lucky then?"

"Actually no," Tyler said, grinning again. "It's pretty easy to figure out who's new to the scene and the veterans among us try to work with the new ones to be sure that they don't get more than they bargained for. I saw you walk in the door and knew that I would have you if you were willing. You were so new, standing in the middle of the room staring at everything. It was kind of cute."

Krista rolled her eyes. "Whatever," she said. "Hey, how do you feel about not going to dinner tonight? We can just pick up something to go and bring it back to your house."

"Sure," Tyler said, "but why?"

"I know you were planning to take me to that new French restaurant everyone has been raving about, but I'm not really the fancy restaurant kind of girl," Krista said. "An Olive Garden or TGI Fridays is about all I need. Plus I kind of want to try on all this stuff and just walk around in it before I have to go walk around in it at the club.

"Be still my heart," Tyler said in a fake thespian voice. "A woman who doesn't want to go to the most expensive restaurant in town."

"Who needs an expensive dinner," Krista replied with a wink. "You just bought me enough jewelry for the first two years of our relationship. I mean this is solid silver. It had to cost a fortune."

"It will be worth it," Tyler said, "to see you in it and know you're mine.

Chapter 17

Krista walked into the club's VIP section feeling apprehensive and excited. Underneath the trench coat she was wearing, she was practically naked, adorned with exotic bondage jewelry and the translucent cloak that would accomplish nothing except maybe keep her from freezing. When she had looked in the mirror, she'd been astounded at the figure staring back at her. It didn't seem possible that it was her. For the first time ever, she truly believed that she looked amazing.

Taking a deep breath, Krista surveyed the club. It was just after ten and the club was surprisingly busy. She figured the people who came to this type of place must start their fun a bit earlier. Tyler was standing behind her with a hand on her shoulder for support.

"Take off the coat, Krista," Tyler said, thinking that it might help if told her to do it.

"Yes Master," she replied. She was really going to do this. Deep down, she admitted, if only to herself, that she kind of wanted to. This was the first time she hadn't been self conscious about her body. Of course there was a difference between not being self conscious and being flat out scared.

Krista's hands began to shake as she reached up to slowly untie the belt. The belt fell to hang limply at her sides and the jacket parted down the middle. Determined to do this, Krista pulled the front of the jacket open and pushed it off her shoulders. She let it fall into Tyler's waiting hands, exposing the outfit, or rather lack of outfit.

"Good girl, pet." Tyler said. He raised Krista's arms, lifting her to her tip toes and attached one of the ceiling's chains to her bracelets, locking it with a small key. "I'm going to check the coat. People will want a closer look. They know the rules and will follow them. They also know your safe word. Don't be afraid."

As Tyler walked away, Krista tried to concentrate on her breathing for a few

minutes, without success.

"It's just a room full of people," she said to herself finally. "No big deal. I can handle this."

"I don't know if giving yourself a pep talk will help," a blond haired woman around her age said as she walked towards Krista.

Krista looked at her, wondering what she wanted. She was slender and elegant although her attire was not. A black corset, constricted her waist, and lifted her creamy breasts. Custom made black leather pants stretched around what Krista thought most men would consider to be a nice ass. The woman's only accessory, a riding crop, hung from a strap around her wrist.

She walked around Krista, admiring her from every angle, before stopping to stand in front of her. Krista found her breathing had gotten out of control again and didn't understand why. She had no interest in women, but somehow or another, this woman was getting to her.

"You are exquisite," the woman said, lifting the riding crop. She placed it against Krista's face and dragged it slowly down, stopping when it reached the opening above Krista's breast. With her arms raised, the cloak hung open, bunching around Krista's shoulders.

Slipping under the edge, the woman pushed the cloak off one shoulder, exposing Krista's naked form beneath. Krista didn't know why she was letting this continue. Maybe because Tyler had said to let people admire her. Maybe because this woman was in control. For whatever reason, she couldn't stop it. She took a deep, ragged breath, feeling it catch in her throat as she exhaled.

"Your name?" the woman asked, drawing the riding crop back down Krista's chest to snag on the chain attached to her breasts.

A small moan escaped from Krista's mouth at the contact.

"Krista," she answered, sucking her bottom lip into her mouth and biting down on it to hide its trembling.

"Lovely," the woman said. She stepped closer putting her mouth against Krista's ear and licked the lobe, drawing it slowly into her mouth.

Krista's pussy clenched and she could feel the wetness gathering between her legs.

"I think you should stop," Krista said, softly.

"Why?" the woman asked, letting Krista's earlobe slip out of her mouth, but not moving away. "You are enjoying it."

"Yes," Krista responded. "But I already have a Master."

"Oh, I'm quite sure that you do," the woman said, laughing. "Perhaps your Master didn't explain this part of the game to you."

"What game?" Krista asked.

"Why do you think your Master left you here?" the woman whispered. "In the middle of all these people, adorned as you are?

"So he could check my coat?" Krista asked.

"My, my," the woman said, sliding her cheek across Krista's face, before moving away slightly. "You are new."

"What do you mean?" Krista asked, unable to focus on anything other than the woman's lips as they came into view.

"Masters display new subs here," the woman said, coming closer, "to find others who are willing to assist in the sub's training."

"And you want to do that?" Krista asked, leaning her face towards the woman, waiting breathlessly for their lips to connect.

"Oh yes," the woman said, closing the distance.

Krista was unprepared for the sweetness of the woman's kiss. Her lips were impossibly soft and her tongue darted between Krista's lips, licking the edges and drawing a moan from deep in her throat. Krista opened her mouth, giving the woman access to explore. With a jerk, the woman pulled sharply on the clamps. Pain shot through Krista's nipples, forcing her cry out against the woman's mouth.

Krista's pussy throbbed when the pain transformed into pleasure, heat traveling between her legs. The woman dragged her hand down the front of Krista's body towards the waiting wetness below. Not daring to breathe, Krista waited for the woman to touch her, but the touch never came. The woman's hand stopped, just below Krista's navel, stroking the soft hairs there.

"Please," Krista murmured against the woman's mouth. To feel her hand so

close, but not touching was torture.

"Please what, kitten?" the woman asked.

"Don't stop." Krista pleaded.

"Sorry kitten," the woman said pulling away. "It's against the rules for me to make you come unless your Master gives permission. Don't worry though. We'll have a chance to play again later."

The woman walked away, leaving Krista aroused and confused. She didn't even like girls and didn't understand what had just happened.

Unfortunately, she wasn't going to get a chance to think about it because her next admirer was advancing. A man this time, in his forty's, well built and athletic.

"I was wondering if you would respond to Miranda," the man said, smiling. "Your Master said you don't care for women."

"That's her name?" Krista asked. "Miranda?"

"It is," the man said. "Although I doubt you will ever get to use it. You will undoubtedly address her as Mistress."

"And you?" Krista asked. "How shall I address you?"

"You won't have much of a chance to address me at all," the man said. "I'm quite busy with my own sub."

"Then what are you doing here?" Krista asked.

"Teaching my sub a lesson," the man answered.

The man snapped his fingers and a young girl in her early twenties crawled forward on her hands and knees. She wore nothing but a collar locked around her neck.

"Do you see this sub, slave?" the man asked.

"Yes Sir," the girl replied.

"Kiss her," the man said.

"I don't like girls, Sir," the girl said.

The man grabbed the slave girl by the back of her head. "You are my slave," the man said. "You like what I tell you."

"Yes Sir," the girl replied, rising to her feet. "Sorry Sir."

"Forget the kiss," he said. "I want you to suck her nipple into your mouth and use your teeth to manipulate the clamp. Do you understand?"

"Yes sir," she replied.

The slave girl leaned forward and closed her mouth around Krista's nipple, sucking it into her mouth as she bit down on the clamp. Krista sucked a breath into her mouth and leaned her head back as her eyes closed. She didn't know such a sensation could exist. It was like fire and ice burned simultaneously through her breast, exquisitely sweet and sharp at the same time. Just as she started to get used to it, the slave girl released her and closed her lips around the other nipple, starting the process all over again and drawing a deep moan from Krista. The slave girl released her and Krista breathed heavily trying to catch her breath.

"Did you like that slave?" the man asked.

"Yes sir," the girl responded.

"Then drop to your knees and show her," the man said. "Spread her legs and thank her."

"Yes sir," the girl said, dropping to her knees in front of Krista. She tried to pull Krista's legs apart, but Krista held them firmly in place.

"She doesn't want to do it," Krista said. "I won't let her."

The man leaned forward, putting his face in front of Krista's. "She has a safe word same as you. If she doesn't use it, then she wants this. Unlike you, she has a hard time going with something, even when she likes it. That's why she begged me to be her Master and make her do the things she wanted but couldn't."

Krista let her legs fall open. She was turned on and beyond caring who made her come or how if someone would just do it. If this was what the girl had chosen, then Krista understood.

The slave girl settled herself between Krista's legs and spread her pussy lips wide. She hesitated for a moment then stuck her tongue as far into Krista's pussy as she could. She moved her tongue in and out of Krista's hole and then licked towards Krista's clit. It was the touch of an amateur, but enticing none the less.

"Oh god," Krista said. "Yes, please."

The slave girl hesitated then sucked hard on Krista's clit for just a moment, before pulling away. Krista sighed in frustration when the contact was broken.

"That was terrible, slave," the man said. "Thank her properly this time. Do it again."

The slave girl leaned forward again going directly for Krista's clit. She sucked on it hard, then moved her head down to lap at Krista's hole. The girl made a pattern of it, back and forth.

The man moved behind the slave girl, smacking her bottom sharply. The girl moaned against Krista's pussy and began to suck on her clit again.

"Don't stop," the man said to the slave girl, slapping her ass again and again as he unfastened his pants.

"Ass or pussy," the man said looking up at Krista.

"Huh," Krista asked?

"She's eating your pussy," the man said. "I thought I would let you decide."

Krista thought about it for a moment. "Pussy," she said. She would rather have seen the man do the girl anally, but in a similar situation, she wasn't sure she would want everyone to watch her getting fucked in the ass.

The man smiled and rammed his dick into the slave girl, making her cry out. She went back to sucking on Krista's clit and the beginnings of an orgasm made their debut.

"Harder," Krista said, getting off on the whole situation. She watched as the man pounded his dick into the slave girl. Between watching the equivalent of live porn and the girl sucking on her clit, Krista was getting incredibly turned on. Or she was, until the slave girl stopped sucking.

"Focus, slave," Krista said. "Do it good or I will make him stop."

"You heard her slave," the man said stopping mid thrust. "Answer her."

"Yes Mistress," the slave said. "I'm sorry Mistress."

The slave went back to sucking on Krista's clit and the man resumed his thrusting.

"Use your hands slave," Krista said. "I want to feel you inside me." The slave girl pushed two fingers inside Krista's pussy and moved them back and forth.

"Faster," Krista said.

As Krista directed the slave girl, the man began to match their rhythm, pounding into the slave girl's ferociously. The sounds of the girl moaning and the visual in front of her were pushing her closer and closer to her orgasm.

"Don't stop, slave," Krista said, wiggling. "Almost there."

Suddenly, the man pulled the slave girl away from Krista. "You know the rules, slave," he said as he pulled his dick out of the girl and refastened his pants. "Break them and you will never be vetted."

"Please," Krista begged. "Don't go. Three seconds. PLEASE!"

"Sorry, sub," the man said as he stood up. "Everybody here plays by the rules or they don't play. Stand up slave and give this sub a kiss. Let her taste her pussy juice on your mouth."

The slave girl stood and leaned her body against Krista's. One hand reached shyly up to stroke Krista's cheek while the other tangled in the hair. The slave girl's lips moved closer, very slowly.

"You heard your Master, slave," Krista said, frustrated. A kiss wouldn't stop the throbbing in her pussy, but at least it would give her something else to think about. "Stop stalling and kiss me."

"Yes Mistress," the slave girl said, bringing her mouth into contact with Krista's. She kissed her passionately, tongue thrusting into Krista's mouth, covered with the taste of Krista's pussy. Each time Krista tasted it, the flavor became a little sweeter to her. She smiled to herself thinking that pussy must be an acquired taste, like wine.

As the slave girl pulled away, she looked up at Krista. "My name is Elle," she said.

"Let's go slave," the man said. "This isn't a social call."

"Bye Mistress," the slave girl said, falling to her knees and following after the

man.

"Your sub is a switch," Stephen said as he walked up to Tyler.

"What are you talking about?" Tyler said. "Krista only bottoms."

"Not with girls," Stephen said.

"Krista doesn't even like girls," Tyler said. "I think you've got her confused with someone else."

"You haven't been paying attention," Stephen said. "I'm telling you, your sub, the one chained up on the sub wall responded to Miranda and then totally enjoyed topping my slave here. It was all I could do to keep her from coming."

"Really?" Tyler asked. "I didn't think there was even the tiniest bit of top in her, but I told her she'd be surprised by who appeals to her under the right circumstances."

"Just thought you should know," Stephen said. "If she's a switch, she's going to need to let that part of her out from time to time or she won't be happy."

"Thanks Stephen," Tyler said. "I appreciate it."

"No worries," Stephen said, turning to walk away.

Tyler walked over to Miranda, who was looking as lovely as ever.

"So Krista responded to you?" he asked.

"Quite well, in fact," Miranda said.

"Permission given," Tyler said, handing her a key. "But make her go all the way. If there's something there, she'll do it. If not, she won't. Either way, she'll know."

Krista hung from the ceiling and wanted to cry. People were looking at her and she glared at them all for leaving her here in this state. It was crazy. Why would none of them let her come? What on earth could be the benefit of that rule?

"Probably just to drive me crazy," she said to herself.

"Talking to yourself again dear?" Miranda asked. It seemed as if she had materialized from thin air. "That's becoming a bit of habit."

"Go away Miranda," Krista said.

"You will address me as Mistress," Miranda said, swatting Krista's thigh with the riding crop.

"Fine," Krista yelled, tears stinging her eyes. That thing hurt a lot more than she thought it would. "Go away Mistress."

"Oh, Krista," Miranda said. "You will be punished for your lack of manners."

"Punish me then," Krista said. "I don't care."

Miranda reached out a firm hand and grabbed Krista by the hair. She pulled until Krista's ear made contact with her lips.

"You will," Miranda whispered, "since I and I alone have been given leave to ease your suffering. I think I will let you stew for awhile since you were so quick to send me away."

Miranda let go of Krista and began to turn away.

"No wait," Krista said frantically. "I'm sorry Mistress. PLEASE! Please come back. I'll be good I swear."

"Sorry kitten," Miranda said. "I think it will be good for you to learn some manners. Every person in this club right now is your Master or Mistress. That's what it means to be chained. Sit there for a while and think about treating your Masters and Mistresses more courteously."

Miranda walked away, leaving Krista alone.

Tyler looked over at Krista and was surprised to find her alone. Miranda had left with her key not two minutes before. He walked over to find out what was going on.

"Tyler," Krista said. "Please let me down. Take me to one of the rooms in the back and do anything with me, but please don't leave me here like this."

"Where's Miranda? She would take care of you if you would let her," Tyler said.

"She left," Krista said, a tear tracing slowly down her cheek. "I mouthed off and she left. I am so frustrated Tyler. I don't understand what's going on with me and I thought she came over to taunt me some more. So I told her to go away.

"Now I'm hanging here from this chain hornier than I have ever been in my life and the only people who have touched me tonight have been girls. I don't even like girls Tyler. At least I didn't think I did. I'm so confused."

"You're thinking too much," Tyler said. "If you stop thinking and just do what comes naturally, you'll find this will all be a lot easier."

"So you'll let me down?" Krista asked. "I promise to stop thinking if you let me down."

"That's for Miranda to decide," Tyler said. "She's the one that's got your key."

Walking away was hard and he knew that Krista probably hated him right now, but it was an important part of her training. He went back to the chair where he had been sitting and turned so he could watch. Miranda wouldn't leave Krista for long.

A few minutes later Miranda walked up to Krista and stood in front of her with her arms crossed over her chest.

"I'm sorry Mistress," Krista said. "Please forgive me."

"Your attitude seems to have improved I see," Miranda said.

"It's been a weird day for me," Krista said honestly. "I was out of sorts and I'm truly sorry."

"You're forgiven, kitten," Miranda said, stroking the side of Krista's face. "I imagine it has been a hard day for you. Your Master thought you didn't like girls, you know. How did he get that impression?"

"That's what I told him Mistress," Krista said. "Up until today, it has always been the truth."

"So what changed today?" Miranda asked.

"I don't know," Krista said, letting the tears that had risen in her eyes fall down her cheeks. "Everything has gotten so confused in my brain. I don't know who I am. I don't know what I think anymore. I just know I want you to kiss me again. Please."

"Oh kitten," Miranda said, wiping Krista's tears. "There's nothing wrong with you and what you're feeling. It's only that society has made you think that it's wrong. It's natural to appreciate beauty and women are beautiful. You're beautiful."

Miranda leaned in and laid a gentle kiss on Krista's lips. Krista responded, opening her quivering lips and letting Miranda inside not just her mouth but her emotional walls as well. She kissed Krista softly, sweetly, letting the beauty of two women together be their bond.

Miranda decided there was no room for tops or bottoms tonight. Krista was too raw emotionally. She reached down and released the clamps on Krista's chest letting them fall to the floor. Lowering her head, she gently sucked on Krista's nipples, soothing them with soft licks of her tongue.

"Do you want to come to my private room?" Miranda asked.

"What about Tyler?" Krista asked.

"He wouldn't have given me the key to unlock you if he minded," Miranda said. "But do you truly want to?"

"Yes Mistress, please," Krista begged.

"It's what you want?" Miranda asked. "To be with me?"

"Yes Mistress," Krista said, looking at her, tears still running down her cheeks. "But I'm afraid. I don't know what to do, or how to please you. What if I can't?"

"It will come to you kitten," Miranda said, trying not to let Krista's tears break her heart. "Everyone starts out somewhere. And I will help."

Miranda reached up to unlock the chain holding Krista's arms in place above her head. Krista let her arms fall around Miranda's neck and pulled her close. She kissed Miranda deeply on the mouth, penetrating Miranda's lips and tangling their tongues together. Their bodies pressed against each other and Krista acknowledged to herself that she was happy to be there.

"Come on kitten," Miranda said, leading her towards the private rooms.

Chapter 18

"This is not like the other room I've been in, Mistress," Krista said as she entered.

The room was much smaller and decorated in shades of light purple. Like the first room, there were shelves containing various items of sexual nature, but only two, one on each side of the bed. There was also a small refrigerator and a table with two chairs. And there weren't any of the strange devices.

"Each room is different," Miranda said, taking a seat in one of the chairs. "Undoubtedly, the first room you entered was the 'Everything' room. Tyler likes to have everything available the first time he works on a new sub since he never knows where her tastes might lie. This is 'The Lovers' room. It only contains things to increase pleasure, nothing that will hurt you."

"I thought you like to cause pain, Mistress," Krista said, nodding towards the riding crop.

"I do," Miranda said, slipping the strap off her hand and letting it fall on the floor. "You need something softer tonight," Miranda said. "You've wrapped your vulnerability around you tonight, maybe because this is such a drastic change from what you thought you knew about yourself. Maybe because it's the only thing you have to hide behind since you walked into the club already naked. Regardless, this is the only room I would have used tonight. You look as if you might break and that is not my intent."

"What is your intent," Krista asked, still standing next to the door.

"To unleash a part of you that you didn't know existed and help you come to grips with it," Miranda said.

"What if it really doesn't exist?" Krista asked.

"It's too late for that kitten and you know it," Miranda said, leaning over the edge of the chair and opening the refrigerator. She pulled a small bottle out of

the fridge and a soda and set them both on the table before grabbing two glasses off the top.

"If you had kissed me and felt nothing, then it would have been possible. But that was not the case. If you don't want this, or would rather hide from it, speak your safe word. I don't think that you will, though. You are too strong to hide from something once you know it exists."

"How do you know?" Krista asked.

"I don't know," Miranda replied, filling the glasses with a small amount of the alcohol and topping it with soda. "Women's intuition maybe, or experience. Come. Have a drink with me. It will help."

"Why are you being so nice?" Krista asked, walking across the room and sitting it in the other chair. She took a sip of the drink.

"Why do you trust Tyler?" Miranda asked.

Krista thought about it for a moment before answering. "Because he always seems to know exactly what I need, even when I don't," she said.

"That's what it means to be a Master. Do you think that he is a better Master than me?" Miranda asked. "More in touch with a woman's thoughts or feelings? More understanding?"

"I don't know," Krista said.

"But you trust Tyler because he always knows what you need, right?" Miranda asked, going about it from another angle.

"Yeah," Krista said.

"Well he gave you to me," Miranda said with a smile, reaching out to grasp Krista's hand. "So show a little trust, because according to Tyler, I'm exactly what you need right now."

"I guess I didn't think about it like that," Krista said, squeezing Miranda's hand.

Miranda finished her drink and stood. "Come on kitten," she said, pulling Krista to her feet. "I want to show you something."

Miranda pulled Krista to the bed and set her on the edge. She took a few steps back, and began to undo the fastenings of the corset. As each tiny eye popped loose, Krista felt her breath hitch higher in her throat. Finally, all the fastenings were undone and the garment fell to the floor. Miranda pulled the snap on her pants and dragged the zipper down. With a wiggle, she pushed them off her hips and down to her feet, stepping out of them carefully in her heals.

"What do you see?" Miranda asked as she stood before Krista completely nude.

Krista looked at her, really looked at a naked woman for the first time in her life. Miranda had long blond hair, pulled back into a severe ponytail that accentuated her face. Bright blue eyes and a lush mouth were the highlights, but all of Miranda's features were quite pretty.

Krista let her eyes continue moving downward. A long, graceful neck led into strong shoulders and toned arms. Pink perky nipples sat atop average breasts that looked both firm and soft. Tight abs topped a small patch of pubic hair, trimmed short and glistening in the light. Strong legs ended in cute tiny feet with painted toes. From top to bottom, Miranda was beautiful.

"Beauty and strength," Krista said.

Miranda grasped her breasts and played with the nipples, letting all the things she wanted to do to Krista fill her mind and reflect in her eyes.

"And now?" Miranda asked.

"Passion," Krista said, feeling her heart start to race. "Desire."

"For you," Miranda said, walking towards the bed. "For what we can do to each other."

Miranda stopped in front of Krista and tilted her face up. She slowly lowered her mouth, giving Krista time to back out if that was what she wanted.

"Please, Mistress," Krista whispered, knowing that she wanted it, but scared to take the last step. She held her breath waiting for their lips to touch.

Miranda lowered her mouth and kissed first one corner and then the other of Krista's mouth. As Krista's lips parted at the contact, Miranda ran her tongue slowly between them, teasingly. She nipped at Krista's lower lip and reached out to pull her closer. One hand circled Krista's head, grasping her hair and pulling it slightly to change the angle of the kiss. The other pushed the translucent covering off Krista's shoulders, leaving nothing to get in the way.

As the kiss deepened it fueled the fire of Krista's desire and she moaned against Miranda's mouth. Miranda put one knee on each side of Krista's body and pushed her down into the bed.

"Touch me," Miranda murmured against Krista's mouth. Krista pushed Miranda away enough for her to see and lifted a tentative hand. She brushed her fingertips ever so softly against Miranda's lips, letting her fingers trail down the side of Miranda's neck and tracing a small path back and forth in the hollow of her throat.

"So soft," Krista said, letting her hand, move shakily down Miranda's chest. As her fingers brushed Miranda's nipple, Krista gave a soft squeeze, loving the way it made Miranda close her eyes and moan softly.

Krista reached up to Miranda's shoulder and gave a little shove. As Miranda rolled to the side, Krista rolled with her, landing on top. She kissed Miranda again, passionately this time and squeezed her breast until a small cry came from Miranda's throat. Moving down, she sucked Miranda's nipple into her mouth, working it with teeth and tongue, knowing it would be almost painful, but not quite.

Back and forth between Miranda's breasts, Krista let herself enjoy them, learning them, listening to what made Miranda cry out and grasp at the bed coverings. Suddenly inspired, Krista began to grind her pelvis into Miranda. She always loved it when a guy did this to her and didn't see why Miranda would be any different.

"I'm trying to give you time, Krista," Miranda said. "but I can't take much more."

Krista stopped what she was doing and looked Miranda in the eye, feeling some switch she hadn't known existed flip in her brain. "You will lay there and take it," Krista said softly, seriously "or I will say my safe word and walk out the door."

Miranda tried to push herself up onto her elbows, but Krista grabbed her wrists and pinned them to the bed. "I'm not done yet," Krista said threateningly. "But I will leave."

"Okay," Miranda said slowly, not certain how to respond now that the dimensions of the game had changed.

"Good," Krista said, leaning down to give her a small kiss. "I want you," she said with another small kiss, "and I mean to have you," another kiss. "But this is my first time, so it will happen my way or it won't happen at all."

"I'm not a sub," Miranda said. "I don't how to do this, this way."

Krista kissed Miranda passionately on the mouth and placed her hand against Miranda's pussy, spreading the lips and flicking her clit with one finger. At Krista's touch, Miranda moaned deeply and began to lift her hips, trying to press harder against Krista's hand.

"Do you want me?" Krista asked, pulling her mouth away from Miranda's but leaving her busy fingers in place.

"Yes," Miranda answered.

"Then you will do what I tell you," Krista said, pausing her fingers, much to Miranda's dismay. "Won't you?"

"Yes, yes," Miranda said. "Please."

"Please what?" Krista asked. She had liked it earlier and she wanted to hear it now from Miranda's mouth.

"Please, Mistress?" Miranda asked hesitantly.

"Good girl, pet," Krista said, loving the way that sounded. "Scoot up to the top of the bed."

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said, complying with her request as Krista stood and walked around the room to find some things for them to play with. She grabbed several vibrators and dumped them on the bed.

"Where's the lubricant?" Krista asked.

Miranda pointed to a small assortment of bottles on one of the shelves. "Over there, but I am already wet. I don't think you will need any."

"Not everywhere you aren't," Krista replied looking at the different kinds.

"I've never done that before," Miranda said. "I don't think I want to."

"I didn't ask," Krista said, reaching down to grab the kind that said 'Warming'.

"But..." Miranda started.

"Hush, slut," Krista said cutting her off as she walked back towards the bed. "Tonight will be a first for both of us."

Krista grabbed two of the pillows off the bed and took the pillow cases off them. She twirled each of them until they resembled a rope and began to tie them to the headboard.

"Give me your hands," Krista said.

"But this is 'The Lovers' room," Miranda said, holding her hands against the front of her body as if to protect them. "This isn't supposed to happen here."

"Pay attention Miranda," Krista said. "I know this is new for you, so I'm trying to be patient. It's new for me too. But this is absolutely your last chance. Give me your hands and don't question me again, or this song and dance is over."

Miranda slowly reached up her hands as tears welled in her eyes.

Krista tied one of her wrists using the pillowcase, pulling it tightly against Miranda's skin.

"Your safe word?" Krista asked, tying Miranda's other wrist just as tightly to the frame.

"I don't have one," Miranda said. "I've never needed one."

"Pick one then," Krista said.

"Oh god, I can't think," Miranda said a panicked note coming to her voice.

"Anything," Krista said. "As long as you wouldn't say it normally during sex. The first thing that pops into your mind."

"Beetlejuice," Miranda said quickly.

Krista stopped for a second and shook her head. "The first thing that popped into your head was Beetlejuice?"

"I was pressured," Miranda snapped at her.

"Tsk tsk, naughty girl," Krista said, borrowing one of her favorite lines from Tyler. "That little outburst is going to cost you." "Cost me what?" Miranda asked. "There isn't anything in here that causes pain."

Krista stood and walked over to the table and chairs where Miranda had dropped her riding crop.

"Really," Krista said, bending down to pick it up. She walked back to the bed enjoying the effect of Miranda's eyes getting wide as she saw the crop. "There's nothing in here that causes pain?"

"I'm sorry Mistress," Miranda said a little frantically. "I didn't mean it. Please don't."

Krista laid the crop against the side of Miranda's face and dragged it down her body until it was nestled in her neatly trimmed pubic hair. With a quick flick of her wrist, the crop left Miranda's body and came down with sharp sounding smack on Miranda's pussy.

"Owwww," Miranda whined. "Krista that hurt!"

Another sharp smack reverberated around the room as Miranda bit down on her lips to keep from crying out.

"I'm sorry Mistress, really," Miranda said. "Please, I'll be good."

"Better, slut," Krista said, setting the crop to the side. "Now open your legs and be still."

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said, opening her legs. Krista laid on the bed in front of Miranda's pussy and looked at the way it glistened in the light. She leaned forward and licked along the wet slit, twirling her tongue in a circle around Miranda's clit.

"Oh god," Miranda said. "Please Mistress, yes."

"I don't know," Krista said. "I don't think you have been a very good slut. I don't know if you deserve a reward."

"I'll be better," Miranda said. "I will be a good slut for you."

"To be a good slut," Krista said. "I think you need to lick my pussy. Do you want to be a good slut?"

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said. "Please let me lick it."

Krista crawled up the bed and straddled Miranda's head, keeping her weight distributed on her heels so Miranda could breathe.

"Lick it slut," Krista said, positioning it right above Miranda's mouth. "Show me how you want me to lick yours."

"Will you spread your lips, Mistress?" Miranda asked.

Krista reached down with one hand and spread her pussy lips, using her other hand to hold onto the bed frame. Miranda wrapped her lips around Krista's clit and began sucking it in and out of her mouth with lots of pressure.

"God, slut," Krista said, feeling her eyes go back in her head a little. "That is good. That's what you want me to do to yours?"

"Mmm" Miranda moaned, not letting up on the pressure.

"Oh fuck yeah," Krista said. "Suck it slut. Make me come."

For the first time that night, there were no obstacles to Krista's orgasm and she felt it rising up within her.

"Suck harder," Krista said. "Oh god, Miranda! That's it. Don't stop."

Miranda sucked deeply on Krista's clit and the pressure continued to build. Krista began to grind into Miranda's face as she got closer and closer.

"Do it, slut," she said, "Make me come on your mouth."

Krista closed her eyes and gloried in the feeling as her body exploded in waves of ecstasy against Miranda's mouth.

As the tremors coursing through her body subsided, Krista scooted back down the bed to look at Miranda's pussy. It was even creamier than before and was starting to look a little puffy. She had obviously enjoyed sucking Krista's slit.

"Your pussy is so wet, slut," Krista said, turning one of the vibrators on and pushing it slowly into Miranda's pussy. "You liked that didn't you? Sucking me off, making me come?"

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said, squeezing her hands into tight fists.

Krista began to push the vibrating toy in and out of Miranda.

"And you want me to do it to you now, right?" Krista asked.

"Please Mistress," Miranda said. "I was a good slut, wasn't I? Please, yes."

Krista leaned forward and spread Miranda's pussy lips with her other hand, still using the first to drive the dildo in and out. She bit down on the area around Miranda's clit, not too hard, but hard enough to draw a cry from Miranda's throat. Then she sucked the clit into her mouth, just as Miranda had with lots of pressure pushing it in and out.

"Oh god," Miranda yelled. "Oh god, it's so good. Please don't stop, Mistress. Holy fuck."

Krista pulled back. "I don't think you're ready yet," Krista said. "I think we need to outfit your ass too, slut."

"Please Mistress," Miranda said, tensing instantly and squeezing her eyes shut, "please be gentle."

Krista pushed Miranda's knees as far back as they would go, enjoying the visual of Miranda naked and bound, wearing nothing but heels. She poured some of the warming fluid into her hand and began to rub it into the area around Miranda's virgin opening, brushing against it, but not entering. As the oil started to work, Krista felt Miranda relax. She pushed one finger in and began working it slowly back and forth.

"That's right," Krista said softly. "Just relax and concentrate on how it feels as I push inside you, stretching you open and then pull out, leaving you empty."

Krista worked her finger in and out several times before slowly adding another. Miranda was still really tight. Krista pulled the vibrator out of Miranda's pussy and placed the vibrating head against Miranda's clit while she pushed both fingers in and out.

"Oh god," Miranda moaned. "Oh fuck."

"That's good, slut," Krista said. "You like it don't you."

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said, realizing it wasn't as bad as she'd thought it would be.

Krista pulled her fingers out of Miranda's ass and selected a moderately sized vibrator. She turned it on and put the tip of it into Miranda's ass, letting it rest there for a second while Miranda got used to the larger size. Slowly, she started to move it back and forth, an inch at a time. With each movement, the vibrator

went a little deeper, until finally it was deep inside.

Krista pulled the entire vibrator out of Miranda knowing that the full thrust in and out was the most intense. She pushed it all the way back in slowly and pulled it out again waiting a moment. She knew what was coming and wanted Miranda to have to say it.

"Mistress, please," Miranda begged. "My asshole is throbbing. Put it back in. Please."

Krista pushed the vibrator all the way in and pulled Miranda's legs down, effectively locking it in place. She took the other vibrator off Miranda's clit and inserted it in her pussy. This was going to be one hell of an orgasm and she was almost jealous. She licked Miranda's puffy pussy and stretched her pussy lips open. Krista sucked the clit into her mouth like she had before, keeping the pressure hard. It didn't take long for Miranda's legs to start to shake. The quivering meant she was close. Krista pulled back and reached for the riding crop.

"No Mistress, please," Miranda said. "I'm so close."

"I know," Krista said with a smile, leaning back so she could get a good swat on Miranda's mound.

"Oooh," Miranda cried as the crop made contact with her pussy.

Krista leaned back down and began sucking her clit again, stopping just as Miranda's legs started to tremble. She gave Miranda another swat with the crop and made a pattern of it. Back and forth, sucking and swatting ignoring Miranda as she begged for release.

"Oh please Mistress," Miranda said. "Please I beg you. I'll do anything. Please let me come."

Krista liked the way Miranda begged. It made her happy.

"Anything?" Krista asked.

"Anything Mistress," Miranda said. "Just please let me come. I'm so close."

"Are you sure?" Krista asked, slapping the crop against Miranda's mound.

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said. "Anything you want."

"I want you to be my slave Miranda," Krista said. "You can go about your

normal life, but anytime I see you, I want you on your knees. It doesn't matter where it is or who's around. You will drop to your knees, kiss my feet and beg to be used by me. If I have the time or inclination, I will do it. If not, I will give you other instructions. Do you understand?"

"I can't Mistress," Miranda whined. "Please not that. I'm a top."

"You are a slut and my slave," Krista said. "Say it."

Miranda closed her eyes as tears leaked down her face. "I'm not," Miranda said. "I'm a top.

"SAY IT!" Krista yelled, smacking the crop against Miranda's pussy several times.

"I'M A SLUT AND YOUR SLAVE!" Miranda yelled.

"And you love it," Krista said, blowing on Miranda's pussy to ease some of the fire created by the crop.

"And I love it," Miranda whispered.

"And you will do as I command," Krista said.

"I will," Miranda said, defeated.

"Then you will come," Krista said, leaning back down and sucking on Miranda's clit until cries of ecstasy echoed through the room.

As Miranda's cries slowly ceased, Krista scooted up to the top of the bed and untied the pillowcases. She rolled Miranda over onto her stomach and lifted her hips, exposing the two vibrators, still buzzing inside.

"Making you come turned me on slut," she said, pulling the two vibrators out. "Go find me something else to play with that will make both of us come."

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said, hopping off the bed. Krista remembered the first time she had done anal and how hard it was to walk immediately after. She obviously hadn't done her job well enough if Miranda was able to hop around like that. She was going to have to rectify that. Miranda returned a minute later with an odd configuration of straps and some strange looking vibrators.

"This is a double ended dildo with a strap on harness, Mistress," Miranda said. "It will make both of us come." Krista stood, intrigued.

"Put it on me, slut," she said.

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said, coming over to where Krista was standing.

Krista spread her legs with her hand on her hips, looking down as Miranda knelt in front of her. This was exactly what she had in mind, although she thought it would surprise Miranda to know how she planned to use it.

Miranda took the double ended dildo and turned on the vibrator inside. She leaned forward and licked Miranda's pussy lips to get them wet, then slipped the toy inside. Holding it with one hand, she put the harness on around it, slipping the other end of the dildo through the hole in the design. Miranda fastened the thigh straps and looked up at Krista.

"You look hot," Miranda said, reaching up to squeeze Krista's breast.

"I didn't say you could touch me slut," Krista said, smacking Miranda's hand away. This dildo was her favorite out of all the ones she'd felt and she couldn't wait to see how it worked on the two of them together. "Get on the bed, on your knees."

"Yes Mistress," Miranda replied, complying.

"You want me to fuck you with this?" Krista asked Miranda. "To shove it deep inside you?"

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said, "Please fuck me."

Krista smacked Miranda on her ass as she slid the dildo into Miranda's dripping pussy.

"That's what you want?" Krista asked, pumping a few times and enjoying the way the vibration pushed harder against her clit at the height of each thrust. "To be fucked like a little slut."

"Yes Mistress," Miranda replied, breathing hard now.

Krista pulled the strap on out of Miranda's pussy and positioned it against Miranda's other hole.

"How about here?" Krista asked. The strap on was much larger than the vibe that had been in Miranda's ass before.

"I don't know Mistress," Miranda said.

Krista slowly pushed the tip of the vibrator into Miranda's ass.

"Play with your clit, slut," Krista said. "Because I'm fucking your ass."

Miranda reached down and began to manipulate her clit, fingers twiddling, back and forth. Krista thrust into Miranda with one long stroke, forcing a scream from Miranda's throat.

"Take it slut," Krista said, pulling out and slamming the fake cock back inside Miranda's ass. "You know you want it."

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said, breathing hard.

"You like that it hurts?" Krista said, grabbing onto Miranda's hips and pounding into her repeatedly. She could feel the resistance changing and knew that Miranda's hole was opening up.

"Yes," Miranda said. "Hurt me Mistress. Use me."

"You are a fucking slut, Miranda," Krista said, hammering away, feeling her orgasm building. Between the vibrations running through her clit and the dildo impaling her pussy, she was going crazy. But talking dirty to Miranda was pushing her over the edge. "My slut and my slave and I am going to wreck this ass of yours. You won't be able to hop around then."

"Yes, Mistress," Miranda said. "Oh god! Fuck me Mistress. Fuck me hard."

"That's right," Krista said. "Take this fucking slut. You like me fucking your asshole don't you."

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said, as her body started to tremble.

"Don't you come yet slut," Krista said. "You wait for me."

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said. "Hurry please."

"I'll come when I'm ready," Krista said. "Maybe I should stop."

"No Mistress, PLEASE," Miranda said.

"Maybe I should go get Tyler so he can fuck your pussy, while I fuck your ass," Krista said. The idea had popped into her brain and she knew that she would do it, just not now. Her own orgasm was too close.

"Let me come first, Mistress," Miranda begged. "Then I'll fuck whoever you want, but please let me come."

"Come now, slut," Krista yelled as her orgasm crashed over her and she pumped furiously into Miranda's hole, pushing the vibrator deeper into herself as well.

With a guttural cry, Miranda orgasmed, waves of convulsions storming through her body. She pressed back into Krista, pushing the dildo in as far as it would go and moving back and forth as the convulsions echoed in her body. When it was over, she fell forward onto the bed, spent. Krista fell on top of her with the vibrator still buzzing inside them both.

For a few minutes they just laid there, breathing hard, neither one saying anything. Finally, Krista lifted her hips, pulling the fake cock from Miranda's ass so she could stand up.

"Take it off, slut," Krista said.

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said, dragging her body off the bed so she could sit in front of Krista and release all the straps. When the straps fell to the floor, Miranda pulled the toy out of Krista's pussy and turned the vibrator off.

Krista went to the fridge and grabbed a bottle of water. She opened it and drank greedily as she walked back to where Miranda was still sitting on the floor.

"Open your mouth slut," Krista said.

Miranda opened her mouth and leaned her head back as Krista poured water into it, letting it splash on her face.

"More please, Mistress", Miranda said as the flow of water ceased. "I'm so thirsty."

"Then lick the juice off my pussy," Krista said, spreading her legs. She took another long sip from the water bottle as Miranda leaned forward and licked her slit, moaning against Krista's body.

"You love licking my pussy, don't you slut," Krista said, tangling a hand in Miranda's hair and pushing her where she wanted her.

Miranda moaned.

"You like the way it tastes?" Krista asked.

Miranda moaned again.

Krista pulled Miranda away from her body.

"I want to taste," Krista said, lifting Miranda to her feet. She kissed Miranda on the mouth, sucking the pussy juice off her lips. After a moment, she pulled away and handed Miranda the water bottle.

"Drink the rest," Krista said as she sat down on the edge of the bed. Krista leaned back onto the pillow and stared up at the ceiling, thinking about everything that had happened.

"Mistress," Miranda said, softly after finishing the water and dropping the bottle in the trash can. "Will you please hold me?"

"Do you hold your subs?" Krista asked curious to know the answer.

"Sometimes," Miranda said.

"Why only sometimes?" Krista asked, intrigued.

"Sometimes I want for them to feel like their only purpose is to be used and afterwards they are not needed." Miranda said softly.

Krista thought about that for a moment. The idea had promise, but not for tonight. She imagined that tonight had been as traumatic for Miranda as it had for her. Truthfully, she wanted to cuddle up to Miranda anyway and just rest for a few moments.

"Come here, pet," Krista said turning onto her side. Miranda moved closer and nestled into Krista's body, twining their legs together. She sighed peacefully as Krista used her free hand to pull her close and stroke her back softly. The two women lay together for several minutes, silently thinking about the day's events.

"That's enough, pet," Krista said, thinking that if she stayed like this much longer she would fall asleep. "I've got to go find my Master."

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said. She rolled out of Krista's arms and stood, looking around for her clothes.

"What are you looking for?" Krista asked.

"My clothes," Miranda said, spotting her pants in the corner of the room.

"Leave them," Krista said. "You can get them when you're ready to leave. For now I want you naked."

"But..." Miranda started.

Krista looked at her, eyes full of intent and Miranda stopped talking.

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said.

"And on your knees." Krista said.

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said as she dropped to the floor.

"Bring me my cloak," Krista said, standing.

Miranda brought the cloak over and handed it to Krista.

"Anytime you aren't moving," Krista said. "I want you to sit back on your heels with your hands behind your back. I want to be able to see your breasts and that pretty pussy."

"Yes Mistress," Miranda replied, doing as she asked.

Krista leaned over and kissed her on the mouth.

"When we leave this room, I have to find my Master," Krista said. "If he allows it, you will stay with me. When I am with my Master, he is your Master as well and you will do anything he asks. Do you understand?"

Miranda bit down on her lip but nodded.

"Answer me," Krista said.

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said, looking down.

Krista reached out and gently lifted Miranda's face until she could see into her eyes.

"You will make an excellent slave," Krista said. "It will just take time for you to get used to it."

"Thank you Mistress," Miranda said, tears overflowing her eyelids again. "I just don't know if I will be able to go back to being who I was before. Everything's different now."

"If that's the case," Krista said, wiping away the tears, "then we will work it out. It will be okay. Besides, you're the one who told me that our purpose was to unleash a part of me I didn't know existed and come to grips with it. All in all, I'd say that was a smashing success."

"True," Miranda said, grinning for a moment before her face fell. "I just don't know if it will be as easy for me to come to grips with the part of me that I didn't know existed."

"Like I said," Krista said. "We'll work it out. Let's go."

Chapter 19

Tyler sipped his drink at the bar, wondering how Krista fared. He was sure she was fine. Miranda was a very good top. He would have liked to have been there to see the process she went through with Krista. Like most men, watching two women together was always a turn on for him. He had a feeling that his presence would have made it harder for Krista though. So he'd opted out.

"Told you," Stephen said, grinning as he walked up to where Tyler was sitting.

"What are you talking about?" Tyler asked.

"Look," Stephen said, pointing to the door that leads to the private rooms.

Krista was walking through the doorway with a very naked Miranda on her hands and knees beside her. She stopped to scan the room and Miranda stopped as well, sitting back on her heels and placing her hands behind her back. Krista put her hand on Miranda's head, gently petting her hair. Finally, her eyes landed on him and the two began to make their way over.

"Can I call it?" Stephen asked.

"Obviously," Tyler said. "But who would have thought Miranda would ever be on her knees?"

"God I'd have loved to have been a fly on that wall," Stephen said. "It's been what an hour? An hour and a half? She must have the touch, to turn Miranda from a top to a bottom so quickly when none of us picked up on it before."

"No kidding," Tyler said. "I think you're right, though. She won't be happy if she only bottoms. There's a strong top in there under the right conditions."

"I'm expecting details the next time I talk to you. I want to know what happened in there," Stephen said, walking away to give them some privacy.

"Dude, if you're there, pick up the phone. Pick up RIGHT NOW!" Greg yelled into phone.

"I'm here, I'm here," Damien said as he lifted the receiver. "Stop shouting."

"She's here man, and you have never seen her like she is tonight," Greg said, looking over at Krista walking through the room in nothing but bondage jewelry and a see through cape of some sort. Even more interesting, the naked woman at her ankles.

"She's really there at the club?" Damien asked. "You're not just jerking me around?"

"You know I wouldn't do that to you bro," Greg responded. "But you've got to get down here, like now. You will kill yourself if you miss this."

"I've been drinking since last night," Damien said, words slurring together. "I'm wasted; can't drive."

"You're gonna owe me big," Greg said. "Make some coffee and take a shower. Try to sober up. I'm sending you a cab."

"Thanks man," Damien said.

"One more thing," Greg said into the phone as he saw her walk up to a man and kiss him. "She's with Tyler."

"Son of a bitch!" Damien cursed, sobering instantly. "He's my best friend."

"Maybe he didn't know," Greg said.

"Bullshit," Damien spat. "It's not like her name is Rebecca or Samantha. Her name is Krista. It's unique. He knows."

"Maybe there's a reasonable explanation," Greg said. "He's been your friend for a long time. Don't just charge in. Be cool."

"Fine," Damien said, hoping he'd be able to actually do it. "Send the cab. I'll be ready in twenty."

Damien hung up the phone and started the shower.

"Hello Krista," Tyler said as she walked up. "Miranda."

"Hello Master," Krista said, kissing him on the mouth. When Miranda didn't say anything, Krista gave her a swat on the ass with the riding crop. "Answer him, slut."

"H-hello M-m-master," Miranda said, tears once again leaking from the corners of her eyes. Krista could see how mortified she was to call one of her peers by the name of Master. She would get used to it though.

"Better," Krista said, bending down to kiss away Miranda's tears.

Tyler raised his eyebrows questioningly as Krista stood back up.

"It's a long story," Krista said.

Tyler laughed. "It can't be that long," he said, looking down at his watch. "You've only been gone for an hour."

"It's been a very busy hour?" Krista said smiling impishly.

"Clearly," Tyler said. "How did you enjoy being chained?"

"It was different. I think part of me liked it and part of me hated it," Krista said.

"Explain," Tyler said.

"Well, it was scary at first," Krista said, reaching down to stroke Miranda's face. "I mean I was practically naked and tied up in a room full of strangers."

"Doesn't seem to be bothering you now, though," Tyler said, smiling.

"A lot has happened between then and now, Master," Krista said. "What I'm wearing or not wearing just isn't that important, although I do still get a shiver down my spine periodically when I see someone looking at me."

"Go on," Tyler said.

"So it started out kind of scary, but then it changed. It was interesting, knowing that anyone could touch me and do things to me. Of course, I didn't think they actually would. I didn't realize that was the game we were playing so I found it shocking when they did."

"Understandable," Tyler said.

"You could have warned me, you know," Krista said.

"I don't think so," Tyler said grinning. "It was infinitely more fun this way."

"Anyway," Krista said. "Once people starting touching me, I started to get really turned on and decided that I liked it. Of course it was only women who touched. But, I was tied up and couldn't control anything and I enjoyed it."

"Good," Tyler said.

"But no one would let me come," Krista said. "That was horrible."

"Club rules," Tyler said. "If you display your sub for training on the sub wall, everyone can play with him or her at will unless they say their safe word. The only caveat is that no one is allowed to make them orgasm until the sub's Master chooses someone to unlock them. After the choice has been made, the person that was chosen can either perform there, where the sub was chained or take them to a private room."

"How does everyone know the safe word?" Krista asked.

"Look over there, where you were chained," Tyler said, pointing. There were two people there now, each with a word clearly visible on the screen above their heads. "If you chain your sub there, you have to tell one of the bartenders or waitresses what the safe word is. No one is allowed to play with a chained sub until a word appears above their head. That's how I came up with the name of the club."

Krista reached down and pulled on Miranda's hair, tilting her head back awkwardly.

"What do you think, slut?" Krista asked. "Should I chain you up over there?"

"Mistress, please no," Miranda cried. "Anything but that. I don't want to, but I will say my safe word if you try. Please don't make me."

"Another time then," Krista said, letting go of Miranda's hair. "Tonight has already been pretty tough for you."

"Thank you Mistress," Miranda said, bending down and kissing Krista's feet.

"Master, I'm missing my nipple clamps," Krista said. "Miranda took them off me earlier. Did you happen to notice what happened to them?" Tyler pulled the set of clamps from his pocket where he had put them until Krista returned. He reached into the cloak and pinched both nipples until they hardened. Krista moaned softly as he reattached the clamps.

"Nicely done. You top her very well," Tyler said. "Stephen was right. You are a total switch and you switch back and forth at a moment's notice effortlessly. It's unusual. Most switches can't do that you know? They go one way or the other for an entire scene."

"You said to stop thinking, Master," Krista said. "To stop thinking and just go with what comes naturally. This is what it is for me."

"It fits you," Tyler said. "Stephen told me that it did, but I didn't believe it until I saw it. Let's get a few drinks and then we can go sit down at our table and talk some more."

"Thank you Master," Krista said. "I can get the drinks if you want to take Miranda and grab a seat. She's really quite embarrassed to be in this position around you and I think it will be good for her to get used to the fact that you are now her Master too."

"We'll be over there," Tyler said, pointing to an empty booth. "Come along Miranda."

Tyler walked to the booths decorating the outer wall. It wasn't what you would typically think of when you think of a booth. There was a large, square cushion in the middle and a small table on each side. It allowed you to sit, or lie back, either one, depending on what type of activities you were getting into. Tyler sat down and leaned back.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Tyler asked.

"Not really," Miranda said as she picked a spot on the floor near the table and leaned back on her heels. Tears continued to flow from her eyes, but her nipples were hard and her pussy was glistening with wetness.

"Do you like it?" Tyler asked her.

"I don't know," Miranda said. "It feels right when I'm with Krista. The rest of the time it's just awkward. But I don't know if that's because I'm embarrassed or not. It may be that I would be fine if I didn't know what everyone was saying."

"Miranda," Tyler said, lifting her chin. "Nobody is saying anything. That's

never been what this scene is about. Everybody just wants everybody else to do what makes them happy."

"I know," Miranda said. "I just can't help but think that. I mean honestly, if the situation was reversed and you had come out of there, stripped naked on your hands and knees, my first thought would have been – 'how the mighty have fallen'. Not because I was trying to be mean, but because you have always been so strong."

"Miranda, you should know, more than anyone else," Tyler said, "that being submissive doesn't make you weak."

"I know. It's just different." she said. "I think I need some time to get used to the idea."

"It's been a long night," Tyler said. "Maybe you should just go home, get some sleep and see how you feel in the morning."

"I think you're right," Miranda said. "Will you explain to Krista?"

"She will understand, but sure," Tyler said. "Let's go get your clothes and find you a cab."

"Thank you Tyler," Miranda said. "Truly."

"Don't thank me yet," Tyler said. "Krista's going to want to see you soon and I have a feeling, she's going to be a hard taskmistress."

"Give her my number?" Miranda asked.

"Of course," Tyler said as the two went off to get Miranda's clothes.

"Greg?" Krista asked as she stared at the bartender in the VIP section of the club.

"Umm, yeah. Do I know you?" he said, feigning ignorance.

"Krista," she said, "From Club 318?"

"Hey," Greg said. "I remember you. You used to work for us as a waitress, right? On weeknights?"

"No," Krista said dejectedly. "I was a friend of Damien's, sort of."

"Oh," Greg said. "Sorry, I don't remember."

"Nevermind," Krista said. "Can I just get a few drinks then?"

"What'll it be?" Greg asked.

"Jack and coke, times three," Krista said. "Put it on Tyler Hale's tab."

"Coming right up," Greg replied.

As Greg made her drinks, Krista sat down on one of the bar stools, fiddling with a nail she had broken some time earlier that evening. Suddenly, she felt a presence behind her.

"Hello Krista," Damien said.

As she recognized his voice, Krista felt the bottom drop out of her stomach. She didn't turn around, fearing that she would find it was her imagination. Before she had met Tyler, she had thought about this happening almost every day.

"Damien?" she asked, feeling her heart beat increase as he spun her stool around to face him. "How are you?"

Krista had asked the question, but the answer was standing right in front of her. Damien looked haunted. He was still every bit the sexy guy he'd always been, but dark circles now lined his eyes and he hadn't shaved in probably a day or two. Although, Krista had to admit, two days of growth added a harsh, ruggedness to his appeal.

"Horrible," Damien replied. "Honestly. I mean I know I'm not supposed to say that, but these last few months have been awful. How are you?"

"I'm okay now, I guess," Krista replied thinking that this was typical of their conversations together. They were never normal. "Different."

"I can see that," Damien said, taking in the fact that she wasn't actually wearing any clothes. The bondage jewelry was stunning on her though and he longed to touch her.

"I've missed you," Damien said out of the blue. "Have you thought of me?"

"How could I not," Krista snapped, letting out some of the frustration she had

felt at his disappearance. "You dropped off the face of the planet after 'awakening' me. I couldn't go back to my old life and didn't have anyone to talk to about this new one. You left me to figure it all out by myself. Clearly I meant nothing to you."

"That's not true Krista. I didn't think you wanted to have anything to do with me," Damien said. "You didn't seem happy to find out my identity the second night and minutes later you passed out and ended up in the hospital. The doctor said you wanted me to go home. They wouldn't even let me see you to apologize. I figured that was what you wanted."

"Well you're an idiot," Krista replied. "I needed you. I tried to find you, but like I said you had disappeared. I didn't have a number for you. Greg said you didn't work at the club anymore and Hannah's boyfriend said you moved out of your apartment. You turned into a ghost."

"I lost my job and couldn't keep my apartment," Damien said. "I moved in with Greg until I got back on my feet."

"I needed you," Krista said. "And you were gone."

"I didn't know," Damien said. "I swear I didn't know that's how you felt."

Krista looked into his eyes which were filled with sincerity and something else that she didn't recognize.

"So then what are you doing here tonight?" Krista asked.

"I couldn't stay away," Damien said. "Greg told me you were here and I had to see you."

Krista turned to look at Greg who was drying glasses that had just come from the dishwasher. "You little liar," she said, smiling a little to know that at least Damien had felt something for her. "You knew who I was all along."

"Yeah, well, what was I supposed to say?" Greg asked. "Hey Krista, how's it going, you're still smoking hot – oh and Damien's on his way?"

Damien pulled her back around to face him. "That doesn't matter," he said. "You look amazing. Dance with me."

"Umm, okay," Krista said, unable to think of anything else as Damien pulled her out into the middle of the floor. Dancing with Damien was similar to the way she always danced, hips winding sensuously, except instead of caressing the air around her, she was caressing Damien. She got carried away before she even realized what was happening as he ground his body into hers.

Damien pulled Krista's hair, forcing her neck back and kissed along her throat, drawing a moan from deep within. The feel of his lips against her skin made her tingle all the way to her toes and she pulled his head up so she could kiss him on the mouth. As they kissed his hand reached under her cloak and tugged on the chain attached to her nipple clamps. The sharp pain broke the spell she was under. Quickly she stepped out of his embrace.

"I can't. I'm seeing someone." she said, turning to walk away.

Krista walked quickly back to the bar to get the drinks she had forgotten. She looked around for Tyler and Miranda and wondered if they had seen her. It was one thing for him to tell her to do something with another man. It was quite another for her to just do it. Maybe he would understand if she explained. When she couldn't find him in the crowd, Krista sat down at their booth. He would come and find her. She sipped her drink in silence, letting her thoughts roam to the weekend when her whole life had changed.

Chapter 20

"Long time no see, buddy," Damien said, walking towards Tyler as he came back inside from putting Miranda in a cab.

"Damien," Tyler said nervously. "How are you? I thought you weren't scheduled tonight. Have you been here long?"

"Long enough to know what you've been hiding," Damien said, dropping his voice to barely above a whisper as he advanced on the man who had once been his best friend. "How could you?"

"Damien, wait, I can explain," Tyler said.

"Really," Damien said, sarcasm dripping from his tongue. "You can explain how you, my best friend, are involved with my girl – the one I wanted from the moment I saw her, but waited for over a year before making a move on so I could get my act together, the one I lost my job over, the one I have been drinking myself into a coma each night for the last four months trying to forget? You can explain that?"

"I need five minutes," Tyler said.

"Five minutes," Damien said, pushing Tyler out the door he had just entered.

As the door closed, Damien looked down at his watch to mark the time and waited for Tyler to begin.

"The night I met her," Tyler started, "she was prowling, dancing here in this club, practically masturbating on the dance floor. She was hunting for a Dom and not being very particular. At least twenty people were watching her, waiting for her to be too far gone to care what happened. I stopped her and invited her back to a private room before I ever knew she was yours. If it hadn't been me, it would have been someone else. It might have been one of the ones who would really have hurt her, Damien. She'd have taken anything that night.

"When I realized it was her and what she was looking for, I kept my cool and started her training. I figured at the very least, you would appreciate that it was me and not somebody like Tom or Ralph. She'd be a broken, damaged version of herself by now if either of them had touched her and you know it."

"So where was the phone call," Damien asked. He changed his voice to sound more like Tyler's and held his fingers up to his mouth and his ear in the universal phone sign. "Hey Damien, guess what? That girl you've been mooning over, well she's mooning over you too and she's here at the club looking for whatever is she had with you. Or hey Damien, Krista is here and I've started her training so she wouldn't end up with one of the whack jobs. We're in a private room. Or even, hey Damien. Krista came to the club last night on a mission and I took care of it for her. But she's still trying to figure out that side of her. She's gonna need your help.

"What I can't handle is how you went from saving her from the big bad wolves in this club to being in a relationship with her? And don't tell me you're not because she told me herself that you are."

"Somewhere along the way I lost control," Tyler said. "I pretended it didn't matter that her safe word was your name. I thought..."

"Wait," Damien interrupted. "What was that?"

Tyler mentally cursed himself for being an idiot. Damien would never let her go now.

"Her safe word, its lance," he said with a sigh. "I knew what it meant as soon as she said it, but that was before she and I had even started. Now it's too late. She's amazing – fiery, strong, seductive. She's everything I could ever want and dominating her was the most intoxicating thing I'd ever felt. I wanted to keep her. I couldn't help it. We've only been seeing each other for a week, but I think I'm falling in love with her."

"You are my best friend," Damien yelled, slamming his hand into the wall. "You cannot be in love with her, because I'm in love with her and you know it."

"I'm sorry Damien," Tyler said. "I am. I'm a shitty friend, but I can't help how I feel. There's this quiet strength under the surface of her that blends with her vulnerability in a way that punches a man in the stomach. Before you even know it, she's knocked you flat and you don't ever want to get up." "I know that," Damien said, grinding the words out from behind clenched teeth. "That's what I told you!"

"I guess I thought you were being sentimental or something," Tyler said.

"You are my friend," Damien said again, in a whisper this time. "You know me. And I am NOT sentimental. She's the one, the way they always talk about in movies or books. She's the one and she's mine. I've known it from the very first night I saw her. You cannot have her."

"One woman can't be the perfect, happily ever after, soul mate for two men and I feel the same way about her that you do," Tyler said.

"I don't accept that," Damien said. "You've known her for what a week? You will give me a chance with her and let her pick."

"How?" Tyler asked, dreading what was coming. The request was inevitable.

"Invite me to play," Damien said. "I know you've either done it already with someone else or been working up to it. Tell her it's what you want. Watch her when you say it. It's what she wants too."

"I don't want to lose her," Tyler said.

"Tyler," Damien said menacingly, as he flexed his fists. "If you don't do this, you won't have to worry about losing her."

"You don't mean that," Tyler said.

"See that's where you're wrong," Damien said. "Because she is the one person that robs me of anything even close to control. If you don't do this, I won't be able to stop myself. It's been a long, long time brother, since I lost my temper, but you remember what happened the last time."

"You wouldn't hurt one of your friends," Tyler said, trying to reason with Damien. Both guys were the same size, but Damien had a long history of street fighting and Tyler knew he wouldn't stand a chance.

"If we were really friends," Damien spat, "we wouldn't even be having this conversation. I'm thinking we stopped being friends the moment you decided you would keep her for yourself."

"And if she picks me?" Tyler asked.

"Then she did so because that's what she really wanted and knew what she

was giving up," Damien said. "I can accept that. Because as much as I want her to be mine, I want her to be happy more. But I saw the way she looked at me. I'm as much in her head as you are."

"Okay," Tyler said. "I'll do it. But there's one condition."

Damien just looked at Tyler, waiting.

"We both have to promise not to say anything to sabotage the other," Tyler said. "Whoever she picks, she picks because that's who she wants to be with, not because they made the other look bad."

"I'm fine with that," Damien said. "But she's going to figure out eventually that you knew all about her before you two ever met."

"If she does, she does," Tyler said. "But it won't be because you set me up."

"Would I do that, brother?" Damien asked, feigning innocence.

"Yeah, you would." Tyler said.

"Whatever," Damien said. "I play to win. I'll abide by your condition, though. I just have a few of my own. For the next month, you will not see her without me, unless she asks it of you and I am going with the two of you to New York. After the party, we'll let her choose."

"How do you know we're going?" Tyler asked.

Damien just looked at him. They both knew that Tyler hadn't missed one of these parties in the last five years and there was no way he would miss it if he had a bright, shiny new sub to show off.

"Fine," Tyler said. "But the same goes for you. You only see her with me."

"Unless she asks," Damien said.

"Unless she asks," Tyler conceded.

"And I get to start tonight, just me and her," Damien said. "I have some lost time to make up for."

"No," Tyler said.

"Scared?" Damien taunted. "Afraid, I'll surpass in a few minutes what you've spent the last week cultivating?"

"Fine, twenty minutes" Tyler agreed, not wanting Damien to know that was exactly what he was afraid of. Tyler was a strong confident man. But Damien was all of that with a little danger thrown in. Plus, Damien was the one that had unlocked Krista's soul. That kind of thing forges a connection that he didn't think he was going to be able to break. He just hoped his connection could compete with it.

Krista had come out of her daze a few minutes before when some guy she didn't know had asked if her Master would let her play. She said no and stood to find Tyler and Miranda. It had been awhile and they still weren't back. She started to think that maybe Tyler had seen her on the dance floor with Damien and gotten angry. He might have even left.

"Greg," Krista asked, walking up to the bar. "You didn't see Tyler leave did you? I don't see him anywhere."

"He hasn't closed out his tab," Greg said, having a pretty good idea where Tyler was and who he was with. He just hoped Damien kept his cool. "I'm sure he's around somewhere."

"All right," Krista said. "Thanks."

Krista turned to survey the room and leaned against the bar. She saw Tyler coming into the VIP area and felt a rush of relief. She wasn't sure where Miranda had gone, but maybe everything was going to be okay after all. Her hopes were shot down however, when she saw who followed him. It wasn't Miranda. It was Damien and neither man looked particularly happy. Krista had a bad feeling in the pit of her stomach.

The guys seemed to be looking for her, so she stepped away from the bar and walked over. The funny thing was that both men lit up when they saw her, like Christmas had come early or something. Krista wasn't sure if that was good or bad, but figured she would have to talk to them to find out.

"Hey," Krista said as she walked up to Tyler. "Where have you been? And where's Miranda?"

"I put her in a cab," Tyler said. "She needs some time to adjust. I've got her number and she wants you to call her, but I'd give her a couple of days."

"Okay," Krista said. "What about you? It didn't take you all this time to put her in a cab."

"I had some things to handle," Tyler said, leaning down to give Krista a kiss. He couldn't resist showing Damien a little of the fire that burned in her at his touch. Tyler deepened the kiss, pressing her closer as he tilted her head to get access to more of her mouth.

Damien cleared his throat, trying to tamp down his annoyance. This was not going to be easy. He'd never actually shared a woman before, especially not one that he felt something for. It was going to be hard to hold his jealousy in check.

Tyler pulled away from Krista leaving her lips swollen. She didn't know why he had kissed her like that in front of Damien, but she had no choice but to respond. From the moment they'd met, Tyler had affected her that way.

"Krista," Tyler said, pretending he didn't know about them. "This is Damien. Damien, Krista."

"We've met actually," Krista said looking into Tyler's eyes, then Damien's. She was hoping to read something there and get an idea of what was happening, but neither man gave anything away.

"Oh," Tyler said, feigning surprise. "Good then. You and I are going back to one of the private rooms, and I've invited Damien to come with us."

Krista opened her mouth to reply, but nothing came out. She didn't know what to say. Everything was happening too fast for her to keep up.

"You do want to, don't you Krista?" Damien asked, his voice taking on a darkness that sent a shiver up her spine and filled her eyes with lust as he stepped closer to her.

She nodded, thinking to herself that this was one of her darkest fantasies, one she had never told anybody. She just didn't know if she would survive. If her body didn't give out, her heart surely would. There had to be some way to control how she felt, or she would get burned, either from one end or the other, maybe both...

"Answer me properly, slut," Damien said, reaching out to yank painfully on her hair and tilt her face up to his. The only thing in the world he wanted right now, was to reach out and hold her, but that would have to wait for another time. Damien knew that Krista had a much darker side that Tyler wouldn't have explored. To have any chance with her, he was going to have to show her that he could match all of her darkness and Tyler couldn't. Tyler was a good top, a good Master, but he never let himself stray too far from the light.

"Yes Master," Krista said as pussy juice ran down her leg. "Please, yes."

"Then drop to your knees and show me, slut," Damien said, thinking it would serve Tyler right since he'd put on such a show with the kiss.

Krista dropped to her knees and unbuttoned Damien's pants. She was so turned on, she couldn't even think. Her fingers fumbled as she tried to free Damien's cock, but finally it sprang free.

Krista made a muffled sound as Damien grabbed her head and began shoving himself into her mouth. She moaned and her pussy throbbed. He was using her mouth without regard in the middle of the floor and it was turning her on. She didn't know why, but this called to her on a level she couldn't explain.

She opened her lips as wide as she could and relaxed her throat muscles so she could take more of him. She already knew that he had the biggest dick she'd ever seen. Sucking it took some getting used to. She'd have to breathe soon, but for now, she just wanted to get all of him in her mouth.

"Swallow it, slut," Damien said, forcing her head all the way down his dick. Finally, he let go, giving her a chance to breathe.

"Show me how much you want it," Damien said. "Prove I'm not wasting my time."

Krista began sucking in and out on her own, taking as much of it down her throat as she could get. When she couldn't get it all, she grabbed onto Damien's hips and forced him down her throat. She began pumping against him this way, unwilling to give up even a second to catch her breath.

"Good enough, slut," Damien said, pushing her away. Krista took a deep breath, eyes glazed over with lust as Damien slid his dick back into his pants and zipped them up. "Which room Tyler?"

"Opposition," Tyler said.

"That's really the one you want?" Damien asked him.

"The others are in use or being cleaned," Tyler said, walking away, thinking about the way Krista had responded to Damien's harsh treatment something he couldn't replicate. Clearly, she had loved it. Suddenly, he wasn't so sure that he would be enough to make her happy, even if she did pick him. With the thought heavy on his mind, he went to the room and took a seat on the light side, figuring that Damien would want the dark.

Chapter 21

Krista walked into the room behind the two men and decided that it was very fitting. Half the room was pure white and the other midnight black. Even the bed was half and half. Everything on the white side seemed to be designed purely for pleasure. The black, pain. Krista found herself drawn to both sides, much like she was drawn to both of the men with whom she'd entered.

"Take off the cloak, slut," Damien said, "and go sit on the bed."

Krista pulled the string that tied the cloak around her neck and went to sit on the edge of the bed. Her heart was pounding and her pussy throbbed with each beat. Nobody had even touched her yet and already she was out of control. She ground her fingernails into her palms and took a deep breath, trying to calm herself as her eyes followed Damien around the room.

"The key," Damien said walking towards Tyler and holding out his hand.

Tyler handed it over with a sigh. Trust Damien to see the importance of removing Tyler's claim. It was unfortunate because the bondage jewelry truly was amazing on her. Damien walked over and fit the key into the various locks, removing each piece of jewelry and setting it on the bed next to Krista. When he'd removed it all, he carried it over to Tyler and handed him the key.

Krista was silent through the process. She had figured out what he was doing and why. Tyler probably wouldn't understand, but he didn't know about their history. Clearly Damien was not happy about having to share her and didn't want to see the evidence every time he looked at her.

Krista watched as Damien reached behind his back and pulled his shirt over his head, letting it fall to floor. His chiseled chest, strong arms and perfect abs had her mouth watering. More importantly, he had well-defined obliques that made this gorgeous 'v' shape as they tapered into his groin. Krista didn't know what it was about that particular muscle, but it made her want to trace it with her tongue. "We are going to fuck you tonight, slut," Damien said as walked towards her. "We are going to work you over until you can't even move. But I've convinced your Master to let me have some time to get acquainted with you first. He's going to sit and watch. Understand?"

"Yes, Damien," Krista whispered, breathlessly. Watching him walk towards her with his eyes full of the dark things he was going to do had stolen her breath. She didn't know how she was going to last when things started to get serious.

"For now, you are mine and mine only," Damien said as he pushed her backwards on the bed and laid down beside her. "Let me here you say it."

"I'm yours, Master," she said knowing a part of her wished it were true. They barely knew each other, but she'd give anything for him to be a part of her life. She just wished she knew why. "Please, touch me. I need you."

"This is what you want, slut?" Damien asked as squeezed her breast harshly, wrapped his lips around it, and bit down, sucking hard.

Krista's cry sounded throughout the room as she squeezed her legs together. Pussy juice dripped down, tickling as it ran into the crack of her ass. As suddenly as the pain had started, it stopped, and a soft tongue licked her soothingly.

"Yes, Master," Krista panted. "More."

Damien bit down again, drawing it out longer this time. Krista clenched her teeth until she couldn't take it anymore and cried out again. Again, Damien soothed her aching breast with licks from his soft tongue.

"Spread your legs, slut," Damien said as he pulled his mouth away from her breast. Krista complied with his request, wondering if it would be pleasure or pain he offered. His hand reached between her legs and softly stroked her puffy pussy lips, drawing a moan from Krista as she lifted her hips to get closer. Without warning, he pinched her pussy lips together as his head descended once again to bite and suck at her breast. She cried out when it became too much, but Damien didn't release her. His teeth remained locked on her breast and his fingers, her pussy.

"PLEASE, MASTER!" Krista yelled, feeling her eyes well with tears. The pain stopped, replaced by a deep throbbing as his teeth and fingers relinquished their tight hold on her. Tyler had shown her how pain and pleasure mingled together, but he'd never taken her this far. The pain had been almost too much to bear, but now that it had stopped, Krista found herself aroused beyond anything she'd thought possible.

It was as if she had reached a new level of awareness within her body, one that couldn't be touched without sacrifice. One where her body no longer wanted, it demanded. She couldn't breathe. She couldn't think. She had become one massive, quivering, vessel desperately needing to be filled.

"Please, Master," she begged. "I NEED you."

"Not yet, slut," Damien said, standing. He walked over to the shelves and grabbed a thick vibrator. There were two sets of restraints and he picked those up too. He'd need them later anyway. While walking back to the bed, an assortment of whips caught his eye. He stopped to pick up a cat'o'nine tails on his way back. Dropping it all on the bed, he made a turning motion with his hand. "On your knees," he said.

"Yes Master," Krista said, rolling over.

Damien grabbed a large chunk of Krista's hair, wrenching her neck back. His dick twitched as she moaned. But he was determined to make this twenty minutes that he had her to himself count, so he ignored it. He picked up the vibrator and shoved it in her mouth.

"That's it slut," Damien said. "Get it nice and wet because it's going in your ass."

Krista moaned around the vibrator.

"Your ass is hungry for it, isn't it," Damien said, pulling it out of her mouth and moving towards her rear. He pushed the button that would make it vibrate until it reached the highest setting.

"Please Master," Krista said. "I'm going to die if you don't put something in me soon. I'd rather it was you, but if that's all I can get, then shove it in me please."

"That's what you want, slut?" Damien asked. "You want me to shove it in that tight ass of yours?"

"I'd rather you shoved yourself in," Krista replied, honestly.

"Oh don't worry, slut," Damien said. "I'll wreck that dirty hole of yours

before the night is over."

"I can take it," Krista said. "I want it. Please."

"You'll get it when I'm ready," Damien said, as he pushed the vibrator deep inside her ass, watching as her muscles twitched around it.

"Oh god," Krista said as it stretched her open. "Please Master. I need you inside me."

"Actually," Damien said, smacking her ass, "what you need is a nice hard spanking. But we'll get to that."

Damien pulled the vibrator out of Krista's ass and pushed it slowly back inside. Watching it disappear in her asshole was killing him, but he wasn't ready to fuck her yet. Back and forth, he worked the toy, loving the sounds she made. He picked up the whip and flicked it in the air. It was lightweight and would sting sharply, but wouldn't cause any real damage.

"You like that don't you?" Damien asked as he manipulated her ass with the vibrator.

"Yes Master," Krista panted.

"Filling up your asshole, turning you on," Damien said.

"Yes Master," she said

"What a dirty little slut you are for me," Damien said.

"Your slut Master," Krista said.

"My slut," Damien said.

"To do with as you wish," Krista said.

"To punish if I wish," Damien said.

With a swish, the whip came down against Krista's ass, each of its nine tails stinging her in a different place as he continued working her ass with the vibrator. Damien loved the way she cried out, making his dick twitch again. Her body was tense now and he waited until she relaxed before flicking the whip again, drawing another cry from her throat. He continued this way for several minutes, pushing Krista higher and higher. "Please Master," Krista begged. "Please fuck me. Punish me if you must, but please, put your dick in me."

Damien could stand it no longer as she looked back at him, begging. He quickly shed his pants, stroking his dick as he looked at Krista's dripping pussy and the vibrator in her ass. God she was hot. Damien stood behind her and brushed her pussy lips with his dick, loving the way her ass clenched around the vibrator at his touch.

"This is what you want, slut?" Damien asked, rubbing the head around her swollen pussy lips as he cracked the cat against her again. "You want this cock in that hungry pussy of yours?"

"Yes Master," Krista said, gripping the covers tightly in her hands. "PLEASE!"

Damien positioned himself at her entrance and pushed slowly. She was so tight, her pussy clenching around him as he worked himself inside.

Damien began driving in and out, opening her up so he could get all the way inside, spurred on by Krista's moans of enjoyment. Finally he was as deep as he could go. He pulled himself out, holding onto the vibrator as he did so that it came out at the same time. A harsh thrust penetrated both her holes as he filled her up again.

"Oh god yes, Master," Krista said, chills going up her spine at the dual penetration. "Jesus christ," she said.

"That's right slut," Damien said, doing it again. He dropped the cat and pulled her hair with his other hand so he could see into her eyes as he continued to thrust in and out of her. "Imagine how it will be when Tyler and I fuck you like this, filling you up until you feel like you're going to burst, pushing in and out of both your holes."

"Oh god, yes," Krista yelled as the image in her mind pushed her over the edge and her body erupted in a series of convulsions.

"Oh you are a naughty, naughty slut," Damien said, slapping her ass. "Did I say you could come yet?"

"No Master," Krista said. "But you didn't say not to."

"You knew better than to come without permission. I know Tyler's taught you

that at least." Damien said.

"I'm sorry Master," Krista said. "I couldn't help it. The idea of you and Tyler fucking me was too much."

"That's what you want isn't it, slut," Damien said pounding into her forcefully. "You want us to shove our cocks deep inside you at the same time."

"Yes Master," Krista said, already feeling the pressure build inside her as she imagined it. "Oh god, please. Use me, fill me, fuck me."

"I don't think it's enough," Damien said, slapping her ass again. "You are such a dirty little slut, I think you need a cock for your mouth too. A cock to fill up each of your holes. That's what you really need, isn't it slut?"

"Oh god, YES!" Krista screamed as she orgasmed again, the mental image overtaking her senses.

"You are a bad slut, Krista," he said, swatting her ass as he pulled his dick out of her. "How dare you come again without permission?"

"I'm sorry Master," she panted as her convulsions subsided. "Please, I'm sorry."

"Not sorry enough," Damien said, pushing her down on her stomach. He grabbed the restraints and quickly tied both her wrists and ankles so she was spread eagle on the bed and couldn't move. He checked all the ties to make sure there was no give and pulled the vibrator from her ass. He pushed just the tip back inside and propped it up with a pillow. That would keep her aroused, but never provide enough stimulation for her to come.

"What are you doing, Master?" Krista asked.

"You are a naughty slut and now you have to be really punished," Damien said. "Tyler and I are leaving."

"Master, please," Krista moaned. "Don't leave me here like this. Tyler, do something. Please."

"Not one, but two orgasms without permission," Damien said, smacking her ass again. "You don't deserve to have us fuck you."

"He's right, pet," Tyler said, coming around the bed to look into her eyes. "You knew better." "I'm sorry, Master," Krista said. "Please don't go. I'll be good."

"Too late slut," Damien said pulling his pants on. "Since all you care about is coming, I'm leaving you here to have as many orgasms you want with the random people that wander in. It's a shame, though. I had such high hopes for what we'd do together."

"Damien, PLEASE!" Krista yelled. She couldn't see the door, but she heard it open. "Please don't leave, Damien. I'm sorry." A few seconds later, the sound of the door shutting sounded in the room and Krista burst into tears.

"Come back," she whispered to herself.

Chapter 22

"You know your twenty minutes have been up for awhile?" Tyler said to Damien as they walked down the hallway towards the bar.

"Yeah," Damien said, running a hand through his hair. "So why didn't you join us or intervene or something. I know that's what you wanted to do."

"True," Tyler said, shrugging his shoulders. "But you were right. You're as much in her head as me. Maybe more. You know she never loses control. I had her on a Sybian for twenty minutes with dual appendages while I spanked her and she held it together. She loses control with you as much as you do with her. I'm a little jealous."

"Like I care if you're jealous," Damien said. "Don't think us sharing her for the next month changes anything... She really never broke before?"

"Nope," Tyler said. "Not since I explained the rules to her. In fact she's got enough control that if she's anywhere close to having an orgasm, she can force it to come early. She gets off on you telling her."

"Really?" Damien said, intrigued. "You know she's never going to pick you. You don't let yourself get dark enough for her tastes."

"True," Tyler said, irritated by Damien's attitude, especially since he was trying to be cool and repair their friendship. "But unlike you, I've never minded sharing and can find any number of people with the requisite darkness to satisfy her. You really think she's going to pick you once she finds out how much you don't like sharing. You saw how she reacted. She's clearly into multiples."

Damien turned and grabbed Tyler by the shirt, pushing him against the wall.

"Don't make me change my mind about beating the shit out of you," Damien said.

"All right, all right," Tyler said, holding up his hands innocently. "Be cool.

"Besides," Damien said, letting go of Tyler. "I'm sharing her with you, aren't I? Maybe I'll get over it. I'd try for her if it was what she wanted."

Tyler looked over at Damien, a man who had been his friend for years. "Either way, one of us is fucked, brother."

"Yeah," Damien said, hoping it didn't turn out to be him.

"So how long are you going to let her stew?" Tyler asked as the two sat down at the bar and ordered a drink.

"Depends," Damien said. "What have you guys been up to tonight?"

Tyler explained the events of the evening, making note of the occurrences on the sub wall and the players. He described as much as he could of the situation with Miranda as well, since that was a major part of the evening.

"All right," Damien said, thinking that if he was really going to have to change for Krista, he might as well start now. "If you're cool with it this is what I think we should do."

Damien explained his plan to Tyler and they talked it back and forth, ironing out the details until both agreed that it sounded good.

Krista drowsed sleepily as the door to her room opened silently. None of the people made a sound as they made their way through the room and took their positions out of her field of view. Without warning, the slave girl pushed the vibrator deep into Krista's ass, waking her immediately.

"Damien? Tyler?" Krista asked. "Who's there?"

"Oh god," Krista moaned as the unknown person began working the toy in and out of her ass. She didn't know who it was, but she liked what they were doing. She tried rising up enough to see, but it was useless. Damien had tied her too tightly. The unknown person worked her ass for several minutes.

As suddenly as it started, it stopped. Whoever was back there moved away, leaving Krista once again turned on with nothing she could do about it.

"Please don't go," she said. "At least untie me first."

There was no response, just the sound of the door opening and closing.

"FUCK!" Krista yelled, thinking she was alone again. At least the vibrator was all the way in her ass instead of teasing just the rim. That had mostly just been annoying. At least this way it was moderately enjoyable and she could deal with it until Tyler came back. She didn't know about Damien but Tyler wouldn't leave her here.

Krista calmed down and prepared herself to wait. She concentrated on the vibrator in her ass, clenching her muscles around it. It wasn't enough to make her come, but at least she didn't have to be so bored.

Suddenly the bed shifted and she felt someone crawling on top of her. She hadn't heard anyone else come in. A large, masculine hand pressed her face into the mattress preventing her from getting a glimpse of who it was.

"Oh god," she said as the unknown man held her down, pushing his dick inside her pussy. A pillow was pulled over her head blocking her from seeing anything. Two hands grasped her hips and the man pounded into her.

She knew it was crazy, but it was just as hot as when Damien had pretended to rape her in the bathroom. She liked being fucked without knowing who was doing it. Her pussy was throbbing and her ass was still filled with the vibrating toy. It was beyond hot.

"Harder," she said, lifting her hips a little to give him better access. He swatted her ass but began to fuck her harder. For several minutes the unknown man slammed into her and Krista reveled in the feeling of being penetrated in both places. She loved it and could have let herself come any number of times, but the truth was that she wanted Damien and Tyler to come back. They might not ever know what was happening right now, but if they did, she wanted them to know she hadn't come without permission.

The man pulled the vibrator out of her, dropping it next to the bed. With a growl, he thrust his dick between her ass cheeks, pumping furiously as he reamed her wide open. One last hard shove filled her as the unknown man shot hot jets of come into her before pulling out. Krista could feel his come trickling out of her as the man moved off the bed. Unfortunately, he didn't move the pillow so she still couldn't see anything.

"Oh come on," she said, "at least let me see who you are."

There was nothing but silence. Krista wondered if another was going to come and use her, but nothing seemed to be happening. She breathed a sigh of relief, until she heard clapping from the corner. Tears welled up in her eyes and she let them fall. She was tired and frustrated and she just wanted Tyler and Damien to come back.

"Can't you please just leave," Krista cried. "I don't want to play this game anymore. I just want my Masters back."

"I can't complement you on a most impressive performance?" Stephen said.

"Thank you," Krista said, recognizing his voice. "You're Elle's Master, right? Won't you please untie me? My muscles are starting to hurt from being in this position for so long."

"I think we can come to some sort of agreement," Stephen said.

"Oh thank you," Krista replied. "Thank you so much."

"Not so fast," Stephen said, sitting on the bed between her legs. "We haven't agreed on anything yet."

"Well what do you want?" Krista asked.

"You see my lovely slave here?" Stephen asked. "She needs to practice her technique. If you let her give you an orgasm, I'll untie you and let you go."

"I can't," Krista said. "But there must be something else you want."

"Actually, I've already taken everything I want from you," Stephen said. "I was the one that just fucked you. I also felt you holding back the orgasm I tried to give you. So if you won't take one from me, you take one from her or we're leaving."

"Please don't go," Krista said. "Look, I'll do anything but that. I'll eat her pussy."

"Nope," Stephen said. "Those are my terms."

"I won't do it," Krista said. "If you won't untie me, could you please find Damien or Tyler? Tell them, I'm sorry and I'll be good."

"You don't understand, sub," Stephen said. "Damien and Tyler left. Ages ago. They told me where to find you and to make sure no one hurt you, but if you're hoping for them to come back, it ain't happening." "They really left?" Krista asked. "Even Tyler?"

"Sorry kid," Stephen said. "But they really did."

"So then what happens to me?" Krista asked, getting frustrated. "I'm just supposed to lie here, indefinitely? I mean I have to pee at some point."

"You're the only one standing in the way of being free," Stephen said. "They didn't tell me that I couldn't untie you. But I don't give away something for nothing."

"You're a top," Krista said. "You understand why they left me here like this, don't you?"

"I do," Stephen said. "I wouldn't put up with it from my slave either."

"Well then you understand why I can't agree to your terms," Krista said.

"Maybe I'll just leave Elle here with you for a bit," Stephen said. "In case you change your mind."

"Sure," Krista said. "Whatever."

"Slave," Stephen said. "Worse than this will be your punishment if you set her free without making her come."

"Yes Master," the slave girl said. "I understand."

Stephen left the room, leaving the two girls alone.

"Elle?" Krista asked.

"Yes, Mistress," Elle said.

"I'm no one's Mistress," Krista said. "At least not right now. My name is Krista."

"Hi Krista," Elle said.

"I'm kind of cold," Krista said. "Somewhere in this room I have a cloak, the one I was wearing when I was chained."

"I see it," Elle said, walking over to pick it up.

"Will you come and lay down with me?" Krista asked. "We can cover up with that. If you don't mind. I mean if you want to."

"I am a slave," Elle said. "I want what my Master wants. But I don't think he'd mind."

Elle grabbed a pillow and placed it over Krista's feet and ankles. The cloak would cover everything else except a small part of Krista's arms and Elle arranged it, taking the time to tuck in one side of the covering. She crawled under the other side and snuggled up to Krista, wrapping one leg around Krista's body.

"Thank you Elle," Krista said, feeling tears prick her eyes for the umpteenth time that night. She wasn't even sure why she felt like crying now. Maybe finding out that Tyler and Damien had really left her here, alone and defenseless hurt more than she thought it would. Or maybe Elle's kindness had moved her. Krista didn't know. She just knew she didn't have the strength to fight the tears and let them fall.

"There, there," Elle said, stroking random patterns soothingly on her back. "Don't cry."

"I'm sorry Elle," Krista said. "I don't know what's wrong with me. I don't even know why I'm crying."

"Surrendering is hard," Elle said. "Always before you drew a measure of comfort from the fact that you were with people you trusted and you had a safe word. Now you feel alone and scared, without a safety net. You surrendered yourself to whatever happens now that your Masters aren't here to protect you."

"Maybe," Krista said, taking deep breaths to calm herself. "I mean I don't have any money, or clothes, or a phone. I don't even know how I'm going to get home."

"I wouldn't worry about that," Elle said. "If if comes to it, I'm sure Stephen will give you a ride in the morning. He's tough, but he wouldn't want you to get hurt."

"His name is Stephen?" Krista asked.

"That's my Master," Elle said. "And he's a good Master. Don't be scared, Krista. He'll respect your safe word. And he'll make sure that no one hurts you."

"Elle," Krista said, wanting to change the subject, "how'd you get to be a slave?"

"All my life I've had a hard time making decisions," Elle said. "I don't know why, but I can never seem to decide what's right for me or how I feel about something. Even things that I know I want, I can't reach out and take them. Something holds me back.

"So when a friend told me about this place, I was interested. He said I could come here and pick someone to make the decisions for me. I didn't really believe him, but I couldn't get the idea out of my head.

"A few months ago, on an evening when I had nothing else to do, I made the one most important decision I think I ever have. I decided to come. I arrived much like you did the first time you were here, spellbound and full of wonderment. Although, I didn't put on anything like the show you did on your first night."

"You were here then," Krista said. "The night I met Tyler."

"I was hanging in a corner with Stephen," Elle said. "It was a lesson in control. I was to remain perfectly still and not make a sound no matter what he did to me. I failed, of course. But I tried and that's what's most important about the lessons, that you try.

"Anyway I was hanging there, from the ceiling when one of my favorite songs came over the speakers. I looked up for a second and I saw you, dancing on the floor. You were captivating, full of confidence and determination. I couldn't take my eyes off you.

"When Stephen noticed my attention had wandered, he turned to find out why. We both just watched you. It was clear you were looking for something. I thought you would go the other way, be a top, because you seemed so strong out there. But Stephen said that strong people can be bottoms too. They just have to have somebody equally strong to Master them."

"I don't feel strong," Krista said. "I feel weak. I couldn't even get Stephen to untie me after he fucked me. There's no strength there."

"Your strength is not in being able to make someone do something, Krista," Elle said. "You are strong because you choose. You choose to surrender. You choose to do the things you want. You choose to be different."

"It still doesn't feel like strength," Krista said. "But anyway, back to you, and your story."

"The night I came here, I sat at the bar, ordered a drink and just watched everything. It was interesting to see all these people and how far they were willing to go to make themselves and each other happy. I wanted that, you know? To be happy? I don't think I'd ever felt truly happy before.

"Stephen came up to the bar towards the end of the night and asked me if I'd found what I was looking for. I told him I didn't know what I was looking for. The bar was closing soon so he told me to come with him to the rooms in the back. I went and we sat and talked for hours. I don't know how it happened or why, but I opened up to him and told him everything, my fears, my hang-ups, why I had come that night.

"He took my hand, led me to the bed and fucked me. He never asked so I didn't have to decide anything. I just had to respond, the way my body was naturally inclined to. It was the first time I'd ever had sex with somebody when my mind wasn't full of questions – did I do the right thing, does he really like me, should I fake an orgasm so it will just be over. It was the first time I ever had an orgasm, Krista. Not just one, but over and over and over until I couldn't even hold my eyes open.

"The next morning, I woke up cuddled in his arms and I felt free and safe, for the first time in my life. When he woke, I told him how I felt and he said it didn't have to end. We drew up a contract, for me to be his slave for one year. For 365 days everything I do, is because he decides it. Most things I like. Some I don't. But for me, the experience has changed my life.

"Like with you. Stephen knew I was attracted to you because of how I responded to you the first night, watching as you danced. I would never have admitted it, though, let alone chosen to do something about it. When he saw you chained on the sub wall, he chose for me. And I am glad. I'm getting turned on now, just thinking about the two of you telling me what to do at the same time. I'd love to have a chance to do it all for real, without the rules in place on the sub wall."

"I'll admit though, I was surprised that Stephen fucked you tonight. In the two months that he's been my Master, he hasn't been with anyone else. I think he likes you. You intrigue him. He hasn't been able to stop talking about the thing with you and Miranda."

"That doesn't bother you?" Krista asked. "Him liking me?"

"He's my Master," Elle said. "Not my boyfriend. The two aren't mutually

inclusive. Although between you and me, I care for him, more and more every day. I don't know what I'm going to do when the year is over and my contract expires.

"But to answer your question, no it doesn't bother me. You intrigue me too, so I can understand his feelings. Plus that thing with Miranda was pretty amazing. I heard him talking with someone else and she's been a top on the scene for over ten years. No one thought anybody would ever do to her what you did. If you could do that with her, I wonder what you would do with me."

"I didn't plan it," Krista said. "It just sort of happened."

"That doesn't make it any less what it was," Elle said, snuggling closer.

"I guess," Krista said, as her eyes closed.

Chapter 23

"Wake up slave," Stephen said, rousing Elle and pushing her towards the edge of the bed. "Are you awake Krista?"

"Yes," Krista replied. "Are you going to untie me now? Please?"

"No," Stephen said as he pulled out the knife that Damien had suggested he use and leaned across Krista's body, putting it in her field of vision.

"Do you see this?" he asked, flipping the knife open to show a sharp blade.

"Yes," Krista replied as her breath caught in her throat.

"I was told that you have a bit of a thing for knives," Stephen said as he moved back to the edge of the bed.

Stephen pressed the tip of the knife against the arch of Krista's foot and dragged it slowly along the skin. She tried to breathe deeply and stay calm, but it felt as if the knife would cut her at any moment.

"You see," Stephen said. "I, too, have a thing for knives.

Stephen pressed two fingers of his other hand inside Krista's pussy as he began to move the knife slowly up her ankle.

"So wet," Stephen said, plunging his fingers in and out as the knife moved higher on Krista's leg. "You do like knives."

"I don't," Krista said breathlessly. "Knives scare me."

"That may be true," Stephen said, "But you like the fear. It makes the blood pulse in your veins doesn't it?"

"Sometimes," Krista said, knowing he could feel the evidence in his hand.

"And right now?" Stephen said. "Are you scared?"

"Yes," Krista responded as her pussy clenched around his fingers. The knife had reached the back of her knee.

"You're afraid I will cut you?" Stephen said.

"Yes," Krista whispered. "Either accidentally or on purpose. I'm not sure which, but either seem equally possible at the moment."

"Good," Stephen said, dragging the knife up Krista's thigh. He could feel her pussy throbbing and knew that her body was on fire. If anything would make her come, it would be him fucking her as he teased her with the knife.

"Please," Krista said. She had no idea what it was she was begging for, but the word escaped her mouth as the knife crawled along the curve of her ass towards her pussy where his fingers were pushing in and out of her.

Stephen laid the blade atop her ass and pulled his fingers from inside her. Krista heard him moving behind her and was surprised to feel his dick against her pussy. Not surprising was the answering flood of liquid that squeezed out at his touch. She wanted him to fuck her while he used the knife to draw her fear. It was crazy and irrational, but her pussy was throbbing and begging to be filled.

"Please what, sub," Stephen said, stroking his dick and letting the head bump against Krista's pussy. "Address me properly, if we're going to play this game."

"Please Master," Krista whispered as Stephen sheathed himself inside her.

"Very nice, sub," Stephen said, stopping when his dick had filled her up. He picked up the knife and pressed the tip carefully against the crack of her ass, dragging it up along the small of her back very gently. He didn't want to actually cut her, just to use the knife to scare her.

"Oh god," Krista said, when he pulled out of her suddenly and rammed himself in so deeply, so forcefully, the breath was forced from her lungs, all the while drawing on her back with the tip of the knife. It was building, she could feel it starting.

"You are such a hot little number," Stephen said, thrusting again. "So passionate. So willing to accept the darkness inside you. I wonder if you would be so hot, so willing if I let this blade pierce your skin?"

"Please no, Master," Krista said. "Don't hurt me."

"Just a tiny cut, Krista," he said bending down to place the flat of the blade

against her cheek as he began to drive his dick in and out of her, faster and faster

"I'll say my safeword," Krista said, feeling the pressure build inside her. "I will. Please don't cut me."

"You won't say it," Stephen said as he pulled sharply on her hair and slammed into her.

"Fuck," Krista said, feeling the pressure continue to rise.

"I told you that you wouldn't say it," Stephen said, putting the edge of the blade against Krista's lips.

Krista had never actually used her safe word before and she didn't want to now. But she had to. She had to do it now, or it would be too late and all the will she'd expounded since Damien and Tyler left would be for nothing.

"Lance," she whispered against the blade, wincing as it nicked her bottom lip. When she spoke the word, the orgasm that had seemed impossible to stop disappeared. Her body relaxed and she knew she could stop fighting.

"I can't believe you said it," Stephen said, pulling the knife away from her mouth and his cock from inside her. "I didn't think you would."

"It was too much," Krista said, licking the drop of blood that formed on her lip. "The fucking, the knife, you – practically begging to cut me. I couldn't control it, but I meant what I said. I won't come again without permission from at least one of my real Masters."

Stephen pulled his pants up and began to untie Krista's leg. "A little help? I'll never get them all undone."

"I wanted to make sure she couldn't get free," Damien said, as he and Tyler walked over and each picked a restraint.

Krista blinked, realizing that Damien and Tyler had come back. Now that they were here and she could talk to them, she realized she had no idea what to say.

"Untie that one, slave," Stephen said, pointing to the last restraint.

"Yes Master," Elle said, work on the restraint that was next to her head.

When Krista's limbs were finally free, she hopped up and ran towards the bathroom, stopping half way there and running back to the bed. She kissed Damien and Tyler both on the cheek, calling over her shoulder on her way back

to the bathroom, "I'm so glad you guys came back!"

"At least you know where you're at on her list of priorities," Stephen said, laughing. "It could have been worse. She could have waited until after."

Krista washed her hands in the sink, wondering what was going on. Damien and Tyler were back, obviously. But for what purpose? Was her punishment finished? Were they taking her home? Were they staying?

"There's only one way to find out," she said to her reflection in the mirror. "And if you don't go out there and find out, Heather will call you a bawk, bawk for sure."

Krista laughed to herself at Heather's made up name for a chicken. She stepped out of the bathroom. Four pairs of eyes rose to track her movement across the room. Krista suddenly felt self conscious and didn't know why.

"So..." she said, walking across the floor towards the bed. "what's up?"

Damien looked at her pointedly. "Is that any way to greet your Master, slut?"

Krista swallowed and went to Damien. She knew what she'd wanted to do since the moment she'd heard their voices and realized they'd come back. It was a little more awkward with everyone staring at her, but this was not a time for thinking.

"Hello Master," she said, straddling his lap and kissing him passionately on the mouth. She rubbed her naked pussy against the bulge in his pants, moaning as it twitched against her. With great effort, she pulled away, knowing she had another Master still to greet.

"Better slut," Damien said. "Now Tyler."

Krista greeted Tyler in the same way. It was interesting to kiss the two of them back to back. Damien's kiss was hard, his teeth biting, as he sucked at her mouth. Tyler's softer, but no less intense.

"Hello Krista," Tyler said when she pulled away and stood up.

"We left you here because you were a very bad slut," Damien said.

"Yes Master, I was," Krista said. "And I am very, very sorry."

"You should be," Damien said. "Several hours in which we could have been enjoying each other have been lost as a result of your disobedience. In addition, Stephen and Elle sacrificed a large portion of their evening. Luckily for you, Stephen spoke on your behalf or the punishment would have lasted much longer.

"He did?" Krista asked, surprised.

"He did," Damien said. "He told us what you said, about needing our permission and that he couldn't break you."

"So we decided to test you and your resolve," Tyler said. "Damien already knew of your penchant for blades and suggested Stephen add one to his already skillful repertoire. We wanted to see if it would push you over the edge, especially since you thought we had left you here and had no reason not to just go with it.

"You mean you guys didn't leave me here?" Krista asked, looking up at Damien, eyes full of hope. "You were here the whole time."

"Krista, you are important – to both of us," Tyler said. "We would never put you in real danger."

"Of course not," Damien said, pulling her into his arms and stroking her hair.

"Damien and I watched," Tyler said. "We watched as the knife did everything Damien said it would, watched your body wind tighter and tighter. I don't think I was even breathing when your orgasm became eminent. I could see it happening, even though you didn't want it. Then nothing – you spoke your safeword and before Stephen even stopped, your body released everything that had been building. It just dissipated as the word left your mouth. I've never seen anything like it."

"I trust there will be no further need for a punishment of this severity any time soon?" Damien said.

"No Master," Krista said.

Damien stroked Krista's cheek. He couldn't even begin to explain how moved he was that her safe word truly was his name. Sure, Tyler had told him that it was, but it hadn't really registered until he'd heard the word fall from her lips and seen it's effect on her body. Knowing that she had thought about him to that extent, months after their encounter gave him hope. "Just as you deserved punishment for disobedience," Damien said. "So too do you deserve a reward for good behavior. Tyler and I agree, that your behavior has been beyond anything we could have hoped. What would you have?"

"I would have Elle, for a night, if her Master agrees," Krista said. "To do with as I wish in one of these back rooms."

"Stephen?" Tyler asked.

"Done," Stephen said. "Although, I reserve the right to request the same of your lovely sub – that she spend a night with me, to do with as I wish."

"Agreed," Tyler and Damien answered in unison.

"Good," Stephen said. "Tyler, you have my information. Call me to set it up. Come along slave. It's late and I'm ready to have you to myself for awhile."

Krista pulled away from Damien. She ran up to Stephen and kissed him on the mouth. "Thanks for everything tonight, Stephen. I will look forward to our night together."

Stephen kissed her back, reaching up to pinch one of her nipples. As Krista's moan vibrated through his mouth, he released her.

"You're welcome sub," Stephen said. "Although the next time we meet, you will not be calling me by my name."

"I know," Krista said, stepping away. She reached out to grab Elle's wrist, pulling the girl into her arms. "I have plans for you slave," she said, lowering her mouth to Elle's breast. She licked a small area, before closing her mouth around it and biting down. Elle, moaned and Krista felt her pussy once again begin to throb. After a moment she released Elle, leaving a dark red imprint of her teeth in the flesh.

"I cannot wait, Mistress," Elle said.

"Thank you for tonight, too." Krista said, kissing her softly on the mouth.

"It was my pleasure, Mistress," Elle said, lifting a hand to her mouth. She touched the wetness Krista left behind on her lips and sucked the finger into her mouth, her eyes, in a daze.

"Let's go, slave," Stephen said, pulling her by the arm out of the room.

Chapter 24

Krista stood in front of the door, watching as Stephen and Elle left. Damien wondered what she was thinking as she turned to face them. He'd watched her kiss Stephen and Elle passionately and was surprised to find none of his usual jealousy. Instead, his cock pulsed in his pants.

Damien walked up to Krista and ran his fingers through her hair, closing them into a fist around the silky strands. His other arm wrapped around her, coming to rest on her ass. With an inpatient groan, he leaned forward and claimed her mouth, able to wait no longer. As Krista responded, opening her mouth to him, he snaked his hand down the crack of her ass, stroking the puckered opening.

He'd promised her earlier that evening that he was going to wreck her hole before the night was over and he intended to keep his promise. If he had to share her with Tyler, he wanted to actually share her. Taking turns was not something he was interested in.

"Where were we, slut?" he asked her as he released her mouth. A quick motion, bent her over so he could push his fingers inside her dripping pussy. She moaned in enjoyment and he continued.

"Here Master," Krista replied. "Definitely here."

"Did you enjoy Stephen fucking your slut holes tonight? Using you?" Damien asked as he pulled his fingers from Krista's pussy and pushed them slowly into the opening of her ass.

"Oh god," Krista said as his fingers opened her asshole, slipping inside. "Yes Master," she responded to his question. "It was exciting, not knowing who he was the first time and the knife the second."

As Damien pulled his fingers out of her ass, Krista felt chills snake up her spine. Goosebumps covered her skin as she leaned back against his hand, pushing the fingers back inside. To think six months ago, she'd never even considered having anal sex and now, she didn't seem to be able to live without it. There was something about feeling the muscles stretch and release that made her crazy.

"I think we should have a party, Tyler," Damien said as he began to thrust his fingers in and out of her. "We should strip this slut, tie her to a rack in the middle of the floor and blindfold her next to a big bowl of condoms. Then anyone who wants can fuck her and she'll never know who it is. You'd like that wouldn't you slut," Damien said, adding a third finger to her ass. "To be the sole entertainment for the party, all the guests taking turns fucking your pretty pussy and this hot ass."

"God, yes," Krista replied, shuddering at his words. Krista concentrated on the way he felt, moving in and out of her as she imagined what he said. The mental picture had her moaning as pussy cream dripped onto her thighs.

"Or maybe," Tyler said, removing his clothes as he walked over to join in the fun, "we would have you on your knees by the front door, to greet all the guests by swallowing their cocks or sucking their slits as they come in. Then we can make a big production of stripping you naked and chaining you in the middle of the room to be fucked."

Krista's pussy was having a fit as the two men tossed ideas back and forth, each one making her hornier than the last. Even if they never had the party, the idea was turning her into a lust-filled pile of mush.

"Yeah, I like that idea," Damien said, "what do you think, slut?"

"As long as you and Tyler go first," Krista said, "leaving your come dripping out of my holes so they know who I belong to."

"That's a good idea, slut," Damien said, slapping his hand against her ass. He reached down and grabbed her by the hair, pulling until she wasn't bent over anymore. Standing in front of her was Tyler, completely naked. His dick stood straight out and seemed to be calling her. "Tyler wants to play too, slut. He's been very patient, letting us have our fun together. Go show your appreciation."

Damien pulled his fingers from Krista's ass and pushed her in Tyler's direction. As she dropped to her knees, sucking Tyler's dick deep into her throat, Damien dispensed with his own clothes. He looked over at Tyler who had thrown his head back in ecstasy as Krista moaned around his cock. Stroking his own erection, he walked over to them and grabbed Krista by the hair again. He

began moving her up and down on Tyler's dick, forcing it all the way into her throat.

"Swallow his cock, slut," Damien said. "Show him how thankful we are for a chance to be together like this."

"Oh fuck," Tyler said as Krista swallowed around his cock in her throat, making it convulse around him. She moaned, sending vibrations pulsing through his dick. Her technique was better than any girl he had ever met. Unfortunately, this was not how he wanted to come. He wanted to be fucking her.

"Enough," Tyler said, pulling his dick from Krista's mouth. He met Damien's eyes and knew they understood each other.

"That's for Tyler," Damien said, handing Krista a condom. "He thinks it's long past time that we filled you up with cock."

Krista tore open the small square package with her teeth, and removed the latex circle. She reached out and grabbed Tyler's dick, sucking it into her mouth several times before unrolling the condom around it.

"Good job, slut," Damien said, pulling her to her feet. He walked over to a large, vertical, contraption, dragging her with him. It was a sturdy, wooden rectangle with shackles on the top and ropes on the sides. There was a step stool underneath so she could reach the shackles. Krista's pussy throbbed as she realized what Damien meant. Finally, her fantasy was going to come true with two of the sexiest, most commanding men she had ever known.

Krista climbed the steps, putting her wrists into the shackles as Damien latched them securely. She was surprised to find that they were lined with something soft, but figured it was probably a good thing, since all her weight would be focused on her wrists when the step stool was pulled away.

Damien kicked the stool, leaving Krista breathless as her weight suddenly came down and her shoulders stretched. Her pussy was on fire as he leaned over to whisper softly in her ear.

"We are going to fuck you until you can't remember your own name, slut," Damien said, spreading Krista's legs.

"Oh god, yes Master!" Krista said. She felt her ankle constrict as Tyler tied a restraint tightly around her leg, holding it in place.

"Use you until there's nothing left," Damien whispered.

"Please," Krista begged, feeling her other ankle restrained. It was really happening. She wiggled, testing the bonds. There wasn't any give. Even if she wanted, she was stuck here, until they released her. She hung powerless between them.

"We are going to drain you of every... single... drop... of energy in that sexy body of yours," Damien said. "And do you know why?"

"Why?" Krista asked as the two men positioned themselves at her entrances.

"Because you are a slut," Damien said as his dick bumped against Krista's ass. "And you belong to US!"

As Damien yelled the last word, both men thrust powerfully, filling Krista up like nothing she'd ever known. A scream rose from throat, reverberating around the room when she thought it might be too much to take.

"Yes Master," Krista said after her scream died. "To you." Krista panted as the two men pulled slowly out of her in unison. The break didn't last and they drove forward again. Although this time, it didn't seem to shock her system as much.

"Holy fuck," Krista said. "Oh my god."

"Take it slut," Damien said. "Take us both."

Krista felt both men grab onto her hips holding her in place as they plundered her holes. Just when she had decided that she couldn't take it, Tyler slid his hands around her hips and grabbed hold of her ass, pulling the cheeks apart and stretching the muscles, easing Damien's entry. Krista didn't know how that helped, but immediately, everything changed from too much to just right.

"Of fuck," Krista said. "Oh god, yes."

Tyler leaned forward and kissed her as she moaned, swallowing the sounds and adding another dimension to what was becoming the most glorious thing Krista could ever imagine. She kissed him back, showing him with her lips and tongue how much she was enjoying it.

As the men began to pick up speed, Damien bit down on her shoulder, drawing another scream from Krista's throat and making her muscles clench around them. When his teeth released, Krista realized they were hammering into her now, fucking her so hard, and erasing every misplaced idea she'd ever had about what it would be like to be with the two of them.

This was beyond sex, more like a communion of their spirits. It was as if both men were filling her with their souls, not just their dicks. More importantly, as they bucked against her, it felt like they were reaching into her and wrapping her soul around themselves. Krista felt herself connect with the two of them in a way she never had before. Right now, in this moment, the three of them were one.

"Do you like that?" Damien asked. "Is it what you wanted?"

"Yes, please," Krista moaned as the pressure inside her began to build. "More."

Damien held his thrust for half a second, thrusting forward as Tyler began to pull out. This one motion changed the whole dynamic and Krista felt the breath leave her body. The men were drilling her – like a piston, back and forth, one then the other, pushing inside her so fast.

"Fuck," Krista said as she tried to hold back her orgasm. "Oh god, PLEASE!"

"You wait for us, slut," Damien yelled. "Don't you dare come yet."

"Master I beg you," Krista yelled, clamping her muscles on both men, hoping to do something, anything to get them to come.

Damien and Tyler looked at each other over Krista's shoulder. She was so close, and fighting hard. Damien shook his head. He wanted more.

"You belong to us, slut," Damien said, pounding into her, building his own orgasm. "You come when we say or we will never fuck you again."

"Okay, okay," Krista said hearing the truth in his voice. He would do it. One orgasm wasn't worth a lifetime of wishing. She bit down on her lip and squeezed her fingernails into her palms, anything to distract her from the sensations piercing into her with each thrust. "I'll be good."

"That's right, slut," Damien said. "You will be very good."

"I will, I will," Krista said. "I'll be so good."

"Yes, you will," Tyler said, looking at Damien. This time Damien nodded. Tyler held his thrust to match Damien's.

"Come now, Krista," Damien said as he and Tyler, slammed into her one last time. Her muscles convulsed around them, and all three moaned in ecstasy, their group orgasm unlike any they'd ever had before. Moment's passed as they tried without success to catch their breath and recover from an experience that left even the men, stunned by its intensity.

"Oh my fucking god," Krista said, the first to be able to speak. "That was amazing. I mean, I know you two have done things like that before, so it's not new to you, but for me, I feel like I just rode a lightning bolt or something. My whole body feels like one big electric current just shot through it."

Tyler skimmed his hands lightly down her arms, knowing the tingles would drive her wild.

"Oh my god, stop," Krista said, laughing as the tingles sent another zing traveling through her body.

"You stop," Damien said as her laughter made her ass convulse around his dick. "No laughing. Too sensitive."

Tyler continued skimming his hands down Krista's body, her ribs, her waist. With an impish look on his face, he dug his fingers into her ribs, tickling her. The panicked expression on Damien's face as Krista's laughter sent her pussy and ass into fits was worth it. He could hardly stand it himself, but the condom helped.

"I can't do it," Damien said, pulling out, with a smile. "Not with her laughing like that. It's too much. Give me a few minutes, though, and I'll be ready to go again."

"Oh god," Krista said as her laughter finally subsided now that Tyler had stopped tickling her. "I can't. Please. I love you guys, but I can't. There's nothing left. That was the most amazingly intense experience I've ever had, but I'm done. I'll need to sleep for a week to recover."

"Thank god," Damien said, making a mental note of her phrasing. "I'd go again if I had to, but to tell you the truth, I've never come so hard before. I think I'm beat."

"Don't forget, Krista" Tyler said, breathing hard, "you have a two and a half hour session at the gym tomorrow."

"Oh fuck," Krista said. "I totally forgot. What time is it? I've got to get some sleep or Pam will pick on me. She makes the steps extra hard if we come in on half speed b/c we partied the night before. Wait a second. What do you mean I

have a two and a half hour gym session tomorrow? You mean we have a two and a half hour gym session tomorrow. You promised."

Damien stepped forward and began to untie the ropes locking Krista's legs open. She needed to walk around for a few minutes, maybe drink a bottle of water, then they could all lie down and go to sleep.

Tyler took the other restraint, hoping to take the focus off of him and their plans together. He had made those plans before he promised Damien that he wouldn't see her by himself and couldn't think of an easy way to bring Damien along without explaining the whole situation.

"Ahem," Krista cleared her throat. "You're not trying to weasel out of it. You practically begged to come with me."

"That was before I stayed up until... three a.m. fucking," Tyler said as he looked down at his watch, thinking it was as good of an excuse as any. "Your class is in five hours. Which means we would have to be up in three hours so we could get back to my house, shower, dress and meet Tiffini at Starbucks before the class."

"You spent most of the evening watching and waiting," Krista said. "I'm the one who's had a cock in one of my various holes almost all night long. Besides, if you back out, Tiffini will think you're a punk."

"Why don't we both back out?" Tyler said. "We can sleep late tomorrow, then head back to my place. I'll make us some food and we can spend the rest of the day recuperating."

"Uh-uh," Krista said. "I'd have to be in a coma to miss my class. It's the only reason I pay the hundred and twenty five dollar a month membership fee."

"I'll give it back to you," Tyler said. "A hundred and twenty five divided by four weeks in a month is like thirty bucks. I'll give you thirty five and we'll call it even."

"Sorry, honey," Krista said, looking over at Tyler as Damien undid the latches to her shackles. "You're not getting out of it that easy. We're going."

Damien caught Krista softly as she fell when the shackles released.

"If he's too tired," Damien said, setting Krista down softly, "I'll go. I wouldn't mind hitting the gym for a few hours."

"It's not just a few hours," Krista said, stretching to unkink her shoulder muscles. "It's the most fun you'll ever have, while simultaneously thinking you've died and gone to hell."

"Sounds great," Damien said sarcastically. "But I'm in."

"As long as it's okay with Tyler," Krista said, looking over at Tyler.

"No issues," Tyler said holding up his hands.

"Cool, then we're all going. Oh, and I forgot to mention. After the class, Tiffini and I usually go back to my house and I make brunch. You're both going to come?"

"Wouldn't miss it," Damien said. "Besides, it sounds like we will definitely need it after working out for two and a half hours. Come here. Let me rub your shoulders."

Krista turned to look at him, a look of astonishment on her face.

"What?" Damien asked. "The scene's over. Now we're supposed to take care of you. Make sure you aren't hurt, ease your aches and pains. I know Tyler does it."

"Yeah, he does," Krista said, coming over to stand in front of him. "It just doesn't seem like what I know of you."

"Well that's because you don't know me," Damien said softly as he began to knead the muscles in her shoulders. "Something I intend to rectify. Plus it's one way to differentiate between a real Master and a Dom that's just pretending. A real Master understands that there is give and take in any healthy relationship. The sub gives control of the sexual aspect of his or her life to the Dom and the Dom provides care when it's over."

"You have magic fingers," Krista said, closing her eyes as Damien worked the tension out of her muscles.

Tyler went over to one of the shelves and picked up a small container. He imagined Krista would be pretty sore when her endorphins ran out and this would soothe her sore ass. He walked over to where Damien and Krista stood together, watching as Damien massaged Krista's shoulders.

"That's not the only place she's going to be sore," Tyler said. "You should rub some of this in before she starts to hurt. It's a cream made from witch hazel. She's going to need it."

"Thanks brother," Damien said, scooping Krista up into his arms and carrying her to the bed. "Do you want to do her shoulders while I handle her more delicate areas?"

"Yeah, sure," Tyler said, following them as he set an alarm on his phone to wake them at six a.m.

Chapter 25

"Oh god," Krista said as she stood in line at Starbucks. "I changed my mind. I don't think I can do this. Let's just all go back to bed."

"Uh-uh," Tyler said. "You made us get up and come here. We're committed now."

"He's right," Damien said. "If you had suggested that when the alarm went off the first time, I'd be right there with you. But it's too late now."

"I didn't realize I would be this sore or tired," Krista said.

Damien leaned close to her so the whole place wouldn't be able to hear. "You enjoyed an evening of debauchery with three guys filling up your hot little holes, not to mention the two women, one of which you single-handedly turned out and you didn't think you would be sore?"

Tyler laughed as he overheard the conversation. "I tried to tell you yesterday," he reminded her.

"What can I get for you miss?" the barista said when the man in front of her moved out of the way.

"I need a venti, hazelnut, cappuccino with two raw sugars, one hundred thirty degrees, wet," Krista said, leaning back into Damien's arms. "Oh and add an extra shot for me would you?"

"Holy christ woman," Damien said, kissing her on the top of the head. "Your coffee has more options than my car. What's wrong with regular coffee?"

"Can I also have a grande chai tea latte," Krista said to the barista as she turned toward Damien. "If I'm going to pay five dollars for a cup of coffee, it's going to be absolutely, totally, completely perfect."

"Sorry man," Tyler said. "I forgot to warn you about the coffee thing. It's

borderline obsessive."

"I can see that," Damien said, laughing as he and Tyler gave their much simpler order to the barista.

"You have no idea," Tyler said. "So I got up yesterday morning, made her a nice breakfast, all these sweet things a guy would do to impress a girl, you know bacon, omelettes, orange juice, coffee, the works, and I totally could have just made the coffee. She damn near had an orgasm from one sip."

"It wasn't that bad," Krista said as the barista called out her order to let her know it was ready for pick up. She went to grab the coffee and took a second to put the cardboard sleeve on it so it wouldn't burn her hands.

"Watch," Tyler whispered as he walked up to Damien. "It's the first sip that gets her."

Krista turned back to the guys, lifted the cup to her mouth and took a sip of her absolutely, totally, completely perfect coffee. As the taste exploded on her tongue, Krista's eyes closed and she moaned appreciatively, rolling the sip around in her mouth savoring it before she swallowed.

"What?" Krista asked as she opened her eyes to find the two guys staring at her.

"Ummm, I think you're right," Damien said with a laugh. "We're going to have to keep an eye on this. Now don't worry, Krista. There are all kinds of support groups out there for people suffering from addictions."

"Ha ha," Krista pretended to laugh, even though she was smiling.

The trio laughed as they enjoyed their coffee. Just then, Tiffini walked in and the two girls lit up when they saw each other. Krista walked over and gave Tiffini a hug, handing her the latte at the same time.

"Did you get my message?" Krista asked.

"No, what message," Tiffini said.

"It's no big deal," Krista said. "I just brought some people with me to go to the gym with us this morning."

Tiffini looked around the room and noticed that everyone else in the coffee shop was a guy.

"They didn't want coffee?" Tiffini asked. "What'd you do leave them in the car?"

Damien and Tyler figured that was their cue and stepped forward, introducing themselves.

Tiffini looked over at Krista and pursed her lips, trying to figure out what was going on.

"That's Damien?" Tiffini asked. "THE Damien? The guy you have been moping over for months?"

"Yeah," Krista said, looking over at the guys with a delightedly content look on her face.

"So who's the other guy?" Tiffini asked.

"Tyler," Krista said. "I met him, gosh, a week ago. Seems like a lot longer. Anyway, I met him when Hannah took me out last Friday night."

"So, which one are you with," she said.

"Both," the men say in unison, clearly having been able to hear the conversation.

Krista felt herself blushing.

"Come again?" Tiffini said.

"Kind of both," Krista said. She hadn't talked it over with Damien and Tyler, but apparently they had. Plus, last night with the two of them had been amazing. Tiffini grabbed Krista by the arm and pulled her across the coffee shop to a quiet corner.

"Okay," Tiffini said. "I know I've been really busy with my new job, but these are the kinds of things it would be nice to know about. I mean, you couldn't call me or text me or just show up at my house for some girl talk? A little over a week ago, you had no men in your life and now you have two. I mean that's the kind of thing I would think you would have told me."

"Damien only happened last night," Krista said. "And I didn't know that Tyler wanted to be in a relationship until yesterday."

"Well," Tiffini said, still pouting a little. "I guess that's not as bad. But you are lucky I have a missed call from you or I would still be mad. Anyway, explain how they know about each other and are cool with each other, but I need the cliff notes version because our class starts in fifteen minutes."

Krista opened her mouth to explain.

"Actually," Tiffini interrupted. "Why don't you just ride to the gym with me and you can tell me on the way."

"All right," Krista said. She walked over to the guys. "Tiffini needs a minute or two for us to talk. Can you guys follow us to the gym and I'll ride with her?"

The guys agreed and Krista climbed into Tiffini's truck. She hoped her friend wouldn't freak out. Tiffini had a tendency to be a little old fashioned about men and relationships.

"How do you see this working out, girl?" Tiffini asked.

"I don't know," Krista said. "To be honest, we haven't talked about it."

"Okay," Tiffini said. "So then what happened? I mean, don't get me wrong. They are both hot. But how are you going to date two guys? What do you switch off? One on one night, the other on the next?

"Actually, I kind of see them together," Krista said.

"So how do you guys have sex?" Tiffini asked

"Same way," Krista said, feeling her ears get hot as she blushed.

Tiffini stopped her truck at the red light and turned to look at her friend.

"You dirty slut!" Tiffini said, smiling as she hit Krista on the arm.

"Yeah, well. I've never done anything like this before and my new theory is that every single girl in the world deserves a chance to be a dirty slut at least once in their lives before they die. It should be like a rite of passage or something."

"But it's what you want? Tiffini asked.

"Yeah I think it is. I don't know if it's going to work out in the long term," Krista said. "But for right now, it's perfect. Oh, and the light's green."

"Krista, we have to talk about your descriptions of things," Damien said as the class ended and the four of them walked out. .

"What?" Krista asked innocently.

"And I quote," Damien said, "'It's the most fun you'll ever have,' end quote. Krista, there was nothing fun about that."

Actually, that's not true," Tyler said. "I did get to see you do all those crazy dance moves, but other than that, nothing fun."

"Pussies," Tiffini said, looking at the men judgmentally. "Plus both of you know you punked out when we started in with the weights. No way you should have done your sets with twenty pound weights. I mean I used twenty pound weights."

"That was the biggest size there was," Tyler said.

"You could have grabbed larger weights from the gym and you know it," Tiffini said, laughing. "At least you made it all the way through, though. All of the other guys that have tried always quit during the step portion."

"Yeah well, it's no wonder," Damien said. "What was the instructor's name? Pam? Yeah, she's obviously a nazi. On top of which those crazy steps you guys were doing at the beginning didn't even make any sense. She couldn't just use regular steps? I never did get that one she calls around the world."

"I love Pam," Krista said. "She makes the class fun. I probably would have quit by now if I had to do the same boring steps over and over again."

"Ditto," Tiffini said looking over at Krista. "You're cooking brunch, right?"

"Yeah, why?" Krista asked. "Don't I do it every Sunday?"

"Yeah," Tiffini said, impishly. "Just making sure you did have something... better to do."

"I do," Krista said, winking at Tiffini. "But I have to feed them or they won't have the strength."

"Krista," Damien said as he looked at all the food on her dining room table. "This is the breakfast version of thanksgiving dinner. You make this every weekend?"

There was bacon, sausage, biscuits and gravy, tropical fruit salad, scrambled eggs, hashbrowns and french toast.

"Pretty much," Krista replied. "Although I usually don't make as much of it. And sometimes I make pancakes instead of french toast."

"I take it back," Tyler said with a laugh as he sat down. "I love Pam's class and plan to go every Sunday if this is my reward."

"That's the only reason she talked me into it," Tiffini said as she dished up a helping of eggs and passed it to Damien. "You should have seen me for my first class, breathing hard and sweating like a crazy person. I mean I'm a smoker for christ sakes. I only went because Krista promised to make me breakfast after. Thus the tradition was born."

"These hashbrowns are amazing," Tyler said, lifting another forkful to his mouth.

"I said the same thing," Tiffini told him. "Her secret ingredient is love. I swear I make mine exactly the same and they just don't taste like that."

"It was the funniest thing," Krista said. "She called me one day from the grocery store and asked me which aisle the love was on because her food wasn't coming out right."

"I'm telling you guys, you should try one of her sandwiches," Tiffini said. "She even calls it a sandwich with love and after you eat one, you'll never be able to go back to regular sandwiches again."

"They're that good?" Damien asked.

"I'm telling you, my girl throws down in the kitchen," Tiffini replied.

"I just like to cook," Krista said.

As they ate their food, Tyler's phone rang. He pulled it out to look at who the call was from.

"It's my mom, guys," he said. "I have to take this."

"Aww, are you a momma's boy?" Krista asked, kidding with him.

"Not really," Tyler said as he hit the button on the phone to answer the call. "She just hasn't been doing very well lately."

"You can use my bedroom if you want some privacy," Krista said, feeling bad now for giving him a hard time.

"Thanks," Tyler said. He stood and walked out of the dining area talking softly into the phone.

"Hope everything's okay," Krista said.

"Yeah me too," Damien said. "His mom is really nice."

"I didn't know you two knew each other that well," Krista said thoughtfully.

"It's no big deal," Damien said, remembering the rules he had agreed to with Tyler.

A few minutes later Tyler returned to the dining room.

"I can't stay guys," he said. "My mom fell and did something to her hip. She's on her way to the hospital."

"Do they know if it's broken?" Damien asked.

"Not yet," Tyler said. "She says she's fine, but I just want to go down and make sure."

Krista stood and gave Tyler a kiss.

"Of course," Krista said. "I completely understand. I hope she's okay."

"Thanks," Tyler said. "I'll be back later as long as nothing's wrong."

"Cool," Krista said, looking over at Damien. "We'll be here. At least I think so. You're staying, right Damien?"

"Are you asking me to stay?" Damien asked.

"Well, yeah. If you don't have anything else going on," Krista said.

"Then we'll be here," Damien said. "I'm just going to walk Tyler down to his car. Be right back."

When the two men walked out of the apartment door, Tyler turned to Damien with an angry look.

"My mom's in the hospital and you're playing games?" Tyler said.

"No," Damien said. "I just wanted to make sure that I wasn't breaking any of the rules we set up. That's all."

"Whatever man," Tyler said, turning to jog down the steps.

"Hold on a second," Damien said, following him.

"What is it Damien?" Tyler asked, exasperation thick in his voice.

"I just wanted to know what hospital she's going to so I could send some flowers," Damien replied sincerely.

"Memorial," Tyler replied.

"Give her my love?" Damien asked.

"You could come with me and give it yourself," Tyler said, snidely. "I'm sure she would appreciate that more."

"You said she's probably fine," Damien said. "If it were something major, of course I would. Stop trying to make me into the bad guy."

"Sorry," Tyler said. "I guess I'm just worried about her. That's all."

"It's cool, brother," Damien said, clapping Tyler on the shoulder. "Call me if anything changes."

"Yeah, okay," Tyler said as he opened his car door and slid inside.

Damien watched him drive off. He really hoped Judith was okay. The woman had practically raised him after his father had died in a car accident and his mother had started drinking all the time. He pulled out his phone to order flowers for her as he jogged back up the stairs.

"All right, chic," Tiffini said, wiping her hands on the towel by the sink. "That's everything." "Thanks for helping," Krista said.

After they had finished eating, Krista cleared the table while Damien rinsed the dishes and loaded the dishwasher. Tiffini had washed the skillets by hand since Krista never put them in the dishwasher.

"No biggie," Tiffini said. "After all, I didn't have to cook it all. Anyway, I'm going home to take a shower. Call me later. You still owe me details."

"It might not be until tomorrow," Krista said, thinking the guys would probably keep her pretty busy tonight.

"As long as you know what you're doing," Tiffini said, giving Krista a brief hug and grabbing her keys off the counter. "Bye Damien. It was nice to meet you."

"You too," Damien said, truthfully as he sat down on the couch. Tiffini was really funny and once she'd gotten to know him a bit, she'd relaxed and had a good time. Despite that, he was glad to see her leave.

"Thank you for helping with the dishes," Krista said, walking to the couch to sit next to Damien. She still had a hard time reconciling the dark, sinister man he became when they had sex with the fun, easy-going, helpful guy he was the rest of the time. It was getting easier, but he kept surprising her.

"You're welcome," Damien said, wrapping his arm around her and pulling her closer. "Like Tiffini said, you cooked everything."

"You're a hard guy to figure out Damien," Krista said. "It's almost like you can be two completely different people."

Damien shrugged his shoulders. "It just depends on the situation, I guess."

"So what's the situation?" Krista asked. "Now that you have me all alone."

"Now we're going to have some fun," Damien said. This was his opportunity to find out if he really was willing to change for her. It hadn't seemed to bother him that Krista had been with Stephen, Miranda or Elle. But he knew them. If he could share Krista with a total stranger, then maybe he could be what she needed.

"What kind of fun?" Krista asked, intrigued.

"Tyler gave me Eric's number and mentioned you had a bit of a thing with

him," Damien said as he pulled his phone out of his pocket. "I want you to call him and invite him over."

"Why?" Krista asked.

"Because I want to watch him fuck you, slut" Damien said, his voice taking on a raw edge. "While you suck my dick."

Chapter 26

"What was so important?" Eric asked as he walked through the door Krista held open for him. Krista had called him, told him her address and asked him to come over.

"I need your help with something," she said, closing the door behind him.

"You couldn't get Tyler to help you?" Eric asked.

"He's at the hospital with his mom," Krista said.

"Oh, sorry," Eric said. "So what do you need help with?"

"The thing is," Krista said walking towards him, "Tyler left before he had a chance to do what we had planned."

"What was that?" Eric asked.

"We had planned for him to stuff her hot little ass with cock," Damien said coming out of the kitchen, "while she sucked my dick.

"Who are you and what are you talking about?" Eric asked.

"That's Damien," Krista replied, walking towards him as she pushed her sweatpants off her hips, "and he knows how bad I need to be fucked. He wants you to do it."

"Aww, man," Eric said, running his hand through his hair in disbelief. "Are you for real? I mean first the bathroom and now this. Where do they make girls like you?"

"Same place they make all the other girls I guess," Krista said, as she pulled her shirt over her head and dropped it on the floor at Eric's feet.

"I don't think so," Eric said. "You definitely are different from any girl I've ever met.

"Not really," Krista said. "It was only about six months ago that I was exactly like all those other girls. The only difference is that now I'm free to do what I want."

"That's it?" Eric asked.

"Truly," Krista said.

"So how's this supposed to work?" Eric asked, looking back and forth between Damien and Krista.

"Simple," Damien said as he came up behind Krista. "Take off her bra. You know you want to see her naked."

Krista lifted her arms to make it easier as Eric pulled the sports bra slowly up her body. Her eyes filled with desire as she stood between the two men. She lifted her chin and made eye contact with Eric as she licked her lips.

"I mean," Eric said, clarifying, "are there rules? Can I kiss you if I want? Can I touch you?"

Krista leaned back against Damien letting his arms circled her possessively.

"You have to ask Damien," Krista said, closing her eyes in bliss as Damien fondled her breasts. "He tells me what to do."

Eric watched as Krista's nipples hardened in the other man's hands. It was weird, being there while this guy touched her, but the bathroom blowjob thing had been way beyond hot. He would kick himself until the day he died if he passed up this opportunity.

"So you make the rules?" Eric asked looking at Damien.

"I do, yes," Damien responded. "You can touch her and kiss her, so long as you understand that she belongs to me."

"I get it man," Eric said. "She's yours. Although I wouldn't mind having a girl like her of my own."

"Just not this one," Damien said as he slid his hand down the front of Krista's body and began stroking the tiny patch of hair above her clit.

"Right," Eric agreed.

"She likes teeth," Damien said, letting her go. "So use them on her and don't

be gentle. BUT you have to stop if she's lance – instantly, understand? That's her safe word."

"Ok," Eric said.

"She won't do it unless she really needs to," Damien said before changing his focus to Krista and giving her a gentle push. "Kiss him."

"Hi," Eric said when Krista landed in his arms.

"Hi," Krista replied. She didn't know why, but she was suddenly nervous. "He's right – about what I like and what I want."

"Good," Eric said. He had been hoping she would give him some sign that this really was okay. It was so far out of the ordinary, he hadn't been sure. Hearing her say the words released the control he had been holding on to.

With an impatient groan, Eric pulled Krista by her hair, angling her head so their mouths could meet. He kissed her greedily, hungrily, like there couldn't possibly be enough time for him to take all that he wanted.

With Damien biting and sucking her neck from behind and Eric from the front, Krista felt herself swept along by the force of their combined passion. Krista's pussy throbbed as Eric ground his body into hers. His mouth moved down her jaw, grazing it with his teeth while he crushed her breasts in his hands. Krista screamed at the harsh contact, then moaned as he released her and pleasure replaced the pain. When he repeated the process with his mouth on her nipple, she thought she would lose her mind.

"You guys have on to many clothes," Krista said breathlessly when she realized that both men were still fully dressed.

"The only one who needs to be naked," Damien said, spinning Krista around to face him, "is you. For now, your only purpose is to satisfy us. Understand, slut?"

"Yes Master," Krista said. Damien's words, the look on his face and his actions all worked together to arouse her beyond belief.

"Eric here is going to fill up this fuck hole," Damien said as he pushed several fingers inside her, "while I fuck your tight little throat. Then he's going to slide inside that sexy ass of yours and fuck you until we both fill you up with come."

"And when we're finished with you," Eric said as he reached out a hand to

pull Krista's hair, "We will leave you lying on the floor, like a used up slut, come dripping out of you."

The mental image in Krista's brain was tormenting her. Her entire life she'd always expected for men to treat her with care and respect. Now she was lusting for the complete opposite. She imagined herself lying in puddles of their come and realized it was exactly what she wanted.

"Yes, please," Krista said as she heard Eric unzip his pants.

"Her pussy is dripping wet," Damien said as he pulled his fingers out of her and lifted them to her lips. "Fuck her there first, and you won't even need any lube for her ass."

Damien pushed his pussy covered fingers inside Krista's mouth, then pulled her head towards his crotch. So far, he wasn't really having any problems with Eric being here, but the other guy wasn't fucking her yet. Damien hoped he could keep his cool, because otherwise, he and Krista didn't have a chance.

"You know what to do, slut," Damien said. As Krista unzipped his pants and pulled his cock free, his fingers tangled in her hair and began to move her where he wanted her. He loved being able to control her this way, pushing her mouth farther and farther down his dick.

Krista felt Damien's cock slide into the back of her throat as Eric pushed into her wet pussy from behind. She moaned in enjoyment as both men filled her simultaneously. After a few strokes, Krista felt Eric pull out of her pussy and line up with her ass.

"You have to go slow," Damien said to Eric when he noticed what was happening. "She hasn't had any prep."

"I thought she liked pain," Eric said, confused. "Wouldn't it be the same?"

"Maybe," Damien said, stroking her face softly. "But she ended up in the hospital the first time I fucked her ass, and that was with lots of prep. So, just go slow."

Krista listened to them talking. Even with the role that she was playing as worthless fuck hole, Damien had taken care of her, ensuring that Eric didn't accidentally hurt her. She moaned around his dick in appreciation as Eric slowly pushed into her. Mistaking Krista's moan, Eric pushed harder, forcing himself past the sphincter and deep inside. Krista felt all the breath leave her body and her knees get weak as pain receptors overloaded her brain. She fell to her knees and cried out as Damien's dick slipped from her mouth.

"What the fuck did I just tell you?" Damien yelled. "I said go slow! What's wrong with you?"

"I've never done a girl this way before," Eric said. "She moaned. I thought she wanted more."

Damien dropped down to the floor, pulling Krista into his lap. He kissed her softly and wiped away the tears that were leaking out of her eyes.

"I'm so sorry, baby," Damien said. "Are you okay?"

"I'm okay," Krista said, "it just shocked me. Too much, too fast. Give me a few minutes."

"Maybe I better go," Eric said, putting his now flaccid dick back in his pants. Seeing Krista crying on the floor had completely killed the moment for him. "I'm sorry Krista. I didn't mean to hurt you."

"I know you didn't, Eric," Krista said as she smiled up at him weakly, tears still in her eyes. "It's not your fault."

"Just do yourself a favor, bro," Damien said, "and read about it on the internet or something. You could have really, really hurt her."

"It wasn't his fault Damien," Krista said. "Don't be so hard on him."

"Sorry man," Damien said. "I just... I don't know..."

"It's cool," Eric said, walking towards the door. "If I had a girl like her, I would probably be irrational too."

"Call us in a few days, okay?" Krista asked. "I still owe you a rematch."

"Uh-uh, no way," Eric said. "I called dibs to be on your team at the bar."

"And here I thought you wanted another chance to tackle me," Krista said, with a laugh.

"I'll see you later," Eric said as he opened the door and walked out.

"Baby, I'm so sorry," Damien said as, he turned her face up to his and brushed her hair out of the way. "It's my fault."

"It's no one's fault," Krista said. "I'm sorry I reacted like that. It just hurt so bad for a second, I swear the room went black. But I'm okay now, honestly."

"Whatever," Damien said. "I think we're done for awhile. Let's just sit and watch a movie or something."

Damien stood with her in his arms and walked over to the couch. He sat Krista gently on the couch and grabbed the afghan, pulling it around her.

"No clothes?" Krista asked.

"I said awhile," Damien said walking over to the DVDs, "not indefinitely."

"Harry Potter much?" Damien asked, when he noticed that she had all of the movies. "I bet you have all the books too."

"I know it's silly," Krista said, "but I read the first book and fell in love with it. You can't help but feel sorry for him and then as he starts to grow up, you get all involved with the conflict between him and Voldemort."

"Just stop right there," Damien said. "I'll take your word for it."

"I should make you watch them with me, beginning to end," Krista said. "But you would probably die. How about the new *Sherlock Holmes* movie, with Robert Downey Jr.?"

"Actually, I haven't seen it yet," Damien said. "I loved the first one though."

"Yeah me too," Krista said. "Let's watch that one."

Damien put the movie into Krista's DVD player and grabbed the afghan off the back of the recliner. He curled up on the couch with her, arranging the afghan so she wouldn't be cold.

"You know, it was really sweet," Krista said, "the way you got all freaked out about me with that whole Eric thing."

"I guess," Damien said. "You don't know what it was like to carry your body into the emergency room. So when Eric hurt you like that, I was so angry with him. He should have been more careful with you."

"It wasn't his fault," Krista said. "He didn't know. And you aren't so very

careful with me either at least not until it's over."

"That's not actually true," Damien said. "I am very, very careful with you. It just seems as if I'm not. I have used the equipment, the toys and the implements for years, plus I know your body. I would never do anything that would actually hurt you, Krista."

"But you are always so hard, so abrasive," Krista said. "Don't get me wrong, I love it, but it's hard to believe that you're thinking of me and what I want the whole time."

"To tell you the truth, there's a lot more to me than what you've seen. I have other sides, but I was determined to show you that the darkness in me matches what's in you. The harshness and cruelty serve my purpose, but that's not all that I am. One day, you will see that the light shines just as brightly as the dark, not just for me, but for you too. For now, though, this is all new for you and it's fun to play in the dark."

"So what's the difference between the light and the dark?" Krista asked.

"The light is filled with love," Damien said, "the dark – only sex."

"I don't know," Krista said introspectively. "Maybe there is love in the dark too. Maybe it's possible to love someone by embracing their dark side."

"I guess that's possible," Damien said, "but it wouldn't be the kind of happy go lucky 'love' you are always hearing about."

"Of course not," Krista replied," but that's not real love anyway, at least I don't think so. Real love means accepting everything about a person. You have to love all the pieces of their personality that make them who they are, even the dark parts. Real love is sacrifice. It means being willing to touch the dirty, grimy parts of someone's soul and love them anyway, not just the sticky sweet things they keep on the surface."

Damien thought about what Krista had said as they sat and watched the movie. It made sense, and he had never thought of it like that. He hadn't thought that by indulging the dark side of another that you can show your love for them. That's exactly what he was doing with her though. Even the act of sharing her could be boiled down into accepting a part of her dark side.

Chapter 27

Damien's phone rang half way through the movie. As Krista paused the DVD player, Damien answered his phone.

"She's gone," Tyler said.

"What are you talking about?" Damien asked. "Who's gone? Your mom left the hospital? Where'd she go?"

"No, I mean she's gone," Tyler said. "Forever. She didn't make it Damien."

"I swear to god," Damien said, tears pricking his eyes, "if this is some kind of joke, I will fucking kill you."

"I wish it was," Tyler said.

"Tyler seriously," Damien yelled into the phone, blinking his eyes rapidly as he looked up at the ceiling. "Stop playing around, man."

"What is it?" Krista asked, concerned.

"Give me a minute," Damien replied.

"I'm sorry brother," Tyler said, his voice full of anguish.

"How?" Damien asked quietly, trying to hold it together. Judith had been more of a mom to him than his own for at least the last twenty years. He never would have made it to adulthood if it weren't for her. She was the only one that had ever believed in him, stood by him. She just couldn't be dead.

"When she fell," Tyler said, "her hip broke and a piece of it perforated her intestines. You know her system was already weak from everything she's been dealing with. Her body turned septic and it was just too much. Her organs quit and they couldn't revive her."

"That's bullshit," Damien yelled into the phone. "I can't believe you would

pull this kind of trick. You are a stupid fuck!"

Damien dropped the phone and sat down on the floor. His head fell into his hands as silent sobs racked his body. Krista picked up the phone, figuring it might be easier to try to talk to Tyler. She took the phone to the kitchen.

"What's going on Tyler?" Krista asked, softly. "What's the matter with Damien?"

"My mom died," Tyler said. "She and Damien were really close. He's been like a brother to me since we were about eight and my mom was a big part of his life. I guess he's taking it pretty hard."

"Oh my god, Tyler," Krista said. "I'm so sorry. Are you okay?"

"Not really," Tyler said. "But I will be. My mom's been telling me for awhile that something like this was a possibility."

"Why not Damien too, if they're so close?" Krista asked.

"My mom probably didn't want him to worry," Tyler said. "Damien's already lost his whole family. We were the only ones he had left."

"I didn't know," Krista said.

"Yeah well, he keeps that kind of stuff bottled up," Tyler said.

"He doesn't seem to be," Krista replied in a whisper. "He damn near took your head off through the phone and now he's crying on the living room."

"I've got some paperwork I have to fill out here," Tyler said, "but I'll be back as soon as I can. Just try to keep him calm. Okay?"

"Well, yeah," Krista said. "Of course."

"Krista," Tyler said seriously, "if he starts to freak out, just leave okay? I know that he would never hurt you on purpose, but he might not mean to. His control isn't so good during intense situations. You understand what I'm saying right?"

"Yeah," Krista said. "I hear you. But I can't leave him like this. Just hurry okay. We'll be fine."

Krista closed the phone and walked back to the living room.

"Damien?" she said softly.

There was no response. Krista sat down on the floor in front of him, laying a gentle hand on his arm. Before she even realized it, she felt him crushing his face into her chest. He held her so tightly, she could barely breathe. Giving him what comfort she could, she wrapped her arms around him, calm sounds coming from her throat.

"It's okay, baby," Krista said, stroking his head soothingly. "I'm here and Tyler will be back soon. Okay?"

Damien pushed her away from him, shoving her so hard she almost fell over.

"You keep that lying fuck away from me," Damien said as he stood up, tear stains drying on his cheeks. "He told me I should go with him. Then he made this up to fuck with me when I wanted to stay with you. She's fine. Judith's alive and this is just a stupid joke."

"Just calm down," Krista said as she stood up. "Okay? Everything's going to be fine."

"I will NOT CALM DOWN!" Damien yelled, punching his hand into the wall. "She took me in when she didn't have to, taught me values, loved me. As a single mom she did that. It was hard enough raising her own son by herself, but she didn't even blink an eye at doing it all for me too while my mom boozed herself to death after my father died. I loved her."

"I know you did," Krista said, wrapping her arms around him. "I know you still do, Damien. You always will. That kind of love will never die."

Krista leaned her head against Damien's forehead and held him tightly.

"Please," Damien said, his lips hovering above hers as he grasped the hair on each side of her head. "I need you."

Krista tilted her head up to meet his mouth as it descended. Damien kissed her with a rawness she had never felt before. With every touch, every caress, he was pouring his sorrow into her and she was drowning in it. She'd never felt so much emotion before from one person, didn't know it was possible to carry around that much. She was going to break under the weight of it.

Krista knew her lips were bruised when Damien pulled away. His eyes were frightening in their intensity, but he needed her and Krista couldn't deny him. If this would help, then she would do it. As he pushed her to the floor, he ripped the clothes from his body, tearing them in his haste.

Krista screamed as he thrust into her without warning. She reached out, trying to comfort him, but he slammed her hands the floor, holding them in place. This wasn't about love. It wasn't even about sex. This was him trying to stop the pain. Damien slammed into her, harder than she'd ever been fucked before. She cried out over and over, loud enough to block the sound of the door opening.

"Please," Damien begged, thrusting fiercely, "I need this, please. Don't leave me alone."

"I won't leave you," Krista said as she lifted her hips, adjusting the angle to better take him. She would be sore tomorrow, but she wouldn't abandon him. With him pounding into her hard enough to draw her own tears, Krista felt her heart rip open. It swallowed all the emotion he poured into her, creating a place deep inside her that belonged to him.

"I love you," Krista whispered, as her eyes overflowed, the pain, sorrow, and love too much to bear. She kept giving though, giving him everything she had, everything she was, if only he'd feel better.

"I love you too," Damien said as he thrust deep inside her, forcing a final scream from her throat as his orgasm crashed over him and he collapsed on top of her.

Tyler felt his heart break for the second time that day while he watched them. It didn't seem fair that he would lose his mom and his girl all in one day. The party was ages away, but that didn't matter. Krista loved Damien. She had given herself so completely to him just now, trying to patch his wounded heart. He'd never seen anyone give so much, sacrificing everything to help the other and taking nothing in return. It was selfless. It was love. It was real.

She had made her choice and it wasn't him. Damien had her heart, probably her very soul, if their coupling was any indication. Tyler turned around, walked out of the apartment and shut the door softly behind him. He would go to his mother's house, be close to the only woman who had ever loved him one last time.

Thankfully, he didn't have to spend his time making funeral arrangements and

calling the rest of the family. Aunt Ellen, his mother's sister had said she'd take care of everything. Tyler turned his phone off. Between Krista and his mom, he just couldn't deal with anything else.

Chapter 28

"I don't know where he is," Damien said harshly, "and I don't care."

"You've known him since you were eight, Damien," Krista said, exasperated. "He's your best friend and he needs you. He needs us!"

"Yeah, he used to be my best friend," Damien said, "but that was before."

"Before what?" Krista asked.

"I don't want to talk about it, okay," Damien said. "I'm sure he's fine. He's grieving. Maybe he wants to do it in private."

"He said he was on his way here last night," Krista said. "Something's happened or he would be here. I know it."

"What does it matter?" Damien asked, trying to pull Krista into his arms. "You told me you love me last night. Forget about him."

Krista thought about how she had been feeling all morning as she pushed away from Damien. Worried did not even begin to cover her feelings for Tyler. She knew he wouldn't have gone somewhere else, not after the way he had acted on the phone. She was terrified that he had been in a car accident or something terrible. That was the only thing she could think of that would have kept him from coming back. Her heart skipped a beat as she realized she loved both of them.

"You think just because I love you that I don't care about Tyler?" Krista asked.

"I'm sure you care about him," Damien said, "but I'm the one you love. I'm the one you want."

"I love you both," Krista said. "I want you both."

"Look I shared you with him so I could show you that I can be what you need,

but I won't share you with him forever. Anyone else but not him. You told me you loved me. You belong to me."

"You are a selfish jerk," Krista said. "I can't believe you would abandon him. And I am not a piece of property. You don't own me. Just go. I can't stand to be around you right now."

"You don't mean that," Damien said. "You're upset."

"DON'T tell me what I feel," Krista said, pushing Damien towards the door. "If you aren't going to do anything to help me find him, then go."

"His phone's off," Damien said. "What more can I do? Krista stop pushing me!"

"You are so full of shit, Damien," Krista said as she opened the door. "You won't even try to help me. Just get OUT!"

"Baby, please," Damien said as he stood in the doorway. "I need you. You said you wouldn't leave."

"I'm not," Krista said, pushing him out the door. "You are."

Krista threw her phone against the couch. She didn't want to turn it off because Tyler might call, but this was getting ridiculous. There were thirty eight missed calls from Damien and fifty two text messages. He was in a bad place right now, and her heart broke to do this to him. But she just couldn't believe he wouldn't at least try to find Tyler.

Krista had called all of the hospitals and gone by his house. When neither of those ideas panned out, she'd staked out his club, also to no avail. Finally, she'd called the police, but they said they had investigated it and he was fine. It was as if he didn't exist. And the only person she could think of that might know where he would go or what he would do, wasn't talking.

There was only one thing she could think of. It was a last ditch effort, though, and if it didn't work, she might never recover. Krista sent Damien a text message.

I love you, Damien. But I love Tyler, too. I need you both to be happy and

will not be forced to choose between you. It will kill me to lose you, but it's all or nothing. Please help me find him.

That had been almost a month ago. Krista hadn't heard from Damien since. And Tyler hadn't called either or answered any of her calls. She couldn't understand what had happened. It must have something to do with the grief of losing his mother. But it hurt, more than she could stand.

Harder still was fighting the urge to go back on her word and call Damien. Krista knew her happily ever after was almost within reach and she wasn't going to settle for anything less. Now she was trying to explain the whole situation to Heather while they sat on her back porch drinking wine.

"I just don't understand," Heather said, "how he could call you, warn you that Damien might accidentally hurt you, say he would hurry back and then you never hear from him again. I mean it doesn't make any sense."

"I know," Krista said, refilling her wine glass. "The whole thing is crazy. Even if he had come back though, clearly Damien wasn't willing to share me with him indefinitely and that's what I want. I want it so bad!"

"Some things just aren't meant to be," Heather said. "I mean it's been almost a month and you haven't heard from either of them."

"I know," Krista said. "It just sucks. Sometimes I want to call Damien so bad I can taste it. I think he would at least take my calls."

"Yeah, probably," Heather said. "But then every second you spend with him, you will be wishing it was both of them. That's a doomed relationship Krista."

"I know, I know," Krista said. "I just wish I knew what to do or how to fix it. On top of which, I miss the sex. I mean I masturbate, but it's not the same."

Just then, Krista's cell phone rang. She didn't recognize the number and tried not to let herself hope that Tyler had changed his number or something and was finally calling her.

"Hello," Krista said into her phone when she answered it.

"Hello Mistress," Miranda said hesitantly.

"Miranda," Krista said, smiling. "I'm so glad to hear from you. I would have

called you but Tyler never gave me your number."

"I know," Miranda said into the phone. "I saw him earlier this evening and asked for yours. He explained that you hadn't been to the club because you two weren't together anymore, but gave it to me anyway."

"Oh," Krista said. It was hard to hear that he really was done with her. The whole time she kept hoping that this was all going to work out, that Damien would come around and Tyler was holed up somewhere, grieving for his mom.

"Are you okay, Mistress," Miranda asked.

"I don't know," Krista replied. "Maybe. I guess I will be eventually."

"Well, I'm calling because I wanted to ask you something," Miranda said.

"Sure," Krista said. "What's up?"

"I was going to call to find out if we could get together," Miranda said. "I know it's taken me a while to get used to what happened between us, but I can't stop thinking about you. I know you were supposed to go to New York with Tyler. But under the circumstances, I thought you might consider coming to the party next weekend with me – or taking me rather, as your slave."

"I don't know Miranda," Krista said. "It's still pretty raw. I just don't think I could go and watch Tyler top somebody else. I'd love to take you, but I just can't be around him yet."

"He's not going," Miranda said quickly. "He auctioned off his room at the club a couple of weeks ago."

"Really?" Krista asked. "Okay then. I'll go."

"Thank you Mistress," Miranda said, sighing happily on the phone. "Could we get together sometime this week then? You may want to go shopping for Dom wear or accessories and I know the best places.

"Okay," Krista said. "Thursday. Text me your address and I'll pick you up at six."

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said. "Do you want me to book your flight? I can call my travel agent and have them add another ticket so we can fly together."

"Sure," Krista said, thinking that would be easiest. "But I'll give you the money back for it, okay?

"Okay, Mistress," Miranda said. "I can't wait to see you."

"Me either, slave," Krista said, smiling as she hung up.

"So what was that all about?" Heather asked, noting the change in her friend's demeanor and how odd the half of conversation she'd been able to hear.

"I have a date," Krista said. "Two actually, one on Thursday, and then next weekend, I'm going to New York."

"So what about the guys?" Heather asked.

"Don't get me wrong, I am still sick inside where they're concerned," Krista replied. "But this is with Miranda and I guess it's a different piece of me altogether. The two are completely unrelated parts of my brain maybe? I don't know."

"Well, however it came about," Heather said, lifting her wineglass. "This is the first time in a month that you haven't looked like someone just ran over your puppy." Krista pulled up outside Miranda's house at six p.m. and got out of her car. Grabbing her suitcase from the back seat, she walked up and rang the doorbell. Other than what they purchased this evening, she had everything she would need for the weekend. They were flying out tomorrow, and Krista had invited herself over for the night when they'd talked on Tuesday to go over the travel arrangements.

"Hello Mistress," Miranda said as she answered the door and held it open for Krista. Miranda wore black dress pants with a white button down shirt. French cuffs were left open and dropped to Miranda's knuckles.

When Krista stepped inside, Miranda pushed the door closed and dropped to her knees. Remembering the promise Krista had extracted from her, she kissed first one foot then the other.

"I have missed you," Miranda said.

"I have missed you too, slave," Krista said, pulling Miranda to her feet. "But I don't want to have to rush and we have a lot to do. You'll have to wait."

"A kiss then, Mistress?" Miranda asked. "Please?"

Krista looked at Miranda and felt the blood heating up inside her. She lowered her mouth, kissing Miranda softly for a moment. Without warning, she grabbed Miranda's hair and closed her fist around a large chunk, pulling it harshly. Her mouth pressed hard against Miranda's as she bit and sucked, reveling in her dominant side and the effect it had on the woman in her arms as Miranda moaned against her mouth.

The kiss continued for several minutes, leaving both women breathless. Krista felt her pussy throb, a feeling that had been absent this whole month. It would be so nice to forgo the shopping trip, and reacquaint herself with the many attributes of her lovely slave. Unfortunately, she had nothing to wear that would work for this trip. She pushed Miranda away, knowing there wasn't enough time to let herself to get distracted.

"Let's get the shopping done, slave," Krista said. "You can drive since I have no idea where I'm going."

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said as they walked out the door.

"You look amazing," Miranda said, honestly.

"I do, don't I?" Krista said, surveying herself in the full length mirror.

A black leather half bustier with rivets in the front lifted her breasts showing them off spectacularly before rising to circle her neck. It left her stomach bare all the way to the top of the low rise, full length, leather skirt. It was slit on the left side all the way up to her hip bone. Matching fingerless gloves covered her forearms, ending at her elbows.

"Please Mistress," Miranda said, dropping to her knees on the changing room floor. "Just a little taste?"

"Just a taste, slave," Krista said as she pulled the edge of the skirt to the side giving Miranda access.

"Mmmm," Miranda moaned as she leaned forward. "Thank you Mistress."

Miranda closed her lips around Krista's clit, just as Krista had known she would. Krista wound her hands into Miranda's hair and leaned her head back as her eyes closed in bliss. It had been so long since anyone had touched her, since she'd felt aroused. Already she could feel her body's response rising and her breath caught in her throat. She pushed Miranda away.

"I said a taste, slave," Krista snapped. "No more."

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said. "I'm sorry."

"Whatever, slave," Krista said. "Find me a couple more outfits. We're going to be there for three days and I'll need more than just this."

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said as she went to look for the outfits she most wanted to see Krista wearing.

With a huge dent in the available balance on her credit card, Krista returned to Miranda's house with multiple packages several hours later. She loved the way the outfits looked on her, especially with her slave tagging along. It was going to be fun, although she couldn't help but mourn the fact that she hadn't gotten to wear her bondage jewelry and go with Tyler and Damien.

"Now Mistress?" Miranda asked.

As they walked in the door, Krista looked at her watch. It was nine forty five.

Their flight left at ten a.m. so they would have to be at the airport by eight in order to get through all the security measures. That would mean they needed to be up by six thirty tomorrow morning which left less than nine hours.

"We don't have time for a proper fucking, slave," Krista said as she sat her packages on the floor.

"Mistress please," Miranda begged. "I'll be quick, I promise."

Krista reached out a hand and grabbed Miranda's wrist. Spinning her around, Krista pushed Miranda against the wall with one arm pinned behind her back.

"You think I don't want the same, slave," Krista said, smacking her again. "You think my pussy isn't throbbing at the thought of ripping these clothes off and fucking you?"

"I don't know Mistress," Miranda said. "You've barely touched me."

"I don't want us to miss our plane tomorrow," Krista said.

"We won't Mistress," Miranda said. "I promise. I've been thinking for a month about how you used me, turned me. I can't think of anything else. Please."

Krista felt her body acquiesce before she ever realized she was going to as she pushed Miranda harder against the wall, grinding their bodies together. Her free hand touched Miranda's shoulder, tracing a path to the small of her back before coming to rest on Miranda's ass. She squeezed the soft flesh in her hand until Miranda cried out.

With the cry echoing in her head, Krista slowly pushed her hand around Miranda's hip, letting her finger tips trace the edge of her slave's pants as her hand moved to the front of Miranda's body.

"This is what you want, slave?" Krista asked as she lifted her hand enough to slide it into Miranda's pants, moving so slowly, her breath caressing the hair around Miranda's ear.

"Yes, Mistress," Miranda whispered, unable to deny that the moment was infinitely sweeter than anything she had envisioned over the last month. As Krista's hand parted her folds, her fingertips working back and forth on the sensitive spot, Miranda moaned.

"Then you should be naked, slave," Krista said, yanking her hand from

Miranda's pants as she pulled away.

"Right here," Miranda asked, turning as she stepped away from the wall, "in the doorway? What about my neighbors?"

"Fuck your neighbors," Krista said as she pulled her shirt over her head. "If they want to watch, let them?"

"Please Mistress," Miranda begged. "Can't we just go to the living room or the bedroom? Anyone could see."

"I don't care, slave," Krista said. "I'm done waiting."

Krista grabbed Miranda pushing her back against the wall. Reaching out, she grabbed her slave's hands and slammed them above her head as their bodies connected, thigh to thigh, breast to breast, mouth to mouth. Krista kissed Miranda, hard, grinding into the heat between her slave's legs.

"You are my slave," Krista said against Miranda's mouth, "and I should have fucked you in the dressing room, so the whole store would hear you cry out and know that you belong to me. You would have liked that wouldn't you? To be dominated in public in front of the store clerks who always thought you to be so dominant?"

"No Mistress," Miranda said, feeling her heart race at the idea, despite her answer.

"You're a liar, Miranda," Krista whispered as she teased Miranda's mouth with her tongue, licking and pulling away between each word. "You want the whole world to know that I turn you into this. A quivering, needy, slave begging for my touch, my kiss. You love it."

"Yes Mistress," Miranda admitted, trying to catch Krista's mouth again.

"Do not move," Krista said, releasing Miranda's arms. She grabbed both sides of Miranda's shirt and pulled them apart, buttons flying in all directions as the shirt ripped open. Underneath a white lace bra enclosed twin orbs that rose with every breath. Krista snapped the closure on the front, and pushed the bra out of the way. She flicked each nipple before unfastening the pants and pushing them off her slave's hips, to fall on the floor.

Krista grabbed one of Miranda's breasts and squeezed it harshly as her mouth descended. She heard Miranda cry out as her teeth pressed down into the soft

flesh, but didn't release. Harder and harder, she bit and squeezed until an actual scream came from Miranda's throat.

"PLEASE, MISTRESS!" Miranda screamed.

Krista released her slave's breast watching Miranda's chest rise and fall as she gulped huge breaths of air. With a soft tongue, she licked the near purple teeth marks that would decorate the lovely breast during their trip. She repeated the process for Miranda's other breast, providing a matched pair as Miranda's moans and screams echoed through the house.

Miranda opened her eyes as Krista moved down her body and licked the front of her panties, teasing her. Her eyes landed on Mr. Roberts, the widow from across the street. He was watching them. Miranda could only imagine how she looked, pushed up against the wall with her shirt hanging open, breasts visible as Krista kissed down her body.

"Krista," Miranda said. "My neighbor is watching us. Please let's go to the other room."

"Shut up slave," Krista said. "Let him watch. Maybe he will come and join us. You promised the last time you'd fuck whoever I wanted. Remember?"

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said, "but that was at the club. It was different. Not my neighbor. I won't fuck him"

"You are a bad slave," Krista said as she pulled away and smacked her hand sharply against Miranda's pussy. "You will fuck him if I say so."

Krista turned to look over her shoulder at the man standing in his driveway. He was in his late thirties and not bad looking. Decision made, Krista lifted her hand and motioned with her finger for him to come.

The man hesitated, then began walking slowly towards Miranda's house, as Krista turned back to her slave. Standing, she looked Miranda in the eye and pushed the panties from Miranda's hips, to join the pants on the floor.

"He's coming over now, slave," Krista said. "And his cock is going to fill up your tight little pussy. Understand?"

"No Mistress," Miranda begged. "Please no."

Krista turned Miranda around and began swatting her ass, leaving bright red hand prints on it. She hit both sides, repeatedly until Miranda began to twitch from side to side, her fingers clenched tightly.

"Please Mistress," Miranda said. "I'm sorry. I will do it."

"Yes, you will, slave," Krista said, continuing the spanking. "You will do it and you will like it."

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said. "It's just embarrassing."

As the doorknob turned audibly, Miranda felt tears gathering in her eyes. Mr. Roberts had been nothing but nice to her, even mowing her lawn when she was out of town and helping her sometimes with her groceries. For him to see her this way, naked with her ass red from Krista's spanking was beyond embarrassing.

"Introduce me, slave," Krista said as she stood and turned to the man entering the door.

Miranda wiped at the tears on her cheeks and pulled the shirt closed as she turned towards her neighbor.

"This is Mr. Roberts," Miranda said, a deep blush going up her cheeks. "Mr. Roberts, this is Krista, my Mistress."

"Brent, please," the man said, walking forward, shyly. "Call me Brent."

"Brent," Krista said, pulling open the shirt Miranda had closed. "My slave has been very naughty. Would you like to help me punish her?"

"Punish how exactly?" Brent asked uncertainly.

"Nothing terrible," Krista said, as she pinched Miranda's pussy lips together, squeezing a drop of liquid from them.

"I've never hit a woman," Brent said, watching the drop as it fell to the floor.

"There's a difference between hitting a woman in anger," Krista said, smacking her hand against Miranda's pussy, "and hitting a woman in passion. Don't you think?"

"Maybe," Brent said, unable to take his eyes off Krista's hand. "If the woman is willing, I guess."

"Are you willing, slave?" Krista asked. "Do you want Brent to punish you for being a naughty slave?"

Miranda closed her eyes, knowing that Krista already knew the answer. Her pussy pulsed as she squeezed her fingernails into her palms. She was going to let her neighbor of five years, whom she rarely spoke to about anything more substantial than the weather punish her, fuck her.

"Yes," she whispered, opening her eyes.

Krista reached out a hand and pulled both Miranda and Brent who were staring at each other towards the living room. They clearly were attracted to each other. Krista wondered how it was possible that neither of them had ever felt any spark before. When they reached the living room, Krista turned to Brent.

"If I say stop, everything ends, right then, you understand?" Krista asked.

"Yes," Brent said, "of course."

"Slave," Krista said, looking at Miranda. "Bend down and grab the edge of the couch."

Miranda complied with Krista's command as Brent and Krista moved to stand on each side of her. A deep moan came from Miranda's throat when Krista's soft fingers pushed into her pussy.

"Spank her," Krista said, moving her fingers in and out.

Brent swatted his hand weakly against Miranda's ass as he watched Krista's hand.

"You can do better than that," Krista said as she pulled her fingers from Miranda's pussy. "Like this."

Krista smacked Miranda's ass cheek, enjoying the way the sound filled up the room, then pushed her fingers back inside her slave.

"You're sure it's okay?" Brent asked.

"I'm sure," Krista said. "Spank her."

Brent hit her, much harder this time, forcing Miranda's pussy to clench around Krista's fingers and a moan from her throat.

"Better," Krista said. "A little harder though,"

Brent hit Miranda again, not holding back this time as he watched Krista shoving her fingers in and out of his neighbor's snatch. He had never done anything like this before and had to admit, it was turning him on.

"Again," Krista said.

Brent did nothing; he just watched as another of Krista fingers slowly disappeared inside Miranda's dripping hole.

"Focus, Brent," Krista said sharply. "Ten more swats for this naughty, naughty, slave."

"Sorry," Brent said. He swatted Miranda's ass, hard, leaving a red hand print behind.

"Count them, slave," Krista said, moving three her fingers in and out.

"One," Miranda said, breathlessly.

Brent hit her again, watching transfixed as Krista added a fourth finger.

"Two," Miranda said, moaning.

By the time Brent finished the last swat, Miranda's ass was bright red. Krista removed her fingers and pulled her slave by the hair, lifting her off the edge of the couch as Miranda called out, "Ten."

"Thank him for your spanking, slave," Krista said, pushing Miranda to her knees in front of Brent, maintaining her hold on her slave's hair.

"Thank you Master," Miranda said.

"That's not a proper thank you," Krista said. "I think your lips wrapped around his cock would be much better to show your appreciation."

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said, leaning forward to unfasten Brent's pants.

"Holy Fuck," Brent said when Miranda pushed his dick into her mouth.

"More," Krista said, pushing Miranda's head forward. "I want to see his cock disappear in your mouth, slave."

Miranda took as much as she could, before pushing away.

"I said disappear, slave," Krista said, forcing her slave's head back down. "Relax your throat and let it slide inside."

Miranda had never actually deep throated a guy before and didn't think she

could. She shook her head.

Krista leaned close to her ear. "You will do it on your own, slave," Krista said ominously, giving her hand still tangled in Miranda's hair a little shake, "or I will do it for you."

Miranda took a moment to breathe and slid Brent's dick back into her mouth. The deeper it went, the more she tensed.

"Relax," Krista said, softly into her ear. "You can do it, Miranda. I know you can. Just relax, and let it push inside."

Miranda listened to Krista's voice, telling her what to do and felt the tension leave her body. She pushed her head farther and farther onto Brent's dick.

"That's right," Krista said. "Now lift your chin and it will slide ride in. Don't panic."

Krista reached out and grabbed Brent's ass, pushing him slowly into Miranda's throat until her slave's lips touched his abdomen.

"Good girl, slave," Krista said, kissing Miranda's face as she began to push and pull her slave's head up and down.

"Oh fuck yeah," Brent said when his dick repeatedly disappeared down his neighbors throat. "Oh my god!"

"You like it don't you slave?" Krista asked in Miranda's ear. "You are helpless right now, with his dick shoved down your throat. But at the same time, powerful, because you hold his pleasure in your hot little mouth, to give or not to give."

Miranda moaned as Krista talked, knowing it was true.

"You keep sucking, slave," Krista said. "I'll be ready for you in a moment."

Krista stood and finished undressing. When she was completely naked, she walked to the middle of the floor and laid down, playing with her pussy while she watched Miranda sucking Brent deep into her mouth.

"Do you like that Brent?" Krista asked.

"It's unbelievable," Brent said, his eyes going back and forth between Miranda sucking his dick and Krista playing with her pussy. "I think you've been properly thanked," Krista said, looking at Brent. "Wouldn't you say?"

"Yes," Brent said, pulling out of Miranda's mouth. "Quite thoroughly thanked."

"My pussy is creamy for you slave," Krista said. "Come and lick it."

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said, crawling on her hands and knees and settling herself in front of Krista.

"You can fuck her Brent," Krista said, "while she's busy with me. But don't come in her. I want to see it squirt on her ass."

"Come on her ass," Brent said, holding up three fingers as he walked over and knelt behind Miranda. "Got it."

Krista laughed.

"That's so cute," she said. "You're like a boy scout, on a fuck mission."

"God, she's so wet," Brent said with a laugh as he rubbed his dick against Miranda's pussy lips.

"She likes being my slave," Krista said. "It turns her on for me to tell her what to do, to make her suck your dick, to make her fuck you. Doesn't it slave?"

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said, bending down to lick the cream from Krista's pussy.

"It's turning me on too," Brent said as he pushed inside Miranda, filling her in one stroke.

Miranda moaned as Brent thrust inside her, over and over. She sucked Krista's clit into her mouth, showing her appreciation, flicking it with her tongue back and forth. Two fingers began moving back and forth on the sensitive area above Krista's clit, skyrocketing the pressure building inside her.

"Everyone comes when I do," Krista said, "or they're out of luck. I'm close, so you better hurry."

"Not a problem," Brent said, doubling his speed as he slammed into Miranda and forced a deep cry from her throat.

After a few moments, Krista felt the pressure reach the point of no control.

Her legs began to quiver as Miranda sucked and rubbed against her. She lifted her hips, focusing the pressure on a different point, a better point.

"Come, slave," Krista yelled as her orgasm erupted, sending convulsions of ecstasy coursing through her body. She grabbed Miranda's head, holding it in place while grinding fiercely against it as Miranda's moans mirrored her own, convulsions racking the small frame.

Brent groaned, forcing himself to comply with Krista's request. He pulled his dick from Miranda as the evidence of his own orgasm decorated her ass with hot strings of come.

Krista fell asleep twenty minutes later, cuddled up to Miranda in her bed. The two women had taken a quick shower together after sending Brent home. Satiated and satisfied, they drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 29

Krista and Miranda entered their luxury suite with the bell hop on their heels. He showed them around the room and explained the hotel's amenities, including a five star rooftop restaurant, award winning room service, and a luxurious spa.

"There is also a meet and greet for the hotel guests at nine thirty tonight in the grand ballroom," the bell hop said. "Enjoy your stay."

Miranda tipped the man before closing the door after him.

"It's only four o'clock. How do you feel about a massage before dinner, pet?" Krista asked, wrapping her arms around Miranda's shoulders as she kissed her softly on the shoulder.

"I'd like that, Mistress," Miranda said.

"We can order room service and then when dinner is finished," Krista continued, "we can lounge in the giant tub occupying our bathroom until the meet and greet."

"Sure," Miranda replied, pulling away from Krista. "Let me make the reservations."

A few minutes later, they headed down to the spa on the second floor clad in the plush robes provided by the hotel. A one hour hot stone full body massage completely relaxed the pair and they agreed that it was the perfect way to start the weekend.

"Krista, I don't want to pry," Miranda said as they soaked in the huge tub, each sitting on opposite ends and sipping wine, "but what happened with you and Tyler? I mean one minute, you two are together. Then the next few days all anyone can talk about is how you, Tyler and Damien are a threesome. Now there is nothing and neither man will speak to the other about anything that isn't work related."

"Damien works at the club?" Krista asked, sliding her leg along Miranda's inner thigh.

"Well, yeah," Miranda said. "He and Tyler have been best friends for years. Tyler hired him a few months ago when he lost his job over some mishap with a girl. Probably a good thing too, because he seemed to really lose it for awhile – not eating and drinking a lot. If he hadn't had Tyler to fall back on, there's no telling what would have happened. We were all really worried about him.

"I didn't know you knew him," Krista said.

"He's been in the scene for awhile," Miranda said. "Anybody who stays for any length of time becomes part of our family. I mean, that's what we are, really – dysfunctional, but a family none the less."

"Oh," Krista said. "So then nobody knew that the mishap with the girl – nobody knew I was the girl?"

"You got him fired at his last job?" Miranda asked, surprised.

"I didn't get him fired," Krista said, indignantly. "I didn't even know he had gotten fired until it was too late."

"None of the rest of us knew it was you, Krista," Miranda said, "but Tyler would have known. I mean they were like brothers, told each other everything."

"That makes sense," Krista said to herself. "It's no wonder Damien wouldn't help me with Tyler."

"What are you talking about?" Miranda asked.

"If Damien told Tyler everything," Krista said, putting it all together in her mind "then Tyler knew when he started dating me that Damien still had a thing for me. And..."

"What?" Miranda asked.

"Tyler knew I still had a thing for Damien too," Krista said. "My safe word is 'lance'. That's Damien's first name and I told Tyler the first night we spent together, so he knew all along. That's why Damien stopped texting me when I told him I wanted both of them. He wasn't willing to share me with the guy who was supposed to have been his best friend but tried to steal me for himself."

"Wow," Miranda said. "Tyler loved Damien, though. He wouldn't have done that."

"You explain it then," Krista said, sipping her wine as she leaned back into the bubbly water.

"The only thing that makes any sense is that Tyler falling for you was accidental," Miranda said. "I mean, you do have a way of captivating everyone you come in contact with. I don't want to freak you out or anything but I know I feel something for you, and both Stephen and Elle have been blathering about you for ages. I think it's you."

"Funny," Krista said. "Like Helen of Troy, inspiring kings and armies to fight for me."

"If you want to think about it like that, sure," Miranda said. "It kind of makes sense though. I mean Tyler and Damien were closer than most brothers before all this happened. And I wouldn't have turned sub for just anyone."

"Whatever," Krista said, laughing. "So what about all the people I dated before – why didn't they fall magically in love with me?"

"Maybe it only works with people that can see the real you," Miranda said. "Maybe you never let any of those others inside your walls."

"You're crazy," Krista said, splashing water towards Miranda.

"Watch the wine," Miranda cried, holding her glass out of the way and laughing.

"You know that still doesn't explain what happened to Tyler the day his mom died," Krista said. "I mean one minute, he's on his way back to my apartment and then I never heard from him again."

"I don't know," Miranda said. "When we talked about it, he said he lost. He said you loved Damien and he'd heard you say it. He didn't think he could compete with real love."

"I love them both," Krista said. "I probably always will. But if I had to pick, it wouldn't have mattered which one it was. I would have spent forever wishing I had the other one too."

"So where does that leave you?" Miranda asked. "I mean Tyler's club is the only place within a hundred and fifty miles where you can be around people who have the same interests as you."

"I don't know," Krista said. "I really don't."

Krista and Miranda stepped off the elevator at ten p.m., Miranda immediately dropping to her knees as Krista looked around to get her bearings. Krista was wearing the first outfit she had tried on at the fetish shop. She also had a flogger attached to each wrist. Miranda, on the other hand wasn't wearing anything. Instead, Krista had wrapped red ribbons, so dark they were almost black around Miranda's body. The ribbons did not cover Miranda. Instead, they accentuated her nakedness and prevented freedom of movement.

Upon entering the ballroom, Krista realized that neither she nor Miranda would be considered out of place. The room was filled with people in similar garb. In fact some of the outfits were even more exotic than theirs. They walked around, mingling with the other guests, many of which knew Miranda personally. This resulted in the continual explanation of how Miranda found herself to be a slave. After making a circle of the room, the story had been told no less than twelve times.

"We should have just written it all down on pamphlets and passed them out," Krista said, laughing. "They are all awfully interested in hearing how it came about."

"Don't think for a second," Miranda said, "that they are only pretending to be interested. A switch of your nature is one in a million. There's not a one of them that isn't hoping to claim your attention during the course of the weekend for a group scene with them and their sub. On top of which, you dominating me, something none of them would have been able to do? That makes you a rare find indeed."

"I don't know why it's so special," Krista said honestly. "In my head it seems to make perfect sense. I'm dominant with women and submissive with men. Simple."

"If you say so. A little later there will be open scenes," Miranda said, hoping Krista would take the hint.

"What does that mean?" Krista asked.

"It's sort of like what happens at Tyler's club," Miranda replied. "People can watch as others act out scenes. Volunteers."

Krista dropped her voice as she turned towards Miranda and bent down, fingers snaking through Miranda's hair. A quick grip glazed Miranda's eyes with immediate desire.

"Is that what you want slave?" Krista asked. "For me to put you on display, push you to your limit in front of all of them?"

Miranda's eyes were closed as she imagined that very thing. Her nipples hardened before Krista's eyes and Krista knew if she touched Miranda's pussy, she'd find it hot and wet.

"Then that's what we'll do slave," Krista said. "And you will work extra hard to be a good slave, won't you?"

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said, opening her eyes to stare at Krista. "You know they are all dying to see it first hand."

Krista pulled tightly on the restraints, ensuring there was no give as she attached them to Miranda's wrists. It felt strange to be doing this in front of other people. She had only really topped in private or in small groups.

"It will be easier," Miranda whispered, knowingly, "if you forget about them completely."

"How?" Krista asked.

"Kiss me," Miranda said, "and go from there."

Krista took Miranda's advice. She closed her eyes and pressed their lips together, moving back to lick the edge of Miranda's mouth, before plunging into the kiss. As they kissed, Krista raised her hands slowly up Miranda's abdomen, the barest touch. Miranda's scream was devoured by Krista's mouth as Krista twisted Miranda's breast painfully before sliding back down her body to touch her slippery hole.

"You are a naughty, naughty slave," Krista said as she pulled back from Miranda. "How dare you get turned on by your punishment?"

"I'm sorry Mistress," Miranda said as Krista's flogger made contact with her ass.

Krista pushed her fingers into Miranda's pussy and pulled them out, smearing the cream on Miranda's mouth.

"What is that, slave?" Krista asked. "It's pussy juice, slave –your pussy juice. A punishment is not supposed to be pleasing. You aren't supposed to enjoy it, slave."

Krista moved around Miranda, stopping when Miranda's back was to her. She brought the flogger down against Miranda's skin, loving the way it sounded when it fell. Several swats rained on Miranda's ass as Krista punished her. Afterwards, she reached between Miranda's legs, pushing her fingers into Miranda's still dripping pussy.

"What did I tell you slave?" Krista asked.

"Not to enjoy it Mistress," Miranda said.

"So why are you still dripping wet, slave?" Krista asked. "Are you a slut? Turned on no matter what I do to you?"

"Yes Mistress," Miranda replied. "I'm your slut. I live for the moments when you touch me – in any way."

"Really," Krista said, walking around to face Miranda again. She wielded the flogger, letting the ends lick Miranda's breasts and forcing a cry from her mouth.

"That hurt didn't it, slave?" Krista asked.

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said. "More please."

"More, slut?" Krista asked, snapping the flogger in the direction of Miranda's pussy. "You want this fire to rain down on your whole body?"

"Yes Mistress," Miranda said, tears beginning to leak from her eyes, "if only you will kiss me again."

Krista leaned forward, kissing Miranda softly for the shortest moment. Then a hail of blows landed as Krista circled Miranda, bringing both floggers down on each smooth expanse of skin. When she had finished, Miranda's body was beginning to glow – a pretty color of pink.

"Did you like that slave?" Krista asked.

"Touch me and find out," Miranda replied impishly.

"Oh you naughty, slave," Krista said. "You shall be punished for your impertinence."

Krista circled Miranda again, swinging the floggers heavily, loving that Miranda had begun to cry out each time one landed against her.

"And now, slave," Krista asked. "Are you still impertinent now?

"No Mistress," Miranda replied.

"Then let us find out if you are still being naughty." Krista said, reaching once again between Miranda's legs to the waiting wetness. With her fingers deep inside Miranda's pussy, a hand came over Krista's eyes as her arms were pulled away and locked against her sides.

"I don't know who you are," Krista said, calmly, "but that isn't the way the game is played here. You have to ask first if you want to play or you'll be asked to leave."

"Not me," Damien said in her ear. "I don't have to ask, Krista, because you will always belong to me, bottom to my top."

"Damien?" Krista asked, completely forgetting about Miranda. "What are you doing here?"

"Claiming what's mine," Damien said, turning her in his arms so he could reach her mouth.

Damien kissed her like a man possessed, as if each touch pulled a part of her soul inside him to walk around with and know they would never again be apart. He released her arms when Krista moaned against his mouth, responding to his kiss. Her arms circled his neck, pulling him closer as her body pressed against him.

God, he had missed her. This was the second time he had nearly lost her and he refused to let it happen a third. She belonged with him and he would never be happy without her in his life.

"Damien stop," Krista said, yanking her mouth from his as she tried to garner some control of her actions. "I know Tyler hurt you by getting involved with me, but I told you before, I want it all. I'm sorry." "I came all this way," Damien pleaded. "I love you, Krista."

"I know you do Damien," Krista said, feeling her heart break all over again. "I love you too. But Tyler holds just as much of my heart as you do. I've had the whole package Damien and that's what I want. I won't settle for less. I want you both and I want it forever."

Krista felt herself ripped from Damien's arms by another person. She didn't even have a chance to register that it was Tyler's arms that circled her as his mouth crushed against hers. His kiss, though, was completely familiar and she felt herself melt in his embrace, twining her arms around him as his kiss seared her soul.

"What are you doing here, Tyler?" Krista asked, when she finally came up for air.

"Claiming what's mine," Tyler said, repeating the same thing Damien said.

Krista pulled herself out of his arms, forcefully.

"If you two came all this way to fight over me, you're wasting your time," Krista said, telling the hope that had flared briefly when she realized they were both here that it wasn't going to happen. "I will tell you the same thing I told Damien. I want it all. I want you both."

"Krista, being with both of us was never the plan," Tyler said. "We went into it knowing we would make you choose between us."

"Well, I can't," Krista said, blinking quickly as tears gathered in her eyes. "I care about you both too much to ever be able to walk away from one of you."

"But you can walk away from both?" Tyler asked, as he reached out quick as lightning to draw her back into his arms. He kissed her again, pouring his love into her until it overflowed her heart as his hands caressed her body.

Krista tried to resist, knowing it was hopeless. Tyler could play her body like a concert pianist and she didn't have the heart to pull away. When he finally stopped for a breath, Krista seized her chance and pulled away, tears filling her eyes.

"It's easier to walk away from you both than to pick just one of you," Krista said. "It breaks my heart into a million pieces, but I can't choose. I'm sorry."

Krista turned to Miranda, tears falling down her face as she untied her slave.

There was a physical pain crushing her chest and her eyes began to blur her view of the room. Finally, Miranda was free.

"I'm sorry Miranda," Krista cried. "I can't stay here. I have to go."

"Krista wait," Tyler said, grabbing her arm as she turned towards the elevator.

"Let me go, Tyler," Krista said. "It's not enough that you two come here of all places fighting over me like a dog with a bone. You have to do in the middle of all these people watching us?"

"Krista, I'm sorry," Tyler said. "We didn't mean to embarrass you."

"What did you think would happen?" Krista asked, yanking her arm out of his grip.

"We thought you would be happy to see us," Tyler said.

"The last time I talked to you," Krista said, growing angry. "You were on your way to my house, except you never showed up. You didn't call me. You wouldn't take my calls. I called every hospital within fifty miles trying to find out what happened to you. I thought you were hurt, maybe even dead. So yeah I'm happy to see you're alive. Now fuck off."

"What about me?" Damien asked.

"You can fuck off too," Krista said as she pushed past them. "I love you. And I gave myself to you without reserve when you needed me. I gave you everything the day Judith died, my soul even and you threw it back in my face when I needed you the very next day. Neither one of you deserve my love."

"We know," Tyler said. "That's why we came here together to try to get you back."

"We came here to tell you," Damien said, "that we would rather share you than lose you."

"Neither of us can stand to live a life you aren't part of," Tyler said.

"Huh?" Krista asked, turning to look at the two men, now standing side by side.

"You are the most important thing in the world – to both of us," Damien said.

"We can't lose you," Tyler agreed.

"We love you," Damien said.

"And we want to be with you forever," Tyler said.

"What happened?" Krista asked, walking towards them. "Miranda said you weren't even talking to each other."

"Stephen got us in a room together and told us how stupid we were being," Damien said, reaching out to wipe away one of her tears.

"He told us if we fucked this up, he'd take you for himself," Tyler said.

"He also said not to forget that you owe him a night," Damien noted, "and that Elle is driving him crazy wondering when you are going to take her."

"I hadn't forgotten," Krista said. "I just didn't have any way of getting in touch with him and going to the club wasn't really an option."

"I kept hoping I would accidentally run into you there," Tyler said. "I thought for sure that you would come in eventually."

"Why didn't you just answer my phone call then?" Krista asked. "I've called you about a hundred and fifty times since your mom passed."

"Yeah," Tyler said, "but I thought you loved Damien. I didn't see any place for me in your life if I loved you, but you didn't love me back. I was trying to step aside, like he and I agreed, when he first suggested this crazy plan. I didn't know why you kept calling. I thought you two were living it up, happy go lucky."

"One day he asked me why I still wasn't talking to him, now that I'd won the girl," Damien said. "I told him I hadn't and what really happened. Apparently, Stephen overheard."

"So Stephen got you together and helped you figure everything out," Krista said, trying to work it all out in her head. "Then you two decided to follow me here. Wait. How did you get here? You sold your ticket Tyler."

"It wasn't easy," Damien said. "We had to call in every favor we could and Tyler forked over twice as much as the tickets originally cost."

"Wow," Krista said, impressed.

"We love you," Tyler interjected, "and we want to be with you forever."

"Oh god," Krista felt like a tsunami of emotions had just raised up over her head and would break against her at any moment. "I love you guys so much, I can't even stand it. I've been so upset and lonely and depressed at the thought of a life with neither of you in it."

Krista stood up and launched herself into the arms of the guys, laughing as they all fell to the floor. She was kissing back and forth between them with tears still running down her face.

"Told you," Tyler said, with a laugh, feeling his heart brighten just from holding her in his arms.

"Yeah you win," Damien said, feeling happier than he ever had.

"What are you talking about?" Krista asked between kisses.

"I told Damien about the football game and he didn't believe you could tackle a grown man, since you are only about a hundred and twenty pounds," Tyler said. "So I bet him that you could since I've seen it firsthand."

"What do you win?" Krista asked.

"You," Tyler said, kissing her again, "any way that I want you."

"As long as we're all together," Krista said, smiling happily, "I don't care what happens."

"That's all very touching, really, and I'm very happy you could all work things out." Miranda said, "but Krista is already spoken for this weekend. She's here as my Mistress and I'm not willing to give her up."

"It's not me who's spoken for, slave," Krista said, pushing herself off the two men. "It's you. You belong to me this weekend, slave and you will be punished for forgetting it."

"Really?" Miranda asked. "I guess I figured you would abandon me for them. I mean this is exactly what you want – to be with them both."

"True," Krista said, coming towards Miranda. "But it's not everything I need. They are my Masters and we will be together. You though, you are my slave and I'm nowhere finished with you."

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