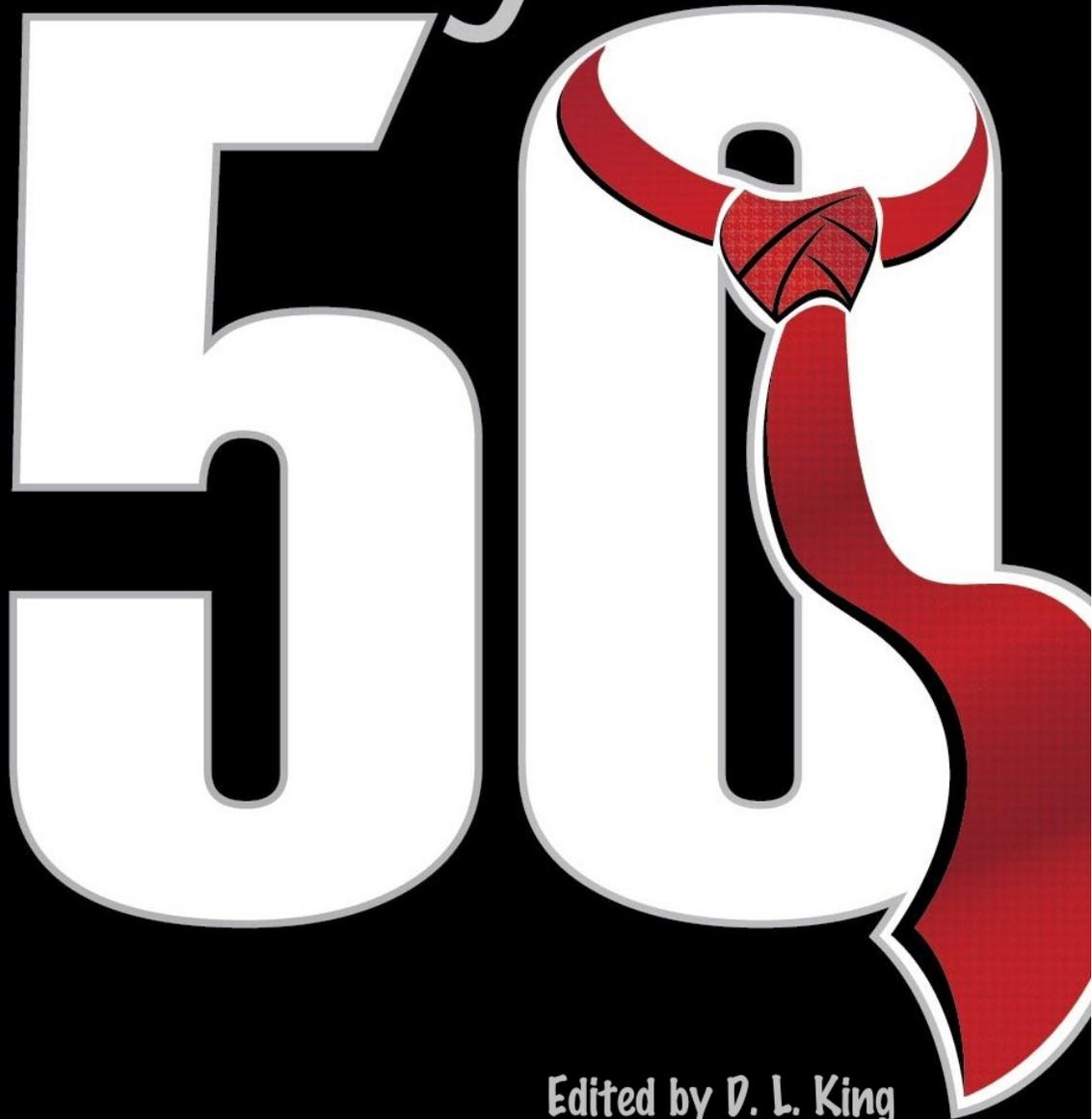


#beyond



Edited by D. L. King

Beyond 50

An Anthology of Excerpts

Edited by D. L. King

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Cover Design: Tabitha Arie Fischer

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[Why This Book?](#)

Just about everyone, it seems, has read the iconic trilogy, *Fifty Shades of Grey* (or at least part of it). Comments abound, online, on TV, in print, and at the water cooler. And now, with the first movie having been released, the comments are getting louder and more prevalent. People love it, hate it, or fall somewhere in between, but one thing is certain: the world has been introduced to the erotica/erotic romance of domination and submission like never before and we can't seem to get enough of it.

There has been lots of talk about the quality of writing in the E. L. James books, but quality, or not, the books have titillated many a neophyte to the genre, and folks want more. Well, I'm here to tell you there is more—lots more. But where do you start? Everyone knows there's a lot of crap on the web. Have you bought and downloaded a book with a similar title to *Fifty Shades* only to get nothing more than a word or two repeated over and over? It's enough to turn you completely off your quest for more and better BDSM—but please don't let it deter you.

This book has been put together specifically to introduce you to a few writers and give you a taste of what's out there, if you care to look. It will start you on your journey by setting a path to follow and once you're more confident in what you actually want, will allow you to veer off on your own to seek out more and varied stories.

It's very simple: the book is laid out in sections: first Erotica, containing sub categories of General Erotica, Paranormal Erotica, Male Dominant Erotica (like *Fifty Shades*), Female Dominant Erotica, Queer Erotica, and Sports Erotica. Then Erotic Romance, containing sub categories of General Erotic Romance, Paranormal Erotic Romance, Male Dominant Erotic Romance, Female Dominant Erotic Romance, Manage Erotic Romance, Sports Erotic Romance, Science Fiction Erotic Romance, Hardcore Erotic Romance, and Interracial Erotic Romance. Bet you never thought there were so many different kinds of erotica and erotic romance...

Following that, you'll find Erotic Poetry and a Non-Fiction category, in case you're interested in making a more personal exploration.

As I mentioned, this is really just the tip of the iceberg but it will introduce you to authors you may not know and set you on your way to finding just the right books for

you. Don't let your curiosity and pleasure stop with one series. There's more out there—
so much more!

D. L. King

New York City

EROTICA

GENERAL EROTICA

Book: The Marketplace
Author: Laura Antoniou

Book: Alchemy xii: New Year's Eve
Author: Tamsin Flowers

Book: Sweet Confessions: Erotic Fantasies for Couples
Edited by Violet Blue
Author of excerpt: K. D. Grace

Book: Bang It Out, Volume 2: more Sidewalk Smut for hopeless romantics and gutterminds
Author: Cameryn Moore

PARANORMAL EROTICA

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Book: Whetting the Appetite
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MALE DOMINANT EROTICA

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Book: Slave Girls: Erotic Stories of Submission
Editor: D. L. King
Author of excerpt: D. L. King

Book: A Rough Ride: Pony girl training in latex and leather
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FEMALE DOMINANT EROTICA

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Book: When Two's Not Enough
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Book: Beyond the Edge
Author: Elizabeth Lister

Book: Roving Pack
Author: Sassafras Lowrey

Book: Broadly Bound: Broad Horizons Book 1
Authors: Beth Wylde, Kathleen Bradean, D. L. King, Syd McGinley
Author of excerpt: Beth Wylde

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Editor: Ily Goyanes
Author of Excerpt: Sinclair Sexsmith

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Book: The Silken Edge #1
Author: Laci Paige

Book: Velvet Purrs in Paradise
Author: Leya Wolfgang

PARANORMAL EROTIC ROMANCE

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Author: Lisabet Sarai

Book: The Family Friend
Author: Penelope Syn

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Book: 50 Shades of Curious: BDSM for Beginners

Author: Bo Blaze

Book: Sex Still Spoken Here: An Anthology

Editors: Carol Queen, Jen Cross, and Amy Butcher

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Author: Kate Kinsey

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Author: Sinclair Sexsmith

The Marketplace

Laura Antoniou

edgy extreme multi gender multi orientation

Book one of the *Marketplace Series*

Chapter Seven

Many aficionados of the scene imagine that being trained to be a slave is a journey through a magically erotic kingdom. They envision an endless stream of sensual stimulation ranging from the most common sexual encounters to prolonged sessions of agonizing torture.

With all the participants suitably costumed, of course.

It is disillusioning for these people to realize that masters and mistresses do not often feel constrained to conduct their affairs in gleaming black leather or latex, complete with jackboots or stiletto heels.

Their faces fall in disappointment when they are made to understand that a slave's life is mostly comprised of patience and study.

Yes, study. If not before actual books, then following the example of greater, senior slaves. Or learning every nuance of their owner's character, so that they can more completely and seamlessly offer themselves at the right time and in the right manner.

A true slave, one who will be cherished and valued, will never allow their skills and talents to become stagnant. They will never be satisfied with their level of competence. And they will always be willing to follow their owner's lead, quickly, respectfully, and to the best of their ability.

To be thrilled at the touch of leather, aroused by the sound of harsh words, or satisfied by the security of rigid bondage is the mark of a lover.

To be thrilled at the opportunity to provide useful service, aroused by a pleased nod, and satisfied by the proverbial job well done, is the mark of a slave.

It may sound severe. Almost anti-erotic. Until you see two people, owner and owned, existing in a complementary relationship where each suits the other like balances

on a delicate scale. Until you feel the energy of their rapport, you cannot understand how they fulfill each other, take and give in ways no negotiation could possibly express.

Then, you will understand that singular intimacy which drives such people on their search for perfection. It is beyond orgasm. Beyond love. It can almost be called rapture.

To achieve that level may require many years of training. But in the end, there is nothing which compares to it. At our house, we know this, and we construct our training with that exact goal in mind. We demand that applicants leave behind their foolish dreams and expectations, and we strip away any falseness that may linger. Those who survive and go on must be implanted with the urge to go further. Our name and reputation depends on it.

But it's so hard to get good material these days.

The Slave

Book two in the *Marketplace Series*

Chapter 15

Robin knelt on the sturdy, padded surface of the altar-like stand that bore the same number that now hung around her throat instead of the elegant silver lock. Chris had taken the old chain and lock away just before leaving her, accepting her desperate kisses on the palm of his hand before he soothed her back down into position.

“Do not look at the other slaves,” he had cautioned her. “Do not turn your head, raise your eyes without command, or show that you are eavesdropping. Under no circumstances should you even react to the sound or sight of someone reading your file.” He had posed her, firmly and with a demanding expertise, and looked her in the eye one last time before he left her to kneel in silence. “If you embarrass me,” he whispered, trailing one finger down between her breasts, “I’ll never forgive you. Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir,” she had whispered back. Trembling seemed about to overtake her entire body, but his careful “shushes” and calm stroking worked their perversely appropriate magic on her.

When they had arrived at the house and she stripped, they had been surrounded by dozens of people, some slaves, some free, running around in last minute preparations.

Muscular men, stripped to stylized jock straps, wrestled podiums into position and set up tables and chairs in the bidding room. Chris had some paperwork to take care of, and she was given a cursory look-over by the man that Chris identified as the regional director before she was allowed to enter the viewing room.

There she saw the special stands for the slaves to be displayed on, and froze. The reality hit her like a freight train. *How could I have ever believed I was ready for this?* She asked herself this question over and over again as Chris registered her for a number and was told where her spot was. And when he snapped his fingers, she found herself moving forward out of some automatic response.

There, he made the final preparations. After affixing a pair of nipple clamps to her, he examined her for the last time, smelling her body and breath, touching her skin, and smoothing it with lotion where it was dry. He gloved himself and had her bend over so that he could lubricate her asshole, putting a cool salve into her so that she could be easily examined there. He had smiled briefly when he discovered that she needed no such aid for her cunt, which had already begun to open in its own transformation. In fact, by the time he finished with her asshole, she was thoroughly wet in both of her nether regions. Then, after he discarded the gloves, he fixed her hair, put her on the stand and posed her in the proper position. The last thing he did as he packed the gear away was remove the clamps, leaving her nipples erect and tingling.

She had not been the first slave positioned for the sale. On another stand, to her left and ahead of her, was a young man, dark-skinned and wiry. His head was shaven, and gleamed in the bright light of the room, and he was pierced with silver rings in his nipples and through the head of his cock. He knelt tall, with a straight back and tautly held legs and arms, a study in tension. He reminded her of a track runner, poised for the starting gun. His trainer, or perhaps owner, rubbed his skin down with a soft cloth, as though he were polishing a stature.

Robin had her back to the wall, and within her vision could see two stands without turning her head. On her right, just beyond her field of vision, making it necessary for her to turn to see it, was a podium that held her portfolio. People could read it without her knowledge, if she remained in the proper position.

Hanging from the side of the podium was a thick leather paddle.

The room filled quickly. On one combined stand, a pair of twins posed, pale-skinned redheads with dancing bright eyes and playful, wide mouths. To Robin's right, another man was posed, this one in his forties, his hair cut in standard business style and his body a network of decorative body modifications. Tattoos wound up his back and around his legs, and the clean lines of old cuts in his skin showed as pale scars and raised white skin, marking off patterns of a careful, painful artwork. She could see some of the pictures: a woman's leg, wearing thigh-high boots, a chained tiger. Like the man on her left, he was also pierced, but more extravagantly, with two rings in each nipple and several barbells under his cock. With rings placed around his heavy ballsac. His belly button had two rings, one on each side.

But dress him in a suit, and he would look like any other businessman on the street. Robin wondered if he was something dull, like a tax accountant. Or maybe something like a banker, or an estate lawyer. And he would do his work and come home to his master or mistress, strip off his power tie, and have all those wonderful places on his body that were made to be tormented and played with, admired and altered yet again...

Laura Antoniou (LAntoniou.com) is best known for her *Marketplace* series of BDSM erotica, the first of which was published over 20 years ago. Book 6, *The Inheritor*, is available from Circlet Press. Her novel, *The Killer Wore Leather*, a comedy murder mystery set within the leather/BDSM world, won the 2013 Rainbow Award for Best LGBT Mystery and the Pauline Reage Award for best novel from the NLA. Friend/follow her on FB, FetLife and Twitter.

The Marketplace (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Marketplace-Book-One-ebook/dp/B003UV989U/ref=sr_1_2?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1412021780&sr=1-2&keywords=the+marketplace

The Marketplace (via Smashwords)

www.smashwords.com/books/view/17741

The Slave (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Slave-Marketplace-Book-2-ebook/dp/B004Q9U51U/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1412021904&sr=1-1&keywords=the+marketplace

The Slave (via Smashwords)

www.smashwords.com/books/view/49145

[Alchemy xii](#)

New Year's Eve

Tamsin Flowers

BDSM club-based submissive training

The girl draped over the spanking bench mewled like a kitten that had lost its mother. Her buttocks glowed with radioactive heat. Between them, soft folds shone with her own pungent dew. Harry Lomax drew a deep breath—the aroma was captivating. Reminding him of long sultry nights followed by intimate dawns.

However, the girl on the bench wasn't really the focus of Harry's attention. His eyes were scanning the clusters of people who had gathered to watch the spanking scene play out. They showed, as one might expect, a preference for well-worn leather, black kohl, thigh-high boots and fishnets. Some of them he recognized in person, the rest by type. Doms with a surfeit of self-assurance. Subs quivering with excitement. Brats with a challenge in their eye. Fragile-looking femmes who could reduce grown men to tears with the flick of a whip or the curl of their lip. He'd been here before. He'd worn the gear. He'd played all the scenes from the bottom up and the top down.

But tonight he wasn't wearing his leather. This wasn't even his club. Master Blasters was the sort of club he'd stopped frequenting years ago. This evening he'd favored a low profile in black jeans with a T-shirt that gave away nothing about him. Acting like a tourist, lurking here for thrills and titillation. But he wasn't. On this particular evening, Harry had come here to play poacher, looking for fresh-faced, corruptible ingénues upon whom he could work his considerable charms. Searching for someone who might intrigue him.

The girl on the spanking bench lost count, so her Dom started over. Harry went to the bar and ordered a vodka straight up from the barman. He dropped onto a stool while he waited for his drink. Always the same. Always vodka. Always neat. Harry could see no reason to complicate alcohol delivery with sugar-loaded additions. And as he had no intention of playing tonight, he could afford a little vodka buzz.

As he raised the shot glass to his mouth he saw her. Four girls were clustered together watching the spanking scene, open-mouthed. But one stood out, head and shoulders above the other three. Not only literally—she had to be six inches taller than any other woman in the club—but an aura came off her which told Harry he'd found what he'd come for. When the other girls blinked or looked away as the paddle made contact with raw, ruddy flesh, this girl leaned forward, her tongue darting out between her lips. Her eyes were bright with excitement. She whispered something to one of her companions, causing the friend's eyebrows to catapult up with shock. The tall girl threw her head back to laugh. Wiping her eyes, she turned her attention back to the spanking scene like a vicar confronting a plate of oysters. God, she was magnificent!

Harry Lomax drained his vodka, smiled to himself and left the club.

The Alchemy Tower on West Whacker Drive loomed ninety stories over the Chicago skyline—and Harry had never gotten over the irony of the address. His apartment was on the seventy-second floor, high enough to imply an important position in the club but nowhere near the gods who called the floors in the eighties home. However, from here he could take pleasure from a spectacular view over the city and north along the shore of Lake Michigan.

On the morning following his foray to Master Blasters, he stood leaning against the panoramic window of his apartment. His arms rested on the glass above his head but he wasn't really taking in the view. The clouds were low and a band of rain all but obscured the shore. It didn't matter. Harry was lost in thought, remembering the girl he'd seen the previous night. Her long, blonde hair. Wide-set, cobalt eyes in a pretty, heart-shaped face with a softly tapering chin. And her legs. God, what legs.

If he heard the apartment door open behind him, he chose to ignore the sound. Along with the click of high heels across the wooden floor into his open-plan living room.

“Holy fuck, Harry! I know I've said it before, but anyone with a back that perfect should be made of marble and standing in a museum.”

Harry turned away from the window with a grin. His legs were encased in tight black Levis but he hadn't gotten around to putting on a T-shirt.

“Or cuffed to your whipping post, Bella, feeling the Tuskar’s caress?”

“Don’t tempt me, boyfriend,” said Belladonna Grimm, strutting over to sweep him into an embrace.

Belladonna was Alchemy’s premier dominatrix. The Tuskar was her treasured one hundred-year-old, ivory handled flogger, handed down to her by the founder of the club. She might have been small enough to fit in his pocket, but Harry had felt the bite of the Tuskar on his back. He had a healthy respect for the way she handled it.

He gazed down at her elfin features and couldn’t resist snatching a kiss from her dark ruby mouth, pulling on her lower lip with his teeth. She twisted one of his silver nipple bars in retaliation, making him yelp. He took a step back.

“I’ll finish dressing. You pour me a drink.”

“You do realize it’s before twelve, Harry?”

“That’s why I didn’t offer you one, darling.”

Belladonna could never resist him when he called her ‘darling’ in his razor-sharp English accent. She knew where he kept his drinks. She knew everything about Harry Lomax. Or at least Harry let her believe so.

“Don’t get dressed on my account,” she called after him.

Harry emerged from his bedroom, obscuring his perfect musculature in a black cotton T-shirt.

“I don’t need you distracted. I want to talk,” he said, lowering his brow.

She handed him a tumbler with a finger of vodka in it and they congregated in front of the window.

“I can give you half an hour,” she said.

Belladonna was dressed for work—tight black corset, a full black skirt, riding boots which stretched above her knee and a black velvet hacking jacket. This had been acquired at great expense from the London establishment that outfitted the British royal family for equestrian pursuits. All she needed was a riding crop to complete the picture—but thankfully she’d left the tools of her trade in her own apartment, three floors above Harry’s.

Harry seemed transfixed by the view but rain smeared the glass now and he stared at a grey blur.

“Hal?” said Belladonna.

He turned towards her, cracking a smile.

“I think I’ve found her.”

“Fantastic. I think I’m thrilled, possibly relieved to hear that. Great. Who the fuck are you talking about?”

Harry laughed. “I’ve found her. My final trainee for this year.”

“And you called me down three floors to tell me this?”

“She’s amazing, Bella. Beautiful, statuesque, strong. So strong.”

“Thank God you’ve sorted it. You were cutting things damn fine. After all, training starts on the first of January.” Belladonna moved away from the window to drop onto one of Harry’s vintage steamer chairs. “What’s this paragon’s name? Where did you find her?”

Harry shrugged.

“I don’t know her name.”

“You signed her up but you can’t remember her name. You’re a fucking dog, Harry.”

Harry pursed his lips and wiggled them from side to side for a moment.

“I haven’t actually spoken to her yet. I saw her last night. At Master Blasters.”

“What were you doing in that dive?”

“Looking for her,” said Harry, as if nothing in the world could be more obvious.

“As you say, training’s about to start so I need a full comp of trainees. I’ve got three already. She’ll be the fourth.”

“But she doesn’t know yet?”

“No.”

“When are you going to tell her?”

“When I see her.”

Belladonna’s eyebrows had been rising with each of Harry’s answers. Now they were in danger of disappearing into her hairline.

“At...?”

“Master Blasters. She’ll be back. She was sniffing round the scenes like a bitch...”

“Charming, Hal.”

“It’s not the place for her. She could fall into the wrong hands.”

“But you’re going to rescue her? Because you’re the right pair of hands?”

Belladonna’s lip curled.

“Harsh, Bella! But, yes, I am. She’s a switch.” He stared out of the window again.

“She’s all mine.”

Tamsin Flowers’ work has appeared in numerous anthologies from Cleis Press, Xcite Books and House of Erotica. She has also had novels and novellas published by Xcite Books, Secret Cravings Publishing and Totally Bound. Find out more about her writing at www.tamsinflowers.com

Alchemy: New Year’s Eve (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Alchemy-xii-New-Years-Prologue-ebook/dp/B00PT4JG6Q/ref=sr_1_1?s=digital-text&ie=UTF8&qid=1420919857&sr=1-1&keywords=alchemy+tamsin+flowers

Alchemy: New Year’s Eve (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/alchemy-xii-new-years-eve-tamsin-flowers/1120690624?ean=2940046388756

“Underpants”

K. D. grace

As excerpted from Violet Blue’s anthology, **Sweet Confessions: Erotic Fantasies for Couples**

BDSM contemporary urban

Dan takes my hand and leads me into my bedroom, tugging open my lingerie drawers and running thick fingers over neatly folded bras and thongs. Then he shakes his head and shoved the drawers shut. “Not right for tonight.”

He knows I love sexy lingerie. Surely that’s what’s in the package. He throws open the closet door and paws through my clothes. “I want something soft and revealing.” He glances over at me. “I want easy access to disguise a multitude of indiscretions.” His gaze locks on my crotch, and I feel breathless.

“How about this?” He pulls out my favorite dress, black silk and chiffon with a short flip skirt. The top shows more cleavage than anything I own. When I reach for the drawer with the appropriate lingerie, he pushes my hand away. “I’m dressing you, remember?”

“But —”

“Shshsh.” With one hand, he unties the robe and shoves it off my shoulders. Then he pulls the dress from the hangar and motions for me to raise my arms.

When he slides it over my head, I’m sputtering about the proper bra and thong, certain men don’t know about these things, but he isn’t listening. He pinches my nipples through the dress until they’re distended and sensitive, and even the touch of silk makes them ache.

“Perfect.” His voice has gone rough and, when he takes off his jacket, like he’s getting down to serious business, I can see the press of his penis distorting Armani trousers.

He rummages in the top drawer beneath the thongs and knickers and finds a black garter belt, sn old ones I seldom wear. I’m starting to wonder what he has in mind. Then he lifts the dress until I can see my bottom reflected pink and freshly scrubbed in the

mirror behind me. He sees it too and takes his time to admire it, turning me this way and that, cupping me, spreading me just enough for a glimpse of what I know he wants.

When the garter belt is secure, he sits me on the bed and kneels between my legs. Slowly he teases sheer black stockings up my thigh, pausing to run his tongue over the arches of my feet and kiss me on the spot where he attaches the stockings to the belt. His hair, still damp from the weather, brushes against my mons, and my folds shiver and grasp. “There,” he sighs, when he’s done.

I don’t care about the restaurant anymore. I want him now. But he ignores my efforts to wriggle closer. He helps me into black stiletto sling-backs that have ‘fuck me’ written all over them. Those, I knew he would choose. They’re his favourites.

“Almost ready.” He’s breathing harder now, but so am I. I feel half naked and naughtier somehow without the appropriate underpinnings. He’s taking me to some Italian trattoria I’ve never heard of. He says he likes the atmosphere. That means a place dark and intimate enough that the meal is a yummy grope fest, and I’m the main course.

I giggle and open my legs. “What? No knickers?”

“Of course knickers. I’m not taking you out dressed improperly.” He sounds proprietary, as though my virtue is his to protect, and I feel even naughtier. He hands me the gold-wrapped box. While I shred the wrapping, he takes the rose and brushes the petals up the length of me. The room is awash in the scent of rose and pussy.

For a second, I think he’s having a laugh. But he waits expectantly, all wicked smiles, as I unfurl the huge pair of white cotton knickers that my grandma would have found prudish. I’m thinking surely there must be a sexy lace thong underneath, or maybe hidden inside.

There isn’t.

“You’re joking. Right?”

“I’m serious.” He lays the rose aside and takes the knickers from me. He slips my stiletto clad feet through the giant leg holes, then shimmies them up my thighs. “Lift your bottom for me,” he says. “There we go. That’s my girl.”

I’m too shocked to argue. He drags them up over my bum, and they keep going until they’re scant centimeters beneath my breasts.

“You’re joking,” I repeat.

He's practically on top of me in his monumental struggle with the big knickers, enjoying the experience a lot more than I am. His cock is digging enthusiastically into my thigh as he presses closer. "I promise it'll be good." Then he slides his hand over the acres of white cotton onto my mound. "I want to keep you all safe and tucked away just for me."

I think he's going to pull the crotch aside and finger fuck me. Instead, he grabs the whole gusset and gives it a hard yank.

I yelp in surprise as his efforts nearly slide my bottom off the bed. Then I watch in fascination as he ties the large crotch into a tight, compact knot, pulling the gaping legs of the knickers down tight around my thighs as he tugs and shapes. With one hand, he holds my labia open and with the other he wriggles the wad of scrunched fabric up snug between my lips, like he does with his penis sometimes when he's teasing me. He pushes and shoves and adjusts until I can just clench my muscles around it.

"There." He pulls away and offers me a hand to stand. "That's perfect."

As I struggle up from the bed against the press of the knot, he glanced at his watch. "Come on. We don't want to be late."

The taxi is waiting, and amid breathless curses and protests, I follow Dan down the steps frantically clenching the knot that, I'm sure, is the only thing keeping the big underpants from dropping embarrassingly around my fuck-me shoes.

In the taxi, he puts his arm around my shoulders and slides his hand into my dress, his eyes daring the taxi driver to enjoy the view. He guides my palm under the edge of his jacket to his hard cock. As I grope, I catch the flutter of his eyelids before he pushes my hand away. He's teasing himself as much as he's teasing me.

He strokes my nipples into hard little bullets, and the knot of underpants pressing into me becomes a slippery dildo. With the vibration of the car beneath me, I'm practically fucking cotton. I'm breathing hard, about to come when the taxi stops, and Dan pays the driver.

I can barely walk as the waiter seats us, and for one horrified moment I think I'm going to come in the middle of the restaurant and lose my grip.

The chairs are hard wood; making the knot feel like a fist each time I lean forward in my seat. Dan orders expensive champagne and antipasto, and the waiter gabbles on

about specials. But I'm thinking about the big knickers, not sure if I want them off or further on.

I excuse myself to go to the ladies and, as Dan stands to pull out my chair, he whispers close to my ear. "Don't be long, or I'll think you're up to something." He gives my nipple a pinch. I gasp and clench, and hurry off to the loo.

The ladies' room is only a one-seater with no stalls, and I've barely gotten my hand under my skirt when there's an urgent knock on the door. Some poor woman may be waiting in extreme discomfort, and here's me playing with myself. I sigh and give the toilet an unnecessary flush before I open the door, and Dan pushes his way in, shoving the lock tight behind him. He jerks my hand to his nose and sniffs. "You were playing with your knickers." It isn't a question.

He forces me forward over the sink, bending me until the reflection of my tits bounce in the mirror. Behind me, he lifts my skirt, and I yelp in surprise as the first smack of his hand comes down onto my white-knickered bottom. "I get to dress you." Smack. "I get to play with you." Smack, smack. "My rules," he puffs in my ear.

"You didn't say anything about rules." I growl. "And besides, if I don't do something these damn things will be down around my —" I suck air as his hand comes down again on my bottom. I've never contemplated the sound of a hard smack against heavy cotton knickers before, and I don't contemplate long. Dan turns on the cold water and shoves his hand under it. Then he thrusts a wet finger against my anus and wriggles and pokes. In my already desperate state, it takes about two seconds for me to orgasm. With my back hole gripping his cotton-clad finger, I nearly bounce him across the ladies' room in my spasms.

He steps back and admires his handiwork. "Feel better? I daresay you won't lose your panties now." He takes my hand. "Pasta's getting cold."

Voted ETO's Best Erotic Writer for 2014, **K D Grace's** critically acclaimed erotic romance novels include *The Initiation of Ms Holly*, *The Pet Shop*, *Body Temperature and Rising*, and lots more. K D Grace also writes best selling hot romance as Grace Marshall.

Sweet Confessions (via Amazon UK)

www.amazon.co.uk/Sweet-Confessions-Erotic-Fantasies-Couples-ebook/dp/B0055TH4VY/ref=tmm_kin_swatch_0?_encoding=UTF8&sr=1-1&qid=1420920595

Sweet Confessions (via Amazon US)

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Sweet Confessions (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/sweet-confessions-violet-blue/1102219150?ean=9781573446655

Bang It Out, vol. 2: more Sidewalk Smut for hopeless romantics and gutterminds

Cameryn Moore

BDSM fetish hardcore live writing queer softcore straight

He's spreading your ass cheeks so far apart that it burns, the line where it feels like you are tearing in two. You'd make him stop except you know what he's going for, he is pulling you open so he can get a better look at your tight twitching hole. At moments like this, you feel a little like a lab specimen, he's spreading you open and examining you inch by quivering inch, you hate it, actually, his hands feel so impersonal, and you can't say no because it feels like you'll fuck up the experimental data. Clinical and cold, his fingers tug and prod until you have to bite your lip to keep the complaint from spilling out. However awful this part feels, you don't want it to stop, however inhuman his touch feels while he splays you open further and further on the bed, because you know that his cock is getting rock hard somewhere back there, and he'll have to shove it in at some point, he's only human, after all, at some point he will snap.

Cameryn Moore is an award-winning playwright/performer and the world's most notorious sidewalk pornographer. When the weather is warm, you can find Cameryn in busy nightspots around the world, pounding out custom erotica on a manual typewriter. Get more info about Sidewalk Smut and Bang It Out, vols. 1-4, at

www.camerynmoore.com

Bang It Out (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Bang-Out-Vol-Romantics-Gutterminds/dp/1607463431/ref=sr_1_cc_1?s=aps&ie=UTF8&qid=1420920836&sr=1-1-catcorr&keywords=bang+it+out+more+sidewalk+smut

Bang It Out (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/bang-it-out-vol-2-cameryn-moore/1114286900?ean=9781607463436

Named and Shamed

Janine Ashbless

BDSM fetish hardcore live writing queer softcore straight

“Are you okay, miss?”

Voices came from behind the light. I held my hand over my eyes as they approached. Two men. I couldn't see anything but their black trouser legs and their boots, but they could undoubtedly see every detail of me: my nakedness, except for that ripped-open T-shirt; my open thighs and grazed knees, skinned by my fall; my bare skin glistening with a slick of pearlescent semen; my face twisted into a peculiar expression of both shock and awe.

“Are you okay? Can you hear me, miss? Can you talk to me? Are you hurt? Do I need to call an ambulance?” Too many questions, repeated over and over.

“I'm okay,” I managed to impress upon them eventually.

“Can you stand?”

I nodded. They took my elbows gingerly and helped me to my feet. Cum was dripping off my breasts.

“We'll get you to the hospital. Come on — just into the patrol car.”

“I'm fine. I'm not hurt. My purse — it's on the road there.”

“Don't worry, we'll get it.”

As soon as we were out of the direct glare of the car headlamps, I could see the yellow and blue flashing of a police vehicle, and the uniforms of the men helping me. They wore stab-jackets and carried Tasers. They looked burly and butch and angry.

“Honestly...” I protested.

“You're in shock. You need a doctor to look at you.”

“I'm alright!” My legs were like overcooked spaghetti and I wobbled in their grip.

“We saw what he was doing to you, the bastard. Don't worry. You're safe now.”

“We'll get a task group down here by daylight and wipe that piece of shit out,” growled the other.

“There's no need...”

“You don’t have anything to worry about.” They’d got the back door of the car open. One of them reached inside, pulled out a high-visibility waistcoat and held it out to me, to cover up my shame I suppose. I could see him trying to look away from my filthy, dishevelled body.

“I wasn’t worried.” The devil inside me, the one that sat burning in my cunt, made me speak. I’d had orgasms without cock and a cock without orgasm. I was half-wild with aching desperation. All sense of self-preservation was in shreds now. I knew, as I opened my mouth for the next sentence, just how badly they would take what I had to say. “I was enjoying it.”

There was a silence — and then: “What?”

The word was a stone dropped into an ice-crusted pond.

“I went to him. I wanted it.”

“You’re a troll-fucker?” His voice was cold, cold, cold. “Now I’ve seen everything.”

“Are you high?” the other demanded. “Pills? Coke? Crystal?”

“No!” I squeaked, indignant. But they grabbed my arms and spun me round to flop face-down over the boot of the car.

“Hands behind you,” said the officer, slapping a handcuff around my left wrist before I had a chance to react to his command.

He forced my hand roughly to the small of my back, and locked the other wrist to it. I stared into the white paintwork of the car, an inch from my nose, feeling the banging of my heart magnified by the hollow metal beneath me. My bare ass was exposed and completely vulnerable. My feet barely had purchase on the ground, with my weight forward like that and a policeman pinning me with his hand between my shoulder blades.

“Now,” he said, breathing hard. “I’ve come across pervs who like to fuck the pretty kinds of Gentry, and let me tell you we don’t take kindly to their sort. But you tell me this: what sort of a dirty cunt goes looking for a *troll*?”

“This sort, officer,” I answered humbly, working my ankles apart. The opening of my ass cleft displayed everything that lay between. I knew they were looking, and I heard an intake of breath and a rasping contemptuous laugh.

“You dirty fucking whore...” he growled, but he touched me and that was what I wanted. He sank his fingers into the puffy wetness of my pussy and I moaned with relief.

“Reckon we can have her on a charge of Bestiality, Andy?” asked the other cop.

“I reckon we can have her any way we want,” he answered, ramming a couple of fingers into my cunt. Despite my gasp of shock there was no resistance — I was as wet and open as I’d ever been in my life. “Right now though, this looks like a serious attempt to Pervert the Course of Justice, don’t you think?”

I moaned again, half in gratitude and half in humiliation.

Cop Two uttered a harsh snigger as Andy demonstrated, by pumping his fingers, just how wet I was. I could actually hear his hand in my juices.

“Look at that: she’s begging for it, the dirty bitch.”

“Yes,” I groaned.

“Is that right?” His voice was grimly taunting. “Are you a pervert, bitch? Are you a troll-whore?”

I felt the shame of the words strike me like blows and I didn’t answer. He punished me by withdrawing his fingers and slapping my pussy hard with his open hand. Pain surged through me like lightning and a yell burst from my lips.

“You’ve no right to silence, bitch. I want a confession. Tell me how you plead.”

Oh God, my pussy was on fire. The sting and burn of the blow seemed to light up my whole body. “Yes!” I moaned, panting. The humiliation was horrible. I’d never submitted to force before today. Never. Yet this was the second time in an hour.

“Yes what? Guilty or Not Guilty, bitch?”

I hesitated a moment too long. The second blow caught me full-on across my wet cunt and swollen clit.

I whined like an angry cat, and the word “Guilty!” erupted from me. I don’t know how to explain that. It wasn’t the pain. I was afraid of the pain, but that wasn’t what broke me. It was nothing that calculated. It was just something about being spanked there, right on my pussy. My surrender was an instinctive response and it was accompanied by a gush of sex-juices.

He laughed and slapped me again, but less brutally this time, then squeezed my mons, and that made the breath boil out of my lungs in sobs.

“Do they pay you, whore? Do they pay you gold for jerking their big diseased dicks, or are you just a pervert who likes the taste of troll-cum?”

“I’m a pervert,” I answered humbly.

He leaned in over me, his weight on my ass and back, to bring his lips closer to my ear. “Call me Sir. I want to hear some fucking respect.”

“I’m a dirty pervert, sir.” I could feel his belt and his night-stick and his excited cock grinding into me. Part of me wondered in horror — Were they true, the words he’d coerced from me? Had I really sunk that low, to crawl in lust after that which was inhuman?

Another part of me simply did not care.

“What sort? What sort of a slut are you, troll-whore?”

“I’m a cock-slut, sir. I just wanted his big cock.” I wriggled my bottom against him.

“You stupid bitch. You’ve got a big fucking ass, but even you couldn’t take that. If he’d stuck his cock in here” — he jabbed my cunt again — “Or even here” — two thumbs invaded my anus and pulled, spreading me into a gape — “You’d be dead, whore. Split like a fucking fish.”

He was perfectly right. “Yes, sir,” I sobbed, pushing down on his thumbs.

“Pete,” he said, pulling away so that he could unbuckle his belt. “Keep an eye out. I think we need to reclaim this dumb bitch for humanity.”

“Christ yes. Cunt or ass?” Pete asked roughly.

“Either. Both. Whatever you fucking want. Just make sure nothing creeps up on us while I get started.”

Pete obeyed. With my head twisted to the side I could see him turn away, reluctantly it seemed, to watch the perimeter. Then I felt Andy’s cock slap against me, first against the cold curve of my rump — where it felt red hot — and then into the split of my pussy, jabbing against my open sex. I couldn’t help gasping as he pummelled the soft folds of flesh there. He felt as hard as rock.

“Got any complaints, bitch?” he asked, grabbing my hair and hauling my head back.

“Ohhh... gahhh... !” I wailed, as his cock found the angle at last and bored into me.

“What was that you said? Something about police misconduct? Is that an official complaint you’re making, troll-whore?”

I wasn't complaining at all, in fact. This was what I'd been aching for.

Janine Ashbless (www.janineashbless.blogspot.com) is a multi-published author of fantasy and paranormal erotica, both novels and short stories. *Named and Shamed* was her seventh novel, and the kinkiest so far. She lives in the north of England and knows enough to be afraid of fairies.

Named and Shamed (via Amazon US)

www.amazon.com/Named-Shamed-dirty-erotic-fairy-ebook/dp/B00HTPU61M/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420921652&sr=1-1&keywords=named+and+shamed+Janine

Named and Shamed (via Amazon.UK)

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Named and Shamed (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/named-and-shamed-janine-ashbless/1119252943?ean=9780957003781

“Mouse Games”

Lynn Townsend

As excerpted from Elizabeth L. Brooks and Lynn Townsend’s anthology, **Whetting the**

Appetite

*anthology BDSM erotica fantasy gay lesbian paranormal science fiction shapeshifter
steampunk transgender*

She darted toward an overturned grocery bag, a false promise of shelter. He had her now!

The bag crunched as he followed her in. For the veriest of instances, he felt the naked tail sliding underneath his toe-pads, then she was gone, escaped through a hole in the bag no larger than his questing paw. He thrust his forepaw out to full extension, claws raking after the fleeing rodent, but to no avail. As fast as he could, he turned himself around in the cramped interior of the bag.

Not fast enough.

The mouse shivered, shimmered, changed. A naked woman, short and plump, unfolded from the changeling creature.

There was still something murine about her looks, small ears, and wide, dark eyes. Her full lips spread into a sly smile and she snatched up the paper grocery bag by the handles, capturing the cat with one easy motion. With the other hand, she popped the cheese cube into her mouth, chewed and swallowed.

“Who’s been a bad kitty?” The mouse smirked and reached into the bag, grabbing Ollie up by the scruff. “Yes, such a bad, bad kitty.”

Ollie yowled with dismay. Anticipation wove a strand of dark lust through his belly.

“We’re agreed, then, Oliver? I win?” She hesitated. It was in her nature to look to him for direction. She was the submissive, his natural and rightful prey. Time and time again, he had caught her, taken her, ravished and dominated her, until she had nearly forgotten how to act without his permission. But when she did, oh, great gods and little pink elephants, when she took back her self and claimed him as her own! He almost never lost, had only worn the collar, been chained and bound to the will of the mouse a

handful of times. Each of those times stood out, a brilliant glow of torturous desire, of endless longing, until she relented and gave him surcease.

Oliver stretched into his human form, naked, his cock standing already at full attention as his bare feet touched the floor.

“You win, Anjelika, my mistress.” Oliver dropped to his knees, bowed his head. She came on silent feet, took the collar off the mantel where it had awaited what they had both thought would be Oliver’s eager hands. She bent, round breasts full and nipples already pebbled with desire, and fastened it around his throat. The bells on the collar jingled with every shivering move her fingers made.

“Go.” She pointed down the hall. “Lie on the bed and spread yourself out.”

Oliver did as she commanded. He swallowed, looked up at the ceiling where he was reflected in all his masculine glory, the belled collar ignominiously around his neck. He shivered, listening to the clappers rattle.

She would pay him back for every night she had spent writhing underneath him, for every time she had begged him to let her come and he had refused, for every kiss withheld, for every teasing touch. It would be hours before she was satisfied. But she had not belled the cat.

He would wait. And next time... Oh yes, next time, he would catch her.

He didn’t have to wait long; she had dressed—could he really call it that when her clothing revealed and enhanced more than it concealed—quickly. Thigh-high boots curled around her legs, giving her another four inches of much-needed height. The black leather corset didn’t cover her sweet, swelling breasts, instead just pushed them up and together; her normally plump waist was tamed by the leather, giving her an hourglass figure. She had pulled her hair up and back, baring her entire face to him. She carried a bag in one hand and a leather crop in the other.

Ollie didn’t like it.

He didn’t like her hair up, didn’t like her face so bold and unhidden. He looked closer at her, suddenly appalled. She wore a pair of kitty ears on a headband, and—yes, he checked, a fake tail was attached to the narrow belt around her waist. He bristled with sudden offense. If he’d still had his fur, he imagined his whole spine would be arched up at this transgression. How dare she mock him? How did she *dare*!

He moved, surged forward, hands reaching for her. The bell around his collar rang, mocking and loud in the silent room. She said nothing, merely turned brilliant and suddenly furious eyes on him. Her eyebrow arched up, wordless inquiry. Was he not a cat of his word? Shame lanced him and he lay back, trying to ignore the way the bell cheerfully signaled his defeat.

Anje turned, placed the bag on the floor and bent to retrieve something from it, displaying her soft, rounded ass. She wore a thong, the darker patch of her sex tantalizingly hidden behind a swatch of fabric no more substantial than thought. The tail swung, easily and luscious, along her white thighs. She turned to the bed, her hands full of leather manacles and rope.

The worst part, the very worst.

Lying still while she bound him, ankle and wrist, to their big four-poster bed. The bell clattered and jingled with every movement as she climbed over the bed, over him, without even looking at his face to gauge the emotional weather there.

He could overpower her in an instant. Instinct screamed at him to do it, take her, bend her over the side of the bed and fuck her, assert his dominance over him. She *belonged* to him, body and soul. His rightful prey.

He lay still. Or as still as he could, shuddering and jerking instinctively.

She bound him out, stretched and tight, spread eagle across the bed. Every time she leaned over him to tug a rope, her skin brushed against him, of the snug fit of her leather. Or that damned tail! He actually shivered as the tail dragged, soft and sensuous, down his thigh while she checked the binding of his left ankle.

Finally, the worst was over.

Anje stood to one side of the bed, hands on her hips. "Are you secure?" She looked straight at him, met his angry gaze with a calm one of her own, not glancing aside or bowing her head. He wasn't used to it. He didn't like it.

Ollie struggled, tugged at his bindings. The old bed creaked a bit, but held steady. He wrenched at his wrists, stupid human joints that couldn't slip loose. Anje watched him. On the few occasions that she'd won their little game of cat and mouse, this was when she was most apprehensive; if he could free himself during their tryst, he was intractable, difficult to contain, and often threw their game right out the window. It was in

his nature; she understood that. It didn't change the fact that he was viciously ashamed of himself; sorry was for after the damage was already done.

This lesson, he'd learned. He'd only had to apologize to her for breaking the rules twice before he was positive he never, ever, wanted to apologize again. Apologizing went against every single fiber of his being; the best way to avoid it was to never do anything that required one.

Easier than it sounded. But he was sure to test his bonds thoroughly.

Lynn Townsend is a geek, a dreamer and an inveterate punster. When not reading, writing, or editing, she can be found drinking coffee or playing MMOs. Lynn's interests include filk music, romance novels, octopuses, and movies with FX. Her work has appeared in Cleis, Hot Ink, Torquere, and JMS publications.

Whetting the Appetite (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Whetting-Appetite-Elizabeth-L-Brooks-ebook/dp/B00JDSI79Q/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420921832&sr=1-1&keywords=whetting+the+appetite

Whetting the Appetite (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/whetting-the-appetite-elizabeth-l-brooks/1119054247?ean=9781502446114

Master of O

Ernest Greene

BDSM billionaire dom contemporary female submissive male dominant S/M

Once inside the playroom, Steven stopped so O could take a good look around. Steven owned everything he wanted, including the warm little package, adorned with nothing more than leather collar, cuffs and skyscraper stilettos, rubbing his cock against her bare backside.

“Please tell me I don’t ever have to leave this room again,” O said.

Taking a red vinyl cushion shaped to conform to a petite pair of buttocks from a low shelf at the head of the bondage bed, he placed it squarely in the middle of the bed’s black rubberized surface.

“Go lie down over there. Settle your tail just off the edge of the cushion.”

Still very aware of the invasive steel ringed plug in her ass, O lowered her shoulders and stretched out her arms and legs. Steven locked both of O’s wrist cuffs and one of her ankle cuffs to the short chains at the head and foot of the massive altar. Looking over at the mirrored wall, O could see just how sacrificial she appeared.

Steven hoisted himself over O’s small body, easily sliding into her with no hands as he lowered his weight carefully on top of her. He took his time getting in, as he did with everything he liked, until she was completely full, packed front and rear, unable to influence his slow, revolving, pistoning penetrations even if she’d wanted to, which she most certainly didn’t. The pump had sensitized her to the friction of every stroke and each full insertion depressed the steel bulge at the front of the plug back into her ass in the rudest way. When Steven started to speed up, she knew she wouldn’t be able to hold out long and so did he.

“Sir, please Sir. Begging permission to come,” O gasped out.

“There’ll be a price for it.”

O whimpered. She had assumed that but it didn’t matter now.

“Please, Sir. Whatever you want to do to me after.”

“Fair enough.”

Steven slammed into her harder and faster. Wrapping one hand around her throat, he supported himself on the other so he could look down into her scarlet face. O wheezed and sputtered at the light choking, but went completely rigid from head to toe, grinding her pelvis, one of the few still mobile components of her frame, against him. She tossed her head back and forth, screaming louder than might be expected for such a small woman.

Steven unchained O from the bed, sat her up slowly, holding and kissing her until he was confident the dizziness had faded.

“Take off your shoes and get moving, indolent whore,” he said in a friendly way. She walked with surprising grace to stand under the suspension bar. He held her close, lifting her arms so her still-cuffed hands could slide into the padded straps, which he buckled just tight enough so she’d feel secure.

Steven went to the controls on the wall-mounted hoist and slowly took her up until she was stretched taut, taking just enough weight on the balls of her feet to keep her arms from hurting. O’s high arches would eventually cramp, but that was part of it.

Steven slung the short, thick single-tail, beautifully woven in red and black with a feathered end, over his shoulder and circled her like a matador, picking his targets. O’s hard, little butt seemed the right place to start. The leather swished through the air, the feathered end connecting with a sharp report. O twitched, but that was all she could do. Steven concentrated his attention back there for a bit, alternating sides as always, laying on neat, straight stripes. Just for fun, he gently wrapped her a couple of times, bringing the tails up on her belly.

“I like that whip,” she said. “It feels just right.”

Steven went to work on the front of O’s body. It was a trickier business, especially with the need to avoid snagging her nipple rings. Soon O’s tits were also striped, along with her belly. Coiling the single-tail, he smacked at her still-engorged pinkness, making her dance involuntarily. Each time she went out of position, she quickly turned back to present again. Steven smiled.

“Do your feet hurt?”

“They’re starting to.”

“I’m going to cane them next.”

“I thought you might, Sir.”

“Then I’m going to cane your ass and fuck it.”

“Please, yes, Sir. I’ve been waiting for that. But if you’re going to fuck me there, it would be very generous of you to let me pee first so I don’t lose control when I come.”

He reached up and freed her from the suspension straps, but rather than letting her sink into his arms, he took her under the collar and made her stay on tiptoe as he led her over to the floor drain.

“You can squat down right here,” he told her, “legs open please.”

O couldn’t contain a scornful look.

“I do know how to piss like a proper slave, Sir.”

Lowering herself over the drain, she stayed up on her aching arches and spread her knees wide.

“May I suck you while I do it?”

“Of course. I expect it when I’m so generous with you.”

Taking the head in her mouth, O easily let go a surging stream from between her legs with no inhibitions at all, tinkling musically on the steel strainer over the hole in the floor. Deftly holding her balance, she lifted her head just enough to take him in her mouth, concentrating on the head and corona while emptying her bladder as noisily as possible. Steven could certainly have enjoyed her labors for longer, but his ability to stick to the plan despite pleasant distractions was essential to how he operated.

Steven walked O back to the bed, once again controlling her by the rings on her collar and the base of the steel shaft continually invading her from behind. He positioned her on all fours, parallel to the mirror, pressed her shoulders down until her breasts and face rested on the surface. From the other basket he brought out a thin, rattan cane, tracing the tip down to her tailbone.

The impacts on O’s backside came precisely spaced at ten-second intervals. It bit deep each time, laying rows of double welts over the now pink curvature of O’s ass, top to bottom. She held perfectly still, though these strokes were like lightning bolts.

After ten stripes to each buttock, he saved five more for each of her feet, which he ordered her to raise. It was very trying, keeping them elevated as the cane seared her aching arches, but that was the point. Something good was coming soon.

“Take the plug out now, please. I have other uses for that hole.”

“Of course, Sir, “ O said. “No girl is really a slave until she’s given her ass to her Master.”

“Well put.”

O slowly withdrew the steel bulb from her depths. It emerged with a wet pop, accompanied by a small squeal. That thing really was big. She dropped it into the kick bucket next to the bed with a loud clang.

O composed herself on the bed, facing the mirror in front of the window and neatly aligned with the one on the wall so she could be viewed from every angle. Crossing her hands on the bed, she lowered her face to them and lifted her other end as high as possible. Every movement was beautiful and graceful.

Stroking O’s back, Steven watched her relax around her newly unblocked orifice, which gaped slightly from lengthy packing. The heavy steel had worked well to open the channel.

Taking a blue-lidded plastic bottle of water-based gel from the table, Steven squeezed some out onto his fingertips, rubbing it into the outer rings of O’s flexing muscles. They yielded to his touch easily. She was no stranger to this use.

Steven put another squirt of lube on himself and took careful aim at the tiny target, slipping in a millimeter at a time, feeling O’s tightest passage give way to him. She sighed, her whole body seeming to go soft and floppy around the rigid object invading it.

He slid in and out of her slowly, rotating in lazy circles, holding her fast against him with an iron grasp around her hips. Soon, instead of moving in and out, he started sliding her back and forth while remaining stationary, impaling her repeatedly. She’d been silent up to that point, but her breathing grew steadily heavier and she gave a low, guttural growl, more animal than human.

The climax swept over O with surprising suddenness. She froze, back rising, every muscle tensed inside and out, and howled for permission, which Steven was pleased to grant for all it would have mattered one way or the other at that point.

As soon as O’s spasms ceased he started pounding into her. Looking down at her, back, ass and legs shining with sweat and lube, covered in stripes and splotches, he hammered her mercilessly. Steven felt the internal rippling again, slid out almost to the

point of exiting, then slowly pushed all the way into O, coming in waves, a contraction at each stopping point. O knew she would never tire of the way Steven did that.

O made a purring sound deep in her throat. She knew he would make his demands without hesitation. That was how she liked to be treated and, at last, she'd found a man who was fine with it.

Ernest Greene is the author of a new novel for Daedalus Publishing, *Master of O*, reinventing the BDSM classic *Story of O* set in modern Los Angeles and told from the master's point of view. Since 1999 Greene has served as Executive Editor of the best-selling fetish magazine *Hustler's Taboo*.

Master of O (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Master-O-Ernest-Greene-ebook/dp/B00K2INO7G/ref=tmm_kin_swatch_0?_encoding=UTF8&sr=1-1&qid=1420922465

Master of O (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/master-of-o-ernest-greene/1119438928?ean=9781938884047

“What’s Not to Like”

D. L. King

As excerpted from D. L. King’s anthology,

Slave Girls: Erotic Stories of Submission

*anthology BDSM bondage edgy erotica exhibitionism female submissive male dominant
ménage toys*

“This is my playroom.” He opened the door. Royal-blue, deep-pile carpeting covered the floor, and the walls were painted a pale gray-blue. There was a window with an uptown view, but because he was so high up, there were no neighboring apartments to look into. Another king-size bed, this one with brushed steel posts and canopy, dominated the space. The room was obviously meant to be another bedroom and had a closet and attached bath. There were bed tables on each side of the bed with lamps, and a Chinese, black-lacquer chest at the foot of the bed. There were three other pieces of furniture in the room: a blue-velvet club chair, a dark wood X-shaped monstrosity in the corner and another piece of dark wood and leather furniture I couldn’t identify.

“Well, all right,” I said. I knew a kinky sex room when I saw one. Actually, I didn’t, but I’d read that *Fifty Shades of Grey* book and wasn’t an idiot. “Let’s play, then.”

“After dinner,” he said, and ushered me out the door and back into the dining room. He brought me a glass of wine and said, “We’re almost ready to eat, I just want to check something first. From behind me, he put an arm around my waist and as I leaned back against him, he slid his other hand under my skirt and stroked my recently dampened, unpantied pussy. “Good girl,” he said. He smoothed my skirt back down and went back into the kitchen, licking his fingers.

I could feel my face reddening and my temperature rising. *I should be insulted by that*, I thought, *so why am I so turned on?* All through dinner I fidgeted and squirmed, thinking about the playroom and what we might do there. I have no idea what we ate. I knew the meal was concluded when he said, “I don’t think you need that anymore, do you?” touching the sleeve of my dress. “Take it off and go hang it up in the closet in the playroom.”

He was always polite, and I always felt that I could have said no at any time, but he never actually *asked* me to do anything; he always *told* me and, somehow, that just seemed right. I stood up from the table and lifted my dress over my head and turned toward the hallway. He followed me into the room.

The closet had a very small clothes rack, with a few hangers. It was mostly filled with rows of hooks from which hung various whips, paddles and floggers and shelving units which held a plethora of other items, most—probably all—of a sexual nature, though I didn't have a clue what some of them were.

"Hmm," I said. He was standing directly behind me. He reached both hands around my thighs and spread the lips of my pussy open while he stroked the insides with his thumbs.

"I already know you're sexually submissive." I squirmed in his hands. "No, you know you are. But I think you might also make an excellent slave." I pulled away from him. He caught me and spun me around to face him. "No, I think it's something you were made for. Or at least something you and I were made for, together."

We talked about it together, I naked, and he clothed. He sat me on the odd-shaped piece of furniture and pulled up the club chair and told me about submission and slavery and how they were different. He told me about the things he'd like to do to me and with me. Early in the discussion, he placed his hands on my knees and spread my legs. He told me to keep my hands behind me. Occasionally, as he would explain certain things to me, he'd reach over and insert a finger or two inside me, or squeeze my clit, just to check my arousal, he said. Of course I just got wetter and wetter.

I asked him what I was sitting on and he said it was a spanking bench. I asked him how it worked and he showed me how to lie astride it, on the padded-leather top. He placed my knees and shins on the padded beam running along each side that I'd previously been using as a footrest. Then he walked round behind me and pulled me toward him a bit. That left my cunt free and open to his use. He placed my hands on handles in front of my knees.

"Comfy?"

"Yeah, I am," I said. "But I don't like being spanked."

“Oh, I think I can change your mind about that,” he said, and proceeded to spank me with his bare hand. Occasionally, he’d stop spanking and play in my dripping pussy, and then he’d go back to spanking. He began easy. It didn’t hurt. But shortly after he began the spanks got harder and harder, until I was grunting and shrieking with each new application of his hand. At one point, I reached around to cover my ass and he grabbed my wrist and held it to the small of my back. He stopped spanking long enough to collect the other wrist and grip them both together. Then he gave me three very hard spanks.

“Stop, stop, stop,” I said.

He stopped spanking me, but put two fingers in my cunt and began to fuck me with them. “Those last spanks were punishment for trying to cover your bottom. I won’t have you hide yourself from me.” He fucked me slowly while he talked to me, explaining the rules. “Most often, I’ll fasten your wrists and ankles to the bench so you can’t move them, but I just wanted to give you a little taste.” He continued to finger-fuck me, my body slowly building toward orgasm. “I think you liked it. Did you like it?”

I felt a bit like a wet dishrag, but I managed to croak out, “Yes, god yes,” as my ass bounced up against his hand, trying to drive his fingers as far inside me as possible.

“Such a greedy little cunt you are.” He removed his fingers and just as I groaned at the loss of them, I felt a sharp smack right against my swollen lips and clit. My mind exploded as my body convulsed in what was possibly the most intense orgasm I’d experienced, up to that time.

“Fuck me!” I said.

“Is that an exclamation or an invitation?” he asked.

“I think it was an exclamation,” I said, “though, if you give me a minute, you could take it as an invitation, too.”

That was my introduction to submission and the possibilities of slavehood. And believe me, I’ve had even more intense orgasms since then. Remember when I said he was a brilliant engineer? Well, he *is* a brilliant engineer. He’s designed and built a few interesting devices and furnishings for his playroom, all specifically tailored to me, and my measurements. He says he dreamt about the latest piece—woke up with a screaming hard-on, too. After he fucked me, he went right to his drafting table and came up with this

most ingenious piece of furniture. And like all his various torture devices, it's amazingly comfortable.

You see, the shoulder harness pops up and I step up and slide right in. This piece here keeps my knees spread and resting on the padded leather blocks and my back supported by the padded leather backrest. It's even got lumbar support. The shoulder harness comes down, holding me against the supports, and I recline backward a bit, into the neck and headrest. There are two attached leather straps, one for my chin and one for my forehead. They keep my head in position. Now my mouth and throat are at the perfect height and angle for Master's cock. We worked at it, together, to get just the right angle, both comfortable for me and the perfect fit for him. I think it's my favorite new piece of furniture, and as you can see, he's made several. It has attachments, too. Look. He can attach various dildos and vibrators to keep either my cunt or my ass filled, or both, if he wants. Again, the angle is perfect for my holes, so everything fits just right.

Sometimes he fastens me in and doesn't fuck my mouth at all but just plays with me. As much as I love his cock in my mouth, sometimes I like the way he plays with me even more. He can use his beautiful fingers to torment my nipples. He can attach weights to them and to my pussy lips. He even has an attachment that can clamp and keep my nipples stretched as far as they'll go. He can torment me in so many ways; make me come over and over again. You see, he loves to watch me come. He'll make me come over and over until he's ready to take me. The only drawback to this particular piece is that he can only fuck my mouth. If he wants to fuck my ass or my cunt, he has to take me out of it. But there are other pieces he's made that are designed for that kind of fucking. It just takes a little planning ahead.

So now you understand why I choose to be Dan's slave. He loves me and I would do anything he asks because I know he'd never ask for anything I couldn't give. He keeps me well taken care of and safe, and I wouldn't want anything else. I can see you're getting a little turned on. Dan'll be home soon. He wanted me to invite you over and show you around. He'd like you to stay for dinner, if you want. It'll give us a chance to chat and catch up. You won't mind if I get out of these clothes, will you? I'm not allowed to wear them inside.

Lambda Literary Award winner and IPPY two-time gold medalist, **D. L. King** (dlkingerotica.blogspot.com) is the author of seventy+ short stories and the editor of *The Big Book of Domination*, *She Who Must Be Obeyed*, *Slave Girls*, *Her Wish is Your Command*, *Under Her Thumb*, *Carnal Machines*, and other provocative titles.

Slave Girls (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Slave-Girls-Erotic-Stories-Submission-ebook/dp/B00H6UOIJQ/ref=sr_1_3?s=digital-text&ie=UTF8&qid=1420922636&sr=1-3&keywords=slave+girls+king

Slave Girls (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/slave-girls-d-l-king/1116842704?ean=9781627780322

[A Rough Ride](#)

C. P. Mandara

alpha male BDSM billionaire dom bondage dominance edge play erotica female submission humiliation male domination pony play role play series spanking submission

When Marianna tried the dress on in front of her full-length, floor to ceiling art deco mirror, it wasn't quite as opaque as she'd feared. It clung to her body like a second skin, with a tenacity that surprised her. That was, until she made a move. Then the diamonds quivered, stretched, sparkled and revealed naughty glimpses of skin as they pulled this way and that. As it shifted around her, the dress became a walking advert for indecency. Twisting this way and that in the mirror, she caught a flash of nipple, watched the curve of her breast as it moved softly against the material and if she moved her legs, well, that was another story altogether. Standing with them shoulder width apart, the mound of her naked, hairless sex was clearly revealed beneath the delicate triangles. Turning around to view the back, she could see the outline of her toned backside and, if the material was stretched further, the valley between her ass cheeks was clearly revealed. It felt sinfully invigorating. Taking a few practice steps around her bedroom, she smiled as the tiny threads of rope rubbed against her nipples, breasts and sex, and she found that the faster she walked, the more exquisite the sensation. As she moved, the dress slithered in tiny, stimulating whispers all around her body. It would make her acutely aware of her nakedness with every step she took, which was the idea she guessed. Mark Matthews was indeed a master tormentor. No foreplay would be necessary with an outfit such as this, if foreplay had been necessary - which it wasn't.

“Before we go, Marianna, I feel that certain aspects of your behaviour need to be addressed. So you may place yourself over my knee, hands on the armrest of the sofa. I think we should make that backside take on a pleasant, cherry-red hue before we let the general public lay their eyes on it. What say you, sweetness?”

Marianna had still not come to terms with the fact that she was about to display all of her most intimate charms to any member of the public who might care to look at them,

so it took a moment before her eyes connected with his. Her pupils had dilated dramatically and she was running scared.

“Now, Marianna. I am not a patient man.” His sharp tone had her rushing to obey. She laid her slight body over his thighs and he felt his trousers crumple beneath her. Splaying her body forward, her cheek rested on the arm of her sofa, tilted to the left and she draped both of her arms either side of her head. He let her rest there for a moment in contemplative silence. Anticipation was the mother of desire, and he would see to it that she had more than her fair share of the fickle creature. She began squirming before he had laid even a single finger upon her. He let her wriggle. It served to arouse him as well. He watched the little, glistening diamonds as they danced sinuously upon her body. His hand itched to slam into her flesh, but he waited patiently. There was a time and place for everything and he valued every last little aspect of control. Another twist of her groin, grinding into his pants made him catch his breath, but still he waited. When she finally cried out, a muffled little gasp of arousal that she could no longer keep inside her, he took pity upon her and slowly slid the pathetic wisps of silk covering her ass cheeks up towards her waist. Her sharp intake of breath was delightful. He could see her fingernails digging into the soft suede of the sofa and her heels scrape against the carpet. Yes, she was ready for a little pain he thought. She had certainly earned it.

Letting his fingers slide over the soft mounds of her buttocks, he felt the taut muscle there. It was no surprise she was a little apprehensive, but he wondered if she would be wet for him. His fingers walked a path down her butt cheeks. Hearing Marianna moan at even that light pressure, he was pretty much assured of the outcome of his exploration, and when his fingers reached the base of her sex they almost skidded. She was drenched. Perhaps it was a good thing that there wouldn't be much dress to soak. Plunging two fingers forth into her core, he watched as her back strung itself tight as a bow and her hips bucked against him.

He whispered, “You're ready for my hand, aren't you Marianna?” There was no immediate response. To make his point clear, his hand grasped an ass cheek with a fearsome grip and squeezed. She gave out a high pitched yelp and whimpered, “Yes, Sir.” Well, that was a bit more like it. He raised his hand in the air, palm facing down and unleashed himself.

The first few smacks were a gentle warm-up both for Marianna's backside and for his hand. The idea was to slowly build up the heat so that each spank was a little bit harder than the last. At the end of this session both his hand and her backside would be sore, but there was no question that she would have the worst end of the deal. To give her credit, she settled into the spanking after the shock of the first two slaps had left her and then raised her buttocks to welcome each new blow as she had been taught. She didn't move her hands or her head, and she kept her dazzling green eyes wide open even though she couldn't look at him with them.

Alternating from side to side, he admired the twin peaks of firm flesh and the first spots of colour that had started to encourage her ass to blush rather beautifully. It would take a good few minutes to develop something half-decent and long lasting, but he was on the right path. Each slap saw a slight quiver as the orbs tried desperately to recover themselves before his hand descended again with another fresh attack.

"I've been thinking about your punishment for this evening's 'panty' debacle. As you have already realised, parading you around central London in that dress will be a part of it. It should help you lose that innate sense of propriety that you seem so keen to hold on to. You need to learn that when I lay down the law, I mean for my instructions to be obeyed to the letter and without question. Failure to do so will result in penalties." As his hand continued to fall, he increased the strength of the stroke. She whimpered in protest, but there was still little movement on her part. "You will be pleased to know that I am going to allow you the privilege of wearing panties to work." He did not miss the puzzled frown that graced her face. She had every right to be confused but he intended to clear up her misunderstanding quickly. "When you arrive at the office, however, you will bend over and push your panties down so that they rest around your ankles. That way, I will be assured that you are not wearing underwear while you are working under my roof." Marianna's jaw dropped in horror and he knew it had nothing to do with the effects of his spanking, even though her backside had just begun to wiggle in the most charming fashion. "You may speak."

Marianna did the goldfish thing again. He hadn't slowed the pace of his spanking, so it was going to be a little hard for her to concentrate, but she'd get there in the end. Women were renowned for their multi-tasking skills he'd heard.

“Isn’t there some…” a rather loud squeak ensued as a particularly hard whack cracked down, “health-and-safety-law-against-that?” Her words tripped over one another in a breathless manner and her squirming increased. He could feel his cock harden painfully as he watched her body undulate backwards and forwards.

“Against what?” He raised an eyebrow out of habit, but was aware she couldn’t see it.

“Against trying,” another squeak, “to walk,” a yelp of pain, “in high-heels with your panties around your ankles!”

“It’s a good job I speak gibberish, Miss Morreau. No, the only laws are those which I set and you will ensure that you walk slowly and carefully within the confines of my office, so as not to injure yourself. If you manage to injure yourself through your own stupidity, you will, of course, be punished.” Slap, slap, slap. The metronome beat of his hand was building in tempo. She had to wait a full minute before she could summon a weak, if faintly sarcastic response to his dictate.

“Obviously.”

That was the last thing she said for quite some time.

Christina Mandara is a UK authoress and currently has five books in print: *The Riding School*, *Learning the Ropes*, *Hot to Trot*, *Named and Shamed*, and *A Rough Ride*.

A Rough Ride (via Amazon UK)

www.amazon.co.uk/Rough-Ride-training-latex-leather-ebook/dp/B00N9BGVUU/ref=sr_1_1?s=digital-text&ie=UTF8&qid=1420922960&sr=1-1&keywords=a+rough+ride+mandara

A Rough Ride (via Amazon US)

www.amazon.com/Rough-Ride-training-latex-leather-ebook/dp/B00N9BGVUU/ref=sr_1_1?s=digital-text&ie=UTF8&qid=1420923023&sr=1-1&keywords=a+rough+ride+mandara

A Rough Ride (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/a-rough-ride-c-p-mandara/1120326102?ean=2940046151732

Spyder's Trouble

Korin I Dushayl

BDSM blood play female dominant female/female space opera

“Scum like Thonora deserve to be put on a real rack and stretched until they’re ripped apart.” The Lady placed her soft palm against Tamara’s cheek.

“Unfortunately, it doesn’t matter if your actions resulted in the appropriate outcome. You angered many powerful people when you exposed their trafficking enterprise. If a whisper gets out that you’re on Xoriyan…”

Tamara leaned against the Lady’s palm with a sigh. “I don’t plan to leave the ship except to transfer to whatever vessel Spyd… Captain Malonds can acquire.” Tamara sat up straighter, pushing her shoulders back. “Which brings me to my purpose for requesting this audience, my Lady.”

“Yes, child.” The Lady ran her hand through Tamara’s hair and she had to press her teeth into her bottom lip to maintain any semblance of coherence and resist the urge to throw herself into the Lady’s arms.

“I’ve done what I can to maintain *Trouble* since I joined the crew, and I’m spending every waking moment before we reach Xoriyan, well until now, cobbling together at least the appearance that it’s a working spaceship.” She hung her head. “But this ship won’t bring much, not nearly what the Captain will need to buy something fast enough to get to Creeper while there’s any hope of extracting ourselves from this *phalatu* mess alive.” Tamara pitched forward at an angle so she could prostrate herself in front of the Lady, her arms outstretched, her face against the plush carpet. “My Lady, I was hoping you might offer to lend the Captain the credits he will need to get an appropriate vessel. Without letting him know I asked you, of course.”

The Lady laughed. “You know Varyl would let his pride get in the way of taking a loan from me or anyone else, child. But I’ll take care of the problem.” She leaned down and wrapped her fingers around Tamara’s hair, tugging her back to a kneeling position. “Now, don’t you fret about it, child. Varyl’s mine and I take care of what’s mine. You didn’t break any confidence divulging these facts to me. It’s information I should have as

his owner.” She put two fingers under Tamara’s chin, lifting it high enough to force her to look into the Lady’s eyes. “Now what about you, child? You’ve been working too hard without a break for too long.” She licked her full lips. “What kind of pain do you like?”

Tamara shivered. *So long.* “Anything that pleases my Lady. Although, if the Lady chooses, the more intense the pain, the deeper I can go.”

The Lady’s grin lit up her blue eyes with a wicked light. “Don’t have much room in here and most of my tools, unfortunately, are in storage at the moment. Blood?”

That one word sent a delicious chill along Tamara’s spine to her clit. “Oh, please my Lady, please,” she whispered. “I’ve had all my vaccines. Just somewhere it won’t show. I don’t want them to know.”

This time, the Lady’s laugh had a dangerous edge to it and Tamara shuddered. The Lady patted the bed in front of her and Tamara crawled up, lying down next to her, the scent of the Lady’s leather perfume wafting over her, infusing her with reassurance. The Lady snapped her long fingers and one of her slaves handed her an aseptic wipe. Tamara closed her eyes.

Leaning over Tamara, the Lady teased her nipple with her tongue, then enclosed it with her teeth, biting down harder and harder until Tamara gasped, lifting her hips, the scent of her musk filling the small cabin. The Lady slapped her mound, hard, pushing her back against the mattress. “If you want to stay, I get to decide what, if anything, gets done to your pretty pussy, girl.” Her voice had a hard edge to it, but the commanding tone made Tamara melt.

“Yes, my Lady. I’m sorry, my Lady. It’s just been so very, very long.”

“I understand, girl.” Her voice was softer. She caressed Tamara’s breast with the aseptic cloth, the wet chilling her skin. Tamara sensed rather than saw the small knife placed in the Lady’s hand. Cleaning it with another wipe, the Lady watched Tamara’s face. “Don’t close your eyes, girl. You want to experience all your senses when I cut you.”

“Yes, my Lady.” Tamara’s voice hitched.

The Lady lifted her knife, a stiletto with a shiny blade and a leather wrapped handle. Tamara watched, mesmerized, as the sharp point of the blade lowered to the brown flesh of her breast. The point rested for a moment against her skin, then the Lady drew a

curved line, the blood welling up in the knife's path. Tamara had to concentrate to keep her eyes open, she wanted to let them roll back in her head as the pain roiled from her breast across her belly to her dripping cunt. She clenched her pelvic muscles and stared at the blood dripping from the Lady's knife, mesmerized as the Lady ran it across the tip of her tongue and smiled, and licked her lips.

She wiped the knife with the aseptic cloth and once again, it pressed against Tamara's flesh. Tamara took a deep breath and let the pain drive tension from the muscles of her shoulders and neck, tension she hadn't been aware of until that moment. The Lady licked the knife clean, again, wiped it with the cloth, and brought it back to Tamara's breast. Pain seared through her and her breath quickened. She could no longer keep her eyes open to watch the red blood spilling across the small mound of her boob. Floating in the euphoria of sub space, she just waited for the knife's return.

The next four cuts were much smaller, the Lady didn't even pause to lick the blade. But, then she scooped up gore with the blade edge and licked it off. Tamara was panting, but the sound of the Lady's breath came heavy in her ear and the scents of their musk mingled together.

The Lady leaned over and pressed her lips against Tamara's. She opened her mouth, welcoming in the tongue that tasted of iron. Her blood. On the Lady's tongue. The taste, that knowledge surged through her and Tamara had to clench her fists, afraid of disappointing the Lady by coming without permission. But, she was so close.

The Lady let Tamara suck on her tongue while she pinched the nipple of her intact breast between the sharp nails of her thumb and forefinger. Tamara gurgled a plea and the Lady nodded without releasing her mouth, increasing the pressure on her nipple. Tamara let go, let the delicious pain engulf her until she shook with release, the waves of pleasure pushing against the ripples of agony.

The Lady released her nipple and caressed her breast. She sat up, Tamara's blood staining the silk across her own breast. A hand put a white bandage against her palm and the Lady blotted at the blood still oozing from Tamara's skin until it stopped trickling up from the cuts. Tamara looked at the shape the Lady had cut, then up at the Lady.

"It's the kanji for truth."

Tamara smiled while the Lady put a clean bandage over the wound and taped the four sides. It took Tamara a while to find her voice, but finally she was able to say, “Thank you so very much, my Lady.”

The Lady smiled. “You know how to thank me properly, girl.”

Tamara reached deep inside herself and found enough strength to sit up. “Yes, my Lady. Thank you for the honor, my Lady.” She pushed aside panels of satiny silk until she revealed the Lady’s beautiful, spectacular breasts, four times larger than her own. Sobbing with joy and the euphoria of sub space, Tamara licked from the Lady’s chest to her dark, puckered nipple, caressing one breast with her palm while she tongued the other. She suckled and the Lady moaned, her aroma now overpowering Tamara’s.

Kissing her way through the silks across the Lady’s soft, rounded belly, Tamara eased her shaking body backwards. She settled between the Lady’s fleshy thighs and pulled apart her tender outer lips, covered in soft, dark curls. Inhaling the mouth-watering fragrance, she dipped her tongue into the scrumptious juices. They both moaned and Tamara plunged deeper, caressing the Lady’s engorged clit with her lips, thrusting her tongue into her slit, lapping at the ever-flowing ambrosia.

When the Lady gasped and shuddered, her juices gushed out even faster and Tamara sucked as much as she could into her mouth. The Lady came again, then yanked Tamara’s hair, pulling her up to lay in the Lady’s arms. “Such a pretty little toy. So very responsive and talented. I do have some ideas for how to resolve the predicament my rescue has caused.” She stroked Tamara’s hair. “But, I might just ask that ownership of you be part of my payment.”

As a FemDom, **I.G. Frederick** knows firsthand the beauty of symbiotic D/s relationships filled with love. As an observer she sees the many ways BDSM turns ugly. She writes about abusive and tragic interactions as *Korin I. Dushayl*. Her work appears in electronic, audio, and print anthologies. <http://transgressivewriter.com>

Spyder’s Trouble via Amazon

www.amazon.com/Spyders-Trouble-Korin-I-Dushayl-ebook/dp/B00S729216/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1424574448&sr=1-1&keywords=spyder%27s+trouble

Spyder’s Trouble via Barnes and Noble

[www.barnesandnoble.com/w/spyders-trouble-korin-i-dushay/1121029821?
ean=9781613901250](http://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/spyders-trouble-korin-i-dushay/1121029821?ean=9781613901250)

“Nikki’s Birthday”

I.G. Frederick

As excerpted from I.G. Frederick’s anthology,

When Two’s Not Enough

BDSM female dominant meange

I love Mistress very much, but I really miss having a man in my life. Yesterday, for my twenty-eighth birthday, she gave me a most wonderful present. I had asked to go to a local pizza place that has an indoor mini-golf course — a chance to forget my age and indulge in juvenile pursuits. Mistress, who is quite a bit older, took me, but made it clear she would not play golf. When she went to purchase a round of golf, she asked me with whom I would play.

I shrugged. “I know you’re not interested, I guess I’ll just play by myself.”

She looked up at me. At home, when I’m usually on my knees in her presence, it’s easy to forget how tiny she is and that I’m almost a foot taller. “You could play with him.” She pointed to someone behind me.

I turned and found a friend who I hadn’t seen in several weeks standing there with a huge grin on his face. “Liam!” I said with delight and gave him a big hug. Liam is one of Mistress’ play partners so I’d seen him naked often enough at parties. I do admit I have the hots for him, but Mistress doesn’t permit me to have sex with anyone but her. Still, I was delighted just to have someone my own age to play golf with.

Mistress ordered pizza, paid for two mini golf games, and told them to bring the food out after we played. I enjoyed the game immensely. We got 3D glasses that made it hard to hit the ball accurately, but embellished all the black-lit pirate scenes. I beat Liam by a couple of strokes and Mistress took pictures of us with the “pirates.”

After the luscious pizza, Mistress invited Liam to come to the house and visit for a bit before he drove back home — he lives an hour and a half away. When we arrived, Mistress sent me upstairs to strip and take care of some quick chores. I came back down and saw Liam had a great big bow tied around his neck.

“You may unwrap your present now, boy.” Mistress said, twirling a strand of her long, auburn hair around her finger.

I just stared at her.

“Don’t you like your present?” She had a wicked glint in her green eyes.

I tilted my head to one side. “Um, what do I get to do with it?”

“Anything he will let you.” Mistress smiled, but I had a hard time believing she meant I could have sex with him.

“Anything? As in I can go down on him if I want?”

“Of course.”

“If I wanted him to do me, that would be okay?”

“Yes.”

I almost wept for joy. “Oh, thank you, Mistress.” I got down on my knees and kissed her pretty feet. “Thank you so very, very much.”

My hands shook when I unbuttoned Liam’s khaki shirt and unbuckled his leather belt. He works out so his pecs and abs are nice and firm. I ran my hand over his muscular chest, enjoying the feel of another man. When I pulled down his jeans and cotton boxers, his beautiful penis practically jumped into my mouth. I hadn’t touched one in so long. It felt soft and smooth in my hands. The absolute exquisiteness on my tongue caused my own pecker to respond rather abruptly. I wrapped my lips around his rod and let it slide across my tongue until it hit the back of my throat. I moaned in between his thighs, and I could hear Liam sigh with pleasure. With one fist at the base of his penis and the other hand holding one of his plush cheeks, I slid him in and out of my mouth.

Pain seared across my butt. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Mistress bringing her cane down for another strike. I winced, but I knew better than to do anything to try to avoid or deflect the blow. I concentrated on enjoying the plump succulence in my mouth, but I couldn’t help a little muffled yelp when the second blow struck close on the first welt — Mistress has a rather good aim. Liam and Mistress laughed at the same time at my distress.

Mistress handed Liam a bag of colorful, plastic clothes pins. He leaned down to attach them to my thighs, my arms, and my nipples while I kept my mouth firmly attached to his crotch. They pinched a bit, but I knew that depending on how long he left

them on, they would really hurt when he removed them. When another stinging blow from Mistress' cane cut into my ass cheeks, I stopped long enough to cry out. With Liam's cock shoved deep in my throat it came out kind of gurgly. He seemed to like the sensation, though, because he grabbed my hair, and face fucked me until he jabbed the top of his crotch onto my eyes and sent warm, slightly salty cum down the back of my throat. I swallowed every drop and milked him dry until, to my surprise, he became hard and ready again.

I heard Mistress snap her fingers and I looked up to see her sitting on the sofa, her legs spread apart. I crawled over to her and kissed her feet, sucking her toes one at a time until she wiggled her rear and I could smell her arousal. Then I kissed my way up the soft skin of her plump legs, ducking under her black, ruffled skirt, until I could push aside her silk thong with my nose and dive into her luscious moistness. While I lapped up her sweet juices, Liam removed the clothes pins slowly so I fully experienced the pain of each one. I didn't let that distract me from taking care of my Mistress, though.

I felt first one and then two cold, lube-slick fingers work their way into my ass. I winced and Mistress grabbed my hair, pulling my face deeper into her warm folds. Liam slid his sheathed cock into my hole and grabbed my thighs as though they were handlebars. I squirmed in ecstasy while he banged me. I had my face smothered in the flesh between my Mistress' legs and a cock ramming the shit out of my ass. What a ride. I wished I could stroke my own hardness, but Mistress doesn't permit me to touch myself. While I enjoyed my appetizing position, I could only hope if I pleased Mistress she would eventually allow me some kind of relief.

Liam's engorged cock carved me up beyond what I'd ever experienced. Mistress' juices covered my face as she grabbed my hair and shuddered all over with one of the most intense orgasms I have ever felt from her. I guess she enjoyed watching Liam ram me while I sucked her. When I had licked up all her cum, Mistress slid down in her seat and grabbed a fistful of my hair. She pulled me up slowly so I could slide my own cock into her without escaping Liam. He grabbed my hips and drove himself into me with a fierceness that made me shudder with delight. When he pulled back, I drew out of Mistress and let his thrust push me deep inside of her. She clamped down on my cock

with her muscles and I had a hard time maintaining control, but I'm not allowed to have an orgasm without her permission.

Mistress and Liam came at the same time, his bellow drowning out her ecstatic cry and his grip on my hips leaving marks on my skin. When he pulled out, Mistress finally said: "You may cum, boy."

"Thank you, Mistress!" Without Liam behind me, I could move in and out enough to finally cum, so grateful for every moment of delight she had given me. I buried my face in the pillows of Mistress' chest and enjoyed the spasms in my cock. Once my breathing became regular and my heartbeat slowed to normal, Mistress yanked my face up. "Clean up your mess, boy." I eased out of her, and knelt down so I could suck my own cum out of her. It didn't taste nearly as good as Liam's, but mixed with her juices, it wasn't bad and I got to give her another orgasm.

When she pulled my hair to let me know I could stop, I leaned my head against her thighs and wrapped my arms around her hips. "Thank you so much, Mistress, for such a wonderful birthday present. Today I had the absolutely best birthday I have ever had."

I.G. Frederick trades words for cash, specializing in erotic fiction and poetry. Her short stories appear in *Hustler Fantasies*, *Forum*, *Foreplay*, and *Desire Presents*, as well as electronic, audio, and print anthologies. A FemDom, Ms. Frederick writes about finding love in BDSM relationships from the authority of personal experience.

<http://eroticawriter.net/>.

When Two's Not Enough (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/When-Twos-Enough-I-G-Frederick-ebook/dp/B009ZLE4LQ/ref=sr_1_1?s=digital-text&ie=UTF8&qid=1420923182&sr=1-1&keywords=when+two%27s+not+enough+Frederick

When Two's Not Enough (via Barnes and Noble)

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“White Tigress, Scarlet Stripes”

Sacchi Green

As excerpted from Sacchi Green’s anthology,

A Ride to Remember and Other Erotic Tales

anthology fantasy historical erotica lesbian erotica science fiction

My mistress called on me to attend her while she entertained a new Green Dragon, and I began to understand what my role here would be. While the fellow would not wish to be observed at such a time by another man (though I was fully aware that the Jade Dragon watched from concealment,) precautions must still be taken. My mistress could be fierce enough herself, I knew, but she chose to present herself as entirely submissive, to inspire and enhance the flow of male sexual energy.

The session began serenely enough. I brought a tray with jasmine tea and sweet dumplings, *baotzu*, filled with lotus paste. The young man was a scholar, a poor one by his hungry look, but polite in his efforts not to gobble up too many dumplings. I made sure to remove the plate while one remained.

He lounged on a padded bench, my mistress on a cushion at his feet. I watched with interest as she leaned close, murmured words I could not hear, and drew her wine-red robe down from her shoulders until her rose-tipped breasts were revealed. I longed to draw closer, but contented myself with biting into the last dumpling and working my long tongue languorously into the sweet cream at its core, winning a sidelong glance from my mistress which held, I thought, more of amusement than disapproval.

When she rose to her knees and parted the young man’s robes, neither he nor I had thought for anything else. With delicate fingers she drew forth his stiffening Jade Stem and stroked from scrotum to tip, urging him to greater engorgement with a practiced touch. Her mouth was painted bright red, and, as she lowered it toward him, his throbbing tip leapt into it as a bumblebee burrows into a scarlet flower. She dictated the intruder’s pace with a firm grip at the base, pulling her head back and then plunging forward, drawing away again until the very tip of her tongue lapped at the pearls seeping from

within, then working her wet lips down along the shaft so that its considerable length disappeared deep within her throat.

The young man's groans became deep and chaotic. My breathing quickened, and the tiny dragon-force deep between my own thighs stirred. Still my mistress gripped him tightly, holding off his eruption, until the pent-up pressure grew so great that on release his white geyser filled her mouth and streamed over her face and neck and shoulders. Calmly she sat back on her heels and massaged the creamy liquid into her glowing skin. I understood at last exactly what was meant by Absorbing the Dragon's Breath.

When the Green Dragon began to recover, the Lady ordered more tea, and stroked him gently for a while with both touch and praise. Then she lowered her robe still further and began to stroke and pinch her own breasts until he reached out to feel the succulent firmness of her nipples, and bent to taste them. Her little cries inflamed me, too, making my tongue and fingertips tingle, and my own dragon-force growl in silent fury.

The young man soon sprang to readiness again. The White Tigress played him even longer this time before permitting him to bathe her smooth breasts with the unguent she desired. His spirit still hungered for a third time, but his flesh lagged behind.

It was then that I discovered the active role planned for me. From my corner I could just glimpse the Jade Dragon behind a screen, his face a mask of tension. He gestured toward the others with a tight jerk of his head, and I saw that the Lady had urged the young man to his feet, turned him, and pulled away his clothing until his buttocks shone pale and defenseless.

She beckoned to me, and suddenly I found myself seated on the bench with the Green Dragon trembling across my lap. My duty was clear. The first sudden smack was enough to make his feet jerk upward from the floor; then I braced my left arm across his back while my right hand came down hard across his quivering flesh, again and again, easing slightly only to take him by surprise with ever harder blows. I was tireless, driven by frustration as well as by an inborn taste for making my mark on bodies hungry for the intensity of pain.

From side to side and along his thighs I struck, until he was red and throbbing from knees nearly to tailbone. By then I felt more than his rear beginning to throb, and knew by his gasps and groans that he was verging on a third orgasm. I smacked him with

unrelenting rhythm, interested to see whether he could erupt while pressed so hard against my thighs; but my mistress's voice penetrated my consciousness.

"Red Lotus," she said firmly, "give him to me."

If it had been her willing body across my knees, nothing short of force would have stopped me. But the scent of her excitement distracted me, and I obeyed, setting the Green Dragon on his feet just in time for his third and final fountaining to bathe her naked belly.

I was still breathless when the housekeeper led the young man away. The scent of the aroused White Tigress was maddening. I knew she was not fulfilled, and watched the Jade Dragon as he emerged from concealment to see what his role would be, but he only looked at her with desperate longing and a small shake of his head. Would I be required to paddle him, as well, to stiffen his Jade Stem? Could I bear to have no part of touching her?

"Come, my Lord," she said. "And come, Red Lotus." I followed them toward her inner bedchamber, pausing at the threshold.

She stood beside the high bed, her back to me, robes drawn up around her shoulders once more; until, slowly, she let them slide down her body so that a tattooed tiger peeked over their rich folds. Then farther still, until she stood in a pool of satin wine, her black hair streaming down until it tickled the tiger's ears.

The Jade Dragon took an ivory-handled brush from the table and went to her, brushing her hair in long strokes, pulling its softness against his own face and neck, bowing his head to rest it against hers. Then, just as I thought I should withdraw, however reluctantly, he turned and held the instrument out to me. "Tend to her!" He stepped aside.

I raised the brush to her hair, but suddenly she bent across the bed, her buttocks raised toward me, the tiger's vertical mouth opening just slightly in an impudent smile of challenge. Instinct took over. I brought the reversed brush down across that sneering face with a sound like the crack of a tree limb. She cried out, and the Jade Dragon took half a step toward us, then retreated.

I whacked her again six times, then pulled her across my lap, holding the brush handle between my teeth so that I could get my itching hands on her flesh, cupping my

fingers to vary the sounds, feeling my hot-blooded dragon-force lurch with eagerness at each contact of my hand with heated skin, each moan of her pleasure. Now and then I paused to draw my fingertips along her inner thighs and scrape my short nails across her tender curves, then startle her with a sharp blow, but any time my hand ventured too deeply she tightened her muscles in disapproval, so at last, in frustration, I took the brush to her again.

Broad scarlet stripes crossed the black marks of the tiger. Each blow distorted the feline face, but always it regained its form. How much did she want?

How much could she forgive?

She began to wriggle on my lap, not in resistance but arousal. The impact of my strikes vibrated through her body into mine. I wanted to drive her all the way, to feel her wetness soak my robes, but, as her sobbing groans came harder and faster, a strong hand gripped my upraised arm and stopped me. “Red Lotus,” the Jade Dragon said, “give her to me. And go.”

I went.

Later, as I lay in darkness, the pleasant burn of muscles and soreness of swollen fingers doing little to distract from the hungry ache between my legs, the door to my small room opened, then closed. Someone climbed onto my bed, her familiar scent intensifying as she straddled me. “Come, Red Lotus, earn your name,” she murmured. I reached up to steady her, cupping her round buttocks with my hands, gently squeezing the still-hot cheeks of the unseen tiger; and, while her purrs and growls of pleasure penetrated the soft night, I worked my long tongue languorously into the sweet cream at the core of the White Tigress.

Sacchi Green has published stories in a hip-high stack of erotica anthologies, including *She Who Must Be Obeyed* and seven volumes of *Best Lesbian Erotica*, and edited nine anthologies, including *Women With Handcuffs* and Lambda Award winners *Lesbian Cowboys* and *Wild Girls, Wild Nights*. <http://sacchi-green.blogspot.com>

A Ride to Remember and Other Erotic Tales (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Ride-Remember-Other-Erotic-Tales-ebook/dp/B004WKQFIK/ref=sr_1_7?s=digital-text&ie=UTF8&qid=1420923535&sr=1-7&keywords=a+ride+to+remember

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Beyond the Edge

Elizabeth Lister

BDSM erotica fetish graphic male/male role play spanking toys

I stood staring at the bench, imagining James' practiced strikes until my cock grew so hard I thought it might rip through my jeans. Then I heard his footsteps on the stairs. My knees went weak. It would have been easier to kneel, but I stood beside the spanking bench with my eyes on the floor as I heard the doors open.

James entered. I heard him chuckle softly. "Oh, yes. You look wonderful standing there, waiting for me," he said huskily, and I felt my cock throb. He closed the doors and locked them, then came closer. I saw his bare feet and the bottom of his black jeans. He took my chin in his hand, tilting my face up so I could look him in the eyes.

"I thought a nice spanking might be a good place to start with you." His brown eyes had darkened to almost black.

They delved into mine, seeking out the most secret parts of my soul, as I sighed and said, "Yes, Sir."

I expected him to tell me to strip, but instead he told me to get up on the bench. I wondered if he would keep me clothed today. I really didn't know what to expect.

Once I got up there and he'd bound my calves and forearms, I felt his hands on the fly of my jeans. I moaned, that light touch from his fingers already driving me mad.

"Easy, boy... we haven't even started yet." I sensed a smile in his voice.

He unzipped me and grabbed the waist of my jeans and black boxer briefs, pulling everything down past my hips. Since my legs splayed out a bit, he couldn't get them any farther down. For some reason, this made me feel more vulnerable than if I'd been completely naked. I struggled in my bonds and glanced back desperately.

James saw me and gave me a stern look. "Eyes forward, Tate. You know the rules."

I did as directed, trying to calm my breathing as I felt his large hand caress my right buttock.

He tsked. "Looks like you need some work before next weekend. I like my boys smoother than this. But it will do for now..."

Oh Christ. I'd forgotten about James' predilection for smoothly shaven men. It had been awhile since I'd been for a waxing. I blushed with shame and embarrassment.

"I'm sorry, Sir," I murmured.

"It's okay. This was an unplanned session."

"Yes, Sir."

Suddenly his hand disappeared. Then I felt it come down on my ass cheek, hard. He spanked me three times, in the same spot. I groaned. It was so long since I'd had this...

"You like that, don't you?" he said softly, caressing the other buttock and then landing three successive slaps to that side.

I moaned as my ass swayed from side to side with the joy of it. Suddenly, I felt his warm hand on my cock. I cried out in surprise and at the wonderful feel of it.

"Oh, yes. You do like that. Very much, eh?" His voice came silky and soft from his throat, as if he were trying to seduce me, when he already had me very much at his mercy.

"Yes, Sir."

"Tell me." A harder edge crept into his voice now, which I loved.

"I like it," I said.

"Be specific."

"I like you spanking me, Sir," I murmured, embarrassed. My voice went real deep when I was unsure of myself.

"Where do you like me spanking you, Tate?"

"On my ass, Sir."

"Do you want me to do it again?" I felt him close by and heard his quick breaths. This affected him too.

"Yes, Sir."

"Tell me."

"Spank me again, Sir," I said quietly.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Spank me again, please, Sir," I spoke louder, feeling the blush creep up my cheeks.

He chuckled, landing a few more blows on my vulnerable bottom. "Your skin pinks up so nicely, Tate. You have a lovely complexion."

“Thank you, Sir.”

“And what would you like next, hmm? Crop? Flogger? Paddle?”

“Whatever pleases you, Sir.”

“Any of those will please me. I’m giving you the choice.”

I thought for a moment. “Paddle, please, Sir.” Might as well go for the gusto.

“Very well.” He walked over to the wall and selected a small flat wooden paddle from the rack. My heart started to race as I realized what I was in for.

He came back over and showed it to me. “I’m going to paddle you ten times with this, Tate. Then we’ll see how you do. Maybe I’ll paddle you ten more times after that. Then I’m going to play with your cock until you come. Does that sound nice?”

I moaned, it sounded so fucking incredible. “Yes, Sir.”

“I thought so. This is just a bit of fun. You do realize that the sessions next weekend will be much more involved?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“All right then. Let’s go.” He moved into position and soon I felt the first blow land — painful but nothing too bad. He went slowly, gradually increasing the force of the blows, so that by the time he got to ten, my breaths rasped and my ass throbbed pleasantly.

“How are you doing?” he asked.

“Fine, Sir.”

“Excellent. Would you like ten more?”

“Yes, Sir. Please, Sir.” I heard the desire and need in my voice.

“All right. Count this time. You can safe-word if you need to.”

“Yes, Sir.”

I counted as each blow landed on my poor bottom, each one sending pain signals to my ass and pleasure signals to my cock.

How that worked I really had no idea. I just knew it did. By the time James landed the tenth blow I think I could have come, hands free, with another strike or two. And by my reactions, he knew it.

He spoke with obvious excitement in his breathless words. “Oh yes, you really do enjoy that, don’t you? If I’d kept going you might have just come on your own, eh?”

I nodded. I didn't want to speak. I wanted to come, so badly.

Suddenly, I felt his clothed form press against my throbbing backside as his arm came around me. His hand circled my leaking, twitching cock. I cried out and struggled, so desperate to thrust into that warm grip. But he didn't let me right away. Instead, he watched me pant and whine and struggle for a few minutes before he started moving his hand back and forth on me slowly. I made a desperate sound as I felt the pleasure build.

"That's it." He spoke as he leaned over me and jerked me off. "What a good boy you've been, Tate...what a very good boy..."

I yelled, feeling my cock spasm in his hand as I shot a thick and copious load all over the floor. It lasted a long time as James kept up his slow, firm stroking and because the buildup had been so intense.

Finally, my body stopped shaking and I felt a languid peace come over me. "Thank you, Sir," I sighed.

He gave my ass a light slap, making me wince. He came around to stand in front of me, holding out the hand that was coated with my seed.

"Clean it," he said hoarsely. Our eyes met as I lapped up my own spunk. The intimacy of the act was startling as this powerful and very attractive older man watched me clean my own juice off his hand. Heaven.

He undid my bonds and told me to pull up my pants. Then he made me kneel before him.

"Undo my jeans."

"Yes, Sir."

I did so. He wore no underwear, so his cock stood thick and hard before me. I made an eager noise in my throat as I glanced up at him.

He clasped his hands behind his hips and nodded, thrusting himself forward. I didn't need any more prompting. I took him gently in my mouth, cupping his balls with my hand, and swirled my tongue around him.

"Fuck, yes," he murmured. "You are so talented in this department, young man."

I groaned in lieu of saying thank you and took him deeper, swallowing as much of him as I could.

He hissed and groaned. I knew it wouldn't take long. He gasped and growled as I sucked him, letting me know what he liked and what he *really* liked. Before long I had him on the edge and I doubled the force and speed of my throat work. Suddenly he grunted. I glanced up to see his expression barely change as his juice spurted into me. He watched me from under hooded lids as I struggled to swallow his release.

Once he finished I let his cock slide out of my mouth and licked my lips, daring to give him a small smile.

He grinned back at me...

Elizabeth Lister (<http://elizabethlister.wordpress.com/>) is a married mom of two living in Ontario, Canada. She has written several erotic stories for publication including two ebooks (*Exposure* and *The Crush*) and the first two novels of *The James Lucas Trilogy* (*Beyond the Edge* and *The Cross and the Trinity*).

Beyond the Edge (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Beyond-Edge-Elizabeth-Lister-ebook/dp/B009EV1XCK/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420923718&sr=1-1&keywords=beyond+the+edge+lister

Beyond the Edge (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/beyond-the-edge-elizabeth-lister/1113027534?ean=9781608207541

Roving Pack

Sassafras Lowrey

fiction leather punk queer transgender

Grace and Johnny are bringing folks back to where they're squatting, beating them, fucking them, and doing some heavy ass roleplay of some kind, all different kinds probably. They're always hunting for someone new. I'm not sure about everything they do, but it's some heavy kinky shit. When I say it like that it doesn't sound like that big of deal, but they are seriously hot, not to mention tough. They could fuck me up so good. When I play with someone who knows what they're doing, the world looks different. I come away from it all raw and oozing and fucked up. I feel better that way, all mixed up and bleary. Everyone says nothing's the same after the night you spend there. The whole world looks different. The sober kids say it's better than any trip they've ever been on before getting clean.

Usually, folks don't come back to QYRC for a few days after getting brought home by Grace and Johnny, and when they do they either never talk to Johnny and Grace again, or they follow them around in really pathetic ways. We'll all be hanging outside while folks smoke and someone they took home once like a month ago will just butt into our conversation and ask if they can get them anything at the corner store, or if they would like some dinner. Pretty much the kid will stand there and keep offering stupid stuff. Sometimes Grace will take them up on an offer, usually if she thinks she can score a pack of smokes out of them or some takeout from the Chinese place up the street. When the poor sucker comes back with the Styrofoam takeout Grace will sometimes even let them curl up at her boots, but then ignore them for the rest of the night, and make a big show out of picking up someone else.

I'll never forget the way that Grace treated Billy. She fucked that boy up, but even having watched all that go down doesn't change how badly I want her. I think the most unethical part of how Grace left him was the way she took his fucking family. Billy had been family with Aurora and Big Billy since they found him trying to sneak into dyke night at the Eagle. He was like thirteen then, and he had only been on the street a few

months. They took him home, named him, and started to train him. Back then Billy thought he was a top, but he loved that old guard training too much and pretty soon they realized what was up. I guess he became the houseboi for a while. I didn't know him then. He's told me stories about how hard they were on him, but how good it was.

When Billy and Grace got together they fucking loved her, said she was real good for him. Problem was, they started liking her too much. Aurora and Big Billy ended up liking Grace more than they loved Billy. He says it's cuz she's a top and they wanted to cultivate more of that in the community. I don't know about all that, I just know they put him on the streets when Grace dumped him for Johnny. Billy won't even talk about it anymore. One night back when we were still living together, he said losing them was worse than his mom and stepdad kicking him out. We don't see much of each other now, but I hear Billy's flagging left. I don't know if he'll ever go as deep as he did with Grace ever again after the way she treated him.

Grace really knows what she's doing. She was down in San Francisco for a while and that's where she got jumped into leather. She's been teaching Johnny everything she got schooled in while she was there. I always make sure I'm flagging black, right. If it's a quiet night, I'll talk to Johnny and Grace about how hard it can be to find folks who are serious about this stuff. They never get the hint, or maybe they do, and don't want me. I'm not sure. Last night, while the staff and volunteers were distracted, Grace and Johnny took this boi into the bathroom to play. I tried to focus on stuffing condoms and lube into little baggies for safer sex kits, but I just couldn't. It's been so long since I got really fucked up. By the end Hunter wouldn't even touch me, so it's been a while since someone's played with me. I need it so bad. I just couldn't handle the thought of someone else getting what I needed. I remember Billy trying one time to teach me how to beg respectfully, where you don't come across sounding whiny and needy. He said Aurora had been working on teaching him that so that they could be proud when they took him to public events. I don't really remember how the hell you're supposed to actually pull that off.

I haven't played with anyone since Hunter left. Some nights I feel like I can't breathe. I mean, I can get lots of ass, but it's different. That's mostly me running fucks, and besides this kinda shit isn't even about fucking. I'd be all over Grace fucking me,

she's like everything I've ever wanted in a butch. Johnny I don't care as much about, she's not really hard enough for me. More than I want Grace to fuck me, though, I want her to chew on me for a while, and spit me out.

Tonight I just couldn't fucking take it anymore. Grace and Johnny came in together, as usual. It was just the three of us sitting on the picnic table in the smoking area. Grace and Johnny were on the table part with their boots on the bench. I sat on the bench. I couldn't believe it, they were actually flirting back with me! Johnny started teasing me about how much I could take, and if my eyes were too big for my own good, that sorta shit. I was fucking loving it. Pretty soon they finished their cigarettes and went back inside. They were paying attention to me. I thought my plan was going to work. I was real glad I'd put on mostly-clean boxers before heading over.

When we got near the kitchen, I thought maybe they were going to get distracted. See, Gus had brought in their food processor and was teaching about half of us youth how to make hummus from scratch. I didn't give a shit about the hummus and I didn't think Grace did either, but Johnny has a granola side and I was worried she would be tempted. I did the only reasonable thing I could think to do. I dropped to my knees. Right there outside the kitchen in front of the memorial wall, I just dropped on that concrete. My knees are sorta fucked up from running around with in high school, and my work pants don't give all that much cushion, but I didn't give a shit. I wanted them so bad, and I wanted them to know it. Poor Gus, no one was paying attention to the chickpeas anymore.

I thought Johnny and Grace would be surprised to see me on my knees. Maybe Johnny was, but Grace just had this grin that I couldn't read. "Boy," she said, "what do you think you're doing?"

I tried to remember all that shit Billy had been trying to teach me about begging without whining, but my brain just wasn't working right. I started stumbling and stuttering and the worst part was that Grace just stood there, looking down at me, waiting.

"Sir, please, I'd like for you...well, you and Johnny...to take me."

I could hear Gus talking about settings on the food processor, and the cost effectiveness of not buying the little tubs of stuff at the grocery store, and how everyone could work together to make their own food. I tried to tune them out. I concentrated on

keeping my eyes on the gouged toe of Grace's boot. I stiffened, but then forced myself to relax when I felt her hand on my head. She left it there for what seemed like a long time. I hoped that everyone in the kitchen was paying attention to Gus, but I knew this was more interesting.

“Boy, get up. I'm not taking you home.”

That's when the tears started and goddamn when that happened all I wanted to do was disappear. I bit on my snakebites really hard with my teeth, and then the barbell in my tongue to try to pull myself together but it didn't work. I wanted to run, but couldn't. I forced my eyes up.

“I can't,” Grace said. “You're too sweet of a boy. I just can't destroy you.”

Sassafras Lowrey (www.SassafrasLowrey.com) is a straight-edge queer punk who grew up to become the 2013 winner of the Lambda Literary Emerging Writer Award. Her books—*Kicked Out*, *Roving Pack*, and *Leather Ever After*—have been honored by organizations ranging from the National Leather Association to the American Library Association.

Roving Pack (via the author)

www.rovingpack.com/

Roving Pack (via Powell's)

www.powells.com/biblio/2-9780985700904-0

Roving Pack (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/roving-pack-sassafras-lowrey/1111325876?ean=9780985700904

“Broadening Our Horizons”

Beth Wylde

As excerpted from the anthology,

Broadly Bound: Broad Horizons Book 1

by **Beth Wylde, Kathleen Bradean, D. L. King, and Syd McGinley**

BDSM club-oriented gay GLBT gender queer lesbian

I opened the door to find Maryanne buried up to her chin in the covers and napping like an angel. The moment was just too good to resist. “Fuck proper.”

I slammed the door to our apartment as hard as I could. The door rattled the frame as she jumped to a sitting position, her eyes darting around the room in an effort to figure out what the hell was going on. As her gaze settled on me, she calmed instantly. The wild look on her face turned to something darker and more serious. She swallowed hard and cast her eyes downwards toward the floor. I knew, by the way her hands shook where they gripped the covers, that I really had been ignoring her. I promised myself then and there that it would never happen again.

The walk across the floor to the bed took only seconds, though it felt like forever. We were hanging on the edge of something truly world-shattering and I needed to know she was with me for better or for worse before I offered up everything I had to her.

“Look at me.”

She obeyed my command instantly, peering hesitantly through her blonde bangs as she settled into her submissive role. We don’t live the lifestyle twenty-four seven but Maryanne can usually tell when I need to be in charge and she’s able to slip into the role effortlessly. “Yes, Master. What can I do to please you?”

I shook my head. “No questions from you. It’s my turn. It’s just me and you, no games. I want the truth. No lies between us. I’m going to ask you something and I want you to answer honestly, no matter how much you think the answer might upset me. You won’t be punished for being honest but if you lie to me there will be consequences. Do you understand?”

Her voice was barely above a whisper. “Yes, Master.”

“Are you happy here with me? Living in this place? Or would you prefer to be somewhere else with someone else?”

She sucked in a deep breath, her face showing her shock as she slowly replied to one of my questions. “I don’t mind living above the club. I know it’s necessary, at least until things take off.”

“What about your happiness?”

She blinked. “What about it?”

“I need to know that you’re okay with all of this.” I flung out my right hand in a gesture meant to encompass everything around us. “I know this past year has been hard on you. I know I haven’t been as attentive to you as I should have been. If you want to leave, I’ll let you. I won’t like it but I’ll understand. You can go, right now, no strings attached. I’ll consider our relationship over and you’ll be free to search for a new Domme who will treat you right.”

She looked close to tears. “Are you getting rid of me?”

I forced myself to stand back. All I really wanted to do was run to her side and sweep her up into my arms. “No. I thought you might want to get rid of me.”

She shook her head in violent denial. “Why would I want to do that? I love you. I know you’ve been busy lately, we both have, but things will be different once we open tomorrow night.”

I nodded and moved across the floor at a run, sinking down next to her on the bed. “Yes, things will be different, but they are going to start tonight.”

I slid my hand softly across her cheek until my fingers combed through her ruffled hair. Without warning I tightened my grip and tugged. Maryanne made a sound between a moan and a sigh, her eyes closing in bliss as her head arched sideways to increase the already tight pressure on her scalp. “Oh yes, thank you. More please?”

I let her go and stood. “No more talking. Not until I say you can.” I pointed towards the bathroom door. “Get yourself ready and then meet me downstairs.” I added a few extra instructions as an afterthought. “No touching yourself and do not use the shower head to get off. I’m the only person allowed to make you come tonight.”

She agreed to my terms without hesitation, her eyes shining with happiness. She jumped off the bed and dashed across the room in a flash, prepared to do whatever I

asked of her. Her unwavering obedience was a good sign, because tonight I was going to ask a lot. It would be our most intense and demanding session ever. Just the thought had me soaked and ready to begin.

While Maryanne showered, I grabbed a change of clothes and several other much-needed items before rushing downstairs to get prepared. I vaulted over the shiny black countertop of the bar and dropped into a crouch, the vinyl outfit in my arms crinkling loudly with the quick movement. I reached out to my left and immediately found what I sought.

Just below the edge was a ring of keys, each one alike except for the bright golden numbers painted on their faces. I grabbed the one marked six and headed towards the back wall, where the ten private playrooms waited patiently.

I made quick use of the bathroom in the theme room I'd chosen, determined to be outside the door waiting and ready before Maryanne arrived. She had to get all dolled up though, which gave me a bit more prep time than normal. After a fast shower, I slid into my usual black Domme clothing, lacing up my pants, vest and boots in haste. The final accessory to my ensemble was a black leather arm band around each bicep, something I always wore while we were in scene. I was ready to give my girl everything I had and then some.

I laid a sealed envelope on the table in the center of the room and headed back out into the hall to wait. Shutting the door, I heard the clickety-clack of high heels as Maryanne descended the stairs behind me. I turned around and couldn't help but stare at what she was wearing. Or more accurately, what she wasn't wearing. She was dressed in an outfit I'd never seen before and one that left very little to the imagination. The Domme and the lesbian in me appreciated the scenery quite a lot.

The white leather halter barely restrained her bountiful breasts and the matching white leather skirt left more exposed than it covered. Beneath the leather a black lacy thong peeked out at the world. The thing that really sent my libido into overdrive though were the shoes. The high heeled, lace-up, go-go style boots stretched all the way to her calves and put my blood pressure into the danger zone. They were definitely 'fuck me' pumps. I'm a sucker for a scantily clad woman wearing heels and Maryanne knows it.

She waited patiently at the bottom of the steps with a demure smile on her face and a new light in her eyes. When she noticed I had one of the themed rooms open her eyebrows drew together slightly in confusion and then settled back into place as she shrugged off her curiosity and waited for further instructions. I was so anxious my hands were sweating.

I stepped inside and motioned her in behind me, closing the door after her with an echo of force that signaled my dominance. “Strip.”

For a moment Maryanne just stood there, staring in shock at the room I’d picked out. Number six was the pain slut’s paradise. The room contained all the seriously kinky paraphernalia. Masks, clips, ball gags, whips, floggers and more decorated the walls while the center of the room boasted an altar-style table bolted into the floor. Each corner held clips for manacles and chains and the far wall was covered in mirrors, so that the room’s participants could watch themselves as the action unfolded.

A low shelf held other items, such as candles, matches, cock rings, vibrators, strap-ons and anal plugs. The list went on and on. Broad Horizons had devices on hand for nearly every fetish and taste imaginable...

Beth Wylde writes what she likes to read: a little bit of everything under the rainbow. Her muse is an equal opportunity smut bunny that believes everyone, no matter their kink, color or gender, deserves love, acceptance and steamy HOT sex. Find her online at www.bethwylde.com or email b.wylde@yahoo.com

Broadly Bound (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Broadly-Bound-Broad-Horizons-Book-ebook/dp/B00IB1PQ4U/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420924121&sr=1-1&keywords=broadly+bound

Broadly Bound (Via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/broadly-bound-beth-wylde/1118592868?ean=9781470104184

“A Good Workout”

Sinclair Sexsmith

As excerpted from Ily Goyanes’ anthology,

Girls Who Score: Hot Lesbian Erotica

anthology BDSM gender queer lesbian queer erotica sports erotica

You check out my ass in the mirror across from mine, and that’s when I know that you want me. I’ve got one of those too-small towels wrapped around my waist and another too-small towel draped over my shoulders, and so do you. The half-dozen girls in the locker room are wearing their towels up over their breasts, with a second one twisted up on their heads. But we don’t need that. Your hair is the same length as mine, cut way above the ears, but yours has that faux-hawk, which tells me you might be a few years younger than I am. Mine I sweep up and over in a wave like I took a palm full of product and ran my hands over my head. Which I did.

I wash my hands and head for the steam room, catching your eyes in the mirror for just the quickest inviting smile. I can feel the pulse in my muscles from the 5k run I just finished on the treadmill and the quick set of weights I lifted to keep my shoulders strong and open. My neck feels loose, my fingers feel heavy, my thighs feel solid.

When you chose the treadmill next to mine, I didn’t think much of it. I read you as a guy for a full minute until you stopped walking and started running, and I stole a glance and noticed the smooth girl curve of your chin. Your run was lithe—supple and graceful, full of ease. I struggled with my breath and concentrated on my feet hitting the treadmill. I slowed down and caught my breath, sped up and pushed myself, slowed down again. You stayed steady, one foot in front of the other, sweating but not out of breath, listening to your iPod while I watched a re-run of *Sex and the City*.

When I left the weights to head down to the locker room, I thought I felt your eyes on me, but I didn’t turn around to look. You were doing assisted pull-ups by then, your blue basketball shorts bunched by your knees as you knelt on the machine and your biceps popping. I heard you groan only once.

Not that I was watching.

And now I lay myself out on the high bench in the steam room. I'm the only one in here. I unwrap the towel and let my skin sweat the work out of me, feeling my muscles relax, the blood still pumping inside, the tingling sensation that rises after using my body. I breathe in and out, focusing on the place where my body hits the air, the place at my nasal septum where the air is leaving my body, cooler from inside my lungs than it is in the steam. I can't stay in here too long, but I love how it leaves my body supple. It feels like a cleanse, a good sweat, where working out feels like a release of toxins.

I always have the urge to run my hands over my body, feel my skin slick with sweat, open my legs and let everything get washed by the hot steamy air. I always think of that story from Nancy Friday's book *My Secret Garden* where two women in the steam room get it on—definitely a story that told me I liked what these women did together a little bit more than I expected.

I let my body sink into the tile bench and for a short minute all is still; then the door opens, releasing a gush of steam and sucking in cool air in exchange. I don't have to look up to know it's you. It seems obvious in this moment that you'd follow me in here. You sit on the bench below mine and your head is aligned with my knee. You sigh, hands on your thighs, legs parted. I can just make out your shape through the white steam. The back of your neck starts to drip. You take the towel from your shoulders and reveal your chest, small and tight and muscled, your nipples hard and pointed rosy pink. I have the urge to reach out and twist them, feel them hard between my fingertips. I resist.

When you lean your head back and I feel your hair touch my knee, I take the hint and shift, bending my knee up over the edge of the upper bench. You sigh again, this time more of a groan, and your desire is palpable. Your eyes are closed but you turn your head and your face is between my thighs. My heart pumps faster in my chest and my stomach rises and falls. You only wait a beat before turning your hips and gripping my inner thighs in each of your hands. You take a long inhale of the wetness that has gathered, my pubic hair thick and wet, already swelling. You take my clit in your mouth without fanfare, just slide it right in and run your tongue along the shaft. Your hands grip harder and your throat opens to take me deeper, your nose buried in my flesh. I know I must smell, musty and thick and sour, and you lap it up with your tongue, your lips pursed, shoved against me hard.

You bring one hand over to cup me underneath and I feel your fingers gently in my crack, palm against my opening, holding my lips like I have balls, high and tight and smooth. I feel your finger find my asshole and shift my body to give my consent, pushing gently against, and you slip inside, just to the first knuckle, easy with all this steam. I grip your hair, because that's what a faux-hawk is for. Long enough to grab on top and move your mouth around how I want it, where I want to feel it. I fuck your mouth while keeping your head stationary and you work your finger gently and firmly in my tight hole, your tongue wide and throat open. My hips open and I thrust into you, ready to come, thinking about shooting as my clit pulses and contracts, my body shuddering.

I pull your head back as I get super sensitive to the touch and you wipe your mouth with the back of your hand, look up at me through the steam.

I grin. I breathe and feel my feet on the floor, get my bearings and don't waste time. I slide down from the upper bench and you are on the edge of your seat, I easily grab your waist and flip you around, your ass against me, my arms around you, one hand pushed between your legs and the other twisting those pink nipples. As my fingers find you wet and open you bring my other hand up to your mouth and suck two of them down, tongue swollen, lips wet. I keep my grip around you as I plunge two fingers inside you deep and you groan again, that same release that all those pull-ups had you uttering, the same instinct to buckle and pulse overtaking you. I pull my fingers out slick with your juices and find your clit, start jacking you off, the shaft of it hard and swollen under my fingers, throbbing with my touch.

You quicken under me.

I pull you back against me and our bodies slide against each other, your back against my large chest, my nipples still hard, my stomach against your lower back, your ass against my pelvis. If I had a cock it'd be in your ass right now, and as soon as I think that I can feel it, and you press back against me as if opening up, squirming, and I keep my grip as I reach around you to jack you off. You aren't easy to get off, I can feel it, that barrier between us, but I can feel how you like to be taken, how you like to be a boy under my touch, how you like to bend over and give it up for me, because that's how I like it, too.

Our bodies are talking to each other without our heads getting in the way. Our cocks are hard and thrusting, and I am thrusting, and you are thrusting into my palm. Your hand pushing my fingers deeper into your mouth though it is open and you're breathing around it, I feel your breath cooler than the air. My arms are dripping with sweat and steam, I can feel it rolling down my skin. You groan and I feel the vibration of your tongue on the pads of my fingers. You shudder and your back arches and I hold you up. Your other hand goes down on top of my hand between your legs and you start working it faster and faster, just a little bit up and right of where my fingers were, moving me over, until you stumble forward just a little and I feel your stomach crunch, tighten, your shoulders curl forward, your muscles shaking against me, and you come in my hand with a gush of heat and liquid.

Sinclair Sexsmith is a feminist dominant, identity puzzler, poet, and strap-on expert. They have contributed to more than two dozen anthologies, edited *Say Please: Lesbian BDSM Erotica*, and wrote *Sweet & Rough: Sixteen Stories of Queer Smut*. They write about dominance and butch identity at sugarbutch.net.

Girls Who Score (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Girls-Who-Score-Lesbian-Erotica-ebook/dp/B008DYID5E/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420924369&sr=1-1&keywords=girls+who+score

Girls Who Score (via Audible)

www.amazon.com/Girls-Who-Score-Lesbian-Erotica/dp/B00ESL258M/ref=tmm_aud_title_0?ie=UTF8&qid=1420924369&sr=1-1

Girls Who Score (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/girls-who-score-ily-goyanes/1110913242?ean=9781573448253

Bound and Unbroken (Out of Bounds Book 1)

Skye Callahan

BDSM erotic romance

The dimly lit restaurant was busy, but they had been seated in a small booth near the back of the restaurant, where—for better or worse—it was quiet. And after the waitress brought their drinks and took their dinner order, Lena was left to fend for herself as the sole object of Eric’s attention.

“How long have you been teaching?”

“I managed to get a subbing position last year, and they hired me full-time this year.” She fidgeted, playing with the napkin roll, and then the little coaster under her glass.

“What grade?”

“Third.”

Eric chuckled and sat back. “This isn’t an interrogation, you know. I’m trying—”

“I know.” Lena took a deep breath and dropped her hands into her lap. “I just... I keep replaying last Friday in my head. That wasn’t me.”

“No?” Eric tilted his head, trying to catch her eye, but she kept her head lowered and her gaze on the table.

“No. I was just playing along because I wanted...”

“You wanted?” he prompted when he clearly got tired of waiting for the end of the sentence that wouldn’t quite form.

“To get out of my own head,” she whispered.

“And it worked?”

“For a while.” Biting her lip, she continued. “I enjoyed doing things that I wouldn’t normally consider, but it’s not me.”

“I don’t believe you.”

Lena shook her head and reached for her water glass, hoping her hand wasn’t shaking too visibly as she lifted it to her lips. “Believe whatever you want.”

“I believe this is your facade.”

Annoyance turned to burning anger as she squeezed her napkin, but she refused to lift her eyes from the table. “You don’t know me.”

“No.” He caught her wrist before she could pull it out of his reach.

Her muscles seized under his hot grasp. “Let me go,” she whispered through gritted teeth.

“Let yourself go.”

She met his gaze expecting anger to swirl around his eyes as well, but his face was relaxed—a stark contrast to the tight grip he had on her wrist.

“What do you want?” As soon as she stopped trying to pull away, he loosened her grip.

He turned his hand over so that it rested palm up on the table. “A nice evening out with you.”

“And after that?”

“I like you, Lena. And, I suspect there’s far more to you than you’re willing to accept.”

She folded her arms across her chest, making sure he wouldn’t have the opportunity to grab her again. “I’m sure you say that to all the girls you pick up at sports bars.”

His eyes widened, but he still didn’t move his hand from where it stretched across the table toward her in an invitation. “Now that you mention it, I do.”

Lena’s jaw dropped. It wasn’t that she expected him to deny it, but an outright admission was even more disturbing.

“You’re the first,” he clarified.

“I don’t buy that.”

Eric shrugged, “Believe it or not, I don’t usually pick up girls at bars.”

“Then where do you usually pick them up?”

Eric’s smile widened, and he rubbed his lips together. “Most of the girls I’ve dated I either met through mutual friends or at BDSM clubs.”

Lena’s breath echoed in her ears, and she wondered if she heard him wrong. The roar drowned out any thought to move or respond.

“I didn’t expect it to freak you out that much,” he said, eyebrows cocked slightly.

Lena had to take a long drink of water before she found the ability to respond.

“So... what...?”

That wasn't exactly what she'd intended on stuttering out.

“You tell me. I'll answer any questions you have, but you'll have to be a bit more specific.”

“Maybe this isn't such a good idea.” She pushed at her napkin, then rubbed her palms against her pants.

“Lena?”

Her nails dug into her palms as her head jerked up to stare him in the eye. “I can't do this.”

“We're just having dinner. Give me your hand.”

The skin at the back of her neck tickled as if her nerves were swirling around beneath the surface, but she forced one hand to unclench, rubbed the sweat from her palm, and dropped it into his awaiting hand. This time he didn't grab her, he just let her hand rest in his while lightly rubbing his thumb along the side of her finger.

“That thing in the cab?” She whispered. Just thinking about that night made the sensations slam into her again. “You have a thing for what? Tying girls up and spanking them?”

Even she knew that was a narrow definition, but it was all she could come up with—and at the moment, they were the only things she was really concerned with.

“Former, yes. Latter, only if needed,” he tilted his head forward, “And none of the above unless it's consensual.”

Lena managed a slow deep breath, glancing over Eric's shoulder to see the waitress approaching with a tray of food at her side.

Lena thanked the waitress for her food, and lowered her voice as soon as they were alone again. “What if I'm not interested in your *kink*?”

“You won't know until you give it a chance.”

“Are you always like this?” she asked. “Completely blunt, talking about sex in the middle of a restaurant...?”

“You wanted to know where I met my ex-girlfriends. And, we may as well get the chat out of the way—besides, the only thing that might give away our conversation is you blushing.”

She felt her face get hotter as soon as he mentioned it. Perfect timing for the waitress to return and refill water glasses, so Lena lowered her head, pretending that she had something in her eye until the woman walked away.

“Why don’t you just go back to your club?” She swallowed, trying to concentrate on her food before the current of emotions pulled her under and made her do or say something stupid.

“I admit that would be easier—in theory. The girl I’m interested in is here.”

“Why me?”

Eric put down his fork and knife, leaning over the table. “You can keep asking ‘why’, but you know it as well as I do. It’s the reason you’re here. The reason you took a chance and climbed into that cab last week. You want to know how I get under your skin so easily. How our conversations can make your body feel like it’s coming undone. I want to know the same thing.”

Skye Callahan (skyecallahan@gmail.com) is a multi-genre author who has spent her life chained to the fictional characters in her head. Her works include *Bound and Unbroken*, the first BDSM Romance in the Out of Bounds Series; *Irrevocable*, a dark erotic romance; and the *Fractured Legacy* series of paranormal urban fantasy novels.

Bound and Unbroken (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Bound-Unbroken-Out-Bounds-Book-ebook/dp/B00IM10CQ6/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420924543&sr=1-1&keywords=bound+and+unbroken

Bound and Unbroken (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/bound-and-unbroken-skye-callahan/1118723309?ean=9781494796396

[The Silken Edge #1](#)

Laci Paige

BDSM erotic romance May-December

Two weeks went by and not a word from Jake. They would pass in the hall, or in the gym, but nothing was said. Kristy swore to find out why the prick wouldn't talk to her. Just because he didn't want to have a serious relationship with her, they still could've been friends, or did too much happen between them? She didn't think so, and that's why she was confused. She needed to figure it out soon before insanity kicked in. She'd met up with Sherry and even saw Steven for lunch a time or two, but never discussed Jake with either of them. She wasn't ready for that yet.

On a Friday night after work, Kristy headed home, took a long hot shower, and put on her sexiest under garments; a black lacy bra and matching panties with a double elastic garter holding up her sheer black thigh high stockings. What she wore over it wouldn't matter, but she planned to wear her black fuck-me pumps to top it off.

Arriving at the club, she asked Stan to see Master Jay and not to announce who she was. Jake had been in between sessions and Stan said she had about thirty minutes. She snuck down to Room Ten and knocked. Kristy waited a moment and heard nothing so she slowly opened the door and peeked in. Slipping in undetected, she heard noises from the aftercare room. Quickly stripping from her dress she stood in her undergarments and heels, anxious as hell. When she heard footsteps heading her way, she dropped down to kneel in the middle of the room. "Sorry to keep you waiting, Stan phoned to say someone..." Jake's voice trailed off.

Head down in her submissive role she sat and waited. Jake's feet appeared in her vision for a moment then disappeared. She sat for a long time. He didn't speak nor did she hear him anymore. Lifting her head to survey the room she found it empty.

Feeling defeated with a huge ache in her heart she had no choice but to dress and head home. On the way past the bar she smiled at Stan and he waved to her. She wondered what his real name was. She never caught it during their conversations.

Someone was in her parking spot at the gym so she had to park out front. As she stepped through the door, heads turned, male and female, to watch her pass by in her sleek black, tight-fitting dress. She felt powerful and sexy. She walked slowly exaggerating her hip movements a little.

Roy eyed her from behind the front desk, and gave a nod with a wink. “Good evening, darlin’.” She gave her best sexy smile.

Obviously affected by her looks, he took a deep shaky breath. “You shouldn’t be strutting your stuff around here like that.” He nodded out toward the men pretending to lift weights while checking her out. “Someone might get hurt.”

She giggled and went upstairs unable to wipe the smile from her face. At the top of the stairs, she finally looked up to prevent from tripping. What she saw took her breath away. Jake, in his leathers, leaned against the playroom door with his arms crossed over his chest. He was gorgeous, and he was pissed. Unsure of what to do, she walked slowly to her door and took out her keys. Before unlocking the door, she looked over her shoulder. Jake’s eyes were hooded and smoldering. Heat rose between her legs. He remained quiet. To test the waters, she walked over and stood right in front of him.

“How did you get here before me?” She shook head. “Never mind.” Turning around to head back to her apartment, Jake’s hand grabbed her arm. He spun her around and shoved her against the door by her shoulders.

“No talking. Safewords only.”

Her knees went weak, insides turned to mush, and her panties were instantly damp.

He turned the knob to the playroom door and led Kristy in. Her heart beat in her throat. She was nervous, scared, and excited as hell. What game was he playing? She didn’t want any more heartbreak, but she couldn’t find it in herself to deny this sexual fantasy of hers by leaving.

Once inside the playroom, he locked the door and flipped a switch. The music from the gym played quietly overhead as soft lighting illuminated the room.

Jake reached down, lifted the hem of her dress over her head, and threw it on the floor. He stood back to admire the view, and she could tell by the growing bulge in his pants he liked what he saw. She kept her eyes down and waited.

Eventually, he pressed her to the wall and kissed her savagely; deep, hot, and animal-like. She held back moans. He said no talking, but were noises acceptable? His lips, tongue, and teeth traveled down her neck, her collarbone, to her breasts. He bit through the lacy fabric and clamped down hard on her nipple.

Her breath caught and she moaned. He didn't reprimand her, so noises must've been allowed. While assaulting her nipples, he reached down and released the clips on her garter belt for easy access to her panties. He slipped them down around her ankles and she stepped out of them.

Pulling her hard against his fully clothed body, he lifted her and carried her across the room stopping at the hip adductor. Her nub throbbed at the sight of the machine with restraints. He put her down to her feet and adjusted the seat height to the highest position.

Grabbing her up, he sat her on the seat then knelt to buckle her ankles to the machine. He left her stockings and shoes on, she smiled on the inside. *Kinky bastard.* Adjusting the lever, her legs swung far apart and remained there. Cold air rushed to the heat between her legs.

While she focused on her lower half, Jake stepped closer and lifted her breasts out of her bra. They strained over the lacy fabric. He pulled and twisted her nipples making them harder than they already were. One arm at a time, he raised them to the wrist cuffs and buckled her in.

He took two steps back, looked at her, and then left, heading to the side room.

He returned several minutes later, after she had time to take in the sexy position he had her restrained in. It was hot. She was hot. She wanted him and wanted him bad.

He removed his clothing and stood before her completely naked and hard. He reached down and stroked his cock while looking at her body. After a few minutes, he stroked faster and harder tugging at his dick. His eyes closed and his hips bucked back and forth as he let out a guttural groan. Kristy watched the whole thing with wide eyes, her body humming along with his. She just about came when he did, but then it was over.

He cleaned up and then dressed himself before he walked to her and took the restraints off her wrists and ankles. He dressed her, and walked her to the door. Opening it, he led her outside. "That's punishment for arousing me. Do not masturbate, and meet me back here same time tomorrow."

She was stunned, her head spinning from the erotic sight, and horny as hell. She didn't get it, but her throbbing pussy convinced her not to argue and to try again tomorrow.

Instead of a cold shower, she opted for the gym to blow off steam. Mid-workout, Jake appeared behind the counter, freshly showered with wet hair. His face held no expression. She was thankful she wore sweat pants and a t-shirt, not her usual skintight spandex. It might have pissed him off.

The Silken Edge, by **Laci Paige**, is about a group of people into the BDSM scene. Each book follows a different couple as they grow, learn and discover more about themselves. Each story ends with HEA or HFN. Laci's husband is a willing participant when she needs hands-on research.

The Silken Edge (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Silken-Edge-Book-ebook/dp/B00ANG0812/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420924933&sr=1-1&keywords=the+silken+edge

The Silken Edge (via Smashwords)

www.smashwords.com/books/view/298717

The Silken Edge (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/the-silken-edge-laci-paige/1114998842?ean=9781481868532

[Velvet Purrs in Paradise](#)

Leya Wolfgang

BDSM erotic romance sex club romance

Jim tugged gently on the leash and guided me into Purgatory, straight to one of the hitching posts that was unoccupied despite the room being packed. *A coincidence?*

As he unclipped my leash, he barked out, “Stay.” I looked at him, my eyes blank of response, but obeyed. Jim threaded the leash through one of the post rings and then through the leash loop. The clip snapped loudly when he fixed it back to the ring in my collar.

Once he had me chained in place, I started to tremble, wondering what would come next. A small, curious crowd gathered around us, and the tremble increased to a shake.

Jim came close and stroked my hair as he spoke softly. “Breathe, sub. You’re safe, baby girl. No one is going to touch you. They only want to look at your beautiful body.”

I shook my head vigorously, flinging a few tears from my eyes. The warning about not speaking unless spoken to had been delivered and understood, as had the talk about safewords. Jim asked, “You don’t want them to look at you? Do you want to use your safeword?”

“No, Sir,” I peeped.

“Then what is it, sub?”

“My body isn’t beautiful, Sir. It’s too big.” There isn’t a single body at DYKKC that I don’t think is beautiful. Even the overweight woman being strafed with sponges the week before is gorgeous to me. So is davey’s Rubenesque Mommy.

Thanks to that asshole boyfriend in college, I had trouble loving the more-than-generous curves I acquired after Jed’s betrayal. Even all the jogging I have done since my parents died hasn’t completely erased my love handles and muffin top. I unkindly judged myself as perennially tubby. That’s another reason I never took Jim’s flirting seriously. I couldn’t imagine that a god like him could ever be interested in a marshmallow like me.

“I don’t want to hear you talk like that again, sub, or I’ll have to take you over my knee.” I snapped to attention. I’d read enough naughty books and had seen enough red

asses my first night at DYKCC that I didn't want Jim laying his hands, or something more sinister, on my tender behind. No one had ever spanked me, not even my parents. This "play" session was turning out to be far more humiliating than I had anticipated.

Jim spent agonizing minutes running his fingers all over my body. As he skated along, he pulled at the ribbons at my back and neck. My top sailed to the floor. When he dropped his hands lower, he plucked on the ribbons at my hips and tugged the G-string from between my thighs. I hadn't planned on getting completely naked, and the shock had me hyperventilating. I covered myself to hide my vital parts and my excess weight. My Dom took control, speaking in calming tones and gripping my wrists.

"Look around you, sub. There isn't anyone here who will judge you. This is what you asked for. Just let yourself go." *I can do this.* I finally caught my breath and gave in as Jim pulled on my wrists, drawing my hands away. He looked like he was unveiling a marble statue or work of art. A cloud of butterflies fluttered in my heart. Things were not going according to my original plan, but I was glad to have my exposure over all at once. I was also oddly relieved to not have made the choice myself. I was getting a feel for the appeal of submission.

Standing in the middle of a crowded room in only my birthday suit and heels suddenly wasn't nearly as embarrassing as I expected, thanks to Jim. He found special compliments for each part of me that he brushed his long fingers over. He *oohed* and *aahed* and sighed, as did the spectators watching closely. One rather rotund man in a black, spandex bodysuit incited my nerves by inching his flagrant erection closer. *Is that hard-on because of me?*

Jim placed a tender kiss on each of my cheeks and a single, wet smacker of a kiss on each perky nipple. He treated each butt cheek to a sharp smack with a heavy hand. A hot blush flared on my face when he ran one finger across my slit and brought it up gleaming.

"Mmm. So temptingly juicy, my little playmate. And delectable." I gawked as his thick tongue licked his finger clean. The act was dirty, and the most erotic thing a man had ever done to me. Sure, I'd had a man taste me before, but the tone of Jim's voice, his unwavering stare, the slow flickering of his tongue, and the popping sound as he removed his finger were all sexually charged. On the periphery, I could see several men and even a few women shifting their attention to Jim sampling my nectar. He was that hot. One tall,

lean man with a bullwhip coiled at his side smacked the leather against his hip. Jim and I both stared hard at him in disapproval.

Tears of gratitude welled up in my eyes and threatened to spill over by the time Jim finished praising my body. No man had ever appreciated me in that way, but a skeptical voice inside said that he would say whatever he needed to say to get inside my pants—not that we had broached the possibility. I know that not all domination involves sex, but my optimistic voice hoped.

“Do you believe it now, sub?”

“I guess so, Sir.”

“Do you think I’m lying to you, sub?” He sounded a little cross.

“Oh. No, Sir. It’s just a new concept for me. I guess old habits and ways of thinking are hard to break.”

I almost choked on what he did next. Jim turned to the crowd and asked, “Who would like to tell my pretty playmate how lovely she is? She thinks her mirror works differently than my eyes do.”

Voices on every side showered me with words of admiration. Jim stepped back, and the spectators advanced. A sickening wave of claustrophobia swamped me even though they stopped short of touching me.

I wanted to bolt out of there, until one man stepped directly in front of me and stole my full attention.

He didn’t put so much as a pinky finger on my skin, but his gaze roamed across each inch of me, the action every bit as tactile as if his hands were tickling and tracing all over me. He captivated me with his smoky gray eyes, and I gave him a nervous smile.

Shit!

Just as intently, I studied the man, fixing him irrevocably in my mind. Waves of black, silken hair float against a strong jaw that angles down to a sharp chin. I’m not a fan of facial hair, but I like the way his straight, broad nose is underlined by a lush mustache. His is neatly trimmed and satiny soft, the perfect foil for plump, kissable lips. Heavy, dark stubble enhanced the sinful look of the fine specimen of hard masculinity—he was no pretty boy. He seemed vaguely familiar, even at that first look. I scrunched my eyes tight and saw a hint of the devilish face of the DYKKC logo.

He is a big man, even though he is an inch shorter than me with my heels on. While broad-shouldered and solidly built, it isn't his hard body that makes him seem huge. His aura and his presence filled the room and screamed, "Dom!" His energy bumped up against me before he even moved an inch. I pegged him at about 35 or 36, and I sensed a maturity that had nothing to do with his age. An air of authority that Jim can't match swirled around him.

When the man did move closer, he put one foot between mine. The space between us was paper-thin, but he still didn't touch me. Sparks of electricity arced across that sliver of space, and a thousand needles pricked my skin. How any woman would ever be able to resist him is beyond my comprehension. He is elemental sexuality. I almost did an old-fashioned swoon when his hot and damp breath blew across my ear as he whispered to me.

"You are a tempting little treat, aren't you, pet? Creamy white skin that looks so soft and tasty. Pretty, pink nipples blossoming like fragrant rosebuds. Dark, curly snatch, like a woman instead of bare like a child. Strong, shapely thighs to squeeze a man tight. Hmm, I wonder what else squeezes tight... I do hope I get a chance for a lick and a nibble of you." The low rumble deep in his throat reverberated in my sopping pussy. It was a primal sound, the kind capable of giving birth to universes.

Leya Wolfgang is the author of the Devil You Know Kink Club(tm) series of BDSM Erotica Romance novels. *Velvet Purrs In Paradise* is available now followed by two new titles before year-end. You can connect with Leya at DYKKC.com, on Facebook, or by email at LeyaWolfgang@DYKKC.com.

Velvet Purrs in Paradise (via Amazon US)

www.amazon.com/Paradise-Erotica-Romance-Domination-Submission/dp/098677751X/ref=sr_1_fkmr1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420925144&sr=1-1-fkmr1&keywords=silken+purrs+in+paradise

Velvet Purrs in Paradise (via Amazon CA)

www.amazon.ca/Paradise-Erotica-Romance-Domination-Submission-ebook/dp/B00FEIXTHE/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420925233&sr=1-1&keywords=velvet+purrs+in+paradise

Velvet Purrs in Paradise (via Amazon UK)

www.amazon.co.uk/Paradise-Erotica-Romance-Domination-Submission-ebook/dp/B00FEIXTHE/ref=sr_1_1?s=digital-text&ie=UTF8&qid=1420925290&sr=1-1&keywords=velvet+purrs+in+paradise

[The Elysian](#)

Payne Hawthorne

alien romance anal sex BDSM erotic romance fantasy erotica paranormal erotica
paranormal romance

I palmed his cock under the water and stroked up his length. He was incredibly hard yet again so I knew he wanted more too. "Please?" I said as I squeezed his shaft and then rubbed my thumb across the tip. His eyes rolled in his head and he groaned.

I continued rubbing him and he grew hotter under my hand, and then he grabbed my bottom and dragged me to his front, pinning himself between our bodies. My pussy flooded and my mouth watered.

He said in a whisky strained voice, "You are the worst cock whore on the planet." I grinned, and batted my lashes. His eyes glinted with an idea and I tried to puzzle it out. He let out an evil chuckle and then turned me over and around so quickly, water sloshed out of the tub and splashed loudly on the floor. He pressed me forward onto my hands and knees in the large tub and then he gripped my hip with one hand and placed his thumb at my anus. "Can you take more kitten? I haven't had this hole -if you want more now, you take me in your ass."

I groaned and pushed into the pressure of his thumb, seating him farther into my rectum. He made a surprised sound and removed his thumb only to replace it with one of his long fingers. I braced myself and then relaxed, and again pushed back. I always have massive tubs in my homes so he was easily able to get up on his knees and hover over me, tracing the tip of his cock around and over my asshole, while he fingered me and loosened me up.

He six packed me for a spell with his middle finger seated in my aching pussy and his thumb in my anus. I knew I couldn't take him again in my pussy, he was right, but I could take him in my butt, so I went with it. I really did need him inside me in a way that was bordering on terminal. He snorted at my thoughts, "You won't die if I don't fuck you again."

I whined, “You don’t know that Iain. I need you inside me. Fuck my ass -come on -I need you to fill me up -take me.”

His dramatic exhale, combined with the pressure from his engorged crown at my third entrance, caused me to cry out as I pushed backwards. He was so hard it didn’t take much and he’d breeched my body yet again. I quivered and stalled. He was so huge, and it did hurt, but I guess I was like a junkie now, I needed him and I was more than willing to take the pain for what was to follow. Besides, if my other two holes were going to be sore I might as well make it a three-peat.

His hands were on the swell of my hips and he was being as careful as possible as he cautiously continued to slide more of his erection into my body. I shook from head to toe and became very still, focusing on what he was doing and trying not to clench. I heard him spit and then he pulled back momentarily, which was followed by him firmly holding me steady as he pushed all the way into me.

I cried and did clench, although it was more of a knee jerk reaction to the intrusion of such a large object entering from the wrong way, into that hole. Iain said in his Master voice, “Take it Ellie -Take it like a good girl.” If I’d felt filled up when he was in my pussy, this was an entirely different kind of occupied! I heard him gasp and his hands began shaking where he was attached at my waist. He swore and muttered, “Holy fucking Christ.”

I slowly began breathing again and I initiated the first real stroke in and out of my butt. I started whining uncontrollably and my eyes watered as I cried my way through what was happening. It kind of hurt, and kind of didn’t; whatever it was, it was quickly morphing from discomfort into unbelievable pleasure. My pussy twitched and my clit throbbed and I was already incredibly close to a major orgasm and he hadn’t even really fucked me.

“Unbelievable,” Iain muttered, “Un-fucking-believable. I -fuck Ellie -dammit girl -I can’t hold this one.”

I whimpered and quickly stroked his stationary cock in and out of my ass a few times and nodded. I really couldn’t form words, but I was making sounds I knew he could interpret as me being in the same place. I finally cried out, “Oh god Iain -OH GOD!”

I could feel every pulsing vein of his cock, every jerk of his body, every surge as his heart rocketed up inside me. It was excruciating and wonderful. This was a physical, mechanical, purely corporeal experience. We were all flesh and bodies and there was very little emotional or spiritual involvement. This was the kind of release that was about ownership and dominance, more than it was about love. This was the ultimate submission, surrender and subjugation.

I needed to cum, I needed to release all that had begun boiling inside me. I felt like a pressure cooker and if the steam didn't escape, I was going to literally explode. Iain was still shaking, still as stationary as a man with his cock buried in a tight ass can remain, so I took over and really began moving. I needed this release, and I needed it now. The pressure was so intense I was already seeing stars. I choked through, "Pass out -might catch me."

He grunted and reached up to fist my wet hair, "Fucking unreal -Ellie..." Then he started really trembling and I increased my rocking motion.

I used his strength and I fucked him, back and forth I rocked, and my ass magically seemed to lube itself and I got wetter in every hole. I felt my pussy clench and contract, the slobber dripped from my mouth, and I fucked myself with his length, hard, harder -so fucking hard. I slammed my butt against his groin and he started making sounds of pure torture. The water in the tub began splashing over the edge and I continued, back and forth. I was mindless, or out of my mind, not really sure -there was no real thought process as I became simply a fuck machine.

Iain suddenly took over and together we collided in the most carnal of acts. He was screaming, I was screaming, we were howling in unison as I felt him cum in a torrent of heat that spewed and blasted its way up into my body. I could feel his seed as it scalded my deepest cavity, and he continued to cum and cum in repeated emissions that seemed to render him. He grunted and keened and his fingers clenched at my waist. I could feel everything, every molecule of him as he entered my body, and this is what finally brought me to my own freefall.

I couldn't have lost it or shook as violently if someone had thrown a toaster in with us. It felt like I was being electrocuted, and all I remember is wondering if this was how I would finally die. Odd visions and memories flashed across my mind's eye and

everything went black. I could still hear Iain behind me and I could feel hands and his still jerking cock deeply seated in my anus. The hairs of his groin tickled and his balls continued to hit my pussy; were we still moving? Was he still sliding in and out of me?

My climax was cataclysmic in proportions and I think I was sobbing uncontrollably as I squirted from my pussy in a massive release of fluids. I remember going under the water, what was left of it, and I remember feeling Iain dragging me out of the tub and onto the puddled floor of the bathroom.

My past was nothing, my future was nothing, and I was nothing other than a quivering pile of useless flesh. He animated my corpse, cleansed my soul, and offered me forgiveness when I hadn't yet apologized. He took and took and took as he slid himself deeper and deeper into my body and soul. When he finally left me, spent and waning, he'd taken away all of my hurt and despair, and replaced it with a longing to please and serve, love and worship, fuck and suck, cook and clean, whatever he wanted, I craved to be. This alien being was now so deeply inside me I had no idea where he ended and I began, and I knew this transformation was for eternity. I was finally complete.

Payne Hawthorne is a new author in the erotic, paranormal romance genre. Payne's stories are full of steamy, erotic, graphic, passionate sex. Her consistent thread is that love is an untapped source of power. Payne's characters are identifiable and well developed. Her vision is an odd combination of ethereal/spiritual/emotional/sexual.
www.amazon.com/Payne-Hawthorne/e/B00E4POU3A

The Elysian (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Elysian-Payne-Hawthorne-ebook/dp/B00LGAZEOU/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420931951&sr=1-1&keywords=the+elysian

The Elysian (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/the-elysian-payne-hawthorne/1119999325?ean=9781500311803

Chaos Magic

Jay Lygon

anal sex BDSM bondage dominance and submission flogging gay hardcore magical realism male/male paddling

“Looking back I realize I misread every signal you sent out. For the past couple of months, I’ve been crazy jealous of some mysterious guy. The way I saw it, you weren’t over a past lover. I figured it was one hell of a romance, and a whopper of a betrayal, to make you so scared to let me in, but something didn’t add up with the history you gave me. So I decided that you were holding out a name on me, or I was missing something. I was, wasn’t I? Who’s the sick bastard that hurt you?”

I cautiously backed away from him until I bumped against the railing. Movement in the cypress hedge along the property line drew my attention. The lower half of a male face pushed through a gap in the fine-needled foliage. A finger pressed to a serene smile.

Yes, silence was best.

“I won’t lie, Sam. I’m a physical guy. My punishments are harsh, and I guarantee you pain. My reputation as a sadist isn’t exaggerated. I don’t run a democracy, I don’t put up with manipulative submissives, my expectations are high, and if you don’t meet them, you’re out. But as long as you obey me, and while we’re not in scene, you can expect to be cherished, because you’ll have earned it.

His stance changed. A length of laundered white cotton rope was in his hand. “You can stay if you agree to my rules. Rule number one - you aren’t dismissed until I say so. That means no running away, no slamming doors, no turning your back to me.” The rope spilled from his hands as he measured off a length.

Angelena smirked at my rising hard-on. Normal people had fetishes about leather, feet, enemas. Me? White rope.

My focus was on the spilling coils.

“Run,” a voice in my head screamed, but my hard-on wanted to stick around for a little longer.

I slid my hand into my front pocket and pulled out my car keys. “It’s taking everything I have to just stand here,” I admitted. I set my keys on the railing. “Maybe you should keep those.”

“You either obey or you don’t. I won’t force you to do anything.”

Black curls of hair matted to Hector’s chest. On his arm, a dark swipe of earth clung to his brown skin. “If you want me to tie you up, you’re going to have to beg for it.” He must have seen the hunger on my face. “Say the words, Sam, and you get what you want.”

Hector drew the end of the rope across my wrist. My pulse jumped at the friction.

He spoke softly, watching me watch the rope. “The problem with many domination and submission stories is that they have miraculous mind-reading dominants who know exactly what the submissive wants, and how much the sub can take. I don’t read minds. I can guess a little, but I have to hear it from you. You’re safe with me. If you say the safe word, *red*, everything stops. And if you say please, especially if you beg in that sexy little accent of yours, I’ll give you what you want.”

Hector pulled the rope tight between his hands and rubbed it across my nipples. Even through my T-shirt, the sensation sent shivers down my body. My dick swelled. I licked my lips and wondered if I said it aloud, would the universe come to a crashing end? Would it be like the movies when a sacred object passed a seal, or when someone spoke the true name of a god, and all chaos broke loose?

I thought he’d dump me, but Hector offered me everything. I didn’t understand. Whenever I thought I was on solid ground, the game shifted.

If I asked very, very, very nicely, would he kiss me again?

“You can whisper it to me.” He turned so that his ear was near my mouth.

Could I get away with asking for something I wanted?

I waded ankle-deep into trust, just to test the waters. “Please tie me up, Sir.”

I felt a ripple move through the realities.

Angelena flashed thumbs up as she and Nanny went inside the house.

Winner of the 2008 Seattle Erotic Arts Festival’s short story competition, **Jay Lygon** has published over 50 short stories in the anthologies *Gods and Myths*, *The Harem Boy*, *Toy*

Box: Floggers, Toy Box: Quiches, and Torqued Tales. His novels Chaos Magic, Love Runes, and Personal Demons have been praised as “Magical realism, unlike any other BDSM novel ever written.” Jay lives in Los Angeles, on the 405 freeway.

Chaos Magic (via Torquere Press)

www.torquerebooks.com/index.php?main_page=product_info&cPath=97&products_id=444

Chaos Magic (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Chaos-Magic-Jay-Lygon-ebook/dp/B003TFE5MW/ref=cm_cr_pr_product_top

Chaos Magic (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/chaos-magic-jay-lygon/1100069214?ean=9781603703697

Rajasthani Moon

Lisabet Sarai

BDSM erotic romance fantasy ménage Rubenesque steampunk werewolf

“How are you feeling, Miss Harrowsmith?”

The mockery in his tone was not enough to prevent a surge of renewed lust, which she struggled to suppress. “I presume that’s a rhetorical question, Your Highness,” she replied after a moment. *God, but his eyes are hypnotic!* “Given that I’m stark naked and trussed up like a turkey about to be roasted.”

“Not entirely rhetorical.” The handsome Rajah circled around to inspect her from the rear. “It seems to me that you’re distinctly *damp*.” With a chuckle, he swept a finger down the length of her cleft, gathering her moisture. Her inner muscles clenched as sparks struck her clit. When he smeared her juices across her bum, she wanted to sink through the floor. “Based on the available evidence, I’d say that being bound excites you.”

“Nonsense—” she began. Her attempts at a cool, sarcastic response were interrupted by the ferocious slap he landed on her arse. “Ow! Oh...” The sting from his spank vanished, overwhelmed by the delicious sensation of his fingers playing in her cunny. “Oh...ah...”

“And it’s clear that, like many of your compatriots, you find corporal punishment arousing.”

“No—ow! That’s ridiculous...Ow! Ah! Ow!”

He alternated sharp blows to her buttocks with exquisite explorations of her cunt.

“Fondness for punishment is one of the many intriguing cultural phenomena I encountered during my sojourn in your dank country.” He circled her back hole with a slick finger, then probed gently. “I suppose that being exposed to those notions at a tender age might have shaped my own predilections in that regard.”

She tightened her sphincter, trying to keep him out, without success. Guilty pleasure rushed through her as he wiggled his digit just inside the entrance. “Oh—you...uh—you

spent time in England? Ah...” Though he pulled out, the effects of his lewd touch continued to ripple through her body. Her sex gaped, hungry, dripping with excitement she couldn’t hide. If only he’d stop chattering and simply take her...

“I was schooled there. Pratan as well. My father believed in the value of knowing one’s enemy.”

“I’m not— We’re not—oh!—your enemy, Your Highness. Ow!”

The Rajah had pinched one of the welts raised by his brother’s whipping. “Hmm. We’ll see. Speaking of Pratan, it looks as though he did quite a job on you yesterday. Perhaps I should refrain from inflicting any further damage on your delectable bottom at present.”

Cecily bit back a moan of disappointment. She hung her head, appalled by her reaction. Her hair tumbled around her face, hiding her shame.

“Fear not, sweet Cecily. I have other ideas about what to do with you—equally nasty and painful, I guarantee.” He gave both her butt cheeks a solid squeeze, waking echoes of her previous beatings, then moved away.

She heard a lock click on some chest or cabinet behind her. He must be seeking some new instrument of punishment or humiliation. She shuddered, from fear or anticipation, or perhaps both at once.

“Where *is* Pratan?” she ventured as the noise of his rummaging continued. At the moment, she would have felt safer in the company of the bandit.

“He’s—um—indisposed at the moment. That is why I was delayed. Ah, here we are! Don’t worry. I fully intend to share you with my brother.”

Share? Each man was fearsome in his own right. But together...

She pushed the thought away. *Focus. Be strong.*

“My Lord, may I leave?”

Heavens! Cecily had completely forgotten that Sarita was present, watching the entire scene. Her cheeks burnt anew.

“Oh, I don’t know. I thought that perhaps you’d like to participate in our little games.”

“No, sir—truly...”

Let her go, Cecily begged silently. Please just let her go.

“You don’t want to put these clamps on her labia? Or work this wooden phallus into her rear hole?”

This was almost too much for Cecily’s all-too-vivid imagination. Her swollen clit throbbed. Her sex muscles clenched around hungry emptiness. *If either of them touches me*, she thought, *I’ll explode*.

“My Lord, please...” Sarita sounded desperate.

“I thought I might make Miss Harrowsmith lick your cunny. Wouldn’t you like that?”

Oh my God, no! And yet a sidelong glance at the lovely courtesan almost sent Cecily over the edge.

“I am your obedient servant, sir...” the girl began.

Amir laughed and swept Sarita into his arms once more, mollifying her with an energetic kiss. “Never mind. I won’t force you do something that so clearly displeases you. Not tonight, at least!”

“Thank you, my Lord...” Sarita pressed her lips to the back of his hand in obvious relief. “I am very grateful...”

“Go then! Off to the women’s quarters with you!” He swatted her diminutive rear on her way out. “I’ll call if I want you.”

She turned upon the threshold to give him a deep bow. “As you command, my Lord. Thank you again.” The door closed behind her.

“Thank you,” murmured Cecily, her raging heartbeat starting to slow down.

“You don’t find my Sarita desirable?” Amir faced her, drawing back the curtain of her hair and fixing her with his compelling gaze.

“She’s lovely but...” Cecily was uncertain how to continue. She didn’t want to offend him unnecessarily. Her future depended on his goodwill.

“But she doesn’t seem very fond of you, does she? Well, who could blame her? All she wants is to give herself to me, body and soul, but I’ve chosen you as my companion for tonight instead.”

He lifted Cecily’s tangled locks to drape them over her shoulders. When his fingers grazed her back, tiny shivers of delight raced along her skin. His half-smile told her that he’d noticed.

“Shall we continue, then?” That question, at least, seemed rhetorical, since he disappeared without waiting for an answer.

When he returned to her field of view, he carried a cylindrical device as long as his forearm, fashioned of the same greyish metal as the robotic shackles. An oval of glass adorned one end of the tube. The other fit comfortably in his hand.

Amir brought the glass close to her bare shoulder. Something sizzled like water falling on a heated skillet, then a burning needle pierced her flesh.

Cecily jerked in her bonds, as much from surprise as from the sudden sting. “Ow!”

The air smelt sharp, metallic. Grinning, Amir let the globe hover near her upper arm. This time, she saw the spark that leapt from the glass to her tingling skin.

“What in heaven...?”

“A little invention of mine, adapting the principles of our stun guns, which I believe you’ve seen, to more pleasurable purposes.” Another bolt crackled across the gap between the device and her naked flesh. Yes, the shock hurt, but now that she’d got over her surprise, she found the prickling sensation that followed quite enjoyable.

“Of course, the effects are more dramatic when my electrostimulator is applied to more, um, sensitive areas. And if you know anything about electricity, you’ll understand that moisture enhances conductivity, intensifying the sensations considerably.”

“You can’t mean...?” Cecily shuddered at what he was implying, even as her juices welled up and trickled down her thighs.

“I’ve been told that agents of the Empire are trained to endure almost any level of pain. I’m quite curious to evaluate that story myself.”

He vanished, busying himself behind her. “First, though, we need the clamps.”

“No, please...!” A surge of pleasure stopped her. Amir had plunged his fingers deep into her hungry channel. He stroked her inner walls, generating pulsing waves of delight. Something brushed across her clit, a touch so light it was barely there, yet enough to make her whole being knot into pre-climactic tension. There it was again, the faintest trace of his finger or thumb, not quite enough to send her into release, but almost, almost...

Cecily arched back, trying without success to rub herself against those teasing fingers. Her bonds forbade even this slight movement. Amir was in complete control of her body. He could do whatever he wanted.

The realisation should have dismayed her. Instead, she felt a perverse thrill. A finger grazed her bud, more firmly than before. Climax coiled in her belly, drawing tighter with each breath. He refused to set it free. So be it. She closed her eyes, focusing on the storm of sensation raging in her sex.

He caught her clit between two fingers and squeezed. Before she could come, he released his hold. Cecily groaned in frustration. He tugged on her sex lips and her clit pulsed in time. If only he'd concentrate on that swollen, needy nub, instead of playing with her in this way!

Something hard and cold bit into the soft flesh of her labia. Agony arced through her world like a meteor streaking across the night sky. At the same time, relentless fingers clamped down on her clitoris.

A scream tore itself from her throat. Her climax ripped through her, swirling ribbons of sensation exploding from her shuddering cunt. As she shook in her bonds, barely conscious, she felt the jaws of a second clamp seize her, and she came again.

“You are not nearly as self-controlled and stoic as I would have expected,” Amir commented as she trembled with the aftershocks of her crisis. “Perhaps your reputation has been inflated by rumour.” He flicked at one of the dangling clamps. She bit her lip as pain raced through her, determined not to cry out, but she couldn't halt the juices trickling from her twitching quim.

After fifteen years in the business, **Lisabet Sarai** has lost track of all her publications and their genres, but she's particularly partial to stories of power exchange. In addition to writing, she edits the single-author charity series “Coming Together Presents” and reviews erotica for Erotica Revealed. For more about Lisabet visit www.lisabetsarai.com.

Rajasthani Moon (via Total E Bound)

www.totallybound.com/rajasthani-moon

Rajasthani Moon (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Rajasthani-Moon-Lisabet-Sarai-ebook/dp/B00D47R9E6/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420932275&sr=1-1&keywords=rajasthani+moon

Rajasthani Moon (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/rajasthani-moon-lisabet-sarai/1115449469?ean=9781781846452

[The Family Friend](#)

Penelope Syn

BDSM erotica romance vampire

With a theatrical creak of ancient hinges, the door opened. Beyond it, her failing light showed a stairway leading up a short distance. Feeling like a thief, and excited by the adventure, Kristen stole up the steps as quietly as she could. At the top, the walls were masonry mingled with worked stone, she must be in the foundations of the chateaux. The roof was arched, as were the doorways and doors. One was at the top of the steps, but this one had a well-oiled latch and opened easily, and Kristen stole through and closed it behind her. She found herself in a dimly-lit passageway that ran right and left, and picking at random she turned left.

The floor was smooth, almost polished, and the light came from small up-lighters set intermittently along the walls, clearly electric. The first door in the wall she came to opened easily into a dark room, and once again she pressed her flashlight into use, and gasped in surprise. Inside was a sumptuous medieval bedroom with the hugest four-poster bed she had even seen. It was a king's bed-chamber...in a dungeon?

That's crazy, who'd want to sleep in the basement? Although I guess if it's Uncle Gerard he saves on black-out curtains. Hang on, if this is Uncle Gerard's bedroom, where is he?

Confused, Kristen crept to the next door. It opened to what looked like a pantry-cum-kitchen, with several large refrigerators. Curiously, she opened one and immediately wished she hadn't.

It was full of blood, in plastic bags as from a hospital, in racks clearly designed for them.

Who the hell would want a fridge full of blood and a bedroom in a dungeon under an ancient castle? Other than Count Dracula, that is!

Kristen paused and tried to make sense of it.

If I had any sense, I'd turn around, get out, and make like I was never here, Kristen reasoned.. I can get a lift to the station tomorrow and catch the train to Paris and the

others. But her feet refused to move, Kristen Depew just *had* to know more. Until now she hadn't been able to admit it, but her heart had been set on Uncle Gerard and she couldn't leave without knowing the truth. So she went to the last door dreading what she might find.

Even as she approached it, she could hear sounds of occupation. Breathing, gasps, odd noises she could easily place given the last few months sharing tents with friends, some of whom were couples: someone was having sex.

Oh god, he is having sex, and it has to be sex with Monique! Kristen felt a sinking feeling of defeat in her guts. *I never stood a chance - hell, I'd even be prepared to share him, if it meant a touch, a kiss...*

Blinking back tears Kristen very cautiously lifted the latch, eased the door ajar and peeked through the crack as the sounds became louder.

Inside was a dungeon.

Not a medieval dungeon, but a modern sadomasochist's fantasy room of padded restraints and exotic punishments. Expensive leather and wood racks, tables, horses, benches, chains from the ceiling...it had it all.

In the centre of the room a girl dangled from a chain, strapped into a device that held her body parallel to the floor with her wrists and ankles bound together in a hog-tie that also held her head up and her knees wide apart. Her only garment was a black corset that cinched her waist in tight, but left her naked from the hips down with breasts also exposed.

She hung in front of a man who was naked, his slim form pale and angular like an alabaster statue by Michelangelo: Uncle Gerard. Her head was at crotch-height, and it was clear that she was performing fellatio on him, as he murmured encouragement.

Kristen was shocked into immobility.

Uncle Gerard is into bondage? I'd have let him tie me up and do this, the thought was plaintive in the back of Kristen's mind.

This was Uncle Gerard's kinky hideaway? This was what he did?

Kristen's guts churned as a rush of jealousy and arousal possessed her: how badly Kristen wanted to be the girl in that cruel device, helpless and used by Gerard. Her nipples were hard as rocks and her pussy was hot and moist, such that she was clenching

her thighs together tight and biting her lip with desire. If that were her, she would want him to spin her around and fuck her hard...

As if reading her mind, Gerard did exactly that to the restrained girl, and as he did so Kristen could clearly see that it was Monique as she had guessed. She moaned softly in French, and while Kristen could not make out the words it was clear that “stop” was not among them. Gerard thrust into Monique hard and fast, and her breasts quivered as he pulled and pushed the dangling girl back and forth.

Just as Monique’s cries of pleasure reached a crescendo, he leaned over her, pulling her back in the harness as his mouth opened to reveal long, pointed teeth, and he sank them into Monique’s pale, exposed neck.

What the fuck? What the fuck?

Kristen recoiled, stumbling back and letting the door close once more, her mind numb with shock as it made the connections: blood in the pantry, biting Monique’s neck. Gerard was not just into kinky sex, he was acting like some kind of vampire! She was completely torn between horror, lust, jealousy, and desire. Horror that he was some kind of monster; lust at the erotic scene played out before her; jealousy that it was Monique in chains; desire that she wanted oh so badly to be the girl her adopted uncle made loved to, bound, and fed upon.

Dazed, she stared at the door, unable to move for what must have been several minutes. Then the door opened, and her Uncle stood there, a robe thrown over his nakedness, and his dark eyes pinned her like a deer in headlights.

Penelope Syn is a slightly crazy girl who often gets tied up in things, and knows she doesn’t see the world the way other people do. She’s always been a keen observer of people and relationships. She’s seen some *very* interesting things, as well as done a few, herself!

The Family Friend (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Family-Friend-Penelope-Syn-ebook/dp/B00FM5OPPY/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420932395&sr=1-1&keywords=the+family+friend+syn

The Family Friend (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/the-family-friend-penelope-syn/1117037489?ean=2940148582595

“Hard Knocks”

Malin James

As excerpted from the anthology,

The Big Book of Orgasms: 69 Sexy Stories,

edited by Rachel Kramer Bussel

*contemporary erotica D/s erotica erotic romance female submissive male dominant
spanking unconventional orgasm*

“You absolutely cannot make someone come just by spanking them.”

I say this with an authority that I, admittedly, don’t possess. Still, the idea that you could orgasm just from having your ass sufficiently smacked seemed ludicrous - the stuff of erotic stories and porn. Max is completely undisturbed by my lack of faith.

“Yes. You can.”

He leans back in his chair, long-legged and lean, the shadow of a smile pulling his mouth. It’s easy to miss, but I’m a very observant girl and I like observing Max.

“Really,” I say, skepticism quirking my cherry red mouth.

“Really,” he replies. His eyes flicker over my plump bottom lip, but he doesn’t take the bait. He lights a cigarette instead.

“Well, I suppose if you do a little extra work in addition to the spanking - the clit is a magical thing...”

“No,” Max says, stubbing out the cigarette after only three drags. (Yes, I noticed how many drags. Like I said, I’m observant. Max and I had only been dating for a month and there was still quite a lot to observe).

“Just spanking,” he continues, calmly holding my gaze. “If it’s done right.”

Something flashes through his gray eyes and I suddenly have the feeling that he knows what he’s talking about. I’m intrigued and nervous and a little bit scared. And surprisingly turned on. I lean back in my chair.

“Show me” I say.

My chin lifts a notch in challenge. Max smiles, this time a full, real smile that reaches all the way to his eyes, warming the wintery gray.

“Stand up,” he says, warmly, lovingly, as if he’s asked me to an especially fabulous dinner.

“Wait, now?”

I’m ashamed to say that the “now” came out a bit of a squeak. Very undignified. Not my best moment, but I was wishing I hadn’t gone there - up to this point I’d had lots of deviant vanilla sex, but never crossed the boundary to SM.

“Now,” he says, smiling like the big bad wolf. “Don’t worry, Jen. I’m not going to eat you. Not yet.” He leans forward and catches my hand in his, rubbing the palm with his thumb. “The minute you’ve had enough, tell me to stop and I will. All right?”

I nod like an idiot.

“Good. Now stand up.”

I stand up. How bad could it be? It’s only a little spanking to prove a point. It’s not like I’m going to come...

“Lean over the table. Brace yourself with your hands.”

I leaned over the table. My belly roils from nerves and arousal - a combination I haven’t felt since my first time.

Max gets up and runs the flat of his palm over my upturned ass.

“If you need me to stop, knock twice on the table. Do you understand?”

I nod, suddenly unable to speak. His voice is still warm, conversational. But there’s an edge to it that thrills me, all the way down to my core.

“Good,” he says. Then his palm lands on my ass and I shriek. He chuckles. The sound of that chuckle grounds me and I force myself still, gripping the sides of the table.

“Good, Jen. That’s good.”

His hand comes down again. This time I’m still. It isn’t so bad - after all I’m still wearing my jeans. I start to feel smug. Though I’m undoubtedly turned on, I’m nowhere near coming. I turn my head and grin. Max smiles back. Then he reaches around me and unbuttons my jeans and pushes them all the way down.

“Step out of them.”

The grin fades from my lips, but I step out of them. He leaves my g-string on, little good that it does me. This time, when his hand comes down, I hear a crack as pins and

needles explode over my bare flesh. I bite back a yelp, settling for a dignified little whimper.

Max's hand comes down harder and faster now, never in the same place twice, covering every individual inch of my ass in stinging, honeyed warmth. The warmth creeps in deep between my legs and I moan before I can stop myself.

"Very good, Jen. Now spread you legs."

I do as I'm told, well aware that I'm really, really wet, a fact that no g-string is going to hide.

"Good girl."

I hear him undo his belt. As turned on as I am, I still haven't come and I smile in questionable triumph. He hasn't broken me. He's going to fuck me now, right on the table. I squirm, really, really wanting it. But that's not Max's plan. Suddenly, gently, I feel the cold leather of his belt on my prickly red skin.

Part of me wants to knock on the table before he can hit me with the strap. The rest of me is reveling in what's happening between my legs. I press my palm to the tabletop and brace myself.

"Breathe."

His voice is soft and sweet, right next to my ear. I relax. Then the leather comes down my backside and I gasp. He pauses, gauging my reaction before continuing. He peppers my ass and the backs of my thighs with the belt, sometimes softly, sometimes with a brutal snap. My hips begin to move, grinding as my legs spread wider, trying to give the belt better access, inviting what I suddenly realize I desperately want - the leather on my cunt. Max makes a sound deep in his throat.

The blows hit deeper now, vibrating through my ass to the swollen bud of my clit. I moan now, openly, blindly. Max starts to breathe a little harder and I arch my back, inviting the belt, begging for it like a cat in heat. He changes the angle, keeping the strokes short and hard and he moves down the backs of my thighs. Then in one blazing flash of sweet, syrupy pain, the belt hits my cunt - not too hard, just hard enough, and I feel the orgasm whipping up inside me.

"Please," I beg.

More blows, slapping my sensitive, soaking cunt. Suddenly, Max steps back and tosses the belt aside before landing one massive blow with the huge flat of his hand. And I come. I come like I have never come before - a full-bodied orgasm that has nothing to do with my clit or my cunt and everything to do with my skin and how it feels alive for the first time in my life.

Slowly, slowly, I come down. Max is stroking my backside, murmuring gently and tucking my hair behind my ear. I turn and meet his mouth with mine.

“I concede the point,” I say, with remarkable grace, given the fact that I’m flopped over a table with handprints on my ass.

“I’m glad to hear it” Max says. Then he lifts my melted body and carries me into the bedroom for a few more hard knocks.

Malin James is a writer with a book fetish. Her work has appeared in anthologies for Cleis Press among others, including *The Big Book of Orgasms: 69 Sexy Stories* and *Best Erotic Romance, 2015*. She is currently working on her first erotic novel. Find out more at <http://malinjames.com>

The Big Book of Orgasms (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Big-Book-Orgasms-Sexy-Stories-ebook/dp/B00E257UUW/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420932535&sr=1-1&keywords=the+big+book+of+orgasms

The Big Book of Orgasms (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/big-book-of-orgasms-rachel-kramer-bussel/1114768769?ean=9781573449632

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www.amazon.com/The-Big-Book-Orgasms-Stories/dp/B00IXWYX1E/ref=tmm_aud_title_0?ie=UTF8&qid=1420932535&sr=1-1

Master's Flame

Annabel Joseph

*alpha male BDSM contemporary erotic romance female submissive male dominant
master/slave series total power exchange (TPE)*

That hand holding her still...it was everything she wanted. Control. Protection.

Possession.

"I want to be yours, Mr. Lemaitre," she cried. "I want to be yours so badly."

"Do you? I never would have guessed."

She twisted to meet his eyes. "Don't mock me. Don't laugh at me, please. It's the truth, and it's killing me that you don't want me."

"You mustn't mock *me*," he replied, the thunder back in his voice. "You don't want to be mine. You haven't the first idea about submission. You want a thrill, an experience. You want me to fuck you until you get your rocks off. You want the adrenaline rush."

"No. Yes." She sighed, following him with her gaze as he went to the bathroom to wash his hands. "I want you to use me and control me, like you did with your slaves. I want your power, your possession."

"You want my cock, because you're a nymphomaniac with poor impulse control."

"That's not true." She lay back down. "Well, it is true, but there's so much more than that in my heart." Her voice roughened in her frustration. "You won't even try to understand what I'm feeling."

"I don't think *you* understand what you're feeling." He returned and sat in the chair beside her, looking over her whip-marked body. "This is an ill-fated attraction, Valentina. How can I make it stop?"

Oh, those words hurt her. She had to make him see... "Make love to me. Just once," she begged. "Touch me just once so I can know the feeling of your...your magic."

"My magic?" He shook his head. "Jason's right. You don't live in the real world." He stood and paced away from her.

"Mr. Lemaitre, I would give anything to belong to you."

He turned back, holding up a finger. “Don’t. Don’t say you would give anything, especially to someone like me, because I’ll take you up on that offer and you won’t like it.”

“I would like it. I’d do anything for you. Anything, anything, anything.” She yelled the word at him, her heart pounding. “You know how I feel, I know you do. I only have this one life and I want to experience everything I desire.”

“Everything *you* desire?”

“Yes, and you are keeping me from doing it.”

“And you need this to be fulfilled in life? You need to be mine? To be taken by me, used by me? Possessed by me, as you so dramatically put it?”

“Yes,” she cried. “That’s what I need.”

He crossed his arms over his chest. “What will you offer that I need? What will I get out of this possession, besides a recurrent headache?”

Valentina’s face flushed red, because she hadn’t once, not once, considered his side of things.

“Ah, but you see, my dear, that’s the rub,” he said quietly. “I’m not a service top. I take slaves for my pleasure, not theirs. I have less than no interest in your *needs*, Valentina, except as they intersect with what I desire.”

She swallowed hard. “Well...what do you desire?”

His piercing gaze transformed from something reproachful to something more speculative. It scared her a little, the assessment in his expression.

“I think you’re a selfish hedonist who wants what she wants,” he said. “That’s not slavery, you know. It isn’t even power exchange. It’s topping from the bottom and I don’t tolerate it in those I ‘possess.’”

Valentina tried not to be distracted by the growing tent in his robe. “You...you would have to teach me to be better. I need control.”

“*You would have to. I need.* You’re still not listening, Valentina,” he said, coming back to the bed. “The only one having their needs met in a relationship between us would be me.”

There had to be some flaw in his thinking, because she was sure he would meet her needs. His mastery would fulfill her as nothing ever had. “What can I give you?” she asked. “How can I prove that I’ll do anything for you?”

“There you go with the ‘I’ll do anything’ again.”

“Mr. Lemaitre, please! What can I offer that would satisfy your desires? What would make it worthwhile for you?”

Again, that slow, almost threatening gaze of consideration. His eyes traveled over her, his lips drawn into a contemplative line. “You’ll do anything?”

“Anything, I swear. There’s nothing you could ask for that I wouldn’t gladly do.”

The air seemed to grow heavy between them. She knew she was being impulsive again, but she didn’t care. Everything she’d said was true. After a moment, he made a small motion of annoyance. His expression hardened to something like stone.

“If that’s how you feel,” he said, “then I want a no-limits arrangement. Complete and utter ownership, no holds barred. No negotiation, no contracts, no release clauses. Your body is mine for one month, for whatever I desire.”

Whatever I desire. The idea excited her so much she could barely breathe, but she forced herself to stop, to clarify his terms. “So I would have no rights in this relationship?”

“None.”

“You could do whatever you wanted to me, and I couldn’t stop you? What if you decided you wanted to kill me?”

“Then I get to kill you. Honestly, the way you perturb me, I would put the odds of a murder at 2 to 1.”

She decided he was kidding, although he didn’t have the slightest hint of humor in his demeanor. “Do you really want that?” she asked. “You really want...me...for a month? Does that mean...” She could barely say the words. “Does that mean I would become your slave?”

Some wary expression flitted across his face. His voice was light, almost a whisper, when he answered. “You have been my slave for some time now, haven’t you? You might think on whether it’s what you really want.”

She didn’t have to think. “I want it. I’m sure of it. Completely sure.”

“You have no misgivings? No questions to ask?”

“No. If this is what you want—”

“Ah, finally, she is thinking about what I want,” he said to the ceiling. “Perhaps there is hope.” He looked back at her, shifting so the bulge beneath his robe grew even more apparent. “I believe in information, in negotiation, so let me tell you this. You will not be my play slave. You will not be my lover, girlfriend, or funslut. You’ll be my real slave. You’ll do what I say, whatever I say. You’ll put aside any wants, needs, desires, and uncomfortable feelings that get in the way of me getting what I want. You’ll eat what I say, you’ll sleep where I say, you’ll wear what I say, and you’ll submit to every single act I choose to visit upon your body, whether it horrifies you or not. I’ll fuck you when I want, I’ll beat you when I want, and I’ll ignore you when I want. I’ll make you wait for my company until you’re in agony, and then I’ll ignore you some more just because it makes me hard to play with your emotions. I’ll do everything in my power to fuck you up because that’s what brings me pleasure. If you want to belong to me, Valentina, that’s what it entails.”

Every word out of his mouth made her wetter, not that she understood why. She only knew she wanted to be his, and if that meant giving up everything else, well...it was only for a month. It was twenty-nine days more than she’d ever expected him to give her.

“I want that.” Three words. She couldn’t come up with any more. There was very little blood left in her brain.

“I’m going to make you sign something. You’re going to give me your word and your consent, and you’re not going to back out of it. You’re not going to be able to cry, beg, or plead your way out of this if we proceed. This isn’t a game. Do you understand?”

“Yes, *monsieur*.”

“Yes, Master,” he corrected.

Annabel Joseph (annabeljoseph.com) is a New York Times and USA Today Bestselling BDSM romance author. She writes mainly contemporary romance, as well as the occasional medieval and Regency romance. She writes emotionally intense BDSM storylines and creates real characters, flaws and all. Follow Annabel on Twitter [@annabeljoseph](https://twitter.com/annabeljoseph) or Facebook www.facebook.com/annabeljosephnovels.

Master’s Flame (via Amazon)

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Master's Flame (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/masters-flame-annabeljoseph/1119495657

Master's Flame (via Smashwords)

www.smashwords.com/books/view/438032

[A Taste of Passion \(Sweet Temptation Book 1\)](#)

Ashley Lister

BDSM erotic romance romance spanking

The air in the room seemed to thicken.

Hart nodded approval. She could see his smile starting to broaden. She could also see the bulge at the front of his pants pushing forcefully forward with his arousal.

“Place your hands on that counter. One on either side of the sink.”

She had to lean forward to do as he asked. Locking her knees, she realised she was pushing her backside out and upward for him. Her stomach muscles folded with raw longing. Her need for whatever satisfaction he could provide growled like an avaricious and insatiable hunger.

He stepped behind her and stroked her rear through the short black dress. His hands were exploratory and didn't just caress the curves of her buttocks. She could feel his fingers pressing inquisitively against the swell of each cheek. He was lightly probing the crease of her sex.

Her breathing deepened.

The air in the room had been thick before. Now it was heavy and so laden with the prospect of intimacy that she could barely fill her lungs. It took every effort she possessed not to tremble with need.

She swallowed.

“Are you comfy there?” he asked

Trudy nodded. She didn't trust herself to speak. Her words would come out in a nervous squeak. It was better he thought her a silent and willing submissive rather than a cowed and frightened fan.

“This isn't causing too much stress on your legs, is it?”

His fingers crept to her inner thighs as he asked the question. She was treated to the sensation of his fingertips sliding slowly against the soft skin and pressing against the muscle. His touch was commanding but sensitively light. Each caress inspired a rush of

heightened need. As his fingers slid upwards she realised she was holding her breath in expectation of his touch slipping against the crotch of her panties.

Trembling, she realised that was what she wanted.

“No, Mr Hart,” she murmured. “It’s not causing too much stress.”

She liked calling him Mr Hart. It was a sign of deference and respect. She liked addressing him with her tone muted in such a way. It made her feel as though she had melted in her centre.

He grabbed the hem of her dress and lifted it up.

She thrilled to the sensation of knowing her rear was exposed to him. Her nipples hardened and the muscles inside her sex clutched and convulsed with desperate need. She felt lightheaded with a sudden rush of animal need.

“You’re wet,” he murmured. “There’s a damp stain on the centre of your panties.”

Her cheeks flushed.

She wouldn’t allow the blushes to deepen.

“I’m getting wetter, Mr Hart,” she admitted.

He chuckled and hooked his fingers into the waistband of her panties. Slowly, as though he was taking pleasure from the act of unwrapping her secrets, Hart drew the panties downwards. The fabric caressed her buttocks and got as far as her knees before he seemed to decide they were sufficiently lowered. She could feel their elastic stretching tight across her knees. The sensation was not comfortable but she savoured the suggestion of bondage that it implied.

Her heart had been racing before. Now it pounded like a timpani.

Knowing that she was bent over for him, her private parts exposed and her body vulnerable and ready for his punishment, was more excitement than she believed one person could possibly tolerate. She imagined the lips of her sex would be glossed with a lustre of fluid arousal. She suspected, if he looked close enough, he would be able to see the pulse of her clitoris as it throbbed with building need for his touch.

She wanted to groan.

The idea of William Hart inspecting her exposed sex, his nose so close she could feel the exhalation of each breath caressing her febrile lips, was almost enough to inspire an explosive thrill of pleasure. When his fingertips returned to the bare cheeks of her

backside, slowly stroking the sensitive flesh with subtle circles, Trudy wanted to moan with the demands of her growing, greedy need.

“You look like you’re very excited,” he remarked.

“Thank you, Mr Hart.”

“Once I’ve finished spanking you I’ll have to take advantage of you and fuck you over the kitchen counter.”

“Yes, Mr Hart.”

Saying the words made her want to squirm with fresh need. She had just given William Hart permission to fuck her over a kitchen counter. Admittedly, they were already intimately acquainted. But the previous night had been a mutual exploration of each other. This was a situation where she was giving him permission to use her however he saw fit. She told herself that she needed to take a moment and make sure he understood that there would be some limitations or reservations. Then she decided those practicalities could be discussed later if they were potentially problematic. For now she wanted to bask in the thrill of taking a risk.

“I’d like that very much, Mr Hart.”

He landed the first slap against her backside.

It came without warning and struck sharp against her unsuspecting flesh.

She chugged breath. A blossom of heat erupted against one cheek. It spread through the muscle and began to warm the tops of her thighs and the crease of her sex.

“Too hard?”

“No, Mr Hart.”

“Then let’s try another one.”

Before she had a chance to understand what the words meant his hand slammed swiftly against her other cheek. The sound was a deafening snap that echoed hollowly from the kitchen’s flat acoustics. The pain was a rich and delicious sting that she wanted to savour. The ensuing warmth was delightful and exciting. She could feel the centre of her sex growing wetter and wetter and knew that it would take little more than a caress of her clit and the orgasm would rush through her body.

Ashley Lister is the author of more than thirty erotic novels and 100+ short stories. Aside from writing fiction, Ashley lectures in Creative Writing and has written the

definitive guide on writing in the genre: *How to Write Erotic Fiction and Sex Scenes*.
Find out more about Ashley's latest projects: www.ashleylister.co.uk

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Slow Surrender

Cecilia Tan

BDSM dildos erotic romance exhibitionism female submissive male dominant billionaire

BDSM rope trilogy

His eyes were lit by the streetlights out the window. “Would you play a game with me?” he asked.

“I bet you say that to all the girls,” I joked.

His expression darkened, surprising me. “Actually, it takes a very special person to pique my interest.”

He thinks I’m special? I thought.

“If you don’t want to play, that’s fine,” he added. “I’ll leave and never come back if you say no.”

My inner alarm bells were silent. Maybe because it was hard to say no to such an attractive man. I decided to test him out a little, though. “I’ll play if you’ll answer a question.”

He smiled. “Name it,” he said, imitating me perfectly.

“Tell me why a wealthy, well-dressed man like yourself is drinking alone.”

He flattened a hand against his lapels. “An honest question deserves an honest answer. The truth is I’ve come to the end of a very long and tiring episode in my business. I’m at loose ends for the first time in a long time, and to celebrate, I wanted to be alone for a while, something I haven’t had a chance to do recently.” He glanced out the window, then turned his full attention back to me. “In fact, I was working up to a promise to spend more time by myself”—he paused and swirled the bourbon in his glass—“when you came along. There, was that a satisfactory answer?”

I smiled. He seemed confident, sophisticated, and imminently reasonable. He seemed real. “Yes. Okay, so what’s the game?”

“The game is very simple. I ask you to do something, and you do it.”

“Something like what?”

“Something like this: I have a marble in my jacket pocket. I’d like you to reach into the pocket, take out the marble, and put it in your mouth. I’ll also have another bourbon and a glass of water, and when you bring me back the drinks, put the marble into the glass of bourbon. That’s how you’ll return it to me.” His voice deepened and it felt like silk sliding over my skin. “Would you do that?”

No one had ever said something like that to me before. It was like a dare, like a secret, like something private just the two of us were getting away with, exciting and a little bit illicit. “If this is a game,” I said, “what do I win if I play?”

His full smile was like a prize itself. “I’m a genie. I’ll grant you a wish.” His voice was as rich as melted chocolate, even when he lightened it playfully.

“Okay.” I gave him a goofy little curtsy. “I get it.” Playing the game and sharing a secret *was* the prize.

I stepped closer to him, glanced back to make sure Jill or someone wasn’t watching me from the stairs or server station across the room, and then bent over to reach into the pocket nearest to me. The jacket was a surprisingly soft fabric that felt almost like suede, a stylish cut, but it still had pockets like a traditional suit.

The pocket was empty. His eyebrows twitched with amusement. Okay, other pocket. Now I had to lean across him.

As I did so, he probably got an eyeful down my white, button-down shirt and I kind of liked that thought. My nipples tightened as I wondered if he liked the view. I slid my hand into the pocket and found it empty also. “Hey—”

Before I could voice my protest, he spoke. “There is *one* more pocket.”

Oh. The exterior breast pocket was clearly a fake one, which meant the real pocket was inside the jacket. The expression on his face was bemused. Well, what did I know? I’d never played this game before. Maybe I should have thought of that first. Whatever. I gave him the old eyebrow right back, and slid my hand inside the jacket.

As I did, I caught a whiff of a spicy, masculine scent, not quite strong enough to be cologne. It was as if I could feel his body heat with my nose.

Intoxicated by his scent, I finally felt something square and hard. I pulled it free: a ring box? Now I really wondered why he was drinking alone, if this was an engagement ring or something like that...

I glanced at him before I opened the box only to find a marble perched on a bed of velvet. I plucked it free.

The marble felt warm from being kept close to his heart. Just a round, glass marble with a swirl in it.

So, what were the instructions again? Put it in my mouth? I shared a look with him as I held the marble between two fingers. The request was a little bit dirty and a little intimate without being overtly sexual, and I think he knew that. It was a dare.

Did I dare?

I did. I made a show of dropping the marble into the alcohol he had left, swirling the glass around with a clinking sound, and then fishing the marble out and popping it into my mouth.

“Don’t swallow,” he warned.

I smiled, took up his glass, and went to fill his order.

Thankfully I didn’t have to speak to send his drink order to the bar. I typed it on the upstairs order station, and then went down to put the glass in the bus bin.

Then what? I couldn’t chance going into the main section of the bar where Renault might see me.

The ladies’ room. I’d take a quick “powder” and then see if the drinks were up.

In the employee restroom, I straightened my hair and my shirt. Normally I wouldn’t give a damn about what a customer thought of my appearance. But he was so impeccable and smooth! I wished I could seem even half that sophisticated. I’d gotten some ketchup on the cuff of one sleeve at some point during the night. Sloppy. And this was my last unstained shirt. I made a note to ask Jill if she could cover replacing it, at least a thrift store one. I hated being broke. I needed to get the hell out of grad school and start making some money. I had to find something to do with my life other than stare at pre-Raphaelite art and write pretentious analyses of it. My mother told me endlessly that grad school was a waste of time, except for the fact that I might meet a well-educated guy to marry. I hadn’t even gotten that part right.

A knock on the door jolted me. I tucked the marble into my cheek. “One sec!” I ran the water and washed my hands.

When I came out, my sister Jill was standing there, her beefy arms crossed. “You okay?”

Well, nothing like the truth at a time like that, right? “I’m hiding because the advisor I blew off tonight to cover your ass is out there right now!” The marble clicked against my teeth as I tried to make myself understandable. Hopefully she would think it was a cough drop or an ice cube.

“What advisor? You didn’t tell me you blew someone off!”

“Would it have mattered? ‘Karina’—it came out ‘Kawina’ with the marble in the way—” “I’m desperate. You’re the only one who can do this. I need you,” “I hissed, imitating the way she had wheedled me on the phone.

“Of course it would have mattered.”

I shook my head. “Last time I told you I had plans, you got Mom all pissed off at me and made my life a living hell for months.”

“You had ‘plans’ with stupid Brad, who was no good for you anyway! I really did need you, and that night blew chunks without you.” Jill had just turned thirty and was a good deal heavier than me. When she smacked the door frame next to my head, I swear the door felt it.

“Well, this is it, the last time. Now excuse me, my order’s up.” I pushed past her. I loved Jill, but she thought because she was the oldest that my brother Troy and I were her lord- and lady-in-waiting or something.

Thankfully, the order was up. But as I approached my mystery man’s table, I realized I had no idea how I was going to get the marble out of my mouth.

It was too late to go in the back and drop it into the glass there. He’d already seen me, and his gaze seemed to be drawing me toward him. His eyes never left mine as I crossed the floor, feeling like each step was getting heavier and heavier.

At last I stopped in front of his table, drew in a deep breath, and set down the glass of water. I then held up the shot glass of bourbon as if I were smelling it, brought the marble out until I held it with just my lips in an O shape, and let it go, almost like I was blowing him a kiss. The marble fell with a *plop* and I set the bourbon on the table, resisting the urge to wipe my lips. I settled for licking them.

He ignored the glass on the table, his eyes never leaving my face, and I saw his gaze sharpen at the momentary appearance of my tongue. I wondered if he was as turned on as I was. I had never flirted with a customer. Not like this.

He lifted his drink and closed his eyes for a moment as if savoring the scent. I nearly sighed when he did, as if I'd been released from a magic spell. A moment later he stared at me again as he took his first sip.

He nodded, as if satisfied, and set the glass down.

“Do I get my wish now?” I asked jokingly.

His face remained stern as he laid his hand on the tabletop, fingers curled as if he were holding a live moth. “Think very hard about what you want, then close your eyes.”

I did as he asked, without hesitating. But what did I want? What should I wish for? This was like making a birthday wish before blowing out the candles. Wishing for happiness seemed way too general. Wishing for money felt wrong. Wishing to graduate... *I shouldn't have to wish for that, damn it.* I deserved to finish and move on with my life.

“Make your wish,” he whispered, and yet I heard him perfectly clearly. “Then take the wish out of my hand.”

I want to know what love is, I thought, and opened my eyes.

Cecilia Tan is “one of the most important writers, editors, and innovators in contemporary American erotic literature,” according to Susie Bright. Her novel *Slow Surrender* won the RT Reviewers Choice Award and the Maggie Award for Excellence in 2014, while *The Prince's Boy* won honorable mention in the NLA Writing Awards and Rainbow Awards.

Slow Surrender (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/slow-surrender-cecelia-tan/1111940153?ean=9781455529278

Slow Surrender (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Slow-Surrender-Struck-Lightning-Book-ebook/dp/B00B73T1YU/ref=tmm_kin_title_0?ie=UTF8&qid=1420933257&sr=1-1

Slow Surrender (via Audible)

www.amazon.com/Slow-Surrender-Struck-Lightning-Series/dp/B00GGWGFYG/ref=tmm_aud_title_0?ie=UTF8&qid=1420933257&sr=1-1

Beyond the Softness of His Fur

TammyJo Eckhart

*BDSM dystopian erotic romance femdom furrries hardcore erotica male submission
polyamorous science fiction*

I have been celibate for a number of years, living off of vids, books, and auds as I worked my way up quickly in the business world. I just earned vice president of administrative services, so now I think I can take a few risks. Getting a morph was not one of the risks, just a confirmation that “normal” wasn’t normal in the company, confirming in my mind that I’d chosen a good place to work. Every executive has a morph of some sort, generally of the erotic specialty. I chose the fox breed because it is supposed to be the most well-trained and structured in terms of a wide range of sexual tastes. I didn’t realize it was so exotic though.

The man in business grays leans toward her and whispers in her ear.

“Of course, we’ll discount our price for this inconvenience,” she adds after a frown passes over her face.

“Good, I wouldn’t want to have to go through this all at another company, but I would,” I retort. The customer is always right; many businesses make the mistake of forgetting that, and when their customers leave, no amount of advertising will win them back from the consumer rights groups that monitor the net and airways like rabid hounds. Ironic choice of words here, I realize.

The woman blinks again, then motions to her companions. “This is Mr. Chase, our Vice President of Customer Relations and Doctor Batswinow, Head of Exotics,” she introduced the men. Guess my records checked out very well to receive such personal attention.

“Yes, your interests are fairly unique, a good thing,” the business man assures me quickly. “We thought we might be of assistance to Ms Gaines in helping you chose the best ISM pet for yourself. The choice will, of course, be yours, but we hope we can answer any questions you might have.”

“How very thoughtful of you?” I reply, though I’m wondering how much of a fool they take me for. I get it now: I have the money, so let’s try and take her for all we can. It will work, just not if the customer is wise to it; they should have paid more attention to how I make my money, not just how much of it I have.

We walk further into the Institute, where I begin what I soon realize is a type of education process. It almost seems that they really do want contented customers. Of course, as the businessman points out, they never sell used morphs, and returns are fully refunded. Best to cut back on that possibility right from the start.

There are, it turns out, a few problems with my request. First is the requirement that it be male. Actually, fifty percent of all their morphs are male, so that isn’t so much of a problem by itself as a complication to my other interests. Second, something unique or at least different; an exotic, they called it. Third, a pet which will be able to enjoy the rougher pleasures without wanting to return roughness and without getting moody about such sexual demands. The representative informs me that mostly such requests come from het male clients, so most of their stock in that category are female. I restate that I want a male morph. Geesh, haven’t women gotten equality in being sadists yet? Most of the sadists I know are certainly female, but then I’m talking about consensual sadists, so maybe the wackos buy their victims.

They have three options for me at the moment — that’s what they call a “good assortment?” They could specially design one, but that takes a bit more than a year to create and do basic training. This promotion seems connected to my getting a morph, so that time lag is serious. I decide to see what they have. There are at least four other companies on Earth that deal in morphs, so if I don’t find what I want I can look there.

We enter a fairly long white room with glass cages along each side. I’m informed that they aren’t glass but one-way mirrors, so I can look in without the morph knowing that he is being watched. This way I’ll see them as is and not performing as trained.

The first mirror cage houses a truly exotic morph-tiger. The size of the tiger has been curtailed, so the creature inside is equivalent to an average-sized man. It sits much as a cat would, tail twitching around, licking its paws in low strokes. It looks very bored and very self-absorbed. No, no cat morphs for me, thank you very much. If I want self-absorbed, I’ll start dating again.

The next is a bear morph about the size of those furry warriors in the old space opera — what was it called, Star Battle or something like that? Chocolate brown fur, black eyes, and chubby. This one is pacing around the cage, first counterclockwise then clockwise; it makes a good three rounds each direction. Then with almost a shrug it lies down and curls into a ball. “It seems to tire easily,” I say as I walk away. I could never get one of those. It would remind me too much of Mister Wentworth, my old teddy bear, and there are just some things that one should not do with a teddy bear.

The last one makes me stop before I reach the cage. A fox morph, and I can tell it is white — likely an albino, with those nasty little pink or red eyes. Now there would be something to have nightmares about. “I really don’t like albinos,” I begin to say when the scientist holds up his hand.

“Of course — who would? — and we would never sell such a defect. No; look more closely, and you’ll see it was genetically engineered to be this color,” the scientist instructs me.

“Very rare combination of white fur and blue eyes,” the businessman adds.

This morph is also walking around the cage, though slowly, and pressing his paws against the one way mirrors. I stop just a foot from where he is heading and place my own hand on the glass. The fur is more light gray than white, really, but I recall something to that effect about all animals, or at least horses. I note the blue eyes as they move past me.

Then the fox morph does something that makes us all gasp. He stops, backs up, and places his hands almost opposite my own. “I thought you said these were one way?” I state.

“They are; he shouldn’t be able to tell anyone is looking at him,” the businessman scowls.

“I want him to see me,” I say, surprising myself. “Can that be done?”

The businessman looks at the scientist, who merely shrugs his shoulders.

“Of course; we’ll lower this front mirror,” the businessman replies.

The businesswoman nods and presses a few buttons on the side of the cage. Slowly the mirror sinks down, and soon I see the morph jump back a bit as it reveals the four of us looking at him. The morph tilts his head, then moves back to place his hand opposite

my own again. He's shorter than me by a good foot or so, probably weighing about seventy pounds, so a bit too thin.

I place my other hand on the glass, and he matches it with his own. Moving my hands slowly, I test him, and he matches my moves. After a few moments of this I glance back at the Institute trio with a grin. "He's very clever."

"Yes, fox morphs tend to be quite clever," the businessman says as though the thought annoys him.

When I look back the morph has dropped to his knees and is licking the glass right over my palms. His jaw moves as though he's speaking.

"They can talk?" I ask without looking behind me.

"Very limited; he's probably saying he likes you," the woman chimes in before the men can reply. "Fox morphs are very sensual creatures; very loyal too," she adds.

I take my hands down, and the fox morph presses himself against the glass. As the mirror is lifted again, he rises to his feet and attempts to watch me for as long as his height allows.

"I want to see some information on him first, then meet him face to face, where I can get a better feel for him," I say as I turn to the trio.

"Of course," the woman replies as she takes me gently by my arm and steers me to the exit. "I think you'll be quite pleased," she adds with a glance back toward the men.

"Yes, he is a very interesting specimen," the scientist confirms.

As we walk down the hall, I catch bits of the conversations between the men. They seem concerned about something, and I'm not sure what or why.

Lifestyle poly-femdom, **TammyJo Eckhart** is the author of stories, novels and ten anthologies including the non-book, *At Her Feet* and the science fiction trilogy *Beyond the Softness of His Fur*. Find her in several publications including *Some Women* and *S/M Futures*. To learn more check her main website www.tammyjoeckhart.com/.

Beyond the Softness of His Fur (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Beyond-Softness-His-Fur-Wonders-ebook/dp/B005AZZWFS/ref=sr_1_3?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420933622&sr=1-3&keywords=beyond+the+softness+of+his+fur

Beyond the Softness of His Fur (via Barnes and Noble)

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Beyond the Softness of His Fur (via All Romance E Books)

www.allromanceebooks.com/product-beyondthesoftnessofhisfurwondersofmodernscience-571862-147.html

[Welcome to Serpent's Kiss](#)

Sherri Hayes

BDSM contemporary erotic romance femdom series

Katrina Mayer glanced at the clock. She had a few more minutes before she needed to head upstairs. It was enough time for her to glance over the newest membership application she'd received.

The applicant's name was Drew Parker. He was a firefighter and listed himself as submissive. Everything about him seemed fairly straightforward. He was twenty-eight. Single. And looking for a kinky relationship with a female dominant.

As she scanned the rest of his details, two Femdoms came to mind—Madi and Beth. Madi was a regular. The club was open every Friday and Saturday night, and Madi rarely missed the opportunity to have some fun. Every now and then, she'd play with one of the male subs, but it was rare. More often than not, Madi could be found on the dance floor.

Beth was another story. To be honest, Katrina was worried about her. Beth used to come to the club all the time with her longtime sub, Ben. Two months ago, Beth discovered that Ben had a secret life she'd known nothing about. It had left her shattered and heartbroken. She hadn't been to the club since it happened. For the time being, Beth had no desire to get back on the horse. Katrina was hoping that would change with time.

It wasn't her job to be a matchmaker, however. She'd created Serpent's Kiss as a place where kinky people could hang out and play when the mood struck them.

Speaking of moods, Katrina was in the mood to have some fun. She pushed back from her desk and walked out into the hall. After locking the door to her office, she headed down to the main room of the club, where Ali and Brandon were getting things ready for later that night.

Brandon, her main bartender, caught her eye. She tilted her head toward the stairs, and he nodded.

Katrina rarely played while the club was open unless it was to do a demonstration. Things were too hectic, and all too often, she was needed to help with one issue or

another. Plus, it was always good to mingle with the club members and make sure they were content.

It was for that reason that she tended to play before the club opened its doors to the evening crowd. Brandon and whichever submissive had signed up for the evening service arrived three hours before the club opened to prep and clean. It was the perfect opportunity for her to sneak upstairs to have a little fun while still being safe. She always kept the door open to whatever room she used, and Brandon was aware that the upstairs was off-limits during those times unless he heard someone yell red.

Ascending the stairs, she entered the first room on her right. All the rooms on the second floor had been turned into playrooms. Each was well equipped with a variety of toys that could be adapted to specific needs for whatever situation arose. She'd tried to make the rooms as versatile as possible.

Ryan was kneeling on the floor waiting. As per her instructions and their arrangement, he was waiting for her naked. His cock hadn't been erect when she'd walked into the room, but as she stood there looking at him, she saw it stiffening.

Katrina had prepared the space earlier that day with all the items she would need for the scene. They were all placed within easy reach at the back of the room. Now, all she had to do was get her submissive in place.

"Stand," she ordered.

Ryan rocked back on his heels and pushed himself up off the floor and to his feet.

She picked up a spreader bar and nudged his feet apart. With the spreader bar in place, she removed two leather cuffs from the table. One by one, she encircled his wrists and then lifted his arms above his head to attach the cuffs to the chains in the ceiling. Once she was sure they were secure, Katrina stepped back to appreciate her subject.

Ryan was thirty-five and a lawyer. You'd never know he spent most of his time behind a desk. He worked out every morning and ate healthier than she cared to think about. She had a weakness for cake. It didn't look as if he even thought about processed sugar, much less ate it.

Nonetheless, Ryan was one of her favorite submissives to play with. Katrina didn't have a submissive of her own. She had no desire for one, either. At the age of forty-three,

she'd found herself widowed. And while she'd loved her husband, he had been vanilla as vanilla could be. Even role-playing in the bedroom held no interest for him.

Her husband's death had been a shock. It had also made her realize how short life was. No one knew how long they had on this earth. That was why, six months after her husband's death, Katrina made the decision to open up a fetish club. Five years later, the club was exactly what she hoped it would be. Every Friday and Saturday night, Serpent's Kiss was packed with members who paid a monthly fee for privacy and convenience.

Katrina's heels clicked on the wooden floor of the dungeon as she slowly circled Ryan. She ran a hand down his chest and could feel the anticipation rolling off him. There was something about seeing a man bound and ready for whatever she wanted to do to him that gave her immense pleasure.

She didn't take her eyes off his face as she moved her hand down over his abs, heading for the straining erection between his legs.

He lowered his head and closed his eyes... waiting.

When she brushed her hand against his cock, he tensed. "Have something you wish to say?"

He shook his head.

Taking hold of his balls with her right hand, Katrina squeezed. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, Ma'am. I'm sure." His eyes remained closed, but his breathing had picked up. He knew pain was coming, and what she'd just done to his balls was only the tip of the iceberg.

She released her hold on him. "Very well. Let's get things started, shall we?"

A long table along the wall held a plethora of items she'd selected for their scene. Some she would use. Some she wouldn't. She liked having options.

Running her fingers over the small metal clothespins, she grinned and placed several in her hand before returning to stand in front of Ryan. He hadn't moved—not that he could go very far.

With her free hand, she took hold of one of his nipples and worked it between her thumb and index finger until it was ready to accept the clip she had poised in her left hand. Giving his nipple a hard pinch, she replaced her fingers with the silver clip.

To his credit, he didn't react beyond a small intake of breath. Ryan liked pain. That was good, since she liked to inflict it. Katrina considered herself a sadist. She liked to mix pain with pleasure.

Without pause, she moved to his other nipple and placed another clip on the hardened flesh. He was ready this time and didn't react in any way.

That won't do, Katrina mused. Returning the remaining clothespins to the table, she grasped each clip by the extended ears and pulled sharply.

Ryan hadn't been expecting that, and his reaction was exactly what she'd been hoping for. She saw his jaw flex and then clench.

Releasing him, she gathered up the clothespins again and began placing them where she wanted them. By the time she was finished, he had forty of the miniature clips in various places on his body including his sides, arms, inner thighs, cock and balls. She'd made sure to space them far enough apart for what she had planned.

"How are you doing?" she asked, caressing the side of his face. He trusted her with his submission. She didn't take that lightly.

Ryan opened his eyes and met her gaze. "Good, Ma'am."

"Are you ready to continue?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

While Katrina didn't mind people in the club referring to her as "Mistress," she required submissives scening with her to call her "Ma'am." She wasn't anyone's Mistress. She was the club Mistress, yes, but that was different. The club belonged to her. Ryan and the other male submissives she played with did not.

She nodded and donned a pair of latex gloves. Once they were in place, she lubed her fingers and picked up one of her favorite anal toys. It had three silicone beads that gradually increased in size on one end. The beads were perfect for stimulating the prostate. Where the beads ended, the toy curved around to provide additional stimulation to the perineum. Considering the fun she intended to have with the clothespins, the added pleasure to Ryan's prostate and perineum would have him on the edge in no time.

Sherri Hayes is the author of eight full-length novels, and two short stories. She is most recognized for her bestselling *Finding Anna* Series that puts a different spin on the classic BDSM slave story. Find a current list of all of Sherri's books at www.sherrihayesauthor.com/.

Welcome to Serpent's Kiss (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Welcome-Serpents-Kiss-0-5-ebook/dp/B00P7Z6T1C/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420933894&sr=1-1&keywords=welcome+to+serpent%27s+kiss

Welcome to Serpent's Kiss (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/welcome-to-serpents-kiss-sherri-hayes/1120912324?ean=2940149908127

Redemption and Glory

Cris Anson

BDSM contemporary dominant/submissive erotic romance ménage

“Davinia!” Jonathan’s voice snapped. “Stop twitching. Do. Not. Move.”

She took a deep breath and steadied herself. *Remember, right now you’re a sub.*

“Now the trousers.”

Oh god.

Adam released her hair and used both hands to work the button then the zipper of her slacks. He knelt at her feet, nose centered right at her crotch, and inhaled deeply. Looked up at her, desire rampant on his face. His eyes burned, his jaw worked, his skin flushed.

Then he slowly slid the material down her legs until it pooled at her ankles.

Dear god, she couldn’t stand it. Her pussy wept for his tongue, his fingers, his cock. The Wartenburg wheel continued its exploration of every exposed inch of her skin above the waist. Even Jonathan had abandoned his suggestive comments to his sub as he thrust one hand into Vinnie’s hair and yanked her head back until it rested on the sub’s bowed head, making Vinnie’s breasts jut forward as her spine arched.

She couldn’t help it. Her hips moved restlessly, she fought against her restraints because she needed to touch Adam—hell, or Sandor or Jonathan, she just needed a *man* in her hands, needed a cock inside her, needed someone to scratch this intense itch, she needed to—

With a gesture from Jonathan, all three men stepped away, leaving Vinnie panting and desperate for fulfillment. The sub was no help. It seemed as though she was in la-la land, silent and unmoving yet staunch as a pillar against Vinnie’s gyrations. In the tiny sane part of her mind, Vinnie thought he must have given her some orders to stand perfectly still. Or else he’d brought her into subspace awfully quick.

“Well, dear, what do you think?”

It took Vinnie a moment to realize that Cecile was speaking to her. The woman's eyes sparkled, her breaths came slightly shallow and her mouth set itself into a Cheshire-cat grin.

Vinnie looked down at her dishabille, at the rosy hue to her exposed skin, her steel-hard nipples poking the flimsy lace of her bra, the thong of the same fabric emphasizing the fiery red hair of her pussy, the ample curves of her near-naked hips displayed to all eyes. Looked at Adam, still on his knees before her but unimaginable, forbidden inches away from her as he gazed at the juncture of her thighs, her hips cradled in his hot hands.

"I think I need to get untied." It came out a strangled moan.

A round of laughter broke the spell and both Doms made short work of the knots binding the two women. Adam stood and stepped back with, it seemed to her, great reluctance. On a sigh of relief Vinnie bent down to grab the waistband of her slacks in some vestigial impulse of modesty. She did *not* want anyone to see the cream dribbling down her thighs.

"Not so fast."

Jonathan. Hands clamped on her shoulders from behind, he raised her upright and she took a deep, stabilizing breath.

"Stand still. Balance on your left foot."

Okay, she could do this. She could obey Jonathan the way a sub would obey him. Except, she thought with an unbidden smirk, not instantly.

As if reading her mind, Jonathan said, "You know, if you were my sub and you were so disobedient, you'd be severely punished."

"Then it's good that I'm not, isn't it?"

A hard smack against her bare butt resounded in the quiet room. The instant pain of his palm flared into outrage then into another burst of arousal. Ignoring the new rush of cream in her pussy, she took the not-too-subtle hint and balanced on her left foot.

At Jonathan's gesture, Adam knelt again and gently lifted her foot, removing the boot and that pant leg. She shifted her weight and soon was divested of the second boot and her trousers. As soon as her balance was restored, Jonathan slipped off her silk blouse. Vinnie gulped. So much for her clothing as armor.

“What we have here,” Jonathan said, “is a Smart-Ass Masochist. Your sassy mouth is intolerable, so we’ll have to remedy that with a little constructive adjustment. Adam, to the chair.”

She swallowed hard. *I’m in for it now.*

Adam thought his cock would burst, he was so hard. His balls were tight against his body merely from watching the Mistress Glory of his wet dreams being taken down a few pegs. God. She was even sexier now than when he’d first seen her in that red corset wielding a flogger. Having her tied up and helpless and moaning with arousal was such a huge turn-on to him.

And having her standing all subservient in semi-sheer bra and thong with a group of men and women who were fully dressed—Christ, what a body that woman had. He could lose himself in her for months at a time. The lush curves, her red bush, those nipples big and hard as walnuts. His throat went dry.

But he remembered Jonathan’s stricture—tonight would be a learning experience for him as well as for Davinia and he was to follow instructions to the letter. But damn, it was hard to keep his hands off her! Jon was obviously counting on Adam’s poorly disguised lust for the redhead and was determined to teach him the merits of delayed gratification.

It was agonizing.

It was hell.

He looked forward to more of it. Because Davinia was at the center of it.

Settling himself into the firm seat of the chair, Adam sprawled his legs in front of him, one ankle crossed over the other in an effort to look relaxed, as though his cock weren’t already tenting his trousers like a ridgepole. Let them see his erection.

Especially Davinia. She’d zeroed in on his cock as soon as he sat. *I hope your mouth is watering, woman.*

Hell, he hoped Jonathan would direct her to suck him off.

He groaned. *Not exactly the way to control yourself.* Thinking of Davinia’s delectable mouth on his cock, sucking and licking him to distraction, made him impossibly harder. Jon was right, he’d never denied himself when it came to sex and it was difficult not to fuck her right now in front of everyone.

His attention sharpened and he tried to prepare himself for more delayed gratification. Davinia was being urged forward by Jonathan after he whispered some instructions into her ear that made her spine straighten.

But forward she came, until she stood alongside him. Gingerly she set one bare foot on each side of his crossed ankles, took a deep, steadying breath, and holy shit, leaned forward to put a hand on each of his thighs.

He must have moved, because Jon bellowed, “Stay just the way you are, Adam. She needs to hold on to something for the next few minutes.”

Davinia’s thumbs dug into the muscles of his inner thighs as she stabilized herself. He almost came at seeing the arch of her back curved up to the sweetest, lushest ass he’d ever seen. His gaze moved to her breasts, swaying slightly and almost overflowing their flimsy lace bra as they nearly touched the fabric of his slacks at his thighs.

It was all he could do to keep from coming just from the sight of her.

He noted how flushed her face was, how shallow her breathing. Her eyes downcast, looking—he hoped—at his cock, she licked her lower lip. His cock jumped. Again.

“Are you ready, Davinia?”

She nodded.

“Your response should be, ‘Yes, Sir.’”

“Yes, I’m ready.”

Jonathan smoothed his palm over one rounded globe. It took all Adam’s willpower not to growl at seeing someone else touch his woman.

Shit, she wasn’t his. She was just a woman in a BDSM scene. What the fuck was he thinking?

Jonathan lifted his hand from Davinia’s ass and held it out, palm up. Sandor planted a soft-tail flogger in it then stepped back. Adam held his breath for the strike.

But Jonathan stroked the smooth leather fingers across her back, her ass, her thighs, with low-impact hits, love taps almost, until Adam saw her ass rise slightly, as though she were inviting more.

After a few minutes of warming her skin he handed the flogger back to Sandor and accepted a lethal-looking leather paddle.

Suddenly, *smack!* Directly on her right buttock.

Adam flinched in sympathy. Davinia jerked her head up but kept her grip on his thighs.

“Davinia?” Jonathan’s silky voice, rising in question.

“One!”

“Very good.”

Smack! Across her left ass cheek.

“Two.”

Adam gritted his teeth. This close he could feel the breeze from the paddle, could see the wince in her face, feel her grip squeeze harder on his thighs at the impact. Yet his cock got even harder watching the scene unfold as her breaths became even more shallow.

By the flush on her face, she was getting unbearably aroused.

And so was he.

Cris Anson (www.crisanson.com) has released fifteen erotic romance titles with Ellora’s Cave since 2005. Her more recent stories reflect her earnest, hands-on research into the BDSM lifestyle. Contact Cris at cris@crisanson.com or read her blog: <http://crisansonspassions.blogspot.com>

Redemption and Glory (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Redemption-Glory-Cris-Anson-ebook/dp/B00K2VUG/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420934076&sr=1-1&keywords=redemption+and+glory

Redemption and Glory (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/redemption-and-glory-cris-anson/1119617056?ean=9781419971358

Caught in the Middle

Kira Barker

bondage erotic romance ménage series S/M

I didn't notice Jack stepping up to me until he touched my upper arm lightly.

We were alone on the terrace, but still close enough to the sitting area that there was enough light to illuminate his features. He was standing decidedly too close, but then being in the vicinity of anything fuckable would have qualified as such for me right then.

Why the fuck did I let Simon do this to me?

Ah, right—because it was as fascinating as it was frustrating.

Either I had a worse poker face than I'd guessed, or Jack had picked up a few hints along the way, because the look he regarded me with turned shrewd.

Looking at it like that, I was left with remaining silent. Jack laughed softly but took his small victory in stride.

“Seriously, why are you gnashing your teeth like that? And it's not just the phone call. You've been terribly irritable tonight.”

“Maybe because you and Simon have joined forces in your League of Extraordinary Cockblockers?”

I got a snort for my troubles, but if that was even possible, he leaned closer without actually moving.

“Just weeding out the sub-par offerings you would have rejected yourself. Last time I pulled Barry out of the equation, you didn't complain that much.”

“Not to you, maybe. I still remember complaining to Simon.”

“And I remember that that ultimately ended with you writhing between us, which you seemed to enjoy a lot, so remind me again why you're protesting now?”

I blinked, anger slowly fading into even more of that horrible burn in the back of my mind. And between my thighs. Irritation about people screwing with my schedule wasn't enough to take care of that, and Jack's mere presence made me fidgety all over again—not that I'd ever admit that.

“You’re evil, you know that?” I asked, trying hard to sound put off, but I might as well have started rubbing myself all over him from the husky tones my voice picked up.

Jack didn’t bat an eyelash, but his grin turned a little darker.

“If that turns you on, I have nothing to protest about that. But you’re evading my questions, and that’s not usually your style.”

“What questions? You can’t seriously expect me to be happy that you and Simon team up and decide who is good enough to make a move on me and who isn’t.”

Jack snorted, but the look on his face was suspiciously bland.

“Trust me—if we really did that, you’d likely spend your days in isolation right now.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

He blinked as if he was surprised by my reply, which in turn made me wonder if his last statement had been supposed to be voiced aloud. Another issue I didn’t want to think about right fucking now.

“Whatever,” I deflected, and the way I crossed my arms over my chest might have been only slightly defensive. “I’m a little on edge right now as you can very easily tell, so if you don’t want me to bite your head off, leave me alone.”

“Just because I walked in on you? You can’t be mad at me for that!”

“And I’m not.”

He opened his mouth in protest, but then closed it again abruptly.

“You’re mad at him.”

Not a question but a statement, yet I still replied.

“I’m not.”

“Oh, yes, you are, but for some unfathomable reason you’re trying to hide it, and... shit.”

My glare certainly wasn’t friendly, but it didn’t warrant the way he cut himself off. He looked downright apologetic, and if Jack was one thing, it was straightforward. He never backtracked.

“This thing between you is getting more serious than just the occasional ill-timed bootie call, isn’t it?” he asked, a lot more cautious. Caution didn’t work well with my sunny disposition right now.

“That’s none of your business,” I pointed out, maybe a little more harshly than warranted, and with a note of defensiveness that I really hated hearing in my voice.

“Right, it isn’t,” he agreed, and seemed to mean it. “I just didn’t figure that you’re the type who, you know, doesn’t punch a guy in the face when he’s, well...”

“Well what?”

Jack’s eyes zeroed in on my face, and after a second or two he broke out into a stupidly wide grin.

“Who works you into a frenzy and then doesn’t let you come.”

I seriously considered punching him now, and while that might have been rewarding, violence by proxy certainly wasn’t the answer. His statement also made me wonder just how much in cahoots the two of them were.

“How much did he tell you?” Then something else occurred to me. “Did he send you out here after me?”

Jack’s beginning smile strengthened, and that did ungodly things to my body.

“Nothing and nope, but you just confirmed it. And it’s the only reason I could think of for why you’re acting like a bristling cat ever since you stomped out of the bathroom.” He pursed his lips, and suddenly he was really standing too close to me, close enough that I could feel the heat radiating from his body, which made me shiver for reasons other than leaving my jacket inside. “You know, even if he’s acting like a prick and stringing you along, that doesn’t mean I have to. I’d be more than happy to lend you a hand there. Or tongue, or dick, or all three. I could fuck you right here, if you want to, with no one the wiser. Well, no one but Simon. He’s been watching us the entire time, but I doubt that he’d object.”

Somewhere during that declaration, my eyes had latched onto Jack’s lips, and it was almost impossible for me to drag them back to his eyes now. Fuck, but this situation was starting to become impossible! Just listening to him talk like that fanned those now again-raging flames, and I’d never been known for my self-restraint.

Taking a shaky breath, I forced myself to look away and shook my head.

“Jack, I can’t.”

“Why not? You’re not exactly bundled up for an arctic expedition here. Let me demonstrate.”

Then he was standing behind me, his body pressing into my back, soft, warm fingers ghosting down my arms, then to my hips. One hand stayed, the other slid down to my thigh, then underneath the soft fabric of my dress, and I let out a harsh breath when skin met skin. Through his jeans it was easy to feel his erection pressing against my ass, and it was impossible not to grind myself back against him as that hand started its quick trail up my leg.

“Jack!” I more groaned than said, the words I wanted to utter getting stuck in my throat when I looked toward the seating area inside, and, true enough, found Simon studying us over his bottle of beer.

“Shit, you’re not wearing any panties,” Jack ground out when his hand confirmed as much, the need in his voice whipping my own pulse up further. Jerking his hips forward, maybe even in an involuntary motion, made my dress ride up enough that the denim of his jeans was now pressed directly against my ass. I’d just have to reach back, undo that zipper, and I was sure that a minute or two later I’d be one very happy puddle of goo. I knew that he wouldn’t take longer, and he wouldn’t tease me or let me hang, and suddenly the fact that I’d only had his cock in my ass but not in my pussy before turned to a glaring need that was impossible to ignore. I shuddered all over, which only grew worse when his lips appeared on the nape of my neck, pressing a series of light, hot kisses onto my skin.

But I couldn’t. It was killing me right now, but I just couldn’t give in like that.

“Jack, stop.”

I made my voice as harsh and cold as possible, which still sounded like a husky whisper, but he stilled immediately, which left him pressed against me, his fingers about to discover that my underwear wasn’t the only thing that was gone.

I felt him relax, then let out a long-drawn exhale, but that only ended up sending my nerve endings screaming from where his breath ghosted over the sensitive side of my neck.

“Why?” he asked, sounding not a hint annoyed, but there was something in his voice that made my heart ache weirdly deep down.

“Because I can’t. Because he told me not to touch myself, and I’m not allowed to come until he gives me permission, and there’s no way you won’t have me screaming in under ten seconds flat if we keep going.”

Kira Barker likes her plots gritty, her smut realistic, and doesn’t mind getting her hands dirty when it comes to research. Find out more about her at www.kirabarker.com.

Caught in the Middle (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Caught-Middle-Kinky-Three-Book-ebook/dp/B00MH31138/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420934273&sr=1-1&keywords=caught+in+the+middle+barker

Stately Pleasures

Lucy Felthouse

BDSM curvy erotica erotic romance ménage Rubenesque spanking stately pleasures

‘Alice,’ he said, firmly but softly. ‘Bend over a desk and pull your dress up around your waist.’

Alice was extremely glad that she’d obeyed her orders and not worn knickers that day. She’d have been caught out very early on if she hadn’t. Moving to the nearest desk, she did as Ethan asked.

‘Good,’ Ethan said, moving close behind her and caressing her bare buttocks. ‘These won’t be nearly as pale when I’m finished.’

Alice was surprised that Ethan was going to be the one doing it. She’d always thought of Jeremy as the ringleader and assumed it would be him. She was about to have her arse turned red, though, so it hardly mattered who was going to do it.

Alice became aware of Jeremy moving to the front of the classroom and retrieving something from the teacher’s desk. He didn’t bother to hide the item as it was an integral part of the task, and therefore she already knew what it was.

A wooden ruler. Watching Jeremy - and, more specifically, the ruler’s journey - from the corner of her eye, her resolve slipped a little. It was *wood*, for goodness’ sake! It would hurt if a weakling swung it at her bare cheeks, never mind a muscular giant of a man. *Fuck*.

Jeremy handed the ruler to Ethan, who stroked his big hand over her exposed skin once more. It took all of Alice’s willpower not to clench her fleshy cheeks. She may be nervous, but she sure as hell wasn’t going to let them know that.

Both men were right behind her now, and one of them let out a low whistle. From the words that were spoken next, she gathered it was Jeremy. ‘That’s quite a sight, isn’t it, comrade? Our Alice bent over, arse in the air, slit on display. She looks...’ He seemed lost for words now; a rare occurrence.

‘Beautiful,’ Ethan supplied. ‘She looks beautiful, mate. My cock is rock hard already, and all I’ve done is stroke her bum.’

Her face grew hot. The two men were examining her, and far from finding her lacking, they thought she was beautiful. And Ethan had admitted to having a hard-on caused by the sight of her naked arse and pussy.

Jeremy laughed. 'And you're not the only one. I'm tempted to stick my cock inside her cunt right here and now. Never mind the spanking!'

'In that case, I'd better get on with it, hadn't I?'

'Probably wise.'

Jeremy stepped back into Alice's peripheral vision, presumably to give Ethan room for manoeuvre. His expression was perfectly sober, but a glance down told her that he hadn't been exaggerating about the erection - it tented his smart jeans and made her wish he had just stuck it inside her, like he'd threatened to.

She didn't have too much time to think about being fucked by Jeremy, though, as she heard a small whooping noise - the sound of the wooden ruler rushing through the air - then the slap of it hitting her arse. Just as she thought that it hadn't hurt was about to cross her mind, the pain hit. A sharp, stinging sensation raced in a diagonal stripe across her right cheek. Much to her pride, she didn't yell or scream. She just pulled in a sharp breath and screwed her eyes shut, breathing in and out slowly and steadily, trying to work her way through the pain.

She'd just about dealt with it when the next blow came, this time on her left cheek. Gripping her hands tightly around the edge of the desk she was bent over, she watched as the knuckles turned white, determined to let nothing but the most negligible of noises pass her lips. Again, as the white-hot fire burned through her nerve endings, she sucked in a breath and bit her bottom lip. She would not cry out. She would *not*.

Given her relative silence, it seemed Ethan thought he wasn't hitting her hard enough. Or fast enough. After the searing agony of the second blow had dulled into a more manageable ache, he started to spank her more rapidly and with increased force. Alice was incredibly glad that neither of the men had asked her to count the strokes, because there was no way she'd have been able to. The pain was just too much.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

By the time the blows ceased, Alice was collapsed onto the desk, her upper body crushed against it, with silent tears running down her face. But she hadn't screamed, or

yelled. Granted, she'd almost clawed holes in the desk, and bitten her lip until it bled, but still, she'd kept quiet. And for that, she was incredibly proud of herself.

As she started to come back to herself, she noticed two things - one, her pussy was saturated and ached to be penetrated, and two, Jeremy was standing right in front of her, his stiff cock in his hand.

Arching her neck to look at him, she opened her mouth when he indicated he wanted to put his prick in it. It was long, thick, and warm. Stinging arse almost forgotten, Alice moved forward to pleasure him. It was the first time she'd seen or touched Jeremy's cock, and she was determined to make a good first impression. She stuck her tongue into the slit at the top, enjoying the salty taste of his arousal, then took as much of his shaft into her mouth as she could. She stopped only when his bell-end hit her gag reflex. Deep-throating was not something Alice had ever tried and although she wanted to impress Jeremy, she didn't want to rush things and end up vomiting. That would definitely not be a good look.

She made up for her relative lack of skill with plenty of enthusiasm. Using her hands to push and pull at the edge of the desk, she bobbed her head up and down on his shaft, licking, sucking and slurping. Alice listened to the sounds Jeremy made and used those, the jerks of his hips, and the thickening of his cock to help her gauge her performance. She was no expert, but it seemed she was doing OK. Her hunch was confirmed when he grabbed her head, tangled his fingers into her hair and pushed forcefully between her lips before letting out a growl and spurting come over her tongue and down her throat.

She continued to flick her tongue around the now-sticky shaft in her mouth until he disentangled his fingers and stepped back, pulling his cock out with an audible pop. Almost immediately, Alice felt hands reach under her armpits from behind and wondered if Ethan was going to fuck her. If he was, she hoped he'd be gentle - those marks on her arse were still stinging like mad.

But Ethan wasn't going to fuck her - not then, anyway. He was helping her up. As she straightened, she was grateful for the help as she doubted her shaky legs would hold her. Ethan turned her in his arms and just held her tight. Alice was surprised by the display of care and affection, but she still snuggled happily into his muscular chest,

enjoying the warmth and strength of his body, and the mixed scent of washing powder and his body spray. The hard lump she could feel in the front of his trousers was flattering too.

Seconds later, another warm body pressed in close behind her and a voice murmured into her ear. 'You did brilliantly, my darling. We're both very proud and pleased. Now I must go and wash up, but I'll leave you in Ethan's capable hands for a while until it's time to open the house.' Jeremy pressed a kiss to her cheek - the only portion of skin on her face that was exposed between her hair and Ethan's bulk. 'Well done. I'll see you later.'

She heard Jeremy's retreating footsteps and stayed exactly where she was. It was a lovely place to be, after all. Perhaps not quite as nice as being snuggled up - preferably naked - in bed with him, but still pretty damn fabulous. She let out a happy sigh. Ethan reached up and tugged her hair gently until her face was turned up to his.

'OK?' he said, softly.

'OK.' She nodded.

'Good,' he replied, twisting so they were no longer hugging, but he still had an arm behind her back for support. 'I'll take you back upstairs so you can get cleaned up, OK?'

Alice looked at her watch. She had a little over half an hour to compose herself. It would be no easy feat, considering the fact her arse was on fire, and her lips felt so swollen it probably looked as if someone had punched her in the mouth.

Lucy Felthouse (<http://lucyfelthouse.co.uk>) is a very busy woman! She writes erotica and erotic romance in a variety of subgenres, lengths and pairings, and has over 100 publications to her name, with many more in the pipeline. These include several 'Best' anthologies from Cleis Press. Reach her at lucy@lucyfelthouse.co.uk

Stately Pleasures (via Amazon UK)

www.amazon.co.uk/Stately-Pleasures-Lucy-Felthouse-ebook/dp/B00H5B70W8/ref=sr_1_1?s=digital-text&ie=UTF8&qid=1420934382&sr=1-1&keywords=stately+pleasures

Stately Pleasures (via Amazon US)

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Stately Pleasures (via Barnes and Noble)

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ean=9781783755325](http://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/stately-pleasures-lucy-felthouse/1117044734?ean=9781783755325)

[To Serve Is Divine](#)

R. E. Hargrave

*bondage erotic romance exhibitionism female/female humiliation male/male ménage
spanking trilogy*

With a watchful gaze, Jayden followed her careful unsure steps backward while she withdrew to the wall. It was clear that she hadn't been trained in the withdrawal walk, as he called it, and he knew they would work on that. He found it rude when a submissive turned their back on him. Besides, he always enjoyed watching their tits bounce while they took those retreating steps. Catherine's were no exception. Jayden was hypnotized by them, loved that they were real tits; full enough to satisfy his need to maul, yet small enough that she could get away without lingerie if need be. He wouldn't deny a fondness for large tits; he was human and male. However, 'real' would win out over 'large' with him any day.

When she was almost to the wall he had her stop and turn around, his curiosity peaking over what she would choose. Looking at her reddened ass, Jayden found himself disgusted and turned on at the same time.

He was disgusted because he had allowed himself to get lost in her whimpers and moans while his open hand made contact with her soft flesh. The mental distraction meant that he had no idea how many times he had struck her, and that was inexcusable.

However, he was turned on for the same reason. Catherine had enjoyed the excessive spanking. That was clear when Jayden slipped his finger inside her and found a dripping honey-pot. She liked excess, and she liked it rough. He'd found his match. There was no doubt in Jayden's mind that he would be offering her a contract - and maybe even a collar - as soon as possible.

The cane was his favorite impact toy and would be perfect for this game. Given that she'd stated the cane was a hard limit Jayden wasn't expecting her to even consider it, though.

He'd always used this game as a first test. It had a little bit of everything in it: exhibition in the way he required them to be spread out for him to see, humiliation in the act of crawling and fetching like an animal, and pain tolerance in the continual paddling.

Because coming was forbidden, the game tested their orgasm control. The bumpy texture of the gold balls slipping around inside while they crawled and stretched to reach more balls made it almost impossible to hold off an orgasm.

After about three of the ten balls were in their pussy, it did become more difficult for them to clench and hold, therefore he got a feel for their muscle strength. The spread stance Jayden required made it even harder.

Since five of the balls - the red ones - would end up in their ass, anal tolerance was also measured. If they couldn't handle that, there was no way they would handle his cock in their ass, and all bets would be off because Jayden fucking loved anal sex. Jayden had never had a sub manage to not drop a ball during the game. It was designed for them to fail, and it also gave him the opportunity to see if they would be angered by the punishment or accept it. Their reaction said a lot about how much they desired to submit.

Catherine hovered at the floggers, and much to his surprise, Jayden thought she was going to pick one. Given what he'd already witnessed, he was pretty sure the flogger would be a guaranteed orgasm for her.

When she moved on without choosing one, he smiled and gave her a mental "Atta girl." She didn't hesitate long in front of the crops and straps either.

Jayden was intrigued when she side-stepped the crops and stopped in front of the canes. Why was she even considering those after telling him they were a hard limit? He was about to say something to her about wasting time and needing to make a choice when her shoulders started heaving up and down, and she gulped at the air. Her whole body started shaking, and Jayden flew out of the chair rushing over to her.

On instinct, Jayden wrapped his arms around Catherine and began shushing and consoling her. Fuck! She was having some kind of breakdown just from the sight of the canes. What the hell had that monster done to her? Knowing it was the sight of the canes that had been the trigger, Jayden turned her around and cradled her to his bare chest.

After several minutes, the fragile beauty relaxed into him, and after a couple more minutes her breathing leveled out. When he was pretty sure she had regained her

composure, Jayden lifted her chin to look at him, and asked if she was better. Her eyes were frightened at first, but when she took in the sincerity of his concern for her Jayden watched the fear being replaced by something else. Was that adoration? Trust?

His arms were still wrapped around her, and he realized she had snaked her tiny arms around his waist so they were in effect hugging. It felt foreign—but nice. Jayden had never hugged anyone besides his parents because it was too intimate. Hypocritical he knew, considering that in his lifestyle there wasn't a part of his submissives' bodies that he didn't end up licking, kissing, or fucking at some point.

Jayden wasn't sure what to think when the very strong desire to kiss the beauty in his arms overcame him. He wanted it so badly that he leaned in a little at a time, giving her time to understand what he was going to do.

Catherine responded by closing her eyes and lifting her mouth to Jayden in a trusting offer.

His lips crashed down onto hers and it was perfect. Their lips molded together and moved in unison with no effort. Jayden ran his tongue over her lips in a silent plea to open to him. When his tongue slipped into the warmth of her mouth and started sliding against hers, he felt like he was home.

Jayden knew he would never want to let the girl go. Her nails scraped at his lower back in her desperation to hold on. The strength of her fingers surprised him. His cock throbbed and hurt where his jeans dug into the sensitive skin. He devoured her mouth, trying to crawl into her—desperate to get inside her and never leave. His chest began to ache, and his lungs screamed for air so he had no choice but to pull back.

They were panting, and Jayden was quite aware of her tight nipples pressing into his abs. He leaned back so he could look down at her while brushing an errant strand of her fiery hair back behind her ear.

“What am I going to do with you, woman?”

Her smile was bashful. “Anything you want, Sir.”

Jayden's mouth dropped open and he shook his head at her playfulness. “Are you okay, Catherine? You gave me quite a fright.”

Her eyes glanced down and then back up at him. “This girl apologizes, Sir. I—she was trying to convince herself she could withstand the cane for your pleasure.” She swallowed and whispered, “But I can’t do it, not yet anyways.”

Jayden found himself pulling her against him in a tighter hug. “Oh, Catherine. It means the world to me that you were willing to even try pushing your limits for me. Listen to me. Hard limits are there for a reason. I will never ask you to push those. When and if you want to push them, you have but to request it of me, and we will discuss it,” he declared with a kiss to her freckled nose.

Sighing while a myriad of thoughts raced through his mind, he continued to hold Catherine close. The decision he came to was painful, but right. “Catherine,” he began, “I think we’ve played enough for tonight—”

A violent shake of her head cut him off. “No! Please, Sir. Don’t dismiss this girl yet,” she pleaded with him. “This girl was excited - and still is - to play your game. Please, Sir. May we continue?”

She blinked her long lashes at him, and Jayden noticed even they were red and there were gold flecks in the green of her eyes reminding him of expensive Italian marble—and cats.

“Catherine, it wouldn’t be right for me to continue with you in the mental state you’re in. You’ve had an obvious reaction to one of my favorite toys,” her eyes widened when he shared that truth with her, “and it is my responsibility as a Dom to stop the scene.” Jayden enjoyed the silkiness of her lips while he kissed her lips and she trembled.

“I’m not rejecting you, my jewel. This is me taking care of you. I’ll be honest. I’m not sure what is happening, or what I’m doing. I’m a cold-hearted bastard, Catherine. My life is built around sex and the business of cold, hard steel.”

R.E. Hargrave, wanting to give an enlightening view of the BDSM world, and hopefully show readers that those who live this lifestyle, often do so because it is a deep-seated need within their psyche, i.e. something that can’t be ignored, began *The Divine Trilogy* with *To Serve is Divine*.

To Serve is Divine (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Serve-Divine-Trilogy-Book-ebook/dp/B00FK7P39G/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420934550&sr=1-1&keywords=to+serve+is+divine

To Serve is Divine (via Barnes and Noble)

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ean=9781492367109](http://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/to-serve-is-divine-re-hargrave/1114190949?ean=9781492367109)

“Others”

Jade A. Waters

As excerpted from Rachel Kramer Bussel’s anthology,

The Big Book of Submission: 69 Kinky Tales

anthology BDSM dominance/submission erotica erotic romance exhibitionism ménage

On her 35th birthday, Carley found herself ass-up in the Kink Club.

Jeremy took her here for any big celebration—her birthday or his, a promotion, and even the time they made it safely through a pregnancy scare. He was a masterful lover, and though she would love him till death did them part, sometimes things just needed a little extra kick.

At the Kink, Jeremy became a different man. He wasn’t her tender, lovemaking husband; here he was a passionate commander. Carley always followed his instructions, losing herself in the orders to touch him, suck him, or even spread her lips wide as he fucked her senseless in front of the other attendees. And of course, there was the time at his birthday three months ago, when he chose another woman and told Carley if she had any hope of him sticking his cock deep inside her, she better make out with her.

And she had.

So before Jeremy had left her here—tenderly caressing her cheek, then slamming his hand against her bottom to demand that she bend until her skirt crept high over her ass and the cold air tickled her damp, hot cunt—she thought the next natural step would be for him to ask her to *really* play with a woman. And while she wasn’t much into girls, the way Jeremy would pump her for hours after made compliance an easy option.

But now she waited, wanting to scream in embarrassment and longing, unable to see much at this angle except the legs of couples who stopped to stare, some of them silent, and others whispering as her legs quaked beneath her. They wouldn’t dare touch her, but as the minutes passed slowly by, an eternity with her nakedness exposed, her sex pulsed for them to do just that. When Jeremy returned, Carley was well on the path to an orgasm built solely out of desperation.

“That’s my girl,” he whispered. She could feel him staring over her in approval, and she wanted to taste him, feel him—anything to ease her maddening excitement. He thrust one finger into her but drew it out as fast as it had come. “You’re already drenched, I see. I love how much you adore an audience. Do you want to feel my touch again?”

“Yes, please.” Carley could see between her legs that more people had gathered to watch her lover’s movements. She clenched her inner walls tight, aching to know what he plotted, trembling with their eyes on her. “Please, master.”

“In front of you is a surprise, my love. If you treat it as well as you treat me, you will feel me again. Keep your body low and lift only your head—then suck.”

Carley quivered at his words, and she raised her head as ordered, expecting to find a naked woman in front of her.

Instead, she found the largest cock she’d ever seen, an uncut rod whose owner wagged it back and forth, nearly brushing himself against her lips. Carley started to lift her head, but Jeremy clapped his hand over her bottom so hard the viewers gasped.

“No.”

She whimpered and stared at the cock, its length sheathed in a purple condom and making her blood spike hotter. She’d told Jeremy she had a fantasy of two men at once, but this...

He rubbed her ass again. “I want to see you suck him, Carley. I want you to come while everyone here watches you swallow another man.” He leaned close to her ear, sliding his hand over her wetness. “You have an audience of at least twenty. Now keep your hands on your knees and *blow him*.”

The stranger groaned.

Carley lifted her lips to the anonymous shaft. It was beautiful and one she would have admired anyway, but to have Jeremy order her to do it made her feel like a slave. She wanted so badly to despise the feeling, but as he dipped his fingers inside her dripping cunt, she cried with longing.

She drew the man into her mouth, letting her lips rub every inch of his tremendous length until he reached the back of her throat. There were more inches to go, and her eyes watered as she tried to take him further without using her hands.

“Oh yes,” he said. Carley reared back to swallow him again, and Jeremy snapped his hand on her in another smack. This one made contact with her pussy, sending the sweet cupping sound of dry flesh against wetness around the room.

“Fuck him with your throat. Make him come like you do me, and I will shove myself inside of you as a reward. Do you want that, love?”

She moaned, her pussy so wet she knew she must be dribbling over his fingers. Jeremy spanked her and caressed her as she ran her lips along the cock’s ridge, and the man wrapped his hands around her head.

“Yes. She loves that. She’s so wet, please continue.”

He began to pump Carley’s throat and she felt her excitement build. She loved pleasing Jeremy this way, and as the man thrust against her mouth, she countered with a hum that drove him faster. He grunted, tangling his fingers in her hair and fucking her throat, and waves of pleasure began to course through her. She ached to grab him, to use both her hands and mouth to enjoy him more thoroughly, but to do so might stop Jeremy’s touch.

“You are so good, sucking this man down!”

“I’m...I’m going to come,” the man growled, and Carley heard in his words he was gritting his teeth, could feel him convulse along her tongue. She arched against Jeremy’s hand and slammed her mouth over the stranger.

From behind her, Jeremy said, “Excellent. Carley, you’ve been so good, it’s your turn.”

In an instant, he rubbed the head of his rod along her sopping lips. She cried out against the cock in her mouth, and Jeremy slid right inside, burying himself deep. A tear slipped from her eye as the stranger rocked, then bucked hard with a grunt that told her he’d come. And once he did, pulling himself out of her mouth and away with a sigh, the pleasure rolled through her harder than ever before. Jeremy drove himself all the way into her.

“Yes, my love,” he moaned, “come!”

A wail poured from her lips and clapping sounded behind them. The wave swept over her, spreading tingles through her limbs while Jeremy lost himself in the contractions of her pussy. He came with her, grabbing her breasts and folding over her

back with a breathy grunt. For several minutes they panted like this, the others in the room cheering, and some shrieking their own satiated moans.

Jeremy withdrew his withered shaft, then told Carley to stand. He rubbed his fingers on her tender inner lips while she squirmed. Her cheeks burned red with humiliation, and though she still hadn't seen the owner of the cock she'd swallowed moments before, she felt the heat return.

“Shall we find another, beautiful?” Jeremy asked.

Carley grinned. “Yes, master.”

Jade A. Waters once convinced a boyfriend that reading provocative synonyms from a thesaurus counted as foreplay. She's been penning erotic tales in California ever since. Her short fiction appears in various Cleis Press anthologies including *Best Women's Erotica 2014* and *Hungry for More*. Find her at <http://jadeawaters.com> and <https://twitter.com/jadeawaters>.

The Big Book of Submission (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Big-Book-Submission-Kinky-Tales-ebook/dp/B00KV1SKVE/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420934666&sr=1-1&keywords=big+book+of+submission

The Big Book of Submission (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/the-big-book-of-submission-rachel-kramer-bussel/1117078216?ean=9781627780377

[Going Deep: Mustangs Baseball #2](#)

Roz Lee

*baseball BDSM BDSM romance contemporary erotic romance erotic romance series
sports romance*

She instinctively turned toward the sound of the opening door. A shiver ran down her spine. *Oh God. He's here.* She'd passed the first test. He'd liked what he saw enough to take the next step. She quickly corrected her posture, hoping he hadn't noticed the breach of conduct.

The door clicked shut, sealing out the sudden burst of music that had accompanied his entrance. Her pussy throbbed in tandem with her racing pulse. The mind fuck had worked. She was horny and desperate, and with a little luck, he would be, too. Adrenaline kicked in, and giddiness was close on its heels, along with an insane desire to beg him to put her out of her misery.

Heavy footsteps crossed the room toward her... but not quite. What was he doing? She recognized the scrape of curtain rings sliding on the rod. Relief flashed through her. At least no one else would be watching. Perhaps he had a modicum of compassion after all. She licked her dry lips and focused her remaining senses on the man in the room. Goosebumps rose on her flesh as his footsteps made a slow circle around her, pausing directly in front.

He stood close enough she could feel heat radiating from his body. One hot fingertip touched her chin, lifting her face. She gasped at the first contact.

Another digit, perhaps his thumb, stroked her jaw line, sending a bolt of heat to her pussy. So very tender. Did he like what he saw? Did he want her?

"You're beautiful, girl."

Oh God. That voice, like black velvet, smooth and warm with an edge. Brooke hadn't come close to describing the sensual nature of his tone. His thumb stroked over her cheekbone, back along her jaw, and over her lips.

"I like seeing you on your knees." He backed away, and she dropped her chin back to her chest. "Ahh, so you do know something about being a sub. I'm impressed."

She tracked the sound of his footsteps, though she could barely hear them over the blood rushing past her ears. He stopped behind her, fingering her hair then moving lower over the curve of her ass. She shivered at his light touch.

“So responsive,” he said in a low, seductive voice that lured her in, made her pussy gush with need. “I like that.”

One large hand squeezed her butt cheek. She bit her bottom lip to keep from crying out. It was all she could do not to press her ass into his hand in invitation. A heartbeat later, he jerked her dress up, baring her to his gaze.

“You have a lovely ass, girl. I want to see more. Put your hands over your head.”

She raised her arms, and in an instant, her dress was off. Heat prickled beneath her skin, and she knew from experience she’d gone into a full body blush. Mortifying. What would he think of a sub blushing from her toes to her ears?

“Lace your fingers behind your head. I’ll want to see all of you.”

She followed his orders, grateful to have something to do with her trembling hands.

“You’re a particularly delicate shade of pink, my dear.” There was a hint of amusement in his voice. “I like it. Do you blush often?”

Carrie licked her lips, struggling to form words.

“Do that again, and I’ll give your tongue something much more interesting to lick. Now, answer me. Do you blush often?” No amusement, just his deep voice stroking her skin to a deeper shade of need. Any doubt about her effect on him was gone. He desired her. An insane burst of pride warmed her from the inside out.

“Yes, Sir. I do.”

He’d moved close enough his unique scent wafted to her nostrils. He smelled of summer afternoons outdoors and beneath that, raw, elemental male. The combination called to everything feminine within her. Chemistry. People talked about it, but only in vague terms, and now she knew why. There were no words to describe how her body responded to his. It was primal. Essential. Somehow, she knew seeing him wouldn’t change anything between them.

“I’m pleased to hear it. I’ll make it my mission to bring this about as often as possible if you choose to engage in this relationship.”

Choose to engage in the relationship? There was no choice. Her body had already made the commitment.

Blunt fingers brushed across both nipples at once, and she whimpered. It was all she could do to remain still then his fingertips closed tightly over the twin nubs, pinching hard. She hissed in a sharp breath, absorbing the bite of pain. He gave a rough tug and desire flooded her pussy.

“Your body pleases me very much.” He released her nipples, pressing warm palms against them, massaging her breasts with strong fingers. “Tell me, are your knees hurting?”

“Yes, Sir.” *But I’ll stay here forever as long as you continue touching me.*

“I’m going to help you stand. Keep your hands behind your head.” He wrapped his hands around her waist from behind and lifted her. “Spread your feet wide.”

She shuffled her feet, only to have him kick them farther apart while still supporting her at her waist. One hand remained there, while the other trailed across her hip. She held her breath as one finger slid toward the cleft of her buttocks.

“Relax.” He paused in his exploration until her shoulders dropped and she let out her breath. “Breathe, girl. Your body is mine, or it will be soon. I’ll know all of it in much more intimate detail than this.”

His finger parted her, pausing to test the tight ring of muscles hidden there. She struggled to breathe.

“Has anyone had you here?” he asked.

“No, Sir.”

“Never?”

“Never, Sir.”

“Your choice, or theirs?”

She shrugged her shoulders. “I don’t have much experience, Sir.” That was an understatement if she ever heard one.

His finger massaged her anus, making it almost impossible to think. “Tell me. How many lovers have you had?”

She swallowed hard. Oh God. If she told the truth, he would probably send her home right now. His hand left her ass, only to return a second later. This time, he pressed

his wet finger harder against her. As he breached the tight ring, she gasped. Her knees buckled.

The hand at her waist wrapped around her, securing her hip against his groin, and all the while, his fingertip remained imbedded inside her. His erection ground against her hipbone, and desire swirled low in her belly.

“The truth, girl. Never lie to me. Ever,” he growled in her ear. “I don’t care if it’s one lover or one hundred. You’re mine now, and I need the information in order to plan our time together.”

Her inexperience must be obvious to him, so no use lying. “Only two, Sir. But I haven’t had a lover in over a year if you don’t count the few times I’ve played with Brooke and her master.”

“Thank you for your honesty.” His calm voice put her at ease. He extricated his finger from her ass, taking care to soothe her with a gentle caress afterwards. “Can you stand on your own now?”

Her knees were shaky, and she wasn’t overly steady in the best of times in high heels, but sensing he expected her to be strong, she focused on regaining her balance. “Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir, for your support.”

He set her away from him, though one palm remained on the curve of her hip. “I’ll always take care of you. I can and will push your limits, but I’ll always have your safety and pleasure in mind.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

“I can smell your arousal, girl.” His hand moved between her legs, cupping her sex. As his hand met her swollen flesh, she gasped. “Lovely. You’re wet for me.” His fingers flickered through her folds, found her opening, and tunneled inside. “Tight. Excellent.” He wiggled his fingers, discovering the spot inside she knew from self-exploration would bring her to orgasm with a minimum of attention. “You want to come, don’t you?” he asked, his breath hot against her ear.

“Yes, Sir.” She barely got the words out on a whisper.

His fingers abruptly left her and she cried out.

“Not today.”

Roz Lee has penned over a dozen erotic romances. The first, *The Lust Boat*, blossomed into a five book series published by Red Sage. Following her love of baseball, Roz turned her attention to writing about sexy athletes, penning the critically acclaimed *Mustangs Baseball* series.

Going Deep: Mustangs Baseball #2 (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Going-Deep-Mustangs-Baseball-2-ebook/dp/B009JL86JI/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420934827&sr=1-1&keywords=going+deep+mustangs+baseball

Going Deep: Mustangs Baseball #2 (via Audible)

www.amazon.com/Going-Deep/dp/B00DJIA8E/ref=tmm_aud_title_0?ie=UTF8&qid=1420934827&sr=1-1

Going Deep: Mustangs Baseball #2 (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/going-deep-roz-lee/1113073032?ean=2940015536218

Tales From the Arena: Opening Gambit

Elizabeth Schechter

BDSM erotic romance science fiction

Gavir guided Iras out of the lift and stopped, closing his eyes and letting the sounds and smells of the Arena wash over him. The screams of the Collared who were in use, the scent of synth-leather and ozone, mingled with sharp tangs of fear and lust. He hadn't been on a battlefield in months, and coming here was the closest he could come to really unleashing the beast within. He could feel his blood rising, and he stepped behind Iras and pulled her back against him.

“Tell me what you're afraid of, Iras,” he growled into her ear. She whimpered softly and pulled against his grip. He could feel her shivering slightly, but she didn't answer his question.

“You'll tell me before I'm done,” he assured her.

“I won't.” Her voice was a bare hint of a whisper, and he laughed softly — a challenge.

“You're a delight, and I haven't even made you scream yet,” he said, pushing her forward. “I was thinking of the whipping frames, but now... oh, now I have other plans for you, my dear. For you and your lovely skin. Control!”

Acknowledged.

“Is the Easel available?”

Affirmative.

“Wonderful!”

As Gavir pushed Iras ahead of him towards the Easel, he heard a rustle of whispers following in their wake. He knew why — there were not many among the Swords who cultivated either the patience or the artistry to use the Easel. Of those few, Gavir was regarded as one of, if not the, best. It was, however, a time-consuming pastime. Not something to be indulged in when one had to be on shift in six hours time. It had been months since he'd last done this.

By the time Gavir and Iras had reached the Easel's enclosure, word had spread and a crowd had started to gather. Gavir nodded, but his focus was solely on Iras, and her sudden, surprising hesitation.

"Have you never done this before?" he asked, touching his wrist-comp and releasing her wrists.

She shook her arms out before answering. "Not this, no. I've heard about it. Seen it done. Seen you do it, but never all of it."

"Ah. A learning experience, then," Gavir said. He smiled and held out his hand, bowing slightly. "This way, my dear."

He helped her step up into the hollow framework, telling her where to hold on while he secured her ankles in place inside the frame before attaching the leads to her anklebands. Then he stepped up in front of her and showed her the places for her hands, locking her wristbands into place as well. He jumped down and walked around the frame, nodding in satisfaction as he reached out and unfastened the catches on her belt, letting the long silk panels of her loincloth flutter to the ground. The band that crossed her breasts followed, and Gavir kicked the discarded clothing out of the way before returning to admire the pale perfection that was Iras' skin, broken only by the control bands on her arms and legs, and around her waist. Like most female Collared, she was completely hairless from the neck down, and Gavir could already smell her arousal.

"You're practically unmarked," he said, moving to the table and uncovering a jar. He picked up a brush and tucked it behind his ear as he looked at her. "Either you've been treated very gently, or you take regen better than most. Which is it?"

Her answer was the closest that Gavir had ever heard to indignant from any of the Collared. "None of the Collared are ever treated gently."

"And I'm not about to start," Gavir added with a laugh. He looked over the waiting supplies, and smiled. The Control computer had apparently made note of his preferences — there was a simple blindfold — no more than a strip of silk — waiting next to the brushes. He picked the length of cloth and stepped up onto the riser behind Iras. "You're quite lovely," he murmured into her ear as he blindfolded her. "This will only make you more beautiful." He jumped down and picked up a pot of paint.

If he had not been born to the blade, Gavir sometimes thought that he might have become an artist. The allure of paint and brush, or pen and ink, was something he found almost as enticing as the beautiful symmetry of his sword or the deadly perfection of his gun. He could, and had, gotten lost in artistic creation, experiencing an ecstatic state that he found very close to the blood fury that drove him during battle. He felt that building as he painted Iras, covering her skin with muted designs of gold and burnt umber, layering over those patterns tracteries in shades of ruby and lapis. He painted her nipples midnight blue, and laid over that a pattern of silver that resembled fine lace, a pattern that he reproduced on her bare pubes. He heard her gasping as the rough brush trailed over the sensitive skin there, and leaned close to blow on the paint there, making her moan and thrust her hips forward.

“Almost finished, my dear,” Gavir told her, picking up another paint pot. “Almost.”

Down the line of her back, from the knob of her spine to where her hips flared and flowed down into her ass, he painted a waterfall, copying his memories of one that he’d seen once on patrol in the mountains. His reproduction crashed in magnificent power and fury against the painted rocks at the base of her spine, sending up sprays of foam and mist that he rendered in bright white paint, tapping the sharp bristles against her side perhaps a bit harder than was necessary. He painted faster now, urgency starting to overcome artistry. The paint was thick, and stayed wet a long time, but if the paint dried completely, he would have to start over.

Finally, he stepped back, dropping his brush onto the tray that was now littered with dirty brushes and half-filled pots of paint. There was a smattering of applause, and Gavir turned, seeing familiar faces against the outside of the enclosure. He smiled and sketched a mock bow, drawing laughter from them. Then he turned back to the frame, spinning it slowly so that Iras was on display, so that everyone could see the painted canvas that she had become from the hollow of her throat to her ankles.

“Now,” Gavir said. “Now, just let me sign the painting.” He picked up the control board for the frame, considered Iras for a moment, then pushed all the switches to full power. Iras shrieked, her entire body going taut as the conductive paints started to transmit an electrical charge over her skin. Gavir let her feel the full force of the charge for a count of ten, then eased the switches back down, leaving her gasping and

whimpering in her bonds. “That was very nice,” he murmured, touching the controls. His fingers danced over the panel, sending current racing through the different receptors embedded within the thick paint, making Iras twitch and moan and scream as she tried futilely to escape the torture device that he had laid on to her very skin.

Gavir continued until he saw the paints starting to crack and flake, breaking the circuits. With a sigh, he set the control board aside. Art was so fleeting. There was more applause, and the Swords who has assembled to watch started to wander away. Gavir ignored them, walking up to the frame and looking up at Iras, hanging limp, her forehead resting against one upstretched arm.

“You are a most magnificent canvas,” Gavir told her. To his surprise, she smiled.

“... thank you... Sir.”

Elizabeth Schechter is a stay-at-home mom who lives in Central Florida with her husband and son. Her most recent work includes the Passionate Plume winner and Pauline Reage Award finalist *House of Sable Locks*, and the *Tales from the Arena* duology. Elizabeth can be found online at <http://easchechter.wordpress.com/>

Tales from the Arena: Opening Gambit (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Tales-Arena-Opening-Elizabeth-Schechter-ebook/dp/B00GKSV866/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420935101&sr=1-1&keywords=tales+from+the+arena+opening+gambit

Tales from the Arena: Opening Gambit (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/tales-from-the-arena-elizabeth-schechter/1117444761?ean=9781493722594

[Hold Me Together](#)

Felice Fox

BDSM contemporary edgy erotic romance hardcore open relationships polyamory

Conversation shifted to the branding coming up in a couple of days, which of their neighbors would delay because of inclement weather and, one by one, her husband Gavin and his brothers left the corral, until Holly was alone. Or so she thought.

Holly's arms were tired, but her body was buzzing. She felt alive and kind of excited to try roping from atop a horse. A cool breeze that smelled of ozone blew through the corral. Rain was on the way.

She shucked the rope from hand to hand, then hooked it over the rail post. There was a sense of satisfaction that came with getting the hang of something new and challenging. But what made her smile to herself was realizing she could actually fit in here. She could learn to rope, ride, fix fences and, who knows, maybe she would discover some business skills of hers could even benefit the family.

Someday I might truly feel like a Cameron.

Holly felt a presence behind her and it sent a shiver up her spine.

“What do you want from me, Abel?”

As she rounded on him, Abel gave her a crooked smile from beneath his cowboy hat—black, of course—and shrugged. His shirt was back on, but hanging open. Gavin had never left her alone with him. Holly drummed her fingers on her folded arms.

“I wanted us to have a girl we could breed, is all.”

“*Breed? Breed!* What does that even mean?”

“Come on, Holly, I'm not a bad guy.”

“Why the hell do you have to try and scare me all the time?” Holly picked up her lasso again and twisted the ropes in her fingers, slowly making a mess of the neat coils.

“Didn't know I was doing it.”

“Bullshit, Abel.”

He shrugged again, taking the rope from her. Holly had never met anyone like him and, even if she had, she wouldn't have let him get this close, let alone see her naked. The

ferocity in his eyes was biblical, sadistic even. But when he gathered the recoiled rope in his left hand and backed away a few steps, they softened. Holly let out a deep breath.

Next thing she knew the lasso was in the air and then cutting into her arms as he yanked it tight. Holly's wide eyes stung in the cooling air as Abel tugged her closer, drawing her toward him, hand over fist, letting the excess rope drag in the dirt.

"A woman's fear reaches deep inside me and makes me want her. It stiffens my cock, which only makes me want to scare her more. That's why I do what I do." He stopped short of saying, 'but I'd never really hurt you', though Holly swore she could see it in his eyes. He loosened the rope around her waist and... *smiled*.

For a moment, Holly thought she caught a glimpse of why Gavin loved Abel beyond simple brotherly affection. Abel didn't want to deny his urges, acting like someone he wasn't. And Gavin, being the kind of person *he* is, would protect his brother's right to do so, as long as no one got hurt. He would make it okay for Abel to be Abel.

Holly's voice came out in a gravelly whisper.

"You should do that more often."

"What's that?" A gentle yank at her waist brought her an inch closer. His ice-blue eyes glinted and for a moment Holly couldn't look away. Why couldn't they be the calming, honeyed color of his brothers' eyes?

"Smile."

He tugged again until she was close enough to feel the heat coming off his body in waves. Her nipples puckered under her T-shirt and Abel brushed one with his thumb, back and forth, sending the ache lower.

"Abel?"

"*Mmmm-hmmm?*" He pinched her nipple gently between his thumb and forefinger and slowly increased the pressure. She didn't want him to stop. Holly's eyelids fluttered at the sensation.

"W-what's breeding?"

He inhaled sharply through his nose and leaned in close to her ear, his hot breath filtering through her hair to raise goose bumps on her neck. She melted towards his low, sexy drawl.

“Just like it sounds, Holly. When you’re ovulating, we fill you as much as we can to get you pregnant. We put you out in the breeding pasture with the heifers every night for a week, let’s say, and we boys bend you over a couple bales and tie you down, fucking and filling you. Couldn’t get away if you wanted to.”

Oh, God, oh, God! McKenna and Gavin had been so pissed and now she understood why! *She shouldn’t be here with him!* Every muscle in her body tensed and Holly stumbled back a step. Abel slipped his thumbs into the ropes and held her in place, then released a hand to tip her chin up at him. Holly became acutely aware of the heat along the front of her body, pressed to his. Her pussy felt dark, moist and needy. She wanted him. *So...twisted and...sick.*

This was more wrong than being with any of the others. What did it say about her that Abel, with his menacing ways, could get her so turned on?

“I have rape fantasies, too. I’d take you down, Holly, I would. Imagine you’re on your way up to the barn late at night, in the dark. I’d shove my hand over your mouth—”

She tried to pull away from him but he gripped her tighter.

“—I would. The feel of your hot breath as you screamed into my palm...the bite of your gnashing teeth making my cock harder ‘til I had no choice but to throw you down and fuck your mouth just to shut you up.”

He growled into her hair.

Holly’s knees were buckling, the rope cutting into her arms as he held her up.

“I know you feel it. Don’t try to deny it. You want me to fuck you that way. Say it, Holly. Tell me to do it. Beg me. Say ‘*please, Abel...*’”

Holly heard the pound of footsteps behind her and prayed it was Gavin. He latched an arm around her and planted a kiss in her hair, and she knew it was her husband, her love. Holly’s whole, grateful body gave way and melted backwards into Gavin’s arms as he rubbed her belly and settled his hands on her hips.

“It’s alright,” he whispered. “Abel’s only role-playing. It’s part of what he wants but he’ll never hurt you. I swear it. You say ‘red’ and he stops. Right?”

Red, she thought. *Red, red, red.*

Holly looked into Abel’s eyes and saw him pleading. He looked away and nodded, the tightening of his jaw revealing his internal struggle, his pain. If he tried this on some

girl in a bar he'd be arrested. Holly was his only chance to have this particular fantasy fulfilled, even if it was role-play and not for real. She licked and then bit her bottom lip.

They were all silent for a while. The lasso around her loosened and she slowly shimmied out until it dropped to the ground. Enough had been said. After a time, each man began to caress her skin, planting soft kisses wherever their lips could reach.

"Is she wet?" Gavin asked, a hint of concern in his voice.

Abel scoffed, quickly unbuttoning her jeans. "Are you kidding? She's so fucking wet I could stick a straw down there and blow bubbles."

Holly stiffened.

"Damn it brother, why do you have to talk like that? You almost had her."

Gavin turned Holly to face him and searched her eyes. It was the second time she'd seen his faith stumble since this whole thing began. If one piece of this arrangement didn't work for her, he would give it all up. He loved her that much. He loved her enough to give it to her, and he loved her enough to let it go.

Holly couldn't break his heart. She had to keep trying and that meant admitting to herself that some deep place inside of her responded to Abel's aggression.

"H-he did have me, Gav. I mean, he does."

"He can't...keep...doing that to you."

Gavin's eyes fluttered closed as he raked a jittery hand up the back of her neck, into her hair, pulling her forehead close so he could press his lips there. So warm, so loving. Her body ached to be with him and only him.

It was not easy to admit her attraction to Abel, a man who took pleasure from her fear, and goodness knows how much joy from her pain. It was easy to find affection for the others and even anticipate loving them all someday, in her own way, but this one would make her search deep in her own soul before she knew the truth. He'd make her do unspeakable things before she knew.

Felice Fox (www.felicefox.com) loves country music and black leather, bad-girl boots. Every release hits a bestseller list, including the Amazon #1 bestseller *Hold Me Together*, described as a danger to panties everywhere and not for the faint of heart. Want to taste more of this dark and sugary treat?

Hold Me Together (via amazon)

www.amazon.com/Hold-Me-Together-Cameron-Ranch-ebook/dp/B00GDKVAIM/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420935838&sr=1-1&keywords=hold+me+together

Hold Me Together (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/hold-me-together-felice-fox/1119391460?ean=9781499163582

Brie Learns the Art of Submission

Red Phoenix

adult BDSM bestseller erotica for couples explicit interracial romance

“How did you know?” Brie whispered.

“Know what, Miss Bennett?”

“That I wanted this.”

Sir laughed lightly. “The way you responded to Miss Wilson’s lesson today made it fairly obvious.” She was embarrassed, but grateful he could easily read her desires. He pointed towards two chairs in the corner. “I want to talk to you before we begin.”

She nodded, and sat down only after Sir took a seat.

“Miss Bennett, you should know that I am breaking protocol here. Normally, a trainer does not interact with a student, but I am not a man who is easily denied. I have wanted to take your sweet little ass ever since I saw you bend over the box of cigarettes in the tobacco shop. As headmaster of this school, I know where your training is headed and if I want your anal virginity, I need to take it now.”

His words sent shivers of delight through her body. “I understand, Sir.”

“You can refuse me.”

“I do not wish to, Sir.”

“Fine. Then undress and kneel beside me.”

Brie forced herself to breathe normally as she slowly and sensually took off her clothes for him. She folded them in a neat pile and then knelt down beside her Sir. He began stroking her hair, making her purr inside.

“I saw how you handled yourself after we left the room earlier. I was pleased with your obedience.” Brie had *known* there were cameras. “I appreciated that you stood up for Ms. Taylor.”

Brie looked up and smiled at him. “Thank you, Sir.”

“Although I agree with Ms. Clark that you have an eye contact issue, I understood your need for it in the auditorium with Baron.” He glanced down at her with a glint in his

eye. “I enjoyed watching you train with him tonight.” He continued to play with her hair and her whole body tingled with bliss. “I have a question for you, however.”

She looked deep into his eyes. Whatever he wanted to know was his for the asking. “What, Sir?”

“Tell me, what did Tono say to you at the end of your first session today?”

“He said that he would come back for me.”

“Hmm...” Sir rubbed his chin thoughtfully and was silent for a moment. “It appears he, as well as another Dom, is infatuated with you. After we finish here, I want you to follow me to my office. There is something I need to give you, Miss Bennett.”

Before she could respond, Sir pulled her head back and kissed her roughly. All reasoning left her when she felt his insistent lips on hers.

He picked her up in one swift motion and carried her to the table. He strapped her wrists down first, leaving no room for movement. Before he secured her ankles, he took one of her feet gently in his hand. “I see those shoes are doing a number on your pretty little feet. Does it hurt?”

“Not much,” she lied.

He smiled and lightly caressed them. “My devoted little student,” he murmured. Then he secured her ankles so that her legs were spread and ready for him.

Sir walked to the other side of the room and opened a door. She heard the sound of running water. When he came back, he had a wet cloth in his hand. He used it to tenderly bathe her entire body. Every time the cloth began to get cold, he went back to the room and rinsed it with warm water. By the time he was finished, she felt completely clean and fresh.

He leaned against the wall and stared at Brie—at her naked body, strapped down and eager for him. She basked in his gaze. It was just like the website photo; her fantasies were now her reality.

“Some men think they need toys to excite a woman, but I don’t believe that. No, I believe firmly in the power of touch.” He continued to gaze at Brie, without making a move towards her. The fact he was taking his time made her want him all the more.

When Sir finally pushed away from the wall and walked towards her, she was literally trembling in anticipation. When his hand lightly touched her stomach, she

gasped. All her awareness was focused on that one area. He gave her a leisurely smile as his fingers made their way up to her breasts. Brie closed her eyes when they made contact with her hard nipples. She moaned without meaning to and heard his light chuckle.

“That’s it, Brie. Give in to your desire.”

Hearing Sir call her by her given name affected her deeply. She began panting, unsure if she could handle his lovemaking.

He bent over her and began sucking on her left nipple. She bit her lip, trying not to cry out like a silly girl. Sir pinched her other nipple and then started sucking harder. She arched her back in response, moaning his name.

He reached one of his hands between her legs and felt her excitement. “You’re one hot, little sub,” he murmured seductively. “Something tells me your body is aching for me to fuck your sweet, virginal ass.”

Brie whimpered and rubbed her eager pussy against his hand. He penetrated her moist depths with his middle finger. “Hot and willing, are you?” Sir pulled his finger out of her wet pussy and then pressed his tongue against her throbbing clit. He started licking the sensitive nodule as he pushed his slippery finger against her anus. She cried out passionately as he pushed his finger into her nasty little hole.

“Oh, this virgin may be tight, but she wants my cock stroking her in the ass,” he said confidently. She nodded in agreement, too embarrassed to agree with him out loud.

Sir would have none of it. “What does this little virgin want?”

Brie paused a few seconds before answering. “To be taken by you, Sir.”

“Beg for it, Brie.”

“Please, Sir. Take my virginal ass with your cock.”

“Do you want me to be gentle or rough?”

Again, she paused. “Whatever is your pleasure, Sir.”

“So agreeable, like a proper submissive,” he growled. “I think it pleases me to give you both...”

He quickly undid the restraints and told her to get on her hands and knees. He strapped down her wrists so that she rested her weight on her forearms. Then he buckled her ankles in place, leaving her with her legs spread apart and her ass in the air.

With unhurried motions, Sir undressed in front of her, exposing his manly chest first. It was covered in dark hair and well-defined muscles. She watched with desperate interest as he unbuttoned his pants and pulled them off, along with his briefs. His cock was princely, perfectly proportioned with a thick base and a slightly longer than normal shaft.

“Oh, yes. This entire cock is going deep inside you today,” he assured her.

Sir moved onto the table and positioned himself behind her. He caressed her round buttocks, squeezing them in his hands before lightly slapping each. “There is nothing sweeter than a virginal ass begging to be fucked. Tell me again what you want, Brie.”

“I want you deep inside me, Sir.”

“As you wish.”

She suddenly felt cold gel drip into the crease of her buttocks, and then Sir’s finger pushed the cool liquid into her warm, puckered hole. He soon replaced his probing finger with his sizable cock. He wasted little time forcing the head of his shaft into her. Brie gasped and panted as she grew used to the new sensation. Even after the butt plug the day before, she found his cock stretching her in places never tried before. It almost hurt, but her body needed him so badly.

“Relax, Brie. Let my cock dominate you,” he murmured, stroking her hair. Sir reached around and began caressing her breasts as he groaned passionately in her ear. Centimeter by centimeter, Sir made his way into her tight, virginal hole. He opened her up more the deeper he pushed. “We’re halfway, Brie. Do you think you can take more?”

She didn’t know how, but she wanted more and answered, “All of you, Sir.”

He grabbed her waist and began thrusting, slowly and sensually. The concentrated movement relaxed her tight muscles and he finally pushed his entire cock into her resistant depths. She moaned at the sensation of fullness his thick cock gave her.

“Now that I have given it to you gently, I think it is time I switched gears...”

Red Phoenix (redphoenix69.com) is an award-winning erotica author who gained popularity with her novel, *Brie Learns the Art of Submission*. She has won five reader choice awards for her novels. When she is not writing, you can find her on Facebook or Twitter interacting with fans. “I heart my fans!”

Brie Learns the Art of Submission (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Brie-Learns-Art-Submission-Submissive-ebook/dp/B00AANCCOO/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420936065&sr=1-1&keywords=brie+learns+the+art+of+submission

Brie Learns the Art of Submission (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/brie-learns-the-art-of-submission-red-phoenix/1113841469?ean=9780615731315

Brie Learns the Art of Submission (via Audible)

www.amazon.com/Brie-Learns-Art-Submission-Submissive/dp/B00JOSTASW/ref=tmm_aud_title_0?ie=UTF8&qid=1420936065&sr=1-1

[Love Beyond Boundaries: A Collection of Erotic Poetry](#)

Cara Downey

adult romance erotic poetry erotic romance

Submissive

God I love this man, I didn't realize it until now how much I love him. I was so afraid at first; I didn't think I had the strength to be what he needs. It was there all along, but I continued to deny the truth, worried about the views and perceptions of the outside world. He was so patient with me, soothing me, but also stern with me, if the situation warranted. His words of encouragement are everything.

I studied as much as possible the life of a submissive, I wanted to know and learn as much as I could. His pleasure and I being able to serve and deliver that pleasure was paramount. I wanted to be more than what I was; I wanted him to be proud of me. I knew that I had the strength within me, to deliver. I wanted him to look at me with reverence.

Some question why a woman would want such a title? Why would a woman with intelligence willingly submit to a man? Why would a woman subject herself willingly to answer his every desire? The answer is simple; it takes a strong woman to submit. It not only gives pleasure to him, but it gives pleasure to her as well. The knowledge and power to know, that you are the one, who puts that gleam and look of hunger in his eyes.

My training was intense. I wanted him to push my limits, and bring me to new heights. There were times when I made mistakes, and I felt unworthy of his love or even his touch. But he was ever so patient. He explained the process, and understood, when it came to my growth. I did not mind being pushed to my limits. The pleasure I gave him, he returned tenfold.

All I've learned has now led me here. Content, strong in my service to him, I am now, kneeling waiting his return. His playroom, our sanctuary, I await his arrival. I hear the car pull up to the driveway, and I know he will be here soon. I can hardly wait; I am jumping out of my skin. I am in the respective position, with my head and eyes cast down. It is as if he is here now, trailing the back of his hand across my left cheek in admiration.

I hear the alarm, letting me know that he has entered the house. He will make me wait, because he is the master when it comes to anticipation. I wiggle, because my excitement is at the brink about to take over. I am stronger now; I dial it back, maintaining the control he has taught me. I do not want this to end even before it has started. My training has ended. This is it. This is the beginning of pleasure and passions abound.

I hear him on the stairs now. I know that he has changed beforehand it is our routine. I will do anything to please him. He will be topless, showing off his wonderful upper body. He will be in a pair of faded Levi blue jeans, barefoot. The door opens, he is admiring me from afar, and I can feel it. He is making his way over to me slowly. Oh God how I love this man, I will do anything to please him.

Dominant

Damn I love this woman. I never thought this day would come, that I would find her. I would sit and stare off into space, wondering when my time would come. I am not going to settle for less, I refuse. I am demanding, but that is who I am. I realize now, how much I love this woman after finding her, I'll be damned if I give her up.

I have been with a lot of submissives; I have trained a lot of submissives. I can honestly say, that none of those women can compare to her. I knew that she was a submissive from the moment I laid eyes on her in the bar at the restaurant. She was sitting with some of her friends, talking and laughing. The moment she turned and I saw her smile, the innocence in her eyes, I knew she was mine. I had to have her it was instantaneous.

Our first encounter was nerve-racking for me. I had to rein in my control and play it cool. I could tell that she was nervous, the way she would worry her bottom lip with her teeth. I had to take things slow. This woman was going to be my one and only submissive, there was going to be no one after her. The connection I felt between us was that strong. I knew without a doubt that she felt it too.

The training was hard. This was new to her, even though she was a natural submissive. She would research as much information as possible, with the purpose and dedication of pleasing me. The night she safe worded out, put everything into perspective

for me. She cried the entire night. Worried that I would end the relationship, I had no intention of letting her go.

It was my fault. I was caught up and didn't acknowledge her needs. I damaged the trust of her submission, because of my lack of attention. The tears she shed and her statements of failure tore at my heart, because it was I who failed her. I made it a mission, right then and there, that she would be put first.

Together we overcame, and are stronger than ever before. I exited my office, thinking about her. I cannot wait to get home to her, enjoy my time with her, in our playroom. I cannot wait to explore her, to love her, and feast on every part of her delectable body. I eagerly navigate through traffic, so I can make my way home and closer to her my sub.

The anticipation is killing me. My beautiful sub, always so willing to please me, I find myself questioning how I was blessed to have found her. I know that she hears the alarm, letting her know that I am home. I will not keep her waiting. I will change into my faded Levi jeans; I will be barefoot, and topless.

I enter, and I know that she can feel me admiring her from afar. Damn I love this woman. All of her training and patience has led to this moment. She is so strong. I love how she assumes the position, eyes cast down. I never had to discipline her on that. Damn I love this woman, and I am going to relish in her service, and enjoy every part of her.

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Love Beyond Boundaries: A Collection of Erotic Poetry (via Amazon CA)

www.amazon.ca/Love-Beyond-Boundries-Collection-Erotic/dp/1493190903/ref=sr_1_fkmr0_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420936306&sr=1-1-fkmr0&keywords=love+beyond+boundaries+downey

Love Beyond Boundaries: A Collection of Erotic Poetry (via Amazon US)

www.amazon.com/Love-Beyond-Boundries-Collection-Erotic/dp/1493190903/ref=sr_1_fkmr0_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420936263&sr=1-1-fkmr0&keywords=love+beyond+boundaries+downey

Love Beyond Boundaries: A Collection of Erotic Poetry (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/love-beyond-boundaries-a-collection-of-erotic-poetry-cara-downey/1121004746?ean=2940046489576

50 Shades of Curious: BDSM for Beginners

Bo Blaze

BDSM education kink mentor non-fiction novice S/M

Why would you name your book

50 Shades of Curious: BDSM for Beginners

As a PCC-certified “alternative” life coach, I specialize in working with alternative sexual relationships and non-traditional lifestyles, specifically, kink, lifestyle BDSM, ethical non-monogamy (polyamory), the fetish world and LGBT issues.

I’ve taught and lectured all over the country at hundreds of universities, conferences, and various alternative events. I have helped thousands of people learn to practice safe, sane and consensual (SSC) BDSM over the last 10 years as the Novice Group facilitator for The Eulenspiegel Society (TES) in NYC. TES is the oldest and largest BDSM support and education group in the country. I was also recently honored to receive The Pantheon of Leather President’s award for my many years of work in our community.

So it’s no wonder that many of my friends, and possibly you, the reader, may wonder why after years of working within these various real worlds I’d choose to name my book as an homage to a romance novel and one of the most polarizing books in the history of BDSM?

“50 Shades of Curious: BDSM for Beginners”

To answer that question properly, we must go back to the year 1969. On June 28th, 1969, at the Stonewall Inn in Greenwich Village, NYC, a group of gay customers took a stand against police harassment and the Stonewall Riots began. These riots are now largely regarded as the catalyst for the LGBT civil rights movement in the United States. It is generally looked at as “the moment that changed everything”.

The riots themselves were not the reason that things changed, but they were a moment in time that we can point to when the bubble burst; It was a tipping point, when the publicity generated from an event brought mass attention to something long ignored that was on the edge of change.

The publishing of *Fifty Shades of Grey* is not the dawning of a literary masterpiece, a factually correct overview of how to do BDSM or a book that will likely be remembered any more than the drink menu and decor of the Stonewall Inn back in 1969. Like it or not, however, it's an important moment in history.

The USA Today has reported that *Fifty Shades of Grey Trilogy* has sold over 100 million copies as of February 2014. It's now the biggest selling book of all time in the UK and the biggest selling book on the Kindle platform in the U.S. as well. When you look at how women are treating E.L.James, the writer of the book, you'd almost think she was the second coming of the Beatles. This kind of passion and sales success does not happen solely because of the content of a book, let alone one known as a "trashy romance novel".

No, this is a shift in culture! This is millions of women reclaiming their right to be whoever and whatever they want to be in the bedroom, regardless of their politics.

These are every day women from all walks of life, overwhelmingly voting YES on the "kinky sex referendum", saying: "we like a little spanking and hair pulling...what's wrong with that?" Most importantly, people are looking around at the crazy success of this book and realizing, evidently, A WHOLE LOT OF US have these interests, urges and fantasies.

And certainly NOT just dominant male/submissive female fantasies, but every combination and flavor that one can think of. These fetishes and predilections that we call BDSM are not about abuse; rather, they are about consensual intimacy in the bedroom.

For years, sex-positive feminists have embraced BDSM and opposed legal or social efforts to control any type of sexual activity between consenting adults. Now, without a bottle thrown or even a harsh word uttered, millions of women around the world have joined them and initiated a bloodless coup, inspired, by of all things, a romance novel.

I believe this is part of a bigger picture, however. Our world is changing for the better. We are evolving. People are starting to realize that our institutions and their dogmas are failing us because they have become irrelevant in our ever changing society.

We must move towards truth and away from fear.

As an alternative life coach, I want to help people live a more alternative life. To me, that simply means living a life where you are always growing, changing, and

evolving. Where you question, think, and create. Where you refuse to settle for what you are told to do and instead follow a path to real fulfillment and enlightenment.

How you decide to manifest that is up to you, and kinky sex is just one small way you can begin to shake things up a bit in your life. Other ways you can shake up your life: refuse to settle for the norm; do something that you perhaps have always wanted to do, but were too embarrassed or scared to embrace; explore art, music, yoga, spirituality, service to your community or a new job doing what you really were meant to do!

When you stop growing, you start dying! Let's hope this is the year that it all changed. The year that a *silly* romance novel was the catalyst for an "earth shattering kaboom"! The year that we look back on and thank the universe that people are no longer persecuted, lose their children or shunned because of consensual acts in their bedrooms.

I recently sat down to lunch with my good friend Susan Wright, who is the founder of the National Coalition For Sexual Freedom. As we excitedly compared notes on the *50 shades of Grey* phenomenon, we were united in our belief that the reaction to this book could be a Stonewall of sorts for alternative sexuality. That this could open up the lines of communication and change everything. But to do that, it's going to take a lot of education and a lot of information.

Which brings me back to the name of this book. Simply put, I'm willing to be a whore to reach the masses. There are millions people out there who have just read *Fifty Shades of Grey* and they have questions and need guidance as they begin their journey into BDSM and kinky sex. It's my mission to get them answers and do my best to keep them safe and well informed. This book is the start of that mission.

Author of *50 Shades of Curious: BDSM for Beginners*, **Bo Blaze** is a PCC certified "Alternative" Lifestyle Coach specializing in Kink, BDSM and Polyamory. For 12 years he's helped thousands learn Safe, Sane & Consensual BDSM as Novice Facilitator for The Eulenspiegel Society (TES) in NYC. Contact: www.AlternativeLifeCoach.com
Book: www.50shadesofcurious.com/50soc

50 Shades of Curious: BDSM for Beginners (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/50-Shades-Curious-Beginners-Americas-ebook/dp/B00B1XI8XG/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420936521&sr=1-1&keywords=50+shades+of+curious

50 Shades of Curious: BDSM for Beginners (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/50-shades-of-curious-bo-blaze/1113516950?ean=9780988500907

“The Train Trip”

Avery Cassell

As excerpted from the anthology,

Sex Still spoken Here: An Anthology,

edited by Carol Queen and Jen Cross

anthology erotica erotic reading circle fiction non-fiction queer erotica rough sex

I stood up, announced that I needed to go to the restroom, and walked down the narrow train aisle to the end of the car. The train swayed gently, making me conscious of my hips. Standing opposite the restroom door was a woman. She leaned nonchalantly against the wall, smoking a cigar, her black boots spread just far enough apart to make me aware of the line of her thighs as they met at her crotch. She was wearing a worn black leather jacket, tight black jeans, and a white tee-shirt; a butch Marlon Brando, one of my favorite jerk-off types. Her salt and pepper hair was cut close, and she had sensuous curly lips, a square jaw line, and blue eyes. She looked directly at my mouth, and then her gaze traveled down from my neck over my chest, hips, and down my legs. She then looked up unswervingly into my eyes, winked, and vigorously ground out her cigar with her boot heel. Her eyes sparkled with electricity. She leaned into the wall, hitching her hip up into a swagger, and then pushed forward to where I stood, one of my hands on the restroom door. We stared at one another. She was incredibly hot, and I'd never fucked in a train restroom. I smiled, bit my lip in anticipation, opened the restroom door, and nodded at her to follow me. We walked into the restroom and locked the door with the metal slide-latch with a smooth click.

She quickly shoved me over to the sink, keeping her leather clad hands on me until my ass was resting against the faux pink marble. The sink was stained and there was a faint odor of cheap pine disinfectant in the air. The room was small and felt kind of hollow, like a cave. It would probably be a great place to practice yodeling, if that was what you needed to do during a long train trip with a boring Turk. It was beginning to look like a great place to fuck, too. I was finding it hard to breathe. I had come to think of this woman as “Marlon,” and Marlon had me firmly by the upper arms, with her knee

jammed between mine, spreading my thighs apart. She loosened her grip with one hand, unknotted my tie and started to unbutton my shirt. I was getting wet and squirmy, but every time I wiggled, the hard edge of the sink reminded me of my precarious perch. She gave a little whistle when she saw the dog tag engraved with “Sir” hanging on a chain between my breasts. She growled and nipped at my shoulder, pulling my Boy Scout belt out of my pant’s belt loops in one long swing. I love the sound of a belt being quickly removed, and the whoosh of the belt made my knees buckle just a little. Reaching around, Marlon tied my wrists together behind my back in an impromptu knot, the brass buckle dangling against the sink counter.

She looked at me, smiled wolfishly, leaned forward and kissed me once, pulling my lower lip out with her teeth. I leaned into her helplessly, unable to grab her with anything other than my legs and mouth. She yanked at my belt, which dug into my forearms each time I tried to get closer. I wanted to take off her tee-shirt so I could see her breasts, and contemplated trying to rip the shirt off with my teeth. It looked easy enough to do in the movies, but every time I tried to grab at her shirt with my teeth she growled softly and slapped me. The slaps felt like some kind of tropical flower blossoming under my skin; a quick retort and then spreading heat. It was becoming way too easy to forget my intentions to remove her clothing. The cold faux marble was heating up against my ass. I wanted to open up my ass cheeks and rub my asshole against the counter. I tried to move my wet cunt closer to something — anything. Every spot in my body, every bit of skin felt so tender and needy. I felt like a cat in heat, but couldn’t get any relief. She had my arms tied back, and although she had my legs spread, she was being very careful not to let my cunt touch anything. She started growling and biting my breasts. My legs were shaking in jerky movements by now, but Marlon was determined to prevent me from getting the stimulation that I desperately wanted. Each breath I expelled became a question, and that question was, “When will you fuck me? When will you fill me?” She pulled abruptly at the belt, causing the brass buckle to clang noisily against the counter top, and causing me to moan in anticipation. The sounds bounced around the small room.

Unexpectedly, she fell into me and wrapped both arms around me, warming my back and sides. I could smell her armpits and their sexy odor...so close to the fragrance of an aroused cunt that all I wanted was to wrap my legs around her waist and pull her

inside of me. Suddenly we started kissing. Our lips matched exactly, and we threw ourselves into the kiss with our entire bodies. We kissed using our lips, our tongues, and our breath. I could feel the sharp bristles of her faint moustache, and rubbed it against my lip letting the poky hairs send electric waves of desire to my cunt. I must have groaned especially loudly, because the next thing I knew she had her leather gloved hand cupped over my still-pantied cunt. I groaned, "Please." She pressed little harder, and smiled devilishly. She was pushing full on against me, but it was impossible for me to move any closer or control her movements. I was extremely frustrated. I sighed and wiggled more, trying to tempt her into touching my wet cunt.

Just then, Marlon reached over and pulled my panties to one side. I saw a flash of metal. She had materialized a little pocket knife out of nowhere, and was slicing through the crotch of my underwear. I was having a difficult time deciding whether to rock my hips up towards the blade, or stay as still as possible to avoid any unintended damage to my bits. The choice made me whimper and twitch, but she cut my panties open quickly, leaving the knife to fall to the tiled floor. As the knife fell, Marlon's fingers parted my labia and she plunged one finger into my dripping cunt. Alternatively slapping my face and twisting my nipples, she added a second finger. I was trying to fuck her back, grunting as I thrust my hips up and grabbing her fingers with my cunt. I wanted her inside, as deeply as she could go. I could feel her adding more fingers, and I bucked up against her hand, begging her to fuck me. She was still growling, and my dog tag dangled between us. By now, she was slapping my breasts, while twisting her hand inside of me. Each slap made me gasp as I opened myself to her. I was opening my chest, my cunt, my mouth, my voice. All I wanted in life, in this moment, was this glorious fuck in this dingy rolling train bathroom; my cunt surrounding her hand - she fucking me and me fucking her. I thought about growly bears and Kathy Acker and the song she sang about the blood of his rose. I fucked Marlon's hand as if we were on our way to another planet, and we were bears or dogs or some animal - something dangerous and inflamed. Her hand fucked me, and I felt my belly roll, spasms of fuck energy passing up through me as I roared and came. My cunt tightened with a gush of wet spilling up and over.

As soon as I could catch my breath, I started giggling. Marlon was smiling, too. We held one another, slowly becoming re-acclimated to the train bathroom. She untied the

belt from my arms, and filled a paper cup with water for me. My throat was sore and rough from so much carrying on, my panties lay in tatters on the spotty floor, and there was a wet spot on my trousers. Her tee-shirt was un-tucked, with a large damp spot in the center. She helped me pull my pants up, I tucked in her shirt for her, and we shared a smoke in the bathroom. We both washed our hands of our sex smell. The mirror was cracked along one side, and there were phone numbers and messages written on the wall next to the toilet. We didn't say much, but once we were done smoking, we left the restroom together. I waved bye; she turned left and I turned right.

Avery Cassell is a writer, painter, and cartoonist. Their work has appeared in *Best Lesbian Erotica 2015*, *Sex Still Spoken Here*, *Anything that Moves*, *Whipped: 20 Erotic Stories of Female Dominance*, *Sonic Erotica*, and *More Five Minute Erotica*. They are currently working on a memoir and an erotic novella. www.averycassell.wordpress.com.

Sex Still Spoken Here: An Anthology (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Sex-Still-Spoken-Here-Anthology-ebook/dp/B00NMO24EG/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420936665&sr=1-1&keywords=sex+still+spoken+here

Sex Still Spoken Here: An Anthology (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/sex-still-spoken-here-carol-queen/1120348247?ean=9780990768500

Girlfag: A Life Told In Sex and Musicals

Janet W. Hardy

gender queer memoir/biography non-fiction

Dossie and I are in a public dungeon, a big ugly warehouse on a back street of Los Angeles. We're sort of the guests of honor - we've been teaching an S/M workshop in this space all day, and most of the people who attended it are out on the floor tying each other up or whipping each other - but we wish we could just go back to our hotel and watch pay-per-view. Each of us has been propositioned by at least three men since we arrived: Dossie is not interested in them because they're men, and I'm not interested in them because they're annoying. And although our teaching contract doesn't specifically say that we must attend this party, it would be extremely rude of us to blow it off, and at some point in each of our pasts we were well-brought-up young ladies.

So we're here. And we're exhausted, and everybody else here seems to be very very straight and not too interesting, and we figure the best way to avoid them is to play together - even these folks know better than to strike up a chat with two people in the middle of a scene. So we play, more from necessity than from desire: some flogging, some biting, putting on a flashy show. We're turned on - arousal is pretty much a reflex for us after more than a decade of this kind of thing - but we're also trying not to be too obvious when we check our watches to see if we can leave yet.

And then Jim and Jim show up, unexpectedly: they'd said they might, but we didn't really think they'd set foot in an environment as hetero as this one. Now the evening holds a new kind of potential; suddenly my feet stop hurting and my face grows warm.

Jim is one of Dossie's oldest friends, slim and handsome and white-haired, with an assured manner and an impish grin; he has bypassed my usual suspicion of rich good-looking people by being witty and sweet and adorable. Jim, every bit as endearing, is twenty years younger, with the kind of excitable adam's-apple you only see on tall skinny dark-haired guys. We'd had brunch with them that morning and I'd watched them with fascination, the way their movements synched, the quiet smiles they exchanged when they thought nobody was looking.

I can't remember who makes the first suggestion or the first move, except that I'm sure it isn't me because everybody knows that if you say your wish out loud it never comes true. Here, however, is what I do remember:

Four heads, one sleek and white, one dark and spiky, one pumpkin-colored and curly, one brown-gray and soft. Two (flesh-and-blood) penises, four balls, four breasts, two cunts, eight nipples. A tangle of eight legs, some hairy and muscular, some creamy and smooth, rolling over and over, up onto a massage table, back down onto the floor again, up against a wall. Fists gripping, fingers pinching, toes curling, thighs trembling.

Someone grabbing my arms from behind, pinning them back while someone else does something sharp-sweet to my nipples and I yelp.

Someone looking into my flushed face and saying, wonderingly, "Wow, it's like boy energy, playful and hot."

Screams. Moans. Sobs. Giggles. Howls.

An audience gathering, watching quietly, eyes huge.

Sitting behind someone on a massage table, wrapping my legs around a strong pair of hips, grabbing tough pectoral muscles in my hands and squeezing with all my power, humping from behind, feeling my nonexistent penis quivering, hard, shiny, invading a hot open asshole.

The inside of my skull a warm white whirling buzz. Three faces as familiar as my own. Every inch of my skin as sensitive as a clit, a cock, an open wound. My mouth, stretched into a wide uncontrollable grin, or grimace, or black hole, trying to consume them all and hold them outside time, inside me.

Someone's hand on the back of my neck, stroking upward against my recently clipped buzz cut, caressing its bristly plush: a man's hand on a man's head.

Here's what else I remember: some part of me waking up, stretching, soaring. Beyond arousal. Beyond self. Beyond gravity.

Janet W. Hardy, the author or coauthor of eleven groundbreaking books about relationships and sexuality, has traveled the world as a speaker and teacher on topics ranging from ethical multi-partner relationships to erotic spanking and beyond. Her book *The Ethical Slut*, coauthored with Dossie Easton, has sold nearly 160,000 copies.

Girlfag: A Life Told In Sex and Musicals (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Girlfag-Life-Told-Sex-Musicals-ebook/dp/B009DP2NSU/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420936801&sr=1-1&keywords=girlfag+a+life

Girlfag: A Life Told in Sex and Musicals (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/girlfag-janet-w-hardy/1111718653?ean=9781938123009

[Sacred Kink: The Eightfold Paths of BDSM and Beyond](#)

Lee Harrington

BDSM how-to non-fiction paganism sacred sexuality sexuality spirituality tantra

Of Mastery and Service

Most of our current forms of the word “master” can find their source from the guild system of medieval Europe. A new student to a trade became an apprentice, and an experienced student with skills of their own to share, a journeyman. Finally, the journeyman would work on his masterpiece, and if in presenting it he was found worthy, was declared a master of his craft.

In consciously entering into Mastery, I am continuously mastering my craft. My craft is those that I shape, those in my care, and in turn, my own spirit. This is one of the secrets of the Masons, of Freemasonry: that in mastering our craft we master a piece of our divine nature.

Though master started as a term for craftspeople striving constantly for excellence, it came to be used as slang for individuals with authority or those perceived to have a higher status. The same can be said of the term Master within kink. There are those of us called to Mastery as a spiritual path, or as a true vocation. There are others who follow it because it was handed to them, a form of work they need to do, just as instead of following a career vocation, some are just working a job. And others use it as a form of slang, a term for someone of higher status or authority, out of habit, out of tradition, or because it gets them all hot and bothered.

All of these choices are valid. Having someone at my feet moaning my honorific can indeed be an aphrodisiac, but Mastery as a spiritual calling, as a vocation, has so much more potential for me to grow, learn, evolve, and serve the Universe. Sometimes, I think of this in the context of the Sanskrit term guru. Though meaning teacher, or individual with great knowledge in an area, its literal translation is “destroyer of darkness.” Following the calling of Mastery I provide myself as teacher, as guide, as icon, as mentor, as authority. In doing so, from a place of authenticity and integrity, I

become a guru. I am gifted with the ability to clear the darkness and find the truths buried within.

In Mastery, we do not strive for Mastery of any one person, but of ourselves. How can we possibly hope to guide another life if we ourselves have not taken the time to learn to guide our own lives? Until we are rich of spirit and strongly rooted in knowledge of our own journey, we are only donning the guise of Mastery.

This work is ever-evolving. This work is never done. This work of self-mastery involves learning honesty with ourselves. Involves coming from the heart. Involves questing for our greatness. Involves living in integrity. Involves constant self-examination. Involves finding our head, heart, and cunt/cock in full alignment. Thus, with each day we do this work we are in obedience to our call of Mastery, whether we have a Slave or not.

By doing this work, we stop chasing bliss. We instead become the vessel that bliss has the ability to reside in. Too often in a quest for owning another, I see people chase, chase, chase.

Excellence attracts excellence. When we become worthy of service, worthy of a Slave, worthy of greatness, service, Slavery and greatness come to us. Whether we are worthy is not to be judged by other Masters who will place a cap on our head, or by our friends and family, or by our community as a whole. Our worth comes from within. And as Masters, by doing this work, we set an example with our very lives.

When the gift of service comes to us, how do we give thanks? If someone has come into my life to do part of my work, leaving my hands open, I am called to apply my open hands to the great work. To my life's Work. To do something bigger with myself. It is not a question of "what have I done to deserve this gift?" but "what will I keep doing to continue to be worthy of this gift?"

Thus, Mastery is also a path of spiritual submission. I am called to stretch the boundaries of my greatness and potential not through ego, but through surrender. Mastery is a form of service, to the universe, to ourselves, to those we are in charge of. Giving and receiving service is a dance. The service that I give may have no resemblance on the surface to the service my Slave gives me, but they are both serving a greater good.

For me to excel in what I give the Universe in my service, I must learn to accept service with grace. Each bow holds power, each load carried, each dish done. Their acts enable me to move forward with greatness. And how we treat those under us often determines how the Universe will treat us in turn.

Each person who comes into our care, our possession, our guidance and our ownership is a unique tool. They each have their own gifts to lay at our doorstep, and by finding their greatness, we have the ability to apply that greatness to the world.

We must learn to use the tools that come before us. If we are gifted with a violin, is it the violin's fault we cannot play it? Will it be helpful for us to beat the violin? Will this help it perform better? No. We must master the tool we are given, not try to force the instrument to bend to our will until we come to understand the ways that it bends.

Similarly, if we are given a violin, should we use it to hammer nails into a wall? We have that choice, yes. But it is neither a good allocation of resources, nor worthy of our greatness. We can change the shape of the violin, cover it with steel plating, remove its strings, distort it under pressure into the hammer we long for. But is this a testament to our Mastery? Or do we learn to play the violin (even if it may take a lifetime), or state that we don't know how to play a violin and help the violin find its way to a place it can serve as a violin?

Each time we enter into a relationship from a place of Mastery, we sign a contract. I am not speaking of the written Slave contracts, though some find them useful as a form of communication, transparency of expectations, or as a way to connect. I am speaking of an energetic contract.

When a collar is locked on, the lock is removable, the collar can be un-done. But what of the keys to that lock? This is our contract. We commit to carry those keys, to keep them safe with us at all times, to be strong enough to hold the space they need to do their work for us. This is because when a collar is locked, we help unlock potential, energy, and spirit. We cast the circle for the work to be done within. And just as any guardian of a circle in magic working must do, we are charged with protection of that circle and seeing to its needs.

This does not need to take the form of feeding and clothing a Slave. Sometimes this is having the ability to stand up and order the Slave to feed and clothe themselves. To

realize their potential. It is our charge to give them the supplies they need to do the work we (and through us, the Universe) give them. Most often, these supplies are not of the earthly type. They are the lending of energy, an open ear to hear challenges, a pocketful of advice, a rolodex of people who can help, a richness of spirit that inspires them to rise to their fullest potential.

Lee Harrington (PassionAndSoul.com) is an internationally known spiritual and erotic authenticity educator, eclectic artist, gender explorer, and award-winning author and editor on human erotic and sacred experience. His books include *Shibari You Can Use: Japanese Rope Bondage and Erotic Macramé*, *Sacred Kink: The Eightfold Paths of BDSM and Beyond*, and many others.

Sacred Kink: The Eightfold Paths of BDSM and Beyond (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Sacred-Kink-Eightfold-Paths-Beyond/dp/055721176X/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420937004&sr=1-1&keywords=Sacred+Kink+%3A+The+Eightfold+Paths+of+BDSM+and+Beyond

Sacred Kink: The Eightfold Paths of BDSM and Beyond (via Powell's)

www.powells.com/biblio/61-9780557211760-1

Sacred Kink: The Eightfold Paths of BDSM and Beyond (via Barnes and Noble)

www.barnesandnoble.com/w/sacred-kink-lee-harrington/1114916746?ean=9781300812340

[How to be a Healthy and Happy Submissive](#)

Kate Kinsey

BDSM education negotiation non-fiction relationship how to

Chapter 41: The Feminist Submissive

Every woman with half a brain who approaches BDSM has asked themselves the same question: how can any modern woman — let alone a card-carrying feminist — embrace submission?

Well, at first you feel kind of weird about it. Maybe a little guilty. Then you do some long, hard thinking about the paradoxes that populate and define BDSM. Such as, the dominant is supposed to be the one in control, but the submissive can stop the play with a single word; so who is really in charge?

You do some more long, hard thinking about who you are, what you want, and what makes you happy.

You think about the fundamental thing at the very heart of feminism: the right to choose your own path.

Fifty years ago, a woman being spanked over her husband's knee for buying the wrong brand of coffee was considered completely acceptable. Now, if a wife wants to be spanked over her husband's knee just for fun, it's considered kinky or maybe just a little weird.

Fifty years ago, it was purely a man's prerogative to spank/chastise/beat his wife for deviating from the acceptable norm, or just because he wanted to.

Now, if it's the wife asking for the spanking because it arouses her, and arouses him as well, that element of choice and the difference in the motivation for it changes everything completely. Or does it?

Because, of course, our collective psyche carries all the baggage about what those acts mean. Most of us understand that we are playing with those stereotypes, and that these often arouse us precisely because, on some level, we are turning those stereotypes and expectations inside out.

A submissive is not synonymous with “doormat.” Submission is all about making a personal choice to submit to a particular person, at a particular time, within carefully negotiated limits. To participate in our reindeer games, you must first figure out what you want and what you don’t want, and you absolutely must learn how to be honest and clear about it.

This is how all relationships are supposed to be, but BDSM has made communication and consent its holy mantra. We actually have checklists! Some of us even have contracts!

I think back to my first vanilla sexual experiences, and I wish that I’d had the strength and wisdom to say to my partner: *I want this, not that. More of this, less of that. And can we try X, Y and a little Z?* Because that is exactly what you do before engaging in play of any sort in the kinky world, whether it’s a casual scene at the local dungeon or the beginning a relationship.

Unfortunately, some women do come into BDSM without understanding that being a submissive does not mean you are submissive to just anyone and everyone. Sometimes we have to educate those self-proclaimed dominants who think any and every submissive is his for the taking. Want to start a small-scale war? Just let a dominant man walk into a club and snap his finger at the first woman he sees with a collar around her neck, barking, “Bring me a drink!” It’s not her master that will cut his balls off, it’s *her*.

I’ve used “him” as dominant, and “her” for the submissive, but that’s simply because that’s the particular dynamic that concerns feminism. The female submissive/male dominant coupling gets the most attention from the vanilla world, but it’s not the whole of BDSM.

BDSM is NOT about gender roles. Submissive and dominant have nothing to do with male/female. There are many female dominants and male submissives. There are women - straight and lesbian - who submit to other women, men who submit to other men. We talk about dominant and submissive as an orientation, like straight, gay or bisexual. It’s not unusual for someone to be dominant with one or more partner, and submissive with another.

I began exploring my fantasies when I was 38. I had been a rebel since college, determined not to be defined by the men in my life. Yet in my secret fantasies, being dominated by a man in the bedroom really got my juices flowing.

Then I met the right dominant. Not the right dominant for everyone, but the right one for me, and he happened to be male. I'd submitted to several women, and enjoyed it, but the sexual dynamic wasn't quite right. I'd played with several men, and enjoyed it, but it wasn't quite right either... until I found him.

There is something inside me that wants to submit, that gains tremendous satisfaction from it, but it will only come out when the right person calls to it. And when that happens, the floodgates open.

Consider the enormous intensity of emotions that come from play that taps into our deepest, darkest and most primal places, that engages not just the body but the heart and mind.

It's deeper and wider than mere "sex": new sensations that you never knew were possible, exploring the body more thoroughly than ever before, sending adrenaline and endorphins coursing through your veins to heighten every sensation. You are doing things you have always wanted to do but never before dared, things that require more trust and honesty than you have ever shared with another before...

How could I not adore the person who gave me all of that? When I came through whatever he asked of me, and saw his pleasure and pride in me, it was the sweetest satisfaction I'd ever known.

Did I question myself as a woman? Yes. But I got over it. Because isn't the surest definition of a feminist a woman who does exactly what she wants because it makes her happy and fulfilled?

It's tough to admit but one of the things I came to love about D/s was the clarity and simplicity of it.

I'm certainly not arguing for a throwback to 1954, because such clearly defined roles can never work without the wholehearted choice of a willing heart. That was the whole problem with 1954: it was assumed that every woman would be a good little housewife whether she wanted to or not. There was no choice involved at all, not for her

and not for her husband, either. Maybe *he* wanted to be the one getting spanked, but he couldn't tell anybody that.

But neither should you think that a D/s relationship means a dominant gets to have his way all the time and the submissive just has to go along with it. The submissive has choices. The dominant has obligations. And every bit of it is open to negotiation all the time.

When I became my master's slave, I willingly made all my thoughts and feelings his property, which meant that it was not my place to decide what to hide and what to reveal. Sounds barbaric? Then consider what it means: none of that silent stewing that people so often fall pray to. I'm not allowed to say, "I'm fine," when I'm really pissed as hell. No sulking allowed.

In the D/s relationship, my responsibility is to be honest and truthful, as long as I express myself respectfully. He has the responsibility to listen, to be sure my needs are being met, that I feel valued and loved.

In agreeing to be his slave, I agreed to stop trying to always be right. Not to get the last word. Not to score points with a stinging comeback. No more keeping score of his mistakes to hit him over the head with later. I realized just how much bullshit sexual warfare there had been in my other relationships. To give that up was such a relief!

There is no one correct way to do any of this. Do some masters/mistresses refuse to let anyone speak to their collared sub without their permission? Some do. Mine has always told me that he doesn't require or want such micromanagement, and that he loves me for being an independent woman who can speak for herself. And if he'd wanted to micromanage me, I probably wouldn't have remained his for all these years. The D/s only works when both individuals needs and desires mesh and complement each other.

What has made *Fifty Shades of Grey* and other BDSM erotica so popular is exactly the same thing that brings women to BDSM in general. It's arousing to think of being swept away by passion, to be so desired by someone that he wants to "take" you and "own" you. It's exciting to break the taboos and walk along the edge of naughty.

But none of it would be at all exciting or arousing if your own choice wasn't at the core of it.

BDSM is all about choice, power, pleasure and self-realization. This is my choice, my path, and I see no contradiction as long as I consent wholeheartedly.

Author of *Red* and *The Totally Uncensored Kinky Adventures of Chloe St. Claire, Sex Slave*. *How to be a Healthy and Happy Submissive* is **Kate Kinsey's** first non-fiction book, drawing on over a decade of work in BDSM education. Kinsey also appears on KinkyCast.com podcasts. www.katekinsey.com

How to be A Healthy and Happy Submissive (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/How-Healthy-Happy-Submissive-Practical-ebook/dp/B00NC05X2K/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420937304&sr=1-1&keywords=how+to+be+a+healthy+and+happy+submissive

How to be A Healthy and Happy Submissive (via Barnes and Noble)

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[Sweet and Rough: Sixteen Stories of Queer Smut](#)

Sinclair Sexsmith

anthology BDSM erotica lesbian non-fiction queer rough sex sex-positive ethics

Do rough sex fantasies compromise your sex-positive ethics?

I firmly believe that there is nothing wrong with my personal rough sex fantasies, nor is there anything wrong with your dirtiest fantasies. I believe that because I trust that you and I are adults who understand that fantasy is different from reality, and while we may think one thing to get ourselves off, we probably conduct our sex lives slightly differently.

Erotic stories are fantasies, yes, but they can be more than just that—they can show us a piece of the path, and encourage our erotic selves to blossom. So what’s my responsibility as an erotica writer to make the stories that I write down ethical and responsible?

I am both a sex educator and a smut writer, and sometimes those worlds seem to conflict. For example, in the BDSM and sex education worlds, educators and advanced practitioners stress consent in play scenes. And not just consent—we stress *enthusiastic consent*, not just an absence of “no” but a ready joyous abundance of informed and eager “yes.” We also stress safer sex practices, barriers, knowing your status, and sexual health and wellness. We stress responsible scenes, and warn about playing while intoxicated.

In some of my erotic fiction stories, these practices that are deeply held values in my personal life aren’t readily apparent. That’s because my stories are fantasies—you know, the things you close your eyes and think about when you’re getting off all by yourself, not necessarily (though perhaps sometimes!) the things you do with lovers. The characters in my stories sometimes don’t negotiate or have a conversation about safer sex, not because things like safer sex or negotiation are unimportant, but because the main purpose of the story is to turn you, the reader, on.

Frequently, in the sexuality education communities and conversations, we talk about how porn and erotica are different from sex education. I discourage people from learning how to give or receive a blow job from porn videos, for example, where deep throating

and playing with ejaculate are overly common. (See Cindy Gallop's online project *Make Love, Not Porn* for a variety of other examples of the difference.) Similarly, I discourage people from learning about power dynamics from Laura Antoniou's book *The Marketplace* (though I happen to love the whole series), and would never suggest recreating a scene from *50 Shades of Grey* (don't even get me started). Both of these books are worlds away from the people who pursue and practice power dynamics, ownership, dominance, and submission in their personal relationships.

But the fantasies? We, as readers, love devouring them. We love the fantasies even more than we love the reality. The reality is messy, with STI scares and condoms breaking. The fantasies are escapist, sensual, and by definition *not real*.

I think when we start coming into our own sexually, when we start realizing that there's more to sex than what our completely antiquated and puritanical sex education system taught us as kids, we start familiarizing ourselves with some of the most basic topics in sex positive communities. We learn about consent, agency, negotiations, communication, and safer sex. When we don't see that reflected in the erotica or porn that we are consuming, sometimes it can seem like the erotica or porn fantasy is *discouraging* that kind of sex positive responsibility.

I am explaining all of this to you because I don't want my erotic fantasies to discourage you from being responsible in reality.

I know that the educational workshops I teach encourage sex positive responsibility. But in my erotica? That issue becomes a little more nuanced and complicated, because of the aspects of art and fantasy. For example, I am aware that there are some points in the *Sweet & Rough* collection of stories where characters protest or resist or drink a lot of whiskey. I think there is nothing wrong with playing with resistance and force, consensually and carefully, but I also think that requires a lot of negotiation, a lot of trust, and safewords, in order to be done responsibly in the real world. That part of the story often isn't revealed. Like the porn scene that cuts out the part where the fluffer comes on stage and someone else adds more lube, the erotic story often excludes the getting-to-know-you, the subtle body language communication, the character's histories with each other, and what they have negotiated "off screen."

I deeply believe that the personal is political and that being transparent about one's life is a spiritual path. Since writing *Sweet & Rough*, I have shifted some of my erotica writing to be much more consciously inclusive of things like negotiations and safer sex. Most definitely because that stuff is hot, but also because I want to show more of the reality and less of the fantasy.

However, those things are frequently excluded from *Sweet & Rough*. And here's why: These stories are collaborations. Most of the stories in this collection were written and published on Sugarbutch between 2007-2009. Many of them came out of the "Sugarbutch Star Contest" where readers sent in some basics about a scene (who, where, what the characters did) and I wrote up the story.

It was a huge period of growth for my writing, and I pushed myself hard to write the fantasies that were outlined for me. Sometimes, they were much more forceful than I'd usually write, although they more closely resembled my own private fantasies. I am aware of my access to privilege and unconscious entitlement as a masculine person and as a dominant, and it is important for me to stay conscious in my sex play, especially when it comes to gender or power dynamics.

Often, my early drafts of these stories included a lot of internal processing and negotiations, but the fantasies of my collaborators challenged me. I remember when writing "The Houseboy's Rebellion" (which is a b-side story included on the USB version of *Sweet & Rough*), when the collaborator read the draft of it, she said, "No way. Make my character more mean. Take out all this negotiation. Just *take* me."

Because of how strong the service top in me is, and because I liked it, I followed her desire. And I believe that story—and others, when I received similar feedback—are stronger for it.

The stories in *Sweet & Rough* are fantasies. I know fantasy erotic writing still greatly influences our real sexualities, and I don't dismiss that connection. But these fictions are not necessarily models of sexual responsibility. Some of it is "problematic," and I wouldn't claim otherwise—but they still have so much value, and can jump-start our erotic engines or show us how much more can be incorporated into our erotic lives.

I encourage you to continue practicing being a responsible, ethical, sex-positive kinkster who operates from integrity. And I encourage you to read erotica stories that are

edgy, full of force and lust, from authors whose ethics you trust, and to believe that the responsibilities are filled in behind the scenes, just off the page, stripped out so you can enjoy even more of the sweet sex and rough play that gets you going and gets you off.

Sinclair Sexsmith is a feminist dominant, identity puzzler, poet, and strap-on expert. They have contributed to more than two dozen anthologies, edited *Say Please: Lesbian BDSM Erotica*, and wrote *Sweet & Rough: Sixteen Stories of Queer Smut*. They write about dominance and butch identity at sugarbutch.net.

Sweet and Rough: Sixteen Stories of Queer Smut (via Amazon)

www.amazon.com/Sweet-Rough-Sixteen-Stories-Queer-ebook/dp/B00NPLNW2E/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1420937422&sr=1-1&keywords=sweet+and+rough

Sweet and Rough: Sixteen Stories of Queer Smut (via Barnes and Noble)

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