

By JJ Argus



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This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen.

I've always preferred to sleep in the nude. I enjoy the feel and comfort of my own skin, and the freedom to move and twist and turn beneath the covers as I choose, without anything getting tangled up with the sheets and covers.

After some experimentation, I've decided on high quality bamboo sheets as being the most immediately soft and luxurious against my bare skin, and nothing quite beats waking in my warm bed in my cool bedroom beneath the bamboo sheets and a warm duvet, stretching and turning in comfort as I slowly work the stiffness out of my body.

I have been blessed in having hair which is thick, luxurious, and a glossy brown, sparing me the need to dye it and easing away the desire to experiment. I look good as a brunette. I have no doubt I'd look good as a blonde, too, or a redhead as I have fair skin, but brunette suits me, and requires far less maintenance.

Though it does require maintenance to keep it as long as I do. I've often thought, with some exasperation, of cutting it back to a more manageable length, but I love how it feels spilling down over my shoulders and dancing along my shoulder blades when I'm nude.

It's a small price to pay for the attention it gets, the admiration, and, to a certain degree, the success attention and looks bring. I don't kid myself about that, either. I'm smart and insightful, but nobody sees that. They see the looks, and that draws them in for me to make the pitch.

Think of it as advertising. You might not be able to judge a book by its cover but a good cover will get you to open the book and have a look inside instead of letting your eyes skim over it and settle on something more colorful.

It does get in ones way, from time to time, however, which was why almost every morning started with me pushing it out of my face. I go to sleep on my back, but as often as not I wind up on my side sometime during the night.

This morning was little different, and I pushed my hair back as I rolled onto my back, feeling thin tendrils of hair sliding across my moist lips as I stared up at the ceiling light hanging above the bed. It was a long pedestal mount, dangling six feet down from the cathedral ceiling, and it was issuing a soft glow, as per the timer it was attached to.

I yawned extravagantly, arching my back, letting the sheets slide slowly down across my breasts as I rolled my shoulders and raised my knees. I reached over to the night table and picked up the remote, and the curtains slid aside to reveal a new day, bright and sunny. The radio was already on, for it was that which had wakened me.

I cast the sheets aside and slowly drew both knees up against my chest, squeezing my thighs in against my breasts, then let them fall, before repeating this several times. I am a determined exerciser, but a lazy one, who will do what she can from bed and chair, when available.

Twenty four is an age where I can get away without, but I don't choose to. Getting soft becomes a habit, especially for women, and then the hips widen and your ass gets bigger. The next thing you know peoples eyes are passing over you as if you're not there.

I let my legs fall and gazed out the window at the towers around mine. It was a very large, wide and low window, its bottom frame below that of my mattress. I'd often speculated on whether there were peeping toms in the nearby towers with telescopes watching me.

They'd have to be at the right height and angle, of course, but it was certainly possible. And while I've never considered myself an exhibitionist, the thought someone might be watching always lent me a certain devil-may-care sense of playful coquettishness. That I might be turning on some guy I've never and will never meet was merely a possibility, and while it remained so I was able to amuse myself by, at times, posing for anyone watching.

At least where it took little effort and served some other purpose, like stretching and yawning again, arching my back to thrust my breasts up and out quite sharply.

Doing that in public was declassé, of course, so I enjoyed myself by doing it in private before swinging my legs over to the side of the bed and standing up.

Choosing to be mildly daring, I stepped a pace to the window and gazed out at the city traffic below, then over at the river, and the boats making their way back and forth across the glistening blue water.

Again, standing fully in the window nude could be construed as showing off,

perhaps, but I was on the fifty seventh floor, after all, and the closest tower of a similar height was a good two blocks away. I don't know about you but I can't make out anyone from two blocks away. They'd be smaller than ants. So barring a telescope I was safe.

But it did feel mildly exhibitionistic.

I turned and headed into the bathroom, then up the hall to the exercise room. I live in a three bedroom apartment. One bedroom is an office. I've placed a treadmill, rowing machine, and elliptical machine in the other, along with mirrors, a flat screen, and DVD.

I started out with stretches, then turned on the DVD and started doing my morning Pilates. It made no sense to me to dress for the occasion since I invariably worked up a sweat. I wasn't going to use the machines in the morning anyway.

Running without a bra is absolutely counter-indicated when you've got breasts of any size unless they're plastic and stiff as barbie. I might not be particularly buxom but my girls will certainly move in an uncomfortable manner if I start running at any sort of pace and I don't choose to run on the treadmill with my hands holding them in place.

Afterward, I slid on an oversized T, then got a coffee and bagel from the kitchen and slouched before the TV, channel surfing among the various news and business channels while eating and sipping.

The living room, or 'great room' as realtors liked to call it, had two pendulum lights dangling from above. My mother has been after me to replace them with chandeliers, but honestly, I never turn them on anyway, so why should I?

Cathedral and vaulted ceilings were the norm in this building, and while I appreciated the roomy feel, light from high above has never matched my desire for warmth and coziness. I prefer the table lamps for that.

I didn't stay long, heading back to the ensuite bathroom to work on my 'advertising'. A quick shower, then artful work on my hair so it didn't just simply fall straight, but had some wave to it, and then a delicate amount of makeup, and I was back in my room getting dressed.

I almost always wore black lingerie, matching, of course, silk or satin or lace, because it suited my self image. On this day I wore a camel colored silk shirt and a mid length black skirt. I'm five feet eleven, so even a mid-thigh skirt reveals a lot of leg, yet without appearing to be flirty. I'm a businesswoman, after all.

Mind you, I don't exactly downplay my sexuality like so many women in the business world do. I do my best to enhance it, actually, but in a subdued way. Most of the people I work for are men, and of those who are women, a surprising percentage are lesbians. Almost all of them appreciate a visually attractive woman.

I already knew what my schedule was. I had two morning meets with potential clients, then had to hurry back here to meet a contractor I wanted to hire to redo the bathroom, then a meeting with an existing client in the afternoon.

I have two functions. First, I research and closely follow marketing trends. Second, I subcontract new marketing research to one of several firms I have contacts with. In short, I tell companies what products are liked or not, how to advertise them, what they can price them at, and what their competition is doing.

Not big companies. They have their own marketing departments. I consult with the smaller companies which don't need, or believe they don't need full time people. And yes, it's extremely... rewarding, in terms of compensation.

My parents are okay, money-wise, but I can afford a large apartment in Manhattan because I make a lot of money in my own right. Only two years out of college and I've found a nice little niche and a group of clients who appreciate my efforts.

I have a knack, you see. Or so I've been told.

I have a Lexus in the garage, but finding parking can be time consuming and I definitely can't afford to be late for a meeting with potential clients, so the doorman flagged down a cab for me and I was off.

My first client was a fussy little Jewish man who ran a string of twenty jewelry stores in New York. He didn't like to advertise, considering advertising to be gauche. He ran upscale businesses and sold, he said, through word of mouth, which, my research showed, was actually almost true.

He also had very good locations, though, which brought in a great deal of traffic, and he wanted my advise on window signage. He was charming to me, at least in part, I knew, due to my looks. I kept my shirt buttoned to the neck for him, because he was a religious man.

That didn't mean he was dead, of course, and knowing how to subtly draw mens attention to yourself is an art form I have long mastered.

And no, it doesn't include yawning and stretching!

He signed up, and I was off to meet my next potential client. He owned a large and very successful nightclub. I undid the top two buttons of my blouse and put a little more sway into my hips when I walked into his establishment.

Sexiness and dating were the whole point of his club, after all. And every girl who worked there looked like she'd been hired from a modeling agency because she was. Hey, models need side jobs, too, you know, especially ones who were not yet (or never would be) a successful model.

We discussed the look of the place, the feel of the place, the colors and types of materials used for furnishings, the lighting and a lot of other things before he signed on.

I was two for two, and quite content as I cabbed it home to meet with the contractor.

I've only been in my apartment four and a half months, and I've been searching for a contractor almost from day one. I thought the ensuite, while large, was dull and boring. I wanted less counter space and a bigger shower. And I definitely wanted a different look and feel to the room.

Colin Ferguson was someone a client had recommended, a client who had excellent taste and high standards. I'd had to wait two months for him to have time to see me (it's a lot easier to hire consultants than good contractors in New York).

It is one of those oddities of our culture that blue collar guys like Ferguson could pretty much pick and choose who they were willing to work for, when they'd do a job, and under what conditions, while their potential clients, all of them richer and more powerful, eagerly tried to please them.

There are a ton of contractors in New York. The weight of those you can trust not to screw you over and, more importantly, do a horribly bad job, is considerably less.

So I was prepared to please Ferguson, to smile and lightly flirt in the same way I did with potential clients looking to hire me.

Thus I made sure I got home in plenty of time. Even though I was the one doing the hiring, I was, to some extent, still the supplicant, just as I was when seeking clients. I brushed my hair, considered my outfit, and decided to keep the top two buttons undone, but removed most of the jewelry.

I didn't want him thinking I was rich, after all. Or at least, so rich he'd increase his rates. That was probably a foregone conclusion, though, given where I lived.

I am most definitely not rich. I am comfortable, and don't have to much worry about paying bills. I have an investment portfolio, and my net worth increases every year. That doesn't mean I had servants or a yacht or hobnobbed with the elites – unless it was as a paid consultant.

There is a ton of money in this city and I just catch some of what spills out of the pockets of the rich. I catch more than most people, of course, but it will take some years of continuing success before I would be able to say I was rich. Even most of the apartment is owned by the bank.

The doorman called up and I gave him the go-ahead to let Ferguson come up, then went to the door and pasted on my best customer-friendly smile. And it was a good thing I did. It was a good thing I even practiced it, and practiced maintaining it.

Because Colin Ferguson, when I opened the door, was unreasonably attractive! More to the point, he exuded sexuality like no man I could remember being in close proximity to. And if I hadn't had that practiced smile of welcome on my face my jaw probably would have dropped.

“Miss Denver?” he asked.

I held out my hand, smile still fixed to my face. “Mister Ferguson!” I said, just a bit hyper.

“Colin,” he said, folding his huge hand around my own slim, delicate one and giving it a squeeze.

Was it more of a squeeze than he'd usually give? Was he interested? Did he think I was hot!?

God! I suddenly felt like a teenager again. Only my practiced saleswoman, consultant attitude kept me from babbling as I backed into the apartment and let him in.

I swear he barely fit through the door! I'm five foot eleven, as I said. Naturally, I gravitate to taller men. With heels, like the ones I wore now, I was more like six two. And that put the top of my head just below his jaw.

How tall are you!?! I didn't ask, but it was sure on the tip of my tongue!

And tall men turned me on.

He was probably just this side of thirty, with the wide shoulders of a man who was used to manual labor. Those shoulders, and his equally deep chest were clad in a tight T-shirt that was tucked into jeans. Rather than completing the look with work boots, though, he wore athletic shoes.

“So you want a bathroom reno,” he said by way of introducing the work.

“Desperately,” I said.

And almost instantly regretted it. There were going to be negotiations here, after all!

“Well, we're doing a Wal-Mart for the next couple of weeks, and then a large building lobby gut, but I should have a few days free between them for a small job.”

He had a deep, slightly gravelly voice which seemed to resonate deep inside me – and uh, lower down!

I showed him to the bathroom, and he looked it over as I looked him over.

He wasn't sexy in a sophisticated, sleek way, like the men I usually went for in

their expensive tailored suits. He wasn't sexy in the way of a CEO who exudes wealth and power. He was sexy in that old fashioned, raw, physical way of a very macho man who could probably bench press a small car.

He had rugged good looks, with a strong jaw, square cut face, intelligent blue gray eyes. He had full lips, perfect teeth, and brown hair almost the same shade as mine, parted on the right. It was long enough to run your fingers through but still very manly, and cut off just above the ears.

He pulled out some kind of little black box and held it up to the wall, and I sucked in a breath softly at the sight of his strong forearm with a gold watch around it. I don't know why but something about how a watch looks on a man turns me on if it's the right kind of combination.

A little red dot appeared on the far wall, and then he shifted to the side wall and placed it there.

“Okay, we've got a lot of room to work with at fifteen by ten. What did you have in mind?”

Back to business, or at least, I tried.

“A lot of this room is wasted,” I said, as he nodded in agreement. “That space between the right of the counter and the wall is of no use. There's too much space between the counter and toilet, even though the counter is over ten feet long. On the other hand, that shower is pathetic, and there's far too much room around the soaker tub.”

“That's what's wrong. What's your vision?” he asked, giving me a stern gaze as if I'd told the teacher the wrong answer.

I gulped, flushing slightly. “First, the ceiling is too high. I want it lowered, with recessed lighting.”

He nodded. “Easily done.”

“These beige tiles have to go. I want the shower bigger, the space around the tub smaller, and the room to have a more... well, cozy feel to it. Rich but cozy.”

“Cozy?” he asked, smiling slightly.

“Well, I want it to have a certain warmth.”

“Under floor heating?” he asked, with raised eyebrows.

“That's not what I ...” I snorted as I took in his look.

“I'm speaking about the atmosphere,” I said.

“I get you,” he said. “The right lighting will do that with most colors. What color did you have in mind?”

“Not beige.”

He moved further into the room and gazed around, hands on his hips, and I let my eyes flick down to his butt. It looked like he had an excellent one!

“I want to turn this room sideways,” he said. “Put the tub at that end with a wood-grain looking side and black granite or marble top circling a white tub. Then we put a long, low gas fireplace on the wall next to it.”

“Oooh, I like,” I said, stepping forward and trying to let my imagination meld with his.

“How big do you want the shower? How many people are going to be in it at once?” he asked, turning to me with innocently raised eyebrows.

I flushed. “Uhm, one mostly,” I said, finding myself a bit tongue tied.

“But you want room for more,” he said with a grin.

“Well... uh, room to feel not too hemmed in,” I said.

“You're tall but you're not wide,” he said. “But I can put the shower there in the corner, at the head of the tub, then push it sideways at an angle so you'll have lots of room. Even for company.”

His eyes were definitely on me then. He was flirting with me!

“One can never tell when company will come over,” I said with my own arched brows. “And being tall my company tends to be – on the tall side.”

“I can see where that would make a lot of sense,” he replied.

“Do you want a rain-shower head?”

“Multiple shower-heads – which would be good if there were multiple people,” I said.

“I suspect if there are multiple people in there they won't be worried much about the shower-heads,” he replied with a grin.

“And a bench,” I said, leaving that alone.

“Of course. Now let me show you a few sample tiles.”

He flipped the cover off a large IPAD, then pursed his lips.

“Maybe we should sit down,” he said.

“Sure.”

I led him back out of the ensuite, and then over to the small sofa in my bedroom, and we sat down while he showed me a variety of tiles in different shapes, colors and styles. I'm not a petite woman but sitting down next to him I felt small, and it was impossible to ignore the sheer bulk of the man – handsome, muscular bulk with a naked ring finger!

“This is a nice room,” he said, looking around, as I gazed at the IPAD.

I looked up. “Yes, I like the cathedral ceiling and the large windows.”

“Lots of light,” he said, nodding. “A good size and shape. And I like what you've done with it. Solid wood is always preferable to that Chinese MDF junk you find in most stores.”

“MDF?”

“Medium Density Fiberboard.” he said disparagingly. “In other words, cheap ass stuff that has a low lifespan and can fall apart if you kick it.”

“I like things which are solid and reliable,” I said. “Men too.”

He snorted in amusement.

“Don't get me wrong, some of the MDF stuff can look really nice. But it's got no solid core. Real wood has strength and resilience and will last a lifetime.”

“You sound like a furniture salesman.”

“I use to make furniture. I'm a carpenter. You run your fingers across a fine piece of wood and you can follow the grain and strength of it.”

His hands moved as he spoke, as if sliding sideways across a piece of wood.

“Is that a suggestion you put wood in my bathroom?”

“Hmm? Oh, no, not a chance. Wood has its strengths but also its weaknesses, and damp atmosphere will make it warp and curl.”

“Kind of like hair,” I said.

His eyes flicked to my hair.

“Which isn't always a bad thing with hair,” he said. “Yours only has a small bit of wave to it, though. Just the right amount, in fact.”

“Why thank you,” I said.

“Natural hair has a strength and resilience to it, too,” he added.

“And you don't have to worry about dark roots,” I added, casually sliding my fingers through my hair.

His eyes were bright, and moved appreciatively up and down me.

“And what will all this cost me?” I asked. “Will I have to become your indentured servant for life to pay for it?”

His grin broadened. “I generally take cash or credit cards,” he said. “Though now that you suggest it I suppose I could find a few uses for a slave girl.”

“I wasn't suggesting it!” I protested in amusement.

“Oh well, just as well. I'd have to get a lawyer to draw up one of those contract things about what was expected of my slave girl and all.”

“And what would be expected of your slave girl?” I asked with a grin.

“Oh. Lots of things,” he said. “I'm a perfectionist, after all. I have high standards for the work my employees... and slaves do.”

“Well, I don't know if I could live up to a perfectionist's standards, so what would we be talking about in terms of money?”

“I think you'd have no trouble in that regard, but if you prefer cash...”

He brought up another screen on his IPAD and started entering numbers while I let myself toy with the slave girl notion. And to be absolutely honest, the idea of myself on my knees naked in front of him, maybe with some kind of collar or bondage stuff, well, that was... hot!

Because with a bit longer hair he could play Conan the Barbarian for me with no problem at all!

I wondered if he was good with his sword... and how big it was.

Discussions about money weren't given much to flirtation, though. And he had to go, being busy, just like I was. We settled on a price and timetable and I saw him to the door, where we shook hands again and I was again impressed by the size and strength – and gentleness in his hand.

And then, with a sigh, it was back to work, and normality.

*

A month later, he and his crew arrived. He was dressed pretty much the same, except for the color of the T-shirt. It took them all day to demolish my bathroom and gut it down to the floorboards. I had taken the day off, of course, and was a bit disappointed at how businesslike Colin was, and how little interaction there was between us. At the same time I completely understood that I wasn't paying him to stand around and chat.

I liked his efficiency and effectiveness, and what I overheard of him as he

oversaw his men, both in how he handled them and his attention to detail.

I left them alone, most of the time, of course, which meant I was always pleasantly surprised when I popped my head in to see how far they'd gotten. With four men working things progressed quickly. By end of day they put the tub back in place in the box they'd installed and began to tile the sides, though they hadn't finished, of course, by the time they left.

Actually, his men left first. Eric stayed behind finishing up. That gave me the opportunity to lean in the doorway and watch him work – on his knees, with his back to me!

“This is looking good!” I said, meaning the room, of course!

“It'll look great before we're done,” he replied.

He straightened up on his knees and turned to grin at me. “Otherwise I won't get my ah, indentured servant.”

I snorted in amusement. “I thought we agreed that cash was handier,” I replied.

“Hey, cash is everywhere. Sexy slave girls are hard to find.”

I felt my face heat slightly, but thankfully he turned around to finish with a tile he was placing.

“Hard to keep in line too,” I shot back.

“Nah, a good spanking'll usually do that.”

I felt my face heating more, and my pulse flutter a bit.

“Isn't that against the law?”

“Not if they beg for it.”

I was having a twisted conversation with this guy while he was bent over facing the other direction!

“Why would they do that?”

“Because they like it so much, of course.”

“I think that's pretty unlikely, barring a lot of alcohol.”

He turned to the side and picked up white tape, then taped out a line on the floor which moved out from the foot of the tub, then turned towards the wall, then stood up.

“Come over here, would you, slave girl, uhm, I mean, Samantha.”

“You're heading for a fall, big shot,” I warned, wagging my finger at him as I stepped into the room.

He grinned impudently, then gestured at the tape. “What do you think? This would be your new shower.”

I stepped over to the tape then past it and into the area where the shower would be.

“This is pretty big,” I said appreciatively.

“Girls tell me that all the time,” he replied.

I flushed and frowned at him reprovably.

“You'll notice it's not merely long, but wide,” he said, tongue in cheek.

I gave him a heavy sigh and a head shake.

“The main shower-head would be on that wall, and this would all be glass from floor to ceiling,” he said, gesturing.

“There's no step down or anything.”

“Don't need it. The floor will be slightly angled, as in all showers, and the glass will be sealed with silicone. Lot of uses for silicone,” he said.

I looked at him suspiciously and he looked back innocently.

“I'm beginning to suspect you're something of a pervert, Mister Ferguson,” I said.

“Well, I am a guy,” he said with a helpless shrug.

“That you are.”

He stepped over the tape and into the 'shower' with me' and I backed up a bit.

“The bench would be here,” he said, “and would continue from the part projecting out from the foot of the tub and turning at a ninety degree angle.”

“That's a lot of bench. I'm not going to be holding parties in here, you know,” I said.

“It's for the lines,” he said. “It'll look better, and you're less likely to accidentally run into it and hurt yourself. If you do back into it you'll just wind up sitting down on it a little hard.”

I snorted, but felt my skin warm a bit again as he looked at me, as if he was imagining me showering in here naked!

On the other hand... good!

“I can hardly wait,” I said.

I raised my arms as if showering, turning slowly as if under the water, pretending I hardly noticed the way his eyes followed me, sliding up and down my body!

“Don't forget the music,” he said. “If you want to be a ballerina you'll need some good music.”

“Oh I haven't forgotten.”

He pointed at a pair of holes in the walls high up.”

“The speakers go there,” he said.

Then he pointed at a big vacant space in the wall at chest height.

“Controls will be there, and fully waterproof.”

“I'm not likely to dance in the shower anyway,” I said, smiling.

“There's different kinds of dancing,” he replied with a grin.

I was pretty sure that was a double entendre but wasn't sure of what! It still made me feel a little breathy, or maybe that was how close he was to me.

I stepped back to put a bit more distance between us and my foot trod on a hammer so that I started to stumble. I think I would have caught myself but his big arm swept out very quickly and curved in around my back, pulling me back.

Against him!

For a long second my body was pressed against his, and then he slowly relaxed his arm as I stared up at him, heart starting to beat very fast.

“You okay?”

“Uhm, yes, thanks!” I gulped. “Sorry!”

“Sorry for stumbling?” he asked with a grin, dropping his arm.

“Uhm, sorry for uhm – .”

“For uhm... whatever,” I gulped, a bit confused.

“I'm sorry for not making sure the work site was clear before inviting you in,” he said. “Here.”

He took my arm, then, holding me firmly against him as he kind of guided me to the door.

“I'm fine!” I assured him. “It's mostly clear!”

“I wouldn't want anything to happen to you,” he said, releasing my arm at the doorway. “You've got a bill to pay in a few days, after all.”

There was nothing ostensibly wrong with the statement, as light hearted as it was, but I flushed again anyway!

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I had not stayed home all day every day. There were limits to how often I could

do that! I had to trust they wouldn't be poking around my lingerie drawer or jewelry cabinet while I was away. I somehow didn't see Eric doing that, or allowing anyone else to.

But they worked like demons anyway, finishing the tiles, and putting in the huge and heavy glass walls for the shower, as well as the sink cabinet and mirror.

And again, he stayed after his men, to do some finishing up. He was there alone when I got home, and I was dressed for working, in a stylish cream business suit complete with short skirt and high heels.

Eric's eyes widened when he saw me.

“Wow. You guys got a lot done!” I said admiringly, looking around.

He didn't immediately answer, and I turned to look at him to find him still staring at me. I cocked my head to one side and he seemed to shake himself.

“Uhm, yeah, it was a productive day,” he said, stepping closer to me. “Got most of the heavy work done. Still have some plumbing, lighting and electronics to do, though. You're looking uhm, good today.”

“I always look good,” I said with a superior grin.

“I'm sure you do.”

“It helps when dealing with male clients.”

“Ah, well, I can see that.”

“Like you don't play it up for your female clients,” I sniffed.

He raised his eyebrows.

“You know very well you're uhm, not a bad looking guy,” I said accusingly.

“Well.. I can't help that.”

“I'm sure some of your female clients are... influenced by that, shall we say?”

“Are you?” he asked with a grin.

“Me? Pish. I hardly even noticed you were a man. I thought you were a big lesbian at first.”

“I look feminine to you?” he asked in amusement.

“Well... not so much, no. But then, some lesbians don't either.”

He moved a little closer, and I backed up a bit, into the door frame.

“I hear lesbians are into some pretty kinky stuff,” he said.

“Uhm, I wouldn't know,” I replied warily. “You hear that? Or see it in videos?”

“Well, to be honest, the videos.”

I snorted in amusement.

“But they'd never lie.”

“Of course not!” I said with a snort and shake of my head. “I don't get why men find lesbians so interesting anyway. I mean, the fact they're lesbians mean they reject men!”

“Well, not necessarily the ones in the videos,” he said with a grin.

“News flash! They're not real lesbians!”

“Samantha, are you really wondering why men would find the sight of two beautiful naked girls making out to be exciting?” he asked.

I rolled my eyes. “I suppose not.”

“Because men would find the sight of two beautiful naked girls making a ham sandwich to be exciting,” he said.

“And how many men could handle two girls at once?” I asked.

“Well...”

“I don't want to know!” I said, holding a hand up.

“Let's just say there's a lot of me to love.”

“Oh Puhleeaze!”

“And when one girl is exhausted, I have a spare!”

I laughed in amusement, though I have to admit I was also feeling a low thrum of sexual energy at the same time.

“That would be why it would be handy to have a slave girl,” he said. “To have an available spare when I wear out my dates.”

“You have a swollen head,” I said, then blushed as he grinned at me.

My eyes flicked down involuntarily, and he laughed, which made me blush even more!

“Not yet,” he said.

That sent a jolt of sexual energy through me!

He stepped forward a bit closer and my hand rose automatically to press against his chest. His... very muscular, very warm chest, inside his very tight, very thin t-shirt!

“Now Samantha,” he said, as if chiding me. “I don't allow my clients to rub my chest.”

“I'm not... rubbing your chest!” I protested as my heart began to beat faster. “I'm pushing you back.”

“Not very hard,” he replied with a grin.

No, I wasn't, actually...

“You know, I haven't eaten yet,” he said.

He leaned in closer, and I felt myself getting breathless. Then he kissed me! It was a light, gentle kiss, but on the lips, and then he eased back, eyes intent as I stared up at him.

“Uhm,” I said.

Which was about the extent of my ability to form words just then.

He leaned in again and kissed me again, the same way, but... lingering! I had both hands on his chest now, instinctively thinking to push him back, except he was right that I wasn't pushing very damn hard!

And then I wasn't pushing at all! My hands were just kind of resting on his chest, and I could feel the strength of it through the thin cotton as his own hands came up gently, kind of skimmed along my hips and up my sides, then around behind me to pull me in against him as he let the kiss deepen.

And I just stood there like some kind of dizzy blonde!

I mean, things had escalated pretty abruptly! We'd been sort of flirting and joking around for the last couple of days, and I admit that I found him to be really, really hot, but I was taken aback, at first.

Thought not for long! My lips definitely liked what they were getting, and my instincts started kicking in so that I began to kiss back. My mind quickly followed along as a thrum of excitement rolled through me, and our lips continued to move together!

He drew back with a big smile. “I'll consider that a down payment on what I get when you're my indentured servant.”

I was still kind of fuzzy headed, but I snorted and slapped my hands against his chest.

“I can buy and sell you, buddy!”

Then I squealed as his hands suddenly shot down and grabbed my butt, lifted me up, swung me around, and set me down on the newly installed counter! He took a step back, grinning.

“How much are you offering, babe?”

“Ah, uhm... dinner?”

“You think I'm that cheap?” he demanded, folding his arms across his chest as if offended.

“You're a man. Of course you're cheap!”

He stepped forward again, hands on my knees, spreading them apart as he stepped right up against the counter!

“Depends on the coin,” he said in a low purr as his hands slid up and down the outside of my thighs.

“You don't think too much of yourself, do you, Mister Ferguson?” I demanded tartly.

He shrugged in a cocky fashion. “You hear the women scream your name in passion for a dozen years or so and you tend to get a... swelled head, y'know.”

His hands slid up to virtually envelope my head, drawing it forward as he kissed me again. And like before, this one started soft, then deepened and became more and more passionate as my own hands slid up and down his chest.

My heart was beating rapidly and my pulse racing as his tongue dipped into my mouth, and then I did something ridiculous and impulsive which I couldn't resist! The feel of his firmly muscled chest under my fingers was so delicious that I felt this incredible need to feel it directly!

So my hands slid down, tugged his shirt out of his belt, and then slid up the front of his torso underneath! The feel of his skin against my fingers sent a wave of breathless heat through my body as they rose up to his chest, and then he reached down, gripped the shirt, and peeled it up and over his head, tossing it behind him!

I had an 'oh shit' moment, for I hadn't intended things to go this far this fast. I mean, I barely knew him! We hadn't even had a date or a dinner or anything! But his heavy bulk was pressing in against me, so that my upper body leaned back and back until my shoulders hit the wall. And of course, my legs shifted wider apart as I leaned back, for balance.

And he pressed in against me, in my short skirt, his hands sliding through my hair and over my neck and shoulders, until I felt a jolt of shocked heat at the feel

of his rough denim against the thin protection of my lacy black thong!

The kiss kept on and on, getting more passionate, and his hands got... rougher, more passionate, as well. His body was pressing heavily against me, and my hands were still sliding helplessly over his chest and belly, filled with tactile delight at every inch of flesh they encountered!

They slid up over his shoulders and stroked from side to side along them even as I felt his hands drop from my head, then reappear at my chest, firmly squeezing my breasts! A moment later, as if subjected to the same instinctive need to feel flesh against his fingers as I had, they unbuttoned my blouse, then pushed it and my jacket up and back over my shoulders!

I moaned into his mouth, which was what my protest amounted to. I was thinking we needed to stop this, settle down, put our tops back on, and maybe have dinner and get to know each other. But saying all that would have meant stopping the kiss, and my body refused!

My legs were now half curled around him as he leaned over me, and a moment later I felt the tension go out of my bra as he released the clasp. I felt another jolt of excitement and energy and heat as he pulled the bra off and then filled his hands with my breasts!

His hands were as gentle, at first, as his lips had been, kneading my breasts, squeezing them softly together, his big thumbs stroking back and forth across my very stiff nipples. Then he eased back, dropping both his hands and his gaze.

I gulped, gasping for breath, and almost instinctively drew my hands in over my breasts as he stared at them. His hands, big and powerful, took my wrists very firmly, but without squeezing or hurting them and then jerked my hands up and back, pressing them against the wall above my head!

“Oh no, slave girl,” he growled. “You don't get to hide your assets from your new owner.”

The words confused me, even as the actions filled me with a mixture of dark excitement and uncertainty. I moved in certain circles, you see, among mostly well-educated men in positions of power and responsibility. Sex with them was gentle, for the most part, and a mutual sort of joining together.

I was definitely not used to being manhandled, even as a game! On the other hand, something about it was ... thrilling!

“I-I thought I was the one buying you!” I gulped.

He licked his lips, looking down at my breasts, and I unconsciously, or maybe consciously, pushed my chest forward, even as he held my wrists against the wall.

“I think I might be able to outbid you,” he said.

He dropped my wrists, his hands sliding around behind me and jerking my upper body in against his so that my breasts pillowed out against his bare chest! He kissed me, and I moaned against him, hands alighting on his shoulders again, before sliding down and around his ribs to explore his bare back.

His hands were caressing mine, after all, and then I realized the one on my lower back was undoing the button of my skirt and pulling down the zipper. I moaned into his mouth again, then yelped as he abruptly shifted back. His hands jerked the now loose skirt down, and his strength was such he was able to actually lift my butt in the air, lift my legs with it, bringing them together in the air in front of him, then tug my skirt down my legs!

I yelped, drawing my knees in against my body, then, legs together, but his hands gripped them and slowly, but very, very firmly forced them apart.

“Are you trying to deny your master his just reward?” he asked.

“You're a kinky bastard, aren't you?” I asked breathlessly.

His response was an evil chuckle.

“Open your legs, said the big bad wolf, or I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll eat you all up!”

“That's not how that goes!” I protested.

But he was already dropping low and pressing his face in against my sex, licking me through the thong! His hands spread my thighs wider as he licked, his big tongue using long, slow, firm strokes which followed the line of my sex. His

mouth opened wide, as if to envelope my body, and closed gently but firmly against me there as he growled low in his throat!

Then he curled a thumb into the side of my thong and jerked it aside to bare me completely! His tongue resumed licking, now on my bare flesh, and a storm of sensation exploded within my body!

I cried out, back arching, my hands dropping to his head, as if to push him in harder! I ... writhed there against the wall, more and more hot, raw sensation pumping through my body as his tongue licked at my clitoris!

He was doing something else while down, there, though. His hands dropped from my thighs to do it, but then as my thighs began to close around his head, as my breathing became more and more ragged, as the heat built up within me, he stood up abruptly.

He had taken off his boots, and had the laces in his hands! He took my left hand, turned it over, kissed the back of my knuckles, then kissed my wrist before tying one of his bootlaces around it! I just... stared. I was panting, gulping, flushed, deeply aroused, and my eyes just blinked rapidly as I watched him wrap the shoelace around my wrist half a dozen times, then tie it.

He took my hand out to the side and down to my ankle, then tied the other end of the bootlace around my ankle!

“Wh-what... what... are you... doing?” I gasped breathlessly.

“I have some experience with women losing control,” he said. “I wouldn't want you to hurt yourself.”

I stared at him in confusion, not sure if he was joking or not, even as he took my other hand and tied the bootlace around it. I started to get qualms, of course, even with the arousal. Uncertainty and hesitation gripped me, and I sort of bit my lip as I considered refusing or...

He stretched my arm out to the other side to tie it to my other ankle!

“But... but I don't understand!” I moaned.

“Sure you do. You said it yourself. I'm a kinky pervert.”

And then he dropped to his knees again, abruptly grabbing my legs and jerking them in and up so that I gasped and slid downward onto my back on the counter with my butt on the edge and my feet – and my bound wrists – in the air!

His lips pressed down against my clitoris, then, kissing me hard, ferociously, then sucking, then beginning to massage me as his tongue pushed out and started licking!

“Fuck!” I moaned.

“We’ll get to that,” he replied.

His tongue lapped furiously, his mouth threatening to devour me! He was as good down there as he was up top, and my hips began to grind helplessly against him as the sexual pressure and sensations built up to the point I could hardly keep still and had to writhe and grind and tremble beneath him!

The orgasm tore through me like an explosion! I cried out, again and again as the wild, feverish heat broke and sent a wall of overheated pleasure sweeping through my body and mind! My legs and arms jerked spastically as I writhed and trembled and shook through the storm of sensation!

But that was only his warm-up act! His tongue continued to stroke and caress, and now his fingers got into the act, sliding up and down the line of my sex, then easing inside me! Two long, big fingers slid into my body, curling up and back and pumping in and out!

They pressed up and out towards where he was licking, while at the same time doing something wild to my head and body. His hand was big, his fingers big, and two of them together were damn well as thick as some of the cocks I’d had inside me!

His fingers moved slowly, at first, but the speed grew in tandem to the force of his licking tongue, and I began to grind and shake and undulate there on the counter, gasping and moaning and panting for breath!

Another orgasm rolled over me like a freight train, car after car making me shudder and writhe and cry out as his fingers thrust deeper and harder and my body responded with a kind of voracious hunger and sexual fever I could hardly ever remember experiencing!

He added a third finger, stretching my opening, making me ache, but ache deliciously, and I cried out, head thrashing and hair spilling across my face as he caught my clitoris between his lips and sucked in a powerful, rhythmic way which felt as though he were trying to drive me insane!

He stood up suddenly, his fingers still in me, still pumping, and gripped my hair roughly jerking my head back as he leaned in to chew and suck and bite and kiss his way along the nape of my neck! Then his mouth crushed mine as his thumb came down on my clitoris!

He swept his thumb back up and down across my clitoris as his fingers moved, then from side to side. I was wet, and his thumb was quickly very slick against my flesh. And his hand was so... strong in my hair, so controlling, jerking my head up so firmly, that even though it ached, and pulled at my scalp, I had this incredible sensation of being... owned, of being mastered, of being dominated by him!

And I came again, trembling and shaking as his voracious mouth practically fed against mine!

He jerked his hands and head back, jerked his pants down, and then his cock sprang up hard and thick and long! He lay it against me, point at my gasping open mouth, and I stared at it, transfixed, as he slowly pumped it in and out, letting the shaft slide along the moist lips of my sex.

“Do you want it, slave girl?” he growled.

“Y-Yes!” I squeaked.

“Beg me to fuck you.”

I moaned helplessly, eyes flicking back and forth between his face and his cock.
“Please fuck me!”

“Again!”

“Please fuck me!”

His big hand closed around my throat! It was big enough to almost completely encircle it, and I gasped, eyes widening, despite the fact he wasn't holding it very tightly.

“Again.”

“Please fuck me!” I gasped.

“Sir,” he said. “Say sir.”

I blinked in confusion, and his hand tightened momentarily.

“Sir!” I gasped.

“Beg me to fuck you.”

“Please fuck me, sir!” I gasped.

Saying the word was... weird... I mean... it kind of did something, sent a strange ripple of heat through my body!

“Again.”

“Please fuck me, sir!”

He leaned in, eyes boring into mine, and I felt the shaft of his cock shift, felt the head pressing against me. I moaned, unable to take my eyes away from his, but desperately needing to watch! I felt the head of his cock stretching me open wide, deliciously, wonderfully, achingly wide!

Then it pushed into the mouth of my sex, and slid deeper and deeper as I began to gasp and cry out at the fullness of him! He was a big fucking man and his cock matched the rest of him! I felt that delicious, intense feeling of being

owned, and being mastered, joining with an exultant physical gratification as his thick shaft slid through the tightly clutching walls of my sex!

It was like I'd been vacant and wanting, needing to be penetrated during the previous orgasms, and fingers just were not doing it! But now he was stretching and filling me and going deeper than his fingers had, and I gurgled in passion that was rising to a feverish state once again!

And then he started to thrust! He released my throat, but grabbed my ankles, slapping my feet back against the wall above my head as he drove his hips into me with hard, deep strokes! That forced my arms up tautly, the bootlaces digging into my wrists but reminding me of how kinky this was, of how helpless I was before him!

His hips began to strike my upraised buttocks as he stroked, and I began to cry out as the head of his cock punched deep into my belly! Again and again he rammed himself into me! He pinned my ankles together with one big hand and dropped the other one to roughly grope my breasts, and then just as I was beginning to orgasm again his hand shot up to close around my throat!

My head began to pulse and throb, and the orgasm exploded inside it, and then sort of expanded and expanded within the confines of my skull as if there was no way to escape! It grew more and more intense, the sensations burning through my mind and my brain until I screamed and screamed – but silently, because I couldn't breathe!

My body trembled like a tuning fork, twisting and jerking and spasming as he continued to pound himself against me, and I'm sure my eyes rolled back in my head as the world began to turn to strange colors and sparkling black dots!

And all the while an incredibly intense orgasm was raging within me, driving me insane!

He jerked his hand away and I sucked in deep, shaking breaths of air as he forced my legs back even more heavily and pounded himself against me! I felt crushed and mashed together, overpowered and... utterly dominated!

And I use that word knowingly, though at the time I didn't. It was just a feeling.

He stopped, finally, pressed against me, panting for breath, flushed and gulping

in air himself. I was drained and exhausted and sore, but more than that I was shell-shocked from the explosion of pleasure, the incredible, unbelievable intensity of the wild, rough, raw, passionate sex!

He untied my wrist from my ankles, at least, and let my legs down more or less gently. I lay slumped across the counter naked and dazed, as if drunk, my head pushed forward by the wall so that my chin was on my chest.

My wrists still had those bootlaces tied to them, and now he tied them together and raised my hands up over my head. I groaned wearily, confusedly, blinking at him and just starting to stir. He grinned at me, then gripped my hips and pulled me forward before flipping me over onto my belly.

“Ungh! Wha?”

He let my legs down onto the floor, then pulled my arms up above me to the wall above the counter. There were brackets in the wall, put there for hanging the upper cabinets, and he tied the bootlaces to one.

“What are... are you... doing?” I gasped breathlessly.

He jerked my head up and back by the hair and I cried out, even as his body pressed itself into my buttocks and I felt his hot breath on my cheek.

“You think we're finished, slave girl?” he asked in a soft, purring whisper?

He released my hair and dropped to his knees, then roughly jerked my thighs apart! I cried out as I was unbalanced, and the boot laces went taut, digging into my wrists

“Colin!” I moaned in complaint!

But then I felt his mouth on my sex! His mouth opened wide to envelope me, sucking and mouthing me, massaging my lower lips with his mouth, with his lips, his tongue sliding out gently, then his thumbs spreading the lips of my sex so his tongue could push into me!

“Fuck!” I moaned weakly, dropping my head.

My abdomen was pressed firmly into the edge of the counter, and my upper

body bent forward at a forty five degree angle, my wrists tied to one of the brackets. My breasts felt warm and they throbbed softly as I felt his tongue slithering up between my labia and exploring the mouth of my sex.

His tongue licked fast little licks across my clitoris and I moaned, my hips starting to grind helplessly back against him.

“Like that, slave girl?” he asked.

“You're a fucking pervert!” I groaned

He stood up behind me and then slapped my ass! I yelped at the sharp blow, then cried out as he jerked my head up and back again.

“Is that any way to talk about your master, slave girl?” he asked in a mild voice.

“Y-You're not my master!” I gasped breathlessly, as he kneaded my breast.

He pulled his hand from my breast and slapped my ass again, which stung!

I cried out weakly, but to be honest, the heat was starting to wrap itself around me again, and I was finding all this kinky stuff to be amazingly hot and thrilling

“Are you going to act like a bad girl?” he asked in a purr.

“If I want to!”

Crack! His hand slapped my butt again!

“I think I can teach you some discipline, slave girl,” he said.

“Ha!”

Crack!

I gasped, and the blow did sting, but I was becoming so aroused that it didn't seem to really hurt, if you know what I mean.

“Bastard!”

Crack!

“Bitch.”

“Ow! Stop it!”

Crack!

“Say please.”

“Bite me!”

He grinned and jerked back on my hair again, and I cried out as his teeth slid in along the nape of my neck and did just that! At the same time, one of his hands groped my breast, then slid down to finger my clitoris, which was still swollen and burning!

“P-Pervert!” I gasped.

He drew back, releasing my hair, then bent down and picked up his jeans. I twisted my head around and gasped as he drew the thin leather belt from the loops and doubled it in his hand.

“You wouldn't dare!”

“The word is... sir,” he said.

“Pervert!”

He grinned and swung the belt. Okay, not very hard, but still, it did snap down across my bare bottom, which was pushed out back because of how I was bent forward over the counter. And it stung! It didn't really sting more than his hand had, though. In fact, probably less.

“Ow!”

“Say, please lick my pussy, sir.”

I hesitated, because that was sure what I wanted, but I felt the need to challenge him anyway, even though I didn't want to win the challenge! I mean, my mind was kind of fucked up, awash in heat and emotions and confusion as he ran his hands up and down my body.

“Kiss my ass, sir,” I gulped.

Crack!

I hissed, as the belt cut across my bottom.

Crack!

“Ow!”

He swung it a second time. And again, it stung, but there was a rush of excitement which came with it, a sort of deliciously outraged excitement which fed into the sexual heat enveloping me and made it burn hotter!

“Prick!”

Crack!

“Asshole!”

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Naughty little slave girl,” he said, caressing my bottom.

My ass was starting to burn hotly now, but somehow that heat was resonating through my body, through my lower belly, and making my insides throb too!

Crack!

I moaned, closing my eyes, and felt the next blow cutting across my bottom!

Crack!

It stung, and the heat grew, but so too did the wild rush... yes, the rush. This was an incredible rush!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The blows were slow, methodical, and each one rocked me, making my body

jerk against the counter, against the thick leather laces binding my wrists. Each one sent a sharp sting through my buttocks, which then melted into a dull, throbbing ache.

And each one made my pussy thrum with energy, and my breasts tingle!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

I shuddered and moaned, head hanging down, hair getting ragged, breasts wobbling as my body jerked.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

My ass was starting to burn very hotly indeed! I was gasping and moaning, a part of me still wanting to be defiant, even though another larger part of me didn't want to succeed with my defiance! At the same time, I could sense him watching me intently, waiting for me to signal it was too much, and getting rapidly turned on again himself!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

I sobbed at the last blow, shuddering, my bottom burning hotly now, and then cried out as his hand thrust between my legs, cupping my sex, squeezing it, his fingers massaging me roughly! Then his thumb pressed against my small back opening as his fingers pushed into my pussy!

I cried out again as he yanked back on my hair, forcing my head up and back, and I felt his lips and teeth and tongue against the nape of my neck again!

“Hot, sexy little slave girl,” he growled.

His thumb, which was damn big and thick and long, pushed into my bottom as his fingers, first two, then three, pushed up into my sex. Then a fourth tried to jam its way in as I cried out dazedly, my hips jerking against the pain as his fingers strained the hot, moist, swollen labia, stretching them painfully!

“Hot slut,” he growled, chewing his way up under my earlobe. “Hot, sexy bitch.”

His fingers were hurting me! But that was nothing compared to the feral heat consuming my brain!

“Ah! Oh! Ungh!” I gasped, as his fingers wriggled and pushed their way up inside me!

“You already called me sir and begged me to fuck you,” he growled.

I squealed as his hand shifted and twisted and squeezed together inside me, as if I were a glove! And as his hand moved, my hips moved, in and out and from side to side!

“Say sir.”

“Sir!” I cried.

“Are my my slut?”

“Yes, sir!” I gasped, as his fingers pulled up against the wall of my sex.

He released my hair and his hand dropped down the front of my body until his fingers could roughly stroke against my clitoris! At the same time, he was pumping the fingers of his other hand into me from behind as his thumb remained lodged deep in my ass!

And I felt an orgasm boil up through my lower belly that made me arch back and made my hips buck back frantically against his fingers as I cried out again and again!

He chuckled low in his throat when it finally faded and I slumped forward, gasping for breath. Then he dropped to his knees behind me, spread my legs wider, and began to lick once again.

I moaned in denial, finished, worn out, but he ignored me as he sucked and licked and massaged my sex until I came again. Only then did he rise, hard, and thrust himself into me once more, using me like a whore, yanking at my hair and roughly groping and even slapping at my breast as he rode me hard and fast, his powerful body pounding against me as I cried out and the world dissolved into orgasm after orgasm!

*

It had been only an hour or so. But it had been the most shocking, wicked,

wanton, thrilling hour of my life, with more sexual pleasure in it than in the previous few years put together! It had been like listening to a soft, delicate violin playing slowly and then having the cymbals crash together! It was that sharp a shock!

And it wasn't done! Eric untied my wrists, kissing them, where the laces had dug into them, then carried me out of the ensuite and set me down on my bed. But then he began to open the drawers of my dresser!

“Wh-what are you – .”

“Do you have some scarves?”

I swallowed, and licked my lips. “Third drawer.”

He rummaged through and emerged with a black silk scarf, grinning at me as he folded it neatly over and came back to the bed. With a casual grip on my hip and thigh he flipped me over onto my belly, then pulled my wrists together behind my back and tied them firmly in place. Then another scarf went across my eyes, to be tied together around my head.

“Oh! What are you doing?” I moaned.

“Sir,” he said.

I sucked in a breath, my heart still pounding from the wild sex in the bathroom.

“What are you doing, sir?” I asked meekly.

“Whatever I want. That's what you do with a slave girl.”

I felt his hand in my hair and wasn't all that surprised, though I gasped in pain, as he pulled my head up and back. I had to respond, though, and with my wrists tied the only thing my body could do was go in the direction of the pull. That made me scramble up and off the bed.

He released my hair and I felt his hand on my arm as he led me from the room then into the hall, then from the direction, and the tile underfoot, into the kitchen. He led me over to the island, turned me around, lifted me up and dropped my bottom onto the cool granite top, then pushed me back across it so I had to lay

back down on my arms.

He spread my legs wide apart with my bottom at the edge of the counter and bent my legs back so that my ankles were pressed to my thighs. I felt something going around my legs then, at the thighs, some kind of soft rope or cord, and I gulped as my ankles were tied in place.

I felt his hands on my legs, slowly pressing them wider and wider, until I gasped in pain.

“That's too far!” I groaned.

He eased his pull and released my legs.

“Lay there, slave girl and don't move. I'm going to make dinner,” he said.

Was he kidding?! I was supposed to lay here like this in this... obscene position, while he made dinner!?

And yet, I was still shell-shocked, still dazed, and still drained, even though I was also feeling a tingle of sexual electricity running up and down my spine. So I obeyed as I heard the sound of cupboards and drawers opening and closing. I heard the fridge opening and closing, too, and other sounds of food preparation.

And I began to feel... well... self-conscious, and silly.

“Why am I lying here like this?” I asked.

“Because I told you to,” he said.

Then I felt his fingers on my nipples, felt them being pinched and pulled. I gasped in pain, arching my back.

“Ow! Oh! Please!”

“Mister Ferguson,” he said.

“Mister Ferguson! Mister Ferguson!” I cried.

He released my nipples, and I felt him lightly caress my breasts before his hands moved to my thighs, spreading them wider again.

Then he returned to whatever he was doing at the other counter.

This was insane! But it was also incredibly kinky, kinky in a way which made my mind squirm both in discomfort and excitement.

The faucet went on for a bit, and something went under water. The fridge opened and closed, and cupboards banged.

And then his hands landed on my breasts, startling me! They kneaded my breasts gently for long seconds before coasting gently up and down my body, caressing and stroking me, fingering my sex, rubbing my clitoris, and then sliding back up to roll and lightly pluck my nipples.

There were leather bar stools on the outside of the island. I heard one being pulled out, then in, and his hands slid up my body to knead my breasts again as his tongue ran up and down the line of my sex. He licked upward to find my clitoris, and tease it with his tongue, then suck on it with his lips while his fingers worked over my breasts.

“Don't you ever get enough?” I groaned.

“Sir,” he said, pinching my nipples. “You forgot to say sir.”

“Ow! Oh! Sir! Sir!”

His fingers released my nipples, and slid downward to spread my thighs wider, then his thumbs eased in between the lips of my sex and spread them open as his tongue moved down and into the warm, throbbing valley between them.

His fingers followed, sliding in and out of me, one, then two, then three as my senses focused more and more on what was happening down there!

Then he paused, and the chair slid back. I heard him across at the counter doing things. After a minute or so he returned and started licking again. My clitoris was becoming extremely sensitive! I mean, more than usual! His licking tongue was starting to send hot rushes of sensation up through my body!

My breathing was becoming ragged and I was moaning and gasping, heat and sexual electricity rolling up and down my body. Then he stopped, and the bar stool slid out. I heard him at the stove, something sizzling there, and smelling of

steak. I did have steaks in the freezer, so I supposed that was what he was making.

Nice to know he could cook!

The fridge opened and closed, and then he returned. I felt his mouth at my right breast, sucking and lightly nibbling my nipple.

“Are you my slave girl?” he asked.

His fingers squeezed my breast firmly.

“Say yes sir,” he said.

I felt something... hot... then realized it was actually very cold, against the tip of my rigid nipple, and gasped, twisting and trying to pull away.

“Oh! Oh Don't!”

“Sir,” he said patiently, rubbing what had to be an ice cube against my nipple.

“Sir!” I cried.

“Are you my slave girl?”

“Yes, sir!”

He released my breast, but then I felt the cube rubbing lightly against the tip of my left nipple.

“Say it.”

“I'm your slave girl, sir!” I gasped.

“You are? How lovely. I've always wanted a sex slave.”

I moaned low in my throat, then gasped as the ice cube was applied much more firmly, rolling back and forth over my nipple!

“Oh! Oh! Please, sir!” I gasped.

“Are you my sex slave?”

“Yes, sir!” I cried.

He shifted the cube to the other nipple!

“Say it.”

“I'm your sex slave, sir!” I exclaimed.

He removed the cube and replaced it with his mouth, sucking rhythmically, his warm tongue soothing the cold on my skin.

“Bastard,” I groaned.

He pulled his mouth off and I yelped as the cube rolled around and around and back and forth over my nipple.

“Please sir!”

“Are you sorry for being a bad girl, slave girl?” he purred.

“Yes, sir! Oh! Oh! I'm sorry for being a bad girl, sir!” I gasped.

The ice cube slid off my breast and down my lower chest and belly, then off.

“I expect my sex slave to be properly respectful at all times,” he said.

I bit my tongue against saying something, not wanting the ice cube against me again!

And then the chair was pulled in and he started licking at my pussy again! His licking tongue and sucking mouth had me twisting and writhing and arching as the sexual power built up within me, and then he pulled his mouth off me momentarily, and when it dropped down again it was suddenly icy cold!

“Oh! Oh! Oh! Don't! Oh! Please! Please, sir!” I gasped, twisting a lot more energetically.

He had an ice cube in his mouth now as he sucked and licked at me!

His hands held my thighs wide as his tongue pushed down into my sex, dipping and stroking and caressing, jolting me with the sudden cold! Then it pulled back, leaving me gasping, and when it pressed against me again it was warm!

I had no idea how it had gotten so warm so fast but did it ever feel great! It slid in and out of me and up and across my quivering clitoris, bringing warmth and a sensual tactile pleasure with it. My hips began to roll upward again with his licks, and the rolls got harsher and stronger as I fell into the rhythm of what he was doing.

And another orgasm swept through me as I lay there! I arched and twisted and my head thrashed as the pleasure rolled over me in waves, and his fingers plunged deep, pumping hard inside me as his lips sucked hungrily on my burning clitoris!

And then he went back to his cooking!

I was left on the counter, panting, moaning, and rolling my head from side to side, still bound and blindfolded, and thinking of what an absolutely astonishing evening this was turning into.

His hands returned to me, sliding slowly over my body, caressing it. Only now they were warm and slick... very slick.

“What is that!?” I gasped.

“Hmmm?”

“What do you... what at you putting on me?”

He pinched my nipples and I gasped and arched.

“Sir,” he said.

“Ow! Sir! What are you putting on me, sir!?”

“Butter,” he said.

“What? No way! You are not!”

“Are you calling me a liar, slave girl?”

I thought about that a moment... “No, sir!” I gulped.

“Smart slave girl.”

I knew it wasn't butter, though. I thought it was probably baby oil. He must have found it in the pile of stuff I'd removed from the bathroom and left off to one side.

The feel of his hands as they slid over my body was quite different now, much more slick and slippery, and my body was taking on the same feel. I could soon smell the baby oil, conforming what he was using, and I grumbled mentally, because someone would have to clean the counter later and I was pretty sure that would be me.

At the same time, the feel of his slippery hands caressing me was ... not unpleasant!

His hands slid down my thighs and up between them, back over my hips and down my legs to my ankles – which, of course, were actually pressed up and back against my thighs. I felt him untying my left ankle, then gently extending it as he slid his oiled hand slowly up and down its length, massaging the oil into my skin.

He let my leg lay down along the counter, then turned to the other, untying it and again applying oil, sliding it up and down the leg, raising it up high and back, back, back, pressing it against my breast as I groaned, then laying it back forward again and down.

I felt his big hands grip me just under the arms, and then I was being lifted into a sitting position. Since I was on the edge of the counter and all oiled up I promptly slid off, but he held me easily, then turned me around and bent me forward again.

I gasped as my oiled breasts pillowed out against the counter, and his hands pulled my legs aside.

“Legs straight and wide apart, slave,” he said. “Hips raised and bottom pushed out.”

I grunted as he positioned me. A moment later his fingers pushed into me, and began to slide in and out, his thumb stroking my clitoris at the same time. A second then a third finger pushed into me, stretching me and making me gasp and moan.

And then... something else pushed against me! It wasn't him, that was for sure. It was far too hard, like wood or steel or plastic or... something!

“Wh-what is that?” I moaned.

He ignored me, and I felt it turning and twisting and pushing in. I groaned as the lips of my sex were stretched especially wide, aching wide! Then the thing slowly slid into my body, turning and twisting, pushing and pulling back, but being forced ever deeper into the tight sleeve of my body!

“Oh! Ungh! It's too big!” I whined.

“That's for your master to decide, slave girl,” he said calmly.

The thing was filling me up! I was starting to suspect I knew what it was, too! From the size and shape and feel, and the lack of anything else I could think of around my apartment, the bastard had a cucumber in his hand!

It wasn't cold, so at least he'd warmed it up, but oh how it stretched me inside! I groaned and gasped and shuddered as it moved deeper, as his fingers rubbed at my clitoris, and the heat began to reignite within me!

“Pervert!” I gasped.

I cried out as the thing thrust sharply deeper, and then it seemed to... I don't know, like something inside me adjusted so that it sort of slid in as if my body was welcoming it, sucking it inside!

He moved away and I heard the sink come on, then the sound of water splashing.

“Don't move, sex slave, or you'll get another strapping,” he called over to me.

I groaned, obeying, but mostly because I didn't know what else to do.

I stood there like that with this... thing in my pussy, and sticking out of my pussy,

for several minutes! Then he returned to the counter and the smell of food was very strong as he set plates down on the counter in front of me.

“Mmm, good,” I heard from in front of me.

He was on the other side of the counter, facing me, eating! I shifted in confusion for a moment.

“Keep those legs straight and bottom high, slave girl, or you get a spanking,” he warned.

“I'm hungry,” I grumbled, “Sir.”

“Open your mouth.”

I hesitated uncertainty, then opened my mouth. A moment later his fingers slid in and then out, depositing something on my tongue! I closed my lips with a snap, and then tasted a piece of steak in my mouth! Shit!

Well... there wasn't anything else to do but chew and swallow.

“You are so... weird,” I moaned.

“No more food for you.”

“No, I'm hungry!” I protested.

“Apologize to your master then,” he said in an amused voice.

“I'm sorry for uhm, insulting you, sir.”

“Would you like another piece of steak, sex slave?”

That term was making my muscles spasm low down!

“Yes, please. Sir.”

“Mouth open.”

My chest and chin were on the counter. I opened my mouth and his fingers slid inside, then deposited another piece of steak on my tongue before withdrawing. I

chewed and swallowed.

“What is inside me?” I groaned.

“Sir.”

“What is inside me, sir?”

“Hmm? Lots of things, slave girl.”

“Is that a cucumber, sir?”

“Maybe.”

“God! It's too big!”

“It seems to be fitting just fine.”

“It's... I feel all... stretched out!” I groaned.

“A slave girl should be all stretched out a lot. Maybe when I start letting my friends use your body, two or three or five at a time you'll come to get used to that feeling.”

“That's not going to happen!”

“Don't argue with your master, slave girl. Maybe I'll bring my crew back and they'll all ravish you all night long.”

“Pervert,” I grumbled.

“I guess someone doesn't want any more steak,” he said.

“Oh! I'm sorry, sir!” I said. “You're a wonderful, amazing master! Can I have more steak, sir!?”

“Mouth open, but no words please.”

I opened my mouth and waited... and waited... and started to wonder if this was just him amusing himself. Then his fingers slid in and deposited another piece of steak. I chewed and swallowed, then opened my mouth again and waited.

He got up and I gasped as I felt pressure on the end of the cucumber, slowly pushing it deeper. Then he came back around and sat down again, leaving me gasping!

And then he fed me another piece of steak!

What a way to eat dinner!

He started to ask me about my work, and tell me about his, carrying on an insanely normal conversation given that I was naked, tied up, blindfolded and bent over the counter with my ass in the air and a cucumber inside me!

When dinner was finished he moved around putting things away and washing up. Every now and then he returned to finger my clitoris, which was incredibly sensitive and swollen, the flesh tight and taut from the pressure of the cucumber he'd jammed inside me!

It was an obscene and degrading position, and despite that, or maybe because of it, it was also an incredible turn-on! The fact I was helpless and at his mercy added to the sense of dark, wicked thrills as he set my body to burning again with his skilled fingers and hands.

At one point he drew my legs back together, squeezing my inner thighs against the cucumber still protruding from my throbbing depths. I moaned helplessly as his hand slid over my slick bottom, then a moment later I was left alone for an interminable period, hearing nothing, feeling nothing.

“Now, repeat after me,” he said, his voice appearing beside me. “I am your slave girl, sir.”

God! Kinky, nasty games! But... okay!

“I am your slave girl,sir,” I gulped.

“My body belongs to you.”

'My body belongs to you.”

“You can do anything you like to me, or let any of your friends do anything they like to me.”

I inhaled sharply at that one! But it wasn't like it was a real promise or was going to happen.

“You can do anything you like to me or let your friends do anything they like to me,” I said breathlessly.

“A sex slave's body is for anyone to use.”

“A sex slave's body is for anyone to use,” I echoed.

“Now I'm going to invite my crew back here to give you a good time,” he said. “All three of them have talked about what they'd like to do with your fine body, and now they'll get to.”

I yelped as something cut across my bottom! There was more than one of them. They were thin, lightweight, and yet it stung a bit. I thought they might be the boot laces he'd used to tie my hands earlier!

“Say yes sir,” he said.

“Yes, sir,” I half moaned.

The laces swished down and cut across my bottom again.

“Say please invite your crew to come over here and gang bang me, sir.”

I moaned as the heat started to rush up inside me, and he swung the laces again, cutting across my bottom stingingly.

“Say it, sex slave.”

“P-Please invite your crew to come over her and gang bang me, sir!” I gulped.

“This might surprise you, slave girl, but I already did,” he said. “They're here now standing behind you.”

I started, but didn't believe him. Still, a tiny part of me thought, well, he might have done it! And that added a degree of breathless anxiety to the fuzz filling my mind!

The laces slashed down across my bottom again and I gasped.

“Spread your legs, slave girl,” he ordered.

I obeyed, and moaned as I felt his hand between my legs, fingering my clitoris, the palm pressing against the cucumber to jam the head even deeper!

The laces cut across my buttocks again!

“Raise that tight ass higher, slave.”

I moaned and complied, as his fingers stroked my clitoris.

“Tell me you want a big cock inside you.”

“I-I want a big cock inside me!” I moaned.

This was insanely kinky!

“Beg me to fuck you hard.”

“Please fuck me hard, sir!” I groaned.

“No, no, not me. Ask Leon. Leon is the black guy.”

I gulped, another swirling rush of heat filling me.

Thwack! The laces cut across my bottom again!

“Beg Leon to fuck you, slave girl.”

“Please fuck me, Leon!” I moaned.

His fingers stroked harder against my clitoris, and my hips began to grind helplessly.

Thwack! The laces cut across my bottom.

“Beg Leon to fuck your ass,” he ordered.

I shuddered as I felt his hand rise up, felt his thumb – at least I thought it was his thumb – pressing against my wrinkled back opening! Because I was all slick with oil his thumb slowly sank into me, and I felt another quandary, another wild

confusion in my mind!

Should I say no!? I don't usually allow that kind of thing! I mean, I thought it was kind of gross and I much preferred having a man's cock in my pussy!

Thwack! Thwack!

I winced at the blows.

“Beg Leon to fuck your ass, sex slave,” he ordered.

God!

“Please fuck my ass, Leon!” I gasped.

The thumb pumped in and out of my ass, while I felt fingers stroking my clitoris, and pressure was applied to the cucumber. I felt the vegetable, if that was what it was, push even deeper, and groaned at the ache! But it was thrilling, despite any pain, knowing how full I was!

“Beg Leon to put his big black cock into your tight little white ass,” he ordered.

I moaned and begged.

“Beg Leon to fill your ass with black cock,” he ordered.

“Please fill my ass with black cock, Leon!” I moaned.

“You ready? He's a foot long and as thick as a coke can. And he loves to do prissy white girls in the ass,” he said.

I was vaguely offended at the stereotype, but too excited to care. I was bothered more with him thinking I was 'prissy'. I mean, just because I dressed well that didn't mean I was prissy!

His thumb pulled out and I felt the cock pushing against me, sliding slowly inside. I groaned, excitement mounting. The fact I couldn't say with one hundred percent certainty that it was him just added an even more thrilling edge to what was happening!

Of course, if I thought for a moment there was another man back there I'd have

been mortified!

His cock sank into me slowly, drawing back and pushing forward as I knelt obediently, breasts pillowed out against the counter, bottom raised, legs straight and apart. I grunted and gasped and moaned as he worked himself slowly deeper, his hands roaming my body with a rough, casual attitude which included jerking my hair up and back at one point, slapping my bottom, and roughly groping my breasts.

This was so sick, I thought excitedly.

But when it began to move with authority, began to fuck my ass, the heat flared up even hotter. The deeper he drove himself the hotter I got, until his hips were slapping against my buttocks and I was crying out at every stroke! This was hot and dirty and nasty and wonderfully thrilling!

And I was sooo full! With whatever he'd put into my pussy and now his cock filling my ass, it was insane! The sensations were flooding through my body and my mind was feverish with heat and excitement!

“I'm getting video of this,” he said. “Of you and Leon.”

I moaned helplessly, and came, crying out, then crying out even more as he jerked back on my hair and thrust his arm down below my hip so his fingers could rub my clitoris! I impaled myself on his big cock again and again, crying out dazedly, overcome with passion and lust as a string of orgasms rolled over me, one after the other!

And all the while he fucked my ass hard and fast! God!

And when he finally finished, there was a long pause, with me bent over, panting, moaning, and trying to recover. I heard the front door open and close, and gasped, jerking upright, mouth open. But then Colin was there, grasping my hair and forcing my head up and back sharply.

“I didn't say you could move, slave girl,” he said calmly. “I was just showing Leon out.”

And again, though I didn't believe him, the faint possibility that it could actually have been another man there filled me with a strange sense of shocked heat.

He led me down the hall and into what turned out to be the main bathroom, the one I'd been using while the other was under construction. There he finally untied me and removed the blindfold. I blinked my eyes, and gazed at him, seeing him naked as he grinned... no, smirked at me.

“Bastard!” I said.

His hands swept around me, picked me up, and carried me into the tub, where the shower had already been turned on, then kissed me long and passionately as the water poured down on the both of us.

Getting cleaned up was fun, especially since he helped. Then he helped clean the kitchen cupboard before going home.

What a night! I mean, I'd had sex before often enough, but never anything like that! It completely overshadowed everything else which had recently happened in my life, as if it had all been one of those black and white flashbacks and suddenly here was bright, clear color!

Wow! I mean... wow! That was really my only response for quite a while afterward. I had never put a lot of thought into bondage and submission and all that stuff before.. but now I felt a breathless excitement at the memories of what had happened, of the shocking things I'd done, and what might happen next!

Was I ready for this kind of, well, kinky lifestyle? Me, a slave girl? I mean, a pretend slave girl? Well, hey, it had sure been wild this night! And if he wanted to do more tomorrow I sure wasn't going to say no!

A slave girl had to do what she was told, after all!

END

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Have praise, suggestions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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