

PHAZE
HEAT SHEET FETISH



REESE GABRIEL
CUPID'S CAPTIVE

CUPID'S CAPTIVE

CUPID'S CAPTIVE

A PHAZE FETISH HEATSHEET BY

REESE GABRIEL

REESE GABRIEL

Phaze
6470A Glenway Avenue, #109
Cincinnati, OH 45211-5222

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

eBook ISBN 1-59426-593-3
Cupid's Captive © 2006 by Reese Gabriel

All rights reserved under the International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Cover art © 2006 by Kathryn Lively

Phaze is an imprint of Mundania Press, LLC.



www.Phaze.com

CUPID'S CAPTIVE

John Cupid hated Valentine's Day almost as much as he hated his name. As a child he'd been forced to endure endless teasing, and even now people kept at it, acting like he was supposed to be some kind of incarnation of the cherubic god of love.

Love...

John had no more use for it than he did for the holiday. Lust was the only thing one could quantify, and that was far too fickle to control. Being a lawyer, he knew enough to get everything in writing—including the sexual likes and dislikes of his partners.

His own interests tended towards bondage and domination. He was a sexual master and he liked his women pliant, obedient, and submissive. John gave the orders in bed and all his naughty, consenting girls got sore bottoms.

Hell, even the good girls got them.

There were no shortage of applicants, due to John's natural charm and good looks. He kept things light, no strings attached, no problems down the line. It was a good system and tonight he had a hot new prospect lined up: a perky PR executive he'd met at a club last week.

Unfortunately, there are situations one can't get out of in life, and when his partner at the small law firm they co-ran came to him practically begging him to take his little sister out for Valentine's Day, he could see his hot night with Marilee flying out the window.

"John," implored the wiry, lean-faced Carl Hayes. "How often do I ask for personal favors? Steffy is on her college break and my folks specifically asked me to keep her out of trouble, especially on Valentine's Day. God knows what a pretty, precocious girl like her could get into."

"Why don't you hire a baby sitter?" grumbled John, who was having a hard time seeing Steffy as anything other than the wise ass seventeen-year-old in pigtails and bright pink sneakers who spent her time listening to music that made a cat fight sound melodic.

Carl shook his head. "She's twenty-one now, John. I can't buy her off with ice cream and lip gloss. If you don't take care of her she'll go out clubbing. I'd do it myself, but you know I have to meet with that Japanese consortium."

John ran his hand through his thick, dark hair. It was half past four already. "Thanks for the advanced notice."

Carl's expression was pained. His brow pinched. "I can't help it, buddy, she just called me out of the blue."

John sighed. Carl never could stand up to women. "You owe me for this. You do."

"You name your terms." Carl brightened like a man reprieved. "You're the man, John."

"No," he quipped. "I'm the big fat sucker, born about a minute ago."

John speed dialed Marilee, his date for the night with the bad news. He had to leave a voice mail. Talk about low class. She'd never speak to him again.

"Aw, it won't be so bad. Trust me, guys will be jealous." Carl winked. "Steffy's all grown up these days."

"You mean all the pimple faced teenage boys will be jealous," said the thirty-one-year-old John. "Cretins with IQs lower than my golf scores."

"The way you play golf?" Carl grinned. "Einstein's IQ was lower."

"Go on, keep insulting me," John grouched. "See if I don't change my mind about watching the brat."

"It's nice to see you, too, Uncle John," trilled a female voice from the door way.

John turned and was immediately stunned by a vision of feminine beauty, not at all the kid he remembered. "Steffy?"

He couldn't help but be dazzled by the picture: green eyes to bring a man to his knees, silky raven's wing tresses piled seductively on her head, the cute figure so perfectly accentuated in a short, sparkly silver skirt and a matching top, tight across her ample bosom and more than a little revealing of her flat, lightly tanned stomach.

There was a diamond in her belly button, a single piercing on a silver rod, tiny and made of cool steel. Her little pink ears were pierced by silver hoops. Her lips were painted a silvery pink, liquid and glossy; they made him thirst deep within.

"It's been a while, Uncle John." She gave him a hug. The warmth and energy of her was overpowering. This was a woman's body now, molded, instinctively seeking to fit with a male's.

John broke the connection short. Shit, he was getting a hard on.

"You look good," she said, her voice a bit too sultry for comfort.

And you look like a goddess, he wanted to reply.

"He's had a lot of cosmetic surgery, sis," Carl piped up. "Don't let him fool you."

CUPID'S CAPTIVE

"He doesn't need it, big brother," she said, looking John in the eye. "Never will."

John's pulse kicked up a notch. Was she flirting with him?

"Oh, great." Carl rolled his eyes. "Just what I need. Someone else pumping up John's ego. I can barely work with him now."

Carl gave Steffy a kiss on the cheek. "Oh, well. Gotta run. You mind your manners and do what Uncle John tells you."

A shiver went down John's spine as he thought of the young woman complying with some of the very X-rated commands on his mind at the moment. She was certainly old enough, though probably not submissive.

Anyway, she was off limits. Too young and practically family to boot. She called him uncle, for crying out loud.

"So...you ready for a night out with the brat?" she said after Carl was gone. She was smiling slanted, eyes challenging.

"I am sorry you overheard that," John said.

"I'm not," she replied, her emerald eyes dancing, full lips moving into a pout. "I like being a brat."

The blood filled John's cock. Steffy was appealing to him at a visceral level. Did she realize just what she was messing with here? Brats had a special place in the world of dominance and submission. They were women who taunted strong men, crossing the line in hopes of being dragged across the knee, pretty little skirts flipped up and panties pulled down for stinging erotic punishment...and whatever followed naturally.

John cleared his throat. "We should...um...get going. Are you hungry?"

She licked her lips. "For food?"

John frowned, ignoring the innuendo. "I know a place nearby, they have burgers and stuff."

She rolled her eyes, not unlike her brother. "I'm a little old for *burgers and stuff*, don't you think?"

"Fine," he said, his temper shortening by the moment. "A steakhouse, then. We'll take my car."

"Whatever you say, Uncle John." She walked in front of him, her ass swaying.

"Does your family approve of you dressing that way?" he asked when they got in the car.

She settled herself into the bucket seat of his English roadster, her legs slightly parted. The skirt rode high on her thighs. "I'm an adult. It's no one's business. Don't tell me you're going to get uptight on me?"

He tried to keep his eyes on the road and off of Steffy, her belly and ripe breasts, her mile long legs. Talk about blossoming overnight...

"I don't care one way or the other. Just curious."

She opened her legs a little further. Vamp. "Really? Most guys I run across care quite a lot."

"I'm sure they do. I imagine you put quite a lot of ideas in their heads."

John could kick himself for letting the conversation go down this road, but it was too late.

Not surprisingly, Steffy pounced. "What about you? Do I put ideas in your mind?"

Time to shut this down fast...

"Not really. I still think of you as a kid, mostly."

"You do?" Her voice was light and playful, but she was all business. That college she'd been at must have taught some interesting things.

"That's funny," she added. "Because that rocket in your pants says otherwise."

John nearly slammed into the car in front of them at the next traffic light. "Young lady, you will refrain from ever speaking to me like that again, is that clear?"

He glared her. She was biting her lower lip, suppressing a smile, taunting him...but into what exactly?

"Yes, Sir," she rasped.

His cock ached, desperate to be called into play. Why in bloody hell did she have to call him *sir*? She might as well strip naked and throw herself at him.

He had half a mind to dump her off somewhere, but he couldn't do that. He was the adult here, the older adult, and he had to maintain control. "Let's just talk about something else. How do you like school?"

"It's lame." She propped her elbow on the door, palm on her chin. She was adorable, mischievous...practically begging to be taken in hand. But she didn't even know what BDSM was—did she?

"There must be something good about it..."

"I went to a frat party last week and did a beer bong. Then some guys did Jell-o shots off me and my best girl friend."

"Jell-o shots?" He was afraid to ask.

"That's when you lay a girl out, Uncle John, naked or close to it." Her eyes were afire, the minx was trying to get him worked up. "And you eat squares of Jell-o off her stomach, made out of liquor."

CUPID'S CAPTIVE

"Sounds real educational."

"That's not all we do," she said throatily.

"Don't tell me...you sip champagne from ladies' slippers?"

"Huh?" She laughed at the archaic reference. "No. We let the boys tie us up. Then they do what they want with us."

John's chest seized like a fist. He was instantly jealous. What would a boy know about bondage? They wouldn't know what to do with Steffy...naked...helpless.

"That can be a risky proposition," he said. "Especially if alcohol is involved."

"I like to take chances," she said.

Typical. The Myth of Invulnerability...the disease of every twenty-one-year old.

"You can wind up dead taking chances."

"Why?" she asked. "Do you know anything about bondage?"

"We're almost to the restaurant," he evaded. "This isn't the time to talk."

"Why? Do I have to get ready to jump out or something?"

"No, you don't. Damn, you're even more of a smart ass than I remember."

"Quite a compliment coming from you, Uncle John."

"Don't call me that anymore," he said.

She looked at him for a moment. He gripped the wheel, avoiding eye contact like the plague.

"John..." She said it in a whisper, trying it out.

"I'm beginning to think dinner's a bad idea," he announced.

"You want to go somewhere else instead, John? Somewhere more private?"

"Private, yes? With you, no."

"I know all about your secret," she declared out of the blue.

"I don't have secrets."

"Sure you do. You're a dom."

He pulled into the parking lot of Carolyn's Steak House, wishing he were anywhere else on Earth. Finding a spot out of the light, he said.

"We need to talk."

"You said it wasn't the time."

"I changed my mind."

"Do you really want to talk?" She reached for his erection.

"Yes." He grabbed her wrist. "I do."

"You're strong," she marveled.

He put her hand on her lap, out of harm's way. "I don't know what game this is, or what you think you're doing, but Carl is my friend and I would never—"

"I have no panties on, John. You can check. I'm naked underneath...for you."

"You're old enough to be my daughter," he snapped.

She gave him a look. "No, I'm not. Unless you had a kid when you were like ten."

"Just tell me where to take you," he said. "I'll drive you. Right now."

"Your place," she said boldly. "I bet you have a lot of toys in your bedroom. I'm a real bad girl, John, I need punishment."

"You're barking up the wrong tree. I'm not into that stuff."

"Sure you are. I overheard my brother and you talking one time, about someone named Sherry..."

Sherry...shit. His little blonde slave girl from a few years ago. She was married to a doctor, but once a week like clockwork she crawled to John, a play collar on her neck. The way she whimpered and begged and climaxed got to John in a major way. It was one of the few times he almost tipped the balance over into obsession. He'd talked to Carl about it at the time, looking for some advice.

Luckily her surgeon husband got a position at a hospital out of state shortly thereafter, ending the problem altogether.

"Things shouldn't be taken out of context, Steffy, that was a complicated situation and you couldn't have understood it."

Steffy grinned. "You said you couldn't live without her twitching, bound ass, freshly reddened and paddled, stuffed full of your hard dick, pleading for you to come inside her. That seems pretty simple to me."

John winced. He'd no idea she was within earshot at the time.

"Whatever," she feigned indifference, pulling back to her side of the seat. "If you don't want me..."

His cock screamed not to let her go. "You're incredibly beautiful, Steffy, and desirable, too. It's got nothing to do with that."

"Is it that you don't think I'm submissive enough?"

Perceptive girl.

"That's part of it, yes."

"There's only one way to find out, a man needs to teach me."

"Why not your boyfriend? Don't you have one?"

CUPID'S CAPTIVE

"No. I don't like guys my age. They're babies. I let them play with me, that's all. When someone ties me up, I feel so hot. Sometimes I'll tell a boy to tell me what to do, like he's my master. But it's not the same when you're the one giving the orders, you know?"

"Point taken," he concurred.

Steffy leaned in with all the exuberance of youth. Her lips landed on his, so vital and fresh, her eagerness and passion making up for lack of experience. "Will you show me...tonight?" She was practically panting. "I picked you out. I got my brother to get you to take me out. He doesn't even realize how I manipulated him, calling the last minute when I knew he was busy, and then planting the suggestion of you as a companion for me."

John could believe that. His partner Carl was a brilliant legal mind who could find his way around the most hostile courtroom, but give him some personal situation to deal with and he was all thumbs.

"What is it you expect me to show you, Stephanie?"

"How to submit. I want to know if it's in me. If it's something I'd enjoy."

John knew if he didn't do this for her she would keep experimenting with the wrong people. She might end up in a very bad situation. There wasn't a choice here, although he was not sure the results were going to be to anyone's liking. He was liable to lose a friend...his best friend.

"If you truly want submission, Stephanie, you must begin with obedience. Ninety-nine percent of this stuff isn't sexual at all."

"I...understand," she said, though clearly she didn't.

"You'll do everything I instruct, beginning with dinner. You'll conduct yourself as a disciplined young lady—good posture, please and thank you, no displays to draw attention to yourself."

"Yes. Can I call you *Sir*?"

"You may." So much for this being ninety-nine percent non-sexual. He was ready to burst and they had barely touched each other.

"Thank you, *Sir*," she said coyly.

"Recline your seat," he ordered.

The tiny motor whirled until she was nearly vertical. John allowed himself to feel her bare belly. Her skin was smooth as silk, taut as a drum. "Are you wet?" he asked her.

"Sopping wet, *Sir*." A smile curled her lips, a mix of pride and wonder.

"Show me."

She lifted her bottom, shimmying up the skirt past her full hips to her narrow waist. Her pussy lips were pink and glistening and swollen. He slipped a finger inside her, just past the delicate crack. Stephanie let out a moan.

"Oh, Sir..."

"Move," he commanded. "Against my finger. Make yourself come."

"Yes, Sir." She lifted her hips, an athletic arch, hot and eager. She wanted it pure and raw and now...a finger, a cock, whatever was available.

Her teeth chattered. She was already climaxing. He'd never seen a girl this quick, this responsive. Her face was locked in sheer pleasure, eyes shut tight against the world. A man would have to move fast to stay on top of this one; she was like lightning in a jar.

And he was about to unscrew the top.

"I want you to take a little pain, Steffy."

She screamed out as he pinched her nipple through the sequined top. The mild sensation rode her to a fresh orgasm, bucking, wild enough to shake the car.

"Omigod, omigod, omifuckingod..."

He let her ride it out, then brought her back down, keeping control the whole time. Her toes were still curled as she collapsed back against the seat, her body covered in sweat.

"Good girl," he praised, giving her his wet finger to clean.

Steffy popped it in her mouth, sucking with unbridled enthusiasm, her eyes alit with puppyish devotion.

"Can I do something for you now?" she said.

He shook his head. "I will tell you what to do and when."

Her voice held obvious awe. "Yes, Sir."

"So are you ready?" he asked. "For steak, I mean?"

"Yes, please, Sir." She was in that post-orgasmic phase, soft and complaint. He knew it would pass quickly, especially without any kind of corporal discipline as a re-enforcement.

Sure enough, on the way in, she surreptitiously pinched his bottom, back in full brat mode.

"I'm sorry, I couldn't help myself," was her coquettish reply.

He took her by the arm. "I warned you about your behavior, young lady. Later there will be punishment."

"What kind of punishment?" she asked after they were seated at a small, intimate table in the corner, complete with candlelight.

CUPID'S CAPTIVE

"Too much curiosity is not becoming in a submissive female," he replied, spreading his napkin in his lap.

"What, do you have a paddle or something?"

"Or something," he replied.

"Please, tell me." She was wheedling like a child. "Please, Sir?"

He decided to give her what she wanted. "First you'll strip naked. Then you will stand against the wall, holding three coins in place, one each with your nipples and one with your nose. After a half hour or so, ass exposed, waiting, you will be given a dozen strokes with a riding crop. It will leave welts on your ass. After that, more time to think. Following this you'll be on your knees, you can guess what for. If at any time during punishment you should happen drop the coins, by the way, we start over."

"Oh."

"Still feel like you want a submissive experience?"

She had her lower lip in her mouth, wild determination on her face. She could be riding a cock right now for all her sexual focus intensity. "If you only knew, Sir."

"If it gets to be too much," he told her after he ordered a bottle of red wine and two prime ribs, "You can use a safety word. How about Valentine's Day?"

"What's a safety word?" asked his cute as a button slave wannabe.

John narrowed his gaze. "I knew you shouldn't have been letting boys experiment on you. A safety word is vital to any BDSM experience. It's how the sub ends the activity if it's uncomfortable. A dom will instantly stop what he's doing."

Her eyes twinkled. She wrinkled her nose. "Are you jealous, Sir, of other boys doing things to me?"

"Don't be ridiculous," he growled, trying to cover the nerve she'd just struck. "I just think a girl like you needs a guy, one guy, to look out after you."

Her small foot, sans shoe, found its way to his trouser leg. "Would you look out for me, Sir? If you were my guy?"

"Keep it up, Missy, and we'll be addressing your behavior *before* we get to my place."

She pulled her foot back, though she seemed quite pleased with herself for getting a rise out of him. "Yes, Sir."

"I mean it," he let himself get egged on. "I know the owner of this place and he'd happily let me use his office."

"What would you do to me?" Her eyes were slits; Eve straight out of Eden, gunning for Adam.

The need to corral her, to put her lovingly in her place, was overwhelming. She was a tough customer, though, not nearly as innocent as some of the women he'd known. Sherry was a child in comparison. It wasn't a matter of how much experience Steffy had had, he decided, but something in her character. She was an old BDSM soul, some kind of vixen reborn.

"Ever been whipped with a belt and fucked over a desk?" he inquired.

She raised a brow. "I thought you'd never ask...Sir. Aren't you afraid I'll break, like a piece of china?"

"Your brother would kill me," he shook his head.

She teased him with her big toe, this time right between the legs.

"That's enough, Stephanie."

"Make me stop."

He was on his feet before he could think about it. Events unfolded in a weird slow motion, with pure erotic punch, the two of them lost in their own world. It was a game he'd played a thousand times before but never with this sharpness, this clarity.

"Let's go, little girl."

She stood, obediently enough, though her lips continued to defy. "I'm not that little...you better hope you can handle me."

John put his hand on her back, the contact electric. "This way."

He steered her into the kitchen and made a hard right, exchanging the barest few pleasantries with Tony the chef along the way.

He could see the flush on Steffy's cheeks. Was she aroused, embarrassed?

"Does that man know...about you?" Steffy asked as John walked her down the corridor past the store room to the small but serviceable owner's office.

"You mean have I brought other naughty girls here for correction?"

"Yes." She was all over him, trying to undo his shirt.

He spun her about. Using his tie, he secured her wrists behind her back. "This would be a good time," he breathed hotly. "To change your mind...before we get too far into it."

She leaned back against him. Her voice was otherworldly, the most feminine and arousing he'd ever heard. "No, Sir. I want it, please beat me and fuck me."

CUPID'S CAPTIVE

Who was he to deny such a pretty and determined young lady?

"Over the desk," he ordered. "On your stomach."

"Yes...Sir..." she rasped.

Her voice was magic; ten times more intoxicating than the wine they'd left behind on the table. Would they ever get back to it? Who cared—as long as he had her in his clutches...his partner's naughty, baby sister.

Correction: naughty, yes, but as far from a baby as you could get.

* * * *

Stephanie Hayes was actually doing it. She was bound and captive, in a stranger's office, submitting like a slave girl to the dreamy, tall, dark and handsome John Cupid. The man she'd had a crush on for as long as she could remember. John had never noticed her before, but there was no ignoring her desires now...or his.

She had been just eighteen when she overheard John telling her brother about his sex slave, Sherry. The way he talked, the things he was describing had awakened sensations deep inside the virgin Steffy. Before long she was fantasizing about being in Sherry's place, stripped naked, forced to obey...and submit.

She called him Master in her dreams. She wore his collar and she serviced him for his pleasure. She was his property and he exercised tight, loving control. She was whipped when she misbehaved and for rewards she was allowed to suck his cock or spend time with him. She was like a little pet, owned, content. Happy...and strangely free.

For the better part of two years she thought it would never be real. Why would John want a kid for a slave, least of all his partner's baby sister? But the past year at college had begun to convince her. All of a sudden, her body developed this life of its own. She met some guys and a few girls, too, more than willing to help her develop her wild streak.

She lost her virginity, backed off the studying, and started to really live. The more she experienced, the more she knew she wanted John. She didn't dare tell a living soul. Everyone would tell her she was a fool. Too young to know what she wanted and certainly too young for a man like Cupid.

But she'd done research. Age differences weren't that unusual in BDSM relationships. If the chemistry was right, the rest took care of itself.

Steffy knew she'd have to prove herself. John was a practical man, skeptical. Then she'd have to work on everyone else. If she won him

over, though, the rest would come easy—including dealing with her brother.

Because if there was one thing Stephanie knew about John Cupid, it was this: When he wanted something he let nothing stand in his way. At the moment he wanted her. Over the desk...

"How much will it hurt?" she asked, bent at the waist over the smooth edge, her cheek against the desk, her hands secured behind her back.

The desk was aluminum. She felt the cold, hard metal against her bare midriff. She'd worn the right outfit. From first glance she had him...putty in her hands.

"I won't draw tears, Steffy, you're a novice. But it won't be fun sitting down for a while."

She squirmed as he lifted her skirt.

"Your pussy is incredible," he said. "Your ass is perfect."

She wriggled it for him. "Thank you, Sir. I aim to please you."

"You say you've never had any kind of corporal punishment before?"

"No, Sir." She tingled as he touched her posterior, getting the lay of the land.

"I want you to count," he said. "We're going to ten."

"Yes, Sir." She craned her neck to see him; he was undoing his belt.

"Eyes forward, girl." He snapped his fingers.

A hot blade went through her belly as he chastised her. "Yes, Sir."

Obedying him made her wetter still. She could feel the fluids dripping down his thigh. It must have made for quite a view.

She gasped at the sound of leather, whistling in the air. He was testing the belt. If intimidation was his intent, it was working. Steffy pressed her cheek to the desk, suddenly feeling very small and female. Was it too late to beg?

The belt hit like greased lightning, an efficient blow across the meat of her buttocks. She couldn't help but yelp, a small, high pitched sound. "One!" she cried, fists clenching and unclenching.

Her reaction did not please him. "Contain yourself, Steffy, this is nothing."

"Y—yes, Sir."

He whipped her again.

"T—two," she grimaced.

CUPID'S CAPTIVE

The third blow was to the tops of her thighs. It hurt much worse. She did a little dance, one foot to the other. "Three!"

He lashed out, admonishing. "Hold still."

"F—four."

"No, that last one doesn't count," he informed her. "That was extra for moving around so much."

Steffy whimpered. "Yes, Sir."

She concentrated on standing very still for the next two. "Five," she stammered. "Six."

"Good girl." He patted her ass. "You're learning."

"Th—thank you, Sir." She winced. The light touch had the effect of magnifying her pain a hundred fold.

He pushed a finger deep inside her well lubricated canal. "Open," he ordered.

She spread her legs...on command. The idea fascinated and enveloped her. She was in bondage, a man's plaything.

Relentless, he hooked a finger up, going to work on her clitoris. "Are you ready for the last four?"

"I...yes...no...I don't know."

"You have to beg for it, girl. You have to surrender to it, completely."

Something inside her resisted. She'd already asked him to beat and fuck her, why make her do it another time? She knew the answer, of course. He was doing it because he could. Besides, that was only theoretical and this was real. She would actually be seeking out her own punishment.

He brought her to the edge of orgasm and left her hanging.

"I need to come," she wheedled.

"No. You need to finish getting your whipping."

She made a hissing noise. "It's not fair..."

John stepped back and struck her, three times, fast and hard. "Those," he said. "Do not count either."

Steffy's pussy pulsed, helpless, completely out of her control...stuck in lock down. Her ass was on fire. She kept on twitching like he was still hitting her. At last she was seeing it; what a dominant man could do and how a female could be completely overcome, to her own torment and delight.

"Please, tell me what you want..." She scarcely recognized her own voice, thin and haunted and hot as desert wind.

"You already know," he said, imperious and unbending as steel.

She did know and she saw that she had no choice. "Please, Sir, finish my beating?"

"You may resume the count." He let loose, striking her true.

"Yes, Sir...Seven..." she grunted. "Eight."

He paused with two to go. His finger found her clit again. "Come," he commanded.

She exploded at the sound of his voice, rubbing her body, humping the desk like a wild animal. She pounded with her small fists, swearing up a storm. Abruptly he removed his finger and struck her, once, twice more.

The whipping melded with the orgasm. She actually stuck her ass in the air. Was she counting? She couldn't hear her voice.

"M—more, please, Sir?"

He went on past ten. To what number she didn't know; she was too far gone in her latest climax. It was an all over orgasm, a total body orgasm or maybe an out of body one. At a certain point in the middle of the explosive crashing she heard herself screaming for his cock to slam itself home, an extension of his discipline.

Luckily, he thought to put a condom on. In her current state of mind she never would have asked. She'd have to kid him later about walking around with rubbers all the time, being prepared like a perverted Boy Scout. Or had he been planning on some hot date with somebody else tonight before she came along?

His cock slid into her canal with ease. She was more than ready, hot and wet and pulsing. "Yes, oh, yes," she encouraged her own invasion. "Do it to me, use me..."

Her words had the desired effect. He grabbed her waist in an iron grip and slammed himself to the hilt. Immediately he pulled back and did it again. By the third time she was ready to peak all over again.

"Come inside me, fucking come inside me, lover," she cried.

"I'll give the orders." He slapped her throbbing buttocks, bringing back every single blow of the belt.

She moaned, slipping into a space somewhere to the outside of normal consciousness. She looked down at her own body, saw what was happening to her, just as she saw where it was going.

"Master," she gasped, using the title entirely without permission. "Your slave surrenders to you. She...she loves you."

CUPID'S CAPTIVE

Always has, she might have added, though again, the words wouldn't have been believed from the mouth of a twenty-one-year-old.

Oh, yes, she'd known it would be this good. The others, the boys at school were so scared of her, awed by her beauty, but John, he knew what to do with her.

John stopped in mid stroke.

Had she done something wrong, said something wrong?

Of course you did, you dolt. Never tell a man you love him, not right off. That was the most basic rule...

"Sir?"

He withdrew his cock. "I'm sorry, Stephanie. It shouldn't have gone this far. It's all my fault."

She felt him releasing the tie on her wrists. "But..."

"We can still have dinner if you like."

Have dinner...after this? Was he serious?

Steffy dropped to her knees, all semblance of pride gone. "I'll do anything..."

"Stephanie, don't." There was a trace of annoyance in his voice, even pity.

She couldn't hold back the tears. He tried to help her to her feet, she pushed him away. "Leave me alone, you bastard."

"Steffy, be reasonable, you can't stay here."

"I'll stay where I like, you don't own me."

What a stupid little fool she'd been, a love sick puppy, blind to the reality of a hard nosed, hard hearted man. Why would he want her? She was young and silly. She scooted back on her heels.

John spoke harshly, appealing to something deep inside her. "Stephanie, stop this nonsense. Get up now!"

She obeyed in spite of herself.

He handed her a tissue to wipe her nose. "Go in there," he ordered, pointing to a small bathroom adjacent to the office. "Clean yourself up and I'll take you back to your brother's."

"Yes," she said, omitting the *Sir*.

She closed the door, deeply ashamed, highly confused. What did he want from her? He was ordering her about like a slave girl; she was doing what she was told. He'd been attracted to her enough to put his cock in her. So she happened to love him. Did that mean they couldn't have any kind of relationship?

"Can we at least talk about it?" she asked when she came out, as together as she could arrange herself with a small sink and mirror and the few items in her purse.

"No," he said, stone faced.

She fell twice as much in love with him with that one look, so powerful and angry...but still a teddy bear underneath. Damn, did it ever suck being a woman, totally dependent on hormones.

He left a lot of money on the table for the meal they didn't eat; such a waste, that nice bottle of wine.

They walked back to the car without a word exchanged.

"I don't suppose another beating would make things right?" she quipped, sitting herself gingerly on the leather seat.

"Time will make it right," he said, not a trace of humor. "And distance."

He was brushing her off.

"You're a real prick," she shot back, not feeling particularly mature anymore.

The silence thickened to a dark soup.

"You're not such a big man," she said petulantly, the car just a block from Carl's house, where he lived with three golden retrievers and a Siamese cat named Ginger. "You have feelings you don't talk about. I think you're a scared little boy on the inside."

His gaze narrowed. It was the first time she'd seen him even a little perturbed. "Thanks for the unsolicited opinion of a brat, Stephanie; a spoiled girl who doesn't like it when she can't get what she wants."

Wow, she thought. *I've hit a raw nerve and he's just striking back, taking pot shots.*

"Tell me, Uncle John," she went for broke. "Why don't you have real relationships? Are you gay?"

He smiled, quite superior. "You want a reaction out of me pretty bad, don't you, young lady?"

"Yes," she replied, summoning every bit of courage in her young body. "I do, Master."

Something flashed across his eyes. She couldn't read it. "I'm not your master," he said.

"You could be," she retorted. "If you wanted."

"You don't know what you're talking about. What did you do, read some shit on the Internet? Women twice your age don't know what they want, you couldn't possibly."

CUPID'S CAPTIVE

"What if I do?" She flipped back her hair. "Are you man enough to handle me, or don't you know what you want either?"

John frowned and sped up the car. Straight past her brother's house.
Mission accomplished.

"You can wipe that smirk off your face, young lady," he informed her.

"What smirk, Sir?"

"Open the glove compartment," he replied. "There's a vibrator in there."

"Yes, Sir." She fished for it eagerly. It was a small, clear plastic egg. Her pussy contracted at the sight of it.

"Spread your legs wide," he ordered. "Put it inside yourself. Set it on high."

Steffy widened her thighs. Her cunt took the device, buzzing, hungry. She bit at her lower lip and sucked for air.

"Now you're going to be quiet," he told her. "While I do the talking."

"Yes...Master."

He didn't bother to correct her. The first of the orgasms overtook her as he accelerated, taking the on ramp onto the highway. Were they headed somewhere in particular or just driving?

"First of all, Missy, you are barking up the wrong tree if you think I'm scared of commitment or some nonsense. I don't believe in love, that's all, and I have plenty of evidence on my side. Prove me wrong, that's what I say. If you think you're in love, that's great. You can feel just as strong at twenty-one as eighty-one, that's your concern. Me, I like sex, I like to play, with lots of different women. Hang around me and that's what you get, play."

He glanced in her direction. "Pinch your nipples," he decided. "Make it hurt a little."

Steffy writhed on the seat. The touch of her swollen nubs set her off all over again.

"Jeezus," he rasped, low in his throat. "What I could do with you alone for a weekend..."

I'm yours, she longed to say. For a lifetime.

"Like I said, I play with women. I respect them, I'm honest but I don't commit. I have rules. You already made me break one of them. I have no idea what I'll say to Carl."

"Tell him...you claimed me," she said, breathless.

"I'll do no such thing," he snorted. "Don't you get it, girl? All of this is to show you that you don't want to live with me. In another hour you'll be begging to get out of this car and out of my life."

"Never," she said stubbornly.

His lips thinned, creases on both sides of his mouth. "Son of a bitch."

He moved to the left hand lane, accelerating. "You're going to attend to me," he said.

Her mouth watered as he undid his fly. "Oh, god, yes..."

She dropped her head to his lap, greedily pulling his cock from out of his underwear. She kissed the tip of it. "Thank you, thank you, Master."

The vibrator hummed away, continuing to carve away at her will, leaving her a pliant lump of flesh. Beg for release in an hour? No way; she wouldn't even be able to walk by then.

"I haven't done anything like this in ten years," he said, picking up speed. Steffy's heart was racing, faster than the engine. She ducked her head lower, taking the mass of him deep inside her mouth. She wanted him at the back of her throat, she wanted to service and suck, suctioning with her tongue, pleasing him like a good little slave.

He stroked her hair. "You're too good to be true," he said, as if talking to himself.

Her ears perked up, her brain took note. Was that it? Did he not think himself worthy of the gift of another's submission; the offering of her love and not merely her repositied, fleeting lust?

She closed her eyes, giving him what he needed. She felt like she'd done this a thousand times before. His sighs were heart felt in reply. "Steffy," he said causing a knot to form in her heart.

It was music to her ears. Up to then she hadn't known what her name was capable of sounding like.

He erupted easily down her throat, dick throbbing, a volcano, spewing warm, thick semen. She drank every drop, sucking him dry, happily.

The small sports car continued to race like the wind through the night air. She licked his shaft like a puppy with a bone. She kissed the tip of him once again and each of his testicles, too.

"Take out the vibrator," he said.

CUPID'S CAPTIVE

She removed it, drenched. Her pussy clenched, missing it already. The only thing on her mind, however, was his pleasure. "Was I good, Master?"

His hand settled on her thigh, gentle but possessive, his large fingers spread wide. "Too good," he said, making it sound like a crime.

Steffy let her head rest on his shoulder. "I'm sorry I've been such trouble."

The tears dripping from her eyes were as far from manipulative as you could get. She hoped he understood that. "I'm such a baby," she castigated herself.

"No," he said with surprising vigor. "You're a woman. One of the most grown up I've ever met."

She sniffled. "Thank you."

"And you're no bother to me." His hand slipped around her shoulder. "Do you believe me?"

"Yes." She could stay like this, in his embrace forever.

What was wrong with her that he couldn't love her back?

She was afraid to say anything else and make it all worse.

John exited and turned back for the city.

"I hope you won't be compromised," he said as they neared the house again. "If your brother sees you come in like this."

"He said he wouldn't be back until real late. It's only eleven," she said.

Only eleven? Had everything between them happened in just a few short hours? It wasn't fair. Time wasn't working right. It ought to be pushing them together, giving them a second chance. Wasn't that how it always was in the movies?

Dumb girl. This isn't a movie. This is your life, screwed up as usual.

"Are you going to be all right?" he asked as he dropped her off.

"Me? Hell, yea."

"Okay." He seemed skeptical. "If you ever want to talk or anything..."

"What for?" She rolled her eyes. "You don't think I was serious, do you, about being in love? I was just playing, Uncle John."

He frowned slightly, those creases appearing around his eyes again. If only this man would talk to her...

"Good night," she said, hopping out of the car. "See you around."

"Yea...around." He sounded lackluster. Did that reflect a desire never to see her again or was it something else?

She went upstairs to take a shower.

Men were a nuisance, and she planned on not falling in love with any more of them for a long, long time.

Now all she had to do was forget the one she was already in love with...the one who had just broken her heart.

* * * *

"So," Carl asked John the next day, striding innocently into his office. "How did it go last night?"

"It was fine," he answered. Unable to resist, he asked, "Did Steffy say anything?"

"Not a word. You know how they are at that age, though. I think she's after some boy, right now. Online. She was still up at two AM when I came home."

"What do you mean she's after a boy?"

Carl cocked his head. John cursed himself for reacting so strongly. "I don't know, it's the Internet. You don't look so good, buddy, did you get any sleep?"

"The brat wore me out, that's all," he said, trying to divert attention from his jealous reaction of a moment ago. "You really owe me big time, you know."

"I do," he agreed. "And I have just the way to pay you off. You know Anita, my travel agent? Well she has this sister who sounds right up your alley. Smoking hot body, a little left of center in the bedroom, if you know what I mean, and happily unattached."

"I'm not interested, thank you."

Carl was definitely suspicious now. "You? Not interested? That's like Old Faithful being on strike."

John couldn't figure it out, himself. He'd tossed and turned all night. All he could think about was Stephanie. How could a woman that young fire all of his cylinders like that? She had no experience. Hell, she was barely submissive at all. That mouth of hers, that sass, that wasn't going anywhere. In fact, that's one of the things he loved about her.

Scratch that. It was one of the things he *liked* about her.

Like, not love.

"How long is Stephanie in town for?" John wanted to know.

"So it's Stephanie now, is it?" Carl arched a brow. "I guess she's not a gum chewing teenager in your eyes, anymore, huh?"

"What's that supposed to mean? She's a beautiful young woman," John snapped. "What, am I supposed to be blind?"

CUPID'S CAPTIVE

"Hey, take it easy." Carl laughed, a little nervously. "I was just joking with you."

"Maybe it's not a good subject for jokes," said John. "She's your baby sister. You should be thinking about helping her find her way in life. She has a very tender heart. A woman like that will get taken advantage of, not to mention having her heart broken by a lot of callous jerks."

Like me, he thought glumly. Because I was too stupid, too stubborn to give her a chance. She was offering me something special. Why didn't I take it? Could it be I really am scared?

It was Carl's turn to be defensive. "She's an adult, like you said. She'll have to learn. We all did. Obviously I'll take care of her as best I can."

"You and me both," said John.

Carl had his mouth open like he was going to say something but thought better of it. "I've got a deposition to take in a half hour," he excused himself.

"So go. What am I, your keeper?" John was irritable as hell. He should have asked for Steffy's cell phone number. Would she pick up at Carl's house?

She did. On the fifth ring.

His heart swelled, hearing her sleepy, lazy voice. "It's after one," he said. "Shouldn't you be awake by now?"

"What's it to you?" she said.

John ground his teeth, having been put squarely in his place. "Nothing. But maybe I would *like* it to be something."

"Uncle John, I really don't want to play guessing games. If you have anything to say..."

How about I love you, Steffy...would that be so hard?

"I have plenty to say. You can drop that Uncle John thing, for starters. It's highly inaccurate and damned inappropriate under the circumstances."

"I'm going to hang up," she said.

"Don't."

"Why not?"

"Because I said."

"Is that a request or an order?"

"A request."

"I don't do requests, sorry."

John exploded. "Young lady, you are begging for a spanking."

"Really? Maybe I'll go find a man to give me one."

His body tensed. Testosterone surged. There was no turning back. "You will come to my apartment, tonight. 5611 12th Street Northwest. The door will be unlocked. You will close it behind you and strip naked. You will arrive at eight and wait for me in the living room. I expect to find you kneeling by the coffee table...one very sorry little slave girl."

More silence. "Is that what I am? Your slave?"

"I said so, didn't I?"

"I'm not interested in one night stands," she said. "Is that what this is?"

"Do you have to think so much?" he complained.

"Yes. Answer my question. When you're done with me tonight, when your cock is drained in whatever orifice of mine you choose will you push me out the door, until you want me again?"

His head pounded. How could a woman be cornering him like this? "This isn't how a submissive behaves," he said.

"It's how I behave, though, take it or leave it."

"What if you're the one who wants to take off afterwards?" He tried to turn the tables. "You have no idea how you'll respond to a real taste of slavery."

"I will be leaving, actually," she confused the hell out of him. "I go back to school in two days. But I want to leave my heart with you. I want it to be yours. I want your chains, John Cupid. I want you to want me so fiercely that you will singe my bottom bright red if I so much as look at another man even if I'm a thousand miles away. I want your brand on my soul so I'll breathe only for you no matter where I am. I want to live for you, John, even as I pursue my own gifts."

Her words overwhelmed him. He'd never heard such a mature way of looking at things. "I don't get it," he tried to pick holes. "You're saying you won't even live with me?"

"Of course I will, when it's time. You'll know me better by then, I'll finish school, we'll decide together what my slavery should look like. It'll be like any other union of souls. You commit ahead of time and then work it out as you go along."

"You know nothing about me..."

"I've known you since I was six."

"Okay, I know nothing about you."

CUPID'S CAPTIVE

"I'll teach you...the way a slave is supposed to teach her master, showing him who she is and what she needs to be loved and properly owned."

John was wordless, for the first time in his adult life.

"Hello?" she said, her voice soft, melodic...the sweetest sound on the planet.

"Be at my apartment by seven," he said gruffly. "If you're late you'll answer to me."

"Yes, Master."

He hung up...just in time to avoid saying anything incriminating.

* * * *

Steffy trembled slightly as she saw the numbers in gold above the front door of the building. 5611 12th St. NW was a real place after all...and she was about to perform as a real slave. She flushed heatedly when the doorman appeared to ask her destination.

She stammered the name. John Cupid. He smiled expertly, politely.

How many other young women had he let in for similar purposes? Would he confirm her instructions, make sure she knew to kneel properly, subservient and naked until the master appeared?

Of course not. He was far too professional.

Her pulse raced as she rode the elevator. She wore a simple black dress, nothing underneath, and leather pumps. Was that the proper garb? She'd never done this sort of thing. John hadn't told her what to wear. Apparently he didn't care about clothes, only the body underneath. To that end she'd taken a long and thorough bath, full of fragrant emollients. Lots of suds to make her tingle. It had been hard not to masturbate. She was so excited thinking of what John would do to her.

She wished she could appear before him in some kind of garment, though, no matter how skimpy. Like most young women, she was all too aware of the imperfections of her body. Mostly she hid them and men were generally quite pleased with her. Usually she overcompensated with flirtatiousness and a veil of indifference. But this was different. She cared what John thought, desperately so.

Her stomach roiled.

She found his door unlocked. She entered and looked about his apartment. The decor was Spartan, elegantly simple. A black leather couch, a single slate coffee table, a solid steel pole lamp, a single black area rug, thick and soft.

The coffee table...that's where she was supposed to kneel.

There was a blindfold on it. Should she put it on?

Her fingers were numb as she undid the zipper on the back of her dress. She removed it and let it drop to the floor, goose pimples on her clean skin, freshly shaven legs, tight, erect rosebud nipples. She smelled of spring flowers and summer rain...and raw sex.

It was all really true: Steffy was about to put herself in submission to a sexually dominant man.

Her knees gave way in slow motion, of their own accord. She went down, all the way to the floor. The coffee table was right in front of her. She picked up the blindfold, black silk, form fitting. Her heart pounded as she put it to her eyes, sliding the elastic over her head.

It was a perfect fit. Her world was enveloped by artificial darkness. By her own hand she'd rendered herself helpless. The fluids of her arousal dripped down her inner thighs. She hungered for a cock; she craved to be pushed to the floor and taken.

Steffy thought about posture. She straightened her back and pressed her buttocks to her heels...waiting.

The clock ticked on the wall, sleek and modern, with two faces, no numbers. Its details were etched in her mind, in the memory of her sighted self. Where was John, she wondered. Would he be here soon?

Even a minute was torture in this state. It would have been easier and less slavishly humiliating to have been tied down, ankles wide like a wishbone than to be forced into voluntary servitude. After all, what kind of a woman subjected herself to this kind of treatment, willingly going to a man's apartment to arrange herself like a sex doll?

Never once did she think of turning back, though. She had come too far. She had to see this through. She'd taken a chance, sure, but so had John. He'd opened his home to her, made himself vulnerable. She could reject him, she could walk out and he would be left holding the bag of his sexual desires.

Masters were vulnerable, too...

Anyone was vulnerable whose needs were out of the ordinary.

The waiting ended as suddenly as it began.

"Place your hands behind your neck, lace your fingers," came the voice, at once familiar and strangely alien.

"Master," she gasped. Her arms went into place, the action coming as a reflex, as necessary to her survival and well being as breathing.

"Stomach in, breasts thrust out."

CUPID'S CAPTIVE

She presented herself for his pleasure, nipples burning. Where had he come from? Had she missed the sound of the front door or had he been in the back of the apartment the whole time?

Steffy could hear his breathing. He was right in front of her now. She nearly swooned. Oh, god, he was giving her his cock...

She leaned forward, kissing, licking, ravenous. He made her work for it, teasing, rubbing it over her cheeks. She whimpered, wanting to take it fully inside her mouth.

The cock disappeared. A collar was put on her neck, with a leash. He pushed his hand to her lips. She kissed his knuckles. "Master...I love you, Sir, I missed you..."

Without her eyes it was all so intense; she was so incredibly dependent. Her other senses were so intense. The smell of musk on his skin, the feel of his knuckles.

"I missed you, too," he said. His fist balled in her hair, painful. He fed her his balls. She bathed them in her saliva, worshipping. They were full and tight. He must have been very ready to come.

Still holding her head captive, he twisted his body around.

He presented his buttocks, lean and hard. She kissed eagerly; there was no degradation in the act but rather joy, pure and proud.

"Lick," he ordered.

Stephanie spread her tongue over her master's ass, smooth skin over taut muscle. She paid him homage, letting him know she did understand slavery, and she was ready to proceed.

Satisfied, he bent her head back. "Slavery isn't a game," he said. "It's playful, it's fun and it's consensual. But it's very real."

"I really do want to be your girl, Master," said Steffy, speaking with a certainty that only grew with each passing second. "I want you to control my body. I want you to use me, punish me and own me."

"There's a lot you don't know," he said, much gentler than last night and without accusation.

"I beg you to teach me, Master."

"I don't know if I'm ready," he said.

The admission touched her deeply. She wished she could see his face, so she could read the pain and help.

"Master, you don't have to be ready," she said. "You already own me. Just be yourself and that will be enough."

He chuckled. "How did you get to be so wise?"

"You've been helping me grow beyond my years, for a long time now."

"We've barely seen each other in ages, how can that be?"

"Because I've been in love with you since I was a kid, Master."

He pulled her to her feet. His kiss claimed her mouth. She yielded with a moan as he plundered with his tongue. Her sex throbbed. She pushed her body forward, seeking his. He was still dressed. His clothing rubbed her skin, making her feel all the more like his slut and pet.

An impulse rose from within, wickedly indulgent and self-deprecating.

"May I kiss your feet, Master?"

John released her, allowing her to sink to the floor. She pressed her lips to the leather, kissing. At once she pressed her lips and then began to run her tongue up and down, over the surface, cleaning his shoes.

"Lie on your back, girl," he ordered at last.

"Yes, Master." She lowered herself, feeling with her hands. She spread wide, legs far apart as they could go.

"Lift your pussy."

She tensed her buttocks, raising them off the floor.

"I want to whip you," he said.

"Yes, Master." She steeled herself, sensing the importance, not to mention the pain.

"Then I want to fuck you," he declared.

"Yes, Master."

He removed the blindfold from her eyes. "I want your consent. I want to hear the words."

It took just a moment to adjust. The first thing her eyes beheld was him, his steady presence, wanting, needing...loving?

"Master, please whip me," she said without hesitation.

"Whip my pussy," he clarified.

"Yes...my pussy."

The whip sliced through the air. She could hear the thin leather; she could practically feel it already.

"You are so beautiful," he marveled. "Stephanie, what are you doing in my life?"

"I'm here to be whipped," she smiled. "And fucked."

The leather slashed down across her pelvis. She cried out from the pain, collapsing back to the floor.

CUPID'S CAPTIVE

Adrenaline surged through her, along with a sense of deep pride in enduring this for him.

"Ass up," he ordered.

She resumed her position, teeth gritted, sweat on her forehead.

He struck her again. She moaned in pain, a pain mixed with the sharp, intense pleasure of stimulation across her labia. She'd never felt anything like this in her life. "M—master...what are you doing to me?"

"Training you," he said.

"Y—yes, Master."

He whipped her again. "You are mine."

"I'm yours, Master."

"You will obey me in all things sexual."

"I will, Master."

"You will be my sex slave."

"Oh, yes, Master."

"Tell me what you need, beg to be used."

"Master," she groaned. "Use your slave's pussy."

"Cup your breasts now," he ordered. "Squeeze your nipples."

She did so, even as he began to drop his clothes, draping them over her ankles.

"Yes, Master," she cried in anticipation. "I want it, hot and naked, your body pounding me..."

He fell on top of her, slamming his cock home. He sank his teeth into her neck. She felt the shock waves, a torrent to ride. Holding on, she wrapped her legs around his ass, locking her ankles.

He took hold of her wrists, pinning them down on either side of her head. A winch couldn't free her from that kind of grip.

The soft fur beneath cushioned her pliant body. They were skin to skin, the heat of them communicating volumes. He lowered his head to her breast, trapping the rubbery nipple between his teeth. She writhed beneath him, at once trapped and free.

"You will not come without permission."

Steffy whimpered at his glorious cruelty. "Yes, Master."

"If you do, you will be punished."

"Yes, Master," she breathed. "I will try to obey."

He grinned, making it impossible with his long thrusts and his teasing kisses to her neck.

She moaned, vanquished, her body betraying her shattered will; his plaything, that's all she was.

"M—master," she felt the shock waves overcome her. "I can't...help it."

"Bad girl," he crooned, sounding quite pleased with himself. "You'll definitely pay for this. Remember what I said? About holding the nickels to the wall, with your nose and breasts?"

Did she remember? How could she ever forget?

An explosion came from so deep. She'd never felt so helpless. Orgasms within orgasms, a catapulting into air too thin too breathe.

"You like that idea, don't you, my little angel? Maybe I will fuck you from behind at the same time."

"P—please, Master..."

What was she begging for? She didn't even know. Did she want him to stop or to never stop?

John pulled himself from her pussy, his hard on intact.

What hope did she have when a man had that kind of self control.

He moved down her body and she almost screamed as he put his tongue inside her. No man had ever given her oral pleasure. His hands molded her breasts, every bit of resistance was gone, she'd had a million volts of sexual energy pass through her and he was intent on delivering a million more.

Death by orgasm; was it possible?

His tongue a little weapon, a devious mini-cock that knew all the places to go; it owned her, he owned her. She didn't know her body could do this. Had he been given some manual she'd missed out on? *The Proper Use and Torment of Stephanie Hayes? Enslaving Steffy For Dummies?*

She begged for mercy, beyond tears, beyond pleading.

She began to laugh, hysterical.

"It's settled," he declared suddenly, taking her in his arms.

"What's...settled?" She could barely get the words out.

His eyes were fierce and playful, depthless and infinite as the sea. "I, John Cupid am officially smitten with you."

Her heart soared. "Is that all, Master?" she asked coquettishly.

"Wench," he growled.

"Yes?" she teased.

"You want to hear the words, don't you?"

"Please, Sir."

"Fine. I love you."

"You don't have to make it sound like a disease."

CUPID'S CAPTIVE

"Why not? It's going to get me in enough trouble," John declared.

"I can handle my brother, if that's what you mean."

"It's not Carl I'm worried about, it's me."

"You?" She giggled. "Big tough John Cupid afraid of a little slave girl?"

"You're not any little slave girl; you're a she devil. Hell, I think I am going to sponsor you for law school, you'd make mincemeat of any opposing attorney."

"I will keep my debate skills sharp with you alone, thank you very much," she countered.

John rose and quickly scooped her to her feet. He took her straight to his bedroom.

"What about my punishment?" she reminded him.

"That will have to wait."

She could feel his cock, pushing up against her. She wrapped her arms tighter about his neck. "What for I wonder?"

"Take a wild guess." He tossed her down on his bed, large and comfortable and very masculine with its black bedspread.

She promptly crawled away, toward the head board. "Not, tonight, dear, I have a headache."

John pounced, pinning her. "Headache my ass. You're my sex slave, remember?"

"Oh, yea," she grinned, reveling in having the sexiest man on the planet on top of her, dominating her. "I forgot."

"This help your memory any?" He sank his cock with a single stroke.

"Maybe a little."

He withdrew to the tip, palms bracing on either side of her, holding his firm, muscular body above her, just out of reach. "Beg for it."

"I don't think so." She wrinkled her nose, testing.

He smiled, liking the challenge. Very slowly, expertly, he began to tease, giving her just enough of his hot, pulsing shaft to drive her wild, but never enough to satisfy.

"Beg," he said again.

She thrashed her head, defying.

"I can do this all night..."

She didn't doubt him. "This isn't fair, Master."

"It's not supposed to be." He licked her left breast, moistening her hot, smooth skin.

Steffy lifted herself off the bed, trying to pull him inside her.
He gave her nipple a warning chew. "Lie still."
She collapsed, frustrated, defeated. "Please?" she said in a small voice.

"Please what?"

"Please fuck me."

He shook his head. "That isn't close to begging."

"Please?" she mouthed, her voice a faint, hot breath. "Please use your slave?"

"Why?"

"B—because..."

"Not an answer." He took his cock all the way out.

"Because she needs you, Master," she said quickly. "Your slave needs to be owned by your cock. She needs to give you pleasure."

"Who is in control?" he asked.

"You are," she assured.

"You've stopped begging," he noted.

"Please fuck me, Master, come inside me, I am your girl, I am your sex slave. Let my body please you. I'll be a good girl; I'll be your obedient little pet..."

"Damn straight you will." He came down on her, ferocious, teeth gritted. His power put her in utter awe. She'd had no idea a man could desire a woman like this, let alone a woman like her.

"I love you," he declared. "God help me, you are beautiful, intense and intelligent...more than I have a right to ask from the universe."

"But I'm here." She clutched at his upper arms. "I'm real and I'm not going anywhere."

He inclined his head, letting out a deep guttural groan. His semen released inside her, his penis fully submerged. She clenched her pussy muscles, milking him, taking every dominant drop, savoring every star swept moment.

John Cupid...having sex with her, making love, calling her his.

They slept together afterwards, front to back, perfectly spooned, his hand circling her waist. He held her firm, tight, possessive.

At one point she had to go to the bathroom.

"It'll cost you," he said.

She returned to find him lying on his back, hands behind his head on the pillow. *What a specimen*, she thought, with his hard abdomen and

CUPID'S CAPTIVE

muscled chest slowly rising and falling, his cock half stiff again, his balls as full and tight as before.

Steffy didn't need to be told what to do.

She crawled onto the bed, between his legs. She began with his calves, delivering tiny kisses. He was hard as a rock by the time she got to his cock.

"I was supposed to do that," she said, with a mock pout.

"You already did," he said with a chuckle.

Hungrily, she buried him between her lips. She took the length of him, like a lollipop, the sweetest flavor. It was the perfect ending to a perfect night. An ending that was also a beginning. So much to look forward to, so much to think about. This was like a dream come true, but she wasn't naïve, it would be hard work, anything good was a struggle, but the ends were worth it.

He let her suck for a bit, then he had her mount him, straddling his lean waist, impaling herself. She ran her fingers through her hair, closing her eyes. He told her again how beautiful she was and was she sure she really wanted to be mixed up with him?

Yes, a million times yes.

Her body did the talking.

One more rocking orgasm for the night, mutual and wild, hearts merged, two souls intertwining, yearning to learn more about the other.

They collapsed afterward in a tangle and this time it was deeper than sleep...more intense than a dream.

She was happy, fulfilled...Cupid's Captive.

REESE GABRIEL

About the Author

Reese Gabriel is an internationally known author of erotica, specializing in romance bondage and BDSM. He has over sixty published novels and continues to write at a prolific pace. Reese lives with his wife and best friend of twenty years and enjoys old movies, swimming, and walks on the beach. He is an advocate of human rights and sexual freedom and believes that the best days of the human race are yet to come, as soon as we grow up and learn to live as one species, sanely and rationally.

Collect all 12 Phaze Fetish Stories!

Games Dragons Play - Michael Barnette

Love Lessons - Kate Burns

At the Edge - Marty Rayne

Cupid's Captive - Reese Gabriel

Celeste - Augusta Li

Onyx - Mychael Black and Shayne Carmichael

Girls on Film - Jade Falconer

Discovery - Rob Graham

Breaking Skye - Eden Bradley

Speed Dating - Yvette Hines

Passion Aggressive - Philippa Grey-Gerou and Emery

Sanborne

Taken by Tarot - Eliza Gayle

Now available at www.Phaze.com!

REESE GABRIEL



The hottest romance, the most memorable heroines,
and the most gorgeous heroes...

Welcome to the next PHAZE in erotic romance!

Join us online for author chats, writing workshops,
and win big prize contests with our FREE monthly
newsletter!

www.phaze.com

groups.yahoo.com/groups/PhazeChatters

eBooks available at Fictionwise.com, CyberRead.com,
and AllRomanceeBooks.com

print titles available at Amazon.com, BN.com,
BooksAMillion.com and on the shelves of Borders
bookstores!