

Love and Liberation



Laran Mithras

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By

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Whoever does not love does not know God, because God is love.

1 John 4:8

CHAPTER 1

"You dumbshit!" Dina flipped off the driver and accelerated to get past him.

Her husband Josh sat in the passenger seat. He chided her. "That was uncalled for."

She blinked in disbelief. "He ran the stop sign and almost hit us."

She glared at the kid in his little pick-up truck as they passed. His mouth was hanging open like an ape. She shoved her finger up, sneering in irritation at him. *Dumbass!*

Her husband sighed. "You should be more patient. Maybe he had a lot on his mind."

She shot a glare at him. "We would've had a lot on our minds with a smashed car."

"We're going to church..."

Her husband had seemed so mature being a year older than her, but both of them were young. He was twenty-five. She was twenty-four. "Do you think the fact we're going to church would have stopped his truck?"

"He stopped, didn't he?"

She coughed. "Yeah, like after I laid on the horn for an hour."

Josh Lewis was good to her. He had played football in high school and had a better shape than most of the people their age. "Maybe his girlfriend had just left him."

She turned the corner to the church. "Maybe he was wasted on meth."

He gave her a frowning look of consideration. "You should give people more slack—"

"You should have just a little sharper edge to you."

"You should turn the other cheek—"

"And Jesus wasn't turning any cheek when he whipped the moneychangers, was He?"

Josh fell silent.

Dina pulled into the small, but crowded parking lot. She loved Josh and normally he was the one making decisions. But narrowly missing a disaster had caused her to panic and seize control of the situation.

She was still shaking.

"I'm sorry," she said. "It scared me."

"There's nothing to be afraid of."

What? I almost peed myself. Get real!

They got out of the car.

He said, "Come on. Let's see if we can snake the left side."

"We're probably too late." The Sunday evening service on such a hot day would have all of the church-goers crowding under the air-conditioning on the left side. Crown Christian Fellowship was a compact church and successful. The pastor, Caleb Mann, even had a spot on the local religious radio station.

"Did you remember our offering?" Josh said.

"Yes." She held his hand as they hurried to the door. A few people were outside still and heading in.

Josh's parents had introduced them to the church – before they moved away. She often wondered if once she married their son, they moved to get away. She didn't get the impression that they disliked him – or her. No, not at all. But almost as if they were happy their son was married and living on his own and thus gave them the freedom to go elsewhere. They had chosen Alaska.

I'm not going to Alaska for Christmas. Forget it.

One of the assistant pastors held his arm out in direction, indicating the right side. The left was packed.

Le sigh.

Josh pulled her along and they sat.

For a church, Dina liked Crown. The pastor was a very magnetic man with wavy brown hair flowing back to his shoulders. His messages never were accusatory or went on and on about sin. He often said that the sin was forgotten by God, so why should he force his congregation to dwell on it?

She looked back at the message board near the door. While the service usually held her attention, she really wanted to get a look at the notices

posted. Many amongst the congregation posted small job opportunities and she needed to supplement her waitress income. Working at Wooden Ranch Breakfast House offered limited hours.

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She scanned the papers. "Babysitting."

"That's all?" Josh was also looking.

Yeah, can't you see what you're looking at? "Well, I don't want to mow lawns on the weekend."

He shook his head. "Nah, not for you. Me maybe, but not you."

The melodious and deep voice of Caleb Mann interrupted them. "Looking for some part-time work?"

She turned. He was tall, if on the thinner side. Bookish, but his hair was long and flowing with character. "Ah, yes. Just babysitting jobs, though."

Caleb stuck out his hand to Josh. "You two come regularly. You know me. This is my wife Olivia."

Olivia was almost as tall as Caleb. Her hair was a deep black shot through with silver and white. It was styled wavy and long. Her gray eyes were generous and welcoming.

Hands were shaken.

Caleb said, "And you are...?"

Her husband started as if remembering to introduce themselves. "Josh Lewis. And my wife Dina. My parents used to—"

Caleb's face was already lit up. "Yes, we remember them. They haven't been around for... Did anything happen?" His face grew serious.

"They moved away."

Dina said, "To Alaska."

Olivia gave a smile with raised eyebrows. "My goodness, that's far."

"And cold."

Josh frowned, "It's not that bad."

Caleb touched both their shoulders in greeting. "We're glad you're members. God bless." It was a signal from him that he was ready to continue circulating.

Dina watched them move over to another couple near the door. All four embraced with smiles. She recognized the other couple, but had never been introduced. They were very wealthy and drove a Mercedes.

She saw Caleb hug the other woman. *Would he ever hug me like that?* She didn't think the pastor was the type to only be hugging the woman because of the money. Caleb was not the flashy type like all the televangelists on TV. He wore no fancy rings or heavy diamond bracelets or neck-chains. He wore a simple wedding band and drove a white Ford Bronco that had to be as old as she was.

Josh said, "You should pick up the PennySaver and see what's there."

It was a freebie local ad magazine at the grocery stores. People paid for personal ads, selling anything from old furniture to cars and trucks. There were even dating ads and of course, the job opportunities ads.

She turned away from the pastor. "I guess so." The newspaper had been a bust. All that had been in it were ads for drilling technicians with twenty-plus years' experience and many ads for the United States Army. Why would someone with twenty years' experience decide to enter an entry-level position when they should have enough pension to retire? It made no sense. And the only companies offering these positions demanded experience. College? Forget it. Where's the experience? How did you get experience if you needed experience to get experience working for the only company offering that work in the entire state?

Dumb.

And she didn't want to join the army. She could, but it would take her away from Josh.

She drove them home, but not before stopping at the mini-mart.

"Getting a PennySaver?" he said.

"Yes. Might as well. I can read it to sleep."

"I think I'll come in with you and get a new Gallery."

She shrugged. *Didn't he have enough?* He bought the skin magazine every month. *He should just get a subscription.* At first she had been bothered by it. She had found his stash while they were living together and they had talked about him getting rid of them. She had been of the opinion that she should be enough for him – never mind the fact she had a stash of nude males on her computer. *They were too cute!* In the end, she figured she shouldn't be a hypocrite and let the matter drop.

He liked to excite himself over the pictures, masturbating to get ready for her. She had wondered about that, trying to remember back if he ever had a faraway look in his eyes when he did her – as if remembering one of his magazines. But, no, his eyes were always on her. She grew comfortable

with it and thought it sexy when he played with himself while looking at some naked bimbo.

Though aggravating when she was on her cycle, she liked to stroke him while he looked at his magazines. It made her very horny when she felt him swell in her hand and shoot his seed into a hand towel while looking at some girl's pussy. *Very nasty.*

She entered the cool mini-mart and turned right to the freebie stand. Plucking a PennySaver, she turned and left. He could stand there buying his dirty magazine: she felt embarrassed.

He got into the car and put the sack down at his feet. He was never in a rush to get to it and tear it from its plastic cover.

At the apartment, she settled onto the couch while he turned on the TV. Opening the PennySaver, she set about marking off job ads. She inked scribbles onto the ones that held no promise. *I don't want to drive an old man to get his prescriptions twice a week. No, I don't want to weed some vacant lot. No, I don't want to wash dirty dogs. No, I don't want another waitressing job. One was enough!* Some ads she circled as possibilities; a launderer at a local non-chain hotel, walking dogs, private maid, security guard. *Eh.*

She double and triple-circled the dog-walker ad and the private maid ad. She loved dogs. How hard could that be? A local pet store offered the service and hired the walkers. *Hmm.*

She grabbed her cell from her purse.

"Find something?" Josh was interested.

"Dog-walker." She felt excited.

"How much it pay?"

"Ten an hour."

Josh tilted his head one way and then the other. "Better than nothing."

"Better than minimum wage." She thumbed the number.

"Pet Emporium, Trisha speaking."

She felt shaky. "Hi, I'm calling about the dog-walking ad?"

A sigh from the other end. "Oh, honey, I filled that position two days ago when the ad came out. Had at least a hundred calls since then."

"Oh..."

"Sorry, dear." The phone went dead.

"Nuts," she said.

Josh muted the TV. "What happened?"

"Filled two days ago."

"Too bad."

"Doesn't leave much. Private maid service on Saturday and Sunday mornings."

"What's the pay?"

"Doesn't say." Dina scrunched up her mouth. Would she have to pick up used underwear? Clean grungy bathrooms? Wipe snot off refrigerators? *Gross.*

"Call and find out," he said.

You're no help. "Yeah, I guess so." She didn't feel much enthusiasm to find out. She slowly pulled the phone back up into her view as if dragging a heavy weight. *Maid, ugh.*

The number rang in the earpiece. A male voice answered. "Strauss residence."

"Hi, I'm calling about the ad in the PennySaver?"

"Ah, yes. Hold on a moment while I get back to my office." The line went silent.

A minute later, the line went live again. "Are you there?"

She heard the creak of a chair. "Yes."

"Do you know the Strauss'?"

"Um, no, I don't think I do."

"Very good, then. The work is Saturday and Sunday mornings, about two hours of work. Involved is the floor care of a large room, cleaning of the guest bathrooms and showers, and service of the two guest bedrooms."

Ugh. Sounds awful. "I see." She knew she didn't sound enthusiastic.

The man hesitated, perhaps detecting her tone. "The pay is twenty dollars an hour and we provide the materials. If you finish faster, we pay a flat two hours, so you will always receive forty dollars per day."

She blinked. "Oh."

"Employment is conditional upon meeting the Strauss'. Would you like to set an appointment?"

"Oh, you aren't doing the hiring?"

"No, ma'am. I'm the butler. I will handle your employment, but Mr. and Mrs. Strauss will be the ones approving you for the position. It's a delicate matter."

Delicate? Cleaning? "Um, okay."

He gave her directions which she scribbled onto the back of the magazine. "Are you available for interview tomorrow?"

Monday was not too busy a day. "I waitress in the mornings during the week. I could come when I get off at noon – will that be okay?"

"Splendid. I will note you down for twelve-thirty. What is your name?"

"Dina Lewis."

"Very good Miss Lewis, I am Sebastian and will look forward to seeing you at twelve-thirty."

"Okay."

"Goodbye now." The phone went dead before she could say goodbye. She stared at the phone numbly.

Josh lifted his chin at her. "You okay?"

She heaved a sigh. "Yeah, I suppose. Just a weird phone call. I have an interview, anyway."

"Great. The pay's good?"

"Twenty an hour."

"Wow!"

"It's only two hours a day."

"Still, that's awesome. Eighty bucks for a couple hours on the weekend?"

"I guess they're rich. That was the butler."

"Butler? No kidding?"

She set aside the magazine and put her phone away. "His name was Sebastian, no less."

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Dina came out of the bathroom after preparing for bed. She felt oddly excited about the interview tomorrow. She paused outside the bathroom door and her insides began to warm.

Josh was on the bed, the new magazine open. He was stroking himself while turning pages.

She giggled to herself and went back into the bathroom. Grabbing a hand towel, she scurried back out. She said, "Hey, sexy."

He gave her a smile and sat up.

"Stand up and let me do that while you look."

He chuckled. "Okay." He got off and stood by the bed and then pulled the magazine close.

She poured a little oil on her hand and wiped it all over his semi-erect dick. She was standing a little behind him at his side. With his shaft slicked up, she started stroking. She peered at the magazine with her cheek against his shoulder. "Is that a good one, this time?"

Not all of them were appealing. Each issue was almost an adventure. Will the girls be pretty? Or ugly with fake tits?

He said, "Yeah, there's a nice one coming up." He liked to flip through the pictures really fast and then go back to look at them closer, after.

She stroked, liking the feel of his hardness in her hand. Her own insides were warming up nicely.

He paused, lingering on a gal with pink hair that hung above her shoulders.

"You like that one?" she said, interested. *Should I get pink hair?*

"She's okay."

She saw his eyes moving over the girl's body. She slowed her movements, making them more sensual. His eyes darted down to the girl's pussy and he gasped.

Just as she was getting hornier, he turned the page. *I was having fun.*

"This is the nice one." He stopped on another picture set.

Dina leaned in a little closer. It was a frizzy-haired blonde with large brown eyes. She looked very young and as thin as herself. Dina's hair was brown and touched with the slightest of waves. She cut it to have bangs. The girl on the page either spent hours frizzing her hair or if it was natural, she bet the girl hated it. It looked natural.

He was gasping and his hips started to move with her thrusts.

She liked it when he was that excited. It made her want to play with her pussy. "You like this one, huh?"

"Yeah."

"What do you like about her?" Always that wonder and worry about him not being totally satisfied with her.

"She has a pretty pussy." He thrust his hips and she aimed his shaft towards the picture he was looking at. The girl in the picture was kneeling, her crotch tilted forward. She was lightly haired and very trimmed. Dina stroked him faster, moving her hand down hard to imitate hard thrusts.

He began to shake.

She loved it. "You like the looks of her pussy?" She fisted his erection with strong strokes.

He was panting. "Yeah. Those are nice, puffy lips."

His cock was bulging and hot in her hands. He was ready.

"Okay, my turn," she said.

He moaned in anticipation and closed the magazine.

She hopped on the bed as he scrambled to get between her legs. Opening her thin legs wide, she accepted his first thrust with a happy sigh of satisfaction and pleasure.

Josh heaved on her, driving his cock into her and causing spirals of euphoria to spread out from her pussy.

She panted, the air being forced out of her as he dropped himself onto her with each thrust. She looked up into his eyes, happy and satisfied that they were together. He gazed back, and smiled.

Then he came in her, flooding her with wetness and heat. She loved the feel and hugged him with her arms as he lay gasping on her. She hadn't finished, but she would do it later in the bathroom. She always did; as much as she loved Josh and he loved her, he didn't spend long enough in her to make her finish.

Maybe when I shower in the morning...

She fell asleep in his arms, happy and comfortable.

CHAPTER 2

Dina showered the next morning without spending too much time fingering her clit. *Wash and get out. Gotta go.*

Mondays were typical of it and she always had such a hard time gaining momentum on a Monday for the rest of the week. By the time Friday rolled around, she would be in stride, but ready for the weekend. Then she would slide back into relaxation and be out of gear for the following Monday.

She came out into the kitchen. "What do you think of coffee?"

Josh was eating a bowl of cereal. It was all he ate for breakfast. "Coffee? Isn't that for old people who can barely walk?"

She put a fist on her hip and gave him a look. "Your folks drank coffee."

"Sure, but look how old they are. My father is fifty this year."

She rolled her eyes. "How horrible."

"I know, right? Like half a century."

She shook her head. He had missed her sarcasm. "I think I'll buy a coffee-maker on the way home."

"Whatever..." As if it were the stupidest thing he had ever heard.

"Don't be like that; it's just coffee."

"Sure. Then it will be Ben-Gay and Depends."

"Yeah, right. Coffee will make me old. Sure."

"It probably does."

"It doesn't." But she was done arguing with him, even if it wasn't serious. "Wish me luck, I think."

"Not sure you want the job?" He put his bowl in the dishwasher.

She shook her head and said slow, "I don't know. We'll see."

He stood there, hands on hips, leaned a little forward, as if ready to coach football or something. "Try to take the job."

"If it isn't disgusting."

"How can maid-work be disgusting?"

She laughed. "Ever cleaned a toilet?"

He snorted. "No."

She grinned at him. "I clean ours Wednesdays. This Wednesday, you clean it."

He looked horrified.

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Dina took off her uniform in the small employees' bathroom at the Wooden Ranch Breakfast House. She was not going to show up at the Strauss residence wearing her waitress uniform with its fresh stains. She came out wearing her white shorts and button-up blouse. She would have dressed better, but did a position as a maid really require better attire for an interview?

"I'm off," she said to Betty.

The manager waved, not looking.

The neighborhood was at the edge of town in an older area just before it rose into the foothills. The homes had been around for decades and had been built not in tract fashion. Up in the foothills above them were the posh and new McMansion tract homes. Down where she was, a very deep tree-lined street heavy with shade showed very private and scattered homes. These were not mansions, but homes owned by people who didn't want to be noticed. Gates barred the driveways of most and thick hedges barred most of the yards of others. The homes themselves were large but otherwise not too architecturally thrilling.

She pulled her Dodge Caliber up to the speakerbox. *Am I supposed to press the button? Or do they know I'm here?* She could see a two story home sprawling on the lawns and hiding amongst the trees. After waiting a moment, she pressed the button. "Hello?"

Nothing for several seconds.

Do I need to hold the button down while I talk?

A slight crackle. A word floated from the speaker. "Yes?"

"Hi, uh, Dina Lewis here about the job interview?"

"Very good." There was a beep that cut off and then the gate was swinging open.

She drove in, hoping the gate wouldn't shut on her car. The house was one of those broad-roofed styles that was probably forty or fifty years old. Even the roof was still wood shake. Brick and larger foundation stone and cement-work held brooding windows clean and deep.

I shouldn't be here. This is way out of my class. She felt like a stupid little girl. She looked back at the gate; it was swinging shut. How would she get out? She looked back and the front door had opened. The drive widened at the front of the house so that cars could park along the lawn and still have room for other cars to pass. The drive was also wide enough to allow for parked cars along its entire length. Three or four homes could fit on just the driveway.

Sighing as if trapped, she pulled to the left and parked. The lawn on the left of the car looked like something on a golf course.

The man at the door stood waiting, door shut behind him.

She walked up to him, looking him over. He was a stocky man, full in the face with not a hint of fat on him. He was brutishly handsome with intelligent eyes. But there was not the stiffness of a body-builder about the man. His hair was blonde and trimmed, though fluffy. He had a lithe grace about him that came through in his stance.

She remembered instantly. Martial arts. A little bit of flexibility in the knees, the fluid motions that told of time spent stretching, the loose way the entire body moved. She had only made it to a yellow belt, but she remembered the moves of those who were proficient.

He gave a very short nod, looking her over with a neutral eye from head to foot. "Hello, Dina, I am Sebastian. Come with me." He turned and opened the door, leading the way in.

She followed in the wake of a very light and intriguing cologne.

He said without turning, "I take it that it is Mrs. Lewis, then?"

He noticed my wedding ring in that one glance. "Yes."

"Very good. Through here please, and you can fill out an application."

She was ushered into a small office lined with books, binders, cabinets and a series of hooks with keys. It smelled of Sebastian and leather. The chairs were wooden with leather cushions. Even the small chair she sat in was richer than anything she and Josh owned.

I am so way out of my league. Am I still on planet Earth?

Sebastian handed her a clipboard with a single and simple application on it. He also handed her a heavy silver pen – the kind of ballpoint seen in display cabinets for sixty dollars.

She sat and began filling it out with a shaky hand. *Is it too late to just call the whole thing off?* She glanced up a couple of times. Sebastian had sat in his chair – the one that had squeaked on the phone the previous day – and was watching her face over steepled fingers.

He said, "There's a tax box on the bottom. Leave the Social Security number off. If you're hired, you can fill it in."

"Okay."

He was pursing his lips with a look that said she wasn't going to get the job.

She frowned, feeling scared, just wanting to leave and do something like wash dishes at some slop-joint or serve drinks in the evening to leering men with bad breath and bad teeth. *Why is Sebastian looking at me like that? Am I ugly or something? Do I smell like I am just some cheap person?* She handed him the clipboard. *I feel cheap in here. Like a street-beggar having nerve.*

He lifted the phone, pressed a button and spoke into it. "Shall I bring the applicant into the sunroom?"

She heard a voice but couldn't make out what it was saying.

"Very good," he said. He punched another button and spoke. "Your wife is ready to interview the new applicant."

A voice.

"Yes, sir." He put down the receiver and stood. He said to her, "If you will follow me?"

She rose. "What would I be cleaning? The guest rooms?"

"I was going to show you if you survive the interview."

That sounds bad. Are these bad people? If I fail do they kill me and dump my body down a well? "There's a maid for the other rooms?"

"Indeed. Alice. But she is old and it is a little much for her. However, Mr. and Mrs. Strauss have a very kind heart and will not replace her as long as she can still work."

Oh, maybe they aren't bad then. "Oh." She followed him through a dark entry and a living room twice the size of her entire apartment. The lights were off and she felt the cool movement of very good air-conditioning. The only light came in from the broad windows that stretched the length of the

room at the back of the house. The roof stretched so far out and low on the second story and the surrounding trees were so tall and thick that the windows were entirely in shade. She felt like she could collapse onto the thick rug and stretch like a cat. Maybe take a nap. There was a doorway into a short hall with a few doors. A couple of rain-slickers hung on pegs and a low open-faced cabinet held some shoes. He led her to the back door.

It revealed a long and very bright room compared to the rest of the house. Built out as an add-on, the roof was glass and slanted. The long room was filled with flowers and ferns.

There, sitting at an iron table with a phone was a woman clipping thorns from a rose stem. A vase of roses was beside her. She was wearing a shade-hat and auburn hair flowed from beneath it. She was wearing a sleeveless white dress and garden gloves.

Sebastian spoke as the woman turned. "This is the applicant, a Mrs. Dina Lewis."

Dina saw the woman's face. *Oh... I've got this job.* She broke into a smile. It was the rich woman who went to Crown Christian Fellowship - the one who had been hugged the previous night by Caleb at the door.

Coming in from the other end was her husband, a smooth and intense man with easy eyes and an easy smile.

But there is where things fell apart.

"Oh dear," said Mrs. Strauss.

Her husband frowned.

Sebastian stiffened – still loose, but suddenly wary. "Should I escort Mrs. Lewis out?"

The husband placed fists on hips and pursed his lips.

Mrs. Strauss rose and put down the clipper and removed the gloves. She sighed heavily. "No, Sebastian. That will be all."

"Ma'am?" He appeared confused. Something wasn't going right.

But Dina was at a loss to see what or why.

"You can go, Sebastian. I will talk to her in private."

The husband spoke, "Melissa..."

"Yes, I know. I'll handle it."

He frowned, a commanding pose struck as if a naval officer on the prow of his ship. "Are you sure?"

Melissa Strauss glanced back at him. "I am."

Dina blurted out, "We go to the same church together."

Melissa looked back at her and lowered her chin in a motion designed to impart disapproval.

She snapped her mouth shut. *What's going on here?*

The woman glanced at her husband and Sebastian and then waited. Both men turned and left through separate doors.

Melissa gave her a half smile. "Well, then. This is something of a surprise. I didn't think we would pick up one of our own congregation as an applicant."

"Did I do something wrong?"

The woman's face looked amused. "Wrong? No, of course not."

"Then why—"

"We were trying to avoid involving a member of the church—"

"Why would that matter—"

"Do not interrupt me again." Melissa gave her a look. Satisfied Dina would remain quiet, she went on. "Walk with me and let's talk a little."

"Okay." She felt more like a child than ever before.

They walked along the rows of flowers. Melissa stopped and fingered the petals of one or moved the stem of another.

"I am Melissa, by the way. My husband you saw was Donald. Sebastian called you Tina?"

"Dina."

Melissa nodded. "Dina." She walked a few steps and considered another plant. "What do you know of Caleb's beliefs?"

Dina wasn't sure what the woman meant. The older woman was speaking slow and careful, as if testing waters. Was she hiding something? "Well, everything he talks about, I guess. I think I've gone long enough to hear most of his sermons. He has several themes he hits every year."

"Yes, indeed. But I was not talking about his sermons."

"Oh." *Then what are you talking about?*

Melissa was quiet for a long time, shaking her head slightly. Then she said, "What do you think of sin?"

"You mean, his message on it?"

Melissa turned to her fully. She had a small leaf in her hand, a delicate thing she turned over and over in the fingers of both hands. "No, not him or his message. What do you – you as a person – think of sin?"

That's a pretty tall order. "I don't understand."

"When you think of sin, what do you think of first?"

"Forgiven?"

A small smile quirked on her face. "Good. Many people think first of evil and the urge within a believer to fight evil is strong and so many fight sin."

"Shouldn't we?"

Melissa squinted her eyes at her. "When we dwell in sin, we are in sin and under the curse of the law."

"Oh, you mean like Pastor Mann's message. The one where we shouldn't be dwelling in the struggle of trying to be sinless? When God has forgiven them?"

The smile broadened a little. "Correct."

"Well, I can only live as I have been taught..."

"You haven't been told everything."

"I haven't? What do you mean? I was raised Christian all my life."

Melissa turned and walked a little farther on. "That's part of the problem."

What are you hinting? I'm not going to give up God to get paid as a maid. "Are you... one of those..."

"One of those, whats, girl?"

"One of those people who don't believe in Jesus?"

Melissa laughed. "Heavens no, child. He is our savior."

Dina let out a breath. "Whew, okay. I didn't want to renounce Him just to get a job."

Melissa laughed harder and seemed a little more relaxed. "No, no. Perhaps I am being a little too circumspect. We all believe in Jesus here, but in a way you aren't used to."

Dina felt her hackles rise. "He's God."

Melissa placed a hand on her shoulder. "Don't worry yourself, Dina. We're not cultists here or anything. I ask these things not to pervert what you already know. I want you to understand that. What I am saying is you haven't been told everything."

"Like what?"

"How many times have you heard a sermon on the vessels of destruction and the vessels of glory?"

It sounded familiar to her, but she could not ever remember hearing a sermon on it. What would the sermon be about? What truth was there? "I guess never."

"Right again. You won't hear it from any church you go to."

"Pastor Mann...?"

"Oh, he knows. But there are some things beyond what a typical church-goer can handle. So he keeps quiet about them."

"Huh? Why is that?"

"Come with me outside. Let's walk for a bit under the trees. It'll be a little cooler and I'll try to be clear to you."

Dina followed the woman out.

Melissa breathed deeply in the cool of the shade. A well-watered blanket of ferns crowded the tall and thick trees. "The Christian message is relatively simple; I won't go into it because you know it. But how simple it is escapes us. What we have allowed is the complication of things that should not be complicated. Our traditions and culture have shaped Christianity to be something it was not intended to be."

Dina didn't know what to say.

"For example, in certain parts of the world, Christians believe it is a deadly sin to expose the belly button."

She laughed. "What?"

"Certain East Pacific cultures."

"I didn't know. There's nothing in the Bible about belly buttons."

Melissa smiled at her. "Precisely. The problem is there are elements of what you think you know that are not in the Bible, either."

"Like what?"

"Perhaps I am not the one best suited to address that. I just wanted you to understand that it is culture, habits and tradition that make up what a lot of Westerners believe about Christianity. Would you have a problem working around those who believe somewhat differently than you, but not against anything in the Bible?"

Dina couldn't see that it would matter. "Well, no. I guess not."

Melissa stopped walking and turned to her. "It is easier said when you don't know details. But let's assume you could. How discrete are you?"

"Discrete?"

She started walking slowly back to the house. "Not all Christians could accept anything different from what they think they know – even if scriptures say otherwise."

"I doubt that."

"An open mind is a quality aspired to by all but the most soundly rejected in practice."

Dina was silent.

"We would not want our beliefs to harm the faith of others."

"Okay."

"And you would keep to yourself what you do in our household?"

"What about my husband?"

"I would caution against it. But is he as willing as you to accept that Christians might be different?"

"I don't know."

Melissa leveled a gaze at her. "Then we would ask you to be discrete, even with him."

"You would want me to lie to my husband?"

The woman looked perturbed. "Not at all. Tell him you clean for us and leave it at that."

"What is religiously different about cleaning?"

Dina and the woman shared a gaze together, Dina questioning, Melissa searching.

"Come, I will show you."

CHAPTER 3

Dina didn't know what she was in for. She followed Melissa back into the house.

The woman stopped and turned. "We are very particular about cleanliness. We must have you free of anything infectious. We can talk about that after you see the guest rooms."

"I shower every day, and I don't have the flu."

"That's good of course. Come." She opened a door in the entry. A broad set of carpeted stairs led down. The walls were paneled wood and rich-looking.

"Your guest rooms are down here?"

"Yes." Melissa wasn't waiting.

Dina reached the bottom of the stairs into a large playroom. At least, that's what it looked like at first glance. Black leather couches lined the walls. A few leather chairs sat on wooden floors. There was a black leather-covered barrel and a couple of odd stool-looking pieces of furniture. There was a large metal X against one wall and that's when the straps and restraints on everything clued her in. There was even a rack of implements on display. "Is this a dungeon?"

Melissa laughed. "Not a very dedicated one. But some of the things in here you will find in a real one. We consider it a very light and relaxed version." She indicated a hall. "This way."

Dina followed into a hall with five doors.

The woman pointed. "Two bathrooms with tub-showers. In these are the guest bedrooms." She opened two of the doors.

Inside were small rooms. A metal frame bed dominated each room. Restraints were at the corners. Mirror panels decorated one wall and a couple of small chairs were in each.

The mattress covers looked to be vinyl or plastic. No blankets were in evidence.

Dina felt a little dizzy. "Do... Do people get hurt down here?"

Melissa spun quickly and her rejection was just as fast. "No. We urge our guests to seek that elsewhere. We do not believe love should be about pain, though a little bit of play is acceptable. Our guests do not cause pain to each other. If they did, they would not be welcome back."

"Weren't those paddles on the wall for spanking?"

"Yes, child, they were. But we do not offer them for the purpose of causing pain. If a guest wants to use one to heighten an experience, then we allow it. However, we never allow the amount of pain you would find in a real dungeon. No one bleeds here and we take a very dim view of bruises."

"Oh." She wasn't sure how to respond.

Melissa went to the last door. "This is where we keep the cleaning supplies. Here you will find standard disinfectant cleaners for the bathrooms and showers. This machine here scrubs the floors; it's fast and there are extra pads in this box." She pointed.

Dina had seen an orbital cleaner used once. It hadn't looked hard.

"The basket there holds cotton towels. Those spray bottles hold a disinfectant cleaner. All of the furniture gets wiped down. Takes Sebastian about two hours to do it, but he has other duties and Alice is too old."

Dina was nodding, looking around at what there was to clean.

Melissa placed fists on hips. "Well, what do you think? Can you clean it..." She leaned forward. "Discretely and without being judgmental?"

She felt as if her integrity was being questioned. *Perhaps it is.* She lifted her chin. "I can."

"Hmm. Well, then. I believe we can hire you. Come Saturday and Sunday mornings. No earlier than seven in the morning and no later than ten. That should give you plenty of time to finish and leave on Saturday before guests arrive. On Sunday it is not so critical what time you finish as we do not entertain guests on Sunday."

"Okay."

"Cleanliness is extremely important. I will arrange for you to see our doctor at your convenience and at our expense. We will make sure you have

nothing to cause us concern even if you are just cleaning."

"Oh. Okay."

"Come with me." Melissa went back upstairs. She led the way back to Sebastian's office. She waved Dina in and leaned into the doorway after her. She said to the butler, "She's hired. Arrange an appointment with Doctor Singh for her."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Dina, thank you for applying. Let Sebastian here know if you need anything."

"Thank you, Mrs. Strauss."

"You're welcome. But please call me Melissa."

Dina watched the woman leave the office doorway. Her shoes echoed on the tile floor and then the sound was swallowed by the Persian rug.

Sebastian looked surprised. "Did she show you the guest rooms?"

"Uh, yes."

He nodded. "I thought I heard the door. Very good, then. Welcome to the family." He shifted the clipboard back to her. "Social, please, and what day would you be available for Doctor Singh?"

"Today?"

Sebastian winked at her. "A good sign. I think I like you already."

~ ~ ~

Dina closed the apartment door. She stretched out her arm, still sore from having blood drawn.

Two tubes. Yuck, I hate that.

Josh wasn't home yet. He fixed computers at a computer store and wandered in after four.

She placed the shopping bag down on the table. It held the new coffee maker. She checked the refrigerator and tossed around the idea of making a stir-fry for dinner.

She started taking out food items and placing them on the counter.

Was there anything really bad about what the Strauss' might be doing? While it seemed naughty and sinful, she had to admit there were no thou shalt not spans in the Bible.

Could Melissa be right, then? Had culture superimposed itself on Christianity? Did she have ideas of morals that were nothing more than

scripturally unsupported social codes? The thought made her feel as if things she had taken for granted as true might be colored with an unscriptural lens. If she viewed spankings as sinful, as she had, and there was nothing in scriptures to say it was, then was it? Or was it what Melissa said?

She had said Pastor Mann knows some of this. Why doesn't he teach the people then?

Josh came in a little early. Dinner was still cooking.

"Hey," she said.

"Hey. How'd it go?"

"I got the job."

"Great! What happened to your arm?"

"Oh. Blood testing. They're really picky about contagious stuff. But guess what?"

"Hmm?" He sat at the kitchen table and took the box out of the bag.

"The employers are the rich people we see at Crown."

"No kidding? That's awesome." He gave her a surprised look.

"They have a butler, a maid and everything." She took down two bowls.

"If they have a maid, why did they need you?"

"Separate area of the house. And their maid is getting really old."

"Oh." He started unpacking the coffee maker. He stopped and looked in the bag. "No coffee filters? No coffee?"

"Tomorrow. I'll hit the grocery store for those."

He shrugged. "It's your coffee."

She gave him a dry look. "Yeah, tomorrow I will buy my ticket to old age."

"I'm telling ya."

~ ~ ~

The days of the week went by and Dina did not know what to think about her new job, not having spent an hour at it yet.

Sebastian called on Thursday to say everything was good to go and gave her the gate code. He told her to use the side entry and park by the garage on the right of the house. He did not seem surprised that her tests had come back clean and she felt relieved that she wouldn't have to act offended if he had.

Of course I'm clean.

On Friday, she wondered what might be going on at the Strauss residence that would require cleaning. They spanked each other? Used restraints? People had sex? She wondered what Melissa thought of seeing other people have sex. Dina did not recall any thou shalt not see anyone having sex verses.

She had thought about the disparity all week between what she had been taught as right and wrong and what really might be right and wrong. Or just not wrong, if not codified specifically as right.

But what if they were having sex outside of marriage? Everyone knew fornication was a sin. Had Melissa been implying it was all okay because God had already forgiven it? She recalled the times she and Josh had fornicated – but that was in the past now and they were married, so it was all okay. Right?

Would Pastor Mann answer those questions for her? Or would he tell her to go away and concentrate on praying? She didn't take him for that kind of preacher, but who knew? Maybe he was only comfortable preaching what people expected to hear.

~ ~ ~

Dina punched in the code and the gate beeped and opened. She drove forward and to the right of the house. The drive extended under a roofed area between the enormous detached garage and the house-proper. Just past the garage was a parking area with a couple of cars in it. *Alice's and Sebastian's*? If so, she imagined the beige Volkswagen Beetle belonged to Alice and the black BMW 328 belonged to Sebastian.

She parked next to them and got out. She hadn't been told what to wear, so she was in beige shorts and a t-shirt. Her hair was back in a ponytail. Mp3 player attached to her belt, she was ready to clean.

She pressed the button next to the side door.

Sebastian was already opening it. "Ah, there you are."

"Hello."

He let her in. "I see you're all dressed for it."

She laughed. "No one said anything about a uniform."

"Quite right."

"There isn't one, is there?" She was suddenly worried.

He laughed jovially. He had nice teeth. "No, no. Not at all. Unless you wanted to wear one. It might amuse the Strauss'."

Dina looked him over. He was wearing what looked to be a butler's outfit and not a cheap one. "You're wearing a uniform."

"Yes, but I greet the guests. You clean before they arrive and won't be seeing anyone."

"Oh." *Does that make me feel better?* She wasn't sure.

He led her along a hall past the kitchen and then into the entry. He held his arm towards the basement door and smiled.

Am I supposed to thank him? Smiling fast, she moved to the door.

He said, "There's a phone down there. Ring up line eight if you need me."

"Okay." She stepped into the stairwell and shut the door. Dim light reflected up enough for her to see. Stepping to the bottom of the stairs, she looked over the room. It looked fairly clean, but she was here to clean and she would do what was expected. She flicked on the lights and a soft glow filled the dimmer parts of the room. Three basement windows at ground level let in some natural light – plenty by which to see.

She hurried over to the hallway and cleaning closet.

She started with the bathrooms. *Get them out of the way.* She thumbed her player and settled the headphones over her ears.

Cleaning the bathrooms was easy enough and she didn't have to do any scrubbing. She moved next into the two guest bedrooms and started the wipe-down disinfecting.

Start up, end down. The floors would be the last. She made sure to wipe everything that might have been touched – even the sides of the mattresses.

She moved out into the main room and began the longer process of wiping down couches, strange furniture pieces and the big X-cross.

She was ready for the floor. The orbiter was amusing; it wanted to go its own direction. It took her several minutes to understand its spin and how best to control it. Then it became easy.

There was a tap on her shoulder.

Startled, she let go of the orbiter and the thing went spinning away from her.

She turned fast, scared.

Sebastian was dashing past her and grabbed the orbiter. He turned it off. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to frighten you."

Dina's heart was racing. She thumbed off her player and tried to act calm. "Oh, well, I just wasn't expecting anyone..."

He nodded, his intense eyes looking into hers. "Are you almost done?"

"Yes, everything is done except that area there." She moved her hands in a circular motion towards the corner.

"Ah, very good. I was a bit worried."

"Why?"

"You've been at it for almost two and a half hours."

"I have?" *I thought I had been going fast.*

"Don't worry yourself about it. I'm sure once you've done it a few times you'll get faster at it."

"Yes, the orbiter took a little getting used to."

"The music doesn't slow you down?"

She shook her head.

"Rap?" He quirked an eyebrow.

Yuck. "No, I hate that stuff. It's not even music."

"What do you listen to?"

"I have on here Therion. I especially like their Lemuria and Sirius B albums."

"Therion?"

She nodded. "A Swedish melodic metal band – like nothing you've ever heard."

He looked at her askance. "Perhaps. I might listen to it and tell you if I have. You're all done wiping things down?" He ran a hand over a piece of black leather cushion on one of the stool-things. He appeared satisfied.

"I did that first. Floors should always be last."

"Quite right. I believe Mrs. Strauss hired the right person."

That's nice of you to say. "Thank you."

"Finish up here and I will let you out."

Dina watched him leave the room and turned back on the orbiter. Not three minutes later, she was done. The area she had sprayed and scrubbed was already drying. Putting the machine away, she checked the room.

Everything looked in order.

Up in the entry, she could hear Sebastian talking from his office. "...a bit unexpected but let me punch you through." She heard the phone receiver return to its cradle and his chair scrape back.

She peeked in.

He glanced at her and out the small window near his desk. "Ah, good. Let me let you out."

She followed him through the hall and was let out the side door.

"We shall see you again tomorrow." He gave her a pleasant smile. "And you will receive your pay, as well."

She felt good and not at all like how she had felt before knowing about the job. "Thank you."

She drove out along the drive towards the other gate that was used as the exit. She passed the front of the house just as Sebastian was opening the front door.

On her left was a white Ford SUV. At the front door on her right was a familiar couple. Pastor Caleb Mann and his wife Olivia. Dina wanted to wave, but they weren't looking.

Is he here looking for money because the Strauss family is rich? Or are they friends? Caleb just was not the money-type. He took the offerings but never asked.

Having cleaned what appeared to be a sex-dungeon to her, she felt no odd sensation of having done something dirty or sinful. She didn't remember any thou shalt not clean places where people have sex verses.

The thought occupied her all the way home and the rest of the day. She had learned Christianity was many things of do's and don'ts. But when she dwelled on some things, she couldn't recall if there was anything scriptural to support it. If something wasn't in the Bible, should it have any place in true Christianity?

She would have to ask Pastor Mann. Tomorrow.

~ ~ ~

Though Saturday didn't seem all too wasted with work for her, Dina already thought that Sunday was turning into a day filled with stuff to do.

She arrived at the Strauss residence ready to go and did what she thought was a bust-ass job. Bringing along a little bag, she carried a change of clothes.

As she came in she had asked Sebastian if she could use one of the showers after finishing up, and then clean the bathroom she used.

"I don't see a problem, Dina," he had said.

She developed a faster wiping technique for the barrel and the stools. She tried with the couches but after the third of the four, she was sweating.

Good thing I can use the shower.

She tried to go faster in the bedrooms, but she stayed thorough and didn't see much success there for speed.

The orbital wore her out. She swung it with vigor and got an incredible workout in her arms trying to control and sling the thing around all at once. She was drenched and panting – seeing stars – when she was done.

She used the shower and took a cool one, rinsing out her hair and staying under the water until her body finally cooled and calmed down. She cleaned it then and got out.

Strapping on her wristwatch, she saw she was exactly at two hours, including her shower.

Not bad. But what a workout. She even felt hungry.

Wiping down the mirror and sink, she deposited the cleaning towel in the cleaning hamper. She had used her own towel brought from home.

Walking out into the main room, she slowed and looked around. It was a cozy room with the cushy leather couches but plenty of space on the floor to move around. Or lay around. Did they lie on the floor? She ran her hand over the leather-covered barrel and pressed her fingers. It was slightly cushioned.

A voice startled her. "That one is particularly comfortable."

She spun to see Melissa Strauss standing there, watching. "Oh, I was just looking."

The older woman folded her arms and shifted to one hip. "I came down to show my appreciation for your good work, not accuse you of touching something you shouldn't." She was shaking her head – a small and amused smile on her face. She didn't appear to be over forty or forty-five at the most.

"Oh. Well, I finished pretty fast today."

"You did, thank you. Have you ever seen one of these before?"

Dina was curious about it, not understanding what people saw in being tied over one. "Well, not up close..."

"So you've seen them before."

"Yes."

"Sometimes people view something with prejudice without knowing what something means."

"What do you mean?"

"There can be a sense of liberation in being bound – even gently."

"What? How?" *I thought people that were bound were tortured against their will.*

"Surrender can be a powerful tool in freedom of emotion."

"I guess?"

"Have you ever been bound?"

"No." Josh had never done anything more than pinned her under him and had his way with her.

"Lay over the barrel and I'll give you a very short demonstration."

She looked hesitantly at the barrel and then at Melissa. The woman did not appear threatening, even if she was dressed all in black. Nylons, skirt, blouse and a velvet choker – all in black. Her auburn hair set off the effect of a woman confident and in control.

Melissa looked amused. "Don't worry. You won't be harmed. Lay over the top there."

Dina moved to obey, if reluctantly. What could it hurt? She hung herself over the barrel. It was not as comfortable as it looked, but was rounded enough not to press too hard at any one point of her body.

Melissa squatted down and affixed velvet-lined wrist restraints to one hand.

Dina froze, suddenly unsure. "Uh..."

The woman looked up into her eyes. "There's nothing to fear. However, think about the fear and feel its effects on you. Instead of ignoring it, embrace it."

"Embrace it? Why?"

"Because that is the fastest way to emotional freedom. If you push away the fear, it will always be there. Face the fear and understand it, and you banish it forever." She stood and fastened restraints to Dina's ankles. "There."

She couldn't get free and struggling wasn't going to do any good. She saw the woman walk over to the rack of implements and select a long wooden paddle. She struggled a little harder against the bonds. "I thought you weren't going to hurt me?"

Turning with the paddle held across her chest like a batter would a baseball bat about to bunt, she advanced on Dina with slow and deliberate steps. "Fear limits what you can know."

"What?"

"That which you fear can hide from you that which is the truth. Fear the truth? The truth is pushed away. But then you live a lie."

"But..." She fell silent, wondering if the woman was whacky, but somehow feeling she was way beyond Dina's comprehension.

"Have you ever been spanked?"

"Sure, by my parents." She was shaking with uncertainty.

Melissa stopped near her head.

Dina could not look up without causing pain in her neck and shoulders. The most she could see was the woman's legs parted – commanding and confident. Her hips and crotch were at eye level.

"No man or woman has ever spanked you?"

"No." She watched the woman move to her side. She tensed.

"I wouldn't do that."

"Huh?"

"You're tensing."

Dina tried to relax. "What are you going to do?"

The woman didn't answer with words. The paddle smacked down onto her shorts, stinging her butt cheeks.

Dina gasped in shock, but then realized the swat had not been painful. *That wasn't so bad.* She felt helpless, though, and pulled at the restraints.

"You cannot get free. Understand this and let go."

She felt some panic then that was instantly banished with the next swat. Stinging a little, it still did not hurt. Several more spanks came down and Dina grunted with the mild impacts, welcoming the sting as a relief from being bound. It was out of her control, but she wasn't being harmed. She could do nothing but accept what was coming. She let her head hang and accepted the swats.

After a moment of swats, there was a pause.

She sighed, understanding it was over.

Another swat fell, hard. Not injuriously hard, but enough to sting a little more. She gasped in surprise. Then a finger was trailing up the backside of her thigh – soft and delicate. The difference was at once shocking and exciting. She found herself trembling at the contrast. Another finger was felt, and tingles ran up her legs and blood rushed to her head.

The fingers left.

Dina relaxed, savoring the sensation of sting and the memory of the fingers.

A swat landed hard on her ass and she gasped, crying out.

The hand returned, all five fingers this time. The tips lightly stroked up and down the back of her bare leg.

The moan that escaped Dina's throat was a surprise. Suddenly, she found herself laughing in relief. She wasn't going to be hurt here and she couldn't escape the spankings because she was restrained. She let go and laughed.

Melissa stepped around to her side so she could turn her head and look up at her. "See? Nothing to it. How do you feel?"

"Helpless, but safe."

The woman nodded. "Many find it sets them free. Without any control to get in the way, they surrender and enjoy the experience. Given in love, this can be incredibly sexual. Not all who come here like to be spanked, but some do. With surrender comes trust – and trust is the greatest social quality we can give to one another outside of love. And, in fact, trust is integral to love. If you can't trust someone, you can't know them. If you can't know them..." She bent down to begin undoing the restraints. "Then you certainly can't love them."

"You have to spank someone to love them?"

Melissa looked amused. "No, that's not what I said. Spanking is just a way to demonstrate trust. Surrendering to another person is a way to put yourself in their hands. What they do with that surrender determines the quality of that relationship. Do they abuse it? Then the relationship would not be about love, but domination."

Dina stood after the last bonds were released. "I've heard about doms and subs. People in it claim that true love is expressed in dominating—"

Melissa's face turned angry. "Told you by those who abuse the subs. And from subs who are so emotionally destroyed that the abuse is all they have in their empty lives."

"But they claim to really love—"

"They claim it because in their distorted view, they truly believe it is love. Their capacity for love depends on their cruelty. There is no cruelty in love. Destroying another's emotional stability to place it under your command is nothing but cruelty and the worst form of mental rape."

"I'm sorry, I—"

Melissa folded her arms and looked away. "I'm not mad at you, child. Some people cannot be convinced of anything. They claim to be open-minded, but are closed to anything that challenges their status quo. The hate that results when you mention anything against them is as if from Satan himself."

Dina looked at the barrel and the paddle. "This is not a sin?"

One sensual eyebrow climbed one side of Melissa's face. She handed her the paddle and indicated she go replace it on the rack. "Tell you what, girl. You find a passage in the Bible that says what I just did is damnable, and I'll buy you a new car."

The woman's confidence told Dina she wouldn't be getting a new car, no matter how hard she looked.

It was with thoughts of this kind that she left and later went to church.

CHAPTER 4

"Have you ever been spanked?" Dina said to Josh. She was driving them to church.

"As a kid, about nine years old was the last time—"

"No, I meant as an adult."

"Oh, like BDSM stuff?" He wrinkled his nose. "Nah. I'm not into that."

"I don't mean all hardcore and everything, just a little spanking—"

He shook his head. "No. Are you suggesting something here? I don't go for that sickness."

Great. How did my attempts differ from Melissa's? I try and it's a failure. Melissa just whispers a few words and everything makes sense. What the hell? Dina said nothing more; she knew Josh, and his tone said he wouldn't budge. Had Melissa been right? Some people were so closed-minded they were beyond reason?

They were early enough to pick their own seats and they sat on the left side. As the place filled, an old woman named Margaret came in, cane in hand. She looked down their aisle at the very small space between Dina and the man next to her.

Dina waved her in and squeezed closer to Josh to make room for her.

The woman sat, white hair done up in a style not seen for decades. "Thank you Dina. You're such a sweet girl."

The sermon was about giving oneself in helping others – about how to be a servant to your neighbor without being a slave.

At the end, Dina was about bursting with anticipation. She was annoyed at the mingle and crowd, and just wanted to get to the door so she could ask Pastor Mann her question. She had rehearsed it the entire sermon.

Finally reaching the door, she stood beside Josh as he shook hands with Caleb.

"Nice to see you again... Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, right?"

"Good memory," Josh said.

Dina drew in breath and then her carefully rehearsed question evaporated from her mind like a drop of water on hot pavement in the summer sun. "Pastor...?"

"Yes? Tina, was it?"

"Dina." She saw the pastor's wife, Olivia, elbow him in the side.

Caleb smiled, easy and relaxed, but his eyes were intense and lit from within by passion and confidence. "I'm sorry Dina. I'll try to remember. You have a question?"

"Yes... I..."

"Go on."

"If something isn't in the Bible, is it a sin?"

He stood up straight, a thoughtful look on his face. "You mean, if it isn't mentioned as a sin?"

She laughed nervously. "Right, sorry."

He frowned. "That's quite a serious question." He looked at the people beginning to line up behind her. "That probably deserves more time than I can give at the moment. But in short, it depends. Would you like to talk about it later?"

She nodded.

He pursed his lips. "I can make some time next Sunday after the service."

"Okay." She felt a little nervous. Was he disapproving of the question?

He nodded and touched both their shoulders. "See you next week."

~ ~ ~

Dina's week was filled with thoughts fueled by a new nightly ritual. Before going to sleep, she picked up her Bible.

"Just reading," she said to Josh. He had asked what she was doing.

He looked at her out of the corner of his eye – his look of *what are you up to?* "Something bugging you?"

He was sensitive to her like that and she loved him for it. "Sometimes I wonder if our culture has covered over the word of God."

"Huh? How?"

"Well... Like the Baptists. Some of them believe dancing is a sin. But David danced around before the ark of the covenant."

He grunted. "But they're Baptists."

"So is it a sin or not?"

"That's why you asked Pastor Mann about—"

"Yes."

"So you're looking to see if you can find out about dancing?"

"What? No. I was just using that as an example."

"So what are you looking for?" He seemed irritated as if she wasn't answering him.

She sighed. "I'm not sure. But I thought I would read the gospels because that's where Jesus talks directly."

"We know what He taught."

"Do we?"

"Of course, we were both raised and taught in the church."

"So we know what the church taught us."

"It's the same thing."

She put the Bible down. "Is it? Did Jesus ever say dancing was a sin?"

"Not that I recall." Josh was not ignorant and was fairly well-read in the scriptures.

"But the Baptist church teaches it is."

"Hmm."

"And all those Baptists believe it."

"I'm sure some don't."

"But some do. Isn't that a perversion of the message?"

Josh went silent. It was a sign from him he was thinking and had nothing to say against the thought.

Wow, *did I just pull a Melissa Strauss on him?* Feeling more confident, she picked up her Bible and started reading again.

~ ~ ~

On Friday, she was back to being frustrated. So many unanswered questions arose that she felt more helpless than before. It's not that the Bible was confusing her, but so much of what she had been taught appeared to be taken from portions not related to the ministry of Jesus and extrapolated

into a code of conduct that bore little relation to the good news of the message.

She sipped her coffee. "I guess I'll hobble off to work."

Josh shook his head. "I told you that stuff would make you old."

Suddenly overwhelmed with frustration, she snapped at him. "Nowhere in the Bible does it say drinking coffee is a sin."

He looked shocked and held up his hands. "Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hold on there. I didn't say it was. I was just kidding around with you."

Dina felt her shoulders slump. They felt tense. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean that."

He placed his hand on hers at the kitchen table. "Drink up. Even if I don't drink it, I hope it makes you feel better."

And that was another reason she loved him so much. She smiled, ashamed at her outburst, and placed her other hand over his. "I love you."

He got up and kissed her forehead through her bangs. "Love you, too."

They went their separate ways to work.

~ ~ ~

Saturday filled Dina with energy in anticipation of her talking to Pastor Caleb the next day. She arrived at the Strauss residence with determination.

Melissa opened the side door and startled her.

Dina said, "Oh. I thought Sebastian would open it."

The woman pursed her lips. "He's on vacation. And then I remember every year how much he does. It helps his salary review for raises and I believe he takes his vacation right before the review on purpose."

She scurried in past her and down the hall. She didn't know how to answer the woman. She felt a pang of disappointment at not seeing Sebastian there letting her in. He smelled so good and was terribly handsome...

She set about cleaning the dungeon – as she thought of it - as if her effort would speed the day along.

Melissa came down and watched her when she was using the orbital. It made her nervous. When she clicked the machine off, Melissa shook her head.

"I just came to watch you clean."

"Oh." She turned the thing back on and tried to hurry. She tried not to look at the woman leaning up against the arm of one of the leather couches.

How does she pose so feminine like that? I need to practice. She felt as if she had missed some kind of secret girl-meeting earlier in life about how to pose.

She finished and came back out into the room. She played with her fingers. "I'm going to shower."

Melissa said nothing, just nodded.

Dina cooled in the shower and calmed herself. She still felt anxious over the next day and her meeting with Pastor Mann.

She was wholly unprepared for the disaster about to broadside her world.

~ ~ ~

When Dina came out of the bathroom, Melissa was still in the main room, sitting on the couch.

"Oh, hi. I'm all done."

The woman nodded. "You do a fine job. Sebastian mentioned you talked about a uniform?"

"Oh... yes, I didn't know if I was supposed to wear one."

"You can if you want to. We can provide you with one next week."

Dina wasn't sure if she was supposed to refuse or accept. Sebastian had said they would be amused. Did they think she wanted a uniform? Or did they think she needed one? Unsure as to what might please Melissa, she said, "Okay."

"You appear troubled?"

She put down her carry bag on the couch. "I'm sort of looking forward to meeting with Pastor Mann tomorrow. I had a question about some things not being in the Bible."

The woman nodded slowly. "Having to do with what happens here?"

Dina blushed. Then she nodded. "I..." But she didn't know how to finish.

"Don't fear the unknown, girl. It is good to have a curious mind willing to look for the truth. But don't look to satisfy yourself, look to find the truth."

She nodded. "The truth."

"Be careful, too. Be prepared to find something you might have wanted to avoid."

"How? Isn't the truth something we should all know?"

"Many cannot handle the truth. They pay lip service to it but fight against the truth as hard as they should fight against Satan."

"I've been searching the Bible all week, and I think I have more questions now than before."

The woman rose. "Does it have to do with last week and your spanking?"

Dina felt very embarrassed and knew she turned red again. She nodded.

"You found you liked it, but that it conflicts with what you think you know?"

"Yes, and my husband didn't seem to want to talk about it. He automatically thought it was all sick."

"Did you tell him you were spanked?"

"No, I just brought up the topic."

"Come, let me advance for you last week's demonstration."

Dina felt a slight thrill run through her. "Oh?"

"Come." Melissa waved her fingers in a grasping motion, palm up.

"Well, okay."

They stood at the barrel. The woman looked at her with a tilted head. "Take off your shorts."

"My shorts?" Her eyes got big.

"Yes. You can leave your panties on."

"But..."

"Remember that being bound as you had been was about trust?"

"Yes."

"This is also trust. Do you trust me enough to remove your clothing? I will not make fun of you."

Dina looked around. She unbuttoned her shorts and let them fall.

"Very good. Now lay on the barrel." She walked over to the rack and selected a short handle with some soft leather straps on it.

She came back and knelt to fasten the restraints. "Nudity or partial nudity is a symbol of revealing your innermost self. Your clothing acts as covers for your vulnerability to your fears. Many people use clothing to express themselves in ways that portray them as something they are not."

The memory of the previous week simultaneously thrilled Dina and relaxed her. She wasn't scared, though she knew there would be some sting. Even then, her heart rate increased. It was a delicious dichotomy that had her grinning.

"The spanking you took last week bothered you?"

"Sort of. I was reading all week to see if I could find anything about it. About the only thing mentioned was sexual immorality."

Melissa smiled from her squatting position. "Ahh... I have a feeling you will be learning about *porneia*."

"Porn?"

"No, *porneia*, the Greek term translated as sexual immorality."

"The Bible really mentions porn?"

"No, though the word derives from it. I'll let the pastor do his job and illuminate you." She stood.

Dina wondered what was going to happen and gasped when Melissa yanked down her panties. She kept pulling and yanking until they were stretched wide at her knees. "I... Uhhh..."

A hand fell lightly to her butt cheek and rested there. It moved caressingly. "Don't worry. You will not be harmed." The hand left.

Dina tried to breathe normally, not knowing when the slap was coming or if the hand would return. Or would it be the fingers?

The whip came down, slapping leather strips to her exposed ass in a flaring sting of widespread pain.

She gasped. It stung, but didn't hurt.

"Do you wish your husband would do this to you?"

"Yes." She did, too. She wondered that the woman had figured her out so neatly.

The whip came down three more times, relatively hard but not hard enough to hurt.

Dina was squirming.

Melissa walked over to the rack and selected a huge hand-held massager. It was a heavy looking thing with a cord for power.

Oh no. What's she going to do with that? At least I know it's clean.

Melissa bent down near the leg of the barrel and plugged the cord into the floor socket. She tested the switch and the thing hummed loudly for a second. Satisfied, she walked slowly around Dina until she was out of sight.

There was silence.

"You thought the spanking you received was a sin?"

Dina blinked. "Well... I didn't know."

"What sin? Where in the Bible?"

"Sexual immorality?"

"*Porneia*. So you think sexual immorality includes spanking? Have you never been spanked by your parents? And would that be sexual immorality?"

"Well, but... That was because I deserved it."

"Punishment, you mean."

"Yes."

Melissa was quiet a moment. "So for punishment, the Bible says spanking is okay but not for non-punishment?"

"I... I haven't found that."

"No, and you won't."

"But..."

Melissa's mouth came down near to her hanging head. Her voice was a whisper. "But... the spanking turned you on, so you believe it is immoral?"

Dina whispered back. "Yes."

The woman stood, her voice normal and low. "The idea that sex is dirty was once considered a heresy. Many of the church fathers fell prey to it."

"Heresy?"

"Origen led the way, proclaiming that sex was a physical function of the flesh and thus filthy. Rumors have it he castrated himself."

"Eww."

"Worse was that Christians like Augustine took up the heresy and promoted it. But, if the flesh is filthy, then God must be filthy – because not only did He create it, but became human flesh, also."

The whip came down on her butt, stinging. There was movement Dina could not see. Something pressed between her inner thighs and the hum of the vibrator startled her. It touched up against her pussy in a stunning vibration that caused her to gasp out loud and tense her back.

The device was removed and there was silence. "If God hates sex, why did He tell us to go out and procreate? Why tell us to marry at all? Either God is a schizophrenic lunatic, or man has imposed his own strange ideas upon God and His believers through the church." The whip came down four times in rapid succession, flaming a light pain across her butt cheeks.

Dina whimpered at the unusual sensation of pleasure and pain used together.

Melissa sounded irritated. "I, for one, do not believe God is a lunatic. It is the perversion of the human mind that has perverted even the simple message of God."

The vibrator was shoved back against Dina's pussy and switched on. It was pressed firmly there, vibrating, but not painfully so. Still, she felt tingles mixed with tremors racing throughout her body. Her limbs quivered and she felt a building warmth inside her. She moaned in a shaky voice.

Melissa switched off the vibrator. "What is more important? What the church believes? Or what God has said?"

Dina gasped, shaking her head. "God, of course."

"We all say that. But then we fight so very hard to avoid learning that certain church-truths are in fact wrong."

"But how do we know?" She felt tears coming to her eyes. She wanted to ask – to learn. But her body was going through different levels of sensation that wanted to rob her of her reasoning.

"Everything must be tested against the word. Everything. Even that which we think we know for sure."

A faint buzzing was heard from upstairs.

Melissa grunted in irritation. "I will be back in a moment, child."

Dina relaxed a little, relieved of the anticipation of the unexpected.

But the unexpected was just beginning.

CHAPTER 5

Dina lay restrained over the barrel, wondering what she might know that was wrong - wondering if she would fight knowing the truth. How could she? Didn't everyone want the truth? But Melissa had said people say they want the truth and yet fight against it.

Dina frowned. *Would I fight against the truth?*

Another buzzing faintly floated around the room from upstairs – distant. She heard voices, too.

The door opened and she heard Melissa descending the stairs.

Or so she thought.

She couldn't see the stairs – her head was hanging the other way.

She froze. There was more than one person entering the room. Panic tore through her. Facing whoever was coming down was her exposed backside – her pussy in view of whoever had just come down the stairs.

A voice, deep and so very horrifyingly familiar... "We're not the only early-birds."

A female voice, as equally familiar, said, "A new one. Melissa must have been working on her."

The footsteps neared.

Dina lowered her head completely so that her hair hung over her face.

The two people were Pastor Caleb Mann and his wife, Olivia.

She felt completely terrified. *I cannot be found like this.*

A hand came to rest on one of her butt cheeks. A light hand.

"It is good to see the young search for liberation," said Olivia. "I am Olivia; what's your name?"

Dina clamped her mouth shut and squeezed her eyes closed. *Where is Melissa? Get me out of here!*

Caleb said, "She's being quiet. Completely surrendered, I think." A heavier finger stroked the other butt cheek and trailed down between her thighs.

Olivia's hand moved and pressed inward, fingers brushing her pussy.

Dina gasped. Her body was trembling with fear, but alive with the excitement at what had been happening.

Then the pastor's wife inserted a finger into Dina's sex.

She gasped louder, saying nothing - scared of being found out. Afraid of what would happen if they knew who she was.

"Accepting," said Olivia.

Male fingers joined Olivia's and Dina began squirming as fingers entered her pussy, moved in and out, and drove her to heights of lust she had not thought possible in her predicament. She wanted to say something, but she knew it would blow everything. She would be in trouble. Kicked out of the church. Banned for sinning. Exiled for being wicked.

Caleb withdrew his fingers.

Maybe it's over and they'll leave now. Dina hoped. *Melissa! Where are you?*

She heard a zipper and a rustle of clothing. *Oh no, what's happening?*

Olivia hummed sexily. She removed her fingers from Dina's pussy.

Caleb's hand rested lightly on her hip and she felt his heat come close. Then his fingers were back at her pussy, opening her wet lips, fingering into her and spreading her open.

Dina felt her body quivering harder – in terror, and in the coiling tension of lust in her. She felt his thighs against the insides of her own from the back – skin to skin.

Olivia's hand touched her back and then formed claws. Her fingernails trailed lightly up and down Dina's spine sending shivers scurrying along her limbs.

Dina was panting. *Oh my gosh. Is this what happens in here? It feels too good. Shouldn't it feel bad and wrong?*

The fingers in her pussy pulled back a little.

She felt torn – wanting them out and wanting them back in. Then they were back, spreading her deliciously open and filling her.

Oh no, that's not fingers!

Caleb was pushing his cock into her.

The room spun and her body tensed in lust as her pastor's penis invaded and filled her pussy.

No! No! Sin! Stop! This can't happen! I'm married... She moaned, out of control, her body quivering. She wanted to feel it in her, deeper and full. She groaned in relief and lust as she felt his erection stretch her open and fill her hole. In and in he slid, filling her empty space - creating pressure inside her with his hot hardness. She panted.

Oh my gosh... He's fucking me and his wife is standing right there.

Olivia said in a purring voice, "Beautiful."

Caleb let out a pent-up sigh. "She's so tiny."

Dina moaned, relishing the feel of his shaft deep in her. He was bigger than Josh – thicker and reaching deeper than she recalled Josh ever being. It felt deliciously good.

He withdrew completely and Dina whimpered, thankful he had pulled out, but disappointed, too. She wanted to feel that again. She was not kept waiting. Caleb rubbed the head of his penis all over her pussy. She bucked back and groaned in frustration. *Stick it back in. No, wait. Don't. No, maybe just a little.*

She felt his hands on her hips and his cock at her entrance. His grip on her hips firmed and she felt his erection slide back into her.

Oh yes...

His flesh filled her hole again and she let out a long sigh of pleasure. *Why does it feel so good? Shouldn't it feel bad?* He started moving it in and out, the glorious feel of fullness repeatedly pleasuring her insides. Her pussy molded to his cock, feeling the warmth and firmness at her lips, touching that empty ache deep inside. He drove into her with slow and strong strokes, his sighs telling her he liked it.

"Does she feel nice?" Olivia said.

"Yes," said Caleb. "Very nice."

He likes fucking me? Dina moaned louder. Her pussy squeezed in tension and she felt the familiar coil of orgasm coming close and winding tighter. But Caleb, as much satisfaction as he was giving her, was going too slow. The sensations from her pussy were causing extreme waves of pleasure throughout her restrained body. She was close. *I'm almost there.* Yes. She whispered harshly, "Harder."

"What?" Olivia said.

Caleb stopped.

She whispered it again.

"She said harder, honey." Olivia coaxed him.

Caleb growled and pushed forcefully into her.

Dina's head flopped, her breath coming in gasps. His cock speared her – filling her – over and over, causing the most wonderful sensations of surrender and sensuality. Her mouth opened and she raised her head, gritting her teeth. A wail broke from her mouth and her entire body vibrated in the restraints. Then her head dropped back down and she was grunting, falling in the throes of orgasm – the cock still hammering deep inside her.

Dina felt Olivia work her hand in between them and Caleb pulled back and almost out. Her pussy clenched repeatedly and shockwaves of ecstasy tore through her innermost being.

There was movement back there and she felt Olivia's hand butting up against her pussy. She was stroking her husband, the head of his cock still inside Dina's pussy.

"Ahh..." he said. "That's nice."

Olivia's hand sped up and her fingers, curled as they were around Caleb's shaft, made repeated contact with her pulsing clit.

Dina's mouth fell open in a pleased grimace of pain. Her hips humped helplessly over the barrel and she felt the instinctual need to grip and hug the man who was in her close.

Caleb's sighs turned faster and tenser. Then he groaned.

Olivia removed her hand and he grabbed Dina's hips again. He shoved it in deep and held it there. She felt his shaft expand. He grunted and hot wetness was in her, expanding and spreading with each grunt and twitch.

Dina was delirious. *Oh, yes. That's good. Give it all to me; it's mine.*

"Oh dear," said Melissa. A sigh. "This is my fault."

Caleb pulled out quickly. "Is something...?"

Quick steps and Dina felt her foot restraints being handled. "She wasn't ready – if she ever was going to be included with us."

Caleb sounded hurt and slightly defensive. "I didn't know; she was here and restrained—"

"Yes, I know. It's not your fault." Melissa sounded regretful. "Olivia, would you be a dear and get a towel from the bathroom?"

"Certainly."

Dina saw Olivia's legs walk past her head.

Melissa bent down in front of her, unbuckling the wrist restraints. "Are you alright, child?"

Dina wasn't sure. From the heights of orgasm and pleasure, she now felt herself spiraling down from those lofty and enviable heights into something more resembling shame and despair. *I cheated on my husband.*

Olivia came back and Melissa took the towel, draping it over Dina's shoulders. She helped her off the barrel.

It was then Caleb and Olivia saw her face.

Olivia shot a concerned look to her husband and back to Dina. Caleb's brow furrowed and he pursed his lips. He started to raise his hand to comfort her, but Melissa steered her away and into one of the guest bedrooms.

~ ~ ~

Dina sat on the edge of the bed. "No, I didn't."

Melissa had asked if she had warned them before things had happened. "Why ever not?"

"I was scared. I didn't want to be found out."

The woman sat next to her, hands clasped over Dina's hand. Her sigh and head shake spoke of frustration. "Do you see where your fear has brought you? To this point?"

"I didn't know he was going to be here."

"Does it matter who he was?"

"Well, yes..."

"So you would have let some other man use you over the barrel?"

"Well, no, but..."

"There is no difference, child. Your fear and lack of trust has us sitting here—"

A faint buzzing interrupted Melissa. The woman grimaced. "I swear, I need to hire a temporary replacement for Sebastian. Do you think you would be able to talk to Caleb and Olivia? Shall I let them in?"

Dina drew a deep breath and nodded. *Better now than later.*

Melissa patted her hand and rose quickly. "I am sorry you were exposed to this so soon. I would speak to you later. Tomorrow, perhaps?"

Dina looked down at her hands and nodded.

Melissa left the room and left the door open.

Dina heard them speaking briefly outside and then there was silence.

"Dina?" It was Caleb.

She looked up as he peered in from the hallway. Olivia was looking over his shoulder. Both appeared worried. "I'm... here."

Caleb entered slowly and his wife came around him and sat next to her on the bed.

Dina dropped her head, ashamed. "I'm sorry..."

Caleb's voice was mildly shocked. "Sorry? You? It is we who should be apologizing. We saw you on the barrel. It is customary for those on the barrel to..." His voice trailed off.

She looked up and saw his worried expression. "Melissa was teaching me about trust."

He nodded. "It is one of the ways of introducing someone to liberation."

"I didn't know she was liberating me."

Olivia said, "She probably did it because you are a member of our church. I do believe she mentioned hiring outside of the church to avoid any prickly entanglements."

"I didn't know who she was when I answered the ad."

Both Caleb and Olivia went silent.

Dina felt guilty. "I should have said something. I'm sorry."

Caleb folded his arms and shook his head at her. "Don't apologize. If you would, please forgive us for assuming you were part of the guest roster. Was... Was this what you wanted to speak to me about tomorrow?"

Dina nodded. "I guess it's all over, now."

"All over?" said Olivia. "What do you mean?"

She laughed a tiny, bitter laugh. "Will you want someone like me in your church?"

Caleb's mouth dropped open. "Dina. Stop that right now." His eyes were intense, but his voice soft. "Don't think we would view you that way over a misunderstanding."

Olivia shook her head. "If anything, you are more welcome and a part of the church now than before. Not that we do such things to everyone..."

Dina looked back and forth. "More welcome?"

Olivia blinked a couple times. "Well, I don't mean because of that. I mean that we would be there to comfort you and help you through this."

Caleb said, "I have a feeling we'll need to do a bit of talking through this because I know you're going to have questions."

Dina nodded, her eyes wide and filled with worry and wonder.

"Can you come early tomorrow to service? An hour? I would like to set your mind at ease."

She pursed her lips. Maybe I can get Josh to drive himself at the normal time. "I think so."

Caleb touched her shoulder. "I'll see you then and we'll talk."

CHAPTER 6

Sunday was a quiet day of cleaning at the Strauss residence. Melissa eyed her carefully, but little was said. Not long after finishing, Dina drove into the parking lot of Crown Christian Fellowship an hour and a half before service. She was nervous. Josh would come later, understanding that she wanted to go early to ask some Bible questions of the pastor. She had been quiet the previous night, trying to stamp down the guilt.

She tried the front door and found it unlocked.

The assistant pastor, Gerald, was praying in the main hall. "Come in, Pastor Mann said he was expecting you." He indicated the door to the side of the platform. "This way."

Without all the people in it, the room looked larger than it was. The air was cool and circulating nicely.

She followed wordlessly, still worried and wondering what was going to happen. How was she going to reconcile everything that had happened?

"Dina, a bit early, but good." Caleb pointed to a chair. He closed a book filled with loose sheets and notes. "Sit and let's talk."

She sat, perched on the edge of the chair.

He leaned back and studied her. "You had wanted to talk to me about things not in the Bible, but I can see you're troubled. I assume over what happened yesterday?"

She nodded, trying to find words.

He leaned forward and lightly patted his hand down on his desk. "Believe me when I repeat how sorry I am for yesterday. I would never have let happen what did if I had known you weren't part of the guest roster."

"It's my fault. I should have said something."

He leaned back again. "It's past, Dina. Let's accept that we did something mistaken. It doesn't have to wreck our lives."

"But..."

"But you feel guilty."

She looked up and then away. "Yes."

"Guilty, why? Because it was pleasurable? Forbiddingly fun?"

"I... guess so." She nodded.

"Let's address the guilt. A misunderstanding is a misunderstanding. Neither of us deliberately set out to harm the other, did we?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Then let's not feel guilty over the misunderstanding."

"But what we did was a sin." Her fears and worries surfaced with the words.

"Who says?"

"It was adultery."

"What do you know of adultery?" He rubbed his lower lip over his upper, considering her carefully.

She looked around his small office. His books were there, and a file cabinet. The walls had a few pictures on them from church functions of the recent past. The walls were a soothing beige color. He had several different Bibles on one shelf, amongst many other books. Not finding anything particularly helpful to her fractured thoughts, she answered simply. "Sex between people married to other people."

Caleb was quiet a moment, letting her words hang in the office. "Basically, that is what we see in modern terms."

She looked at him questioningly.

"In the days before Jesus walked this planet, and in the days that He did, the Hebrews considered women to be property. They were given as property, traded from father to husband as property, sold as property and even beaten as property." He tilted his head. "Jesus came and addressed their culture as it pertained to His law. While His law was unchanging, the culture certainly changed. Are women of today considered property?"

"No, of course not—"

"Adultery was the theft of a man's wife from him. Rabbis have long said that if a man's wife is taken in sex from the husband without his consent, it is adultery. But if the husband loans his wife, it is not. It was the abuse of

property without consent that constituted the adulterous theft of what was rightfully the husband's."

Dina thought she grasped that. "But today..."

"Today, without there being an issue of property..."

"You mean, God changed His mind when things changed?"

"No. He never has. The theft of property is still theft. But if you are no longer property, there is no longer condemnation. Consider adultery at the level which we understand it today. A married person has sex with someone not his or her spouse. Adultery, right?"

She nodded.

"Wrong. God applies His law equally to all – both men and women. So think about this: when the law was laid down, adultery only ever referred to a wife having sex outside of marriage. The husband could marry more than one wife, have concubines, and even use prostitutes."

Dina gaped. "But..."

"But?"

"That's sexually immoral and sexual immorality is prohibited—"

"Let's take a look at sexual immorality. What we translate as 'sexual immorality' in English comes from the Greek word *porneia*."

Dina recognized the word from Melissa. The woman had said she felt the pastor would talk about it.

"Porneia is detailed as the following..." He held up his hand and started raising fingers. "Adultery; the theft of a man's wife, sexually. Sex during menstruation - being ritually and symbolically unclean. Sexual idolatry – having sex with temple prostitutes for the purposes of worshiping false gods. And Pederasty. Pederasty included a small number of detailed sins being; sex between an old man and a young boy, effeminate male prostitution, and anal rape – such as a soldier capturing another and humiliating him using anal rape or such as the residents of Sodom who anally raped men as a form of dominance and humiliation."

"Sounds pretty immoral."

"It was. And still is. But understand this, there are no other details in the Old Testament dealing with any other kind of sex. The entirety of sexual immorality in the Bible deals with those four points."

"What about fornication? You missed that one."

He smiled. "I didn't, actually. Fornication is not what you read in Webster's dictionary. That is a modern definition, but not the original."

Remember, God does not change. Our definitions might, but He doesn't."

She didn't know what to say. "Okay...?"

"Fornication is derived from the Latin word *fornix*, which meant an L-shaped building. In Corinth, the temples were L-shaped buildings. Sex with the priestesses for the purposes of worshiping the sex goddesses was called *fornicatio*. Paul, in the Corinthian passage most quoted about modern ideas of fornication – sex between unmarried people – was actually and specifically referring to sex for cultic purposes."

"Cultic purposes?"

Caleb smiled. "God is a jealous God. He is the only God and having sex to venerate some false god was adultery of the spirit – an idolatrous blasphemy."

"But..."

"Fornication is not sex between two unmarried people. It is sex with a temple prostitute for the purposes of worship."

"Why was it translated—"

"Man changes; God does not. Consider this. Real sex between two people is one of the deepest expressions of love there is. God tells us His greatest commandments are two. To love God with all your heart, mind, and soul. And to love one another. He did not say love one another but don't love too deep."

"Are you saying what happened yesterday—"

"I'm saying what happened yesterday was a mistake. But to God, there was no sin. Not unless you are owned by your husband as his property. In some places of the world, that is still the case. Does he own you as a piece of property, or are you his partner?"

"His partner."

"Then there was no sin."

"But he doesn't know." Dina twisted her fingers together.

"Then that is between you and him but not between you and God. Do you want him to know?"

"Well, yes. I don't want to keep secrets from him."

He smiled at her, a twinkle in his eye. "An admirable trait in marriage, and I support you for it. Would you like me to talk to him?"

Dina shook her head. "No. No... Well..."

"It's quite a lot to digest, is it not? This information and all of its ramifications sometimes take a very long time to understand. The Western

mind does not easily grasp sex and marriage."

"But... but didn't God say marriage and thus sex was between one man and one woman?"

"Not necessarily, though many Christians claim it. They point to a verse or two and ignore others."

"Ignore?" She felt horrified that he would say such a thing. Christians accepted all scripture. Didn't they?

"Sure, think about the parable Jesus gave about being ready for the bridegroom and the virgins having their lamps filled with oil, waiting. Did not the husband go into the marriage chamber with five wives? Though the parable is also a symbol of salvation and judgment, why did God use that particular description? If we remove the old woman-as-property custom, Jesus might well have used five men going into the marriage chamber with one bride."

She coughed in indignation.

"See?" he said. "Your cultural upbringing is interfering with what is really in the scriptures."

"But we were taught—"

"And taught according to custom and tradition. 'We make void the Word of God with our traditions.'"

Dina's eyes were large. "Is that what that means?"

Caleb stood. "What else would God mean by it, but that man imposes his own ideas on God's will and thus perverts it. The Almighty blessed us with a brain; He did not forbid we use it."

~ ~ ~

Dina floated through the sermon and the rest of the day in a fuzzy envelope of uncertainty.

She had been raised... but weren't some Baptists raised to believe dancing was a sin? Even she knew it wasn't. But what if she had been raised, thinking something was right or wrong and what if she was certain of it but the reality did not match scriptures?

She knew fornication was wrong because she had been taught it. Was Caleb right about the meaning? She was determined to prove it to herself, later. She would search an interlinear version. She would check the root words. She would look up the history. By the end of the sermon, her jaw

was set with a grim purpose. At stake was her trust of Caleb Mann or what she thought she knew as right and wrong. Either way, one of those trusts was going to suffer.

And it was the destruction of her own confidence in what she thought she knew that would open up to her the truth.

CHAPTER 7

Dina smiled at Sebastian. "Hello."

The butler had an easy smile for her. "Dina. Come in."

She entered with a small amount of trepidation, but a large amount of confidence. She had studied and searched all week, finding only troubling doubts about what she had been taught. Indeed, Pastor Caleb Mann had been telling her the truth. Of all the Christian sites dealing with the topic they had discussed, those who viewed sex as sin were purposely ignoring the origins of the scripture and only taking the modern definitions. Some even claimed they did not care what the original terms meant. Fornication was sex between two unmarried people and they didn't care if it originally meant anything else. Those Christians actually held the dictionary with its modern definitions in higher esteem than the Bible and then they claimed to be holy and pious.

Sebastian pointed at her Mp3 player. "Therion again?"

She nodded.

"I bought it, on vacation. I especially like Son of the Sun."

Dina smiled wider. "That's a good one, alright."

He closed the door behind her. "I didn't think you could mix opera and metal and mythology all together and make music, but I was pleasantly wrong."

"I'm glad you like it."

He paused at the door to his office. "Melissa has something for you here." He winked at her.

"Oh?"

He handed her a small carry bag. "New uniforms."

"Oh my goodness. No way." She took the bag.

"It isn't required, you know."

Dina giggled. "Well, I'll try it on. I better get to cleaning."

~ ~ ~

Days turned into weeks and Dina and Josh continued going to Crown. She searched online, exhausting page after page of search results. She spent days at four different Christian forums and was banned from all four for asking her questions.

Me! Banned from a Christian site! The administrators of those sites had disposed of her like unwanted trash, hiding away from the rest of the community her concerns over the difference between the original message and its perversion through modern definitions.

Basically, it came down to a few other people subtly supporting her questions and then the vast majority shaking a finger at her and refusing to listen to what words meant when they were written. The loudest typed all in caps, just repeating over and over the modern dictionary definition of fornication and refusing to even acknowledge the word meant sex with temple prostitutes. They just didn't care and the admins came in and supported them, removing Dina as "disruptive to the community."

She even had one Christian forum member turn her questions into an argument on homosexuality. The poster hounded her with Leviticus which appeared on the surface to say homosexuality was bad – not that she cared, but she had been lured through her questions on sexual immorality into the argument with this hysterical poster. Then she received a private message from another member telling her to ignore the guy and that section of Leviticus dealt with ritual impurities. Common at the time of the Babylonian captivity was the practice of male priests dressing as women and prostituting themselves to the Hebrews for the purposes of worshiping the Babylonian gods. It was idolatrous behavior or gang rape that was condemned, not homosexuality or lesbianism.

Dina didn't care about the whole homosexual argument and was thankful to the man who had sent her the message. However, the argument did illustrate to her the level of willful ignorance and refusal to accept the entirety of the Bible and most especially the customs of the times to which much in it pertained.

Am I still a Christian? But I believe in Jesus. Other Christians have rejected me. What am I to God? To men? And which matters?

Josh frowned at her a lot.

She loved him so much, but he quite simply refused to listen to any of it. He knew what he thought he knew and shut down the discussion whenever she said anything that contradicted what he had learned in Sunday School.

She did not have any more meetings with Caleb, though they did share a few words after the services on occasion. The pastor was careful to phrase his questions so as not to alert or upset Josh.

"You were right, pastor," she said several times.

On one Sunday, Caleb glanced back and forth between her and Josh.

She shook her head.

His deep voice comforted her. "Well, I hope the two of you will be coming to the Thanksgiving event." He left other things unsaid.

Dina felt in those unspoken words an offer to counsel Josh. She wanted so desperately for her husband to see the truth. Wasn't the truth a necessary condition between one and God?

Josh said, "We usually spend Thanksgiving with my parents..."

Dina coughed. "They moved to Alaska. We're not going to Alaska for Thanksgiving." She turned to Caleb. "I'm sure we'll be there, pastor."

~ ~ ~

She prayed. For guidance, wisdom – for help in understanding and aiding Josh. She didn't feel as if he was defective or ill or unsaved, but rather that he felt comfortable believing what he believed, even if the Bible said something else. What would it take to get through to him? Every time she presented evidence and showed him original interlinear passages or the mistranslated words, he turned his head as if just hearing anything against his convictions was blasphemy.

Dina kept at it, though. She sat on the couch next to him. "Did you know that the same book in the Bible that says homosexuality is an abomination also says that wearing different fabrics is an abomination?"

"Huh?"

"Those poly-cotton t-shirts you wear are an abomination to God."

"What?"

"No kidding."

"Those laws don't mean anything."

"Including the one about homosexuality?" She arched an eyebrow at him.

"Well, no, that one counts."

"So you're going to pick and choose what counts as God's law and what doesn't?"

"I've never seen anything in the Bible about wearing t-shirts." He rolled his eyes.

"You mean, the church never ranted about them."

"No. I mean there's nothing in the Bible against t-shirts." He scowled at her.

"Surely, there is. Leviticus 19:19. No mixed fibers."

Later, he looked it up.

She didn't know what he thought, but the frown on his face was one of concentration. What was he thinking? How to get around it? How to ignore it? How to reject it?

If he had no answers, neither did she when it came to what her husband thought.

~ ~ ~

Dina had become used to the maid uniform. The first time she had tried it on, she felt ridiculous. But it wasn't a cheap costume; the Strauss' had purchased for her something durable and cotton from a uniform outlet. She had one maid's dress in black and gray that came down to her knees. She also had a black maid's tunic and two different length skirts – one that came to just above her knees and one that was a miniskirt.

She did not wear the miniskirt.

"Ah... Hi," she said.

Melissa and her husband Donald were in the main room, looking over everything as she put away the orbital.

Donald said, "Your work requires commendation. I daresay you do a better and faster job than Sebastian."

Melissa smiled at her. "I think we should talk about your employment here soon."

Dina felt fear. *They're going to fire me?* "I... Uh..."

Mr. Strauss frowned in mock anger. "Your work is too good. Can't have that."

Melissa giggled, low and throaty. "Girl, you are too scared of life."

I am not.

"We want to give you a raise... And perhaps talk of other employment."

"Oh..." Dina gulped. She felt as if she had dodged a bullet. Normally, she only saw Sebastian and talked to him. Melissa had been conspicuously rare over the last few months and seeing Donald was like seeing the tooth fairy.

Mr. Strauss took on a more serious tone. "We hope that any difficulty you had in the past has been resolved?"

Dina laughed in nervous disbelief. "Well, yes and no."

Melissa shared a look with her husband. Both of them pursed their lips. She said to Dina, "Pastor Mann hasn't helped...?"

She jumped to defend him. "Oh, he has. He has. In fact, he showed me a lot of things that have made such a difference. Things I didn't know were there."

"But?" said Donald.

"My husband..."

Melissa said, "He still doesn't know?"

She shook her head.

Donald did not look happy. "Unresolved, that can only lead to trouble later on."

Melissa's look said she agreed.

Dina said, "I think Pastor Mann thinks the same."

Mr. Strauss stood up straighter, rocking a little on his feet. "I should say he does."

Melissa's voice was soothing, if warning. "We are not who we are to create strife and division. We would not come between you and your husband. We would nurture, not destroy."

Donald touched his wife's arm and gave her a look. He motioned with his head as if to leave to talk over something.

She found out on Sunday.

~ ~ ~

Dina stepped up into the doorway. "Hi."

Sebastian's smile was as entrancing as his cologne. "Good morning."

She moved past him into the side entry.

He shut the door and said, "I believe Mrs. Strauss would like a short meeting with you in my office."

"Oh? Okay." She followed him and his scent into his tidy little office.

He sat in his creaking chair and picked up the phone. He pushed a button, waited, then spoke. "Yes. Dina is here." He hung up. Looking to her, he said, "She'll be with us in a moment."

She folded her hands on her lap and tried not to look at the handsome butler. Her upbringing said it would be a sin, but thoughts ran through her mind contradicting what she had been taught. Was it a sin to find someone attractive?

Her eyes met his. He was leaning back in his chair, staring at her with a look of care and curiosity. Her heart began to thump and her throat went dry. A warmth began spreading in her that caused her to blush with embarrassment. She shifted in her chair.

He gave her a small, questioning smile but said nothing.

"Dina," said Melissa. She glided in and took the chair next to hers.

"Hi."

The woman leaned a little to the side as if to get a better view of her. "We have decided to retire Alice. She has built quite a pension with us and feels she is ready to discontinue active employment. My husband and I would like to offer you her position."

"Me?" Dina's eyes went wide.

"The position comes with a twenty-five hundred dollar per month salary, two weeks paid vacation, pension, and annual reviews. The position requires six days of work – Sunday is your day off."

Dina gaped. *Wow, far better than waitressing.*

Melissa said, "The salary is rather small to start, but I'm sure you'll advance quickly up the payscale."

Sebastian's teeth shined white under his lips. "I have no doubt. I can help prepare you for the reviews, too."

Melissa gave him a dry look. "Shame on you."

He chuckled, but said, "I aim to serve."

The woman turned back to her. "What do you say to a permanent position with us?"

"Sunday off? That's when I clean the—"

"We'll hire another for that position."

She felt a thrill run up her spine. "Wow, okay."

"Do you need any time to give notice?"

"They'll probably just fire me on the spot when I do, but I think I should."

Melissa gave a single nod. "Then we'll set the start of your employment three Mondays from now." She rose. "I won't keep you any longer from your current duties. We're glad you accepted."

"Thank you." She didn't know what else to say.

Down in the basement, she donned her uniform. Feeling a little daring, she put on the tunic with the miniskirt. She cleaned, listening to her music. She really had gotten much faster, and she was done without breaking a sweat a good fifteen minutes ahead of the two hours allotted.

She was bending over, unplugging the orbital when she heard a slight gasp. She straightened quickly.

Sebastian stood there, holding a box. The tops of gallon cleaner jugs jutted from the open top. "Oh, pardon me..." His eyes were open, gazing at her with shock. They drifted down to her miniskirt and down her legs.

Dina gulped. Her fright was pushed aside by a feeling of vulnerability. *He's looking at my legs.* She wondered if he would sneer. Or smile. She found herself hoping he would smile.

He swallowed, his eyes lingering on her legs.

Would he find her attractive? She hoped so. Would it be bad if he did? What would Josh think? *Should I even let Sebastian stare at me like this?*

"Stunning," he said. He tore his eyes away and went to the closet.

She pulled the orbital after him and wound the cord while he restocked the cleaning agents. She trembled, hoping he would look at her again, but afraid that he would.

"Here," he said. "Let me get that for you since I'm in the way." He took the orbital and moved it smoothly into place.

She noticed something then that rocked her world. He had a lump in his slacks that was not there a moment ago – a very pronounced lump.

I did that to him? She felt a thrill of danger and lust shoot through her, followed by uncertainty. Should she be having this effect on someone other than her husband? Would it be her fault if she had caused it?

He shut the door and stepped close to her, his eyes pinning her in place as if she were caught in a spider web.

Thinking of Josh, she spun and walked back out on shaky legs into the main room.

"Dina..."

She turned, afraid.

"Forgive me." He was close again, a look of care on his face that said he meant it. He opened his mouth to say more, but left it open. He raised his hand and brushed his fingers down her arm.

The move froze her in place, chills racing up and down her spine. She lifted her chin, looking up into his eyes. Her heart threatened to beat its way out of her chest. She felt excited to have him notice her like this – to have him close. She could see him drinking her in – his eyes wandering all over her face.

He stepped a little closer. "That uniform looks stunning on you."

She was glad for his words. She felt a jolt of success and satisfaction. She was a small girl, not all filled out and womanly like others. To hear this handsome man say it filled her with joy.

His hand drifted down, over her bony hip and to the hem of her skirt.

She didn't move. She wanted him to stop. She wanted him to go on – afraid that he would, but desperately wanting it.

His fingers brushed the skin of her thighs and she gasped. He tilted his head at her and smiled, a twinkle in his blue eyes. But also there was a hunger and it frightened her.

She wanted to tell him she should be going. She wanted him to keep touching her. Why was this so difficult? What should she do? Should she say anything?

His finger trailed up, lifting the hem of her skirt.

She felt as if she became stone, albeit trembling stone. Feelings swam through her ranging from happiness to concern. What would Josh think?

Thoughts fled when he touched her panties. His finger moved up, running up into the crease where her pussy lips and clit ached to be touched. His knuckle brushed over her clit and she moaned quietly, without control, and asking for more.

She moved one leg out and widened her eyes at him, as if daring him to laugh or mock her.

But he did not. His finger made slow moves up and down her clit, igniting within her a flame that burned as hot as anything she felt with Josh. This, however, was forbidden. Wasn't it? Those old thoughts of sin and

adultery rose in her, despite all that she had read and despite all that Pastor Mann and Melissa had said.

Then he leaned down, chasing away even those lingering thoughts. His mouth met hers and disturbing thoughts warred in her mind of a different sort. How dare he? He shouldn't be kissing a married woman. Why am I kissing him back and why does it feel so good?

His finger rose, leaving her clit. His hand moved faster, with a purpose. His fingers found the band of her panties and slid between them and her skin.

Yes, touch me. Reach down and touch...

He touched her bare nub, rubbing down over it and bringing a whimper from her into their kiss.

She broke the kiss, gasping. "Unhh..." It was more a moan than anything coherent.

Emboldened, he went further and curled a finger up to brush at her lips and opening.

Spirals of tension and need flared from her pussy and she opened her legs wider. She wobbled, feeling the room begin to spin.

A strong arm wrapped her – his other arm. He steadied her as he pushed his finger inside her in little circular motions.

Oh yes. Give me more. The tension rose higher and she felt a flood of juices in her. She clamped her pussy onto his fingers and groaned. Somewhere distant and coming closer was those familiar feelings of resistance and inevitability – bringing with them pain, pleasure and passion.

Two fingers moved in and out of her and then suddenly were being pulled out. His hand was removed completely. He lifted one finger and sucked it slowly, cleaning her juices from it. His smile said he found her taste pleasing.

She collapsed against him, feeling his hardened bulge in his pants. *I did this to him. What an amazing thing.* She would let him take her – right there on the couch. She wanted to feel him on her and in her.

He said, "I think we should see you safely to your car."

What? She felt the joy of success evaporate and be replaced by worry and anxiety. *Am I not pretty enough? Does he think I'm ugly? Why doesn't he want to kiss me more?*

Those questions remained unanswered as she drove home.

CHAPTER 8

Dina could still imagine feeling Sebastian's fingers in her. They had felt so good that she knew she would want more – if he was willing to give them. She was also fearful he would.

She pushed Josh back down onto the bed. The hunger in her was rampant and needed taming. But if he wasn't going to clue in on her need, then it would devour him and take of him what she desired.

He chuckled. "Okay, okay." The lump hardening in his briefs told her his body would react, even if he hadn't been particularly in the mood.

She purred at him, relishing the familiarity of his looks and smell. She adored the contours of his face and she wanted him to know she loved him. She used her body to prove it. Tearing at his underwear, she removed them from him with his help.

His smile broadened and he said, "If this is what looking at all those forums does to you, I think I like it."

She ignored it. She didn't want to think about his obstinacy over the origins of words. She wanted, rather, to feel him in her, to feel his manliness filling her, and to feel her womanhood taken by the man she loved.

She stroked him for a moment, making sure he was hard. *I like this.*

He hummed happily.

Climbing over his hips, she positioned herself over his erection and then settled onto him. The satisfying feel of his erection filling her aching hole made her sigh with relief.

"Wow, you're wet," he said.

"I was thinking about you all the way home." It was the truth. She didn't say that she was trying not to think of Sebastian's fingers. Moving her hips

in circles and relishing the feel of his fullness in her, she said, "I was feeling horny."

"Yeah, no kidding."

She rose and fell, her pussy sliding up and down his shaft. But she needed more, and harder, and her movements reflected the need. Her downward moves became more forceful. *Drive his cock up into me. Hit that emptiness and fill it.*

Josh reacted intimately, gripping her hips and making love to her with as much energy as she gave him.

Yes, your cock feels so good, husband. My love. Yes. She grunted with the effort, forcing herself down onto him. *Fill me. You feel so good. I wonder what Sebastian's cock would feel like in there?* Suddenly, waves of terrifying pain and release ripped through her, tossing her over the edge of control. She was falling, convulsing, and her climax sending flashes of light across her tightly closed eyes.

Why hadn't Sebastian taken her? She was glad he hadn't, but she was also disappointed that he didn't. Was she not woman enough? Just because she was married she was considered un-sexy?

She ground her hips down in a final, shaking thrust of passion. She heard Josh groan and felt the hot wetness inside her that signaled her conquering of his manhood. *It's good enough for my husband, why not Sebastian? Is he gay?*

~ ~ ~

Dina dressed warm for the Thanksgiving barbecue at the Mann residence.

The event was small, with only a few friends and church members invited. Caleb and Olivia had a simple tract home. It was not ostentatious, not filled with expensive vases or paintings, nor was it filled with lavish furniture.

She noticed there was no TV. Along the wall facing the couch was a long row of bookshelves. On them, religious books of all kinds, along with many different versions of the Bible.

Even at home, Pastor Mann took his pursuit of knowledge seriously.

Melissa found her after not more than three steps inside the doorway. "Dina, dear. I hope your husband doesn't mind if I borrow you?"

"Oh..."

Josh said, "Not at all."

Dina allowed her arm to be taken by the elegant woman and led to a more private spot in the dining room.

Melissa turned her and eyed her critically. "Still no success telling your young husband?"

She shook her head. "I can't even bring up to him that our modern perceptions have changed the Bible's message."

The woman pursed her lips. "It's so common today. People claim to want to know the truth but fight the learning of it with so much effort."

"He won't even listen."

"Is it creating problems between you?"

Dina tilted her head. "No, not really. He just won't talk about what I've found."

"But you would like him to know?"

She shrugged in a helpless gesture of frustration. "Well, sure."

"What if I told you Olivia and I have talked about him and hatched a little plan to get him involved?"

"Involved?"

An eyebrow rose fractionally. "Accepting of sexual liberation, yes."

"How?"

Melissa gave her a very feminine and sly grin. "Perhaps all he needs is a little attention. Lure him out of that shell."

"You and Olivia?"

The woman nodded.

Dina frowned. A jealous feeling rose in her. "I don't want him taken from me—"

"Girl. I have no interest in taking your husband. At all." She stood straighter, no longer conspiratorial. She placed hands on hips. "I was offering to help you break the ice."

"Oh. Oh, well, in that case..."

"I promise not to steal your husband." Her tone said she meant it, but it was very dry.

Olivia passed through the dining room and saw them. She immediately veered over to join the two. "So?"

Melissa said, "She's willing." She elbowed the other woman. "As long as we don't steal him."

Olivia quickly folded her arms, one hand up covering her mouth. Her eyes blazed with amusement.

If anything, the cover caused Dina to feel very defensive of Josh. *What was wrong with him? He's handsome, loving and caring.*

"Oh, my. Well," said Olivia. "That's a very serious restriction. I think we can manage that."

Melissa elbowed her again and frowned.

Dina scowled.

The two women broke into quiet giggles.

Melissa said, "I think you still have a ways to go yourself, yet."

Dina was confused. "Me?"

The two women shared a look and both of them patted her shoulders – one on one side, the other woman on the other.

Olivia gave her a smile that spoke of promised secrets. "Leave him to us. We'll see if we can melt that exterior."

"Okay."

~ ~ ~

Dina sipped her wine. She eyed Olivia and Melissa hanging on each of Josh's arms. The other guests talked quietly in pairs and one small group of chatters. She said to Caleb, "Did your wife tell you about this plan?"

They were sitting together on the couch. He waved his wineglass out. "In brief." He changed the subject. "Have you still been studying the Word?"

She knew what he meant – studying the origins, the original Greek and Hebrew inspired words and how they fit with today's translations and teachings. "Yes."

"Does it make you feel like a boat without a rudder?"

"Hmm?" She was looking at both of the women smiling and flirting with Josh. His face was a nice shade of red from embarrassment, but he was also smiling.

"Adrift?" he said.

"Oh. Well, sort of. But maybe more free."

He nodded. "I've had those embracing liberation as describing the process as unloading the unnecessary weight of baggage from the real trip to salvation."

Dina had never heard anyone say that, so she kept quiet.

Josh broke away from the two women and came over to where Dina sat. He looked nervous. "So..." He looked as if he didn't know what to say.

Behind him, the two women winked at each other.

Dina reached out and touched his hand. "Are you alright? You left poor Olivia and Melissa all alone. They're just trying to be nice to you."

If anything he turned redder. "Oh, well..."

"Don't be rude to them. Melissa employs me now."

Caleb gave a sage nod. "We should treat others as we would have others treat us. It's probably best not to ignore them, Josh. Or do you have a problem with them being nice to you?"

His embarrassment turned to a panicked shock. "Oh, no, pastor. Not at all. I..."

While he was addressing the pastor, Dina glanced at his pants. They stuck out a little more than normal. *He's half hard in there, that's why he's uncomfortable.*

Olivia came up from behind and wormed her arms around Josh's left arm. "I thought you were coming back? How about we freshen up our wine?"

Josh looked comically worried. "Oh, sure. Okay."

Dina gave him a happy smile. "Don't mind me; we're just talking about Bible-stuff here."

He let himself be steered away.

Caleb chuckled. "I remember feeling that way."

"You?"

"Sure. I was raised like you – like everyone else. Finding the truth to be buried and reinterpreted took years."

Dina shook her head. Her vision of Caleb Mann was of someone born of angels and delivered to mankind on a mission of message and knowledge.

His low chuckle turned into a laugh. "Yes, me. Don't think I was born this way."

His parents hadn't raised him with his current knowledge? Dina was confused. How did one go about learning...

"And as much as you might think your pastor knows, I'm still discovering new things. Learning is a lifelong process."

"I don't know if I want to know."

His smile vanished. "Yes, I know. Sometimes I wonder the same. Much of history is changed. Much of what we see on TV that people think is reality is not. The people are truly blind."

"Is there any hope for us?"

Caleb crossed an ankle over his knee and swirled his wine. "For mankind? Or Christians?"

"Christians? Is it that bad?"

He gave her an eye from the side of his face. "Let me give you an example. Many born-again Christians profess to be Zionist Christians, but that is in reality an oxymoron."

"What? How?" Dina was confused. All Christians were Zionist Christians.

"A real Zionist is a Luciferian. They believe that Jesus will return, but that Satan will win at Armageddon. The entire movement of nations is geared by those Zionists in control to prepare for the battle against Jesus."

She had never heard anything like this before. "No way."

"Really. Did you know the Zionist symbol – the Star of David – has nothing to do with Biblical Israel but rather is a satanic symbol?"

"The Star of David?"

He nodded. "Satanic."

Dina shook her head. *I'll be looking that one up.*

Caleb wasn't done. "Real Jews who believe in God will be kept safe by fleeing to the wilderness when God allows Israel to be destroyed."

"What?" Dina almost dropped her wineglass.

"You haven't paid attention to Revelation, have you?"

"But Jesus comes to save Israel."

Caleb shook his head at her. "That's the popular myth. Go read it later. Jesus arrives to fight against Anti-Christ. Israel is already destroyed. Do you really think if Jesus meant to save Israel, He would be late?"

Dina coughed in disbelief. She would most definitely be searching Revelation for that later.

He took a sip of wine and watched Donald Strauss captivating the small group of chatters. "What is more frightening than learning the truth is realizing there may be far more we don't know and will never learn."

~ ~ ~

Dina watched over the next hour as Olivia and Melissa molded themselves into more and more contact with her husband. The flirting was more than obvious now, and she had to admit that her jealousy was going to be a problem.

At what point of her own liberation did she have to come to terms with Josh's liberation? Did she want that? While she wanted to be liberated from the confines of traditional mores that had nothing to do with the Bible, she wasn't sure she wanted that for Josh. *He's mine. I will be the liberated one. He just needs to understand, is all. He doesn't need to be liberated.*

She watched them get up and go back into the kitchen for more wine.

"You looked troubled, young one." Donald stood near her, hands in pockets, looking down his nose at her with an appraising look.

"What? Me?"

"I've seen the look before – many times."

She felt defensive. "And what look is that?"

"No need to be combative." He sat in the empty spot Caleb had occupied before the pastor had moved on to circulate with the guests. "I have no reason to be accusatory."

Dina looked away, unsure what to say to her employer.

"Overcoming inhibitions is a very difficult personal obstacle. How far is one willing to go to remove them?"

Darn him, he knows exactly what I'm thinking. "I don't know what you mean."

He gave her a patient look. "You do. But I imagine you're at the stage where the questions are unanswered."

She pursed her lips and said nothing.

"The approach to letting go is one of the most difficult you'll face when it comes to your husband. It is also the easiest once it is done."

She looked at him. "I don't want to lose Josh."

His smile was quick and friendly. "Of course you don't. And you won't, either."

"But—"

He held up a finger. "Never forget that there are two people involved in your loving relationship. Your love for him and his love for you. Together, you form a bond that runs both ways. If you were to stop loving him, for example, he would not suddenly stop loving you."

"I suppose not."

He crossed a leg and placed both hands on one knee. "If he were to be introduced to the concept of liberation and allow you freedom, would that mean your love for him would instantly vanish?"

"Well, no, of course not."

"Yet you assume that of him."

"Pardon?"

He tilted his head at her. "You want him to approve of your freedom. But you assume that if you give him the same freedom, he will instantly stop loving you."

Yes. "No, of course not." *How can he read me so well?*

He raised both eyebrows at her.

She felt herself flush with shame. "But what if he likes some other woman better—"

Donald touched her arm. "You forget that he is a real person."

"What?"

"Your insecurities are how you view yourself. You must remember, your husband is intimate with all that you are. He loves you despite your insecurities."

"I—"

"His love for you didn't happen by accident. Neither will he suddenly discover one of your insecurities you think are secret and be gone from your life. He has made a decision to love you and does. Whereas you seek to gain his trust for yourself, you are unwilling to trust his love for you."

Caleb had come back over to the couch. "Do unto others..."

Donald nodded. "Quite right. Love must go both ways. If you want him to love you, you must love him."

"But, I do—"

"If you want him to trust you, you must trust him."

Dina was about to face her largest hurdle.

CHAPTER 9

Dina said, "I do trust him, but—"

"But you want to retain control," said Donald. "While you say you trust him, you really don't."

She felt helpless.

Melissa came towards them, a twinkle in her eye and a sneakiness in her step. She held out her hand to Dina. "Come. We were successful."

Her heart began pounding and a clammy feeling of doom washed over her. "What—"

"Come."

Donald settled back and smiled. Caleb gave her a nod.

Dina allowed herself to be pulled out of the living room and down the hall to the bedrooms. *Oh no. I can't handle this.*

Melissa turned outside the master bedroom. The door was open, the lights off, and Dina could see no one inside the bedroom. The woman held a finger to her lips. Then she leaned in and whispered in Dina's ear. "We were talking about cleaning toilets of all things and how you had him clean one. We got him back here into the bathroom and his ice finally cracked. Be very quiet and come see."

Dina moved into the dark bedroom behind Melissa. Her entire body was shaking so hard she thought the other woman might feel the vibrations in the air. Her skin felt cold and clammy and a minty taste was in her mouth. She was close to fainting.

Light was coming from the partially open bathroom door and nothing else. All was silent.

Holding her finger to her mouth again, Melissa gently guided her to a spot several feet from the door. Her whisper was very quiet and close. "Stay back here in the dark and watch."

Dina felt dread and worry. *This is where it's all over. It's too late to turn back now. Far too late.* Melissa went to the door and slipped inside. She left the door open enough for Dina to see. The first thing she saw was Josh leaning back against the bathroom vanity from the side. His hands were on the counter behind him, bracing himself. His pants were around his ankles.

He glanced worriedly at Melissa as she came in, but then back down to Olivia. The woman was on her knees, stroking and sucking Josh's shaft. The older woman's black and silver hair moved delicately with her sucking motions.

Dina's eyes went wide. She felt the onrushing burst of emotions promising panic, fear, and disaster. But none of them hit. The approach of her fears turned to fascination and within seconds she found herself watching, mouth open. Josh's face was a mixture of surprise, worry, and pleasure. Bubbling up within Dina was an urge to laugh at his comical expression, but she dared not. She could almost taste her husband's panic through his looks.

Melissa knelt down next to Olivia and both of them began fondling and kissing Josh's erection.

Dina felt, instantly, comfortable and satisfied. Her husband was getting his dick slurped and it looked right. It seemed proper – almost as if the two women were on their knees worshiping him as he should be worshiped. She felt pride that it was her husband's cock that was being venerated and not some other man's.

The two women competed, their tongues and mouths kissing and licking his shaft. One would suck, then the other. Their free hands roamed over his hips and thighs. Then they would lick him together, their tongues often crossing as they pleased Dina's husband.

She so much wanted to bounce in there and ask him what he thought. She was smiling wide, her cheeks almost hurting with it. She wanted to laugh and to ask him – even if later – what he thought of the pastor's wife blowing him. She felt close and bonded to him even watching from several feet away.

Josh hung his head back, his body tensing.

Dina felt her ownership and intimacy with him then; she knew he was about to cum.

Melissa was stroking him while Olivia was licking the head of his erection.

He groaned, low, and his muscles stood out on his thighs. A burst of cum splashed onto Olivia's cheek and she squawked in shock. She thrust her mouth down over his spurting cock and began sucking. Melissa's hand milked the shaft while Josh filled Olivia's mouth with his cum. He grunted several times and then began relaxing.

Dina felt satisfied that it was all quite alright. Had she not seen but heard about it later, it would have hurt. Seeing it made her a part of the act, even if unknown to Josh.

Olivia sucked for a few seconds longer, and then pulled back to the head. She gave it one last suck and then pulled free.

Josh tensed suddenly at the last suck and an aftershock shot of sperm flew out of his cock and into Olivia's hair at her forehead.

The pastor's wife giggled. "Oh my goodness."

Melissa redirected his cock into her mouth and gave it a final, gentle sucking.

~ ~ ~

Dina was all smiles as they drove home. She couldn't seem to contain herself. "That was a fun party." She wasn't sure how to bring up The Big Blow.

Josh wasn't looking at her. "Err... I don't know."

Oh come on. You got your dick sucked. It was great. There was so much she wanted to say, but he looked embarrassed and ashamed. She wanted to tell him that she had seen and didn't feel jealous. She wanted to talk about how fun it had been to see two women sucking him. She wanted to share with him, but he seemed distant and closed – guarded and defensive.

Guilt.

She felt horny and wanting attention. *This isn't working.* "It was nice of them to be so inclusive of you."

"What?" He sounded nervous.

"Olivia and Melissa."

"Oh, them." He said it with a dismissive air.

Why is he being so defensive? Fear? Should I tell him I know? She made up her mind. "You don't need to worry."

"Worry?" Panic flared in his voice. "Worry about what?"

"I know what happened. I saw it." *There; it's out. Now everything will be easy.*

"Saw what?"

She sighed. *Maybe this really isn't working. Doesn't he trust me?* "I saw you getting blown—"

His words were fast, tripping over each other in haste. "It was an accident. Stupid. It'll never happen again. I promise you. It was just a dumb thing... maybe too much wine—"

"Josh. It's okay."

"What?"

Dina sighed. "I'm not mad at you."

"You aren't?" He looked as if he had just seen a big, furry spider lying on his pillow.

"No, I found it exciting; I can't wait to get home and get naked with you."

He laughed, very nervous. "It was wrong. It won't happen again."

"It wasn't wrong. It was nice."

He looked at her, amazed. "Nice? How about immoral?"

"Sexually immoral?" She rolled her eyes. *Not this again.*

"Right."

"Were either of them temple prostitutes giving you sex for the worship of some false god?"

He rolled his own eyes. "Oh come on. People didn't just run around in the Bible having multiple women—"

"Solomon had seven hundred wives."

"And God cursed him for it," Josh said triumphantly.

"He did not. God cursed Solomon because he started worshiping other gods. God didn't curse him when he married all those women."

He looked at her, accusation in his eyes. "What are you, some free-love hippie?"

This is getting nowhere and my mood has vaped. "I'm going to give Pastor Mann a call tomorrow. I think you should talk to him."

"About what?"

Are men really so dense? "About what you think is immoral."

"Getting a blowjob from someone not my wife is immoral."
No, it isn't. You'll see.

~ ~ ~

Dina got up from the pew. She wanted to ask him how it went. But her husband's look was troubled. Instead she said, "All done?"

Josh nodded, the troubled look not leaving his brow.

She led him out to the car in silence.

"I don't know," he finally said. "I guess much of what you said was right."

She felt a surge of triumph. "About?"

"About what we've learned. About how traditions and habits begin to become part of what we think is God's word."

"Shocking, huh?" She got into the driver's seat and started the car.

"I wouldn't have believed it if Pastor Mann hadn't showed me the original Greek of the Corinthians fornication passage."

"Temple prostitutes."

He shook his head no in disbelief, but said, "Right."

Should I tell him about my barrel encounter with the pastor? Hmm, no, not yet.

He squinted at her. "Were you involved in what they did to me?"

She frowned. "It wasn't a crime."

"I know that." His tone was defensive.

She would have to treat him carefully.

He continued. "I meant did you know they were going to..."

"I knew they were going to try to break your ice."

"By giving me a blowjob?"

"No, not specifically. To be honest, I wasn't sure I was ready for them to do anything like that."

"I thought you said you liked it."

She nodded. "Yes, after I saw it. I was scared though, before it."

"Scared? Why? You thought one might bite it off or something?"

She giggled, relieved that there was some levity to offset her fear. "No. I just wasn't sure I wanted some woman touching you sexually."

"Oh. Well, it was okay, I guess. And I guess it wasn't a sin, according to the pastor." He shook his head again in disbelief. "Do you think they're

going to do that again?"

"Huh? Blow you?"

His face flushed slightly. "Yes."

Jealousy flared in her and the conflict within her caused her to frown. Warring inside was her possessiveness and the memory of the excitement. It had been fun to see. Was once enough? Did she draw the line and call it all a success, but no more? She had been in occasional talks with Melissa as she went about her daily duties in the household. They had hired a mouthy Mexican maid for the basement while Dina's work kept her upstairs.

Melissa had talked to her about what she had felt and about liberation – about how the steps she had taken were big, but still initial steps. She looked forward to learning more, looked forward to letting go, and the freedom from guilt Melissa assured her would happen.

She didn't like the guilt, the jealousy, and the anxiety.

Josh said, "It wasn't so bad, I guess."

You guess? She remembered he had asked a few seconds ago if they would do it again. "Well..."

"If it's what you wanted, I guess I'm cool with it."

Stop guessing and start thinking. "I don't know what they plan." She didn't. Was Josh going to be invited to more functions? There weren't very many through the year. Did she want him to go? She knew she desired liberation, but did she want it for her husband? She didn't think so.

He touched her leg and rested his hand there.

She felt a surge of love at the simple gesture. *No, I don't want him to be liberated. He can't handle it; only I can. I can't ever tell him about Caleb fucking me.* She felt her insides warm and she squirmed in her seat. She remembered the feel of his thick shaft sliding past her lips and into her pussy. She remembered the lust and excitement, mixed with fear. *Would the pastor do me again? That would be so good.* Her mouth opened in a silent pant. She wanted to get home and tear off Josh's clothing. She wanted him to throw her down on the bed and ram her pussy good and hard.

Then she thought of Sebastian fingering her and her legs twitched involuntarily. Her pussy clenched and developed a deep ache. What was Sebastian like? Should she be thinking it? If it wasn't a sin, then she shouldn't feel bad about thinking about him when she and Josh had sex, right? She felt her pussy becoming very moist.

~ ~ ~

Dina finished wiping the kitchen counter. She dropped the rag into a bucket for the laundry. She turned at the approach of Melissa's quiet footsteps. "I was just finished here."

Melissa shook her head. "I didn't need the kitchen. I wanted to ask if you and your husband would like to come over for a... private party. Just a few friends."

"On Friday?"

"No, Friday and Saturday are for our regular guests. I was thinking a Sunday night and maybe just the pastor and a couple others."

"Well..."

"I think if your husband is exposed to a very light version of how we live, he might be more receptive to your liberation."

That sounded great. "Yes, it's still something of an issue with him, though he says he's okay with the blowjobs."

Melissa's eyes became very bright and she pursed her lips. It was her way of holding back laughter.

Dina felt defensive. "It's not a joke—"

The woman quickly touched her arm. "I don't view it as one. Sometimes it is rather amusing to see a progression with which I am so familiar."

"Was it hard for you?"

There was silence in the kitchen as the woman looked away. She nodded slowly, remembering. "Letting go and trusting your love is a very difficult hurdle but also the easiest. When it happens, you realize you had nothing to worry about."

"I think I'm okay with my own liberation..."

Melissa looked back at her. "It's Josh that's your hang-up."

Dina nodded.

"That's what I meant by the difficult part. It's also very easy. Your fear, however, will control you until you overcome it with the act of defying it."

"You make it sound so easy."

"It is, girl. I also understand the fear in you holds you back. I've experienced it. Will you come Sunday? So that we may help your husband approve of what's happening here?"

"Okay." She wanted Josh to understand. She wanted his approval. Then maybe she could tell him about Pastor Mann.

Melissa winked. "Wear your maid uniform."

Dina giggled. "The short skirt?"

The woman gave a knowing nod.

"We'll come."

CHAPTER 10

Dina couldn't tell him exactly what, but his look told her he was imagining that the so called get-together was going to be just a little more than a quaint party. "Just a few people."

His expression was feigned indifference, but his pulse was racing in his neck. "Oh, sure. I guess so."

You can't fool me; you're excited. "Yay. You'll like the house; it's so big."

He shrugged.

She knew he would act indifferent and bored no matter what she said. It was his way of covering his eagerness.

He smiled at her. "Hey."

She smiled back; it was his way of suggesting sex. "You have a new magazine, right?"

His smile was smoky. "Yep."

She felt the stirrings of sensuality in her. "Let's go."

They entered their small bedroom and he pulled a new Gallery from the nightstand.

Undressed, they lay side-by-side. She stroked him while he turned pages. Whatever his hang-ups about sex, he liked his magazines.

Curious as to his views and how they differed from what had happened during The Big Blow, she said, "Who do you like in here?"

"I'm getting there."

"Did you stroke earlier to this?" She kept moving her hand.

"Yeah, a little."

"Naughty boy." She felt the heat flaring in her.

"I like this one."

The girl on the pages had long, black hair cut with bangs. Her eyes were a light blue.

She stroked him slower with more passion. "What do you like about her?"

His words came in panting gasps. "I like her hair. She has bangs, like you."

"Do you like her pussy?"

He groaned. "Yeah."

"Do you think she has a pretty face?"

"Yeah."

Time to test you, dear. "Would you like her to suck on you?"

He didn't answer, but his cock twitched in her hand.

"If she was here, would you like it if she blew you?"

He groaned again, louder. "Yeah."

Hmm. All guilty about Melissa and Olivia blowing him, but imagining it from some nameless girl was okay? Was it guiltless because she wasn't a real person in the flesh? It was still a picture of a real girl. "Would you like to feel her pussy on your dick?"

He gasped and twisted out of her grasp.

You almost came thinking about it. She reached over and gingerly took his bulging shaft. She slowly slid her hand down his rigid length. "Do you think her pussy would feel good if you stuck it in her?"

He moaned feverishly and his hips moved upwards. "Oh, yeah."

She was feeling steamy, now. Her hand moved faster. "Fuck her, Josh."

His gasps and pants quickened. His hips thrust up against her gripping hand. "Unhhh..."

"Fuck her hard. Ram your cock into her pussy—"

It was too late by the time she felt his shaft swell. He groaned heavily and sperm flew out of his cock up into the air.

Nuts. I wanted that.

He grunted, straining, and staring at the girl's pussy on the page.

Despite her disappointment, she found it sexy. Did he feel guilty?

~ ~ ~

Dina held onto Josh's arm at the front entry. Sebastian opened the door for them. "Hi, Sebastian."

His eyes lit with pleasure. "Mr. and Mrs. Lewis. Good evening. Please, come in." He stepped aside

"This is the butler, Sebastian," she said to Josh.

Sebastian held out his hand to him. "I am pleased to make your acquaintance."

They shook hands.

The butler's eyes twinkled. He held out his arm and said, "The living room."

She said, "Thank you." She gripped Josh's arm tighter and watched the butler move into his office.

Caleb and Olivia were already there, as was another couple introduced as Matthew and Erica.

Josh shied away from Pastor Mann, undoubtedly over The Big Blow.

Melissa and Olivia came and took Josh from her, each taking one of his arms. He flushed red but his smile said he was pleased.

Donald spent much time talking to Matthew and Erica and it turned out that they were also new to liberation. Married fifteen years, they were there to explore themselves.

Dina got the drift that Matthew wanted to share his wife with Donald. She whispered to Caleb, who was sitting with her, "And that wouldn't be adultery?"

"No. Not if the husband gives his approval. Is Josh still in the dark about...?"

"Yes."

Caleb nodded. "My wife and Melissa intend to force him into the same situation you face so that the decision is easier."

"What? How? I thought none of this was about forcing."

"I didn't mean cruelly. Perhaps I chose my words wrong. They intend simply to put him in your shoes so that you share a commonality of condition. It can be easy to say no looking down at someone else – in this case, he to you."

"He doesn't look down on me."

Caleb chuckled. "I meant that he wouldn't have a high horse from which to wag his finger at you."

"Ohhh." She nodded. "I get it. That's sort of sneaky."

He leaned back and shook his head. "Not really. It's human nature to disapprove of what your neighbor is doing that you aren't. But do the same thing as your neighbor and suddenly you find a way to justify what you're doing."

She could almost taste the freedom in the words. Was man really so very restrictive with himself? She looked over at Josh sandwiched between the two older women. "What are they going to do to him?"

"Try to get him into bed. I imagine they'll be successful."

She blinked. Was this what she wanted? She wanted Josh's approval of her own liberation. Did she have to see him liberated to get his approval? Was she ready for that? She wanted his permission to make love to Caleb, but she didn't want him making love to another woman. Surely Josh would resist Melissa and Olivia. He wouldn't cheat on her. Would he? "You don't mind if your wife and my husband...?"

"No need to be coy. Josh looks like a fine, young man. I hope she enjoys him and he enjoys her."

Donald and the married couple got up and walked down the hall towards the bedrooms.

Olivia and Melissa were giggling, leading Josh down the stairs and into the basement.

What's my husband going to think of that?

Caleb held out his hand. "Come."

"Me?"

He laughed easily. "Yes, you."

"What...?"

"I think we should be properly acquainted – this time without restraints."

She placed her hand in Caleb's and glanced at the basement door. Her worry that Josh might go through with it and be with the two women faded as her lust for Caleb and his promise grew. She could enjoy the pastor again and surely Josh would resist Melissa and Olivia. She had nothing to worry about. Her excitement grew as she followed Caleb.

He led her into a guest bedroom quite different from the ones downstairs. There, he turned and wrapped her in a hug. One hand came up and stroked her hair. "Such a beautiful young woman."

Dina blushed. No one ever called her beautiful, except for Sebastian. "I'm not."

"You are." His lips met hers and they kissed slowly.

Her fears and anxiety smoothed out and fled away being replaced with serenity and a growing lust. He lowered her to the bed and raised her short skirt. He removed her panties as she watched his face. There was no critique in his eyes. He pulled her to the edge of the bed and knelt between her legs.

Oh my gosh. Is he really going to...? Josh never does this. She drew in breath and held it as his head moved in. Her breath gasped out as his tongue touched her pussy lips and ran up and over her clit. She moaned out at the shock of sensation and sensuality. *Does he do this to Olivia? Has he ever done it to Melissa?* It felt wonderful and she spread her legs open wider for him.

Up and down he ran his tongue – parting her lips and caressing her clit. She shook with the tremors of need. She moaned out, her hips moving up and down in jerky motions. *Oh yes, so good.* Slow twirls of ache inside her wound tighter.

He stood and removed his clothing. She gazed at his penis hanging there, half hard and looking very nice. *Should I be looking? But Josh looks at pussy, doesn't he? And the pastor's cock is so pretty.*

"Scoot back," he said. He gripped his flesh and began stroking it while looking down at her pussy.

He's stroking for me? It made her feel good and she understood what a girl in a magazine might feel if they were aware of men masturbating over them. It was very sexy. Josh was not a small man in that department, but Caleb was slightly longer and thicker. His shaft was straight and the color was normal. The head looked large, but not painfully so. *That's what fucked me? It's beautiful.*

He got it hard and climbed between her legs.

She opened willingly, wanting to feel it in her without any further delay.

His face was all smile and sexy. Sensuality oozed from him. The head of his cock touched her pussy and she moaned with need. She wanted to feel his shaft sliding past her lips into her, filling her.

He tenderly rubbed his cock over her pussy and then gently leaned down onto her.

She felt the head of his erection pressing and pushing into her pussy. Her lips opened and spread wide, admitting his flesh. She wanted to pull him to fill her faster – to be one with him. His thickness invaded her,

pushing in and filling her emptiness. It was slow and delicious. She was gasping and pulling on him until she felt his hips meet hers. She felt so full and so happy. She moaned low in relief, unable to control her joy at being filled.

Dina looked up into his handsome face and smiled happily.

He smiled back and began moving his hips, pulling his cock out and pushing it back in. Delicious waves of pleasure surged through her with each thrust and she trembled once again with lust and need. Her pussy accepted his cock – welcomed it – and demanded more.

Oh yes. Josh needs to understand. She felt alive and overflowing with freedom. She was going to want more of this. It would be better if Josh were here, but as long as he approves that's all that matters. I can have Josh and Caleb both, and it will all be good.

Caleb fucked her deeply, sighing with satisfaction. His shaft sent vibrations of ecstasy through her that increased the tension inside her. She moaned out, her head moving side to side. She gasped moaned as his gorgeous cock thrust into her wet pussy over and over.

He leaned down and kissed her and her world spun behind closed eyes. He pressed his shaft in and held it there, still kissing her. It felt so right and complete. In a sudden lurch, she fell over the edge and into undulating waves of orgasm. She groaned out in the kiss as tension flooded her body and shook with ferocity. She definitely wanted more. She would fuck Caleb again and again and Josh would have to understand. She loved him and would never leave him, but he was going to have to give her his approval.

Caleb thrust again, this time faster. His balls slapped against her and she muttered gibberish in a desperate pleasure. She felt his shaft fill her and he held it there, tensing. Then she felt the hot spurts deep within her. She floated, tingles of contentment running through her body. She felt alive and free.

~ ~ ~

In the car, on the way home, Dina said, "So..."

"Hmm?"

"Did anything happen down there?"

"In the dungeon?" He blushed. "Yeah."

"What happened?" She began feeling defensive.

"They showed me one of the bedrooms you used to clean. And then things sort of happened."

"Like what?"

He shrugged. "They said you were going to be with Pastor Mann. And..."

"And?"

"They both took turns on me."

"They blew you?"

"No, they rode me." He looked as if he had found a winning lottery ticket. "They said that you were seeking my permission to be involved in their liberated lifestyle."

They fucked my husband? She started not feeling good about this.

He frowned. "Did you and Caleb...?"

"Yes, but that's not the point. How could you let them fuck you?"

He looked confused. "I thought that's what you wanted. I wasn't sure about letting you do this, but if I'm included—"

"This wasn't about you. It was about my liberation."

"Yours? Not mine, too?" He looked irritated.

"No, not yours. You don't need to be liberated." She wanted to be with Caleb again as often as she could, but there was no way she was going to allow Josh to stick his dick in another woman.

~ ~ ~

Dina fumed. She was going to be late for work. "I'm not going to quit."

Josh shook his head. "I don't think you should be in that lifestyle—"

"It's not for you to decide."

"I thought we were married."

"We are. I love you. But you're not going to fuck other women and you're not going to act childish and tell me to quit because I won't let you."

"But you wanted my permission to fuck other men."

"Not other men, just Caleb."

"Well, you don't have my permission."

"That's not fair." *Why don't you understand how simple this is?*

"Of course it's fair."

"No, it's not. You were going to let me if you could stick your dick in some other woman. Well, that's not happening."

"Right. Fair is fair. The whole deal is off."

"You're over-reacting." She crossed her arms.

"I'm being fair."

"No, you're acting like a child."

He rolled his eyes.

She sighed. "I need to go or I'll be late."

CHAPTER 11

Dina returned Sebastian's smile. Since the day he had fingered her, he hadn't touched her. *Did he not like my pussy? Does he think I don't want to be touched?* She reached out and brushed a hand across his chest as she passed. She said, "You're such a statue, sometimes."

He cleared his throat and raised an eyebrow. "Perhaps time permitting..."

She turned back to him. *What did he mean by that?* "Yes?"

"You seem quite busy and pre-occupied, lately."

She wasn't sure what to say.

He said, "I find you very attractive and have the most difficult time controlling myself around you."

Her heart began to beat a little harder and she felt a sudden panic of self-consciousness. *It wouldn't hurt you to lose a little control now and then.* "Me?"

"Indeed."

Melissa's voice drifted down the hall. "Dina?"

"Coming." She gave Sebastian a searching look and scurried towards the far end of the hallway.

"There you are. I wanted to ask how things went at home last night?"

She looked down as she walked beside Melissa. "Not too good, I guess."

"That's a shame. What happened?"

"I didn't know he was going to make love to anyone."

Melissa stopped and gave her an eyebrow. "But you seek his approval
—"

"I know. I just wanted this for myself. I didn't want to include him."

The woman overlooked the interruption. "That doesn't sound very trusting."

She said, as if certainly obvious for all to see, "Of course I can't trust him. I mean, come on."

Melissa shook her head. "Despite all your fears of his rejection, it is your own weakness that holds you back."

"Me? Mine? What? It's Josh who won't approve unless he can—"

"Trust and love is a two-way street. Do you think him incapable of love?"

"No, of course not."

They stopped in front of the maid's room. "But you treat him as if he were a child who cannot be trusted and who must be controlled."

"He doesn't need liberation." *He doesn't need to stick his dick in another woman.*

"Do you really love your husband?"

Dina frowned. "Absolutely. That's why—"

Melissa sighed. "You believe he holds you back, but it is your own fear holding you back. I think we need to advance your instruction."

"Mine? What?"

"Stay after your duties Friday. Bring your most revealing uniform."

What was this about?

~ ~ ~

The week passed for Dina in more silence than normal. She stroked Josh to a Gallery magazine and made love to him, gripping him, but wondering how he compared her to Olivia and Melissa. "Do you love me?"

He looked down at her, moving inside her. "Always."

"Even when you were fucking—"

He stopped pumping. His words were irritated. "Yes. Even then. I wondered where you were."

"I was perfectly safe. I was with Caleb."

"With his dick in you."

Dina felt herself blush. "Well, yes."

He shook his head. "And you want my approval to keep seeing him?"

"Well..." A longer pause. "Yes."

He chuckled, but it wasn't with very much mirth. "Was he good?"

She felt defensive. "He was fine, why?"

"And you still love me?"

"Of course I do, silly. What kind of question is that?"

"The same one you asked me. We're married. We do things together. I would have wanted to be there."

"You? Really?"

"Yes, really." He went back to thrusting.

"I have a confession." Dare she?

"Hmm?"

"That was the second time I was with Pastor Mann."

He stopped. "The second?" He looked mad.

"It wasn't my fault. Not my choice, either. Remember that barrel down in the basement?"

"Yeah?" He sounded disbelieving, but he started thrusting again.

"Melissa had me tied over that but she had to go answer some calls. Caleb came in and he couldn't see my face. He and his wife started playing with me... You know. And then I felt him enter me. I think he thought I was someone else."

He coughed. "Why didn't you say something?" His tone held the obvious sarcasm that his idea was the best and most perfect solution on the planet.

"I didn't want to be found out. I was scared of what he'd think."

Josh broke out in laughter. "So you let him fuck you?"

"I didn't have a choice in the matter."

He grew quiet and his thrusting slowed. "Yeah, I guess that would be a pretty tight situation to find yourself in."

"You're not mad?"

He stopped again. "Mad? No. I don't know. I can't be mad over that, though I might be mad at Pastor Mann for not checking to see who you were."

Dina felt relief wash over her and she grinned. "I was so scared."

"No wonder you've been freaking out with all this sex research lately."

She nodded.

"So you found you liked it and wanted to continue?"

"Well, really I just wanted to find a way to tell you."

"But you liked it."

She was silent for a moment. "Yes."

He sped his thrusting.

It felt good and she wanted it even harder. "I started to enjoy it after I found I couldn't control anything."

He began panting. "Yeah? Did you like his cock?"

"Yes." She moaned into his shoulder. "It felt good."

He grunted with his thrusts, slamming his hips down onto hers.

This is how I like it, husband. Ram me. "He has a very nice cock."

Josh groaned loud and she felt the hot spurts of his cum flood her inside. He grunted with each spurt, and his orgasm was a long one. She felt immense love for him and that sense of completion that always accompanied their love-making.

~ ~ ~

Dina checked her outfit on Friday morning. "Do I look okay?"

Josh eyed her. "Yeah. You usually wear longer skirts for work, though."

"I wore this last Sunday."

"I know, but that wasn't work."

How much should I tell him? Melissa was going to advance my instruction but what did that mean? "Thought I'd give it a spin."

"Well, don't take it off when you get home."

Dina coughed in indignation.

"And take off your panties when you get home, too."

She giggled.

He kissed her. "Off to work. Love you."

She loved his way and his good looks. She loved his manner and sexiness. He was her husband. He was hers. "I love you, too."

On her way to work, she wondered what Melissa's instructions would entail. Was it really her that needed more? Wasn't Josh the one being stubborn? It felt to her that it was her husband that needed some instruction. *Maybe another blowjob, but no sex.* The idea of him fucking Melissa angered her. Men were so brainless. How could he betray her like that?

On the good side, he had seemed to settle into liking what she said about her being with Caleb. Maybe he would stop being stubborn and give his approval.

She walked up the side steps. "Hello," she said.

Sebastian was all charming and smiles and sexiness, as always. "Dina." The one word was his way of greeting and it held a wealth of pleasure in the two syllables. She passed him, trailing her hand across his chest again.

Just a little tease. Why does he never break? I only got touched once. Was I disappointing to him?

Her duties were many, and she went about them without a mind to the time it took. It was easier to work that way.

The rooms were cleaned and since it wasn't her vacuum day, she ironed Donald's dress shirts.

Was Sebastian thinking about her? How about Pastor Mann? She knew Josh would be thinking about her; he was such a horndog. She was glad of it, though, and smiled in anticipation of going home. *He wants me to remove my panties when I get home. Naughty boy. Maybe I'll stroke him to a Gallery again. That was nasty.*

"Dina? Are you about done there?"

She saw Melissa standing in the door.

"Oh, yes. One more shirt is all, and then I'll hang them and be done."

The woman gave her a nod. "Shower up and I'll meet you in the basement after."

"Okay." Dina felt a thrill of the unknown rush through her. What manner of sexiness would her instruction take today? Maybe she could convince Melissa to begin instructing Josh? It was worth a try asking. That way, Josh would give her the approval she sought in removing the adultery from her record. Then she and Caleb could make love whenever they wanted.

Is Olivia jealous at all? I could never be like her. But Olivia was a sweet woman and so very nice. Dina envied her for the older woman's Christian attitude of sacrifice, service, and love. She wasn't a meek woman, just quiet and sincere without being judgmental. Her un-dyed dark hair shot through with silver and white showed to the world her down-to-earth approach and lack of pretension.

She finished ironing and carefully draped the four shirts over her arm.

She pondered Caleb's attitude towards Olivia. He was always touching her in a way that said they were intimate, familiar and unafraid of public displays of affection. It was obvious he loved her; she doubted such an honest man could hide on his face any disdain for her he might have felt. Would Olivia have told him that she fucked Josh? Or hidden it? *Maybe she*

let him do it with me but maybe he was like me and didn't want her doing it with anyone else.

She hung the shirts and headed downstairs. Her shower was fast and efficient; she didn't like to waste time or water.

"There you are? Do you need to use the bathroom?" Melissa said.

"I went before the shower."

"Very good then." She motioned and headed towards one of the guest bedrooms. "Lucia does an acceptable job in your place. Lie back on the bed."

Dina fidgeted. "What will this—"

"Lie back on the bed. This is about trust and letting go of your silly fears."

Silly? They were appropriate concerns. "But—"

"Lie down." Melissa pointed.

Pouting, Dina did so.

"Give me your hand. No, the other one."

Dina stretched her other hand back. Melissa fastened a fur-lined shackle to it. She came around the bed and pointed to her hand. That one was shackled back, her arms stretched and bound to the corners of the head-frame.

She felt a sense of panic at not being able to control her own arms.

"Calm yourself, girl. No one gets hurt here." Melissa walked out of the room and returned a few seconds later with a large leather blindfold. She fixed it over Dina's face.

"Why are you—"

"Shh."

Dina frowned, but the blindfold was comfortable and padded.

The woman spoke. "You are in a safe place. There is no reason to fear, but you fear. You interact with people who trust you, but you do not trust them. You don't even trust your own husband. It is time you ceased fearing."

"By being blindfolded?"

Melissa's hands were up under her skirt. She felt her panties being yanked down and removed.

"But—"

"Silence. Exposure is a form of liberation, like it was on the barrel."

Dina felt her feet being pulled one at a time to the corners and shackled. She was comfortable, but felt nervous and unsure about what was going to happen. She felt her skirt being slid up so that her pussy was exposed to the air.

"Remain here. I will not forget you."

Remain? As if I can go anywhere? She started to laugh until she heard Melissa's footsteps receding. *Oh my gosh. I'm lying here all open and you leave?* The blinder robbed her of sight. She heard nothing. *What is this supposed to prove?*

Spread-eagled and open on the bed, it wasn't long before she began to hear noises.

CHAPTER 12

Dina tried to see, but her vision was effectively denied by the blindfold. *What's going on? Who's there? Can they see me naked? What do I do?* She wanted to close her legs in embarrassment.

There were people talking out in the main basement room. Their voices echoed a little, sometimes sounding familiar, and sometimes not. Who were they? Without her sight to connect a face, she felt as if she were missing something she should know. A panic rose in her, to tear off the blindfold and satisfy her lack of vision. Her condition seemed to rob her of the ability to connect sound with a familiar face – as if hearing a snippet of song and the familiar tune drives one mad with the desire to satisfy the curiosity and answer what was the name of the dumb song.

She pulled on the wrist shackles to no avail. It increased the anxiety in her.

I don't want to be bound. I want to be in control.

She struggled some more until she realized someone was coming closer to the bedroom. She froze, as if hoping to remain unseen in her blindness and her stillness would rob them of notice.

Go away. I'm in a situation here.

There were whispers she couldn't make out – out in the hall.

Who was that? Melissa? Her husband? She didn't want to speak for fear of alerting whoever was out there that she was in here. But that was silly; she knew they could see her through the open door.

Someone entered and let out a whispered sigh. It sounded hungry and happy.

Who's there? Why are you in here?

The bed sank near her left foot and she felt someone's heat close against the skin of her leg. She squirmed. "Who is that? Who's there?"

Someone whispered. It was a man. "Shh. No speaking. But I've admired you for a long time."

Whose whisper was that? With the blindness and the lack of tone in a properly vocalized voice, she couldn't make heads or tails of who might be leaning over her. *Admired? For a long time? Who? Donald? Caleb?* No, whoever it was didn't move or smell like Caleb. She tried to remember if the faint hint of cologne and soap she was smelling was Donald's. No, it definitely was not. The smell was simple and clean – not complex at all: Ivory soap.

Who admired me? Me? The curiosity in her burned brighter. *Who admired me and why didn't I know about it? What's to admire about me?* Then she realized her fears were gone, replaced by an insatiable curiosity. It electrified into a sudden frenzy of sensation as a masculine finger trailed up her leg. It was somewhat rough. Callouses. *Someone who worked with their hands? Who would it be?* She didn't know any workers except for those who might go to Crown Christian Fellowship.

Oh my gosh. A member of the congregation? Eek!

But her sudden panic was just a flash. The finger trailed higher, passing the joint of her hip. It touched nothing erogenous though the act of touching aroused in her a sensuality that caused her hips to squirm.

Touch me, then. I'm open and I can't stop you. A relief washed over her in an odd way. The responsibility was removed from her. She had no control. It was up to the man to be chaste or take more liberties. Without having to worry about control, she felt a nasty worm of thrill wend through her insides, heating and melting her from within. Unable to use her hands to stop whoever was touching her allowed her to enjoy the violation while absolving her of responsibility.

Ooo, are you going to do naughty things to me you shouldn't? Are you going to touch me?

The weight shifted and she felt a hairy leg touch hers. Whoever he was, he was climbing onto the bed, between her legs.

Suddenly self-conscious, she said, "What are you going to do?"

His whisper was calming. "Shh. We're not supposed to speak. But I've always wondered what your pussy looks like."

He did? Who?

"Such a beautiful pussy."

The quiet breathy words brought forth a gasp from her. *He thinks I have a beautiful pussy? Who is this man? This admirer? Why didn't he tell me before?* She felt an anger in her turning its head to interfere in her pleasure. Who did he think he was keeping his admiration from her? What right did he have to keep her in the dark?

Fingers brushed across her clit and she felt it as if never having felt it before. Magnified by the loss of her sight, the sensation of touch seemed more pronounced, even if gentle.

She felt his fingers enter her slowly, but not too slow. Wriggling their way in as if trying to fit fingers into a glove. She moaned out loud. "Oops, sorry."

He laughed, low. Was that hint of voice familiar? He leaned over her, breathing into her ear. His hot breath sent shivers of heat and lust through her. "I think you're allowed to enjoy it."

Dina opened her mouth to respond, but his finger stopped her. It slid in deep and delicious, touching her ache and teasing it. She felt movement on the bed – a vibration of some kind. Something slow. Was the man masturbating? She could hear him panting.

Oh wow, how so very sexy. My admirer is jacking himself between my legs. Where was Josh? What was he doing? He had said he would have wanted to be there when she was with Caleb. Would he want to be here now?

Thoughts of her husband vanished as she heard someone else enter the bedroom. She turned her head to follow the noise. Whoever it was stood to her right side near the wall.

Her admirer withdrew his fingers from her and climbed forward.

Oh. My. Gosh. Is he going to...?

She felt the head of his penis brush her pussy lips and she groaned in anxiety and need. To her side, she heard some movement, fast and nasty. Whoever was standing there was masturbating. Her lips began to spread as the hardness of her admirer began to push in.

She felt the room move a little as her mind tried to grasp and interpret the amazing sensations assaulting her. *Oh, Josh. I wish you were here.*

The rigid shaft penetrated and began sliding in, filling her. She was being spread open by a man's cock and she couldn't see him. Would the blindfold ever be removed? She wanted to see the man and appreciate him

and his admiration of her, but she couldn't. She couldn't even touch him. Her mouth hung open as the hot shaft of man-flesh slid deeper into her pussy. Her insides parted, allowing the erection perfect entry.

She wanted to laugh. *Ohh... this is something I could get used to.*

The admirer pushed his hardness all the way in, until his hips were joined to hers. Slowly he pulled out, leaving a trail of tingles and desire amidst a hole suddenly hungry with need.

Put it back in, put it back in, put it back in...

The admirer pushed back in and began slowly pumping his cock in and out of her. The bed's metal frame creaked quietly – an intimate sound that made her think of her husband. *Why isn't he here?*

The man above her sighed, sounding very happy. His shaft moved in and out of her and there was nothing she could do about it. She couldn't see him or touch him herself, and she couldn't prevent him from fucking her as if he loved her and cared for her. She loved it. If this was liberation, she wanted it.

He made love to her – she could tell by his movements. They were slow, adoring, and sensuous. Heat rose in her and up her neck. She felt it on her face and her scalp.

Floating along with the movement of her body to his thrusts, she spun in the room in circles, tighter and closer. An orgasm was there, hiding, taunting her, but she didn't care. She was fully relaxed, having given up any kind of struggle. Her entire mind was focused on the man above her. She could smell his clean manliness. She could detect a hint of cologne. She listened to his pants and sighs. Each one and all of these indicators aroused in her a bond to the unknown man above her that would surely identify him once the blindfold was removed.

Right?

She felt the orgasm approaching in a way it had never approached. Her climaxes were normally aching and almost painful in its approach. The build-up was always frightful and an affair bringing tension before the inevitable release. This time, she felt the approach coming as light as a feather – a gentle rolling promise that had nothing of tension or ferocity in it. She knew it would be big and nothing like she had ever felt before. Not because it would be stronger than any other, but that the approach and climax would be so relaxed and peaceful. It would be a surrender requiring no resistance.

Her admirer groaned, pushing deep.

No, wait! I was almost there.

She felt his hot spurts in her – flooding her as he pressed his shaft in as far as it would go.

No, no, no, not yet!

He was panting above her and then leaned down to partially lay on her. He was a wiry man, angular and muscled. Who was this admirer? His hands touched the sides of her head, stroking back her hair.

"Thank you," he whispered. "That was wonderful."

Something smooth slid briefly across her right ear as he bent down.

A wedding ring?

His lips touched hers, briefly.

She opened her mouth, hungry for the kiss, but he was lifting himself off. Mister Admirer pulled out and she could feel the emptiness gaping open and his seed running out of her. It felt very wet down there.

"Wait," she said.

"Shh." Another man's whisper. The one from the side? Or another?

The bed shifted and her admirer was gone. Then the bed shifted again and another man climbed over her.

Oh my gosh. Another one? But she couldn't move. Who is it now?

A hard and smaller erection was pushed into her wetness. Then it was pulled out. Whoever he was rubbed his cock over her clit and swollen lips. Sharp jolts of sensation shot through her in a familiar way – the normal approach of a regular orgasm. *Well, whoever you are, keep doing that. I want to cum.*

The second man stopped after a few seconds and pushed back into her.

She pouted, but it felt good to have a cock back in there.

The man moved faster, if not rough. Her pussy lips registered the passage of his shaft as it rapidly prodded her. She liked it, but it wasn't as good as Mister Admirer. Very wet sounds echoed in the room as his cock churned Mister Admirer's juices inside her. The bed creaked a little louder and she could hear the man above her panting desperately. *This is me here, being fucked and listening to all this. It feels nasty and sounds even nastier.* Strangely, she almost felt as if she wasn't on the bed but listening at someone's door. *I think I like this, too.*

She found herself panting along with the man but just as she was getting into it, she felt another flood of hot wetness inside her starving pussy.

No, no, no. Why did you have to finish so early? She felt the orgasm recede in her and leave behind a tension of aggravation. I need to cum, dammit. This isn't liberation; it's torture!

~ ~ ~

Dina was fucked senseless by two more men. She knew she was senseless because she could hear her own gibberish and moans coming from her mouth. The men were all gentle, if varying in their speeds. She wasn't sore, but she sure was tired of lying spread-eagled. And she still hadn't finished.

I really, really want to cum.

She could feel the tension in her, tingling and radiating from every pore on her body. She vibrated with the need to finish.

The bed moved – another man. He was slow in his approach, as if sneaking. One of the men in the room chuckled.

A sigh of lust originated from the man on the bed with her.

Was this finally Caleb? None of the others had felt or smelled like him. Fingers touched her shoulders as he knelt between her legs. She wanted to cum and in aggravation, arched her hips upward. She breathed through her open mouth, half panting and sometimes gasping as she felt the twisting coils of orgasm and tension inside her. The fingers began trailing down. They passed lightly over her skin, down to and over her small breasts and then clawing lightly lower.

She had a sudden realization that this man smelled familiar. Very familiar. She felt her face break into a very wide grin. She bit her lower lip and hummed, trying to contain her joy.

Sebastian.

His erection prodded at her open hole and then withdrew. The bed shifted and then she felt the gentle touch of cloth on her pussy. He was cleaning her – preparing her. Then his cock was back at her entrance, stretching it open even more.

Oh my gosh. He's big. She felt her skin stretch and it reminded her of limbering up for a workout. Her hole expanded, not painfully, to accommodate his girth. She whispered, "Oh yes, fuck me. Give it to me, Sebastian."

The butler chuckled above her. "You're not supposed to know." He didn't whisper, but he kept it low.

"I would know you anywhere."

His laugh this time was quieter but flowing with satisfaction. His erection pushed in, filling her and stretching her insides. There was a hardness with it that told her he was probably filling her about as much as she could ever take. He was the limit. Josh was no small man, but his penis was not as thick as what she was feeling. Neither was he as long. Dina gasped as she felt Sebastian pushing far deeper in her than she had ever felt. She could feel the end of her canal pushing slightly back in resistance.

He sighed. "All in and you feel amazing. I'm certain there would have been trouble had I not waited till the end."

"The end?"

"I'm the last of the men."

"Oh. That doesn't bother you?"

"Not at all. They greased the skids, so to speak." He began moving and the fullness moved within her, in and out, in a slow gesture of satisfaction.

She wanted to give him that satisfaction. She wanted to offer her pussy to him. She most wanted to be released and allowed to hold him. "Can someone unhook me?"

"Sure, honey," said a female voice.

Who was that?

Dina's hands and feet were unshackled and she laughed in relief. Her arms wrapped up and around Sebastian's shoulders, pulling him down to her. She bent her legs, drawing up her feet to widen her passage. She tilted her pussy to his thrusts, relishing the feel of penetrating fullness.

Giggling suddenly, she realized she had become used to being blindfolded. She removed the thing and flung it off the bed. The room seemed blindingly bright, though she knew it was dimly lit.

Sebastian smiled down at her. "Hello there."

She felt as if her smile would crack her cheeks. "The butler does the maid?"

"No, someone who lusts for you makes love to you."

She sighed, feeling happy and satisfied. She closed her eyes, holding him tight as he pumped her. She felt his cock sliding back and forth in her passage, violating her marriage hole. *I wish Josh were here.* But he wasn't

and she wasn't going to stop this beautiful coupling with Sebastian. "Am I allowed more of you?"

His smile widened greatly, showing wondrous white teeth. "Most certainly. I was rather hoping you would."

She moaned in a sudden wave of coiling promise. It receded a little, but stayed close. She was near the edge. "Why didn't you say anything before?"

He raised an eyebrow. "I didn't want to come off cheeky, luv. With you married and all."

A laugh grudgingly erupted from her throat, prodded by lust from his moving cock. "Oh... I think you can do this as often as you want."

"Yes?" His breathing turned into a pant. "What about your husband? Does he approve, then?"

"No." That was going to be a problem. She would need to now include Sebastian in the plan. Would Josh approve both? "No, he doesn't yet. I'm working on that."

"Oh, well—"

"Just fuck me. Fuck me with that beautiful cock."

"Fill you up and send you home?"

"Something like that." She pulled on him.

"Does he fancy cleaning up?"

"Cleaning up?"

"Yes, you know, licking you after you've had a man—"

"Oh! No. Of course not."

"Have you asked him?"

"Well... He seemed excited at hearing how Pastor Mann had used me over the barrel."

Sebastian chuckled. "Naughty little monkey. He sounds like the sharing-and-wanking kind of bloke."

"What do you mean?"

"It turns him on to hear about you."

"I think it does."

He nodded. "Then here's a challenge. Go home today and get him naked. Give him a good wank and tell him exactly what we did."

She felt her eyes get big.

He shook his head. "Don't be afraid. Trust me."

"I don't know."

"Promise you will, or I'll pull out."

"Don't you dare."

He raised both eyebrows and started to withdraw.

She was so close. "No! Okay, okay."

"Promise?"

She exhaled through her nose. "Fine. Promise."

"That's a good girl." He moved back in and fucked her deep and slow.

She closed her eyes again and hung on, moving with him as their crotches worked together in lust and passion. She felt the orgasm sneaking closer, tickling and teasing. She started to gasp, fearing it, but welcoming it.

He said to her, "Is that good?"

"Oh, yes. Yes, yes, yes." The last word was tense and she went rigid as the orgasm pounced on her, crushing her under its weight of wracking pain and pleasure. She clamped with each pulse, a cry coming from her mouth.

Sebastian sped his thrusts, moving faster. "How very sexy." He rammed his huge shaft into her, filling her pussy as it clenched with spasms of ecstasy. The head of his cock thrust deep and then he was tensing on her, his sperm rushing into her in a hot explosion of wet lust. He ground his pubic bone against her clit and sent waves of electric shocks through her body.

She cried out louder, loving the experience and completely lost in lust.

CHAPTER 13

Dina emerged from the bathroom and saw Melissa. "Oh, hi."

The woman's arms were crossed and an eyebrow arched.

Dina knit her eyebrows together. *Did I do something wrong? Maybe asking to be unshackled? Am I in trouble?*

Melissa said, "Well?"

"Uh, I'm sorry about the shackles."

The woman blinked and then broke into a tinkle of a laugh. "No, you silly girl. Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Oh. Yes, I did." *Whew, I'm not in trouble.*

"So you relaxed and let go."

"Yes." Dina's relief almost made her pass out. She felt light-headed.

"Did any of the men treat you poorly?"

She shook her head in a panic. They had been nice and she didn't want to get anyone in trouble. "Oh, no. They were all very nice."

A single nod. "Good then. Can you trust them if you were shackled without a blindfold?"

"Oh, of course. I think I'd trust them without the shackles. Who was the first man?"

She moved her eyes and head to the side as if thinking of him. She looked back. "I will leave that to him."

"But—"

"He trusts me. He hasn't said if I should tell you or not. I won't violate his trust."

"Oh. I guess I understand." She looked out into the main room trying to see anyone she recognized. A man was over the barrel getting spanked by

two women, one of them Caleb's wife Olivia. After alternating spans, one or the other of the women would reach between the man's legs. His erection was hanging down and the women would stroke it.

"He left already."

"Oh." She felt disappointed and the curiosity in her burned hot.

"I want you to ring us tonight."

"Tonight?"

"Tonight. Let us know if you and your husband will be attending next Saturday. It is time for you to begin trusting and I believe the pastor is anxious to resolve this issue between you and your husband. If he is amenable, we will have an appointment arranged for Doctor Singh."

Did she want to include him? She wanted to continue. But did she want him liberated?

The woman's look grew stern. "You must let go of your fear. Bring him and I will make sure your fears are adequately addressed. This is for you, Dina."

She nodded, not agreeing, but understanding that the woman thought it was Dina that needed help. Perhaps bringing Josh would get him to open up and allow her to be liberated. Then she could see Sebastian and Caleb. She figured she would have to eventually, because she did not want to give either of them up. She nodded more firmly. "Okay, I'll call tonight."

"Good girl. If you will excuse me, someone is waiting for me on the cross."

Dina made her way up the stairs, still looking around the room. A few couples were mixed on the couches, mostly naked and engaged in kissing or more. A few talked. One woman played with the man's cock as they talked. She felt somewhat nervous seeing it all for the first time and she hurried to the stairs without trying to identify any of them.

Out through the servant's hall, Sebastian stopped her with an arm and a seductive smile. He leaned down and kissed her.

She wasn't sure how the kiss progressed, but she realized the kiss was deep and passionate. At the end, her knees were weak and wobbling. She even saw spots before her eyes. "Wow."

He winked. "Remember our promise, shall we?"

"Yes. I will tonight."

He grinned. "Right then. Off with you."

~ ~ ~

Dina came into their apartment. "Josh?"

"Yeah. Bedroom."

She put her things down and went toward his voice. She had rehearsed everything she would say – totally not sure she wanted to say it – but prepared to make an effort. When she saw him on the bed reading a magazine, she hoped it was a Gallery. That would make things easier. Instead, it was a computer magazine.

He frowned at her. "I thought you would've been back already."

"Well..." If she told him why, that would defeat all the planning that went into how she would introduce the subject. "I... had to stay late. You said something about no panties?" She hoped the change of subject would deter him from asking more.

He smiled. "Yeah."

Removing them, she began tugging at his clothing. "How about you switch to a Gallery?"

His smile broadened. "Sure." His tone was eager. He got up and removed his clothes.

She settled on the bed and gave him a sexy look. It wasn't hard, her pussy still thrummed from the cocks that had plowed her today. Without conscious thought, her hand drifted down and lightly toyed with her clit.

He climbed next to her and leaned back against the headboard. He had chosen an older issue.

She gripped his semi-hard shaft and began playing. She watched him open the magazine and stayed silent, patient to wait for the moment. When he came to a picture and he paused, she stroked slower. "Would you like to fuck her?"

He didn't answer. Instead he looked at her.

She said. "I think she's pretty."

"She is." He turned the page. When he got to the Girl Next Door section she stopped stroking and pointed. "What do you think of her?"

He pulled the magazine in closer. "Very nice. But she's married."

She stroked him slow – her sexy stroke. "Is that so bad?"

He laid the magazine on his chest and looked at her again. "I thought after last week you made it clear you didn't want me even thinking about other women."

She knew he meant after she found out that Melissa and Olivia had rode him. "Pick the magazine back up. I want to see."

He did. "You didn't answer me."

She stroked a little faster. "Maybe I'm still thinking about it. Do you like her? What does it say? Carla?"

"Yeah." His erection firmed.

"Would you do her?"

"Is this a trick question?"

Men are so silly. "No."

"She's alright."

"She's pretty."

"She's older."

Dina stroked faster. "Would you do her, if she was here right now?"

His cock swelled. "Maybe."

"Why maybe?"

"I wouldn't want to cheat on you."

Her heart softened. She was trying to get him in the mood to talk about sex and he was worried about hurting her. "If I said I wanted you to do her, would you?"

His mouth opened and his breathing turned a little ragged. "I suppose so. If her husband said it was okay."

She smiled. That was where she wanted the conversation to go. "What if he came, too?"

"Uh, I wouldn't do him."

She giggled. "No, silly. What if he wanted to... do stuff with me while you did something with her?"

"You'd want that?"

She shrugged. "Hypothetical. I don't know. Who knows what her husband looks like. Maybe he's all gross or something."

"Does this have something to do with Pastor Mann and Olivia and Melissa?"

Dammit. Does he have to know everything? "Maybe. So you'd do Carla if I said it was okay?"

"Sure, I guess so."

"And you'd let her husband do something with me?" She tried to keep the hope out of her voice.

His cock swelled again. "Maybe. I'd want to be there. I'd want to be involved. And then it wouldn't be adultery."

"Exactly."

"Then I guess so." He panted the words. "If everyone agreed."

She began making long strokes with her hand. "You liked me telling you about Caleb?"

He gasped and his cock twitched. "I was mad. I don't like you doing things behind my back. That's adultery."

She whispered in his ear. "But you liked it."

"Whether I did or not doesn't change the fact that I'm a part of you and we shouldn't be off doing anything apart. We're married. I take that seriously."

"Melissa invited us to come over next Saturday and I said we would."

"What for?"

Dina paused her hand. "She wants to begin including you." It was the partial truth.

"Really?" He moved his hips.

"I think we should go."

"You do?"

I need you to go. I want more of Caleb and Sebastian. I need your permission or everything crumbles. "Yes."

"Are you going to be mad if they..."

She knew what he meant. She sighed. She wanted this conversation to be about her. "I'm not sure what Melissa intended. She didn't say. But she said it was time to include you."

"Hmm."

"So we're going?"

He put the magazine down again. "Only if you agree and approve."

"Yes. Please."

"And I'll be there if anything happens between you and Caleb?"

"I promise." She began moving her hand again.

His cock was swollen and bulging. "Okay then." He turned onto his side and reached his fingers to her pussy.

"Would you want to see your wife open her legs for the pastor?"

He groaned.

"Would you want to see his cock in me?"

He groaned louder, his fingers plunging deep into her pussy. "Wow, you're super-wet."

She giggled, nervously. "You like the idea of Caleb's cock in me?"

"Only if I'm there."

"So if you were there, you'd want to see him fuck me?"

He gasped, moving his hips against her hand. "Yeah, that would be nasty. Does that mean I'm a bad husband?"

"No. No, my sweet husband." She felt released and free. "I love you."

"I love you, too." He nuzzled her ear.

"So if it wasn't Caleb but someone else you would like that, too?"

"Only if I was there." His breath was hot.

"Well, I have a confession to make."

"Oh? You did Caleb again today?"

"No. But your wife was very, very naughty today."

His voice was a croak. "What happened?"

"Melissa shackled me to a bed and blindfolded me."

"That sounds pretty kinky."

"I was dressed just like this. No panties."

He moved suddenly and got between her legs. "Yeah? What happened?" His body shook as he touched his cock to her pussy lips.

She answered immediately, not wanting to test whether she had the courage to wait. "The maid got fucked by the butler today."

He jerked suddenly, his eyes rolling up in his head and he shoved his cock into her fast and hard. "Are you kidding?"

"No, I couldn't do anything. I was shackled and blindfolded. He fucked me."

Josh's hips moved with a shaking eagerness. His cock slammed into her and rammed her with hard strokes. He drove the breath from her. "Did you like it?"

"Would you be mad if I said I did?"

He moaned low and suddenly stopped thrusting. "Did his cock feel nice?"

Dina gasped. "Yes. It was very thick."

Her husband shuddered and began frantically thrusting his erection into her. "He had a big cock?"

"Yes, thicker than yours, and longer."

He gasped, shoving hard into her. The slaps of their skin was loud and sharp. "Did he cum in you?"

She whimpered, holding on as he sent wondrous flares of love and sensation through her pussy. "Yes. He filled me with a huge load. That's his sperm you feel deep in there."

Josh cried out and she felt his cock swell and twitch. Then she felt the satisfying heat and wetness of his pleasure inside her.

She wrapped her arms around him, hugging him close and luxuriating in his warmth.

CHAPTER 14

Dina held her husband's hand as they stood at the front door. "Relax."

Josh gave her an eyebrow. "I think it's you that's nervous."

Sebastian opened the door. "Mister and Mrs. Lewis. Welcome and please come in."

Josh was giving him a critical look.

She said, "This is Sebastian, remember?"

Josh nodded.

The butler had a friendly smile on his face. He stuck out his hand. "I am pleased once again to make your acquaintance, sir."

Put off, Josh grabbed the hand in confusion.

Dina blew out a breath.

Sebastian said, "I certainly hope you and I become much closer."

Josh was silent, thinking about that, and then nodded. A slow grin crossed his face. "Yes. I hope so."

"Very good, then. The Strauss' will meet you both in the basement."

She said, "Thank you, Sebastian. Will you be down?"

"Unfortunately not today. Perhaps we can arrange another time."

Josh frowned. "That's too bad. Yes, maybe another time."

The butler inclined his head. "I will anticipate it greatly."

She walked toward the basement with her husband. "That went well."

"He seems like a nice guy."

"He is. What happened sort of surprised me." She wasn't going to tell him that she had wanted Sebastian to be more forward for a long time.

They walked downstairs and into the main room. Caleb and Olivia were there.

"Dina and Josh," said Caleb. He was wearing his winning smile. He stood and embraced them both. "We're glad you came."

Olivia stood, too, and hugged them both. "It's always so wonderful to see two new people understand something so seemingly foreign."

Dina said, "Without your help, pastor, I don't think I would have ever seen the truth."

He pierced her with his eyes. "You were a resistant one, but no more than to be expected."

Josh said, "I wasn't very willing to listen, either."

Olivia touched his arm. "You cracked pretty fast, though you put up a good fight. Normally the men aren't as resistant."

Dina twisted her lips. I'm still not sure about all this. But I need my husband's permission.

Donald and Melissa came down the stairs, flowing gracefully with that kind of smooth surety only the very wealthy had.

Melissa smiled at all of them. "Thank you for coming early."

Dina twisted her fingers together. "We don't want to be a burden."

Donald shook his head. "Nonsense. There's always time for the truth. Seeing more people embrace it is worth all the time in the world."

Caleb said. "Freedom is a precious thing."

Josh broke in with something that hung in the air. "But isn't this what the Bible calls license?"

Caleb clapped a hand to his arm and gestured to the couch. "Sit." He sat with him. "License is the specific idea that we can sin in the worship of other gods. Such as eating food dedicated to other gods or having sex with temple prostitutes for worship of other gods. While forgiven, we still aren't supposed to worship other gods and we do not and should not use grace as a license to do so."

"Other gods?" Josh sounded unsure.

Caleb's laugh was certain. "Our two commandments are to love God with all our heart, mind, and soul; and to love each other as we would love ourselves. There is no room in the first commandment for worshiping other gods and we are not to use grace as an excuse - or license – to negate that commandment."

"I think I see."

Caleb smiled. "You do, you're just having a hard time reconciling it with what you've learned from those who want to use the Bible as their personal

bludgeon. Jesus gave us freedom. Don't let someone else rob you of it."

Josh was nodding and Dina felt better. She had also wondered about the usage of the word license in the Bible.

Donald addressed Josh. "Is there anything you're curious about?"

Dina smiled. Her husband looked like a deer caught in headlights. "Uh, well..."

"Does any of the equipment bother you?"

He looked left and right, gazing at the barrel, and stools, and the large cross against the wall. Then he looked at the rack of implements. He looked overwhelmed. "Uh... no."

"Then why don't we start? We find it most helpful and relaxing when the married couple undresses each other. Would you undress your wife? And Dina, would you undress your husband?"

She said, "Okay." She couldn't keep a tremor from her voice.

Donald looked at the pastor. "Caleb? Olivia? If you please."

The pastor and his wife were all smiles and began undressing each other before Josh and Dina could get more than a button undone.

Dina felt a little more relaxed to have them undressing. She giggled and unbuttoned Josh's shirt faster. His health test had come back clean, and she had never doubted it wouldn't. She knew he wasn't the kind to cheat and thus pick up some unwanted communicable disease somewhere weird.

Was she ready for this? She knew she was blocking her own thoughts. But the inevitability of Olivia touching Josh's cock was approaching, and she knew it. Was she ready for that? Then she found herself moving forward, progressing beyond touching. She knew she could handle some woman touching his cock. She had already seen that and found she liked it. She knew she could handle some woman sucking him. She had already seen that and knew she really liked it. But further? That was the part she was blocking.

Melissa had said she was going to help Dina through this. Did she mean watching Josh with another woman?

I'll go crazy. They'll need to restrain me, my hair will go wild, and the cops will come tazer me. I'll look like a mess.

She realized she and Josh were naked. She reached out and gave his very limp member a squeeze.

He chuckled nervously and batted her hand away.

Donald's voice was soothing and calm, as if directing a marketing strategy to investors. "No reason to be nervous, Josh. Let her touch you again. Olivia, give her a hand and help out." He began removing his own clothes without waiting to see if anyone moved.

Dina reached for his cock again.

Olivia came and stood by her side as Melissa and Donald undressed behind them.

Josh stood still as the two women began touching and stroking him.

Melissa came and stood with them. "Keep stroking him. Olivia, kneel down."

The dark-haired woman did.

Melissa said to Dina, "Rub your husband's cock over her lips. Tease her with it."

She giggled, but moved the head of his cock over to Olivia's lips. She rubbed it over lips made up in red.

"That's a good girl." Melissa's voice was a purr. "Caleb, come here and help Dina."

Josh's eyes got big. "Er..."

Melissa gave him a stern look. "Shh. That's his wife your cock is touching. He has every reason to be a part of this as you." She looked between Caleb and Dina. "Put your hand over Dina's and help her. Olivia, open wider, dear."

Caleb did not appear bothered. Dina felt a connection as his hand touched hers and they both slid along her husband's hardening shaft. She felt a strong heat flush through her and it made it all seem right: her husband's penis touching Olivia's lips with the help of Dina and Caleb's hands.

"Very nice," said Melissa. "Take his head in your mouth."

Olivia opened wider and moved her lips over the head of his cock.

"Stroke his shaft into her mouth."

Caleb let Dina set the pace, his hand covering hers.

"Very good. Dina? Take your hand away and cup the back of her head."

Dina removed her hand and used her other to gently cup Olivia's head.

"Excellent. Caleb? Stroke him into your wife's mouth."

Dina watched in wonder as her pastor stroked Josh's cock into Olivia's mouth. Not only did it seem right, it seemed proper. She had never considered anything of the like before. Right, proper and most of all, fitting.

If Caleb was going to see another man's cock in his wife's mouth, then he should be involved.

"Take your hand away. Olivia, suck him." Melissa's smile was small but knowing.

Caleb stopped stroking Josh and took a step back.

Dina watched Olivia's lips slide down her husband's shaft. Josh moaned. She felt nothing but lust.

Melissa came around to her side and leaned in to Dina. "Are we okay?"

She nodded with a nervous jerk. She liked seeing Olivia blow him.

Melissa said to him, "Josh, do you love your wife?"

His eyes had been closed. They snapped open in a panic and he looked at Dina. "Yes, very much."

"You still love her even with another woman's mouth on your cock?"

His smile was satisfied and confident. "Yes."

Dina felt her own smile reflect his and she felt a giddiness – as if she had sprouted wings and was flying high above the mountain tops.

"Dina, do you love your husband?"

Still a little nervous, she said, "Yes."

"Even with his cock in Olivia's mouth?"

She giggled. "Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Most definitely." Her eyes locked with her husband's and they smiled.

Melissa stroked Dina's shoulder. "You're doing well."

I am? What am I doing? Isn't it Josh we're working on here?

The woman looked down at Olivia. "Olivia, dear, lie down on the couch."

The pastor's wife got up and licked her lips. She gave Josh's erection a quick stroke and kissed his cheek.

It seemed so innocent to Dina.

Olivia lay on the couch, one leg up and leaning against the backrest, the other bent down with her foot on the floor. Her boobs were those of a more mature woman, not large but spread down into the area of her chest and arms.

Melissa said to her, "Take your husband's hand and touch it to Olivia's pussy."

Dina glanced back and forth and then took Josh's hand. They approached the reclining woman and Josh knelt on the couch between her

legs. She knelt down on the floor by the woman's leg.

Olivia gave them a bright smile, but said nothing.

Dina guided Josh's hand to Olivia's folds and touched his finger to them. She wasn't struck dead on the spot and neither did she feel anything but the resistance of his hand as she pressed it to the woman's skin.

"Keep going," said Melissa.

Josh began moving his fingers and so did Dina. Together they spread her lips and ran their fingers over her clit. It felt odd touching a woman, but she found herself competing with Josh to touch her. She looked at Olivia's face – the woman was bending her neck, head up, looking down at their hands and smiling. Dina remembered both Caleb and Olivia playing with her like this several months before.

Had it been so long already? She remembered thinking back then it was a sin. She frowned.

"Something wrong, Dina?" Olivia sounded concerned.

"What? No. I was just remembering being over the barrel and being panicked I was being touched by you two. I was so worried. I guess time flies."

Donald grumbled. "And faster the older you get."

Melissa said, "Dina, girl, take your husband's cock in hand and stroke him while he fingers her."

She looked up questioningly.

Melissa motioned and nodded.

She grabbed Josh's shaft, still hard, and began stroking.

"Put some fingers into her Josh." Melissa wriggled a couple fingers.

Dina watched her husband insert a few fingers into Olivia's pussy. She automatically slowed her stroking, as if they were looking at a Gallery magazine. She realized that it was no different and she didn't feel any nagging jealousy.

"He likes it slow like that?" Melissa gestured.

"Oh. Yes." She blushed. She wasn't going to admit they looked at magazines together.

"Do you like masturbating your husband?"

"Yes, it's fun."

Melissa nodded. "Good; you should like it. Pull him forward and touch his cock to her pussy. Tease it."

Dina felt a tremor of doubt. It vibrated from within until she was shaking.

"Go on, girl. Don't be afraid. Just tease her clit with it."

Josh scooted forward as she pulled half-heartedly. She wasn't sure. *This is where I can't handle it. This is where I'll be freaking out and screaming. I won't be able to—*

The head of his erection mashed against Olivia's clit.

Dina did not explode.

A thrill flittered through her and she began rubbing the head all around Olivia's clit, faster and faster. That so-familiar cock that was her husband's, in her hand, and touching Olivia's clit. She realized she was panting, mouth open, and focused on the contact between her husband and the pastor's wife. She reached her other hand in and spread Olivia's lips and hood area, exposing her clit. She used her other hand to rub Josh's cock all over it.

Melissa sounded pleased. "That's how you do it, girl. Very nice."

Dina found herself running her fingers up and down Olivia's pussy.

"Spread her open and rub his cock all over it."

She didn't have to be told twice. It was nasty, salacious, and fun. She felt her husband's stiffness in her hand. She felt Olivia's wetness in the other.

"Rub it on Olivia's hole, Dina."

Her heart was thumping with lust. She leaned over and rubbed the head of her husband's cock all around Olivia's hole. Then she guided it up and down over the opening. His cock was red and bulging and she could hear him panting over her own gasping breaths. Olivia tilted her hips, trying to follow the path of his teasing erection.

Melissa leaned down. "Do you love your husband?"

Her heart was beating so fast her words came out in a ragged stuttering. "Yes, I do."

"Aim it into her opening."

She did without hesitation.

"Josh, push forward. Just a little."

Is this where I freak out? But she knew she wanted to see it, despite the fleeting reservation.

Josh did and the head of his cock pressed into Olivia's entrance.

Dina gasped and stroked him faster, liking what she was seeing. *The tazers are coming! The tazers are coming!* She drew breath, realizing she

had been holding it.

"Do you love your wife?"

Josh was panting, his voice as ragged as Dina's. "Yes."

"Push in more."

Dina stroked him even faster. *Yes! This is good. This is as easy as the magazine. What was I worried about? This is fun!* "Yes, deeper. Fuck her, Josh."

"That's the spirit." Melissa was smiling.

Dina withdrew her hand as Josh sunk his cock into Olivia. She watched his shaft slide in and disappear. *What was so hard about that?*

Fingers found her pussy from behind.

She looked back quickly, startled.

Donald was there, kneeling behind her to the side. He was masturbating and reaching his other hand to finger her pussy. The old man likes me?

Josh slid his shaft in and out of Olivia's pussy. It looked normal and familiar. Dina knew his cock. She knew what it felt like. She recognized the act, seeing his movement and knowing his passion. That it was in Olivia mattered nothing. She found herself giggling. "Does it feel nice?"

Josh gazed down at her. "Yeah."

She beamed a smile up at him full of love and pride. "I love you."

"I love you, too." He pumped faster, his cock blurring as it slid in and out of Caleb's wife.

Dina gasped as a cock touched and pressed into her pussy. She looked back. Donald was there, holding her hips, his head back and hips pressing forward. She felt the pressure of a cock invading her pussy, filling it and opening it with its invasion.

"Does she feel nice, honey?" Melissa's whispers were barely heard.

Donald breathed, "Yes."

Melissa said, "Josh, pull out for a moment."

"Huh? Okay." He sounded disappointed.

Dina felt a nudge on her shoulder. "Suck him."

She didn't hesitate. She gripped his slick cock and wrapped her lips around it, sliding down and tasting their combined juices.

"Do you love your husband?"

Dina pulled off. "Yes." She went back to sucking.

"Josh? My husband's cock is in your wife's pussy. Do you still love her?"

"Yeah." His word was short and eager.

"Okay, Dina. Put his cock back in Olivia."

She pulled her mouth off and aimed it into Olivia's gaping hole. Her husband slid smoothly back in. She slid her fingers down along the parted lips, feeling her husband's shaft sliding back and forth, in and out. Without conscious thought, she leaned the other way and planted her lips on Olivia's mouth. She was sure the woman would be able to taste him and her own juices on Dina's lips. They kissed for a couple of seconds.

Caleb said, "You sure did a fine job breaking her."

Melissa said, "I knew she loved sex. It was just a matter of showing her that she did."

Dina watched with fascination as her husband's cock blurred in and out of Olivia's pussy. *Was this what they did before? What was I worried about?*

A hand touched her hair. It was Josh's. He was smiling down at her, still thrusting into Olivia.

Donald pulled out, though she didn't feel any wetness in her. She leaned up and she and Josh kissed.

"Is it alright if I fuck your wife?" Caleb said.

Josh looked over her shoulder. "Oh. Yeah, go ahead. I guess it's fair."

Dina looked back and saw Caleb kneeling behind her. Then she felt his stiffness touch her and find her entrance. He pushed forward and she leaned back. His familiar hardness began sliding into her.

Josh panted down at her. "Does he feel good?"

She giggled and panted at the same time – overwhelmed with lust and sensation. "Yes. Does she?"

"Yes."

Dina smiled. It was perfect.

Caleb said to his wife, "How is he?"

"It's a nice, young cock, and he knows how to use it."

Dina felt an immense pride at that moment and she smiled with satisfaction at Olivia. That's right, he knows how to use it, and he's mine.

Caleb thrust deeper and faster, causing her to pant and move to his thrusts over Olivia's flat stomach. She felt the coils of tension that said there was an orgasm in her near future.

She laid her head down on the woman's skin and moaned happily. She was looking at her husband's hips as they moved with a purpose, thrusting

his erection into Caleb's wife. Again, without thinking much about it, she moved her head down and shifted. Caleb moved with her. She mashed her face down at the junction of Josh and Olivia. Reaching out her tongue, she felt his shaft moving back and forth. She felt Olivia's clit and pussy lips moving to his thrusts. Feverish with a burst of lust, she licked all over the joining of her husband and the pastor's wife.

Olivia cried out, tensing.

Josh moaned, driving his shaft into her faster.

A hand touched the back of Dina's head. Olivia's. The woman's face was scrunched up and her body tense. Suddenly, she flopped back and her hips began jerking. Grunts came out of her mouth and her eyes were rolled up and away.

Caleb chuckled behind her. "How did you know the right time?"

Dina was confused. "Huh?"

"She normally cums after penetration. That was pretty skillful."

It was?

Josh interrupted them, crying out and freezing in place. His cock was gone – all the way up Olivia's pussy. He groaned and then grunted louder, his butt flexing as he shot streams of sperm into her womb.

Caleb chuckled. "Good job, Josh. I think I'll definitely have to have you do that more often."

My pleasure. Dina smiled up at her husband. He looked spent. She looked over her shoulder. Melissa and Donald were kissing. She was stroking him slowly.

Caleb pushed deep and she felt the hot wetness flood her. *But I haven't cum yet!*

She would, later, when Josh got her home.

EPILOGUE

Dina luxuriated to Sebastian's thrusts. They were at home in her apartment. "That feels wonderful." The bed creaked in a familiar way, the noises normally made by her and Josh.

"Are you sure he'll be home soon?" The butler sounded concerned.

"Yes. He got hung up on a repair job. The Windows Operating System was being tricky."

"Are you sure we shouldn't have waited?"

"Shush and fuck me."

Sebastian's large cock plowed in and out of her slowly. "I don't want him peevish over it."

"He'll be fine. How come it took you so long to make your moves on me?"

"It wouldn't have been proper and all."

"But we could have been fucking a lot sooner." She leaned up and kissed him, relishing the sensation of their wet tongues sliding over each other. She moaned to the feel of his shaft sliding deep, hitting those spots Josh couldn't reach.

They heard noise out in the living room. Josh was home.

Sebastian started to pull out.

"Don't stop." She pulled him back down. "Fuck me. Give it to me hard."

Glancing back and forth as Josh entered the bedroom, he said, "Well, okay then." The butler heaved into her, driving his thick cock in deep.

Josh chuckled. "Now this is what I like coming home to." He stripped quickly and sat on the edge of the bed. Taking his cock in hand, he ran his other hand over Dina's arm.

Sebastian leaned up to give Josh a better view.

Dina moaned. She watched her husband stroke faster, his eyes glued to where Sebastian's thick cock drove into her pussy. Those familiar coils of tension and lust wound tighter in her.

She gasped. "Fuck me, Sebastian. Fill me up and don't ever stop."

Her husband moaned.

Sebastian growled and pounded her pussy so hard the bed creaked dangerously.

Dina closed her eyes, drifting and falling as waves of perfection and pleasure took her over the edge.

She floated, free and liberated.