

DominanceAddict1

I spent the next 10 minutes calming down and getting dressed. When I finally emerged, Ryan was chatting with the store clerk at the checkout counter. The clerk was a thin woman about my age and was gesturing excitedly while Ryan calmly listened, a pleasant smile on his face. As I approached the woman blushed slightly and thanked Ryan as she stepped away. Ryan held a few bags of clothes and smiled at me as I approached.

"Hey there. Ready to go?" He asked nonchalantly.

"Um...yeah." I replied. I was still so shaken up. My identity was being rocked by this teenager, but he acted so casual and knowing about the whole thing. I couldn't believe what we had done, and walked with my head down beside him as we exited the store.

"Thanks again for coming today." Ryan said. "I've got some great inspiration to work with here. Between these and the pictures I took, the designers at the company will be able to work wonders!"

"Sure." I replied, still looking down.

"What's wrong baby?" Ryan asked, taking my hand in his. The familiar gesture sent chills down my spine.

"Nothing...You're taking me home now right?" I replied. The reality of everything that had happened was setting in and I felt overwhelmed. I just wanted to go home and be alone for a while.

"Yeah. Okay then let's go." Ryan replied simply, not pressing the issue.

The ride home was fine and generally innocuous. Ryan kept hold of my hand but otherwise did nothing untowards or suggestive. We talked a bit about our exercise routines and we chatted more about biking. Speaking about biking helped to calm me and I felt myself normalizing just a bit. He did suggest we bike or run together this week, and I tried to be noncommittal. Finally we arrived at home.

I tried to open it myself but couldn't figure out the latch. "Just climb over me baby." Ryan said to me, winking and patting his lap. I looked at his lap, his muscular thighs and large bulge outlined by his pants, but didn't move. After a moment, he chuckled and got out to open my door from the outside. He helped me down from his truck. "Thanks again." He said, facing me, grinning. I could tell he was about to kiss me again and my heart rate quickened.

But I stepped back. "You too." I mumbled. Then I turned away and walked back to my house, my head a jumble of emotions. As I turned around at my door, he still stood next to his car, looking at me with that glare of his.

I gave him a small wave that he didn't return, then fumbled with the keys and closed the door.

After I got inside, I showered for an hour, scrubbing myself raw. I couldn't stop replaying what had happened in my mind. My hand moved between my legs as I thought of him. The feel of his lips against mine as he held me tight against his hard body. The image of his huge muscular form standing over me, naked in that change room, with his massive tool hanging in front of my face. His scent. The way he had taken utter control of me. The feel of his cock in my hands, the taste of his cum. Oh godddd...

My body convulsed as a huge orgasm overcame me. At that moment, I heard Caroline call out. "Jamiel? Are you home?"

Shittt. My climax tainted by the interruption, I came back to earth fast. I felt guilty but also irrationally angry at Caroline for invading my fantasy of Ryan.

"Y...Yeah! I'm showering!" I called out.

A few minutes later I walked into the kitchen and found Caroline at the table typing on her computer.

She looked up, her dark hair spilling over her shoulder. "Hey, you're back! How was your day with Ryan?" She smiled but I could see the faint lines of stress etched on her forehead.

"Uh, it was fine," I replied, forcing a grin that felt like a mask. My heart raced as I tried to push thoughts of Ryan out of my mind. "Just did some modeling and stuff..."

"Nice." She nodded, returning to her screen. "I hope you kept him happy. I know it's a pain but it's important right now." There was an edge to her tone.

"Yeah..." I replied. "I...I did." She glanced up at me, an inscrutable expression on her face. A pang of guilt stabbed at my insides. As she continued tapping away at her laptop, I fought the urge to confess everything swirling in my head.

I almost said more but then she continued. "Okay. Well, listen. I just heard the company wants me in Paris for a week."

The change in topic threw me off and it took me a second to recover.

"Paris?" I asked dumbly.

"Yes!" Now she seemed excited, though in a somewhat manic way. "The big annual gymwear conference is there this year and they asked me to go last minute. They've never asked me before!"

"Oh...Oh that's great!" I replied, mustering some enthusiasm. "That's a big deal right?"

"Huge." She replied, still typing.

She typed silently while I looked on for a few moments. "So. When is this trip?"

She glanced up. "Um...sorry. But they asked me to fly out tonight."

"Woah! That's fast!"

"I know...but hey, I think this is a really really good sign. They'd only ask me to go last minute if they think I'd be valuable. No one dropped out or anything. That means they're paying for extra airfare and hotel and conference admission, all last minute. It's a really good sign."

"Umm...That's amazing I guess?" I replied.

Finally, she closed her laptop, standing up. "Thanks, baby. Listen..." She walked over to me and put her arms around my shoulders, her face close to mine. "I really appreciate everything you've been doing lately. Clearly it's making a difference."

I looked from one eye to the other. "Yeah...It does seem that way."

She kissed me softly then pulled away again. "Just do me a favor. While I'm gone please keep it up...you know with Ryan. I gave him your number. Just be nice to him okay? I'm right at the cusp of something big here."

After a pause I nodded at her. She kissed me again.

I was torn between guilt...and excitement.

Caroline flew out that night.

Over the next couple days I just waited around anxiously. I checked my phone constantly, expecting Ryan to call or text but nothing came. Caroline hadn't given me his phone number. I was confused and frustrated. I told myself I should be glad he wasn't calling. At the same time, I spent most of my time...thinking about him.

I was wracked with guilt and conflicted feelings. I couldn't do anything like that again, could I? But Caroline wanted me to keep him happy. But surely she wouldn't mean that if she knew...But she'd see me kiss him? But still...

Did she really want me to make him happy?.....How happy? This thought excited me.

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Seeking the same thrill as prior weeks, for the next couple days I commuted to my office wearing clothing from the fe-male line. First I did it on my bike, then running. I still got a bit excited by it, but it didn't give me anything near the naughty rush it used to. Mostly, I found myself looking around for Ryan.

In the evening, I started doing something I told myself I wouldn't do. I tried to resist...I really did. But without her here....

Caroline's panty drawer called to me.

I told myself I'd just look.

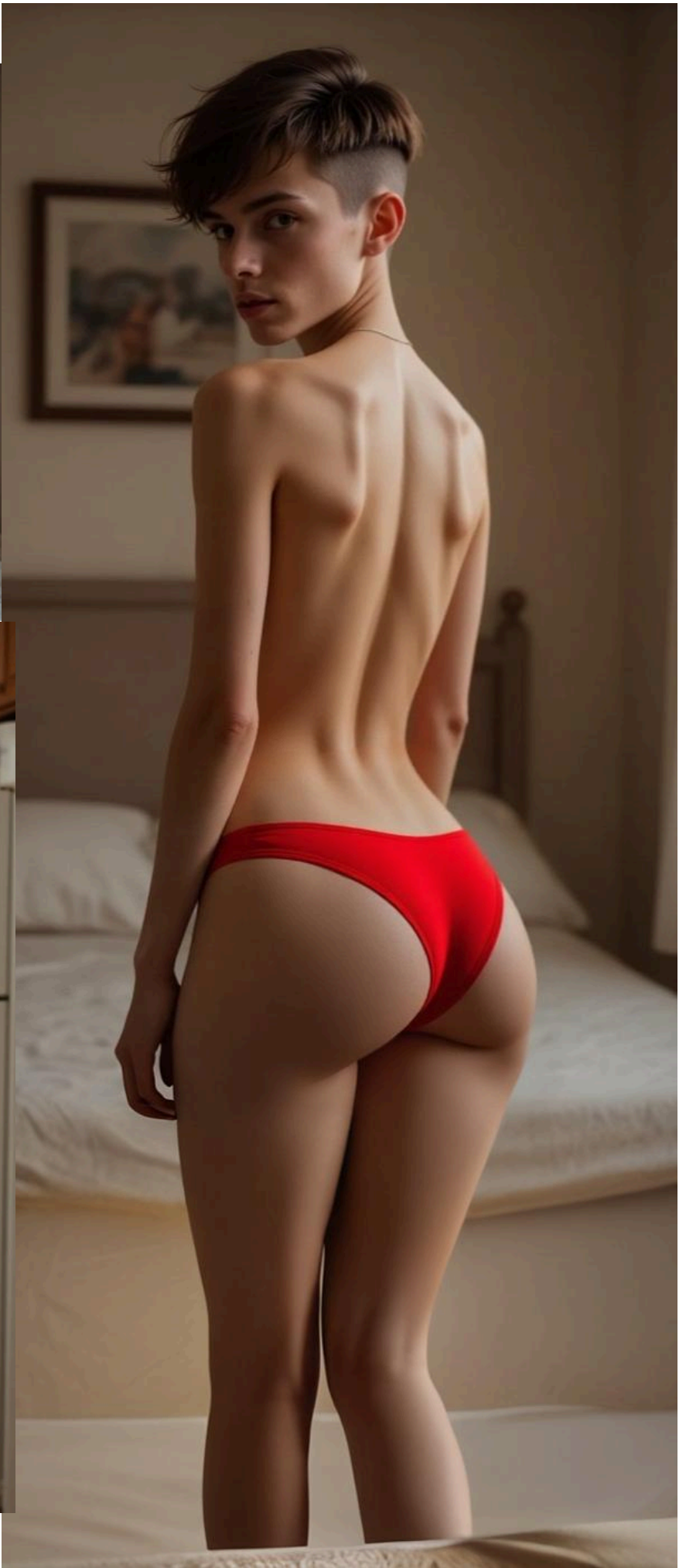
Then I told myself I'd just touch.

Then I told myself I'd try just one.

Soon I had tried on every single pair of panties Caroline owned, and many of the bras. Only the older pairs fit me - the small ones from when she was thinner. From when she had an ass like mine...well, it was never as nice as mine...

And I couldn't believe how incredible they looked. My butt looked like a dream and I looked...sexy as hell. I couldn't stop staring at my ass in these panties, intoxicated by how they made me look and feel. Each pair sent a secret thrill through me, and I couldn't help but imagine myself modeling them for Ryan. I found myself spending all day walking around the house in nothing but womens underwear. I discovered the trick of making my butt look extra juicy by helping define the crease beneath it with a finger. I practiced my sexy disdainful look and naughty smile in the mirror, pressing out my ass for him in my mind .





I had to get my mind off of him. I tried focusing on chores, work, tv, anything. It didn't work.

I began each shower determined to think of anything else, but my mind would wander invariably back to Ryan as I touched myself under the hot waterfall, bringing myself to climax .



Finally, 3 days after Caroline had left, my phone buzzed while I was at the office. I took it out, assuming it was Caroline updating me on her trip.

Unknown number. My heart started beating fast.

"Hey baby. Calling you in a sec."

I stared at it. It was him. I tried to suppress the sudden giddy feeling that arose in me.

I couldn't decide what to say. Did I pretend not to know who it was? In the end, I simply replied "Hi...okay."

My phone rang a minute later and I ran to an empty conference room and shut the door before picking up.

“Umm...Hi Ryan.”

“Hey Baby. How are you today?”

“I’m okay, I guess?” My heart was beating so fast what the hell.

“Well, I want to see you tonight. Shall we meet at Roller World at 7:30?. It’s in the burbs.”

What was roller world?

“Um...what do you want to see me for?” I asked, wanting to know more.

“Just to see you. So does that sound good?”

Just to see me? I fought against the smile that wanted to form on my lips. “Yeah. I guess.” I replied, short on breath.

“Great. See you there.”

Without thinking about it, I replied. “I can’t wait.”

Oh fuck. I hung up and buried my face in my hands, giggling.

I spent an hour deciding what to wear, pouring through all my clothes. Ryan hadn’t told me what to wear, and I didn’t want to come off like I was dressing for a date or anything. I obviously couldn’t *voluntarily* dress as a woman. But I also didn’t want to anger Ryan, given Caroline’s entreaties to me. So I settled on a t-shirt of mine and an old pair of Caroline’s pants (that were definitely too small for her now). They were both pink and a bit baggy. It was a cute outfit, but other than the color, it wasn’t too feminine. I set them to the side.

Then I stared down at Caroline’s panty drawer again.

I shouldn’t.

I decided just to try the plain white ones on again. They were a small thong with a thin strip of fabric running up my butt. Mmmm the soft cotton felt nice...I looked over my shoulder in the mirror.

Damn.

I mean...Under sweatpants and a t-shirt. What could be the harm?

I continued staring at my ass, thinking about how it would feel to wear the thong while hanging out with him...

Fine...I’d do it.

And it would be fine. No big deal.

I grinned a small excited grin, and went to grab the other clothes to put on. ...



That evening I drove to Roller World, which was apparently a roller skate club of sorts - lots of neon lighting and such. I walked around, watching people of all skill levels have fun skating around. It was a funky place with a central roller rink but with a lot of other open spaces with smooth wooden floors that folks skated around on, ordering drinks and hanging out. The place seemed super trendy, and seemed to be jam packed with fit, attractive young people.

Then I saw him. Fuck why did he always look so good.



He wore a sleeveless white t-shirt that showcased his incredible muscles in the dim lighting, and short black shorts that clung tightly to his muscular legs and...well...

Realizing I was staring, I glanced back at his face as he skated towards me, grinning.

"Hey Baby - glad you could make it." He said smoothly as he arrived in front of me, towering over me even more than normal on his skates.

"Um..yeah. Thanks for inviting me. Is Princess here too?" I asked.

"Just us." He winked and I felt butterflies in my stomach. He looked me up and down and I cringed. I looked so plain next to him.

"You look great." He smiled.



It was kind of a ridiculous thing to say, because I knew I looked like a bit of a slob (especially next to him). But still, I appreciated that he said it - he was being nice. I gave him a small grin in return.

"This place is cool" I said.

"Sure is. Can I get you a drink?"

We settled onto a bench and he grabbed me a drink. I was reminded of our coffee breaks after running when he brought me my drink and put an arm around me.

"So. Even though you look great." He said. "I think you could look even better." He put a small bag in front of me. "The latest."

I looked at the bag then back at him, rolling my eyes hard. "Really? I'm here to model again?"

He smiled at me. "Was last time that bad?"

I blushed and looked down.

"But no. You're not modeling. I just thought you'd look good in this. I was inspired by our last trip and had the company throw this together for you."

Still blushing, I looked in to see a thin stretchy purple shirt. I moved things around but found no pants or anything. It wasn't a shirt, I realized. It was a short dress.

I gave him a flat stare but his naughty smile was so disarming.

I didn't respond further to the outfit and we chatted about other things, Ryan allowing the subject to change.

At some point Ryan skated away and came back with pink rollerskates for me. Without warning, he got down on a knee and took hold of my shoe.

"I...I can do it myself Ryan."

"I got you." He replied, pulling off my shoe smoothly and pushing up my pantleg, first one leg then the other. My breath caught at his touch.

"Hmmm..." Ryan growled a low grumble as he examined my ankle and foot, the sound somehow animalistic and sensual at the same time. My foot was so small it seemed to fit entirely within one of his powerful hands. He grasped it with both and looked up at me, the smallest of naughty grins on his face.

"Ryannn..." I breathed, barely able to push air out of my lungs. On his knees in front of me, the lights glistening off of his muscles, he looked fucking incredible. The angle gave me an amazing view of his shoulders, which were so packed with muscle they looked like turrets. His white sleeveless shirt struggled to contain his pecs and deltoids.

My heart pounded as he continued putting on my skates. After he ran a finger up my left ankle as he stood, causing me to shiver. Throughout this experience, I continued drinking the drink he had brought me, which was strong.

He sat down next to me again. “I guess I shouldn’t be surprised that my baby has perfect feet.”

His words sent a thrill through my body but I sensed he was goading me on. “Ew!” I said, smacking him on the chest with my palm. “Also I’m not your bab...” I lost my train of thought at the feel of his granite muscles and my gaze got stuck on his pecs pressing out against his tight shirt and into my hand. God they were firm. I slid my fingers lightly against his chest and he moved his hand to my leg.

We shared a look. Then, with his knee, he nudged the bag with the dress towards me. I looked from it back to his hand on my leg, then at Ryan’s handsome face.

Caroline HAD said I needed to keep him happy.

“Alright.” I said softly. “I’ll go try it on...” trying (and probably failing) to sound reluctant.

Ryan just smiled.

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Of course now it took forever because I had to take off the skates again. I should have just agreed right away.... It’s not like I didn’t want to. I pulled on the dress I realized I had a problem. The panties hadn’t been visible under my baggy clothes. But now this short dress left very little wiggle room if I wanted to avoid revealing that I was wearing them. I couldn’t let that happen, given my little speech to Ryan about trying on panties at the mall.

I’d just have to be really careful.

The dress, of course, was incredible. Instantly my confidence got a huge boost as I checked myself out in the mirror. The dress hugged my tight body, accented my ass beautifully, and revealed a tantalizing amount of leg, which was just accentuated by the lift given by the skates.

God...I looked so much better in the Fe-Male clothes than I ever had in my old clothing...



I rolled out of the change room and skated slowly to Ryan. When he saw me his face lit up and he scanned me up and down. "Beautiful. Turn around for me. Let me see all of you, Baby."

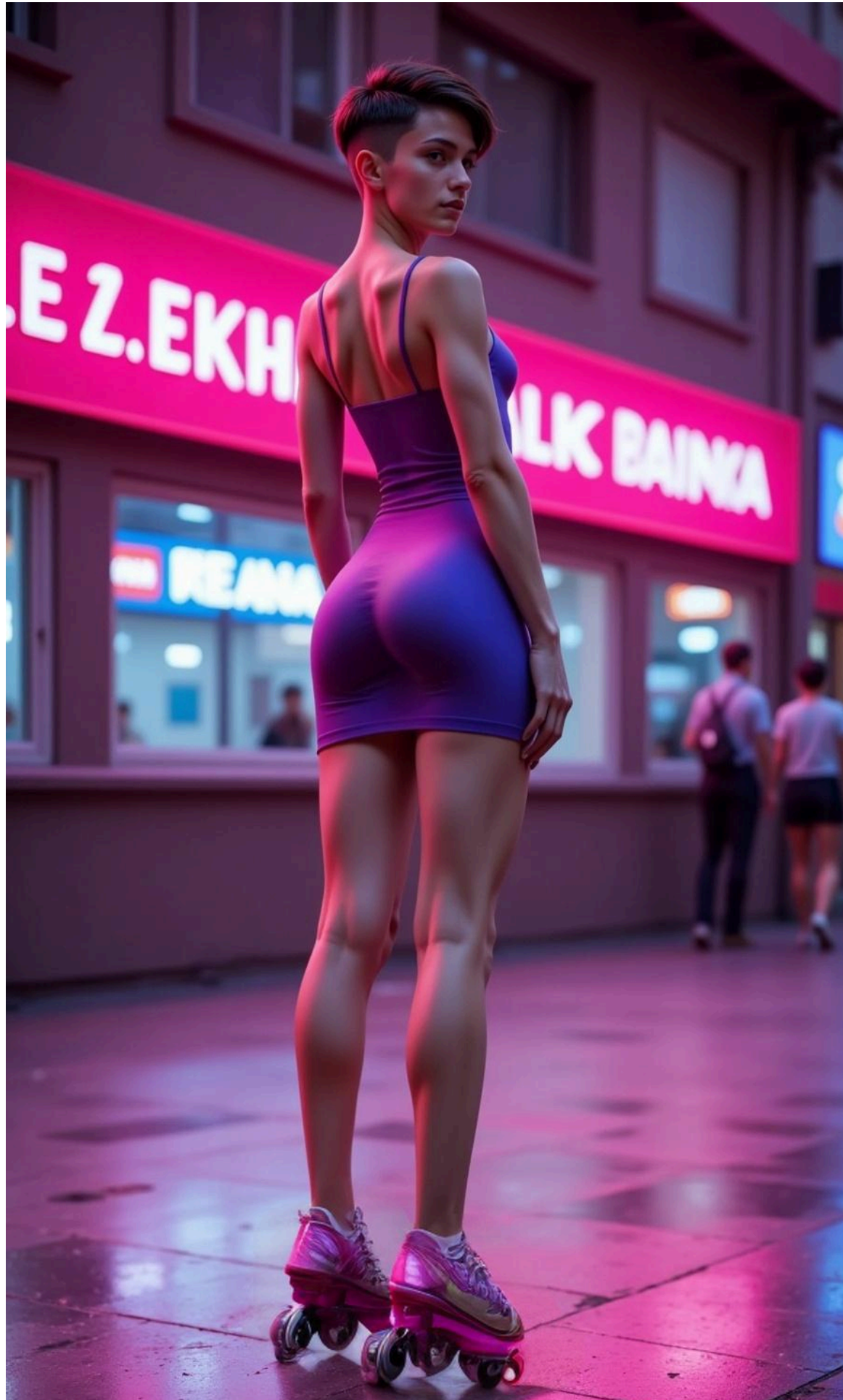
Blushing, I did so, grinning slyly back at him.

"Shall we?" He held out a hand and I took it.

At first, I was very uncoordinated, and I kept thinking I would fall. However Ryan was incredibly steady on his feet and guided me perfectly, building my confidence and encouraging me.

Every time I would slip Ryan would hold me tight, and I would grab onto him desperately. As this repeated, I held him tighter and tighter as we circled around, eventually just letting him keep a thick arm around my waist with his right hand hooked to my pelvic bone. I clutched his thick forearm with my right hand and with my left interlocked my fingers with him across his body.

As I was able to finally look away from my feet, I noticed many of the people in the rink looking or staring at us.



"Why are they all looking?" I asked Ryan. "Am I that bad?"

He chuckled. "They're looking because you're a fucking smoke show babe."

"What? No..." I looked around again. Everyone was so good looking, what was special about me. Ryan though... "I think they're looking at you..." I said, looking back at him.

"Yeah?" He said. "Why's that?"

Shit. He trapped me. They were looking at him because he was fucking hot. But I couldn't SAY that to him. So instead...

"Because you're such a clutz, obviously" I said, grinning.

He barked a laugh and pushed me away from him. I screeched, almost falling over, my arms windmilling. But then he was there, his hands on my hips, his chest pressing into my back.

"Don't worry, I got you, naughty girl." He chuckled again.

"Don't do that!" I said over my shoulder.

"Okay okay, I won't let you go." I looked from one eye to the other, and smiled back at him. Then I felt something large that had been pressing against my ass twitch.

Fuck. My heart rate quickened and I looked forward again.

"There's dancing over here baby. I think you have the hang of things."

He guided me over to the large rink, where there was music and lights. It was a bit empty and I started to object, but Ryan brought me right on anyways. "Don't worry, we'll go really slow and easy."

As Ryan guided me onto the dance floor, my heart raced with nervous anticipation. The pulsing lights and rhythmic music swirled around us as we found an open spot among the other skaters. I felt painfully self-conscious, certain that everyone was staring at my clumsy movements.

"Relax," Ryan murmured in my ear, his warm breath sending shivers down my spine. "Just follow my lead."

He placed his large hands on my hips, gently swaying them from side to side in time with the music. I tried to mirror his movements, but my legs felt stiff and uncoordinated, and I was scared I would lose control of the skates. Ryan chuckled softly.



"You're thinking too much," he said. "Close your eyes and feel the rhythm."



Hesitantly, I let my eyelids flutter shut. Gradually, I began to loosen up. The beat of the music seemed to flow through Ryan into me and we moved together. He pulled me closer, pressing his pelvis against my ass. Without visual distractions, I became hyper-aware of Ryan's touch, and felt his huge bulge pressing against and into me.

"Ryan.." I said, intending to object.

"Just relax, baby. Let go and have a bit of fun. Here, I've been working on this move."

Suddenly his strong hand pressed into my back, bending me forward, then he took both my arms in his strong hands and pulled me back HARD into him, my ass pressing against his crotch so strongly that I felt my ass cheeks spread around his mountainous bulge. Fuckkk.

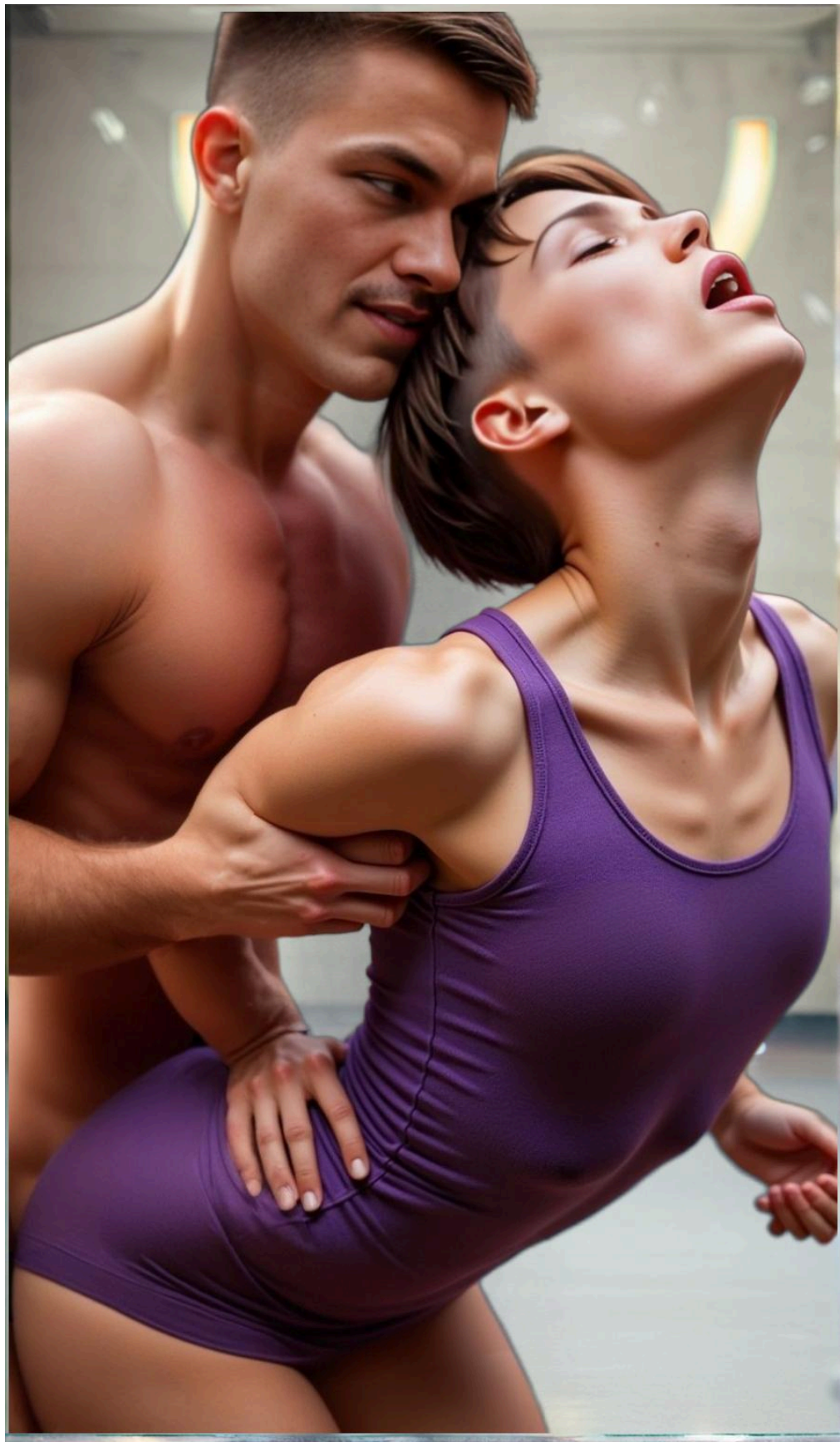
Then he started rotating slowly, somehow manipulating my legs to angle my skates to allow for the circular movement. How the fuck was he doing this!?

"Just close your eyes. Feel." Ryan said. He began gyrating as we rotated slowly, grinding his massive crotch against me. "Oh goddd..." I breathed, keeping my eyes closed and just focusing on the feel of him against me.



We continued dancing and I kept my eyes shut, just feeling, luxuriating in the music and rhythm and Ryan. He stayed behind me as I straightened up, putting his hands around my waist. God why did this feel so amazing. I leaned back against his hard body and just focused on his pecs pressing into my back, his muscular thighs supporting mine, the massive bulk of his cock pressing into my ass. It was just him and me. And the hardness of his body made me imagine he was completely naked behind me. I pictured it in my mind and moaned quietly, my body burning hot wherever he held me.

We danced slowly now, more focused on each other than our moves. He held me so close. His body seemed to frame mine, enveloping me, and I felt so warm and safe. "Mmmm..." I breathed, leaning my head back into him, grinding my ass against him.



After a time, I leaned forward again so that I could press my ass even harder into him. I thought I could feel his cock hardening nuzzled in my ass. I moaned softly, gutturally, my mouth falling open. But my eyes stayed closed as I imagined Ryan naked behind me, his huge manhood pressing into me. I remembered how it felt in my hands, even as it pressed into my ass from behind.

I wanted to reach down, to feel him. My fingers twitched, but...but we were in public...I held back.

Leaning back again, my cheek brushed against his chin and I moved my head back, closer to his, lost in the intimacy. His nose traced down my cheek as I tipped back my head. Finally, I opened my eyes, and found him staring into them from only inches away. We paused there, looking at each other. I glanced from one of his eyes to the other, smiling shyly up at him, waiting. He looked so intense, so fucking hot. He licked his lips and I couldn't resist any longer. I tipped my chin up and my lips met his.



Like every prior time we had done this, I was instantly enthralled with the feel of his lips against mine. The power, control, and raw hunger radiated from his mouth to mine. And kissing him felt like the most obvious, natural thing to do.

I sighed into him, loving every second of it.

As I continued to grind my ass against his crotch, I felt my dressing riding higher and higher up my thighs. With one free hand I tried holding it down but it was hard, and Ryan....well he seemed to be getting hard as well. I giggled, breaking our kiss and opening my eyes, thinking to tease him. Instead, as I did so I saw at least a dozen people staring at us.

I jolted to my senses, pulling my body away from Ryan and desperately jerking down my dress. Most (but not all) of those staring looked away and Ryan pressed against me again, putting his hand back around my hip.

"That was sexy." He said to me.

"Shh...let's just..." I started to say, trying to swat his hand from my hip, mortified.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. IT'S TIME..." an announcement went up over the speakers, and I saw it was the DJ talking.

"...FOR THE NIGHTLY PRIZE FOR THE HOTTEST COUPLE!" This was answered with cheers.

Then an attractive teen girl in a tight black outfit skated over, she had a couple items wrapped in a bow.

"TONIGHT'S PRIZE IS ONLY FOR THE TRULY DEPRAVED AND HORNY, AND WE HOPE OUR WINNERS FIND A NAUGHTY WAY TO ENJOY THEM!"

Cheers and catcalls responded. But the woman stopped in front of us!

"GIVE A CHEER FOR THE SEXY PAIR!" the DJ blared over the PA system as the teen girl grinned and handed us our prizes.

Our prizes!?!? We had won 'hottest couple'???

I began to shake my head but the crowd roared for us and Ryan took the prizes graciously.

"Ryan...we aren't. We shouldn't take any prize!" I whispered.

"ALRIGHT YOU TWO. YOU KNOW THE RULES!" The DJ blared.

What did he mean? What rule. I glanced at Ryan's face, confused. But he just smiled at me, pulling me close to him, his face just an inch or two from mine. Then he kissed me.

Hard. Passionately. With such force it sent shockwaves through me. Oh god he was taking control. One hand held tight to my back and the other squeezed my ass hard and possessively. I gasped into his mouth, which allowed in his eager and demanding tongue. He...god he was so...

There were cheers but I barely heard them as I sucked on Ryan's tongue and gripped his huge arms helplessly. My eyes flew open as Ryan suddenly dipped me backwards. But somehow his lips and hands became even more passionate, desperate. My eyes rolling up and closing, I moaned into the feel of him, forgetting (or just not caring) where I was. My hand pressed against his chest and felt his huge hard muscles. I traced them down his body, seeking...anticipating...needing...

It ended as abruptly as it began - Ryan pulled me upright and separated from me, leaving me gasping and panting, staring at him in shock. Suddenly, like emerging from underwater, I heard the raucous cheers. The room was going wild at our display.

I blushed and pressed my face into Ryan's chest, embarrassed. He chuckled and put an arm around me, then raised his other and waved to the crowd. I kept my face in his chest, slowly breathing in and out. The scent of him calmed me, even as my embarrassment raged on.

As the crowd quieted down and the music started up again, Ryan put his other hand around me and just swayed slowly with me. My heart rate dropped and I leaned into this huge man. I should separate from him, but this did feel sooooo right. I...I would separate from him soon.

A few more minutes went by.

"Mmm...this is nice..." Ryan finally said, and his hands fell to my ass, squeezing.

"You have such a one track mind, Ryan." I said into his chest. But I was smiling. God his hands felt good.

He spanked me lightly. "Call me 'Daddy.'"

The thought sent a thrill through me but I looked up at him to feign disgust. "Never."

He raised an eyebrow mischievously. "You will. Soon enough..."

My heart beat faster at his words but I smacked his chest, again practically using it as an excuse to feel his amazing pecs.

We looked at each other, locked in a staring contest as we both fought off smiles. Of course I broke first, and so he leaned down to kiss me. I put my hands around his neck and kissed him back deeply.

"Should we try out our prizes" he asked as we separated.

I had been so overwhelmed at the time by the surprise of the award that I didn't even see what the prizes were. Now I looked down to see Ryan held a small jumble of light blue fabric, as well as a black collar and...rope?

"What...what are those?"

"Well..." Ryan said, handing me the blue jumble. "That appears to be a swimsuit."

I spread out the fabric and saw he was right. This wasn't just a swimsuit, it was a tiny skimpy thong bikini.

"I'm...I'm not putting this on, Ryan!" I said.

"Oh that's not for now. This is." I looked up just in time to see his hands move to my neck. Before I knew what was happening, he had clipped the collar in place.

"What!" I sputtered. "What is this?!"

"Don't worry baby. It's just a collar." He winked at me.



I stared up at him, dumbfounded. What...what the fuck was this? A collar!?

No way. No fucking way. The voices that had laid so quiet at the back of my head all night flared to life and I put my free hand back on the collar, scrambling to take it off.

“Oh don’t do that. It’s so fucking hot on you.” I glanced up at him, incredulous. “Ryan...” I hissed. “I’m not wearing a fucking collar!” I tried to find the clasp. Where was it?? I was getting heated now. “And I’m not going to wear this slutty bikini either!” I waved the bikini at him.

His face lost its friendly look and he stepped right up to me. He was now just inches from me. I stopped my hand on my collar, staring up at him with wide eyes. His presence was suddenly imposing, intimidating.

Calmly, he went on. “I said...” he hooked a finger around my collar, pulling me even closer to his face. “Leave. It. On.”

I shivered, his commanding voice doing something to me once again. I heard a click. I glanced down and saw a black line now extending from the collar. Ryan stepped back and I followed the line to his hand, where he gripped the other end. He had put a leash on me.

I stared at him in shock...and a bit of fear...He looked dead serious.



"Let's go have a talk." He said, then turned around and started pulling me off the dance floor.

I fought to keep my feet, the wheels of my roller skates slipping everywhere. After a moment I realized I couldn't stop, so instead had to just pointed my feet straight and let him pull me along so I wouldn't fall. It was so ridiculous it would have been comical if my stomach wasn't doing somersaults and the whole room wasn't staring at us. We got a few more cat calls as we left the dance floor. Ryan pulled me into a dimly lit hallway, away from the prying eyes of the other skaters. The music from the rink was muffled here, replaced by the thundering of my own heartbeat in my ears. Ryan towered over me, his muscular frame blocking the exit.

"Jamie," he said, his voice low and dangerous. "Do I need to teach you your place?"

I swallowed hard, a mixture of fear and arousal coursing through my body. "Ryan, please," I whispered. "This is too much. I can't..."

He cut me off with a sharp tug on the leash. "I didn't ask for your opinion." His voice brooked no argument. "Now, get on your hands and knees and crawl."

I stared at him in disbelief. Then slowly, carefully, I got on my knees. My mind was fighting against itself. This experience was humiliating and horrifying. But...god his command, his confidence, it was overwhelming. It was enthralling. I couldn't deny him - I needed to obey. Even more, I realized, I *wanted* to obey.

He kicked my butt lightly, telling me to go forward. And I crawled in front of him. My heart pounded not in fear, but excitement and lust as I glanced over my shoulder at him.

"Good girl." He said softly, and I whimpered. "Now keep moving."

As I crawled in front of him, I felt my dress riding up, but I dared not slow down to fix it.

Then a door to my left opened and I scrambled away from it, slipped, and rolled onto my back.

"Woah...I'm so sorry! Let me help you up sweetie!" A man emerging from the room said to me. Then he seemed to notice my collar. "What the..."

"She doesn't need help, thank you." Ryan replied.

The man turned to Ryan and, seeing him standing there, holding my leash. so huge and imposing, thought better of arguing. "Okayyy then." He stepped carefully past Ryan.





I stared up at Ryan, my eyes wide and heart pounding. He looked me up and down.

“So, Jamie. I see you’re willing to wear panties after all.” Ryan said to me.

Fuck. I thought. So much for hiding that.

“I...just...” I started to reply.

“Shhh...” He quieted me calmly. “I love them. Do you like wearing them?”

He waited. Blushing, I nodded up at him.

He smiled that cocky smile of his. “Back on your knees. Let’s chat.”

Trembling, I obeyed, now kneeling right in front of him. I scanned him up and down. He loomed over me. And fuck he looked incredible, the top lighting bouncing off his huge muscles in the dim hallway.

What was he going to make me do? My hands twitched and I bit my lip, my eyes falling to his huge bulge.

“I’ve tried to be patient, Jamie. And you’ve earned a lot of that patience, because you’ve mostly been a good girl.”

He put a hand on my head and, in spite of the humiliation, the ridiculousness of all of this, I felt a thrill when he called me a 'good girl.'

"But there's a line. I'm tired of your constant back and forth. Your objections, your hesitations. It's giving me whiplash. So I've got an idea. Okay?"

I stared up at him, rapt at attention.

"Okay??" He repeated.

I nodded my head weakly at him. He got down on one knee so his face was close to mine. My heart beat faster and faster.

"The day after tomorrow. You're going to come to my house wearing that swimsuit." I glanced at the tiny swimsuit. God it was small. Could I really do that?

Ryan continued, now tracing his hand along my face as I returned to staring up at him wide-eyed. "And don't give me your bullshit about not wearing a bikini. You're wearing panties right now. It's basically the same thing."

He cupped my cheek and put his thumb against my lips, rubbing them lightly. God, his power and control. It made me shiver.

"If, after coming to my pool, you decide we're done. Then fine. You can just say so." He grinned slightly before continuing. "But, next time I see you Baby....No objections. You're simply going to enjoy yourself, with me."

I shuddered under his commanding tone, my face flushing, imagining...

He leaned forward, kissing me lightly. My head swam as I kissed him back eagerly.

After pulling away he looked from one eye to the other, then asked gently. "Does that sound good?"

I...I couldn't even pretend that I wanted to say no. But...I mean...what would Caroline say?

At the thought, I could almost hear her respond 'Keep him happy.'

But did she mean this? Surely not.

'Keep him happy'....her words reverberated in my head. After tomorrow I could just end things if I thought things were going too far, right. I could bail. I could back out. I could do what Caroline wanted...while...while staying vigilant.

These thoughts all came and went in an instant. I made my decision, and my heart leapt in excitement.

"Yeah. Okay."

Then, without even really thinking about it, kissed his thumb. I felt my cheeks flush with heat.

He smiled at me. "Good girl."

I smiled back, my lips pressed against his thumb. Then I opened my mouth and began to suck it, as I stared up into his handsome face.

