



OBEDIENTLY EVER AFTER

**By
REESE GABRIEL**

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For information contact:

publisher@renebooks.com

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SLAVE WIFE

CHAPTER ONE

Erin Wyatt stood at the foot of the bed, her long blonde hair combed out, the sex freshly washed from her body. She was dressed once more in her stylish skirt suit, the one she was supposed to be wearing to lunch with her friend Rhea. In reality she'd been fucking the biggest client at her husband's law firm, trying to curry favor. This time made her fourth with the billionaire entrepreneur and sportsman. She'd be lying if she said the sex was no good, but it was high time she pulled the plug.

"I'm sorry," said the twenty-two-year-old former homecoming queen whose worst fear on earth was displeasing a male. "But I can't do this anymore."

Roger Caine, age forty-three, laced his fingers behind his head on the pillow. He was nude beneath the sheet and fiercely handsome with silver black hair and rugged, purely masculine features.

"You don't say?" He smiled.

It was a slanted half smirk that shattered the remainder of Erin's fragile nerves. She had no business standing up against a man like this and she knew it. She was half his age with barely a tenth of his savvy and worldly experience.

His eyes were equally intimidating. Deep blue, flecked gray like steel and perilously deep. Eyes like that had one simple message: show loyalty, keep your end of the bargain, and there'll be no trouble, but turn against me and I'll bury you.

"Is it because I spanked your ass?" he wanted to know.

Erin felt the blood rush to her pale face. Her ass was red and stinging. She'd seen the marks in the bathroom mirror a few minutes ago while getting dressed. It hadn't been a particularly severe spanking, but something about him saying the words made it twice as difficult, twice as humiliating.

"No," she said a little too quickly. "I'm just worried about Kevin. I don't want to hurt him."

Caine laughed, clearly enjoying himself, like a big cat playing with its prey. "It's a little late in the game to worry about that, don't you think, Erin?"

Erin lowered her eyes. It wasn't supposed to be going this way, not at all. She'd rehearsed it in the bathroom as she cleaned herself up and put her clothes back on. This was supposed to be her goodbye. Her swan song, marking the end of their clandestine, two-month-old affair.

"I love my husband," she whispered.

"And that's why you're here," he mocked. "Yes, I know. Everything for hubby's career. Nothing in it for poor suffering little Erin. Always the good girl, aren't you?"

Erin's brain flashed with anger. "I didn't start this. You told me—"

"Told you what? That your husband's advancement in his firm depended on you spreading your legs? That I could be his best friend or his worst enemy? Men say a lot of things to get a woman in bed, my dear, but that doesn't account for how much you enjoyed it — unless you've been faking all that moaning and sweating and—"

Now it was her turn to interrupt him. "Enough, Roger. I can't take this anymore." Her hands were over her ears. She wanted to hear nothing but her own heart, thundering in her own chest, telling her to run, telling her to pick her high heeled feet up off this deodorized hotel carpeting and head straight out the door to the street and back to her car, to her home and to her real life, as the happy bride of Kevin Wyatt, the man she adored and wanted to have babies with.

How had it gotten to this point, anyway?

All of this, what she was doing here, had seemed right, honestly it had, back at the Christmas party, the one for Kevin's law firm. That's where her beloved spouse of two years, her sweet, eager beaver pup of an associate lawyer had introduced her to Roger Caine, his new benefactor.

She'd been prepped for hours ahead of time by her sandy haired husband.

"This guy is big, baby, and he likes me," Kevin repeated one last time on the way over in the car. "He wants me to represent him in all his affairs, across the board. You know what that could mean? I

could make partner in another two years, maybe less. And now he wants to meet you. There's no limit to this, baby."

What Kevin didn't know was that Caine's help had a price tag, one that his pretty green eyed wife would be paying with her flesh. The first kiss of Caine's lips on her hand told her there would be trouble. Too much electricity down her spine. Too much heat. And that look in his eyes. Why hadn't Kevin seen the man stripping her with his eyes and trying her out for good measure?

"This is my beautiful bride," Kevin pushed her on him. "I've told her all about you."

"I hope not everything," he drawled. "Everyone should have a few little secrets."

"Jack Kennedy," she identified the quote.

He bowed his head. "Very impressive." Then to Kevin he said "As for you, now I understand why you kept her from me all this time. You were afraid I'd steal her away."

They all three laughed, though the rapacious light in Caine's eyes and the angled half grin he saved just for her made it clear this was no joke. He really did intend to have her.

Erin had never cheated before and would never have dreamed of it. But this was different. There was something in the situation that was ... out of her control, that was it. It was as if Roger Caine wasn't really giving her a choice, just telling her to do this for Kevin's sake. And for hers. Except now she had to take control back. Having her ass spanked like a child was just the incentive she needed.

Not that Erin didn't like it. In fact...

"The choice is yours," Caine broke into her reverie. "Go, stay. Nobody's forcing you. Just so long as you understand the implications."

A chill passed through her. This was her darkest fear. That Kevin would suffer, maybe even losing his job. A mere word from a man like Caine to the senior partners hinting at a change of law firms for his billion dollar corporation would amount to a death sentence for a young wet behind the ears barrister like Kevin Wyatt. "You'll hurt my husband, won't you?" She asked.

Caine's cock was tenting the sheet. He'd fucked her twice and already he wanted more. "I don't need to blackmail you into sex, Erin, and we both know it."

She tried to keep her eyes off the covered erection. If only Roger Caine wasn't such a good lover. If only he didn't know how to take command of her young body in ways stressed out Kevin couldn't manage. "You're not a gentleman," she told him.

Caine grinned, whipping aside the sheet. "And that's exactly what keeps you coming back again and again, my little straight arrow daddy's girl. Now let's get those lips over here where they belong."

He commenced to stroking himself now, long, lazy passes straight up and down the length. His pole was long and thick, surprisingly substantial for a man who went just five foot nine inches tall. Kevin was six foot, though he was thinner and his endowment was on the puny size. Erin felt especially guilty for enjoying this bigger penis and for thinking of it whenever Kevin made love to her.

Luckily, this was not too often anymore. Ever since he'd finished law school and taken on this demanding new job with Malbie, Masters and Lamb their sex life had gone straight downhill. His future was bright, according to Calvin Malbie, so long as he kept his nose clean and made himself useful. This meant long hours, lots of stress. And a nonexistent libido.

"Roger, I need to go," she protested. "It's almost five. Kevin might be coming home soon."

Caine reached for his silver cell phone on the bureau. Without taking his eyes off Erin, he called his secretary. "Lillian. Get a hold of Kevin Wyatt for me. Tell him I need to discuss some merger plans with him. Have him wait in my office. I'll be there in an hour."

Erin swallowed hard. The bastard thought of everything.

"There you have it," he announced triumphantly. "No more excuses."

"Roger, I don't want to do this," she protested. "Really I don't."

Caine's tone darkened, half teasing. "Do you need another spanking, little girl?"

Instinctively, she clamped her hands over her ass cheeks. "No," she

defied.

"Then you know what you need to do," he pressured. "Tell me, Erin, tell me what you need to do."

Erin considered her options. The door was right there. Caine was naked and wouldn't be able to follow her into the hall. All she had to do was walk out of here, put him out of her life forever. If only her feet would move.

She told herself it was loyalty to Kevin keeping her here, on account of her being scared for his job still, but there was more to it. Roger Caine was stirring something in her long buried. It had been years since she'd let members of the opposite sex take control of her completely, but she could still remember the thrill as a child, of being tied, the captured squaw, secured to a tree or forced to clean a pretend house, a belt of rope at her waist, the end of it attached to some post, or wrapped in a boy's greedy fist.

Those were pre-sexual times of course, but there were grown up echoes of it later on, in her dating patterns, the way she chose the tough nosed jocks, the ROTC boys and finally an ambitious young law student determined to sit astride the world one day and fuck it silly. It was no wonder Kevin was drawn to Caine and vice versa, they were peas in a pod.

Except in sex. There they were nothing alike. Kevin was unimaginative, perfunctory, basically phoning in his performances. Like he checked his mind at the door. Not that he was heartless; she never doubted his love. He just wasn't generating the passion or the heat she so desperately needed. She faked the orgasms, till finally he stopped noticing one way or the other.

She was used to this, having spent her time in the arms and the beds of egotistical sports heroes and mirror gazers. They wanted their cocks sucked and their women easy on the eyes. Erin focused on looking good on their arms, and, when the occasion called for it, on her knees.

Roger Caine was an entirely different breed of man. He opened her wide, taking his fill each and every time. "You're a virgin," he rasped the first time, his words searing her ears as he nibbled at the soft,

delicate lobes. "You've no clue what you are about to experience."

She soon found out as he played upon her poor flesh, making her writhe and thrash. With his fingers, twice, he made her come before ever entering her. The third time he worked her to fever pitch, held her and made her beg.

Oh, god, she had to get away from this man. She could not fall under his spell, not even one more time. What if this were the straw to break the camel's back? What if she never had this kind of strength again.

"I'm waiting, Erin. Tell me what you need."

The words were small, feminine whispers. "I – I need to please you."

Caine frowned, the lines of his lips lowering just enough to send her into a tailspin. "What do you need," he repeated. "Stop beating around the bush."

"I need to suck your cock," said Erin Wyatt, as though she'd been rapped by a ruler on her knuckles.

And she did, at least judging by the sudden flood heat between her legs.

"Yes, Erin you do. And you need to do a good job or I'm going to have to take you over my knee. Is that clear, little girl?"

Erin's legs turned to spaghetti. "Yes," she said, her mouth parched.

The last time he'd spanked her been on her belly on this very bed an hour ago; just a few well placed smacks before thrusting himself inside her. She had whimpered and cried, but the orgasm afterwards was the biggest she'd ever felt in her life. And the most dangerous. She could scarce imagine being put into a position of total subservience like that, her crotch bent over his thigh, her sex exposed, his hand on her ass, for as long as he liked, and in any way.

"Yes, sir," corrected the man who could either make or break her husband's future – and her own in the balance.

"Yes, sir," Erin repeated, giving up any pretense of equality. "Should ... should I undress again?"

"No. Do it just as you are. Just crawl up here between my legs."

Erin felt like a total slut, a twenty-dollar hooker, except she wasn't

going to make a nickel in the bargain. Having her clothes on made it worse, reinforcing the idea that she was just a quickie, a way for the man to get his rocks off.

Caine scooted back, sitting himself against the headboard. His body was lean and fit, his muscles tawny, like a tiger's, covered by tanned skin and a fine layer of chest hair, dark and silver black like the hair on his head. She knew this chest well. A couple of times he'd let her lay her head there afterwards, her ear to his skin hearing the murmur of his heart.

It gave her a sense of peace and security, sadly, that Kevin could not deliver.

Erin's nipples burned against the material of her bra as she got onto the bed on all fours. Another thing about him having her stay dressed was that it was a clear signal she was to receive no pleasure herself. It was her mouth he wanted. And her obedience. Make it good, he'd said, or she would be punished. The threat, the thrill of potentially being put over her knee made her heart race. She wanted to be a good girl. She wanted to suck like a consummate slut. Like a good little sex toy.

On the other hand, it made her want to be naughty and disobedient, too. To test the limits of his patience, just a little. To see how angry she could make him.

What was up with that? Erin wondered. Was Ryan Jones' blonde haired blue-eyed darling daughter turning into a masochist?

"I think I want to up our meetings to once a week," Caine announced as she kissed the head of his prick with trembling lips. "Is that a problem?"

"No, sir," she rasped.

It was a power play and she knew it. The little bit of time she'd spent interning in the company her father worked for had taught her that. Erin had resisted his authority and now he was clamping down all the harder. Another rebellion would cost her more. Maybe everything.

According to the gossip columns the man was making his ex-wife pay, too, a pretty penny for taking the dirt from their marriage into the

public arena. She'd trumpeted his infidelities and in turn he'd cleaned her clock, twisting every piece of evidence against her.

He was a bastard, but he was a damned sexy, masculine bastard.

Erin had never been more into sucking a man's cock than she was now. Her lips were full of devotion, her jaw slack in readiness to take him deep, all the way to the back of her throat. She was a vessel, at the man's disposal, and against her own will.

God, was that ever a turn on. Roger Caine was making her do this. And yet she wanted it, too. She'd crawled onto the bed to reach him and she'd have crawled a mile more if necessary.

Erin ran her tongue along the underside of him. Men liked this treatment in her experience and Roger was no exception. It was the vein there, the raw nerve of pleasure that did it for them.

Caine moaned, lacing his fingers in Erin's hair. Her heart quickened. She was a prisoner now. She would move and suck exactly as he wanted.

He guided her mouth, pushing himself between her lips. As always, he knew what he wanted and he was getting it. Erin loved this about him – or rather she feared it in a fascinated sort of way. The way a threatened bird watches a cat, cold and beautiful as it prepares to attack.

Her father had seeds of this kind of strength, but he'd spent a life of mediocrity in middle management, far too overwhelmed by a fastidious mother, and an even more fastidious wife. His job had only reinforced the sense of his own limitations. Caine, on the other hand, had smashed every barrier.

She wanted that for Kevin, too. Or rather she wanted him to want that for himself.

Erin could almost taste the raw power surging through Caine's cock. It was a heady flavor, on her tongue and in the air, his musky aroma combined with her own pussy juices he'd not bothered to clean off of himself. She was not sure even whores did this sort of thing – licking their own backwash as it were. But there wasn't any protesting, any asking. Her mouth was a fuck tool and he was proceeding with abandon.

A grunt came from deep in his throat. It was a noise she knew well. The words that followed, however, were without precedent.

"Swallow it, Erin."

Erin had no time to react. The man was coming, hot jets of his semen shooting into her oral cavity. She'd never done this, not for him, not for anyone. God, there was too much of it. She did her best to accommodate, even as he continued his blatant usage of her. Shame filled her, hot and quick as the warm sperm filling her cheeks.

Nice girls didn't do this. Nice girls spit discretely. And gentlemen gave them leave to do so.

"That's it," he groaned. "Take it, Erin. All of it."

Something snapped in Erin and she found herself obeying. Drinking his come, slurping it down, ingesting every last drop. She was still sucking when he pulled her off.

"Christ," he chuckled. "You're like a little fucking vacuum. Bet you won't be able to get enough of the stuff now. Maybe we should you send you down to the red light district."

Tears dotted Erin's eyes. He was being deliberately cruel, demeaning her to the lowest possible level. "I hate you," she blurted.

Caine grabbed her arm, preventing her for the moment from bolting from the bed. "But you'll keep coming when I call."

It was a prediction as much as it was an order.

"Screw you," Erin spat, full of self-loathing, confusion and an almost uncontrollable sexual heat.

Caine laughed, planting that diabolically detached smile once again. "Drive safe, sweet heart, there's some real animals on the road."

None compared to the one in here, she thought.

The cell phone rang as soon as she got in her car. It was Kevin. Her heart sank as he told her he was on his way to talk with Roger. There wasn't any way she could tip her hand by saying that the man didn't have any real business to discuss, she did the next best thing.

"Just come right home after that, okay, baby? As soon as your meeting is done. Promise?"

Kevin asked if she was all right, his voice filled with a concern and

a sincerity that made her hate herself all the more for her infidelity – as well intentioned as it had been.

I have to tell him, she decided. Tonight.

"I'm fine, Kevin. I just ... miss you." Erin rubbed her thighs together. She wanted her husband. She needed him bad. On top of her, nuzzling her neck, lapping at her breasts. Above all, though, she needed him between her legs. Plowing her mercilessly, reclaiming his territory. Fucking her silly. Fucking her straight. Fucking her back into her right mind.

"I miss you, too." He sounded puzzled.

"Just tell me you love me, Kevin."

"I do, Erin ... more than anything. You know that."

Erin bit her lip, an idea popping into her head. Wicked and perfectly timed. If she could swallow Roger's issue, why not her husband's? He'd been wanting it since their first date and she'd never relented. "I have a treat for you, tonight," she told him in her sexiest little voice.

"What's that, sweetheart?"

"You'll have to find out, won't you?"

Kevin laughed. "You got a deal."

She cringed just a little at the mention of deals. Roger Caine made deals. He played with people's lives on a daily basis. All the more reason for her to come clean tonight.

After she'd given her husband the blowjob of his life.

CHAPTER TWO

Caine's sexual relief, as always, was short lived.

A half-hour after finishing up with Erin, he was downshifting like a maniac, pushing the Lotus past the one twenty mark. Taking the beltway all the way around the city just to get to the club on Fourteenth was a ferocious waste of time and gas, but he was in that kind of mood. Pissed and looking for a target. It might be some rookie cop dumb enough to pull him over.

Or a smart-ass driver looking to start some trouble. Caine's lawyers – and he had enough to fill a football stadium – tried to discourage him from getting into petty scraps. But Roger Caine had come up from the streets. It was in his blood, to the point of his being a third degree black belt. And a cutthroat venture capitalist.

Speaking of lawyers, he had a platoon of them working on his divorce settlement. Leaving Sophia penniless was a good start, but he wanted her cut off from the children as well.

She was a whore and a slut, no matter what anyone else said and there was no way he'd allow Roger Junior and Amelia to be exposed to such moral decrepitude.

They were in Switzerland at the moment in boarding school. Her own lawyers were seeking injunctions to bring them back, but that would be a little difficult since Roger Caine not only owned quarter of a million dollar sports cars, he owned judges. And cops and politicians, too. So many he had people just to keep count. Hell, his lawyers had lawyers. He had company lawyers, and he hired firms on top of that. Firms like the one employing Erin's husband.

A delivery truck slammed on its brakes as Caine wove round him, temporarily occupying the space in front of the man's bumper. Roger stayed put in front of him an extra few seconds. Just because he could.

"Talk to me," he told Lillian on speakerphone.

His no nonsense secretary rattled off the current status of his empire, weeding them down to the most immediate things to be taken care of. Two things caught his attention. Kevin Wyatt was still in the

waiting room and Sophia his ex had called, breaking down in tears.

Could she see her babies, please, for Christmas?

"Have Sophia come in at nine tomorrow," Roger said. "And hold Wyatt one more hour, then send him home. Tell him something else came up and I'll get back to him."

Something had certainly come up this afternoon, Caine smiled. Namely his own cock. Three times, to be precise. Hard and mean in the young lawyer's wife's pussy and mouth. He really would have to see Wyatt soon just so he could enjoy that special secret thrill that came from looking at a man whose wife you've just fucked, laughing with him, putting your hand on his shoulder, feeling that rush as you know he's clueless to how he's been cuckolded. Hell, that was almost as good as the sex itself.

Lillian asked no questions, which is why she'd stayed working for him so long. She didn't bat an eyelash at his sadism. She knew a man did what he had to at his level, both to advance his business and to maintain his sanity.

The smile broadened as he thought of Sophia, though his emotions were cold as ice. She was going to get a lesson in the morning. And he'd get a couple of the girls at the club to help.

No one manipulated Roger Caine, not with force, money or tears. Especially not with tears.

About five people ran up to take care of him as he pulled up to the entrance of the Riverside Supper Club. The place was really two clubs in one. The front was a formal dining place for the club's members, among whom were numbered some of the richest and most powerful men in the city.

In back was an adult entertainment section, similar to a gentleman's club, except that none of the normal rules for protecting the dancers or servers was in place. It was a man's world, start to finish.

Roger went right on by the diners and down the stairs in the back. Anthony, one of his security men was sitting out front of the door. Not that they ever had much trouble down here from patrons.

"Hey, Mr. C.," Anthony beamed at the club's owner and founder. "How's it going?"

Caine treated himself to a little slap boxing with the former middleweight contender. For a hundred dollars an hour, the man lent his talents and his good humor to the club's ambience.

"Not bad, Tony, how about you?"

"Can't complain. Nobody's listening, right? Hey, if you get a chance, try out the new girl. They brought her in last night."

"She's good, then?"

Anthony whistled. "Tighter than a drum, boss, tighter than a drum."

Caine nodded, slapping the man on the back. "Thanks for the tip."

"Don't mention it." Anthony opened the door, allowing the smoke to pour out. Cigars, cigarettes, it was all okay in here. This was where men let their hair down. If they had any.

He took a moment to soak in the atmosphere – the small round tables and leather upholstered chairs, the paneled walls with autographed photos of the century's greatest men, and of course the stage, where females displayed their god given charms to best advantage.

Roger had a table in the corner, always reserved.

He got Candy to wait on him because he was in a mood for breasts and hers were the best. Erin was a tiny bit lacking in that department, though she more than made up for it with her flat belly, taut ass and killer legs. He'd thought of her shaking her stuff down here, and it might come to that yet.

Should she ever seriously cross him, that is.

"The usual, sir?" chimed the well-endowed redhead, her full, white globes barely contained in a tiny black vest.

"Surprise me." Caine had her bend forward so he could undo the buttons.

"Yes, sir," she shuddered but did not resist as he casually flicked her large red nipples. At The Riverside Club, the customer was always right. And if there were things a man wanted to do that were too hard to accomplish out here at the tables, then there were back rooms, complete with beds and all manner of creative devices to renew even the most jaded palate.

It behooved a girl to satisfy the clients, for whether she was a mere waitress or one of the star dancers, the rules of discipline and punishment were strict. It was on correcting the wayward females, in fact, that Anthony and the others spent the bulk of their time.

"I want these clamped," he indicated the twin buds swollen between his thumbs and forefingers. "Alligators if you please."

Candy's shoulders slumped. The alligators were excruciating. "Yes, sir," she agreed, knowing that arguing was useless.

Caine took pity, lifting her tiny little skirt – Candy's only other covering – to pat her naked ass. "Cheer up, honey. If you're good I'll let you ride in the car sometime and take you for an ice cream. Would you like that?"

"Yes, sir," Candy assured him. "Thank you, sir."

Indeed it would be a huge treat for the girl to get out in the open air. Like most of the other waitresses, she lived on the premises, in a common room where each was assigned either a mattress or a cage, depending how pleasing she had been of late. The ice cream would probably be heaven, too. Waitresses ate scraps more often than not, off the floor on their hands and knees.

Legally you couldn't call it slavery, though the effect was the same. Some of the girls had debts to pay, for themselves or their boyfriends while others were on the run from the law. Still others were runaways who'd signed one-sided contracts making them liable for living expenses that were designed to exceed their daily income.

A few of the dancers got to live off premises, as pets kept in Caine's penthouse. He liked to rotate them every few months for variety. His favorites were the fresh captures. The exotics. Not the usual girls who put their bodies on the streets but proud women, with stories to tell and desperate edges. Women whose spirits he broke, just to prove the point that Roger Caine had no equal. He could have any female. And crush any man who got in the way.

"Turn around," he told Candy, wanting to feel her luscious behind.

Caine flipped up the mockery of a skirt, noting the criss-crossed marks, angry red across her ass. "What did you do to get those little beauties?"

"I was fighting with Sydney over a cracker."

"You were hungry?"

"I hadn't eaten all day, sir."

"What happened to Sydney?"

"She got off with a warning, sir."

He could hear the pout in the girl's voice. This wasn't the first time the beautiful Sydney had gotten away with something. She was dark haired, lithe, a dancer. She spread her legs nightly for senators and CEO's. Still, she was only a woman and it never hurt to remind her of that from time to time.

"I'll see she gets caged for a night."

Candy whirled about, her eyes filled glee. "Thank you, sir," she dropped to her knees to kiss his feet. "Candy is very grateful."

He pushed her gently away. "I'm not doing it for you. Now go and get my drink. And don't forget the nipple clamps."

The bare foot redhead was off like a shot. The charm bracelets on her ankles were jingling, suggesting the reality of her status. Candy was owned. By the club ... by him.

Ownership. That's what they were good for. Didn't pay to marry them; eventually they turned on you. Like Sophia. So the woman wanted to see the children she'd ruined so badly with her poor mothering, did she? Very well, first she would give a little command performance showing Roger just what a whore she really was. Then, if he were satisfied with her display, he'd give her a few hours with the kids, a day maybe. If not, her slut ass could rot in hell before she saw so much as a digital photo of either Roger Jr. or Amelia.

For some reason Roger was thinking of the lawyer's wife. The naive little Erin. It was rare for him to keep wanting a woman after the first couple of times, but the slender, green-eyed blonde kept popping into his mind.

She certainly made him hard enough. It was like being twenty again. Was it strictly a function of her youth? Certainly he had even younger ones to choose from here at the club, all the way down to eighteen, and with flawless bodies, too. Maybe it was the way Erin seemed to retain her innocence. She was pure, despite his best efforts

at corruption. After all he'd done, she still wanted to go back to her husband.

As if there were ever a way back. That was one of those tough lessons she'd acquire in the real world, the sort of thing they don't teach at cheerleading camp or at sleepovers with giggly girlfriends.

He was more than happy to be her instructor, too. It would be interesting to see what her next move was. He fully intended to call her tomorrow for another liaison. Would she have the guts to refuse? He almost wished she would, for the sheer sport of it.

Candy returned wincing, his drink in hand.

"Let me see."

She let him examine the alligator clamps. He was fascinated by the sight of the metal biting into her flesh.

"I have a job for you in the morning," he played with the chain attaching the two clamps.

Candy stifled the scream. "Yes, sir."

"You are going to handle some business for me. You and Sydney. What do you think? Would you like a chance to get out of here and visit my office for a few hours?"

"Yes," she bobbed her head fiercely, wanting the pain to go away. "Yes, yes."

He laughed, thinking of these two sluts having their way with his blue blood wife. "Have Anthony bring you," he said. "Be at my office by eight. Come in the back way and wear some business clothes."

"Yes, sir ... please ... sir ... the pain." Tears streamed down her face.

"I'll make Erin hurt like this," he said, speaking his thoughts aloud.

The notion caught him off guard. Once again, the lawyer's wife was slipping unbidden into his mind. I must break her quickly, he decided. I must reach the point of boredom so I can move on.

* * *

Kevin Wyatt had no idea what had come over his sweet, staid little wife. Making suggestive remarks over the phone, talking about surprises that clearly had to do with sex. Not to be disrespectful, but

ordinarily Erin was a cold fish. Totally uncommunicative, just lying there giving him no real indication of what was turning her on.

It was like he was having sex with Erin's mother. Going through the motions to make babies. And they weren't even doing that, though it was a topic he'd really rather not talk about with her right now. They didn't talk about much of anything, anymore. Just his job. Which was fine, but didn't she have any passions of her own? Once upon a time she did, when he was a struggling law student. He loved that she wanted to stay at home now and be a traditional wife, but did she have to be so freaking boring?

It was tough enough dealing with the pressures of the firm without having to come home to a lackluster, automaton. A woman totally housebound on the one hand and totally checked out on the other. Did she think he didn't know the orgasms weren't real? That her mind was a million miles away? That she was cringing deep inside every time he touched her?

Bree was the exact opposite. She was alive and passionate and every time he looked at her she made it clear she wanted him. They'd done it everywhere in the office. Over his desk, in the copy room, in the toilets, the men's and the women's both. She was a maniac. An eighteen year old, gum chewing, pink haired, tight bodied, belly button ringed maniac. And every time he saw her, he wanted her like crazy. The way he'd wanted Erin, back in the beginning.

Bree was also willing to get a little kinky. Her fine young ass could take a good punishing and it pinkened to a nice delicious hue. The fact that her father was Calvin Malbie, one of the managing partners of the firm, made it all the sweeter to take the girl in hand and make her moan.

Kevin had never dreamed such things would turn him on. It was a lark at first, but now it was becoming something he craved. He'd even thought about going further. Proper Erin would never tolerate a man's hand on her body like that. She barely tolerated sex.

He loved her, though, which is why he felt so damned torn. Not to mention guilty as hell.

All this ran through his mind as he left the Caine Building. Roger

hadn't shown up for the meeting (Mr. Caine let him call him that now, much to Kevin's excitement) which left him free for the night.

He could go right home to Erin and her surprise – which probably was nothing more than some new bedroom drapes – or he could go play in Bree's apartment where the sexy, pierced little teenager was waiting for him in nothing but her combat panties and a pair of handcuffs.

This by the girl's own admission over cell phone, though he had no idea how she was managing to make the call without use of her hands.

Like a good lawyer, Kevin decided to have it both ways.

"Honey, looks like Caine's gonna keep me here half the night," he told Erin en route to Bree's. "But keep that surprise warm for me, okay?"

He thought she sounded a little funny, but when he asked she brushed it off. "Just allergies," she told him.

"All right then. See you later," he let it go. "I love you."

Well that had gone fairly well. Now all he had to figure out was if he thought he would enough juice for two orgasms tonight or if he was going to need to hold himself back with Bree.

Kevin laughed at his adulterous dilemma. He really was getting more like Roger Caine every day. I could do worse, he thought with secret pride. A lot worse.

* * *

Erin's hand trembled as she hung up the phone. Her husband had just lied to her. Roger Caine wasn't really keeping him late. She knew for a fact Caine had made up the meeting as an excuse in the first place. So what was her husband hiding? Was he having an affair? She'd had her suspicions. There were women at the law firm who wanted him. Erin wasn't stupid, or blind. She might not have a law degree, but she knew there were females out there with their eye on her husband. Kevin was tall, dark and handsome, not to mention young, and full of promise. Who wouldn't want a piece of that kind of action?

Only Kevin was already spoken for. She was his husband. For better or worse. In sickness and in health. Forsaking all others. Had

these words meant nothing to him? Where the hell was he going tonight? Something was up. She knew it. She should have seen it coming. He was traveling in circles she couldn't keep up with anymore. Half the time she didn't even feel attractive much less smart enough to fit in. It had stunned her when Roger showed an interest in her. She knew it probably had more to do with wanting to solidify her husband's loyalty, but she'd soaked up the little bits of attention he seemed to lavish on her during sex.

The compliments were few and far between. What was it he'd said to her today? "You suck like a little vacuum." Yes, that was it. She'd hated him for it, but it had brought her alive, too. Made her feel like a real living woman. What did Kevin do? Did he react to her? No. He fucked her like it was a chore. If he could hire someone to do it the way he did for the lawn mowing, you could bet your ass he would.

Erin's eyes strayed to Kevin's collection of beer steins on the mantle. He'd acquired them on various trips, most especially to Bavaria. She swore he lavished more affection on them than on her.

I love you, Erin. That's what her husband said. But did he covet her? Did he burn for her? Was he out of his fucking mind over her, crazy with the need to come home and make love to her?

Apparently not.

The first of the steins shattered against the far wall, just below the Picasso print. The second was easier to throw. The third easier still. After the fourth, Erin surveyed the damage.

Fuck. What had she done? There were ceramic shards everywhere and holes in the wall. It was a total disaster.

Erin Jones Wyatt had been a bad girl.

There was no mistaking what Roger would do about this, but what about her husband? Erin's pulse quickened. She could feel the moistness between her legs. An image was forming in her head of mild mannered Kevin totally cross with her, angry enough to punish her, pissed enough to put her across his knee and teach her a real lesson.

Instinctively her hand slipped under the elastic waistband of her shorts and panties both. With surprising ease, her cunt sucked in three

full fingers.

Erin was wet and ready.

Was it the thought of discipline doing this? Imagining Kevin taking her in hand, showing the machismo of a Roger Caine?

He would be well within his rights to do so, that was for sure. Kevin was her husband. She trusted and loved him, but she'd also pledged to obey him. If he chose to be stricter she would have no choice but to yield, falling to her knees even.

Erin pushed forward now against the kitchen counter, up on bare tiptoes, pressing her bare belly to the sharp edge of the Formica. The one hand still feverishly masturbating, she tore into the drawer next to her for something. Anything.

A spatula. Oh, god. That would hurt bad, wouldn't it? Once, twice, awkwardly, she whacked herself through her clothes.

"Ouch," she wailed. But the pain wasn't enough. She needed her ass bare. She needed...

Oh, hell, she needed her husband.

Panting heavily, she went back to the phone. The receiver felt like lead in her hands. She could barely press the button on the speed dial. Kevin answered on about the fifth ring.

"Erin?"

When she spoke it sounded like someone else's voice. "Kevin? I ... I've been a bad girl."

"Is that you, Erin?" His voice was coming through a tunnel. "Are you all right? What are you talking about?"

"B – bad wife," she choked back the sobs. "Need ... punishment."

There was silence at the other end of the line. Erin touched her clit and started to come.

"Wait for me," she heard her husband decide. "On the couch."

Erin took it as an order. "Yes ... sir."

She clicked off and tossed herself down on the couch. Stretching out, squirming desperately out of her bottoms, she commenced to some serious self-pleasuring. She would have liked to have had the vibrator. But he'd told her to be on the couch, so that is where she would stay.

Of course this very limitation on her freedom, much to her surprise, was proving to be as big a stimulant as the vibrator. And maybe even more.

* * *

Erin's call couldn't have come in at a worse time. Bree was on top of him, hands chained behind her back, pumping up and down on his dick. It was hell of a sight, all nice pink girl skin with nice girl muscles and perfect eighteen-year-old girl breasts.

"How's the old ball and chain?" she asked Kevin as he clicked off.

"She's getting wackier every day," he grumbled. "And you." He twisted a nipple to get her attention. "I ought to whip your ass good for distracting me like that when I'm trying to talk."

Erin laughed, relishing in the mild torture. "What's the matter?" she teased. "Afraid you'll lose your hard on, old man."

Kevin growled, seizing her hips. "I'll show you old," said the twenty-five-year-old lawyer.

Bree squealed, legs flailing as he flipped them over, assuming the dominant position. His cock throbbed with instant pleasure at having put her in her place. He liked it this way, and he was liking it more with each fuck.

"This is for pushing your breasts in my face when I was on the phone," he punished her pelvis with a deep thrust. "And another for licking my ears, and one for squeezing your pussy muscles."

Bree went orbital. She wasn't listening, she was busy convulsing, her own private explosions for which he just happened to be the convenient catalyst. Putting her underneath him like this with the handcuffs on was a joke. He wasn't dominating her. Not the way he wanted.

What was it Erin had said?

I've been a bad girl. I need to be punished.

What in the world would Erin ever do wrong? And asking for punishment? That was too bizarre for words. Still, the possibility hung there in the air, too real to be ignored.

"Cigarette?" she asked afterwards.

"No, thanks. I need to take off, if you don't mind."

She took a puff and shrugged. The fact that he'd kept himself back from orgasming along with her seemed to have gone over her pretty, shaggy pink head. "Whatever. Just close the door on your way out."

Kevin pulled up his pants and threw on his polyester work shirt. "I will but you need to lock it behind me. And don't fall asleep with that cigarette in your hand," he lectured the notoriously irresponsible young woman.

She rolled her eyes. "Yes, daddy."

CHAPTER THREE

Erin heard the car in the garage and ran back to the couch. She'd decided after all to be disobedient by not waiting where Kevin had told her. It was just that she'd wanted to get cleaned up, especially after all those orgasms. God, she'd been like one of those porn stars, bucking and coming and coming and bucking.

If only the sin of infidelity washed away as easily as her own come. Talk about being a bad girl. It made her toes curl.

Feeling especially wicked, she chose a short red nightie to wear, one on Kevin's favorites. It was spaghetti strap, with tiny panties and it barely covered her ass. Back in the beginning, when everything was new and hot he would call her from work and tell her to put this outfit on for him.

She'd felt loved then. And wanted. In a way she'd never known in her whole life. What she wanted now was to have that back again, and maybe something new besides. Something dark and thrilling. Something nice girls didn't think about much less ask for.

"Hello, Kevin." She whispered the greeting, a shyness coming over her like it was their first date all over again, Kevin the dashing intern and her the secretary.

Her mother had given her hell for taking that job, especially with an associate's degree. It had just never seemed right to her to be the boss over anyone. She liked working for men. Making them happy.

Kevin looked at his wife and then at the mess on the floor.

"I left it," she said. "So you'd know what I'd done. I'll clean it up later. I'll fix what I can."

His eyes held a variety of emotions. Erin sucked in a breath, electric. Was she going to get a rise out of him ... finally?

"Erin," he shook his head. "What possessed you?"

"I was mad you weren't coming home. I thought you were cheating on me. I threw a tantrum." She said all this quite calmly, neither hiding nor defending her actions.

He went down on one knee to examine the pieces. "You had no right, Erin. You crossed the line."

"I deserve punishment," she agreed.

Kevin was on his feet again. "Christ, Erin, what the fuck has gotten into you? Are you on drugs?"

She held her ground. "Punish me, Kevin. You know you need to."

"No, Erin, what I need to do is take you to a fucking doctor!"

The next thing she knew she was pushing the coffee table over with her bare feet, trying to shatter the glass top. When this failed she ran to the foyer for the imitation Ming vase.

Kevin stopped her, a hand around her waist.

"Let me go," she squealed.

He lifted her off the ground. "You need help. You're sick."

"I'm not sick," she wriggled. "I'm just a woman ... who needs a man to help her."

"No," he countered, dragging her to the dining room. "You're a spoiled brat whose never had to suffer a day in her life."

"At least I worked a real job once ... lawyer."

Kevin sat down heavily, pulling Erin over his lap. She was more than a little aware of her near nudity, not to mention the blatant inequality between them strength-wise.

"I'm sick of your shit, Erin!" Kevin smacked her hard, his palm punishing her silk clad ass. "If you don't like what I do for a living, you know where the door is."

"Ow, that hurt!" she cried.

Kevin spanked her again. "I thought it's what you wanted?"

"It's ... it's too much."

"Really? Let's try it bare assed, then."

She tried to fight him as he pulled at her panties. Brutally, he pinched her ass, winning control. "Hands down, Erin. Now."

She obeyed and Kevin got instantly hard. "I want you to count them," he yanked her panties down. "And no moving around on me, or I'll double your sentence."

"Yes, sir," she croaked, as into this as he was.

He let her lay docile for a second. The smell of her wet sex filled the air. Reaching around he found her nipples tight and swollen. A second later he was swatting her.

"One," moaned Erin Wyatt as her husband disciplined her officially. "Two."

By five she was panting. He ran his hand over her red-hot cheeks, pausing to poke a finger up her virgin asshole. Just how far could they push this domination thing? Was he going to try and get his dick into that magic opening she had steadfastly refused him in their marriage so far?

"Have you learned your lesson, Erin?"

Her body went rigid fighting the urge to move. He seemed thrilled with his newfound power. He had her. He really had her. "Actually, I don't think you have learned," he countered. "Not just yet."

"Kevin, oh god, what are you doing?"

"Claiming what's mine, Erin." He pushed his finger deeper. "And since you have so little respect for my property, I have decided to deprive you of a little bit of your comfort space."

It was anal sex he was after. Just as she'd feared.

She thrashed her head. "I don't want this, Kevin. I don't want it. I don't."

He put one finger each in her behind and her pussy. "Your sex says otherwise."

Erin's ass lifted, against her own will. "It's r – rape," she winced.

Kevin frowned. Ten times, in rapid succession, he struck his wife's already well-punished posterior.

Immediately afterwards, he stroked her clit. "This will continue," he informed her, "until you are ready to proceed."

She whimpered defiantly.

Halfway through the second cycle, she screamed for mercy. He stopped the spanking, though the fingers went right back to masturbating her. It was a little technique he'd learned from Bree. Something guaranteed to drive a woman to distraction. Pleasure, pain. Pain, pleasure. In the world of kink it could be as delicious as sweet and sour pork. Only here it was a weapon, designed to win his wife's submission.

"Tell me what you want, Erin."

"I want to ... proceed," she avoided saying the exact words.

"Not good enough. You have to be specific."

"I want to be fucked in the ass," Erin blurted, barely avoiding a fresh blow.

Kevin savored the moment, his crotch pressing hard against her naked pelvis. "Beg for it, Erin."

He heard his tormented wife sob and for the first it dawned on him that he might not only be kinky but a sadist to boot.

"Please ... fuck my ass ... take me," she said, humiliated.

Kevin whacked her, harder than all the other times combined. "I want you to crawl to the bed. Get on all fours and wait for me."

Erin did as she was told, whimpering. Kevin watched her beaten ass twitch out of view. She'd never looked this good to him, never looked this hot. He was going to tear her open as horny as he was. Deciding to give her a little more time to think about it, and needing a little something to brace his courage to really go through with this, he went to the bar to pour himself a scotch.

Here's to good health, he toasted. Here's to Roger Caine, making my career, giving me all the billable hours I can handle and making me a shoe in for partner. And here's for the first shot at some good sex with my wife since our honeymoon. Scratch that – even then she'd been starting to freeze up inside, like she had this idea she had to be as rigid as the freaking plastic bride's doll on the cake. This last notion made him laugh.

Kevin poured himself another. It wasn't really that funny, though, was it? Treating Erin like a whore. Where did he get off? He must be losing his mind. Bracing himself for damage control, he finished the fresh whisky and walked to the bedroom.

His perky wife was right where he'd told her to be. On her hands and knees evenly spaced, her head down, silky gold hair hanging down to the comforter. In this position the negligee offered him a full view of what he'd done. Handprints covered both cheeks.

Her pussy lips were swollen and red. Glistening fluid oozed out. She seemed to be in some kind of trance, her breathing steady, slow and sexy.

Interesting.

"Erin," He leaned over the edge of the bed, and put his hand on her back, whispering softly in her so as not to startle her. "It's over, baby. Nothing more is going to happen."

Erin lifted her head, reaching for him. Kevin thought she was after a hug, but it was his crotch she wanted. Clawing at the belt, buttons and zipper she opened his pants to get at his throbbing member. It popped through the opening of his boxers and directly into her mouth.

Scooting her body around to fully face him, she began sucking him like her life depended on it. She was like a mole, eyes still closed, seeking the light, or a tiny newborn animal seeking out nourishment.

"Erin..." he sucked in his breath. "Oh ... god."

She was adoring his cock. Frigging worshipping it. Where in hell had this come from? The spanking? The out and out domination? Could it be the impulses in Bree to mix in a little rough stuff with her sex was more universal in the fair sex than he'd realized?

The rush was incredible. So much pent up tension. The earlier anger, the guilt about Bree and the sheer rush of putting Erin over his knee, making her cry and beg ... and crawl.

He was on the verge of orgasm.

"Erin, baby, we have to stop." Kevin tried to pull her off of him before he came. If his sperm ended up in her mouth with him this worked up, she might end up with it down her throat. And then she'd freak. Especially with everything else that had gone on.

But Erin wasn't going to back off tonight. In fact, before he could dislodge her, she managed to wrap her arms around his ass cheeks, sealing the contact. With noisy slurps she bore down, forcing the issue.

Damn. Did she really want to swallow tonight?

Kevin groaned in pleasure, reveling in the sheer glory of using his wife's mouth for his ultimate fulfillment. "Oh, you beautiful bitch ... you fucking ... cock sucking ... little blonde ... bitch."

The semen spurted from his opening in time to the verbal bursts. It was a total, absolute perfect mouth fuck. Complete with sweet, sweet gulping.

Every muscle tensed. He was pushing the semen from the bottom

of his toes, through his biceps and through fiercely gritted teeth.

Fucking ... incredible. That was the only way to describe this.

Erin drained every last drop and then continued to suck, bringing him down gently and reverently. He ran his hands through her hair, his body feeling sated and full of gently rolling energy. "If I didn't know better," he murmured. "I would swear you've been practicing."

He looked down a moment later and saw her shoulders shaking. Oh, shit, she was crying. That's what he got for trying to project his own infidelities, even in jest. Talk about bad timing, too – after he'd just beaten and humiliated her over a few lousy broken mugs.

"Baby, I didn't mean it. I'm sorry."

"I – I'm a terrible wife," she wept. "You – you should get rid of me."

He gathered her up in his arms. "That's ridiculous. I'm the terrible one. I don't deserve you."

Kevin ended up laying down with her in bed, his chest a pillow for her cheek, his arm a shield to keep away the kind of chill that can only come from deep within a disappointed soul.

How much more hurt she'd be if he told her the truth. About Bree. About everything.

"Kevin, there's something I need to..."

He soothed her, keeping her from using up her energy. "Let it go, Erin. You don't owe me any explanations. It's all my fault. All of it."

After a while, she fell asleep, clinging tightly. He felt like such a heel. She trusted him for everything. She gave him her full loyalty. The worst complaint he had was that she was boring in bed. Well maybe if he spent more time here himself it would give her reason to be more enthusiastic.

I have to tell her, he thought. In the morning. And then I have to end things with Bree.

CHAPTER FOUR

Erin waited till Kevin was gone to look in the mirror at her ass. She was dying to see if there were any marks from his hand. She was sore, she knew that much. She'd have gotten up to do this earlier, but she knew how guilty he felt about spanking her as it was. Three separate times he'd come to her as she lay in bed this morning to apologize as he was getting ready.

She told him she should be apologizing not him, on account of the beer steins, but he vigorously opposed her taking any of the responsibility. Her behavior might have warranted an apology initially, but he'd lost that right, so he said, the moment he laid a hand on her.

I rather enjoyed it, she wanted to tell him. But there was simply no way to break through the man's cloud of gloom and guilt this morning. He got this way sometimes and she had to just let him be. It made her feel helpless, when she couldn't do anything. Like she was a bad wife.

Last night he had been so different. Calm and masterful and so ... alive. And she'd felt so free, strange as it seemed. It was exhilarating to think they might do this again, or maybe go further.

Did she want to be taken in the ass? No. Truthfully, it terrified her. But she knew the joy it would bring him. That much was clear. It was his idea and that made her love it, simply because she knew how much it turned him on.

Erin smiled in pride, running her hands over the sore spots on her posterior. Not much to see, but it was most certainly real. Just to test her mettle, she gave her ass a tentative smack. She leaped a little from the shock, but overall it felt good.

Maybe a little too good. A girl could get used to this and then where would she be? The future was uncertain in that regard, though as long as she thought about it all coming from Kevin it all felt right. He wouldn't mislead her and he wouldn't hurt her.

Which begged the question of Roger Caine. The man was egomaniacal and his tentacles wound tightly around the law firm, and around her husband's career. The situation was dicey. How would

each man react? She could tell Kevin and he might well go off half sprung against the ruthless tycoon. Caine would squash him like a bug. He might do that anyway if he sensed Kevin was cheating him of a prize that he considered his own. Erin had no illusions that she could ever mean very much to a billionaire, but a man like Caine was just liable to be petty enough to make something over an insignificant woman like herself.

It wasn't fair, because he had his pick of beauty queens and movie stars, but obviously, he liked playing his games. She felt ashamed now thinking how he must be secretly laughing at her husband every time they were together. Poor Kevin having no idea he was a laughingstock. It could even be that's what he fucked her for in the first place, just to enjoy lording it over the peon lawyer.

Did Caine have no conscience? He'd told her he would call her again and she would come back to him. She'd almost begged to be set free and instead of letting her go gracefully, he'd made her suck his dick.

Well, not made her exactly. He didn't have a gun to her head, did he? Face, it girl, she thought, something in you just responds when a man gets tough. It was all of Kevin's big talk about the future way back when that had made her wet for him in the first place. They would take their picnics to the park and he would launch into his speeches while she sat demurely, half listening as she thought of how she wanted to tear off his clothes and get to the tiger underneath.

Finally she'd had enough. She was so horny, she interrupted him right in the middle of a monologue. Taking his hand, she put it on the swell of her breast, the nipple hard as a rock under her halter-top.

"Fuck me, Kevin," she rasped.

His eyes were wide as silver dollars, but there was no denying the swell in his shorts.

Erin had touched it lightly, reverently. "Please?"

Kevin laid his future wife out on the blanket, stripping her lean, golden body. The sun kissed her skin deliciously. She felt like the first woman in the world, a handsome, ambitious, rock hard young man above her.

"I'm yours," she said. "If you want me."

He did. Twice in fact, back to back.

God, he was so masterful back then. She'd given him all he wanted, of her body and her heart. Even now she could feel that early heat, their bodies fused, so much promise as he held her, pinning her, wrists overhead, loved, possessed, wanted.

Filled.

At once Erin felt a wave of peace fill her, followed by resolution.

I have to fight, she thought. I have to be the woman here, the wife. I have done wrong and I have to right it. Things have to be put back the way they are supposed to be. Kevin has me, and Caine has his companies. They do business with each other, and I have nothing to do with that. With Roger Caine.

She was clear and she would fix things with her husband and heal the wound she was going to have to inflict by telling him. But Caine was the missing piece of the puzzle. She must speak to him. She must appeal to him. Beg, if need be for mercy.

Let me go, Roger ... sir. You have enough. You have everything.

Erin used her cell phone to call him. She had his private number. It was one even Kevin did not have and she did not wish it to show up on their phone bill. Taking a deep breath, she pressed the send button. Please, let him answer.

If not, she would have to leave a message, and that would not be enough. She would have to give more. She knew that.

"Well, well," chortled the voice at the other end of the line. "That didn't take long. I knew you couldn't hold out. Is that little pussy of yours hungry for more? Or is your ass needing to be smacked again?"

Erin felt the bile rise in her stomach. If she was sure before, she was twice as sure now. "No, Roger, it's neither. I want to talk to you. Just talk."

"Oh, dear, that doesn't sound good," he sighed. "Are we breaking up again? That's twice in two days. Now who else will go to the prom with me on such short notice?"

"This isn't a joke, Roger. This is my life. It may not mean much to you, but—"

"Meet me at the Willow Arms. The Ambassador Suite. One o'clock. We'll settle this."

Erin's radar was up. "No more sex, Roger."

"I won't lay a hand on you. You have my word."

Erin felt a hot chill down her spine as she thought of what the man was capable of doing to her without his hands. "That leaves open a lot of things, Roger."

He laughed. "I think you should have been the lawyer instead of Kevin. All right, I will fill in the loopholes for you. As of this moment I will never again ask you for any sexual favors or caresses. How's that?"

She sucked in her lower lip. It sounded good but this was Caine she was talking to, she had to stay on her toes. "If you are really done with me, why meet me in a hotel room, then?"

"Fair question," he acknowledged. "Call me sentimental, nothing more. Would it surprise you, a man wanting a last private look at a woman he will never have again?"

"Five minutes," she said. "I will stay five minutes, then I walk out of that door, and out of your life. You get your last look and then ... you leave me alone."

Her own boldness caught her off guard. She could only pray the man responded in the right vein.

"Bravo, my sweet child. I think now maybe you should have been the CEO and the lawyer. I could have stayed home and raised babies for Kevin. How are those little swimmers coming along anyway?"

Erin's heart seized in her chest. Had her husband confided in this man about their infertility problems? He had resisted getting the testing without explanation but was he now opening up to a near stranger? She felt violated, doubly so, knowing the man who'd been between her legs had also meddled in her deepest personal affairs.

"One o'clock," she said, as mechanically as possible. "At the Willows. You'll get your five minutes."

Erin broke the connection, sincerely wishing there were more beer steins to throw. Then again, maybe she'd asked for this, too. By keeping so much to herself, by trying so hard to fix things on her own.

She'd meant well, not troubling him with things, not putting sexual pressure on him. Even Caine was in her life to this end. If she could ease his way in his job, she'd reasoned, he would find some peace of mind.

It wasn't about the babies. They could adopt. She wanted him happy. Didn't he see that?

For a split second she thought of calling Kevin and telling him everything. But she had to be strong. For both of them. Five minutes, she told herself. How hard could that be?

It wasn't till she got to the shower that it dawned on her. Five minutes of doing nothing but standing in a hotel room really was a laughably easy way to be rid of the likes of a Roger Caine.

Was it just her being paranoid, or did this seem just a little too easy?

* * *

Caine was still chuckling after Erin broke the phone connection. Leaning back in his smooth, black leather desk chair, he reviewed the principle elements of the conversation. Erin's phone call hadn't surprised him at all. He'd been expecting it, in fact. And he'd anticipated what she would say, too, though he hadn't expected it to be delivered with so much moxy.

Imagine her ... hanging up on him. And there wasn't a trace of desperation or fear in her voice either. She was simply holding her ground, resolved. Where had that come from? If he didn't know better he'd say she'd gotten fucked by hubby last night.

Happy, happy Erin. All's right with the world again. Time to slip back into her nice, white picket fence oblivion.

Except Roger wasn't going to let her go that easily. She had to know that. Was she really this naive? These kinds of games were his bread and butter. The thing he lived for. Breaking women. He wasn't necessarily proud of it, but he didn't lose any sleep, either. Because the alternative to using women was submitting to them and that was not about to happen.

Roger Caine liked his kittens de-clawed, thank you very, and he enjoyed doing the job himself, one adorable paw at a time.

Admittedly, he'd fucked up big time with Sophia, but she was the mother of his children, so he'd treaded extra lightly.

He had her waiting right now outside his office and he'd get to her. There were also the two girls from the club kissing each other on the couch. First, there was Mrs. Wyatt to be dealt with, though. As it turned out, he'd left one more loophole in his arrangement for this afternoon. Had the eminently fuckable little blonde been listening more closely, she'd have picked up on the fact that he'd never actually promised that it was he himself who would be waiting for her in the room.

In fact, it would be another, namely one of the young musicians from the club. This other man would be perfectly free to touch her. Or to do anything else he could manage in five minutes. He wouldn't force himself on her, but he would employ some instant seduction. Troy was a guitar player, with soulful eyes, able to charm most women in seconds flat. How far he got wouldn't really matter, though. The point was to get Erin in a compromising position and then spill the beans to Kevin. This in turn would form the basis for his using the young man to get to his wife. Through Caine's subsequent influence, Erin would be reduced in status from loving spouse to cringing slave.

Caine smiled at his own cleverness. "More tongue," he ordered the two girls who were sitting side by side on the leather couch. Candy and Sydney locked faces, desperate to please. They hated one another but they were slaves themselves and had no choice. For his part, Caine enjoyed watching them squirm, fighting their own arousal, trying so hard to keep their hands off each other's bodies while still making it look real enough.

Syd, his spoiled dancer girl, had dark circles under her eyes from her night in the cage. She wasn't used to such rough accommodations. It was fun to build a girl's status and then swiftly reduce it like that. It kept her hungry and humble.

For her part, Candy the waitress was pleased to have been sprung from her usual morning activity of scrubbing the kitchen floor, naked on her hands and knees. The chore took much longer this way,

because male staff were apt to stop off to beat her pear shaped ass or give her a good stiff fuck from behind, but it was worth the lost time to keep vibrant the central point of the club, which was the availability of the females. Even the busboys were entitled to slave pussy as far as Caine was concerned.

Caine marveled at the differences in the two girls' bodies. Both were dressed identically, in short, tight, black skirts and tight white blouses. Big bosomed Candy was shorter, with wild red hair and a traditional hourglass figure. Her tits strained the buttons of the blouse as the two of them kissed and you could just tell how a woman like this was going to end up as a man's slut no matter what she tried to do with her life.

Sydney, by contrast, was tall, all leg. Her feline body filled out the skirt to perfection and to see her was to want her to move for you, wearing nothing but a thong, green eyes smoldering as she sways, just for you, the kind of lap dancer a man hands over his paycheck to only to have his heart broken week after week.

But there were no broken hearts at the Riverside Club. When Syd inflamed a dick she was responsible for it. In the private rooms, where a man could do what he pleased. More than one of the customers enjoyed punishing Sydney for her beauty, her perfect oval face and silky black hair. Who knew what went through their minds as they lashed her, watching her body writhe on the whipping post. Maybe it was because their wives would never look this good, or because their daughters did and were out being fucked by god knows who. Then again, maybe it was just their own lost youth or the need to exercise power, somewhere, anywhere.

Some said power was a drug, that you never got your fill. Caine had no problem personally, so long as he had total control of the supply.

"That's enough," he said. "Pull yourselves together. We're going to have company."

The girls exchanged complicated looks as they arranged themselves best they could. Tucking in shirt flaps, pushing down erect nipples, raking hands through unruly hair. Fortunately he hadn't allowed them

makeup or they would be hysterical right now wanting to fix it.

"Ready?" His hand was already on the buzzer.

The pair moved swiftly to the edge of the couch, hands in their laps, taking up position. "Yes, sir," they said in unison, knowing it had not been a question at all.

Roger had Lillian send in Sophia. He'd kept her waiting, of course. Magnanimously, he stood for his five foot four inch former wife, auburn haired, the daughter of a French diplomat and an English movie actress. The press had always loved her, and why not, she was there perfect whore.

"I'm glad you could make it," he said. "It's always a privilege."

Sophia noticed the women and tried to hide her frown. She never liked him to see her pain but this morning he would give her no choice.

"This is Candy and Sydney," Caine acknowledged her interest. "They are from the entertainment division of the company."

Sophia's mocha colored eyes flashed with barely disguised hatred. "I know what they are, Roger. Can we please just get on with this?"

He pursed his lips. "But of course. Won't you have a seat?"

She moved towards one of the black wingbacks.

"Not there," he stopped her in her tracks. "On the couch."

Sophia's mouth oveled as she looked again at the sexy women. "Roger, you can't expect me to go near those ... those..."

"Whores, you mean? Actually I can," he said curtly. "And I am."

"You're a bastard," she hissed low, almost under her breath. "A total fucking bastard."

"And you, my fair ambassador's daughter, are quite thoroughly rude. These girls have done absolutely nothing to you and yet you snub them. You know, if this is how you are treating your fellow human beings these days, I can scarce imagine how you'd be with the children."

Sophia's face narrowed in pain and rage. He had her. By the female equivalent of the balls. "Very well," she tried to keep her dignity. "But know that what I do, I do for Roger Junior and Amelia."

"Your altruism is noted," he said sardonically. Caine watched the

woman's sculpted ass under the black dress. She always did know how to tease. Once upon a time he'd felt something close to love. A dread admiration, really, for a woman who understood power nearly as well as he did. They'd certainly had a ride on the way up. The children complicated matters as they often do. Sophia's interests became divided, her motives harder to read. She wasn't there for him as much anymore and that was not a thing a man like Roger Caine could easily forgive.

All that might have been overcome, though, had she not broken the cardinal rule by betraying his trust and putting their business on the streets. She had tried to take his honor from him. And for that he had ruined her. And would continue to do so the rest of her natural life.

Resisting the temptation to ask who she'd had to fuck to afford the dress given her paltry income nowadays, Caine snapped his fingers, signaling for the girls to move far enough apart so his ex-wife could sit between them.

The two slaves looked as uncomfortable as his former wife.

"Ladies, this won't do," he pronounced. "We need to break the ice, don't you think?"

"We just need to talk about the kids, Roger. I need to see them ... they need to see me."

Roger raised an eyebrow. He was sniffing out the weakness in her, the fear. She of all people ought to know that would cost her. "Awfully vain of you don't you think, Sophia – to think they can't get along without you?"

"But I'm their mother," she tried to reason. "Children need their mothers."

Roger could give a fuck about her logic. He wanted to make her cry. "Mothers are useful early on, yes," he agreed. "For nourishment. And that's about it. What can you give them now? They don't need your tits. And neither do I. Candy, Sydney, take off your blouses."

The girls unbuttoned dutifully. They had no bras on underneath.

"See what I mean? I have plenty for myself. Girls, pinch your nipples. Hard."

The two women took hold of the tight nubs, squeezing between

thumb and forefinger. Candy's were thicker and pinker. Syd's were small and darker, a perfect match for her high, pointed breasts.

"I own them," said Roger matter of factly, as his ex-wife endured the stereophonic suffering. "They're my slaves and you won't blab a fucking word about it because now I own you, too."

Sophia tried to block out the sound of the whimpering girls. "I will never give myself to you again, Roger. I would die first."

He laughed scornfully. "You think I want tainted meat like yours? No, I am claiming your soul, your conscience, not your body. At least as long as you have any interest in little Roger and Amelia."

"You would hold you own children hostage?" She looked both shocked and sickened.

"I prefer to think of it as protective custody. Girls, you may stop."

Syd and Candy winced, releasing their tortured nubs.

"I believe a thank you kiss is in order for that," he said.

They moved to rise simultaneously.

Caine shook his head. "Not for me. For her."

"What?" Sophia was beside herself. "You can't be serious?"

"Never more so," he assured her. "You will either give in to my whims where these girls are concerned or you will never see your children again."

"You're a monster," she protested. "A demon."

Candy moved in first. Sophia squirmed, but the girl managed to get a tongue in the woman's ear. Simultaneously, she moved her hand to Sophia's shapely breast.

Not about to be undone, Sydney attacked from the other side, taking Sophia's face in her hands. His ex wife's resistance caved with surprising ease. Syd knew how to kiss, and how to make a kiss lead to a whole lot of other things besides. You had to kiss well to work the VIP rooms, and you had to move and fuck and suck, too, all to perfection. Men who paid for their females had high expectations, unlike boyfriends and husbands.

He himself had let Sophia get away with murder, trying to honor her place in the family. Such concessions never worked. He was beginning to wonder now if women should be free at all. Take little

Erin. She was about to find a whole new level of clarity and focus in her life. No more chances for her to betray her husband. He was almost envious of what Kevin was going to end up with out of the deal. A happy, obedient slave wife.

But Caine was through with wives. And all other sorts of uppity women. Let his work with Kevin be a gift. Sure, he'd fuck his new slave wife with or without the man's permission, but he wouldn't keep her. And if he ever started to feel conflicted about things, he'd have Kevin sell her outright on the black market just to remove the temptation.

He smiled to see Sophia's nipples tenting. Women were so disgustingly easy and predictable. Horny, catty, competitive. Candy was trying to get at her mouth, to curry favor with the master. Sophia was like a ping-pong ball, back and forth between the bare breasted girls. Time to separate them out more efficiently.

Roger decided to test something in the process.

"Candy on the floor. Sophia open your legs."

"Roger, please," Sophia protested, but the rest was lost to Sydney's greedy lips.

Candy was more than willing to assist in matters by prying the woman's legs a bit. Sure enough, she was naked under the dress.

"Still no panties, I see," he noted dryly. This used to be a tremendous turn-on between them, but now it was nothing more than a weapon. "I'm a little surprised you still dress this way ... after what happened in court."

She made noises behind the stifling kiss. Caine's lawyers had actually used her proclivity to eschew underwear as evidence of her being an unfit mother. It was amazing how things could be twisted with the right legal representation.

"She's wet," squealed Candy. "She's a fucking fountain."

Sydney dove in with her tongue, plundering Sophia's mouth. She wanted the credit for arousing the woman. Meanwhile Candy had her head firmly between Sophia's legs, lapping up the copious fluids.

"How does it feel?" Caine wanted to know. "To be robbed of your pride? To have your deepest intimacies splayed out for the

consumption of others? I know the feeling well. My picture splashed over headlines. My marriage dissected.

"I ... I didn't do that," Sophia protested breathless as Sydney moved to unbutton the front of her dress. "You know how the press is. They got us both."

"Don't lie to me. Not after all this. I am entitled to my revenge, and I will have it. This is your future, Sophia. This is the kind of thing you will go through every time you need something from me. And it won't just be about the kids. You'll need money, too, I know you. You can never handle poverty. Just remember the stakes go up each time. Next time you'll be fucking a man for me and after that, maybe a roomful. I will have your pride, Sophia. It's the last thing you have managed to hold back from me."

"Oh god," she moaned. "Don't."

Syd bared the woman's braless tits, still splendid after two children. Why Sophia had worn an outfit with front buttons was a real puzzle. Was she asking for this at some level?

Candy caught on to what was going on and started working on the bottom buttons. They met in the middle, quickly parting the two halves. Roger felt his crotch tighten at the sight of Sophia's well-kept body. The flat belly, the smooth, neatly trimmed delta. The most important thing, no matter what, though, was not to fuck her. That would shift all the power back onto her and away from him.

"You'll beg me to take you back," he predicted. "But it will never happen. Do you hear me?"

Sophia wasn't hearing much of anything. She had a mouth sucking her tit and another on her pussy. She was leaning back, moaning, her hips bucking in that way she always did when she was about to lose it. Roger had always hated that about her, the way she lost herself to a private world just before coming. It was a world he could never infiltrate, never dominate.

Even now he could feel himself being cheated of his victory. "Stifle her," he ordered Sydney as she began to scream, oblivious to the rest of the world.

"You're a disgrace," he said to Sophia now. "An unfit mother."

But she was only a woman at the moment, and god damn it, she was innocent, always innocent when she was orgasming.

"Hold her back," he shouted to Candy. "Don't let her come or I'll see to it your ass ends up in a brothel in Tijuana."

Candy pulled her mouth away, like Sophia's pussy was on fire. The woman continued humping the air. Fuck, she was going to go over the edge anyway.

"Get out of my way," Roger stormed over. Shoving the slaves out of the way, he slapped his ex-wife hard, once twice across her cheek, trying to get her attention. Finally she looked at him, her eyes full of complex pain and wonder. She didn't seem able to control herself as she reached up, putting her mouth on his.

Fucking bitch.

"Rrrroger," she moaned.

He was kissing her back, but not for pleasure. If she wanted to fight dirty, he'd match her stride for stride. All the better, in fact, to reveal her as the pathetic, treacherous little sex animal she was.

Roger knew she'd cheated on him. He'd had his suspicions for years, no matter what she or anyone else said. Sophia was a whore, whom he'd allowed to live in his home like a lady for far too long. Hell, she wasn't half the woman these two slaves were. If he had her in the club she'd be caged and whipped a week straight to get some sense into her.

"Come you little bitch, come on my hand."

Sophia exploded, against him shuddering her release. Her eyes glazed over, signaling her slipping inward. Roger seized her nipple cruelly. He'd take it one of these times – take away her private world, burn down the walls and leave her naked for real.

But not this time. The pain only drove her to dive deeper into whatever fantasy world she lived in. Even her screams sounded like music.

And she was holding him, the way she did at times like these. He'd never understood that. Never.

"Roger," she sighed, recovering herself. "In spite of everything, I love you. I never stopped."

Caine's eyes flashed fire. What new kind of trick was this?

"It won't work. Do you hear me? I won't be manipulated by you anymore. You lost, Sophia. No more money, no more free ride."

She shook her head. "I don't want—"

"No more talking, Sophia. I want your fingers in your cunt. I want you good and hot for what's going to come next."

Sophia started masturbating, her earlier inhibitions gone. The fact that the two slaves were watching seemed not to matter anymore. She had eyes only for him and every time she lifted her hips, it was an offering.

He had the girls take off Sophia's heels and slip the dress off her shuddering body. Naked she was a fetching sight. Many a time had he whipped a slave thinking of his high and mighty wife. He didn't need to imagine now, though. He could entertain his every whim.

"That's it," Roger undid his belt buckle. "I want to see you nice and worked up. Touch your nipples too. But no orgasm – you can't do that without permission."

His cock was swelling by the second. It was the control, the tight dictation of her every action. But it was like this with any woman, he told himself. Sophia meant nothing. And to prove it, he would humiliate her here and now in front of these club girls.

"Are you getting any action these days, Sophia?" He slipped the leather belt from the loops. He was going to beat her. "What's the pay like out there for hookers? What are you getting, a hundred an hour, maybe two? Tell the truth. We all know what a whore you've made of yourself."

"N – no one," she breathed. "Only you."

"Oh, that's good," he said sarcastically. "Quite an act. What's your encore going to be? A nice heartfelt tale of how you miss your babies so much?"

Actually, he was having a hard time not falling for her performance today. Maybe he was overtired. Maybe he needed a change of scenery. First, though, he'd give Sophia a little change of her own.

"Okay, that's enough," he grabbed her wrist away from her pussy. "I want you down on the floor. On your hands and knees."

Sophia offered no resistance as he put her into subjugation. He'd never dominated her during their marriage, assuming it was something the proud diplomat's daughter would despise. And yet it seemed quite natural to her, even arousing.

This produced mixed feelings in Roger. His ego enjoyed the seduction, but this was a mission of spite. He wanted her uncomfortable to the nth degree.

He trailed the tip of the belt over her back. "For the next hour that you spend in this office," he said. "You are slave."

Sophia shivered. "Yes, master."

Roger's fists clenched. Was she mocking him? "Submit," he demanded, testing her veracity.

Her lips lowered to his shoe. "Yes, master." Her voice was a soft whisper as she offered her tongue, pressing, licking.

Caine was nearly overcome. He struck her hard, to make her stop. And again because he wanted her to continue. "On your belly," he commanded. "Face to the floor."

Roger's foot pushed down on her back. "I want you to remember all this, Sophia. I want you to think about it long and hard. This is your future. This is what you are to me now."

He made her crawl to the girls. Each one was ordered to spread her legs so Sophia could apply her tongue and eat them out. Roger made her squat as she worked so he could use the belt on her back and ass. Mark after mark appeared, satisfying, red and large. They formed a pattern, addictive in the making. Candy and Sydney each came loud and fast, the two girls having been more than a little aroused themselves already. He was more than a little eager to come himself, but he'd already determined this woman would never see or touch his cock again.

"That will be all," he told her when her work was done. "Get your clothes on."

Sophia looked at him with moist eyes. "But what about..."

"I told you," he snapped. "You'd see the children if you cooperated. I'll arrange it for this weekend."

There it was again, that complicated expression on her face; too

much damned history between them and way too much unresolved estrogen. "Not them," she whispered. "I meant ... us."

"There is no us," Roger told her as unkindly as possible. "And the sooner you get that in your fucked up head, the better off we will all be. Now are you going to leave on your own or must I call security?"

She left without another word.

"What are you two looking at?" He demanded of the slaves afterwards.

They shook their heads. "Nothing, sir," they said in unison.

"Liars," he snarled. "You are all a bunch of fucking liars."

Speaking of which, it was time to get his little plan rolling to expose young Erin for the whore she was. "Lillian," he paged. "Call Kevin Wyatt. I need to see him at noon. Tell him it's urgent."

"Yes, sir. Should I tell him to expect lunch?"

"No, he's going to take a little sightseeing trip. There's a little something I want him to see at the Willow Arms. But he doesn't need to know that. Just tell him to be here by noon."

"Yes, Mr. Caine."

Roger collapsed in his chair and unzipped his pants. "Sydney, how about a little dance for me? And Candy, let's get your lips busy."

The girls scrambled into position to serve their owner, their sexy bodies primed to please. Yes, this was more like it. Wouldn't the world be a better place if every female were a naked servile slut? Thrusting his dick into Candy's mouth he made a resolution. He would make slaves of as many of them as possible.

Beginning with Erin Wyatt.

CHAPTER FIVE

Erin was aiming for sex proof clothing. A gray pants suit with a white turtleneck and pointed half boots, her hair tied back severely. Vanity forced her to wear some makeup, but she was careful to go for the lightest shade of lipstick, a virginal pink and only minimal foundation and mascara. She intended to be all business. If she had the nerve, she'd bring a stopwatch so she could time the man. Five minutes and not a second more.

Meeting in a hotel suite ... a room with a bed ... was a bad idea. Her heart kept pounding the whole way over in the car just to remind her of this fact. Roger Caine was hard enough to resist in public places, like the Christmas party for instance, where he'd first taken possession of her hand with his lips, and later her mouth, cornering her in an alcove behind the well stocked bar.

"I don't just quote Kennedy," he flashed that famous sly grin as he moved in for the kill.

"M – my husband..." she had time to murmur.

A minute later he released her, breathless, aroused, captivated. "Your husband," he completed the thought. "Needs billable hours. I have more of them than I know what to do with."

That was all it took, just a little nudge to make it seem moral, super moral actually. Their first time was a quickie in the coatroom, that very night. She couldn't believe he had the balls to put her against the wall, hike up her red dress and fuck her like that, with all those people down the hall, including her darling Kevin, the man she was devoted to completely.

"Tell me," he'd rasped in her ear. "Tell me what you need."

"Your cock," she hissed as he stuffed her mercilessly, plundering her sopping wet hole. "I need your mother fucking cock."

Erin wrapped her slender legs around his ass, drawing him as deep as she could. Roger in turn put his hand over her mouth to stifle the screams. It was hot, unplanned, totally unprotected sex. His unsheathed penis pumping her full of seed. For weeks she sweated it out, praying she would not bear the billionaire's child.

He was more cautious the next time, renting them a room, down a hotel hallway very like the one she was now walking. That second time had been almost as unnerving as now. She could scarce believe at the time that she was going to do it, just walk right into adultery. But walk she did. In the end, she'd even run to him, craving his masterful brand of sex. But now it was time to close this chapter in her life.

Erin thought about how she was in control today. For while he might have chosen the venue, the script was of her making. Most especially her intended last words, which she'd rehearsed in her mind a thousand times on the drive over, till it was like a mantra.

Goodbye, Roger. Thank you, but goodbye.

That's how the five minutes would end, no matter what he said. Or did.

Her fingers on the doorknob were like ice. I'm not going to make it, she thought. I'm going to keel over, right here in the hallway.

She was about to turn tail and run when the knob began to turn of its own accord. Erin stepped back, like she'd been shocked. To her utter amazement it wasn't Caine on the side of the door, but another man. A young man, wearing a pair of jeans and nothing else.

"I – I must have made a mistake," she said.

"No, come in," he drawled, tensing a well-formed bicep to scratch his equally well-formed shoulder. "Mr. Caine sent me. He's going to be a little late."

Erin tried not to drool. "I don't think that's a very good idea. If you'll excuse me, I'll just get going."

"No, wait, please."

Something in his voice grabbed at her. Smoky, soulful, troubled. Not unlike how she was feeling at the moment. "Do you play?" she pointed inside to the guitar on the bed.

"I try," he smiled. His body was quite nice, lean with good abs and a chest that was manly without being over developed.

"Aw, I'll bet you're good," she felt herself being drawn in by his magnetism. "I bet you write songs, too."

He ran his fingers through his long, black hair. "Something like

that. You coming in or what?"

Erin followed the wave of his hand. "I can only stay a few minutes ... Mr. Caine knew I was on a tight schedule."

"Whatever," he shrugged. "Make yourself at home."

"Thank you." She looked around. Why was he here, anyway? Was Roger bi-sexual?

"I just wrote a new song, if you want to hear it. It's not really any good."

She sat down next to him on the bed eagerly. "That's what song writers always say."

He grinned, like Caine only without all the cynicism. "I'm Troy," he stuck out his hand, large and capable.

"Erin," she clasped it, feeling instant warmth.

"Erin," he repeated, making it sound more beautiful than it ought. "Are you Irish?"

"Among other things," she blushed, feeling the smoldering heat of his stare.

Apparently the sex proof clothing wasn't working so well. Shifting uneasily, she looked at her watch. Three minutes and counting.

"I should have guessed," he nodded. "What with your hair and all."

"It isn't natural," she said, though why on earth she was confessing such a thing she had no idea.

"Really?" He reached out to touch it. "May I?"

Next thing she knew he was undoing the clasp, letting it all fall down, a cascade of gold.

"God, Erin, you are flat out gorgeous, did you know that?"

"Actually, I didn't." She brushed his hands away. "Do you have any idea when Mr. Caine is expected?"

Troy laughed under his breath. "That's what I'd like to fucking know." Putting the guitar behind him, he picked a pack of cigarettes off the bed. "Smoke?"

"They aren't good for me," she said, taking one anyway. "My husband doesn't like it."

"Fuck him," said the guitar player with surprising vehemence.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Not your husband, I meant Caine."

She put the cigarette to her lips so he could light it. "Oh."

"He's a bastard, you know that."

"He works with my husband," she said judiciously.

"Yea?" Troy took a long drag, sexy as hell. "Well just don't let him turn his back on the fucker. He'll get it right up the ass."

"You've had ... experience?"

Troy's eyes twinkled. "What, you think I'm gay? Nah, I'm just talking business."

"Of course." Erin blushed.

They smoked a little more, taking turns flicking ashes into a soda can.

"Actually," Troy told her, "it's my sister he's fucking. She works for him at his club. Makes her take her clothes off, do things for the customers."

"That's ... awful." Erin squirmed a little, thinking of what it must be like to have to strip for men and 'do things' for them.

"Doesn't have a choice," he shrugged. "Our old man got in deep at one of his casinos. We're all paying it off. Me, I have to sing for the bastard."

"And your sister..."

"Sydney's a slave," he said flatly.

Erin's panties moistened at the word. Was she hearing things. "Surely you're exaggerating?"

"Well ... she sleeps in a cage, dances naked and when she has an off night they beat her. What would you call that?"

One hell of a fantasy, she was tempted to say.

"I'd call it horrible," she sympathized.

Troy stuffed the butt of his cigarette into the soda can. "Sometimes, I could just..." He cut himself off. "Aw, shit, you don't need to be hearing my troubles. You must have plenty of your own – if you have business with the dude yourself."

Erin touched his forearm, feeling his smooth, bare skin. I shouldn't be doing this, said that little voice of reason in her head, that one people almost always ignore in favor of the louder ones. "It's all right,

Troy. I'm here ... to listen."

Next thing she knew the man was embracing her, weeping.

"I'm a baby," he lamented. "A pathetic fucking baby."

"No, Troy. You're a man."

They were breathing each other now, their lips grazing each other's necks, blood pressures elevated, synapses firing. Hungry and lonely, their mouths found each other, like homing beacons. From the first instant of contact, Erin knew they were going to fuck.

Hell, she'd known that, at least subconsciously, the moment she saw him in the doorway.

"I don't want to make trouble," he breathed, helping her to scramble out of the sex proof jacket, turtleneck and pants.

"Not ... trouble," she panted, falling back on the pillow.

Still, she had guilt to appease. Stripped to white cotton panties and bra, she held up her wrists. "Troy, will you tie me?"

He found his belt on the floor. Twisting it around her wrists, he put her into makeshift bondage.

"Take me," she begged, putting her secured hands over her head.

Troy didn't bother taking off his jeans. Pulling his large, thick cock directly through his open fly, he sank himself to the hilt between Erin's spread legs.

"Oh, god," she cried from the feeling. "Oh, my fucking god."

She couldn't believe she'd accommodated him in one thrust. She'd been that wet. That ready.

"Fuck me," she chanted. "Please, Troy. Use me. Use me hard."

It was punishment she wanted, a pounding to set her mind straight and maybe to clean her slate as well. This was what she deserved for being the kind of slut who slept around on her husband, who cheated on him, first with a client and now with a total stranger. She was out of control. Totally out of fucking control.

Troy gritted his teeth. He was like a jackhammer, just as pent up as she was. "Gonna ... come," he grunted.

She didn't care that it was so fast. In fact that was a good thing, because it meant she wouldn't get to finish. Then again, she was so frigging close. This whole thing had been such a turn on. And the

dirtier she felt, the hotter she got.

God, what if she got caught like this? What would Kevin do to her?

That was the final straw. She was climaxing, converting all that helpless shame and turmoil into a roiling, ocean churning maelstrom.

"Oh, yea, so good. So god damned good." Troy was over the top himself and now it was mutual. Totally together and in sync. That perfect coinciding of lust that even long time couples have to work at and here they'd achieved it without knowing the first thing about each other.

Not even their last names.

"Erin," he sighed, nuzzling her breast when it was all over. "Sweet, yellow haired, partially Irish Erin."

She soaked in the feel of him, the wash of post coital pleasure. If only she could stay here somehow, in this moment, forever. But she had a life. A man she loved. And another one on his way here now whom she was trying to get rid of.

"Troy," she nudged gently. "We can't let him find us like this."

"I know," he lifted himself reluctantly. "You're right. I hate it, but you're right."

Erin threw on her clothes. "I don't think it's safe for me to wait here anymore."

"I'll walk you to your car."

Alarm bells went off in Erin's head. Talk about cruising for disaster. "That doesn't seem real smart, Troy."

He sucked at her lips, tugging them playfully between his own. "It'll be fine, Erin. Besides, you and I know this is the last time we'll ever see each other."

Damn it, how could she fight that kind of logic?

"Fine," she sighed. "But we go the back way. And we don't dawdle. No "Gone With the Wind" goodbyes."

Troy grinned. "It'll be short, sweet and to the point. I promise."

She smiled back, though she wasn't so sure. Not so sure at all.

* * *

Kevin's day so far was for shit. Leaving Erin this morning he'd felt

guilty as hell. She was looking so peaceful and trusting, having fallen back to sleep. She'd let him spank her and degrade her and then turned around and gifted him with incredible oral sex.

And here he was living out another day of lying and cheating. His one consolation had been that he would break things off with Bree and make a clean start, but one look at her in her little tartan skirt, white blouse and combat boots had told him he wouldn't be cleaning anything, except maybe some come stains off his leather couch. Or the desk or wherever else she had a mind to fuck.

Except little Miss daddy's girl – who should not have been allowed to dress like that for work in the first place – wasn't wanting sex just yet. No, she was wanting to tease him first. Which is why Kevin had found her waiting on his desk when he came in, one leg up so he could see she was wearing no panties.

"Hey, Kevin, guess what I was thinking about?"

Three guesses, he thought sardonically, and the first two don't count.

"I have work to do, Bree. Let me be."

"You don't like me anymore," she pouted. "That's why you didn't stay longer last night."

So that was it. She was still miffed he'd gone off to be with his wife. Talk about a screwed up, spoiled little brat. She was the boss' brat, though, which meant he would have to treat her with kid gloves.

"It's not that, Bree." He decided to stall for time. "I just have a lot on my mind."

She went from sad clown to happy. "You mean it?" She draped her arms.

"Yea, sure." Kevin could kick himself for getting involved with her in the first place. What had he been thinking, fucking her over the back of her father's Lincoln Town Car that first time? Christ, anybody could have seen them. And the way she screamed. The only thing that saved them was the noise of the car alarm he set off with a thrown shoe – a stroke of genius, he might add, especially while plunging his dick in and out of the bent over teenager at speeds that could easily defy physics.

She put his hands on her ass, sliding them up under the skirt. "Want to do it later on the roof?"

He tried to pump his voice full of enthusiasm. "More than anything, Bree. Just let me get a little coffee."

Three cups later and he was ready to face his doom. It had to be now. He had to tell her, cut her off completely, before he so much as talked to Erin on the phone again. It was too important to their relationship that he harbor no more deceptions. Not one more word would he speak to his wife till he'd done the right thing with Bree.

Unfortunately, the call from Roger Caine's office came in before Bree could answer his summons for a closed-door meeting. Fuck. The man wanted him at noon. And it was urgent. An ordinary summons from Caine was life and death; he could only imagine what this one meant.

To get there be twelve, with the traffic and all, he'd have to leave now. There was no way he'd push it even a minute and run the risk of being late. Better to sit there in his office showing loyalty. He must have a lot of that built up, he thought sardonically. His secretary Lillian, whom he suspected felt a little sorry for him, had offered jokingly to get him a reserved seat in Caine's waiting area.

It was worth it, though, to soak up the man's wisdom. You could just smell it on him, the power and success. Men would kill to know half of his secrets and here he'd been sharing all of it for free with Kevin.

"We'll talk later," he brushed past a questioning Bree. "No time now."

Of course traffic was already backed up on both the cross town and the 201. The worst part was that instead of sitting here in a jam on his way to spend yet another afternoon with Roger Caine, great as the man was, he'd wanted to surprise Erin for lunch, bringing her home the makings of a quick picnic, like they used to have when he was back in law school.

In those days they'd talk for hours, under some shady tree. She would sit there, looking so radiant, bare feet tucked under her, her eyes full of admiration and devotion as he spouted off on a million

topics at once. She made him feel like the wisest man in the world, and the strongest.

Unable to match him intellectually, she'd found her place serving, trying to make sure he ate his sandwiches and drank his tea. The time she'd begged him to make love, though, that's when he knew. Erin Jones was his. Not just for this one act. But for life.

Frustrated with himself beyond belief, he clutched the steering wheel. He'd fucked it all up. Even a man as powerful as Caine couldn't make a girl like Erin come to him and offer herself freely, and here he'd just thrown aside all that love. And with every minute that went by, with him out here, not talking to her, not dealing with things, he was only making it worse.

More than anything he wanted to just turn the car around and go home to tell Erin he loved her. But he had to put groceries on their table, too, and a roof over their head. He wished Caine would understand sometimes how important his wife was to him, but it was a blind spot with the man.

One would almost say a sore spot. Which was funny, because he'd been married so long himself. Sophia Caine must have cut him up pretty bad inside to turn him so bitter.

Much to the young man's surprise, Roger was waiting for him out front of his office building in his car. Kevin got in the passenger side of the blue Lotus and Caine took them out to the street without explanation.

Kevin was still clueless as they pulled into the parking lot of the posh Willow Arms to the north of the city.

"Kevin," he put the car in park. "Do you trust me completely?"

It was a hell of a question to spring on him out of nowhere, but Kevin went for the safe answer. "Of course, sir. You've never steered me wrong."

"True. But we haven't really been through the fire together, have we?"

This was getting stranger by the minute.

"The fire, Mr. Caine?"

"Roger," he corrected. "You're going to have to call me Roger

now." He put his hand on Kevin's arm. "Everything's about to change, Kevin. Your world is about to turn upside down. If you stick with me, if you see everything through my eyes, if you let me help you, you'll make it through. Will you give me your word?"

Kevin shook the man's hand, feeling numb all over.

"Good," nodded Caine. "Let's get this over with."

Caine pulled the Lotus around the back of the lot. He still had this pegged as a wild goose chase, but then he saw the familiar sedan.

"It's hers," confirmed Caine, reading his mind.

Kevin looked at him blankly, trying to absorb all the implications at once, none of them good. "But how did you...?"

"I've had a private detective trailing her for the last two months. It's nothing personal, I do that with all the people I do business with. I have to know them, their families, their secrets. I'm only showing you this because I care about you. You're more than just a lawyer to me."

Kevin collapsed back in the plush leather seat. "Could there be some mistake?"

He shook his head gravely. "I'm afraid not. She's been seeing him for some time. A young musician. The evidence was probably there all along, under your nose. Has she been doing a lot of extra charity work lately? Lunches with old friends who've popped out of the woodwork?"

A chill of recognition went down his spine. "Yes. That's it exactly."

"It's a typical pattern," said Caine sadly. "Like I said, I cared about you too much to let her keep using you like this."

"I – I don't know what to say."

"Don't say anything." He put his hand on Kevin's thigh. "Just get ready. I'm afraid it's going to get worse before it gets better."

Sure enough, a moment later, his wife came out the door with a straggly haired, barefoot man in a black t-shirt and jeans. He had his arm around her, looking all smug. For her part, Erin looked nervous as hell and twice as guilty.

"Fuck," said Kevin Wyatt. "Mother fucking fuck."

His hand was on the door handle.

"Don't do it," said Caine.

Kevin obeyed, the firm grip on his leg and the firm tone of the man's voice restraining him for the moment. "But that's ... my wife," he exclaimed.

"Yes it is," he agreed, "and that is why it's crucial to handle this in the right manner. One little screw up here and your lives could be ruined."

"Well I certainly don't care about his life!"

"I'll deal with the guitar player. He's history. He will never go near your wife again. You have my word."

Kevin didn't ask how such a thing might be accomplished. When it came to men like Roger Caine, you confined yourself to a simple thank you.

"He doesn't deserve to live," Kevin observed, though at this point he didn't feel any happier about Erin.

"There are worse things in life than death, Kevin. Trust me."

This was an ominous enough remark to end the discussion. He could almost feel sorry for the fucker now. Almost.

"I will divorce her," Kevin decided.

Caine shook his head. "With all due respect, that is short sighted."

"Well you divorced your wife." Kevin regretted the outburst at once. "I'm sorry, Mr. Caine ... Roger. That was out of line."

"It's all right. You're not yourself at the moment, I understand."

Kevin squeezed his hands into fists. "The mother fucker is kissing her!"

Caine nodded at the scene unfolding outside their windshield. "I can see that, yes, and I know it hurts, but trust me, the best thing you can do is not to get emotional. Tell me, does your wife love you?"

"Obviously not."

"Think again. You're talking out of anger, not reason. What does the real evidence suggest?"

He thought of her unflagging kindness to him, her constant attempts to reach out, and how he'd met her every time with resistance, indifference or fatigue. "I suppose she does," he admitted.

"Then she is not in love with this man. Nor is she looking for

another husband. Tell me, Kevin, honestly, is there anything you are not giving her that she might need?"

He thought of all the attention, and the fucking Bree had gotten out of him. The realization hit him like a brick to the head. All of that loving wasn't free – it had been stolen, diverted from its rightful recipient, his wife.

"I've been having an affair, Roger. My god, this is all my fault."

They watched Erin get into her car and drive away, the guitar man sauntering back into the hotel.

"You're letting emotion rule again, Kevin. First you wanted to kill her lover, now you want to exonerate her completely. The fact is there's a truth that lies in the middle."

"There is?" At this point Kevin was ready to entertain just about any idea that might salvage his marriage ... not to mention his life as he knew it.

Caine smiled indulgently. "Of course there is. Women send messages, my friend. And it is our duty to respond to them. As men. Erin loves you, but she is running wild ... pardon the expression, spreading her legs at will. What does that tell you?"

Kevin's response was instant and emotional. "It means she has too much fucking freedom, that's what it means."

"Excellent," he approved. "You have learned your first lesson. The rest follows from this, just as four comes out of two plus two."

Kevin understood nothing. "So what do I do, lock her up when I'm not there? Throw away the key? Put her in a cage like a parakeet?"

Caine seemed to miss the sarcasm. "Not like a parakeet, Kevin, like a female. A special kind of female."

"A special kind? And what kind would that be?"

The billionaire paused now, maximizing eye contact. Kevin sensed this was the payoff, what everything else had been leading up to.

"The kind of female I'm talking about, Kevin, is a slave. A female slave."

Kevin tried not to laugh. "You're not serious?"

"Tell me you've never thought of it? Having your wife or any desirable woman at your command. Naked, obedient, subject to

discipline and bondage, any sort of treatment you choose. You can do it all, any of it, simply because it turns you on. And it turns her on, too, because that's how she's made. It's her biology. The pattern is duplicated in virtually every society, every time period. Female submitting to male. Cock inserted into pussy. Why are they smaller, Kevin? Why are they weaker? Why do they lie on their backs or go on their hands and knees to procreate? Why, for that matter, do the babies come through them? They are meant to be controlled, Wyatt. To be owned. And we are meant to own them. We crave it. It's what makes us hard, and strong. And virile."

Kevin frowned. It was true, with Bree he'd fantasized about things like this. A lot. At times he'd wondered if that isn't why he'd gone to her in the first place. And then there was the evidence from last night – the way Erin had egged him on, practically forcing him to spank and rape her. She'd wanted it, too. Only he'd backed down. Out of morality. Or what he'd been raised to think was morality.

"There are things," Kevin admitted. "That I would do. I just don't know how she'd take it."

"She has to take it, my boy. She's your wife, isn't she? Did she not pledge to obey you?"

Kevin laughed dryly. "But I hardly think that includes whips and chains."

"It's meant to," said Caine, putting the car back in gear. "As you are about to find out."

"Wait," Kevin said. "There's something I need to ask you, before we go."

"What's that?"

"Your marriage. It ended. Did you try this first ... this slavery business?"

"That's a fair question," he conceded. "And the answer is, no. First, because I had children to consider, and second – and this is the more important reason – because I made a mistake. I thought I could use reason with Sophia, I thought we could cooperate, and be civil. Even through the separation I held out this hope. I learned the hard way, I was wrong. And if I had it to do over again, I would have put

Sophia in her place, at my feet, where she belonged."

Kevin wondered if the man could ever see a way back, but he thought it prudent not to ask. "I want to keep my marriage, Roger. I'll take any help you can give me."

"That's the spirit. You have the drive and the will. All you need now is an open mind. If you can manage that, you will be ready to see the club. And learn the lessons it has to teach."

"You mean the Riverside Club? But what will I find there?"

"Slaves," grinned Roger Caine. "Lots and lots of slaves."

CHAPTER SIX

Erin stood under the jets of the shower for what felt like hours. She could not make herself feel clean no matter how hard she tried. The stains were there, the marks from where Troy had touched her, the evidence of where he'd filled in gaps, and, oh, god, she couldn't even pretend she'd hated it or that it hadn't been fantastic sex. Sex she'd asked for as much as him; maybe more, because hadn't she enticed him into it, with her infernal eyes and hungry lips? Hadn't she asked to be tied like a bitch in heat, fit for only one thing?

It was so confusing, the order of things – how she'd ended up underneath the guitar player, how she'd come to be on that bed and in that hotel room, instead of home, where she belonged.

Yes, there was the lust factor. Troy was sexy as hell. There was no denying that. Her pussy still twinged from where he'd plunged that great big cock of his. It might have been the danger, too, the way she'd let a man other than her husband kiss her in a public parking lot. The way she'd whispered "no" so very half-heartedly as he gave her a goodbye caress on the ass. A no they both knew was yes.

Danger and power, these seemed the two great ingredients. No wonder she'd been attracted to Roger Caine, then. He was the epitome of both.

Caine. Damn it, she'd almost forgotten all about the man. She was supposed to have been terminating their affair today. Why hadn't he shown? Was this one of his games? A dark suspicion clouded her mind. And behind that an even darker terror. This was a man capable of anything. One look in his eyes said that. What if he was up to something now, something that would cause her ruin?

Erin must get hold of him, immediately, and settle things once and for all. Maybe she would use a few threats of her own. Surely she could find something to use against him?

The question was what. She was the one cheating, not him.

Towelings herself off, too disgusted to even look in the mirror, Erin went to call him. The clock on her cell phone said five. How had it gotten so late? It must have been the circling around she'd done

before coming home. A no man's land all her own between the hotel and home.

"You didn't wait for me," Caine answered her call.

"You didn't come," she countered.

He chuckled. "But apparently you did."

Erin leaned against her kitchen counter for support, the blood rushing to her head. The bastard knew. "This is your doing," she said. "Isn't it?"

"I think you managed things quite nicely all by yourself. I provided the opportunity for you to show what a slut you are, and you took it, that's all."

Shame reddened her cheeks, closely matched by anger. "You have no right, Roger."

"Don't I? It's my attorney's interests I'm trying to protect. I need him to have a stable home front."

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"Don't play dumb. You're a smart girl, Erin. You mean to say you didn't see this coming? You did the one thing I don't allow in this world. You said no to me. In exchange I am going to take away what you value most. Your freedom."

"You're talking in riddles, Roger."

"Too hard for you, are they? Here's a simpler one, then. You had an audience today, in the parking lot. Can you guess who that was?"

Erin slid to the floor, her back against the cabinet. "Omigod," she croaked. "You didn't?"

"I did," he said. "It was quite an eye opener for your happy go lucky husband, trust me. But fear not, I helped him through the worst of it. In fact, it's safe to say, his pain is all but over and yours is about to begin."

"I – I don't understand."

"You soon will. I took Kevin to a place where women like you are dealt with in a special way. He learned his lessons well, and he intends to make you the guinea pig for his ongoing learning. Naturally, I will continue to guide him closely."

Erin felt the fear rise within her, a dark dread, and a helplessness,

too. It was making her tingle, a hot rush between her legs. Her voice became a ghost of itself, the words a low rhetorical whisper. "What's going to happen to me, Roger?"

The question hung in the air, for the briefest of seconds before Caine delivered the blow.

"You are going to be a slave, my dear, in every sense of the word."

This time it was Roger who ended the call, ending with it Erin's life as she'd known it.

Erin sat like this for a very long time, just thinking. Should she call Kevin and beg for mercy? Should she run as far away as she could and never see him again?

In the end, she decided to do nothing. Kevin must make the choice for them both. He would put her in chains or not. Divorce her or not. Caine might be forcing events from behind the scenes, but for her part, Erin would hold fast to her man. No matter what, she would love him. Always.

Damn it, this waiting for him to get home was going to kill her, though. What would she do in the mean time?

It was the kitchen gave her inspiration. I'll cook, she thought. I'll cook a meal for my husband.

* * *

Kevin Wyatt was filled with a strange detachment as he wound his way through the streets of his subdivision. He'd made this maze-like drive hundreds and hundreds of times, but this evening felt like the first. It wasn't the pastel colored ranch houses and brightly colored mini vans in the asphalt drives that had changed, of course, it was his eyes. They'd been opened, purified somehow.

This was not the same Kevin Wyatt who'd kissed his sleepy wife goodbye and gone off to work. This was a Kevin Wyatt who, in one day had seen his spouse embrace another man and then gone on to witness wonders enough to change his view of male-female relations forever.

Kevin had been with slaves. And with their owners. At first glance the Riverside Club had seemed like a normal gentleman's establishment, with pretty girls writhing on poles and fawning over

male customers, wanting to give them drinks and grind themselves on their laps.

But he quickly saw there were no limits in here. The men were allowed, even encouraged to touch. The girls didn't only bring the drinks, they came along with the cost of them. Like bowls of peanuts to pop in your mouth or complimentary weenies at happy hour.

If it was merely the groping or the backroom sex, Caine might well have gotten away with prostitutes, but it was obvious the club's tastes ran much darker and deeper. When a buxom redhead accidentally spilled a drink, for example, she was dragged to the stage, stripped of her skimpy costume and secured to the dancing pole for a whipping. Afterwards she was made to crawl naked to the man, kissing his foot and begging forgiveness.

Kevin's cock was rock hard the whole time, seeing the helpless girl writhe under the lash. It was so cruel, so totally unjustified and yet somehow it seemed ... right.

He wasn't sure if it was intentional or not, but their own waitress had been a straight haired blonde, slender like Erin. She was topless with pierced nipples. Roger had him play with the little rings as the girl bent obediently. At one point Kevin had a finger through each as Caine spanked her thronged behind.

They spent time talking to her, as well, learning her story. How she'd run away from home only to end up selling her body on the streets. She had a pimp, which was pretty much the same as a slave owner, who used to work her twenty hours a day.

She'd get beaten for falling below her quota and more than once she'd been attacked by sleazy clients. Roger's men had spared her this life, offering her a roof over her head and guaranteed freedom from gun shot wounds and stabbings.

Provided she sign the contract.

It was a standard piece of paper outlining the terms of each girl's slavery. From a legal standpoint, it had no value, but its symbolism was important. Caine had given Kevin a blank copy of one, just before taking him on the tour.

If the upstairs had been mind opening, the downstairs had been a

total cerebral blowout. It was here that the real nuts and bolts of the girls' slavery took place. There were cages and racks of whips. There were bowls on the floor to eat from and mattresses – most of them dirty – to sleep on. There was even a slave's version of a shower, a concrete alcove where a naked girl could be doused with a high-pressure hose.

Roger explained in detail the use of each station and each item. He was even given the opportunity to practice with the crop and cane on a few of the girls, as well. The hands on experience was good, and with each new lesson, Roger took the opportunity to drive home this one single point. Erin deserved this. Erin subconsciously wanted it. Indeed, her actions, whether she knew it or not, were a silent plea for enslavement.

Needless to say, he was battling an erection the whole time. When one of the girls looked up at him on all fours like a lost puppy, collared and leashed, he nearly lost it. Without being touched, he was ready to spill his load.

"Take it home," Roger put his hand on Kevin's shoulder. "Take it home."

And so he was, armed with a blank contract in his briefcase and what felt like ten years hard earned wisdom.

He still loved his wife. That hadn't changed. He wanted her, too, more than anything. It was just that things had gotten so complicated before, what with his being attracted to Bree and all.

Caine had an answer for that, too. "Invite your girlfriend over, fuck her in front of your wife. Make your wife clean you up afterwards. Things will make a lot more sense after that."

Wasn't that a double standard? Kevin had asked. Seeing as how he would be controlling her sex life completely.

Caine had laughed. "Nature has no room for fairness or neutrality. You want to stick up for the underdog? Grow a pussy. Otherwise, learn to live with the fact that you're a man."

In a lot of ways what Caine had talked about was like handling a dog. In essence, he was being invited (asked?) to train his own wife in the ways that pleased him. Beginning with working on her "leg

spreading problem" as Caine put it.

"Women are bitches," Roger had told him. "They know two things. Fuck or be fucked. Left to roam free, they sniff out cock, dominating the weak, crawling like sluts to the strong. You can love her, that's fine, Kevin. But never lose sight of the fact that you must be firm. Stop navel gazing and step up to the plate. Erin cheated on you and she has to be punished. Physically. After that, just let the slavery take its course. You're her husband, you'll know what to do."

He thought of the pool cue case and the black valise he'd been given, the former filled with discipline tools, the latter containing items of bondage. It was a slave owner's start-up kit. A rudimentary collection of sadist's devices, which he was going to be using on his own wife.

The thought was strangely exhilarating and as he turned into his driveway it occurred to him it had been ages since he had felt this excited to come home. Yes, he was still very angry, hurt, betrayed and there was a lot of relationship stuff they'd have to one day face. But for now, he was on a mission.

A mission to save his marriage.

* * *

Erin waited for her husband in the kitchen. She hadn't been this nervous since grammar school. She hoped he would like her outfit. "I made dinner," she said softly, not daring to make eye contact.

He looked her up and down, quickly noting her floral print dress and then sat down. She felt a shiver up and down her spine as he asked for a beer. His tone wasn't hostile or threatening, simply ... commanding.

"It's pot roast," she put the chilled mug in front of him. "I was hoping you'd be in the mood for it; I was going to call and ask, but I know how busy you are."

Oh, god, she was prattling. Should she go ahead now and beg his forgiveness or wait for him to bring up the subject? Something had changed in him, that was obvious. She'd received no kiss, not even a smile. Even his walk was different. He was clipped in his motions, almost military.

"The pot roast will do fine," he said.

Erin breathed a sigh of relief as she set out the platters consisting of sliced meat, mashed potatoes and asparagus, all his favorites. Maybe Caine had been bluffing. Maybe her husband didn't know anything at all about today at the hotel.

Her hopes were shattered as she moved to sit down at the table.

"No," he told her. "You'll stand tonight and serve me."

Erin gripped the back of the chair, her pussy flooding. It was starting, she was sure of it. Kevin was about to change their marriage, and her status, in a major way.

He ate his meal slowly, taking far more relish than usual. Erin's eyes were glued to his plate, his hands. At the slightest sign of need, she was there. Refilling his portions, fetching a fresh beer, whatever it took to make him happy.

She was dying to get some sense of where this was all leading, but she was not sure it was appropriate for her to raise the topic. The meal seemed to last forever, her pulse racing as she looked between him and the unused place setting that ought to be hers. Was he going to let her eat at all? How long would she have to stand like this? Why wasn't he even talking to her? Not even to yell?

Finally, as she was serving him a dessert of chocolate pudding and whipped cream, she lost it. "Honey, I know today was rough, and I just want to say—"

"That's enough, Erin." He cut her off firmly. "From this point on, you will speak only with permission."

She sucked in her lower lip. "You mean just now or ... forever?"

Kevin frowned. "Go into the bedroom, Erin, and wait for me there."

Her eyes watered. She'd obviously displeased him.

She wanted to apologize, but he'd effectively gagged her. How much worse this was shaping up to be than she'd imagined. Not only had she hurt the man she loved most in the world, now she wasn't even getting a chance to make it right.

Although maybe that was just as well, because each time she opened her mouth only seemed to make it worse.

Kevin hadn't given her any specific instructions so she took the liberty of lying face down on the bed. Burying her head in the pillow, still in her pearl and heels and nineteen fifties happy wifey dress and apron, Erin Wyatt bawled her eyes out.

She was so, so sorry. If only she could turn the clock back, if only she could take away the sting of what she'd done.

The tears had largely subsided by the time her husband came in, though the sound of his voice made them start in all over again. He sat beside her on the bed, shirtless.

"It's going to be all right," he crooned, allowing her to sit up and bury her head on his bare shoulder. "We will get past this. I know that you love me; I know that you are sorry. I love you, too. You know that, right baby?"

"Y – you do?" She sniffled, feeling like a silly small child.

"I do," he stroked her hair. "And I am telling you that you are my wife and I will never stop loving you, and I will never leave you."

"Oh, baby," she squeezed him tight. "I won't stop loving you, either. I will always be proud to be your wife ... by your side, your partner, forever."

Kevin grasped her upper arms, gently pushing her back. "Together, yes," he agreed. "But not partners. We can't be equal anymore."

"We can't?" It was slavery he meant, the thing she dreaded most but which also fascinated her in all sorts of ways. "But why?"

"Don't be coy," he chastised lightly. "You and I both know what has to happen. It almost happened last night, only I held back. You wanted me to go on, though, didn't you?"

She thought of what it had been like on all fours on this very bed, her ass beaten into submission, knowing her husband was out there, taking his time, getting himself ready to fuck her in the ass, leaving her no option but to endure his absence, thinking, yearning, empty.

In that position she'd had all she could do to keep from plunging her hand between her legs and bringing herself to a dozen orgasms in a row just thinking about what he might do to her. Not to mention what he'd already done, punishing her naked ass with his hand.

"I – I was curious," she admitted.

Kevin laughed. "Who are you kidding? You were horny as hell."

Erin blushed. Seemed like she was feeling that way a lot lately. "I'm afraid of this, though," she whispered at last, her eyes focused on her hands as she sat next to him, legs tucked up underneath her. "I don't want to be ... a slave."

His smile almost made her weep, so full of love was it. "I know, baby, but it has to happen." He stroked her cheek. "The first parts will probably be the toughest, but it will get better. We'll learn this together. One step at a time."

It was then she remembered Roger Caine. She was weepy again, this time thinking of how much she wanted them to be free of the man.

"That's enough," Kevin said, mistaking her emotion for further fears about his leadership over her person. "You need to trust me now."

"Kevin, it's not that..."

He was hearing none of it. "You will have to call me master," he explained. "I will call you by your given name or any other I choose. Erin is now a slave name. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she whispered. "Master."

Kevin rose from the bed and went to the middle of the room. "Come to me, I want you to kneel at my feet."

Erin's limbs barely carried her across the distance. Lowering herself into subservience before her husband, she had no idea how she would have the strength again to rise.

He began by taking her hands in his. "This change is permanent. It is binding, between our hearts. I have a contract for you to sign, but that has no meaning in itself. What matters is you, giving yourself to me, heart and soul and body over to my keeping. Do you acknowledge this? Do you surrender yourself to me now?"

She squeezed his fingers for strength. "I do," she said. "My master."

His expression was solemn, his eyes lit with a proud light. Erin had never seen him like this. So strong. So imposing.

He helped her to her feet. "Take your clothes off, Erin. It is time

you were naked for your master."

Her fingers trembled over the buttons. Her body was hot and eager, weak with desire. She pulled the dress over her head and undid her bra. Both nipples were tensely peaked, eagerly anticipating whatever might lie ahead. Delicately, with as much femininity as possible, she slid down her panties, letting them fall to her feet. Her crotch was wet and fragrant beneath the silk material.

The last item was her shoes, a simple pair of white pumps. She stood before him now in her birthday suit. She'd done so hundreds of times before, but it was different now. Her nakedness meant submission. Vulnerability. Possession.

It was not her own choice to stand like this, but his. Whatever might happen next, what she might be made to do and for how long was up to him. For that matter, he might give her nothing at all to wear. She was no longer merely his loving wife. She was his property. Owned, in the same way he might go to the store and buy a dog.

The idea both terrified and thrilled her.

It was an abstract, general concept, this new slavery, but it was becoming more real by the second.

"Put your hands at your side, Erin."

She looked down. Without realizing it she'd been trying to cover her twitching pussy.

"Your privacy is something you'll have to learn to surrender. There'll be no more closing doors to me. Or your legs, either."

A wave of rebellion came over the young woman. "But surely there will be awkward times—"

"Silence, Erin."

The harshness of his voice caught her off guard. She felt a puppy or a small child, being rebuked. Hanging her head, she waited for her husband's — make that her master's discipline.

"There won't be any more awkward times, Erin. You will fuck when and how I say and for how long. Is that understood?"

"Yes, master."

"Repeat it back to me, then."

Erin swallowed hard. "Master will fuck me when and how he wants," she murmured. "For as long as he wants."

"And master will share you as he pleases, as well."

Her knees nearly buckled. This was not a possibility she had envisioned.

"There is a pool cue case in the hallway," said Kevin. "Bring it to me."

Erin handled the bag like it was full of snakes. And in many ways, it was. There was no real mystery what things might be inside of it. Wicked things. Instruments of pain. Erin the wife would have been at liberty to toss such a bag out into the street. Erin the slave was compelled to bring it to her husband and master. Erin the wife could tell him to take a flying leap. Erin the slave, upon her naked flesh, would take whatever abuse he might wish to dole out.

"Set the bag on the bed," he commanded.

Erin noted his erection. She would very much like to be fucking right now, but that, too, was up to him.

"Now unzip it."

One item at a time, she pulled out the contents. With each new discovery, her mouth grew drier and her heart beat faster.

There was a riding crop, slim and leather like jockeys used on their horses. There was a thicker whip, too, with multiple leather strands. The most unnerving thing, however, was the cane. A long rod of bamboo a half an inch thick.

"Your skin will feel all three of these in time," he explained. "And a lot more besides. Sometimes it will be for my pleasure. Sometimes for your correction. On occasion you will be made to choose yourself what to be beaten with. Tonight it will be the cane. I won't lie to you. It will hurt a great deal. This is punishment. For giving yourself to another man."

Erin felt a wave of panic rise up in her breast. She thought of running. Instead, she fell to his feet, grasping his ankles in desperation. "Don't beat me, please, master."

Kevin kicked her away, coldly. "Get on the bed, slave. On all fours, facing the head board."

Spurned, Erin took up her position. Kevin moved behind her, completely out of view. It was twice as unnerving this way, not being able to see what he was doing.

"Stop squirming," he touched her ass with the cane.

Even the tap was hard on her pliant flesh, unforgiving. With every fiber of her being she wanted to beg for mercy.

"I'd intended to give you five blows," he told her. "But that number is now doubled, thanks to your little display on the floor. You may thank me for being strict with you."

"Thank you," repeated the slave girl, "for being strict with me."

"And I am prepared to receive my sentence," he fed her more words.

Erin's pussy pulsed with life. Her ass was one huge, exposed nerve. "And I am prepared ... to receive my sentence."

Kevin had his way with the cane, rubbing the edge of it over her pussy lips and teasing her asshole. "Before we are done," he predicted, "you will beg for my cock in this tight little hole."

Erin arched her back as though already struck. He intended to break her down for anal intercourse. That one barrier between them, that one great part of her she'd denied him access to was about to be breached. And it was not mere force that would win the day, but stealth. He would, in effect, make her offer her own virgin channel for plundering.

"You are permitted to scream," he told her. "Though be aware this is a luxury you will not always be granted."

Erin shook out her hair, trying to fathom this bizarre new world where pain was a given and vocalizing it a treat. It was the open-endedness that was hardest to bear. The idea that he could play with her, cruelly, for as long as he wished, making denial and degradation her mainstays. Honestly, she did not how she would manage.

The answer came in the form of the first blow. A whistling of wood ending in an explosion of heat, pounding at her nerve endings. I've been hit, she thought, I've been struck ... like an animal.

Erin was too shocked to scream. Her fingers dug into the covers of the bed. Before she could do much else to react, her husband caned

her again. This blow was even harder and she had no choice but to cry out.

"Kevin ... oh, fuck ... no ... no more."

"Protesting will cost you five more. You have a lot to learn, slave girl."

"Master," she moaned. "I'm sorry ... so sorry."

Kevin ignored her pleas. She lost track after the fourth or fifth blow. The pain was continuous now, a steady ripping of her flesh from the inside out punctuated by knife stabs of agony. Unable to sustain herself on hands and knees, Erin fell to her belly.

The cane strokes followed her down.

"We'll hold at ten for now," he paused at last. "Tell me," he rubbed the bamboo over her tortured flesh. "Whose ass is this?"

The right answer came to her in a flash. "Yours, master. It belongs to you."

"Very good, slave. Now tell me, would you like me inside that ass?"

His words came back to haunt her. Before he was done, he had told her, she'd be begging him to take her anally. Was this her chance to ease her suffering by confirming his wishes? Or was it simply a chance to show him what he'd done to her, how he'd taught her more in five minutes of the power and beauty of the male gender than she'd learned in her whole adult life?

"I beg it, master," confessed the newly born slave. "I beg you ... force your will on me."

Kevin administered a reminder tap to her blazing posterior. "You have five more blows of the cane first. Back on all fours."

Erin whimpered. She'd been put in her place, reminded that her pleas meant nothing to him anymore, nor did her sex hold any power in this relationship. He would do as he pleased. He was master.

"You will count the remainder, thanking me after each blow."

"Y – yes, master."

Eleven through fifteen followed swiftly, her own words of acquiescence coming like double humiliations, double stings. To be beaten was one thing, to be made to keep track of the numbers and

thank one's abuser in the process, this was quite another. There was no way after such an experience not to be ... changed.

Indeed, she would not look at Kevin the same again, nor at the cane, or even at this bed.

"Fifteen," she wailed, just when she thought the misery would never end. "Thank you ... master."

He moved directly to take her sex with his hand. "Whose cunt?" He demanded.

Erin was dripping, throbbing, wide open with need. "Yours," she grimaced, the mix of residual pain and pleasure wracking her body.

"That's right," he agreed. "This is master's cunt. And who gets to use it?"

"M – master."

Kevin masturbated her, forcing a moan. "But what if master wishes to share?"

Oh, god, here it was again, the issue of giving her to other men. "Master does as he wishes," she gasped. "With the slave's cunt."

"Very good, Erin." He plucked out his fingers, moving them to her asshole. "The slave opens her legs only at master's command. She does not spread of her own volition for others. She does not even touch herself. Is this understood?"

She reeled under the implications. Masturbation would no longer be an option. She would be dependent upon him utterly for her pleasure. "I understand, master."

He was lubricating her, preparing the way for his cock. A second later she felt him, poised. "You will have to please me from now on," he was saying. "You have no other purpose in this marriage. I am the man, and I am assuming that role."

He had never been this thick and hard. She was twice as afraid now to take him in her virgin asshole. "Master," she cried. "It's so ... tight."

Kevin seized her hair, pulling it hard by the root. "Stop whining, slave girl. Open for master's cock. Now!"

Erin's pussy cascaded. At the same time, something gave way from within and she felt her anal muscles relax, his words having broken

something deep inside.

But there was to be no easing, no meeting in the middle. Kevin intended to go right on pushing, figuratively and literally.

"You need to abandon any ideas you have of ownership over me," he said. "You are my property; I am the free person. That means I come and I go as I like, while you wear the chains. We'll get a cage, Erin, and you'll be kept in it. I, on the other hand will be spreading my wings. I've been fucking Malbie's daughter, you know. Bree, that's right. The little bitch who made you so jealous at that picnic last summer, remember? I swore up and down we weren't having an affair then, but we were."

Erin tried to pull free, but she only caused herself more pain.

"Keep still," he hissed. "Take it."

Take it she did, along with the orgasm that was brewing up from deep inside. One touch, just one little touch of his finger and she would come. "Master ... need to..."

"No." He smacked her ass hard. "You are not permitted orgasms without permission. I want you hungry for now. Focused on my pleasure."

His pleasure. He'd taken plenty of that from Bree. So her suspicions at the picnic had been right after all. The way the little slut kept throwing herself all over Kevin that day, in her tiny half shirt with the exposed, ringed belly button and a skirt that barely qualified as a handkerchief much less an article of clothing to cover the pussy and ass of a full grown woman.

It wasn't right. Why was she paying for her infidelity while he was being let off the hook for his? Did having a dick excuse everything? The answer lay in her desperate, craving pussy. She belonged like this, she needed, wanted invasion, conquest and control. She needed a merciless cock, a hard merciless man, who would love her but brook no equality whatsoever.

Fuck, she hated her biology.

"I – I want to please you, master ... tell me, do I please you?"

Kevin pushed her cheek to the surface of the bed. "Were you given permission to speak?"

Erin was coming. She could not help it. Her body simply lacked the discipline to hold back. As punishment she was made to lay on her back, her whipped ass burning against the bed covers as he climbed onto her face, feeding her his cock.

Tears streamed down her face as he reached back to pinch her tits. There was no stealing pleasure this time. Erin was a fuck vessel; she would take his seed in pain and submission. His balls slapped her chin as she fought the urge to gag.

"Let's see how good you are," he taunted. "Let's see if you're as good as Bree."

Humiliated and degraded, Erin tried to suck her husband's cock as well as the eighteen-year old slut. She had no pride now, only the most basic and desperate need to please. This man was all-powerful now. Everything depended upon him; above all his good will and amount of time she was allowed with him.

"Oh, yea," he grunted, this look of total manliness coming over his face. "I need this. I fucking need it. This is what gets me off."

On this basis alone, Erin was happy. She'd loved him as her husband, and she loved him twice as much as her master. It was not a free woman's happiness, of course. It was the happiness of a woman in bondage.

Kevin pulled out before the end. "Not that way," he chided.

Erin was made to take his ejaculation on her face, another thing she would never have wanted on her own. He aimed for an even spray, landing gobs of the stuff on her cheeks, her nose, even her eyebrows. He managed to land some on her breasts as well, much to his delight.

"Rub it in," he commanded, remaining astride her stomach.

Erin washed her face in the thick, white substance. Then she ran her fingers down her neck, and across the surface of both nipples. She was so horny; was he going to let her come?

The answer was no. Dragging her from the bed he forced her to the floor on her side. From there he cuffed her hands behind her back. He had another pair of steel manacles for her ankles. Drawing her feet up to her ass he linked both sets. Erin was helpless now in a hogtie position.

She looked up, but all she could see was his feet. "You'll find," he informed her, "that I will generally fuck you on the bed and let you sleep on the floor. That will help you remember your true status."

Erin did not think she was in danger of forgetting that status any time soon. She'd been beaten, violated in her ass and verbally humiliated. Her husband had treated her like dirt and made her beg for it to boot. He had laid out a course of cruelty and discipline and made her promise, ahead of time, her full surrender. In short, he had ripped apart her world and handed it back in pieces.

But he had also told her he would not leave her and that he would take the responsibility on himself to be her master. He had not given up on her, though she had cheated on him. It was true he had indiscretions of his own, but truth be told society always looked the other way when a married man played as opposed to a woman. He could have taken his easy out, divorced her, married Bree or some other hot little thing, but he was choosing to stay with her.

Craning her neck, she reached out to the side of his shoe to kiss and lick it. She was so full of love that her heart was ready to burst. Stooping down, he stroked her hair, gently as one would a pet. "Sleep well my little one."

His words made her belly fill with warmth, even as she lay in Kevin's chains, completely immobile. She heard him walk out the door, closing it behind him. On the way out, he turned off the lights. The thought occurred to her to try and steal an orgasm in the dark. It would be easy enough, rubbing her thighs together or rolling to her stomach and humping the floor. But she knew she must not. For though she might get away with it, she'd know in her heart she'd done wrong.

Would it stay this way? Would she go on wanting to be a good slave? Or would rebellion rear its ugly head again?

She was still debating the issue in her mind when a new need arose, one far more pressing and unavoidable. Erin needed to pee.

Great. Now what was she supposed to do?

* * *

Kevin found his slave wet, soaked in her own piss. It was his fault

for not giving her a chance to go to the bathroom before leaving her alone in the bedroom. He was struck now with how daunting the task of mastery really was. Had he bitten off more than he could chew taking upon himself the minute-by-minute responsibility for his wife's well being? Should he think about backing out?

One feel of the renewed erection in his underwear told him, no, this was still his heart's desire. He could handle it. He could handle her. Reaching down to undo the chains, he lifted her limp form in his arms. She stirred, her eyes half open and full of fear.

He whispered soothingly in her ear. "It's all right my little dove, you are safe with master. I won't punish you. It wasn't your fault."

Her eyes slid shut once more as a smile played over her lips. He felt such a lump in his throat seeing the trust and love on her face. How could he have ever cheated on her? He had his needs as a man, of course, but he had not faced up to them at home. Now, thanks, to Roger Caine, he'd stepped up to the plate. Claimed his wife in the only real and true way he could. As property.

Now it would all come together. His need to have outside interests, matched by his need to keep Erin's love tightly bottled up for him. And Erin's needs, those too would be satisfied. She would find fulfillment in her chains, just like the girls in his club.

And it wouldn't all be pain. Keeping her under his thumb would let him be tender, too. In fact the desire to care for her now that she was his helpless prisoner was overwhelming.

Laying her down in the bath, he turned on the warm water. Soon her body was half covered in sudsy, scented water. Using a large sponge he began to clean her, ever so delicately. Beginning with her smooth belly, he made small, concentric circles. She was awake by now, her eyes soft and subdued as she watched his every move.

"I love you, master," she whispered.

Kevin touched her nipples, making her arch her back. She was speaking out of turn, but he didn't much mind at the moment. "I love you, too, my slave."

She made a sweet, female sound. "Mmmm ... is this really real, master?"

He plunged his hand under the water, taking possession of her sex. "Yes," he furnished the proof. "It is."

Erin's legs spread instantly. "May I beg for your cock, master?"

He worked his finger down over her clit. "Earn it," he said.

The soaking wet blonde began humping his hand, her mouth open and thirsty for hard kissing. He ached to have her, here on the bathroom floor, in the hallway, in the backyard and a hundred other places all at once.

Clearly they would not be doing much sleeping tonight, he thought.

"Tomorrow will be your first full day in bondage," he told her, using his other hand to tease her nipples. "You will be accountable for your time, every minute of it. You will be given chores. Lots of them. The first thing you will do is call and cancel the maid service. I intend to put you to work fully in that department."

"Oh, master ... yes," she nodded, face locked in bittersweet bliss. "I will be your maid."

"You'll do a good job, won't you? Sloppiness and deficiencies will cost you, after all."

"You ... will punish me," she breathed.

"Without hesitation."

"M – master ... need to..."

Kevin clamped a nipple. "Discipline, little girl. Discipline."

The golden haired slave whimpered, aching, burning, chastised. "Forgive me," she held herself back.

"I am not going to fuck you tonight," Kevin decided. "I want you to learn that my cock between your legs is a privilege not a right."

Erin looked at him in misery but made no complaint. "Yes," she replied. "Master."

He worked her up twice more to the brink before letting her back down. She was an emotional and physical wreck by this point. It took a harsh order to focus her.

"Settle, slave, or I'll get the cane again."

Erin bit her lip and did her best to comply. He finished washing her, making a point of covering her sexual areas most thoroughly. He enjoyed the little bits of squirming she was unable to hold back.

When it came time to examine her ass he was filled with wonder. For all his accomplishments in the world, nothing matched this. This work of art, this masterpiece of punished female flesh. He touched it, fascinated. Would he always feel such a rush or was it because this was the first time?

Caine had hinted that Kevin would need to keep escalating to maintain the initial thrill level. Kevin was not so sure. He loved this woman too much, first of all, to hurt her severely, and second of all, he himself was too squeamish. This was love bondage here, between husband and wife, not total club slavery. He would have to hold that line, especially if Caine put too much pressure on him.

The man was a genius, a tiger in a world of sheep, but he was not all-knowing, and he most certainly did not know the two of them. A slave Erin would be, but she would be his kind of slave.

At least that was what his brain told him. Now to convince his cock.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Sophia was waiting for him at his office first thing in the morning. Roger wasn't sure what new scheme the bitch had in mind, but he intended to cut it short in a heartbeat.

"Lillian, call one of my attorneys," he breezed past the woman in the button up cashmere sweater and pleated skirt. "I want a restraining order by noon."

Lillian frowned, eyes passing back and forth between her boss and his ex-wife.

"Lil, did you hear me?" Caine demanded.

"Roger, I only want a few minutes of your time," said Sophia with surprising meekness. "I'm not here to ask for anything, I swear it."

He gave her a cursory glance. She was looking good. More delicious every time. Harder to resist. "You'll get three minutes. And I promise you, the first sign of monkey business and you will be out on your ear, no chance to see the kids again. Ever."

"Thank you," she hung her head. "I am in your debt."

She followed him into his office, carrying some kind of plate wrapped in tin foil.

"What's that?" he barked.

"Chocolate chip cookies," said Sophia. "Your favorite."

His heart did a double take. "I know what kind of cookies are my favorite without being reminded, thank you very much, now let's get on with the business at hand. Whatever business you think you have with me."

"May I?" She motioned toward the top of the desk.

"Knock yourself out," he growled.

Sophia moved to set the plate down then returned to stand before him, her movements just as natural and graceful as always.

"I'd ask you to sit," he checked his watch. "But you've only a minute and half left. Better spit it out while you still can."

"I've come to ask your forgiveness," said Sophia, pronouncing words he'd expected never to hear in this lifetime.

Roger could not help but miss the irony. Once upon a time he had

dreamed of this moment, imagining in his mind a thousand ways to tell her to fuck off in reply, but now he felt strangely ... empty. "That's a bit academic at this point, don't you think, Sophia?"

"Not to me." She took his large hand in her two small ones. "Roger, I am sorry."

He snatched it back, eschewing the moist heat of her delicate fingers. Fingers that had once entwined his in a thousand passionate embraces. How did their desire turn so quickly to hate, anyway?

"Get out, Sophia."

"I'm begging you, Roger, forgive me." The proud diplomat's daughter fell to her knees now, the gesture nearly enough to make the billionaire crumble.

Almost desperately, he clung to his cynicism. "You didn't seem so sorry yesterday when you blamed it all on the press. Quite a quick conversion on your part don't you think?"

"You've no reason to trust me," she agreed. "I will say only that yesterday, when you touched me, I felt ... recriminated."

He looked for the usual signs of subterfuge in her eyes. Finding none he had to wonder – were they ever there?

"I've no time for games, Sophia. I have work to do."

Her head went to his feet. "Don't send me away, Roger. I know I was a bad wife. I was a cold and selfish bitch. I want to do better. I want you to make me better."

"I'm not interested in having a wife anymore, Sophia."

"Then I will be your slave," she challenged.

His fists clenched, thinking of this little female, in chains, broken and begging and moaning. It was tempting, all right, but there would always be the ghosts. Roger Caine was not a man to ever live in the past.

"Go home," he said, his anger strangely dulled. "Pack your bags for Switzerland to see your children. Then check your bank account. I'll see you get a million just for having the balls to show up here like this."

He'd expected her to jump at the money, but she stayed where she was. Crying. "I love you," she sobbed. "I will do anything."

Roger did the unprecedented. He put someone else's interest ahead of his own. "Listen to me," he helped her to her feet. "If I take you as a slave, you will end up at the club. Do you know what that means? You won't serve me, you'll serve dozens of others. They will make you take your clothes off for men or wait on them hand and foot. It will be the whip. A dog cage. Food scraps on the floor. Anonymous cocks, hands on your body anytime day or night. Is this what you want?"

Sophia threw herself into his arms. "I will bear it all, knowing I am yours."

Caine felt the lump in his throat. Why the hell was she doing this? Wasn't life complicated enough without these kinds of emotions? Love. What the fuck was that except a lot of overpriced flowers and candy? He'd been down that road and it led nowhere. Part of the reason he was where he was now was because he'd learned that lesson early. Love meant weakness, because it meant there was something your enemy could take away from you.

Did Sophia really want to ruin her life like this? Fine. Who was he to stand in the way?

"All right, you crazy bitch." He grabbed her arms. "You asked for it. Only don't try begging me later, saying you made a mistake. This is for real, sweetheart."

"Shall I undress?" she wanted to know.

His heart was racing. He had never been more furious with her. "You always have to have the last word, don't you? You're nothing but a grandstanding cunt who's made my life a living hell."

Sophia did not flinch. "Punish me, then."

That was the last straw. He'd find satisfaction and he'd find it now. Two times running she'd made him rock hard and it was time she did something about it. "Actually, I think what I want to do is shut you up for a few minutes."

She offered no resistance as he balled her hair in his fist and shoved her back to her knees. "This had better be good, my dear, because no matter what, I own you now."

Sophia took his cock without protest, deep throating it with

unprecedented ease.

"I guess you have been practicing," he sneered.

She gurgled in reply, allowing him to use her as a receptacle, a fuck toy and nothing more.

"You know, as I think about it," he pumped himself with harsh abandon. "I think the club really will be perfect for you. And don't worry, I'll make sure they treat you just as you deserve. Maybe you'll start by waiting tables. No tips, unfortunately, unless you count the dicks you have to take care of. Some girls never even make it above their knees all night. Although standing isn't much better. Ever had an entire ice cube melt in your pussy? Or had five men in a row come inside you while you're bent over a table, your face and tits squashed in the remains of their linguini and clam sauce?"

"Believe it or not, though, a lot of girls actually beg for this kind of treatment just to get out of their cages a while. That gets stale after a while, as you can imagine, eating from a bowl, shuffling on all fours. Then again, you could end up a dancer. Except our strippers don't just tease, they advertise for services. They say it's quite an interesting sensation writhing on stage, all those hungry eyes on you, knowing any one of them may have you, or maybe all of them, depending on how much cash they've brought."

Sophia was unrelenting in her service. Had she really found some place in her soul, some new peace with which to deal with him? In a way this was the cruelest twist of all, just one more chapter in the ongoing, mind fuck saga that had constituted his marriage. Who was he kidding thinking there was ever anything good between them?

His cock was ready to explode. "They say sperm makes up a significant portion of a club girl's diet. Slaves aren't permitted to spit anything out, as you can imagine. Though you'll find that out for yourself, won't you?"

Sophia's hands went to his ass, clinging, intimate and inviting.

"No you don't," he grunted, pulling her back off of him, bowing her back. "You're not going to get to me, you understand?" The sweater buttons popped off as he yanked at the material. He wanted at her naked tits.

"No bra," he chortled. "A true slut to the end."

Coldly he slapped them, one by one. She stifled the pain, subsuming it under her love. The expression on her on her face was just the jolt he needed to get himself off. Squeezing his cock with deliberate design, he ejaculated onto the carpet between them, a lovely white fountain, white and life filled. It landed on the dotted pattern in large, thick gobs.

"Lick it up," he told the slave. "There's your great bonding experience between us."

Sophia submitted, her hair fanning out in front of her. Caine clenched his fists, the blood already pumping back into his cock as he thought of taking her, deep and long.

"Lil," he went to the intercom. "Call the club. Tell them there's a package in my office."

It was the standard code to indicate he had a slave recruit with him. Ordinarily this was a sweet moment, watching as a girl was collected for processing, but in this case Roger just wanted rid of her. She was a temptation, a dangerous reminder that he had once had a heart.

"That's enough, Sophia. You'll wear a hole in the carpet."

Sophia knelt up, awaiting his next command. Her face was flush, rich with arousal.

"Legs apart," he said. "Hands behind your head."

"Wider," Caine made her spread her thighs another couple of inches. "Now open your mouth."

He would leave her like this, ready for use. The club's pickup squad would be here soon enough. The first thing they would do would be to rip off her clothes and give her a very physical introduction to life in the club. Then they would take her away. Generally the girls were smuggled out naked, in a crate or rolled up in a rug. Freshly fucked and gagged, they would have plenty to think about on their way to their new home.

Roger had a brainstorm. "Head to the floor," he said.

Sophia obeyed, her behind twitching, ever so slightly.

"Hold still," he flipped up her skirt, making a target of the sweet round ass. It was still one of the finest posteriors he had ever seen. It

would mark well under the lash.

He was tempted to inaugurate her himself, but that would end with him coming inside that same sweet pussy where he'd deposited the semen to make his two children. No more children. No more attachments to this woman.

Finding a thin, black marker he wrote shorthand instructions on his ex-wife's skin. Things he wanted done to her upon her arrival at the club. She would indeed receive special treatment, though not as she'd imagined.

One last look at her from the doorway and he was satisfied. Humbled, ass in the air, skirt up, pantiless, the former Sophia LeMark was meeting her final end as a free being.

"Goodbye, my dear," said Roger. "Oh, and by the way, I am going to arrange for you never to see me again as long as you live."

Did that make her cry? He'd never know as he was already out the door and headed for his car. Perhaps a stronger man would have stayed to see. Then again, a truly strong man would not have made her a slave at all, thereby eliminating the temptation she had now become.

Was this a way of punishing himself for his own perceived crimes? Knowing from this day forward that the woman he most desired in the world was his for the taking, only to refuse her with each new sunrise?

This was a side of Roger Caine few understood. They thought him a monster, with no feelings. They did not realize that he drove himself twice as hard, punished himself twice as much as anyone else.

True, he was addicted to the suffering of women, but in so many ways he lived through their pain. It was young Erin who came to mind now. His newest project. A blonde waifish girl who'd presumed to defy him, never dreaming he would use her own husband to break her will. Speaking of which, it was time to check in with Kevin, the lion cub, to see how he'd enjoyed his first night as a slave owner.

What he would have given to be a fly on the wall to see the woman taken in hand, treated precisely as he had told her on the phone she would be. Now this was something to stir his cock. Vicarious power.

The puppeteer and his marionettes.

Why not play a bit today, in fact? Why not get his mind off the unsettling emotions created by Sophia? Reaching his car, he called Kevin direct on his cell phone. Naturally, the young man answered, and rather quickly.

After dispensing with formalities, he got right to the point. "I'd like to fuck your wife, Kevin."

A stunned silence followed, as he knew it would. Into this he inserted his own poisonous wisdom, the fruit of the dark seeds he'd begun planting only yesterday.

"You're going to have to do this sooner or later, you know. She's a slave, isn't she? What will that mean if you don't enforce it, if you don't impose other cocks on her? Best to start with me. I'm an expert. I'll break her in, and then give you some more tips. Frankly you have the opportunity of a lifetime here, Wyatt."

"Yes, yes, of course, sir," the young man pandered. "I'm grateful, really."

Caine smiled, strong-arming an appointment. "So it would be all right if I dropped by your house this afternoon? I'd prefer you not be there, for obvious reasons."

"You prefer I not be there?" He could hear the young man struggling.

"Well, it's obvious she has to learn obedience, Wyatt. She must take a cock whether or not you are there to hold her hand."

Caine had injected just enough impatience in his voice to spook him.

"That makes sense," Kevin hastened. "Yes, it does."

"Good. So it's settled."

"Yes ... yes, it is."

"You beat her yet?"

"The cane, yes, sir."

"Good man. I'll give you a full report when I'm done."

"Thank you, Mr. Caine, I mean Roger."

"Think nothing of it. And while you're at it, call my secretary. There are a few more things I'd like you to handle for me. Assuming

you're up for a bigger piece of the pie."

"Oh, absolutely," he brightened, panting for his treat. "And thank you, truly, you won't be disappointed."

Roger smiled slyly. As always it was greed made the world go round. You could buy anything for a price, including a man's wife. "Are you referring to the quality of your work or your wife's prowess in bed?"

More silence ensued.

"I'm only teasing," he laughed. "We're colleagues, fellow men of the world. Slave owners, true?"

"True, sir, yes."

Caine said his goodbyes now, his mind happily consumed with his next conquest. A re-conquest, really, of the daring, eminently fuckable Mrs. Wyatt. Sophia would be nothing but a memory again, he vowed, and this time, she would stay that way.

CHAPTER EIGHT

I am a slave ... my husband owns me.

A million times Erin Wyatt said these words as she followed to the letter her new list of chores. At present she was on her hands and knees, scrubbing the kitchen floor, shortly after noontime. It had been a bittersweet morning, beginning with a wakeup kiss from Kevin at the unseemly hour of half past five.

"It's time to make my breakfast, angel."

She'd rolled over, mumbling something incoherent.

Since when did she make him breakfast?

Kevin's mild smack to her ass was like a firestorm. The pain of her caning came back all over again, renewed and refreshed.

"My breakfast," he repeated more firmly. "Now."

Erin had stumbled to the kitchen, naked, half awake. She put coffee on but as she moved to pour herself a cup, Kevin came up from behind, remonstrating. "You eat or drink with my permission only."

And how long do you plan on springing new rules on me without warning?" she snapped.

One look at his face told her she'd overstepped her bounds.

Erin begged forgiveness, but he punished her anyway, making her cook his bacon and eggs with painful clamps on her nipples. Still naked, she squatted at his feet while he ate. Her own breakfast consisted of bits of toast and bacon thrown to the floor.

She ate these on all fours, like a dog. Watching her humiliate herself made him hard, which led to a thorough mouth fucking. Erin drank his semen, thankful for his attention, but still lamenting the lack of caffeine she was so used to.

Kissing his foot, she begged for a little coffee. He put some on the floor for her in a bowl. Before leaving, he had her masturbate herself just shy of orgasm, insuring she was properly aroused and frustrated.

"No, touching," he reminded.

His goodbye kiss was delicious and sweet and left her burning for intercourse. She moaned as he put his hands on her nude body, whispering to her of how he intended to have her tattooed, with his

name and other marks, too.

"Oh, master," she breathed, rubbing her crotch shamelessly. "Tonight ... will you..."

"Earn it," he said, just as he had last night.

Of her own accord, she fell to her knees, wrapping her arms around his waist. "I will do my best, master. I promise."

The rest of the morning had been an electrifying blur. So many things to get used to. It would take time to work everything out, she realized. For example, he hadn't left her with lunch plans, which meant she had to call to find out what to eat. It took an hour for him to get back to her.

And to think he'd warned of many more restrictions to come. A collar and chains to wear in the house. A requirement to pee squatting over the toilet, without touching it. And a thorough going over of her wardrobe to make it slave appropriate.

At present, for her cleaning duties, she remained naked. It was highly erotic to be scrubbing on all fours without any clothes on. She could feel her husband's will, his domination over her almost palpably, though he was miles away at the moment. She felt it in the way her thighs rubbed together as she moved. She felt it in the way her nipples tightened and swelled with every breath she took. She felt it from the sweat on her skin and from the dirty water from the bucket as it splashed onto her breasts and stained her knees.

Erin imagined him coming up from behind, taking her beaten, twitching ass, making her beg for his cock to slam in and out of her pussy. On the wet floor, pushing down her belly and breasts onto the linoleum. Forcing her to come and come and come, pride shattered, just a naked female, taken by her man.

God, she needed to masturbate. This was hell. How would she ever make it till he came home? Was every day going to be like this? She thought of calling and begging to be allowed a quick orgasm, a tiny one with her pocket rocket.

But he might be angry. He wouldn't want to be disturbed with her trivial, slave's problems, as busy as he was. She would end up with another beating to her name.

Erin bore down with the scrub brush, trying to take her mind off her sexual arousal. Kevin had never required her to clean this house. When they'd bought it she'd convinced him to get a maid service. Erin hated cleaning. Now she would keep the place spotless. She would dust, clean toilets, do the wash, each and every day.

No dirty clothes for him to find, no spots, no blemishes.

Erin startled at the sound of the phone. She had it beside her on the floor. She was required to answer by the second ring, in case it was him.

"Hello, my slave."

Her heart thumped. "Hello, master."

The sound of his voice made her ache between her thighs. Unbidden, her fingers began to trail down her belly. The temptation was unbearable.

"Are you doing the floor?" he wanted to know.

"Yes, master."

"I hope it's good enough to eat off of, Erin, because you will be."

She swooned. "Yes ... master."

"Are you hungry, slave?"

Erin was starving. "I am master."

"You may have a piece of cheese, when we are done talking."

She felt a lump in her throat as she realized just how great his power was. He might just as well have told her to eat dirt from the back yard or nothing at all. "Thank you, Master."

"You are going to have a visitor this afternoon, Erin."

Erin grew wary. "Master?"

"A man is coming. You will please him. You will obey him. As if it were me."

Erin tried to imagine a foreign cock. In her mouth. Between her legs. In the hole where she so desperately needed her husband. She must have taken too long to reply because he was asking her if there was a problem.

"No, master," she said quickly. "Only ... I was wondering ... may I ask anything about him?"

"It's Roger Caine," he said curtly. "That's all you need to know."

Erin dropped the phone.

"Hello?" Her husband called out. "Are you there?"

"Yes ... yes, master." Should she tell him? How could she? How could she not?

"This is bound to be a little difficult," he lectured. "For both of us."

A little difficult? Well there was the understatement of the century.

"That's why I've picked someone like Caine for your first time. He's had a lot of experience. We both know him. He's a natural for this."

"Kevin ... master ... I..."

"What is it, Erin?"

She couldn't do it. She couldn't tell him. Better to suffer through it. Hope the man got his fill of her and went away. "It's nothing, master. I'm sorry."

She heard him breathing. "You know I love you," he said at last. "I wouldn't do this if I didn't think it was best for both of us."

Or if Caine told you to, she thought dryly. "I love you, too, master. I want to please you."

"I'm not sure when he'll be there, but it will be before I get home."

"Could ... could you be here at the same time."

"No, that wouldn't be a good idea. You need to learn to submit without my being there. Roger thinks that would be best."

So Caine was manipulating him, just as he'd promised he would. And what a private joke he was enjoying at Kevin's expense. Actually convincing the man he was doing him a favor by fucking his wife. After she'd tried to break the affair off, too.

But what could she do now? She felt helpless to challenge either man. The best she could hope to do was play her part. Be the good slave for both of them.

"I will do as you say, master."

"Good girl, now eat your piece of cheese and keep going with that floor."

The cheese, she'd nearly forgotten. She hadn't much appetite now, but she would probably need her energy to deal with Caine. "Yes, master."

"I love you, Erin."

She fought back the tears. "I love you, too, my master. More than you will ever know."

* * *

Kevin had to leave the office after talking to Erin. The conversation had gotten him so hard he'd ended up stroking his cock through his trousers. Controlling his wife like this was the biggest sexual rush he'd ever had in his life. Just the thought of her all morning, working naked, doing what she was told around the house, humbled to the point of scrubbing on hands and knees, having to ask permission to eat was enough to make him pop his cork.

And now she would have to spread for another man. Surrender her pussy, her mouth, her ass to someone else, because it was his will. Her reluctance only made it sweeter. Of course she wouldn't like it. That was the idea of slavery.

All right, so it was a little tough knowing that Caine would be using her when he so badly wanted her himself right now, but the man was right, discipline was important. For him and her both. He couldn't buckle just because she was going to cry. And he had to trust Caine. The man was a fellow slave owner. She was his property, pure and simple. No cause for jealousy there.

So why did he feel this nagging sense of ... something?

He could call Roger and get a little pep talk. Or he could just take matters into his own hands. Why not go to the club? He was welcome there anytime now. Maybe another slave would give him a fresh perspective. One of those hot little dancers or one of those sexy waitresses. That redhead, for instance. Or one of the more exotic ones. Yes, that was it. He'd find a woman as unlike Erin as he could, then screw her brains out.

With any luck that would take him mind off the fact that another man was doing the same to his.

The cell phone rang just as he was easing his car into traffic. It was Caine, wanting him to relay to Erin that he wanted her wearing something sexy to meet him at the door.

"Of course," he heard himself say. "No problem."

Caine made some kind of joke, which he didn't really hear, though he laughed at the punch line.

Yes, he concluded when the call was done. He definitely needed a woman to clear his head. And a stiff drink. He needed that, too.

* * *

Caine looked her up and down hungrily as she stood in the open doorway. Erin Wyatt was dressed in tiny, see through panties trimmed in white fur and a matching half bra, also invisible, also edged in snow colored pelt.

"What's the matter?" He noted her lack of expression. "Aren't you happy to see me?"

She stepped aside so he could enter the house. "My hus – my master has instructed me to let you in. My feelings don't matter."

"Is that all he instructed you to do?" Caine undid her hair, which she'd piled high on her head. She stiffened slightly as he undid the clasps, but made no attempt to resist as he rearranged it about her shoulders.

"I am to offer myself," she replied. "In any way you want."

"Such a dutiful slave," he noted skeptically. "And trained so quickly, too."

"I love my husband," she replied, allowing him to apply feather light touches to her rosy red nipples, more than a little visible through the skimpy material.

"Bullshit," said Caine with uncharacteristic vehemence. "A woman loves nothing. She isn't capable of it. She knows lust and that's it."

"So you admit that love is a real thing, though?"

He smiled slantedly. The girl was good. Like Sophia. It was a similarity for which this delicate little blonde would pay dearly. "You're clever," he conceded. "But not clever enough."

"Get up," he told her, having knocked her to the floor with a single slap.

Erin got up, holding her cheek, the shock more than a little evident in her eyes. Evidently this kind of brute force was an aspect of slavery her husband had not yet introduced her to.

"You are smart," he acknowledged. "No doubt your husband will

discover that special joy that comes from breaking down a proud, intelligent female."

Erin said nothing, still nursing her wounded pride.

"What are you?" he asked abruptly.

She flinched at his raised hand. "Don't hit me anymore," she pleaded.

Caine knocked her down a second time.

Erin was slower in getting back up this time. Had she learned anything, though?

"What are you?" Again the hand was in place to strike her.

"A slave," said Erin quickly, making no move to defend herself.

Roger rewarded her by caressing both breasts. The girl's eyes slid shut. Despite her efforts to hate him, she was moaning in short order.

"A female is an animal," he lectured. "Her responses are completely controllable."

Erin groaned.

"Did you really think you'd beat me?" He slipped his hand down her panties and found her soaking wet. "You were mine all along, Erin. Since the moment I laid eyes on you. And I've no intention of letting you go. You can live here all cozy with Kevin, but in your heart you and I know the truth. The brand that belongs on your ass is C for Caine."

"Please," she cried. "Can't you just leave us alone? You have everything in the world already."

Caine nibbled at her neck, the way he would a lover's. His words, however, were of a very different ilk. "I want you to orgasm on my hand, right now, or I will whip every inch of your body. Do it, Erin, come like a little fucking whore."

Caine knew exactly what he was doing. As a natural submissive, Erin got off on this kind of talk. What, to another, would be an insult or cause to fight back was in this kind of female a dark invitation to plummet down into her own sexual depths.

"Oh, god..." Erin humped his hand shamelessly. "So ... fucking good..."

He made her lick off his fingers afterward. Then he sat down on

the couch and made her dance for him. She had no clue how a stripper moved, but he assured her that kind of surrender it was all instinct.

"Just think about what a little fucking slut you are," he said. "Think about how you tried to screw Roger Caine and lost. Think about all those long nights and days to come in chains. Think about a dog cage with your name on it. Think about how you lost the right to decide what or who goes in your pussy. Think about how sorry you are you didn't keep the nice arrangement going you already had with me. And if all that doesn't do it, think about how if I don't like what I see in the next few minutes, I'm gonna take you out in the street, just as you are and let you do this for your neighbors. How would that go over do you suppose?"

Erin danced all right. It was all a matter of incentive. Caine took out his cock and started stroking, his eyes glued to the leggy, svelte blonde, her sex tantalizingly half revealed, her morsel-like breasts just begging to be pinched and slapped as she writhed, slow and sensuously.

She was a natural; there was no doubt about it. Her gyrations seemed to move to an internal rhythm of pure lust, her hot, sliding flesh, tightly bound in invisible chains. With a little training she might be capable of anything.

Ideas started forming in his head. Knowing her potential, it might not be enough for him to fuck her on the side and leave her with the relatively unimaginative Kevin. He might, just out of his own personal moral principles, need to see her working at the club. Or maybe traded somewhere in the East where he could get some real training.

Then he could visit in a year or so and watch her slither to and fro for some caliph or sheikh, as wife number twenty-five in his harem.

Now wouldn't that be a worthy challenge? Convincing Kevin Wyatt to sell his own wife to Arab slave traders. Money was indeed the root of all evil and this would be a wonderful chance to prove it. But what would be the price of the young man? Money? Power? A combination of both?

"So tell me," he asked the lightly sweating, X-rated dancer as she rubbed her own breasts and lazily swayed her hips. "What have you been exposed to in your slavery so far?"

He listened as Erin shared the things Kevin had done to her, his hand sliding up and down his cock appreciatively the whole time. The most intriguing part was watching the light in her eyes as she recounted the events. She was ashamed to share such intimate things, but she was aroused, too.

He had her turn so he could see her beaten ass in detail. Kevin had done splendidly well for a beginner. He, too, was a natural. Caine would see to it he got himself a new slave, younger and prettier than Erin.

"Your husband is at my club right now," Roger told her.

Caine expected and got a reaction. Though she tried her best to hide it.

"Master does as he likes," she said breathless.

Caine shared with her a little bit about how things worked at the club. "He'll fuck a woman whose full name he'll never know. She could be anyone. It doesn't matter. He's there just to show you how little you matter. Than his hard cock can be taken care of anywhere."

"My master loves me."

"But he'll sell you." Caine couldn't resist revealing his plans. "I'll make him. You'll go to the club. You'll never be loved by another man in your life. Your life will be defined by the number of times you can turn a trick in an hour, by the number of cocks you can stiffen. Or maybe I'll have him put you up for auction, to the Arabs."

Erin's eyes flashed like a hunted deer's. "Kevin wouldn't do that."

Roger laughed. "Don't tell me you're still that naive? After all you've seen lately? You think Kevin would hesitate to give you up to advance his career?"

The expression on her face indicated she wasn't sure. "I know, Kevin. Better than you do," she bluffed.

"We'll see, my dear. We'll see. Get on your back. Legs wide apart. I want to see you fuck yourself like the little whore you are."

Erin plunged her fingers into her pussy. Her thighs were slick with

her own liquids. Her sex lips were puffy and begging attention. Her nipples were swollen like tiny cherries. There was no room for reticence now. Erin needed fucking and if her hand was the only way, than that's what she'd do.

"Lift your ass off the floor," he increased her degradation. "Fuck the air."

"Yes," she cried, flicking her clit. "Omigod, yes. So good." She was like a woman possessed. Her body spasming all over, her eyes lost to some alternate source of light, a universe he couldn't touch, for all his power over her.

Christ, it was like with Sophia again. How did these women manage to outwit him—escaping his clutches at the very moment of his greatest victory? At the club it seemed he could keep the bitches earthbound, but then he never looked too closely. He didn't care enough about them, didn't know them. And certainly he didn't want to share in anything they might be feeling.

All this begged the question. What if holding back and keeping the sanctity of their own soul was something all women could do? What if their submission was only done on their own terms for their pleasure?

If so, than what did it mean that Sophia had offered herself to him? Was she fucking with his head? She'd gone a long way if that was the case. Hell, the woman had given up her entire life. Not the sort of thing you did on a lark.

Shit. He was thinking of her again. This was exactly what he'd come here to avoid. Tearing at his clothes, he got himself naked, plunging between the legs of Erin Wyatt.

She moaned in passion, orgasming at the first contact of his cock with her pussy. Three more times she came as he slammed himself in and out working to a mind-rocking climax of his own.

"Bitch," he roared as he got his rocks off. "Fucking god damned bitch."

But who was the bitch he was angry at, really? Erin Wyatt or Sophia La Mark Caine? Then again, there was a third possibility. The bitch might well be nature. With her cruel, feckless laws and her

endless proclivity for fucking with the lives of mortals.

His semen pumped on and on, filling her womb. Erin the slave accepted it all, as if it were her husband's or a god's. It didn't matter. He had a cock. Cocks ruled. That was the natural order. Domination. Pain. Control.

Not love. Love was foolish, illusory, weak.

Sophia could rot in hell, as far as he was concerned, before he ever acknowledged her again. She'd made her choice, and nothing would alter it. He would never see her, nor would anyone in the outside world.

It was then that it hit him. Sophia had not just given up her freedom, she had surrendered her right to see her own children. The realization was like a fist slamming into his heart. There was no bigger sacrifice a woman could make. Why would she do it? It wasn't comprehensible. It made no sense.

And yet it was real. And there was only one thing to do about it.

Lying there on top of another man's wife, he made the determination. He must see Sophia again. He must see her at the club, watch her dance and see her serve. He must see her and try to understand. What was it that drove her? What this thing that looked stronger and braver on her part than anything he'd seen in his life?

It was a frightening prospect to stare down so much emotion. But it was one he could not avoid. The price for not doing so, quite simply could be his own soul.

CHAPTER NINE

Kevin couldn't bring himself to fuck her.

"Would you like to beat me instead?" The little dark haired slave asked. "Most guys get turned on by that."

Her name was Raven and she was lying under him naked. She had rings in her nipples which she liked men to tug on them while they were shoving their cocks in her willing hole. She was smoking hot on stage, especially when she played with that gorgeous black hair, swinging it across her back as she undulated her tight, tattooed ass.

The tattoo said "Ian's Bitch" but Ian was long gone, having dumped her here in exchange for fifty bucks and a bottle of whisky. Raven was a good sport about it all, accepting her place as a sex slave.

She liked sex. Especially rough sex. As for the parts she didn't like, well that's what punishment was for. A girl's attitude changed a great deal after being chained for a day in the holding cell in the basement. Withholding food was also helpful in that regard as was the cane.

Raven had been here six months now. Long enough for her to have been well trained in the ways of the club. That training was literal, too. There were commands she responded to, with exciting rapidity, not all that different from what a dog would do.

Suck. Spread. Crawl. These were only a few of the common words that had become Pavlovian for Raven, and her sister slaves as well.

The waitress had sucked Kevin's dick while he watched Raven dance. She was one of the best at it and apparently the management had been ordered to give Kevin the royal treatment. That in itself was interesting because it meant that Caine had been alerted to his arrival here.

What other things did Caine know about his comings and goings?

Raven was ordered to give him a private dance when she was done on stage and then to bring him back here, to one of the special rooms. The room featured a bed, a full bar and a bathroom. It was paneled in oak, with pristine red carpet.

Many a man must surely fucked his brains out in here, but alas he would not be one of them. Touching the eager, submissive Raven had left him cold. As beautiful and sexy as she was, he had Erin on his mind.

He should never have left her with Roger Caine.

Seeing these women here, groped, exploited and fucked made him want to protect his own wife. She could be his slave, that was fine. But could he really let her be another's? He was having his doubts.

It was true he owed much to Caine. But was the man asking too much in return? Hopefully the charismatic billionaire had taken his fill and now he would leave Erin alone.

"Sorry, sweetie, I think I should be going."

Raven pouted. "Is it me? Would you rather have another girl?"

"No. I just want to go home to my wife."

The little slave rolled onto her stomach, resting her chin on her hands. She was such a beautiful creature. This Ian had been an idiot to let her go.

"You must love your wife a whole lot. Most of the guys here are trying to get away from them, not run back to them."

"My wife is my life. I love her more than anything."

Then come clean with her, he told himself grimly. Share some of the things you've never told her. About your fears of sterility and how that's the real reason why you won't get yourself tested at the doctor. And how you don't think you could make it as a father anyway.

And how you are still trying to sort out what the hell it means that you need to have your woman whipped and cowed in order to have sex with her.

"Oh, that is so romantic," sighed Raven. "I wish someone would love me like that. Do you know that we have Mr. Caine's ex-wife here now? They say she loves him so much still that she would rather be his slave than be completely gone out of his life. Is that devotion or what?"

Kevin hadn't heard this, but he found it quite interesting. Did Caine have any feelings for her himself? It was unlikely, as feelings were something the man worked hard to keep out of his life, like the flu and

athlete's foot.

"I have always thought women to be much more loyal than men," said Kevin. "Even if they cheat, it's usually for a good reason."

"Well, you must be pretty loyal if you love her like that."

He smiled sadly. "I've had my lapses."

"It's okay," Raven winked, showing the wisdom of a person twice her age. "Love doesn't keep score."

He gave her a final peck on the cheek before leaving. "I wish you the best, Raven. I hope you get out of here one day."

"Where would I go?" she shrugged. "At least here I get a roof over my head and three squares a day, if I keep my nose clean. Out there, who knows? And hell, I like men calling the shots with me. I like to be sexy for them. I like them making me do what makes them happy. Makes things a whole lot simpler in my book."

You had to love the girl's perspective. And her tenaciousness.

Not to mention her sexiness.

He was feeling pretty good all the way home, still thinking about Raven's silky black hair and her sweet, kissable skin. He would be even happier to kiss Erin's skin, though, and it was all he could do to keep from running up the driveway to meet her.

Kevin wasn't sure where he would find his wife. He had a few ideas. What he did not expect, though, was to see her in the washroom, in the dark, sitting on the floor by the washing machine, crying.

It took him several minutes just to get her to stop shaking and sobbing long enough to talk to him. After that it took several more to try and understand what it was she was trying to say.

Had Caine forced himself on her? Had he hurt her in a way too hard for her to bear? Did he make her do something illegal?

No to all three, was her response. But there was something else about the man she needed to share, something about his relationship to her from before.

And that's when she told him about the affair. About how Roger Caine had approached her in the first place, telling her what she could do for his career. She started bawling as she talked about what a

horrible wife she'd been to give in to Roger, but Kevin told her that wasn't important now, he just wanted to hear the rest.

That's when she told him about wanting to break it off with Caine and being told he would make her pay by using Kevin to make her a slave.

Kevin's skin began to crawl as she laid out the events, one after another. Roger Caine had made a fool out of him, and he'd mistreated his wife too. He was making a game of their lives. Laughing behind both their backs as to what a fool he was making of them.

Erin started in all over again and he did his best to calm her, holding her against him and speaking words of gentle encouragement. She was a good wife for coming to him and being honest. She'd been a good wife for wanting to help him, too. That was also important to say.

Mostly, his mind was focusing on a little payback of his own. That bastard Caine had gone too far. He might do this to other people, but Kevin would stand up for their rights. Whatever the man might do to him in return, Kevin would not back down. His wife had been a pawn. An innocent victim. And it was his job to make things right.

Settling Erin in bed for a rest, Kevin went back to the car, as full of resolve as he'd ever been in his life. Come hell or high water, he vowed, Roger Caine was about to find out he was not the only man born on the planet with balls of steel.

* * *

Caine had never gone incognito to his own club before. Naturally, no one questioned his request to sit at a table other than his usual one, or his injunction that the lights be lowered while a certain dancer was on stage. Everyone knew who she was and apparently word had spread about her grand gesture of self-enslavement.

It was not a matter he wished to discuss and any employee raising the matter would have been promptly sacked. Roger was here to be left alone to answer his questions about Sophia, to see in her dancing what it was made her do what she had.

According to Anthony she'd adapted well to slavery. She'd been exceptionally obedient her first day, accepting the rough and highly

sexual treatment bestowed on new girls. Ordinarily they did not dance so soon after their arrival, but this, too, was one of Roger's special orders concerning his former bride.

He would see her perform now, while the events of today were fresh on both their minds. What he expected to see – what he hoped to see – was that there was nothing remarkable going on here. Just a misguided, mixed up, lust-filled woman unable to regulate her own life.

It would make things much easier this way because then he could write her off, never having to worry about whether or not she should see the kids or whether to give her any financial help. It would all be clear. She'd be a slut, pure and simple, and her identity would be lost forever.

He could sell her, somewhere far away and she could die fucking as many men as she could stand.

On the other hand, if he saw something else in her, anything at all by way of nobility, then it would become a lot more complicated. He would have a dilemma on his hands.

They brought her out as soon as he was seated and comfortable.

She was wearing a pleated red miniskirt and halter-top and high red heels. It was a whore's costume, but she wore it with a kind of sensual dignity. Her face bore a quiet expression, one he recognized at once. She was there already, in that private world. Caine's heart ached, just for a second, wondering what it felt like there.

Was Sophia hurting? How the hell could she not be after all she'd been through?

She began with a slow, airy saunter towards the brass pole. Eyes downcast, she touched it. It was not shame or arousal, so much as ... damn it ... what was it exactly? He couldn't put his finger on it.

Maybe it was passion, in its purest, most elemental sense, free of any earthly ties, any connection to mere flesh.

Now she started to move, caressing the pole with her bare belly, making love to it. This was all natural; she'd had no training as of yet. He was stunned by her grace. Could this be the uptight diplomat's daughter? The woman who grew so cold to him in bed over the years

that she disdained to touch him at all?

Her fingernails were long and red. She trailed them down her body, to her half bared thighs. Caine's cock swelled in his pants. He wanted her already. She shook out her hair, a beautiful mane of auburn, fresh and clean. Next, she licked the pole, using her delicate tongue.

He clenched his hand around the sweaty whisky glass filled with ice. She was smiling, sultry, playing with the crowd. Smoke rose in rings from the cigarettes of several of the men watching. Their faces bore expressions of pure lust. They were as aroused as he was. Waitresses went to work on their cocks.

Caine tried to put this image together with her words. That she loved him and only him. That couldn't be true. Not with her acting like this much of a slut in front of all these men.

She unbuttoned her shirt and slipped it off her shoulders. Her milk white tits stood proudly. Caine wanted them in his hands right now so bad it hurt.

He sucked in his breath as she began to caress them. Son of a bitch. This woman was the best exotic dancer he'd ever seen.

"Sir, can I get you anything?" asked a sultry voice.

He shooed the waitress away. Nothing could be allowed to break his concentration on this performance now, not even a blowjob.

Sophia swayed, topless, still holding the blouse, playing with it. At last she tossed it into the audience and a cheer went up.

She undid the skirt next. He was on the edge of his seat just like all the rest, as if this was going to be a surprise for him, too, as if he hadn't already seen this body so many times before.

The miniskirt fluttered to the floor, leaving her in a red g-string.

She was so beautiful, so god damned sexy. Lean and fit, but so very feminine, too, with all the right curves. She only got better with age.

Maybe he could take her tonight, to a private room. One last fuck for old time's sake. What harm would that do? He was on the verge of giving in to temptation when one of the managers came over to speak to him.

"I'm terribly sorry to interrupt, but a man is here to see you. He says if you don't come out he will create a scene."

Well, that was interesting.

"Who is it? Did he say?"

"Yes, sir. It's Kevin Wyatt."

Even more interesting. A genuine distraction. And just in the nick of time, too.

"Send him over, right away."

Kevin seemed a little surprised he was getting to sit with Caine. "Roger, I know this is not a good time, but we have to talk."

"There are no good times," he watched his ex-wife lower herself to her belly on the stage so she could raise and lower her pelvis in simulation of the sex act.

"It's about Erin," he came straight to the point. "I know all about how you seduced her. And I know about your little scheme to use me, too, making me think I was really her master. I know everything, and I am not going to let it stand. You can do what you want to me, but you can't have Erin. I'll do everything in my power to stop you. I'm not afraid of you, Roger. Take it all from me, my right to practice law, my job, I know you can ruin me, but it doesn't matter."

Caine hadn't looked at him once. He was seeing only Sophia, lovely, lonely, Sophia, rolling on the stage, her naked breasts on the dusty floor, her tongue touching the surface of it in an act of utter subjugation. How had he not seen this loveliness before? Had she changed or had he?

Sophia went to her back now, offering herself, barely covered, knowing any of the men she was inflaming could have her. Pleasure might await her or only pain. Above all, she knew herself captive. And it was him who had put her there.

Caine could not allow a second more of this. He had to intervene. Turning to Kevin Wyatt, no doubt shocking the hell out of him with his acquiescence, he said, "Erin is yours. You have no fears from me. I suggest you go home. Tell her that. Then love her, all night. And every day after for the rest of your lives."

His mouth hung open as if he were waiting for the other shoe to

drop. When he saw there was nothing more to come he rose from his seat. "Thank you, Roger. You don't know how much this means."

He looked at the stage once more, then rose himself, walking towards it. "Yes," he replied, more to himself than Wyatt. "I do."

* * *

Kevin found Erin sound asleep in their marriage bed. She looked so peaceful, like a little angel. His heart swelled with love for her. And also pride, combined with a monumental possessiveness. All at once he wanted to smother her in kisses, caress her gently and enter her savagely, affirming his dominance in one fell swoop.

She was his. Forever. Indisputably.

And he would not be sharing her ever again.

He stripped himself naked and lay down behind her. His cock was rock hard. He had a pair of handcuffs, which he used to secure her wrists overhead, running the chain through one of the rods of the brass headboard. She was still half asleep as he popped the ball gag in her mouth, securing the leather strap behind her head.

Grasping her hips, his cock poised to penetrate, Kevin whispered hotly in her ear. "Submit."

Erin moaned into her gag, yielding up her pussy for penetration.

"Mine," he sank himself to the hilt.

His slave wife pushed herself back against him, affirming his right to command and occupy her sex.

"You won't be troubled by Caine anymore," he told her. "Or by any other man. You have one master, from now on. Though, I assure you, that won't make it any easier on you. In fact," he thrust into her hard. "You may well wish for the relief of another cock."

She shook her head no, trying to say something. It didn't matter what. She was a slave, being fucked by her master.

"I own you, Erin, all of you. Your tits, your ass. Your incredible brain. And your womb, too. We're going to make babies with it. I promise that. I'm ready to go to the doctor. We'll do what it takes. I know we can make it happen. You will take my semen, you'll yield and be pregnant. It will happen."

Now she nodded yes, with ferocious enthusiasm.

"I'm going to come," he growled. "I'm going to fill you with my hot, fucking sperm. Take it, wife, take it, slave."

Erin held back, knowing she'd not been given permission to come with him. She was learning. After he was finished with her, he went to get the riding crop.

"I'm afraid you won't be feeling anymore pleasure tonight," he told her. "I am going to punish you for not telling me sooner about what Caine was doing to you. I know it isn't your fault, but an ass whipping is the only way to take away your guilt. If I don't do this, it will only eat you up inside."

Erin's eyes were filled with wonder. She looked so delectable this way, chained, biting down on the red ball, drool dripping down her chin.

"You'll sleep on the floor tonight," he told her, rubbing the whip over her ass. "Chained to the foot of the bed."

His slave wife moaned at her fate; not to mention the things he was doing to her red, cane welted skin.

"And tomorrow you'll tend to the cleaning you missed today."

Kevin watched her stirring. Was she going to fight somehow?

No, she was lifting her ass, signaling her submission. She was actually offering herself up for the pain.

"My god," he sighed. "How I love you."

And then he whipped her, all the harder.

* * *

Roger carried Sophia over the threshold, just like they were on their honeymoon again. Only now they were divorced, an ocean of water under the bridge. There was no comparing the occasions, of course. Their nuptial bed had been pure and white while this one was covered in red. The first time had been in a beautiful suite, now they were in a back room of a strip club.

Depositing her on the mattress, he pulled off his jacket. "You'll take this as a slave," he told her. "I will show no mercy."

Sophia, dripping in sweat from the hot lights of the stage, opened her legs. "Yes, master."

His eyes were locked on hers, pure fire. "This means nothing," he

assured her. "You made me hard up there on stage and you're paying the price. It's lust. Nothing else."

Her hands lifted over her head palm up on the pillow. "Use me hard," she begged. "Make me pay for all of it ... everything I ever did to hurt you."

Caine removed the rest of his clothes. Climbing on top of her, he tore at the g-string, rendering her naked. She was wet and fragrant, more than ready to submit.

Before she took his cock, however, they would settle some things.

"You never thought I was good enough for you," he told her. "You secretly agreed with your father. You all looked down on me."

"I should have stood by you," she agreed. "I was disrespectful and disloyal."

He shoved three full fingers in her pussy. He intended to insert his entire fist before he was done. "You tried to raise the children without me. You wanted them to look down on me, too."

She arched her back, sucking in a breath. "I – I did wrong," she grimaced as he worked in his pinkie, too.

"Stop fighting me," he said harshly. "Or I'll see to it you get the attentions of a dozen hard cocks before dawn."

The slave tried to relax her opening against Roger's invasion. "I'm sorry, master."

"I know I was not always the easiest man to live with. I admit this. I am not cut out to be a husband. But you weren't made to be a wife, either." He twisted his hand, applying pressure enough to work in his thumb. He was almost there.

"Oh, god," she gasped. "I was made for this ... to be your slave."

"Not mine," he corrected. "Anyone else's but not mine."

Roger tightened his grip, forming a fist. Sophia screamed out, a blood curdling mixture of pleasure and pain. For a while he said nothing, just enjoying the sensation of abusing his voluntary slave.

"Focus on me," he demanded. "Look at me. You're not going inside your head this time."

He grabbed her nipple cruelly. For once, she would really be with him for an orgasm, mentally, depending on his power, his cruelty

even.

"I own you," he hissed, saying the words he realized now he'd been wanting to say since the first time he'd laid eyes on her. "You're my fucking property. My slut. My bitch."

Her eyes opened wide, lit in a way he'd never seen. "Oh, god, master, what are you doing to me?"

"What I should have done a long time ago," he said, removing his fist and flipping her onto her stomach. "Marking my territory."

His palm punished her hard. Ten times he struck her, leaving massive red handprints. She was whimpering, her buttocks twitching by the time he was done.

"Hump the mattress," he said now, determined to keep up the pressure on her senses. "Show me what a slut you are."

The red assed slave raised and lowered her pelvis repeatedly, simulating the actions of sex.

"Faster," he smacked her. "Do it like the slut you are."

She was shuddering with the need to orgasm. "Oh, my god," she cried. "I'm going to come."

Roger grabbed her long mane of hair and pulled her to her side. "No!"

He spoke the words harshly, as one would to a dog. Sophia commenced to writhing on the bed, helpless in his grip. Climbing up to her face, he let her lick his balls and inner thighs.

"All the way," he said, shoving her mouth onto his cock.

Sophia swallowed him whole, suppressing the urge to gag. He used her hair as a handle, working himself in and out. "Get it good and wet," he told her. "It's going in your ass next."

She bobbed her head obediently, in preparation for anal penetration. When he could hold back no longer, he put her on all fours and positioned himself behind her.

"You'll be spending the night in a cage if I'm not satisfied, Sophia."

He thrust deep and fast, giving her little time to accommodate him. It was a slave fuck he was after, a pure act of sadistic pleasure on a helpless creature.

Sophia was hardly a victim, though. With each push deeper, she

moaned out her dark excitement, soaking up the fullness, the shame, the implied humiliation.

This was something a diplomat's daughter did not do. Men went to whores for ass fucking. Just like they did for cock sucking. Diplomats' daughters, polite young ladies all, waited on suitors. They smiled shyly and played hard to get. And afterwards, when they were married, they made their husband's lives a living hell.

Though in their case, the groom hadn't given much better in return. Was there a chance to start fresh for both of them? If they could somehow make a new connection, reseal their common interests? Reunion seemed so close. Just an orgasm away.

But he had to fight it. He had to pull out his cock. Spray her ass or face, or anywhere else, just so he didn't admit that dependency. Dependency was weakness, weakness meant pain.

His cock wasn't moving, though. It felt so at home.

One last chance, he thought, and he yanked himself free.

"Roger," she cried in despair. "Master, please don't--"

The sound of her voice was too much. Roger Caine sank himself between her pussy lips, down deep into her love canal. His heart seized in his chest. Almost at once he began to climax, a quake, breaking down walls he'd spent years putting up. "So ... phée ... a," he declared, dividing the word into three heavenly bursts.

She moaned in reply. "Yes, baby, yes."

"So fucking good." The semen poured out of him, like it had been bottled up for years. She took it all, like she'd been born to be its receptacle. Their bodies clung to one another, a perfect fit. Afterward, a million waves overtaking them, they lay together. Beyond speech. Beyond thought.

It was Sophia who spoke first, her limbs entwined with his, deliciously captured. "Keep me," she said simply.

Roger growled under his breath. It was hardly a yes. But it wasn't a no, either.

EPILOGUE

A very pregnant Erin sat down heavily beside Sophia, massaging her sore back. "Tell me this gets better the third trimester," she grumbled, shifting on the park bench.

The equally pregnant Sophia laughed lightly, touching her hand to Erin's stomach. "It'll get worse before it gets better, I'm afraid. From the way you're carrying, I'm pretty sure it's a boy, too, and they're harder."

"Wonderful," she sighed.

Though really it was wonderful. Two babies on the way, their two masters having planted their seeds in the bellies of their beautiful slave girls. The future held all the promise in the world, especially with Roger and Kevin working now as business partners in a brand new overseas venture.

"I suppose this is old hat to you," speculated Erin as they watched their two masters on the green grass playing catch with Roger and Sophia's other two children.

Sophia beamed proudly as she looked at Roger Junior and Amelia. Having her family back together was the answer to all her prayers. And this time, she was not squandering the opportunity. Roger had given her this second chance, and she would use it to the utmost. "Oh, it never gets old. Each baby is different. A brand new miracle.

"I'll say one thing about pregnancy," Erin observed with a twinkle in her eye. "It sure has exempted me from a lot of beatings."

Both girls laughed. It was true. Their masters had eased up considerably on the whippings, not to mention some of the other trappings of slavery. In many ways, they were treating them like royalty.

"Roger throws a fit every time I get up for anything," smiled Sophia.

"Kevin, too," Erin giggled. "He insists on doing everything for me. It's like being the mistress for a change."

"I know," Sophia rolled her eyes. "It's so tedious. I'm so glad it won't last."

"Me, too," agreed Erin.

In their hearts they were slaves. Free life or anything close to it only brought them pain and doubts. They wanted their men to love them as possessions, to take complete responsibility for them. They wanted discipline. Hard fucking and long hours of chores. They wanted the cage and the collar.

Mostly, though, it was about pleasing their husband/masters. This, more than anything fulfilled the two females. As for the men themselves, they were busy loving their wives in the only way they knew how. As owners. Was this life right for everyone? They could hardly say so. But it was right for them.

It made them happy and it gave them peace. Living in this way made them better human beings and parents and citizens. Who was anyone to argue?

Certainly not Sophia and Erin, swept up as they were in a very special kind of fairy tale. Happy brides, living obediently ever after.

THE END

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