

Fate and Kink: The Duology

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Fate and Kink: The Duology

By

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Chapter 1. And So it Begins...

"Oh what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive."

- Sir Walter Scott

Twenty-three year old Emily Malone sat at a table in the Cantina, looking out over the clear blue waters of Cabo San Lucas, México. She took a deep, steady breath.

At only four in the afternoon, the place was packed. It was spring break, so most clientele were college students looking to party. Beyoncé was loudly singing about how “Girls Run the World.” Emily sipped a margarita, her first alcoholic drink of the afternoon, and wished that it was true.

Am I ready for this? Emily asked herself. But she already knew that she was as ready as she could be.

Euripides, a Greek scholar, once said: “When love is in excess, it brings a man no honor nor worthiness.” Emily figured that the same was true of a woman. She’d loved one man too long, too much, to the point of madness... and her plans were dishonorable. Well... too bad! What else was a woman to do? Euripides hadn’t offered any words of wisdom about how to get over such obsessive love, had he?

To Emily’s mind, love was a virus. A disease. And there was no cure.

At a table near hers, women shrieked with laughter when a group of healthy young men in tank tops and board shorts threw ice at them.

Amused, Emily watched the flirtation, while she sipped her drink. The tangy bite of tequila burned her throat and nostrils, mixing with the smell of heated sand and salty sea air. A cool breeze from the ocean kept the temperature down. *Thank God.*

A good-looking stranger walked toward her, his eyes interested and hungry. Blue, green and black ink decorated the full length of one arm in a striking design.

Why couldn’t she be attracted to him? To someone who wanted her? *Because*, she admonished herself. *Fool that I am, I’m infatuated with someone else. With someone who refused me. Twice! How pathetic is that?*

When she looked up at the stranger, meeting his gaze, he gave her a killer smile. *Wow. Very nice.* He clearly intended to hit on her. With her deliberately slutty, exposed cleavage, and ‘come get me, baby,’ look, Emily had been fending off a number of men, and even one woman, since she arrived.

“Would you like company?” he asked in a low voice.

“No, thank you,” she said firmly. “I’m waiting for someone.”

With a flex of one muscular shoulder, he shrugged. “Too bad.” He shot her an appealing crooked grin, and walked back toward the bar.

Emily considered what she’d look like to the object of her obsession. Her normally long, dark brown, wavy hair was recently cut short, straightened and bleached white-blonde. She’d styled it in a wild, uninhibited sort of “just tumbled” look. Not long ago, she wore glasses in an “a la geek” style. Now, colored contact lenses turned her light-blue eyes dark brown. With the addition of silk eyelash extensions, her eyes looked striking.

After five days in the sun, her pale skin was tan. Red blush, liberally applied, made her cheekbones stand out. Those eyelash extensions, combined with heavy makeup, created a sexually experienced and wanton look.

Intentionally dressed to seduce, she wore a short, black, pleated skirt and a red halter that left her stomach bare. The top scarcely covered her breasts; exposing her generous cleavage, while the lace of her black bra peeked out to contrast her large gold hoop earrings.

High-heeled, strappy sandals completed the picture. At five foot two, she needed all the height she could get.

No one she knew could have possibly recognized her – which was the point, of course and why she'd paid so much attention to every detail.

Emily took a large swallow, finishing the rest of her margarita in one gulp. She hoped one drink would be enough to soothe her buzzing nerves, because she needed to be clear-headed. She snorted and almost dropped her glass with *that* thought.

Could she really call what she'd planned the result of a clear mind? More likely, most people would consider her to be certifiably insane.

A graceful green sailboat was moving smoothly toward the shore. She checked the time. Was it him?

Fear rolled through her, making her body tremble and her stomach twist. *Maybe I should forget about this insane plan of mine. Should I just pack up and leave?* Yet since she was actually here, fifteen hundred miles from home, she was determined to see it through.

The afternoon's wet t-shirt contest had drawn quite a crowd. Emily was surprised to discover that the event had taken her mind off of her circumstances and made her smile.

Men, randomly chosen from the audience, were seated up on stage, one at a time. A female contestant wearing a thin white cotton shirt was hosed down. Competing one by one, each participant enticed the man they were paired with, through suggestive movements and dance.

At the end of the competition, the audience chose the winner through applause.

A number of gorgeous, tall, slim, buxom women participated. Many were pinnacles of the current culturally accepted view of beauty, with pretty faces and supermodel figures. Yet, it was the short, chubby, Canadian contestant that won.

When her performance was over, approval and acclaim resounded through deafening whistles, clapping and catcalls. The woman's lusty enthusiasm as she danced and gyrated was incredible. She deserved her win.

Whew, Emily mused. Forget the warm weather. The sexual heat that curvy little blonde exuded unexpectedly created a delicious sensation deep within her core. A slow carnal burn smoldered from inside. Yet, she wasn't thinking of the sexy Canadian's performance. Instead, Emily thought of *him*.

Jesus. How can I be so sexually aroused and utterly terrified at the same time?

Emily used the Cantina menu to fan her face, welcoming any distraction from the ball of tension she'd been living with for days.

As expected, and right on time, the "Seabird," a forty-two foot sailboat, arrived and anchored in the harbor. Now, its small outboard boat was speeding to shore. Her eyes burned with the

intensity of her stare. Emily watched two men clamber out of the craft and wade up onto the beach. They each had a duffel bag. The little boat sped off.

He's here. She'd know that familiar, confident walk of *his* anywhere.

Emily held perfectly still, while her heart hammered in her chest and her mouth went dry. Side by side, the two men walked up the beach toward the Cantina.

Face burning in a heated flush, Emily caught a direct sight of *him*. What struck her first was his thick, tousled hair as it seemed to glow. Now sporting naturally blond streaks, his light brown locks had grown to shoulder length. A five o'clock shadow and his trim, yet muscular, six-foot frame accented the primal male inside. Paul's angular face and high cheekbones gave him a somewhat menacing and dangerous look.

He was facing her, casually chatting with his friend, when he suddenly flashed a broad grin. Straight white teeth showed against the sun bronzed skin of a virile male in his prime. It was the kind of smile that would make heads turn, knees weaken and hearts melt. Not to mention setting her panties alight!

¡Ay, caramba! Emily's gut knotted. *Oh. My. God. Paul Jarman.*

He looked healthy, happy, and better than ever. The last time she saw him, he'd been firm-lipped, bitter, and enraged. Cussing a blue streak, Paul swore that he was leaving, promising never to return.

She watched him enter the cantina, wearing blue jean cut-offs and a snug, faded black t-shirt that hugged his chest. Long, muscular legs easily weaved through the crowd with fluid grace, as he grinned at his companion.

She had no idea who his handsome friend was. The man had dark hair and brown skin. Emily quickly averted her face as they strode by, moving toward the bar.

Am I really going to do this?

She'd already gone over her plan a thousand times, maybe more. Should I? Shouldn't I? The answer was always the same, because there really wasn't a choice at this point. She'd done too much, and come too far not to go through with it.

I have to. It's the only way.

Chapter 2. The Plan

Emily stood up and went quickly to the bathroom, reflecting on her family and the circumstances that had brought her to this.

Emily's mother, now divorced, had been depressed for the last few years. Her father was happy-go-lucky and undependable. Her older brother, Reese, had taken after her father. The moment he could, he left home and rarely visited. To be fair, he was at school, but why did he have to go to a college out of state?

Emily frowned irritably at that, because she knew why.

What sort of masochist would choose to stay?

Everyone considered Emily to be the “sensible” child of her family. Conservatively dressed, she’d always been responsible and level-headed. Go to school, hold a job, and keep the family together. She hadn’t had much success with the last one, but someone had to look after her mother.

Ordinarily, she was bound by duty and the unspoken ‘shoulds’ and ‘shouldn’ts’ of life. Emily had always been a rule follower.

Well, she mused to herself as a wicked smile curved her lips, tonight I’m going to be a rule breaker. I’m going out of my way to do some seriously scandalous shouldn’ts!

Checking her make-up in the mirror, she practiced her lower, soft and sultry voice. Tonight she intended to minimize speech. As close as she and Paul were, it was doubtful that he’d recognize her. For a start, she now had breast implants. She’d gone from flat-chested to a full C, or small D. They were state of the art, her present to herself when she turned twenty-one.

Emily always wanted larger, feminine breasts, yet she’d internally debated surgery for years. She told herself that only insecure people would have breast augmentation. She’d ask herself, ‘Why do I have to be something I’m not in order to impress a man?’ On and on and on such negative thoughts stormed through her mind.

When she’d discussed it with her mother and her friends, they all said the same things. “Your own breasts are the way God intended,” or “It isn’t natural,” “Why would you want to be fake?” “It’s such a superficial thing to do,” and “You’re beautiful as you are.”

In the end, she’d gone ahead with the procedure after asking herself, ‘What would Paul like best?’ So stupid! And pathetic! She had no pride where he was concerned. After the surgery, she found that she was much happier and more confident, with both her body and with herself.

Having a flat chest and being mistaken for a pre-pubescent boy had annoyed her all her life. She was too short as it was. Now she no longer looked like a child.

Paul hadn’t seen her for three long years. Back then, she’d never look or dress like she did right now, nor had she traveled out of state, much less to Mexico.

The stranger staring back at her in the mirror struck a sexy pose, further exposing her generous cleavage in that tight red halter. Emily practiced an alluring smile – creating an eager “come hither” look.

Yes. Perfect!

That seemed to be exactly the kind of girl Paul Jarman went for, she mused. He never went out with “nice” girls. He liked experienced, big breasted, naughty girls who put out. He was looking to get laid – not looking for love. There was something about him, too. Every girl seemed to instantly fall in love with Paul, probably because he didn’t commit to anyone. *Ever.*

Well, he won’t want to commit to me either, but who cares? I just want to have sex with him.

“The only way to banish temptation is to give in to it,” the saying went. She sure hoped it was true. Emily intended to finally scratch that long term, never ending itch of hers. There was a fine line between “hopeful persistence” and “stalking.” Clearly she’d gone *well over* that line. Hell, she’d literally and metaphorically driven past state borders and even left the country when it came to “crossing the line.”

Emily adored Paul when she was a child. He'd always been kind to her, he listened to her, and made her laugh.

Then when she became older, and her body flooded with hormones, she really noticed him. He was tall, and strong and handsome. And he had that sexy smile that somehow made her melt inside.

What she felt for Paul was a bone-deep ache that never went away. Emily frowned, frustrated by the mystery. How do normal people get over their first love?

Being obsessed with someone was like being caught in finger traps. The more she struggled and fought the infatuation, the tighter the cuffs held on.

She'd convinced herself that if she just had one night of mind blowing, intense, no-holds-barred, toe curling sex with the object of her fixation, then maybe, just maybe, she'd finally get over him. Perhaps then, she could move on with her life.

At least, that was the plan.

She sprayed her new up market perfume into the air and walked through it. Paul would never associate that expensive scent with her. Bracing herself, Emily filled her lungs with a deep, fortifying breath, and walked out of the ladies room with a sexy swing to her hips.

She kept going until she came to the table where Paul and his friend were sitting, stretched out drinking beer. They had a large spread of tacos and quesadillas in front of them, mostly half eaten. Chairs were at a premium, so there was nowhere for her to sit. Not that it mattered.

The margarita she'd slammed down had gone straight to her head, giving her the confidence she'd hoped it would. She not only had to look slutty, she had to act slutty, too.

Please God, don't let him recognize me.

Emily stood facing Paul. Hands on her waist, she crooked a leg in a provocative, catwalk model pose. "Hey, hot guy," she said in a low, sultry purr. "Where can a girl sit if she wants to join you?"

Paul gazed up at her with interest and amusement sparkling in his light hazel eyes. Those eyes of his had always entranced her. Just now, they looked chocolate brown, but in sunlight or other well-lit settings, Paul's irises were a beautiful bright green near the pupil.

His eyebrows rose into an arch as she looked down at him. The corners of his mouth lifted as a slow smile curled his lips. Emily's breath hitched when a nearly tangible frisson of attraction passed between them.

Before she knew his intent, Paul gave a delighted, low-pitched laugh and swept her onto to his lap. One of his arms lay across her thighs, the other around her back, holding tight to one of her hips.

"Oh!" For an empty space of time, Emily stopped breathing.

Her mind went blank as every brain cell she had seemed to disappear. Evidently, said brain cells had been replaced by rampant female hormones, all exuberantly singing, *"Take me! Take me! Take me!"*

For a moment, Emily totally forgot the part she was supposed to be playing, as electric jolts of joy and pleasure rolled through her, making her skin tingle.

All the years of desire she'd bottled up inside, popped open and exploded, spraying like shaken, uncorked champagne. Was it the alcohol that made her whole body flush and her head swim? Or was it just Paul? She felt drunk, intoxicated by the scent, sight, sound and feel of him.

I'm in Paul's arms! I'm in Paul's arms!

It was a heady experience.

He smelled so good. Hot, muscular and male. An all-consuming need for him spiked through her in an instant of sharp arousal. It was as if a bolt of lightning struck her, right between her legs. Her body heated and pulsed; her breasts ached and her nipples hardened, their taut peaks brushing against her lacy bra.

Until that moment she'd been unaware of any friction between the lace and her sensitive nipples.

Paul had been her dream lover, from the first time she'd ever had a sexual fantasy, for as long as she could remember.

Oh man, I want him so bad.

"Hey, beautiful," Paul said, his eyes flaring with unconcealed lust. "What's your name?"

Emily stared at him, frozen into stillness by his intense gaze. The velvet timbre of his voice was deep and so incredibly mellow. It was the same voice that she'd loved to listen to all of her life – except that now it had a sexy, seductive tone to it.

Dazed and aroused, Emily's lips parted... but no sound came out.

For a moment she honestly couldn't recall how to speak. Remembering how to breathe seemed to be problematic, too. There was a long pause while she tried to right her universe that had tilted so dramatically.

"Candy," she replied with a gasp, abruptly remembering the fake name she'd adopted specifically for this occasion.

Paul's eyes sparkled with dry irony. "Of course it is," he murmured with a quick, easy laugh.

Chapter 3. Charismatic, Seductive Paul

Thank, God! He doesn't recognize me, Emily thought with relief. But I hardly recognize him, either – not from the way he's acting toward me.

Paul Jarman, the unrequited love of her life was hitting on her! Emily realized that this was 'Charismatic, seductive, Paul,' as opposed to 'Protective, indulgent, treat-me-like-a-younger-sister, Paul,' that she had grown used to over the years.

Charismatic, seductive, Paul was a man that she'd never met before, but holy hell! She sure planned to get to know this Paul better. Intimately, in fact.

Emily's older brother, Reese, was Paul's best friend. When they were kids, Paul lived on the same street as Emily and her family. As Reese's little sister, the two boys often got stuck babysitting her.

While Reese complained about having to babysit Emily, Paul was always kind and accepting. He didn't seem to mind having her around. Maybe it was because he was an only child. Perhaps he enjoyed the novelty of having her trail adoringly after him. Either way, Paul had been a big part of Emily's childhood.

Paul's parents and her parents were best friends. Every Friday night they played cards. They also watched football, and went to various games and events. Both families even went on vacation together. Those were good times when she was growing up, some of her favorite childhood memories, in fact.

Emily and Reese had both gone off to college while Paul stayed home and worked at his dad's grocery store.

Then all that shit happened, she mused with a nostalgic sigh.

As a result Paul left Lincoln City, swearing he would never return. Around the same time, Emily quit school temporarily, coming home to look after her mother. During the last three years, Emily acted as Paul's informant. She kept him up to date through email, about his father and how his business was going.

Paul had been Emily's first crush, her first love, but she'd never gotten over him. After all those years, throughout everything, Emily's infatuation for her brother's best friend had never once wavered.

She'd had boyfriends over the years, and wasn't an innocent, but Paul remained her only love. Now, even after three years without seeing him, the familiar pull of her attraction toward him was still there, stronger than ever.

And now I'm in his arms.

It was better than any of her countless fantasies.

Paul's eyes narrowed as he studied her, slowly starting at her toenails (which were red from a recent pedicure). His hungry gaze appreciatively slid up her legs, then drank in her torso. Emily's breath caught, and her nipples tightened when his vision lingered caressingly on her breasts.

Finally his eyes stopped and focused on her lips. Was he going to kiss her?

Please! Please! Please!

Paul's intense scrutiny made her shiver with a strange combination of apprehension and lust. Signs of Emily's arousal were obvious to anyone who cared to look. Her skin was flushed, her breathing shallow and rapid, lips parted, eyes wide. She was drunk with arousal.

Emily figured that Paul could spot a horny girl a mile away. It was a talent that had served him well, if the rumors about him were true. Just now, he couldn't miss the throbbing puddle of aching desire sitting on his lap.

For what seemed like forever, Emily had concealed her powerful yearning for Paul. How could she

hide it now, when the warmth of his body overwhelmed her senses, seeping into her bones, her mind, and soul?

But tonight she was Candy, and there was no reason to hide. She wanted him... and she wanted him to know it.

Paul stroked her hypersensitive skin with rough fingers, tracing along the contours of her calf, running up past her knee, and boldly moving under her skirt to mid-thigh. Emily's eyes widened as she became aware of Paul's interest in the form of the rigid length of his erection pressed against her hip.

His hand moved confidently, calloused and warm. It gripped her thigh with firm possession. Like that thigh belonged to him.

Like he owned her. And at that moment, he did. *Wow!*

Buzzed, pliant and entranced by his attention, Emily wanted to melt right into him.

"I'm Paul, and this is Jai," he crooned, nuzzling her neck. "You smell good."

"A pleasure to meet you," Jai said with a nod.

She stared at Paul, devouring him with her eyes. Trying to calm her rapid heartbeat, Emily forced her gaze to Paul's friend. The man's ancestry clearly originated from India, but he had a British accent. Maybe he'd been born in the UK? Observing the position of Paul's hand up her skirt, Jai's mouth twitched, curving into a knowing grin. His teeth were straight and white.

"Can we buy you a drink, Candy?"

"Yes, thank-you," she murmured. The plan was to limit her replies to breathy, whispered comments, to prevent Paul from recognizing her voice. "A margarita, please."

Paul easily caught the attention of a waitress despite how packed the place was. The woman hurried to his table to take his order, fawning all over him, like a peasant to a king. This was no surprise to Emily.

Quarterback and track star with perfect grades, he'd been voted as 'Most likely to Succeed' in high school. Paul had always been in command of himself and everyone around him. Where did all that self-assurance come from? Good looks? High IQ? Physical health and fitness? Take your pick.

Emily just wished that she had half of his easy confidence. It certainly added to his allure. People were naturally drawn to Paul, caught up in his powerful magnetic pull.

"Hungry?" Paul asked, gesturing to the generous spread of Mexican fare on the table. He spoke with a quiet intensity that made her focus all her attention on him.

Emily boldly met his gaze. "Not for food," she replied in a low voice.

She was proud of herself with that answer. Regaining her slutty experienced persona and confirming her interest was important. It was true, anyway. Right now, Emily couldn't eat a thing – unless it was Paul. He was a feast for her senses. Overwhelmed, she looked away.

It was all she could do to sit still. Emily wanted to writhe with nerves. Raw lust roared through her

in a steady urgent wave. Her skin, her nerve endings, her entire body was hypersensitive. She longed to kiss him, to lick his hard male abs, and run her hands all over his body. She felt empty, needy and desperate.

“Look at me, Candy,” Paul’s voice became forceful and uncompromising. “Eyes on me.”

Dazedly, she lifted her head and met his gaze. Candy swallowed, hard. His eyes flared and darkened. Her chest went tight in response. This was Paul, the man she had adored for as long as she could remember. The man she loved, and always would. There was nothing that she wouldn’t do for him... or to him, for that matter! Whatever he wanted.

I’m a slave to love, she thought. *More like a slave to Paul Jarman.* But just then she didn’t care.

Emily’s breath hitched when Paul took her hand, and brought it to his lips.

Gently he bit the meaty flesh, just under her thumb. Emily was unable to hold back a moan. His sensual lips twitched into an eloquent smile at her response. Paul knew exactly what he was doing. Stroking, caressing, he kissed where he’d caused that sharp bite of sensation. Then he began to play with her fingers, tracing the length of them with his hand and mouth.

Sensual and seductive, he teased and toyed with her hand. Just like he was teasing and toying *with her.*

The stubble on his face brushed against her skin and she jerked as a blast of sensation coursed through her like an electric current. *Whoa!* His every touch was so erotic! A strange roaring began in her ears. Emily heard herself whimper when he pressed his lips to her inner wrist in a soft kiss.

It sounded like it came from someone else.

Unexpectedly, he licked and then nipped her there. Lightning struck once more. Incandescent heat shot instantly from his mouth on her wrist, to deep within her feminine core. It hurt – but it didn’t. Erotically excruciating, it was so much more than pain.

It felt divine.

Holy shit! Liquid warmth pooled low in her belly. Her slick channel clenched and a rush of moisture gushed between her thighs. Emily didn’t think that she had ever been so aroused, and he had barely touched her. Already she was prepared to spread her legs for him right here on this table, the floor, his lap or wherever he wanted.

“Oh, God,” she whispered, mesmerized.

Defenseless and exposed, she wanted to avert her face from his knowing eyes, but was unable to look away. Emily had heard of spontaneous combustion. In the back of her mind she wondered if this is how it occurred.

The set of Paul’s jaw firmed but his eyes were bright as he examined her in a triumphant, measured gaze. His calloused hand returned to her leg, slowly skimming over her skin, moving higher up her skirt than before. This time, as he gripped her thigh, he stretched two fingers out – so that the tips of them pressed softly against her drenched panties.

Candy’s eyes widened and her whole body stilled, absorbing that wonderful erotic touch. Captured

and unable to break away, his gaze held hers.

There was no escape.

Paul moved his magical fingers back and forth, back and forth with a feather-light touch along her damp, cloth covered flesh. Her breath began to hitch in little gasps of desire. With a desperate whimper she arched toward him. A low moan escaped her lips as he pressed the cloth of her panties deep into her wet folds.

“You’re a needy little thing, aren’t you?” he observed in a soft, seductive voice. His face remained dispassionate while those clever digits of his continued to tease and probe. “Just my kind of woman. I know what you want,” he murmured with husky confidence. “If you’re a good girl, I’ll give you exactly what you need.”

Chapter 4. Ready or Not

Thankfully the waitress broke the spell when she arrived with Emily’s drink.

Paul slowly drew his hand out from under her skirt with unhurried, lazy disregard. The man paid not the slightest attention to the sexy waitress, and because he didn’t, somehow neither could she.

It was as if there was no one else. They were in this room alone together.

With an open stare, he met her gaze. Then he licked the pad of his fingers with slow and thoughtful deliberation.

“Very nice,” he said with a playful wink.

OhGodohGodohGod!

Emily’s margarita went down quickly, her cheeks flushed with heat. She’d spent months arranging this meeting. Her current persona, Candy, had a full imaginary background, including siblings, a job, a home, and even her own email address.

Emily had carefully compartmentalized the two personalities. It was the only way she could pull this off.

Yet already, she was off balance, confused and lost. Her senses whirled, her breasts grew heavy and between her legs her swollen flesh throbbed. Who was she? Was she still playing a role? Candy and Emily seemed like the same person right now, both filled with a raging tide of desire.

Get it together, Emily. Remember the plan. You can do this, and Paul will never know.

Paul, Jai and Emily chatted for a while, flirting and doing the “getting to know you dance” that proceeded a night of hot sex.

Emily was no virgin, but she was pretty choosy when it came to getting naked with anyone. She’d always enjoyed the closeness of kissing and cuddling as she suspected most women did. Who didn’t have a natural desire for intimacy? For physical and emotional connection?

The problem for Emily had always been that no matter who she slept with, or even when pleasuring herself – if she climaxed it was because she imagined being with Paul.

"Do you want me, Candy?" Paul whispered into her ear, his hot breath moving over her skin, causing a delicious tingling sensation along the nape of her neck. "Because I want you. Right now."

Staring at her hands in her lap, Emily nervously swallowed. She couldn't speak. Instead she nodded, almost shyly. She was out of character, but somehow coming across slutty in answer to such a blindingly obvious question just couldn't be done. Did she want him? Hell, yes! More than she'd ever wanted anything.

Emily opened her mouth, but found that she was still unable to answer. How could she reply to such a question when she'd ached for him forever, body, heart and soul?

Paul cupped her chin and tipped up her face, gazing at her in a determined expression. Eyes darkening, they captured hers. Emily wanted to look away from such burning intensity, but she couldn't.

A kick of fear and arousal slammed into her as his power and dominance overwhelmed her senses. She felt exposed and vulnerable to his intense, scrutiny. Could he see right through her?

"Tell me, Candy," Paul demanded in a deceptively soft voice. "I need to hear the words. Tell me what you want."

"I want you." Her whispered reply was soft and unsteady.

"Good girl," he murmured with a slight smile, as he released her from his penetrating gaze. "I like a woman who knows what she wants." He laughed then, a light, joyous sound. "Candy. I can't even imagine anything sweeter than what I have right here in my lap. Can you, Jai?" Paul said, glancing up at his friend. "Jai and I have just come off a boat. Neither of us have enjoyed the company of a woman for a while."

Emily knew that already; she'd been waiting for him. Paul had signed on as crew for a number of small boats, travelling to incredible places, working odd jobs, and doing so many interesting things.

She was jealous because he was footloose, and had no responsibilities. But why was he including Jai in his "company of a woman," comment?

Paul's breath whispered, once more, seductive and warm over her ear. His arms tightened around her. One big palm lightly grazing the outer edge of her breast in lazy, sensual strokes. Emily shut her eyes, overwhelmed by the incredible sensation of it.

"Jai and I could make you climax all night long. Are you up for a threesome?"

What? Her mind blanked while she processed what Paul said. It took a fraction of a second before she understood, but then she stiffened and her eyes flew to Jai's face. She couldn't have been more stunned if a bucket of ice water had been thrown over her. A threesome? Really? God no!

She was sexually experienced, but not with *that* kind of experience. For the love of God, how would that work? Her, Paul and Jai, all having sex together? At the same time? Paul wanted that? Yikes! What else did he want?

Jai clearly registered her immediate expression of shock and dismay because he chuckled and said in his formal British accent, "I believe that the young lady in question is only interested in you,

Paul.”

“Candy,” Paul said. She immediately met his gaze, complying instinctively to his unspoken command. “Jai and I are good together. We know exactly how to please a woman. You have no idea what you’d be missing out on. If you haven’t had a threesome, now is the time to try it.” He stared at her with open lust.

Emily swallowed hard. “I’m sorry. Maybe next time,” she paused and added, “or later tonight?” *No way*, she thought, but they didn’t need to know that. “What I really want is you.”

She gave an intentionally light shrug and forced a laugh. “There’s a long night ahead of us. Who knows how it will end?”

“Not as experienced as you look, are you, little Candy?” Paul said with a knowing smile. “Never mind.” He grasped her waist and effortlessly set her on her feet. Then he stood up. The bulge in his jeans was impressive. “Do you have a room, or shall I get one of my own?”

Candy grinned. “I have a room.”

The emotion behind her joyous smile wasn’t forced or fake. Candy and Emily were the same person now. Both desperate, greedy and more than ready. It was liberating not to have to hide her desire, to show Paul how she felt about him – even if he didn’t know who she really was.

Shifting restlessly, Emily swallowed. Orgasms didn’t usually come easy for her, not without serious foreplay. But just now she wondered if she’d peak screaming, the moment Paul touched her. She was so primed and hot for him.

Paul met his friend’s gaze.

“Don’t worry about me,” Jai said, surveying the mass of young women in the Cantina. “I won’t be lonely. Send me a text. I’ll come to you, if I’m not otherwise engaged.” Jai’s accent was sexy. The white flash of his grin was boyishly charming. The combination was devastating. Emily knew that the man would hook-up with ease.

Paul pulled her body possessively against his, stroked her hair and trailed his hand down to her lower back. His touch was electrifying. Emily took in a deep steadying breath, trying to keep it together until they were alone.

Picking up his duffel, he said, “Ready?”

There was no mistaking the gleam in his eyes. He fully intended to be inside her, to bury himself deep inside her. Soon. Raw need clawed at her. She shivered with the just thought of it.

“Yes, I’m ready,” Emily said. Another understatement. She’d been waiting her whole life for this. Now, it was all coming together. Sex. Scratching her never-ending itch. Getting fucked by Paul Jarman – hopefully all night long. Her strategy was moving along perfectly, exactly as she planned.

What could possibly go wrong?

Chapter 5. Dominated

The moment Emily opened the door to her hotel suite, Paul threw his duffel bag inside and then

took charge. With his hands firm upon her shoulders, he kicked the door shut, walked her backwards into the room, and forcefully pushed her up against the wall.

Lost in desire and anticipation, the sensation of hitting the wall shocked her into awareness. He hadn't hurt her, but he certainly had her attention. Paul loomed over her. She was trapped, boxed in and dwarfed by the size and weight of him.

It felt amazing.

Everything about Paul emphasized her femininity. Emily felt soft and sexy, all woman compared to his hard masculine frame.

"You are such a tease," he growled, capturing her with his body, his arms on either side of her, his hard male strength pressing against her. Paul's eyes were dark and heavy lidded. "Now it's my turn. I'm going to make you come all night long."

"That works for me," she said, choking off a bubble of laughter and wrapping her arms around his neck.

Emily reveled in an assault of sensation: his broad shoulders and flat stomach. All that solid maleness firm against her, imprisoning her against the wall – not to mention the rigid length of his arousal that pressed against her stomach.

He was almost a foot taller than she was, so she went up on tiptoes to meet his lips.

He took her wrists and pulled them together high above her head, pinning her there with one large hand. His other gripped her shoulder firmly. Holding her gaze, he stared at her with hard eyes. "No touching me without my permission," he ordered with a no nonsense attitude.

Her eyes opened wide. "What? Why not?" she asked, bewildered.

"I like to be in control," he growled back at her. "I particularly like to be in control during sex." His lips firmed and his eyes narrowed. "Do you have a problem with that?"

Her brows drew down while she puzzled over his statement. Rational thought, in fact any thought at all, was difficult through the fog of her lust filled haze.

"What? Oh. God, no," Emily said, forgetting to minimize the amount of words she spoke. "I don't care how you fuck me, as long as you do. I swear to God, I have never been so turned on in my life. Just fuck me already, will you?"

She could see that he was surprised by her response. For an instant, she watched him struggle not to grin.

The tension broke, as he gave in to a smile and a boyish laugh. It captivated her. Emily loved the sound of it. Paul had been so upset the last time she'd seen him. So angry. So sad. So hurt. More than anything, she wanted him to be happy... and she wanted him to be inside of her. *Right now.*

He shook his head and snorted, unable to suppress a smirk. "Fuck you? Well, if you're a good girl, I might do just that."

What? He 'might'? Wasn't sex a sure thing at this point?

His eyes moved to her lips, his pupils darkening with intent. Paul shifted his other hand, wrapping his fingers firmly around her jaw and nape. No one ever held her like that before, taking control of her head, neck and chin. Holding her immobile, exactly as he wanted, before kissing her on the mouth.

Now why was that such a turn on?

Emily never once considered that Paul would be commanding, demanding and just that little bit rough. Yet if he had been sweet and soft and slow, she knew that she would've been just as aroused.

A little voice inside her head chanted the answer: *It's Paul! It's Paul! It's Paul.*

After so many years of being under his spell, and loving him from afar, Emily was finally in Paul Jarman's arms. Talk about déjà vu. She had about a zillion hours of detailed fantasies of Paul, but this was the real thing.

He leaned forward and his mouth took hers in a bruising, open mouthed kiss. The feel of Paul's warm, moist lips pressing against hers, and the scent and taste of him overwhelmed her senses. Combined with his crushing embrace, he made her head spin and her belly tighten with need.

Desire flooded her body in a wave of heat. Swollen, wet and ready, she'd never experienced such clawing need. His heady male scent and the feel of him besieged her senses. Her heart pounded at a fevered pace, thundering in her ears.

Emily threw herself toward him, into his kiss, reaching, needing, wanting it to never end. She wanted to be closer, to melt into him. She heard a male sound of pleasure as his sensuous lips pressed into hers, and her lips parted.

Her captured wrists struggled for release, she felt frustrated with the desire to touch him. Pulling against his restraint, she forced him to hold her tighter. Emily opened her mouth and his tongue plundered, exploring.

When her tongue found his, she moaned with the total rapture of it.

Emily's knees weakened as he ravished her, an erotic dance of teeth, lips and tongue. Licking, sucking, nibbling and tasting, while breathing each other's breath. With his kiss alone, she lost herself in all-encompassing sensation. Willing and pliant, she surrendered, giving herself completely.

Now Paul held her arms tight for another reason, because she was unable to hold herself up. His kiss turned her to liquid, almost melting her into a puddle on the floor.

Her wrists hurt. Emily vaguely thought that he might be bruising her, but she didn't care. This was like her dreams only so much better. This was *real*.

Paul is kissing me. He wants me. I'm actually with Paul!

She heard whimpering and suddenly realized that the noise was coming from her.

Paul's large body pushed hard against hers as he pressed closer, crushing her against the wall and flattening her against his upper torso. The pressure on her wrists lessened as his body absorbed her weight. Her breasts, swollen, and aching, responded to the feel of his firm chest. An electric

jolt flashed down between her legs, making her core pulse and her clit swell and throb.

He tore his mouth away from hers, his eyes dark with lust.

“Oh God, yes!” she cried out breathlessly. Her ragged, heavy breathing sounded unnaturally loud in the quiet room. The soft white noise of her bedroom suite’s air conditioning was almost inaudible.

Emily’s entire body clenched, tight with anticipation. In the face of her shameless desperation, his lips curled with smug male satisfaction. It didn’t matter what he thought of her, she decided, as long as he fucked her!

Paul’s palm curled tighter on the nape of her neck, adjusting her to the position he desired. Emily’s head tilted back, giving him access. “You’re so good. Such a sweet, lovely girl,” he breathed seductively in her ear, and her skin immediately produced goose bumps.

The inexplicable joy she felt from the approval in his voice was beyond anything.

He nuzzled into her, breathing and licking behind her ear, sending shivers down her spine. Moving slowly down her throat, she moaned as his five o’clock shadow erotically scraped her sensitive skin. Stopping where her neck met her shoulder, his teeth were suddenly upon her. His searing mouth latched on, biting and sucking.

Ow! Is he giving me a hickey? But if he is, who cares?

She hissed at the sharp pain, but it also felt heavenly. The heat of him encompassed her, the sensation of his unshaven stubble rubbing against her only added to her pleasure.

He fisted her hair and pulled her head back against the wall. A tiny bite of painful sensation made her scalp tingle. What was that about? She mused in a blank, lustful fog. Getting off on pain made no sense at all.

At this rate, if he took a knife out and stabbed her to death, she’d probably die having the most intense climax of her life.

That thought made her want to giggle. Was it sexual hysteria? Too much of a good thing? Distillation or fermentation was not required for intoxication. Emily was drunk on hundred percent pure Paul.

“Look at me,” he snapped, apparently aware that she’d zoned out. His voice was low, sensual and imperious.

Maybe he’d been a king in a previous incarnation? It was a whimsical thought, but it held an interesting bite of truth to it. Because damn, for as long as she could remember, bossy, overbearing Paul, seemed to always get his way.

Obediently, she stared up into his commanding gaze. He held her there, caught. Captured by his will.

By him.

Emily couldn’t look away, even if she wanted to. It was as if she was under an enchantment.

"That's right, keep your eyes on me," he told her in that composed, confident voice of his. "I'm going to make you come."

This ridiculous understatement broke the spell. "No shit!" she snorted, teetering between manic hysteria and the edge of release.

A dark chuckle escaped his lips and his heated breath fanned over her neck. His beautiful hazel eyes were alive with amusement, and heavy with lust.

I'm glad I caused some sort of effect on him, she thought whimsically. Because he's like a volcanic eruption to me.

Chapter 6. Volcano

As for volcanic eruptions, Emily felt like burning molten lava inside.

Could she get off from a kiss? If he touched any other part of her, skin to skin, she was sure that she'd explode. Emily had been worried that she'd be nervous when she finally had sex with Paul. She'd been anxious that somehow, someday, she'd screw it up. She had so many vivid sexual fantasies of what it'd be like to be with him.

Well, her fantasies, as amazing as her imagination had been, didn't come close to the real thing.

Helpless savage need overwhelmed her. As if being carried down thundering rapids, and rushing over a waterfall, Emily felt totally out of control. Like falling from an airplane without a parachute, or sucked up by a tornado, spinning high above the earth. Emily wasn't sure if she'd ever place her feet back down upon the ground again.

"Put your hands on my shoulders and hold on," he ordered, releasing her wrists.

"Yes," she gasped. Right now, she really needed to hold on, to him, to life, to her sanity. His shoulders felt hard and hot to her palms as she gripped him.

He untied her halter top, pulling the bra cups down and replacing them with his hands, one large palm on each breast. Fondling the swell of her breasts, Paul circled her areolas, teasing and tugging her nipples. He squeezed her nipples, gently, then harder, then gently once more. Emily writhed and moaned, her breath ragged. Her breasts were swollen and heavy, her nipples engorged and incredibly sensitive.

All of his attention was on her breasts.

Emily stared at him, captivated by the fierce intensity of his expression, the force of his personality and the stern line of his lips. Paul radiated power, pleasure and control.

All his focus is on me.

Pleasing Paul was a whole new source of joy for her.

As he continued to work on her breasts, waves of pleasure began to course through her body. She was sooooo close to orgasm! When he put his mouth on her, suckling each swollen nipple, and lashing her with his tongue, she arched and called out. His fingers on her sensitive flesh were one thing, but the moist heat of his mouth was something else altogether.

Emily made constant involuntary sounds, keening and moaning, chest heaving, and pulse racing. She couldn't move, no matter how she struggled. His hips had her pinned, locking her in place, as she fruitlessly tried to writhe and buck against him.

"Be still," he commanded.

Lost in awe and wonder, without conscious thought, her body froze instantly. It was some sort of an animal instinct, this desire to obey him. Emily no longer felt confused, shy or afraid.

Having Paul take charge felt like freefall, or the stillness of meditation. She surrendered completely. To him.

Sex had *never* been like this. The way Paul used her body for his own pleasure... God. It was so intimate! She had no will of her own right now. He'd stolen it from her, taken it all.

No. Not taken.

She had freely and eagerly given it away. To him. Only to him.

Paul rewarded her with a sexy smile of approval. "Good girl." He had complete and perfect control of her, and she'd never been so turned on in her life.

His watchful gaze never left her as he monitored her reactions to everything he did. While intently kneading and fondling her breasts, he gave her swollen nipples a hard pinching twist. Powerful sensation overwhelmed her. *Pain again*, something in the back of her brain whispered. It stung, in the most excruciating yet delightful way, causing flames of fire to lick down, right into her clit.

"You liked that," he murmured. It was a statement, not a question and she giggled. His eyebrows lifted. "What?"

"It's just..." Emily couldn't stop smiling. "You just kind of have this thing for understatement going on." She met his gaze and they both laughed.

"I'll rephrase," he said with a smirk. "You loved that, didn't you, Candy? You love everything I do to you."

The truth of that statement was so profound that she stopped grinning. She could only nod.

His dark eyes, forceful and knowing, were well aware of how near to climax she was. "Keep your eyes open and on me," he demanded.

This directive was difficult, because the myriad of sensations that flooded her were overwhelming. Emily craved Paul's touch forever, and now she had it. His scent, his heat, his heavy erection straining between her legs were more than she could have ever imagined.

It was sensory overload.

When her eyes began to drift shut from the weight of pleasure, he snapped, "Eyes!" She opened them wide once more.

He nodded his approval of her compliance. "Good, girl."

Emily focused on the low, seductive sound of his voice, his words slid over her – making her feel

ridiculously happy to have pleased him. Paul's fingers trailed firmly up her thigh, along her hip and then slipped under her panties. Emily almost wept with relief.

"Spread your legs," he demanded, his voice husky. Shamelessly, she obeyed, opening to him. Her breath came faster, her heart pounded like fists in her chest.

His hand delved down over her mound and between her thighs. Emily gasped and trembled. His large palm slid between her moist lips, spreading them open with knowing fingers. His thumb circled her throbbing clit. Rubbing with exquisite care, he explored the most sensitive feminine part of her, fondling, stroking and probing.

She was so close!

"You're dripping wet for me," he rasped in a low appreciative tone. The stern, angular lines of his face lightened with a slow smile.

Lost in sensation, Emily could only whimper in response.

When he pushed a finger deep inside her swollen folds, she called out. Teasing, and stroking her moisture over her swollen flesh, he continued to draw back in time to prevent her orgasm. Emily couldn't stop quivering. This was heaven. This was hell! The tight ball of tension in her body had built to an alarming proportion.

"Please..." she begged, clutching hard to the broad shoulders of his muscular frame. She gripped him as if being dangled in the air from high above the earth. Emily held on for dear life, raggedly fighting for every breath.

Like falling off a cliff and accepting her fate, she had no say, no control of anything. Paul had it all. She'd never felt so sexy, so free, so safe, so alive, so uninhibited and liberated.

He circled and caressed; yet he never once fondled that sensitive bundle of nerves that throbbed and strained toward him, aching for his touch. Reality left her as the world tunneled. There was only *him* and his hands and body, taking her over completely.

Powerful sexual need made her want to sob or shriek in equal measure. Was she losing her mind?

"Please, please, please," she continued the chant like a song... or more like a prayer. *I'm going to explode!* It seemed like a real possibility. She was desperate, panting for him.

Two fingers thrust deep inside her and she gasped. "I want to see you come for me. Come. Now." Paul's voice was harsh and commanding. His thumb tapped the hard aching bud of her swollen clit, once, twice.

That was all it took.

For an instant she saw Paul's eyes studying her, dark with satisfaction. Then she convulsed and heard herself screaming. Her peak was long and strong and overpowering. Her inner muscles clamped down on his fingers as her orgasm rolled through her. A gush of feminine musk ran warm down her thighs.

Paul's fingers continued to press rhythmically inside of her, soothing as she shuddered through her aftershocks. He milked every last bit of pleasure from her body, staying right there with her

while she rode her convulsions, until her spasms subsided, then ceased, and her clit stopped twitching.

Emily's knees were mush, her entire body relaxed and limp. Paul holding her against the wall was a necessity or she'd have slid to the floor.

The world went away.

An unknown amount of time passed, before she regained her senses. Dazed and badly shaken, Emily looked up into the beloved face she knew so well.

Oh my God! I just had the most spectacular climax of my life and I haven't even taken my clothes off! I've loved Paul forever, but fucking hell! What just happened?

A storm of strong emotion welled up from within. Warm, wet tears rolled down her cheeks from the joy of it. She was overpowered by awe and adoration. Her lifelong dream was to be loved by Paul. He didn't love her, he'd given her an incredible orgasm – that was all. Yet the profound, soul-deep pleasure she felt defied explanation.

What's happening to me? she wondered, dizzy in the face of such passionate *feelings*. She blinked rapidly, trying to stop her tears. If she died right now, she knew she'd die happy and wouldn't regret a thing.

"Very nice," he murmured, his breath warm upon her. His palms held her face while he wiped her tears away with calloused thumbs. "I love to watch you. I love looking into your eyes, seeing them dilate and glaze over as you come."

A fond smile of approval curled his lips, making Emily's heart lurch.

"Thank you, Candy," he said. The deep seductive tone of his voice rolled over her, making her shiver, creating a delight of its own. "That was a very good start."

Chapter 7. Paul

The thin light of dawn was just coming through the windows. It would be another clear, blue sky day in Cabo.

Paul hadn't visited a fetish club for almost two years, yet how easy had it been for him to fall into full Dom mode, even with vanilla sex?

His sweet little sub lay curled trustingly toward him, her hands under her face. Limp and exhausted, her chest rose and fell evenly as she slept. Paul felt strangely at peace, soothed by the gentle rhythm.

His lips curved at the use of the possessive pronoun. 'His sub.' Since when had he ever considered a woman to be his?

And what a woman. Together, they had been going at it all night, but he wasn't yet sated. It might take weeks to have his fill of her. His cock twitched, still partially erect. He considered waking her up and taking her again, but decided to allow the poor girl to rest for now.

The earthy smell of male musk, sweat and Candy's heady, feminine scent filled the room, teasing his nostrils. Paul recalled the feel of her speeding pulse under his hand, her silken wetness, her

soft sighs, whimpers, moans, and screams. Her body had trembled at his touch.

Could he ever forget the thrilling sound of her pleading to push himself deep inside her? Or to be allowed her release when he held back, intentionally tantalizing her on the edge of orgasm?

Beautiful.

She was such a turn on. Candy moved him at both a physical and emotional level. Her skin was soft, her hair like silk. When she climaxed the desperate, grateful sounds she made were perfect. She was an unexpected treasure, this passionate little beauty. So responsive, so sweet.

He'd taken her on the bed from the front and from the side. He'd bent her over the couch, with her back arched and her delectable ass high in the air. At midnight, rather than using room service, he let her rest and went out to get a couple of burritos and some soda pop.

After bringing it back to their room and eating it, he spread her out on the table, deciding to eat her, too.

Initially when he dominated her, she seemed confused and uncertain. That soon changed. She progressed to the point where her body quivered with desire when he commanded her.

Her body knew its master – it just took a little interval for her mind to get the memo. Eventually, and quite unexpectedly, Candy had surrendered to him completely.

Throughout the night he gave her numerous orders that she instantly obeyed – commands that she never even questioned. "Hands over your head, hold on to the headboard." "Bend over, spread your legs. Wider. Good girl."

Unquestioned obedience flowed naturally from her. Candy trusted him completely, when there was no logical reason to do so.

By the time their sexual marathon ended, she looked at him with awe and adoration. Why? What did she see in him other than an evening of good sex? But God dammit, the woman was addictive.

Over the course of the night, they had taken several breathers where they talked. During these interludes they laughed and chatted like old friends. Paul admired her quick and easy laughter, and the way eyes sparkled with mischief. How did she do that? It seemed an inherent part of her personality, this deep and natural joy.

Paul had too much anger smoldering in him to be that happy. He could do the social thing, conversing on various subjects – that was easy for him. Yet, opening up and talking about personal subjects had always been difficult, probably because he'd spent his childhood pretending.

Deceiving himself as much as he deceived others.

Candy made him lose that ingrained reticence. How had she made it so effortless to talk to her? She was sincere, light-hearted and easy to confide in. He rubbed his sternum, aware of an inexplicable knot in his chest.

Everything about Candy seemed open and honest, as if she was incapable of guile. She trusted him, for no good reason. It made him want to trust her, too.

Paul tended toward cynicism. Had his doubts, particularly when it came to women. He was skeptical of relationships, especially growing up with the farce that was his parents' marriage. He'd never met anyone that he immediately felt close to.

It was different with Candy. *He* was different. Why was he so comfortable with her?

He gently stroked her short blonde hair, careful not to wake her. An image of him pulling that hair slammed into him. It was so vivid that he shut his eyes, in order to more fully absorb the pleasure of it.

The memory was of the first time he'd allowed himself release last night, and it had almost brought him to his knees.

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Paul had already allowed her two orgasms, one with his fingers, and one with his mouth. But that was over an hour ago. Since then he simply tormented her by bringing her right to the edge of orgasm again and again, but not allowing her to go over.

He was good at that, creating short, sharp vaginal contractions that gave no relief. The throbbing tension from Candy's building orgasm would be excruciating for her.

Initially, she'd been shocked by this cruelty. Then outraged with hurt feelings and indignation. Candy's opinions made no difference. There was only one person in charge. Paul was in control of the whip so to speak, and her pleasure was at his whim.

Candy would climax only when he allowed her to; it was something she needed to learn. Why? Because that was the way he liked it.

Soon enough, she was begging for it. Wild and desperate. Vulnerable and needy. Goddamn it, he loved her that way. With gritted teeth, Paul cursed under his breath as he suppressed his own needs.

He moved her body around like a toy or possession, and by God, she enjoyed that, too. The woman was fully fleshed and curvy, yet so small, that it was easy for him to effortlessly place her however he wished.

She was a fully poseable mannequin; his own, hot little sex doll.

He stood before her naked, his shaft huge and throbbing.

"Lie over the couch, face down, right now," he told her, his voice soft yet stern. Candy was quick, rushing to do as he asked, quivering in her eagerness to comply.

"I think it's time to fuck you. What do you say?"

Bent over, her head was turned toward him. He could see the whites of her eyes as they widened. They had a total wired, adrenaline pumped, distracted look to them. He'd intentionally kept her frantic and off balance all night. When she saw that he meant it, she exhaled sharply with relief. "Oh! Thank you! God, thank you!"

Paul's lips curved in a slow smile.

He liked to make a woman wait for it, to let the anticipation build. All night she'd been pleading for him to push himself inside her, begging to be fucked.

At first she'd started with humor, "Alright already! Just fuck me, please!" Then she had been very persuasive, using reason and logic with him, "C'mon, you know you want to," comments.

Finally the poor girl had slid into mindless abject begging, reduced to animalistic pleas, moans and whimpers.

Paul never pushed inside a woman until they begged. That way, getting fucked was a privilege they had to work for – a pleasure they had to earn. Besides, women could have a number of orgasms for every one of his.

Making a sub come over and over was one of his favorite things. It was an undeniable truth that nothing satisfied a woman like the feel of a man inside them. Not a vibrator, nor a mouth, or fingers. That was probably some genetic or visceral need somewhere, to have their empty holes filled.

Whatever it was, Paul used that to his advantage as a Dom.

Candy lay over the couch, her arms under her breasts, her ass perched up high in the air. When he repositioned her, just because he could, she moaned. God, he loved the small helpless little sounds she made from deep in her throat. She was such a needy little thing.

He rearranged her limbs, moving her like a doll once more. His sexy toy to place exactly as he liked. Putting each of her hands under a breast, he said, "Pinch your nipples." When she did, he watched to ensure that she was doing it right. When he was satisfied, he patted her back approvingly. "That's right, just like that. Does it hurt?"

"Yes, a little," she replied in a subdued voice.

"Good. That's good," he told her. "Don't you dare let those nipples go," he warned. "I want them red and sore. I want you to feel it, as I fuck you."

"Jesus," she whispered, and her entire body tightened.

Paul laughed at her needy response, put a condom on, and moved behind her. Candy trembled when his thighs brushed up against her skin, her entire body quivering with need.

Keeping her legs pressed close together, he put one foot on either side of hers. This was the perfect height to make it a tight ride. If she was taller he'd have parted those legs of hers. When he put her on a spanking bench she'd be spread and perfect, but that would have to wait.

Paul took his time, moving her, smoothing over her back, then caressing and concentrating on her gorgeous pale ass. She was tan everywhere except there. Those white globes would become a burning red someday. He was planning on it. He trailed a finger down between her buttocks, rubbing the round puckered rim of that tight little ass. Candy squirmed.

"What are you doing?" she gasped.

"You've never had anal play?"

"No!"

He shrugged and let it go for now. He would have to teach her to like it, but that would be no hardship. Already he knew he wasn't going to let her get away with just one night with him. Shit. An anal virgin. An innocent to kink. Yet she was a woman who craved his domination.

The obvious was there, right before him – an unseen force, as natural and inexorable as gravity. Candy was submissive. Right from the start she had surrendered, freely giving all her power and everything she was to him.

This sweet little sub had been virtually begging for him to take it.

## Chapter 8. Unexpected

Paul positioned himself behind Emily. When the tip of his cock touched her soft feminine flesh, he couldn't prevent a low groan. He had a lot of self-control, but he was well at the end of it.

His palm grazed her flank, cupped her swollen feminine mound, then flicked and teased her outer lips and clit. Paul slipped two fingers into her dripping sheath. It pulsed, clamping down, tightening against him and pulling him in.

"Oh!" Candy cried out. He instantly withdrew his fingers.

"Don't you dare come," he said in a stern voice. "You can climax when I'm inside you, not before. Understand?"

When she didn't answer, he gave one of her butt cheeks a hard slap. "I didn't hear your reply," he said, swallowing at the sight of the lovely pink handprint he'd made. What an erotic sight. It took all of his self-control not to plunge deep inside of her, for a quick and much-needed release.

"No climax...got it." Candy gasped breathlessly and choked off... what? Paul's brows drew down suspiciously, as he frowned. Was that a giggle? It was! He had no idea what she'd say or do next.

Paul suppressed his own desire to chuckle. How did she do that to him? How did she make him want to laugh out loud at the most inopportune moments?

This had never happened to him before. His authority, his demand for her not to climax, and that hard butt slap had amused her. She was certainly poles apart from any other woman he'd ever met. He'd never had such an ill-behaved little sub. Yet he enjoyed her unexpected levity.

Candy's impertinent joy was lacking from his life. He had a tendency to be too serious.

Paul stroked himself with a firm grip, and then he positioned the head just inside her slick soft slit. When he stroked her with it, she whimpered, "Oh, please, yes! I need you, please!"

*Not laughing now, was she?* he mused happily. She was so wet, so soft and tight! His buttocks, hips and thighs flexed hard, while his testicles drew up.

*Fuck.*

"Tell me what you want," he said in a harsh voice.

"Please..." she begged. "Please, fuck me."

"Very nice," he growled, his voice deep with lust. "Are you ready, Candy? Ready to take me?"

She replied in an affirmative moan, her entire body quivering. She was dripping wet and ready. Paul grabbed her hips in a bruising grip. With one fast thrust, he slammed deep inside her.

"Oh, oh, oh! Ahhhh!" she cried out in a delightful squeal, followed by a strong vaginal pulse.

Once buried, right to the hilt, he held himself there.

Pure concentrated pleasure assaulted him, travelling from his shaft and balls in waves throughout his body. An involuntary animal sound tore from his throat, something like a grunt. With intense effort, he prevented himself from ejaculating. Candy's sweet erotic sounds reverberated through him.

Focusing on her and battling to maintain his own control, Paul clenched his jaw and stilled.

Was she calling out and squirming from the joy of finally being filled by a man? Or was that cry simply a feminine response to his invasion? The adjustment her swollen channel was forced to make, in order to accommodate him?

Vanilla or not, she was his right now. Candy had no will of her own. A powerful dominant buzz flowed through him, adding to his pleasure.

"So good," she panted, her words almost an inaudible, drunken slur. Her entire body quivered. "God, oh, thank you... oh, God... you feel so good."

Chest heaving, Paul held perfectly still. "That's it, that's right. Shush, shush," he murmured in a soothing caress. His voice was rough with desire, while he ran his hands over her flanks, buttocks and back. Bending lower, he fondled her swollen breasts. As ordered, she was still squeezing her nipples. His fingers caressed her hands, in a gesture of approval.

"Such a good girl, obeying me," he breathed into her ear. "You took me so well, Candy. I'm deep inside you now. Tell me what you want."

Candy moaned and whimpered, something that sounded like, "Please. Let me come."

He smiled and straightened, gripping her hips once more. "Poor thing. You were so empty. You needed my cock in that unfilled hole of yours, didn't you?"

"Yes, oh yes!" Candy squirmed and moaned, bucking backwards, trying to get him to move.

He slapped her ass hard on the other cheek this time, leaving another lovely red mark. "Be still," he admonished and she became motionless instantly. "You have to wait on my pleasure. You take what I give you, when I want to give it to you. I'm in charge, remember?"

Her pitiful moan was so desperate, that despite his tenuous control, Paul's lips curled into an even broader grin.

He wanted to thrust, he wanted to hammer himself inside her until he came, but he forced himself to hold back. Once more, he stroked her feminine contours, admiring his hand prints on her buttocks.

Realizing he'd been holding his breath, he exhaled in a rush. Because Candy was in a hurry, he would make her wait, even though he personally preferred not to. Her pleasure was by his command... and his whim. That was a very important lesson for her to learn.

Paul took a deep, steady breath.

Dismayed by his lack of control, he knew that it was because of her. She was different, this impertinent woman. Too innocent. Too sweet. Too funny. Too perfect. Candy's entire body was trembling, her hot sheath gripping, holding him tight. God dammit, she felt so good.

"How close are you, Candy?" he managed the gruff question in a somewhat even voice.

"Can I come now?" she pleaded.

Unexpected laughter bubbled out of him. Candy asked so sweetly, similar to the character from "Oliver." "Please, Sir, can I have more?"

"Try to hold off," he said, in his most stern Dom voice. "I want you to climax by my command. Do you want to please me?"

"Yes, Paul, for the love of God, yes!"

"Good. Are you still squeezing your nipples?"

"Yes!"

"Good girl."

Paul stroked her now familiar contours: her back, her hips, her flank, tracing the shape of those soft round buttocks. Candy moaned and her body quivered. Jesus, she loved his touch.

Gripping her hips, Paul slowly began to thrust, moving out, then in, with steady, measured, strokes. The rhythmic suck and pull of their coupling made heady liquid sounds. His flesh throbbed and twitched inside her firm, swollen channel. Every stroke brought an ecstatic gasp from her. The muscles deep within her feminine core contracted, squeezing him.

It was delicious.

"You're so good," Paul growled. "You're trying very hard not to come, aren't you?"

"Yes, yes!" The woman made constant noise now, a cross between sobbing and whimpering, and she seemed incapable of holding still. Candy writhed, and pushed against him.

A trained submissive, she was not, he mused with dark irony. But fucking hell, she sure was a lot of fun.

Paul held on tight, fisting her short hair with one hand, the other gripping her hip. He rocked against her for a few minutes, the sensation of it making them both groan. Then he slammed against her, riding her as she bucked. No longer holding back, he thrust hard inside her, again and again, with powerful savage strokes.

Her whole body suddenly tightened.

"Not yet, Candy. Not yet," he growled as she trembled and shook beneath him. Paul was pretty sure that his cock had found her G spot. Her breathing changed, as her body tensed – ready to explode.

Waves of intense sensation rushed into his testicles, thighs and shaft, along with the pounding pulse of blood. Pushed beyond his limits, Paul felt the familiar sensation of cramping in the internal muscles of his groin and gut. Every muscle in his buttocks clenched. He had only a thread of control left.

Reaching down slid a hand under her belly, and fondled her clit. "Come for me. Now," he gave the rough command. Candy, already keening... shrieked. Deep inside her, Paul felt her internal muscles grip him, exerting a powerful force that clamped down on him, squeezing him hard.

Her scream continued, unbroken, one long, anguished wail: "Pauuuuuulllll!" Exquisite pulsing pressure milked him, in rapidly contracting waves: tighten, release; tighten, release... on and on and on.

*She said my name.*

Clients in the fetish club didn't do that: they called him, Sir. His one-night stands hardly remembered his name, and they certainly never called it in moments of passion.

*As she climaxed, Candy screamed my name.*

The feel of her spasms bearing down hard on his cock, the smell of her arousal, the sensations and her audible surrender. Candy... calling out. For *him*. The incredible intimacy of it shattered his control.

Helpless before such burning need, Paul's head flew back, and his hips thrust forward. He hammered into her, holding nothing back. The slap of flesh on flesh only added to his ecstasy. Pounding himself deeply into her tight, swollen sheath, he thrust so savagely that she rose up on her toes.

Again and again, with massive volume and velocity, he ejaculated. A hard shudder wracked him as his entire body continued to pump and spasm.

Electric heat exploded through his thighs, buttocks, back, shoulders, waist and abdominals. His orgasm was so extreme that the exquisite pleasure registered almost as pain. He sagged forward on to her.

For a long time, Paul lay heavily upon Candy's back, unable to move his body. He kissed and nuzzled her neck and shoulders, pulling her fingers away from her sore nipples, murmuring his praise. Softly stroking her, he smoothed his hands caressingly over her for some time. Finally, he stood up and disposed of the condom. Then he picked Candy up and carried her to the bed where they curled up together.

Paul continued to stroke her face and hair with both hands, while peppering her eyes, nose, and cheeks with kisses and soft touches. She was still shaking, dazed and out of it. Seeing her in this state fired his blood. God, he wanted to tie her up, wrists to ankles, ass in the air, and fuck her again.

He smiled, knowing that he wasn't quite up for that yet, and knowing that she wasn't either. If her sweet little pussy was this snug, how amazing would that tight, little, virgin ass of hers be to fuck?

It took some time, but Candy finally opened her eyes. They were blank and unseeing with dark and dilated pupils. Her mind and body was still in free fall. It took her a long moment for her eyes to

focus, but he saw when they did, the instant she came back to him.

Looking up at him, she gave him a slow, sexy smile. Paul watched her. An unexpected stab of curiosity hit him as he wondered what she was thinking. Wondered what she might say.

"Hey," she said, with an odd, sort of shy smile. Her voice was a whisper, husky and raw from screaming and calling out.

*How can she be shy after that?*

Paul studied her with lazy interest. Her lips were swollen, body flushed, and hair mussed. Those heavy-lidded brown eyes of hers were sex glazed. That blissful look of rapture, and the erotic smell of her arousal, combining with his own musk was perfect.

Well content, Paul smiled, enjoying his post coital buzz. Seeing the pleasure he'd wrought in her made him feel smug and incredibly self-satisfied.

"Hey, yourself," he murmured. In an unconscious, affectionate gesture, Paul brushed his fingers down her face.

Languid from spent pleasure, Candy gave a contented sigh, and moved into his touch. Her open warmth and trust made his chest tighten. Why was she so incredibly giving? It was heady stuff. *I don't want to let her go.*

Paul studied her while patiently waiting for a flood of words. He knew that she'd say more, all women did. Sex brought out a woman's happy hormones: good sex brought out even more. He had no doubt that Candy, after finally getting fucked, would be chatty and uninhibited.

She'd just had another amazing orgasm. This one had been best of all. Her entire body had tightened in a convulsion. That taut muscular channel of hers had clamped down on him so damned hard. For a second Paul thought he might have accidentally been fucking her ass.

Even now, her body trembled from an occasional aftershock.

Intrigued, he waited to see what interesting statement might fall from her lips. Her mischievous observations had amused him so far. There was a playful streak in her that he suspected even twice daily spankings wouldn't eliminate.

Paul grinned. He didn't want to get rid of that mischievousness anyway. With her, he felt lighthearted. Funny and teasing, she made him laugh.

What exactly would Candy, who had just experienced such a mind-blowing orgasm, say? Thank you? You're a god? Let's do it again? Holy fuck?

In the end, she surprised him.

Candy's gaze met his and her faint smile broadened. There was an impish flash in her dark brown eyes. "Do you know what, Paul? I think I'm in love."

## Chapter 9. Liar

Snapping out of the memory, Paul looked down at Candy with a grin. The little minx had a wicked sense of humor. It was easy to let his guard down with her, when she constantly made him laugh.

Worn out and sated, she hadn't moved. Maybe if he got up and made coffee, the smell might wake her.

Paul was well aware that Candy was not what she seemed. She dressed and acted hard core and practiced, but compared to him, she was an inexperienced innocent. And what an innocent! She gave herself to him completely. She didn't fight, question or disagree.

Maybe that was it. The way she trusted him so completely. Why? Was she simply a natural submissive or was this just some sort of unique inexplicable bond? What was this heat, this connection between them? Because it was much more than just sexual chemistry.

Plain round face, and short in stature, Candy reminded him so much of his childhood best friend's little sister, Emily. Reese had been intolerant of his younger sibling, but Paul, an only child, had enjoyed her company. Emily was shy and quiet, and always had a book in her hand. The little girl had followed him around like a devoted puppy.

Paul studied the sleeping form of the woman beside him. What was it about her? She didn't really look like Emily. Candy didn't wear glasses, and had a much fuller figure, yet there was something about her that made him think of Emily.

Paul smiled, recalling how he had nicknamed Emily, 'little rabbit.'

His mind went back to that momentous time... the time he'd saved Emily's life. The two families had been on vacation in California. Ten year old Emily was badly winded and drowning, hit and forced under by a wave. Paul had seen the whole thing. When she hadn't come up, he even didn't think of telling anyone, he just dove right in. Everyone praised him, but he'd simply been in the right place at the right time.

Emily, terrified and traumatized by the experience, had become even more solemn and quiet. After that, she'd followed him and Reese around for weeks. Apparently, Emily only felt safe when she was with them, or in the always-with-her-nose-in-a-book, dark-rabbit-hole of her bedroom. Paul had given her the nickname rabbit, and it stuck. The little rabbit had become afraid of pretty well everything for months after that near death experience.

Remembering Emily made him think of where he was raised. Paul's childhood home was right on the water, near Lincoln City on the Oregon coast. Devil's Lake was a 680-acre freshwater state recreational area. It had been a magnificent place to grow up in. Three doors down from him was where his best friend, Reese, had lived.

Paul's parents (the Jarmans) and Reese's parents (the Malones) were also best friends. Both families lived in each other's pockets, and did everything together: BBQ's, card games ('go fish' and 'crazy eights'), tramping around the lake, water-skiing, boating and fishing. There were endless activities available to a boy like him. It would've been an idyllic childhood, except for his father.

Paul's father was an angry, disagreeable man who had only become more difficult to live with as he got older. The tight ass now lived alone in the family home, ate take-out, was more than a few pounds overweight, drove a seven year old Volvo, and smoked cheap cigarettes.

Paul was surprised that the man didn't roll his own tobacco to save money. While not an alcoholic, his dad sure could drink. But he wasn't supposed to drink because he was diabetic. Why was he such a cheapskate? His dad had spent a lifetime of hardship when he had plenty of money.

Paul's father owned the local supermarket, an enterprise that brought in excellent profit and

always had. The extensive property alone had been valued at over a million dollars. Paul knew everything about the retail supermarket industry. He liked arranging promotions, managing staff, and he enjoyed customer interaction. To him, the work was fun.

It was always a given that he'd take over the family business someday. Except that now he never would.

Now, he didn't give a shit. He didn't want anything to do with his father anymore.

Paul recalled the last time he'd seen Tom, three years before. Their argument had been out of control, with terrible things said on both sides. Hurtful words that couldn't be taken back. Paul remembered all of the years the years he wasted, attempting to gain the man's approval. So stupid. Why had he tried to live up to his father's expectations?

When he was a child, his dad had been fun. Then everything seem to change.

They had nothing in common. No shared interests, no happy memories, no recent happy memories anyway. None that he could recall. Paul had been an only child in a house that was full of anger and uncomfortable silences between his mother, his father, and himself.

Why hadn't they had more children? A sibling would have been good. A brother or sister. At least he would've had somebody to share the burden of hostility and parental disappointment.

When they went out, they all pretended quite easily. Father, mother, son – a wholesome and loving family. It was when they were home, when appearances weren't important, that their cheerful masks came off. The air was thick with tension.

Playing happy family seemed normal. They'd just slip into their roles. It was such a lie, a deception that he had grown up with. He pretended that all was well all his life. Not just well – that all was perfect.

*Liar.* The worst part of it was that Paul was as guilty as they were.

At one time, Paul used to call his father dad. Now 'father' wasn't even formal enough. Why had the idiot always been such a jerk? Paul continuously warned him that mom would leave him, and hadn't been surprised when she did. *Asshole.*

Just the thought of his father still had the ability to make him angry. For some unknown reason, the man was unable to love him, no matter what Paul did to try to earn his approval.

That final fight had been amazing. It was such a relief to drop everything, to scream "I hate you," and to tell his father to fuck off, slam the door, and walk out. He had never looked back. He was done. Done trying. Done wasting his time.

Naive, slow and stupid. How had he been so pathetic for all those years? High school quarterback, perfect grades, and voted 'Most likely to Succeed.' He'd tried so hard, working to earn his father's love. Wanting affection from an angry man who barely tolerated him.

Paul had finally achieved teenage rebellion at the age of twenty-three. Now he was twenty-six and he still hadn't written or talked to his father. He hadn't even seen his mother, although they had corresponded a little via email. Paul refused to forgive his parents.

*I hate liars. I never want to see either one of them again.*

## Chapter 10. Addiction

*How could I have been so blind for so long?* Paul wondered.

Paul had been sheltered and naive. He'd felt betrayed, confused, and angry because the blinders had suddenly been torn away. His mother leaving had been the catalyst. It was then, that he understood that his whole life had been a lie. That all that he'd worked for was worthless goals. A stupid waste of his time.

That was the problem, of course.

When he first left home, he'd gone straight to San Francisco. Luckily, he walked right into a fetish club. What had started as his salvation had become an addiction. For over a year, he played full time, pushing the boundaries, joining in the most outrageous of limit-pushing scenes. The trust fund his grandmother had left him was intact, he'd never touched it before he left home. It supported him through his year-long habit.

Being a Dom had put him in control of his life. It was a kink, but it was more. It had become a lifeline for Paul, after leaving behind everything he knew. With his life a lie, and himself an angry mess, BDSM had been his one constant. It was something honest he believed, in a world of falsehood, pretense and social masks.

Paul's training was based on genuine responses, things that were difficult or impossible to fake. Ironically, something that most considered 'dirty' was seen as pure by Paul.

Working under a no-bullshit Dom had diverted his attention and helped him gain perspective. It had also taught him how to manage his uncontrollable temper. He learned how to funnel and release his rage, hurt and frustration in a controlled way. A way in which he and others could obtain pleasure.

Paul had finally been able to set aside his anger issues.

Yet what was the saying he'd finally discovered? That one cathartic truth? Be careful when solving a problem. *Because the wrong solution to a problem will become the problem.*

In his case, engaging in a Dominance and submission lifestyle had become a problem. It was seductive, exciting, and diverting. But he'd been too young, and too inexperienced. He also had too much money, and all the time in the world.

Paul took one sub after another. He pushed too many boundaries and indulged in every hedonistic pleasure. The club had been a place where he regained his sanity, but then fell into a different sort of madness.

It wasn't sexual addition, it was Dom addiction, or perhaps, Dom fever. Paul didn't have a life outside anymore, he had a deep need to only experience life through BDSM games.

BDSM became a distraction for him. He didn't have to deal with any internal struggles or pain. He didn't have to build a life for himself. Paul used BDSM as an escape. He became too immersed. He lived for it. It wasn't an interest, or a hobby. Kink was *everything*.

Master Matthew, his mentor at the San Francisco fetish club, was the smartest man he knew. He trained Paul by making him submit first, to intimately know what it was to be a sub. He'd also warned him to understand that just because a Dom was experienced, it didn't mean that he or she

knew everything.

A Dom wasn't a god. A good Dom had humility and was always learning, very often from his submissives.

Matthew knew that Paul had a problem. Paul remembered Matt's words to him the day before he left the club.

"You're a good Dom, Paul," Master Matthew said. "You have heart. You're proud, but not completely arrogant." Both men laughed at that. "I've enjoyed teaching you, because you listen. You also accept submission for what it is: a gift. And you're careful with your subs. You never take anything unless it's freely given."

Paul frowned. "That all sounds good, yet I'm sensing a 'but' in here somewhere."

"Yeah, you're intuitive, too." Matthew smirked.

"Shit," Paul said with a scowl, knowing that something really bad was coming.

Shifting, Matthew gazed at him with wise and sympathetic grey eyes. "'Shit' is right. What do you think I'm going to say?"

"I have to leave the club."

Matt nodded. "I think so. Do you know why?"

"I'm too young? I need more life experience? I'm too absorbed in the lifestyle, and have lost all sense of perspective?"

Matt burst out laughing once more, and put a comforting hand on Paul's shoulder. His mentor at five foot nine, was shorter by a good three inches, but Paul had always looked up to the older man. Maybe it was Paul's need for an actual father figure in his life one who could accept and support him. A man who could give him what his own father wouldn't.

Maybe it was just because of the trust and admiration Paul had for him.

"You can really look objectively at yourself, can't you, Paul? That's an ability that most people find difficult." Matt's brows drew down as he studied him thoughtfully. Paul realized that Matthew was formulating the exact words that he wanted to say. "There's a lack of balance and proportion. A Dom must be able to control himself, before he can truly control another," Matthew said. "Do you know what I'm talking about?"

Paul found himself slowly nodding. Control wasn't just about discipline of the body. It was about managing the focus of ones' mind.

When he wasn't working a scene, Paul was imagining a scene. What he might do, what he would do, every minute, every moment, and every second of every day. It was an obsession, leaving no room for anything else in Paul's life.

He was like a smoker at an extravagant, prestigious annual event where he wasn't allowed to smoke. Was the smoker enjoying the party? Was he listening to the intricate melody of the orchestra, watching the dancers, or engaging in conversation with witty, intelligent, people? No. He might seem to be doing all these things. If someone observed the smoker, they would see a

man that appeared to be actively participating.

Yet it would all be a lie. The smoker wasn't really "there" in the moment. Instead he was constantly strategizing and planning just where, when and how he'd would get his next smoke.

"What is your attention on, right now?" was a question Paul often asked a sub. In the case of the smoker, the answer would be a resounding, "Exactly when I can have my next smoke."

What kind of life was that? With an out of control addiction constantly dogging one's thoughts and actions? The control he had as an obsessed Dom was an illusion. He was able to control his subs, not himself.

"The first and best victory is to conquer self," Plato wrote. Matthew had told him that, and Paul suddenly genuinely understood why his mentor had said it. How did the twelve steps of addiction go? First, admit that there's a problem?

*Well. At least I have the insight to know that Matthew is right. I have a problem.*

Paul met his friend, Jai at the club. Jai, also lost and alone, had come to the same crossroad in his life, and a similar conclusion. They were both unable to gain temperance, so they had to quit cold turkey.

Together, that's what they'd done. They left the club and went to Canada, working in lumber yards, counting and marking logs. Moving them down river. They also worked as laborers, picked fruit, crewed on yachts as well as other odd jobs. There was very little they hadn't tried, over the last two years. They had traveled, escaped and recovered.

He and Jai enjoyed threesomes. But Paul could take or leave a ménage. He still needed control when having sex, but for the last two years, he'd been predominantly vanilla. But right now he didn't want vanilla. He wanted to try every flavor with Candy.

For a moment, he recalled how, with firm demand, he pressed on Candy's shoulders, indicating his wish for her to go to her knees. She'd gone down joyously, as if kneeling before him was the most natural place in the world to her. He'd fisted both hands in her hair, holding her still, placing her exactly as he wanted.

Obedient to every order, he directed her to place her hands behind her back, and lace her fingers together. Later he would let her use her hands to enhance his pleasure, thereby getting the full benefit of her tongue and teeth. Unfortunately she hadn't earned the right to touch him yet.

Usually he liked to guide a woman when she sucked him off. Curious, he decided to let her have her way, testing the level of her experience.

Paul shut his eyes recalling the moment. Candy had been kneeling, her lips wet, her mouth parted, and her eyes bright with arousal. He'd given her the command, "suck it," in a tone so rough with lust he'd hardly recognized his own voice.

What was it about her that turned him on so completely? Candy made him act like a sex-starved teenager.

After licking her full lips, Candy's mouth had closed around him. She couldn't deep throat, but her eager tongue licking and stroking, combined with the sweet suction, and her enthusiastic yet unsophisticated mouth bobbing motion, had almost made him climax.

She'd been so passionate, so desperate to please. She enjoyed servicing him as a true sub would. A large part of Candy's pleasure came from giving him pleasure. The woman was born to serve.

When he'd given her sweet ass a slap or two during the night, she hadn't protested, but she'd been startled and surprised. The woman never even had a man spank her. Paul's right hand flexed as he gazed down toward the soft skin of her gorgeous buttocks. He went instantly hard, and wanted to wake her up and spank her *right now*.

Paul just *knew* that she would love a spanking. They would both get off on it.

He saw slight bruising on her hip, where his fingers had gripped and held her as he took her from behind. A rush of pleasure coursed through him at the sight. He'd marked her, and some sort of primal part of him recognized those marks for what they were – signs that she belonged to him.

That she was his.

He blinked with a sudden inner vision of some of the things he wanted to do. Spank her, flog her, bind her, and tie her hands to her feet. Have his wicked way with her, and use her in every way imaginable, while she begged for more. Collar her and have her on her knees, or on all fours, with her beautiful reddened ass in the air. *Jesus*.

Paul pushed the flood of images away. Enough. He'd find a way to convince her to stay. Then he could explore this powerful, unexpected desire for her.

She was such an odd mixture of experienced and naive. Did Candy have any idea that she was a sexual submissive? Paul didn't think so. For the first time in years, he felt a compelling need to bring someone into the lifestyle. There was just something about her.

Was it some sort of chemistry? Whatever it was he felt toward her could not be denied.

Already, she craved and responded to his dominance. He wanted to teach her, to have her submit to him completely. He wanted to get to know her more intimately than a man knows his wife of ten years. With Candy, he wanted to go all the way.

Paul had never committed to a woman, yet right now he wanted to be her Dom for a week, a month, or maybe even a year. Shit. Maybe forever. That unexpected thought scared him.

He longed to be the center of her universe, not because *he* imagined that he was, but because *she knew* that was what he was. He wanted to take charge of her – mind, body and soul.

This was a completely unexpected desire.

Could he safely return to a D/s lifestyle? Had enough time passed that he wouldn't be overwhelmed by the club scene and his uncontrollable thirst for constant kink? Could he cuff her to a spanking bench, and use her hard without being consumed by it?

And more importantly, would Candy let him?

## Chapter 11. Aftercare

When Candy stirred beside him, Paul ran his fingers down her cheek to wake her. Her eyelashes were long and dark against her tan skin. She opened her brown eyes, and turned her tousled head

to meet his gaze.

"Hey," she said, shooting him a surprisingly cheerful 'just woke up' grin. Her eyes didn't waver from his.

"Hey, yourself," Paul replied. Something about her frank, engaging stare stirred him. There always seemed to be a hint of laughter in those dark eyes. What was she thinking? Candy was just too damned fascinating.

"What are you looking at?" he finally asked.

Her grin widened. "Nothing. Just you. That was the best night of my life, by the way."

"I'm not complaining either," he murmured, reaching for her. When she pulled away, he shot her a disapproving frown.

"You crazy guy," she said with a bark of laughter. "Are you still in the mood?" Candy sat up in the bed and took a not-so-subtle peek at his semi-erection. "Man, you're a machine," she observed, shaking her head. "Look, I'm all for it but I have to visit the ladies room." Seemingly comfortable in her nudity, she slid out of the bed, walked to the bathroom and slipped inside.

That tight little pear-shaped butt of hers swayed as she walked. It was just begging for attention.

*I have to have her.*

Paul's cock hardened as a visual image flashed into his mind. Candy bound and helpless, writhing in pleasure, making sweet sounds of ecstasy. That ass of hers, red from his flogger, as he applied each sensual stroke.

That's what Paul longed for.

Sex, more specifically kinky sex, was the best way Paul knew to intimately explore another person. With Dominance and submission, intensity and awareness became profound. It heightened intimacy beyond the scope of anything that vanilla sex could offer.

Similar to links in a chain, for those brief moments, they would be physically and emotionally joined.

It took patience, observation and time for a Dom to become alert to non-verbal signals. Breath, pulse, sweat, flinching, tension, swelling, flushing...there were endless signs and unique tells. Subs might try to hide their passions, but their bodily responses never lied.

Restless, he stood up and padded over to the fridge. Pulling out a bottle of orange juice, he opened it and took a drink.

Most people were uptight concerning the subject of sex. Candy, as open as she appeared to be, might be as inhibited as anyone else when he peeled back the layers and explored her passions.

Would she be embarrassed to masturbate in front of him? Or be involved in anal play? Maybe it would be difficult to get her to confide her fantasies. Would she even know what she was really into?

Whatever she tried to hide, or longed to discover about herself, Paul would enjoy the exploration process, as well as pushing her limits and breaking through her barriers.

Candy talked and laughed with him, seemingly open. She confided in him throughout the night. Yet, Paul knew she was holding something back. What was it? Everyone had skeletons in their closets that they preferred to keep concealed. Paul enjoyed discovering those secrets. What his subs found embarrassing, what they felt compelled to hide, and what they were thinking. As a Dom, he had to push – until he had it all.

Paul wanted to tie her up, and tease her, and use her for his own pleasure, exactly as he wanted to.

*As he needed to.*

How would she react when he pushed her limits? When she finally understood how completely he could master her? Would she fight his dominance? Struggle with the truth of who she was, what she needed, and the things she was willing to do for him? Just who might he find under that cheerful, compliant exterior?

Candy had told him that her girlfriend went home yesterday. That was unfortunate. If the woman was here, he might have been able to arrange a safety plan with her. But Candy didn't know anyone else in Cabo.

There's no way that Paul would even attempt a scene here in this suite. He'd never disrespect Candy by even suggesting such a thing. Not when he hadn't earned that level of trust. While Candy liked him, she wasn't stupid. What intelligent woman of today would allow a complete stranger to tie her up without supervision?

No, it would have to take place in a reputable club, but where? And just how would he convince the little innocent to go with him? She had never engaged in bondage or even had a spanking. While their sexual chemistry was off the charts, the lifestyle might scare her away, particularly since she hardly knew him.

*Softly, softly, he mused. She already craves my dominance.*

Paul's lips curled in a wicked little smile. Jesus Christ, she was scorching hot and responded so beautifully to him. He couldn't remember ever wanting someone this badly.

*I have to seduce her. Make it impossible for her to say no.*

The thought of her submitting and surrendering to him completely was heady stuff. How long would it take for her to let go? Trust that as her Dom, he knew what she needed? How difficult would it be to push her over the edge and off into sub space? To make her give in, lose control and abandon herself completely to emotion and sensation?

During a sensual flogging, suppressed emotions that are bottled up inside, were often released. Intoxicated, drunk on endorphins, overwhelmed and exhausted by emotions and sensation, would tears stream down her beautiful face?

Women were so fascinating, unique and complicated. How difficult would it be to break down her barriers and make her soar? Trying to figure Candy out would be a real privilege.

Aftercare with her would be intense.

Paul drew in a deep breath, raised his arms like an NBA player, and threw the empty OJ bottle into the bin in a perfect three pointer. Score! It was a promising sign. He washed his hands and face in the sink, and returned to the bed.

What a mess.

He took a moment to put the fitted sheet back on the mattress properly, to straighten the top sheet, and then he climbed back into bed.

Aftercare was such a turn on for him – it was the ultimate pleasure. Those moments after total surrender, where his sub had given him *everything*. The heady acceptance of his dominance, when they stopped resisting. When his sub trusted him enough to let go of the ledge that they cling to so tightly.

It was then, they discovered that instead of falling and crashing to the ground that they had learned to fly.

And when his sub soared, so did he.

Such trust, personal exposure and defenselessness always pushed Paul even higher into Dom space. All barriers between them would be stripped away through extremes of sensation, pleasure, pain, and emotion.

That was the timeless moment of profound connection, body and soul. After he accepted full responsibility for her care, and she surrendered. She'd be safe with him. For that fleeting, precious time she was his.

His to comfort, to punish, to protect, or reward. His to care for. His to worship, and adore.

*Mine and mine alone.*

That was what he missed most of all since leaving the club scene and denying himself his longed for kink. Those intimate moments filled him with wonder. All barriers were down during aftercare.

No defenses – no masks – no pretense - no deceit. Nothing hidden. Nothing held back. That intimacy, that perfect honesty was what he craved most. That's what he yearned for with Candy.

How would it be with her? Paul shut his eyes, imagining it. They would lay in bed together where he'd gently caress her abused skin, praising and soothing her with murmured sounds of comfort. He would praise and adore her, and his high regard would be real. He'd tell her how beautiful she was, how special and perfect.

*"Shush, shush, shush"* and words like, *"there's my good girl"* and *"so, so beautiful."* He'd tell her how much she'd pleased him, how lucky he was, and how much her submission meant to him. The entire time he would soothe and tenderly kiss her tears away.

There was a kind of sacredness in a sub's tears. The vanilla world might consider crying a weakness, but as a Dom, Paul felt they were a mark of power. His power, yes; but hers, too. Five minutes of tears spoke more clearly to him than a thousand books. They communicated deep emotions that were inexplicable with mere words.

Tears would be cleansing for them both, washing away the banal and leaving the profound.

During aftercare, they could talk openly, because then and there, for those timeless measured moments, would be a true connection of heart and soul. He'd speak to her in the soft whispers that only lovers knew, and then hold her while she fell asleep. Perhaps he'd rock her in his arms, gently and carefully, like comforting a child.

*Just me. Just her. Just us.*

Paul frowned. Hot, despite the air-conditioning, he threw the sheet back and linked both hands behind his head. What was it about, Candy? Paul knew he could earn her trust, he had done that with others many times.

The question was, would he be able to trust her?

Paul knew that he was the one that clung on to the ledge of distrust for dear life. He *never* completely let go. To take that plunge into the unknown was frightening. He had anger issues that he tightly controlled for a start, and for all the women he'd had sex with, he never risked the emotional threat inherent in a committed relationship.

Yet he'd never felt so in tune and comfortable with any woman like he was with Candy. If he spent more time with her, then maybe he could get to know her enough to confront his own demons.

Until then, aftercare was the closest thing he knew of love with a woman. His nostrils flared. Too bad that it could never last. Growing up with his parents, it was no wonder he didn't believe in romance or long term relationships. Paul never sought commitment, or 'love.'

He avoided both as the temporary insanity and contagious infection they seemed to him to be.

*I'm just not made to stay with one woman*, he decided, but in his heart, he knew that was a pitiful excuse. *I'd never trust a woman so completely*, is what he really thought. Yet he really wanted to spend more time with Candy. He needed to explore this energy they had between them, this unexpected bond.

He also wanted to make her climax again and again.

There was nothing better than listening to her scream.

## Chapter 12. Emily

Emily walked naked toward the bathroom, strangely comfortable without her clothes. She felt sexy and desirable. Partially, because of her breast augmentation and the awareness that she had the attractive shape of a woman. She'd also spent months at the gym, three days a week, in preparation for seeing Paul again.

Curvy and a number of pounds overweight, she was still pretty proud of her figure. At least her curves were in all the right places.

Emily could feel Paul's eyes hard upon her. He wanted her. Again! *Wow*. That certainty blew her mind, because she had never stopped wanting him. She recalled his hardening semi, and snorted. Paul had morning wood. Not to mention afternoon, evening, and all through the night wood. Whew! The man was a veritable forest of unkillable erections

Emily brushed her teeth, drank a big glass of water, and washed her hands and face. She'd taken her contacts out in the middle of the night and cleaned them before putting them back in. It hadn't

been necessary, with the new gas permeable ones. They were made so you could sleep in them, but being extra careful was part of who she was.

She grinned, feeling various aches all over her body, and deliciously sore between the legs. It was a well-used feeling, and she loved it. *Used by Paul.*

The face smiling back at her in the mirror was no longer a stranger. *Holy shit! Check out the hickey!* The deep purple mark on her throat stirred memories of Paul's mouth there, and on other parts of her body as well. The taste of him, the feel of his lips and teeth on her flesh. What a lovely reminder. With luck, it would take weeks to fade.

*Hello, Candy, you wicked little slut. I'm so glad that I met you!*

Emily giggled, it felt like she was looking at her evil twin! With detached interest, she studied Candy's reflection. Her lips were red and swollen. Her skin flushed.

*This is the kind of woman that Paul wants,* Emily mused. But Candy wasn't so very different from herself. Candy was *her*, a part of her personality that she had kept well hidden, even from herself. Until now.

Sex with Paul had been an eye-opener. She'd had such incredible orgasms, one after another. It had never been like that for her. Emily didn't even know that her body could do that. She felt herself moisten thinking of it.

Just seeing him naked caused libido overload. Paul had been laboring in the sun. It showed in his tan and the blonde streaks in his brown hair. He had broad shoulders, a six-pack, and ripped chest. His stomach was flat, his ass tight. And then there was his beautiful thick cock!

She wanted to lick him all over.

Giddy with anticipation, Emily quivered at the thought of returning to bed with Paul. For the love of God, the man actually had her panting! Everything he did was unexpected and exciting. What would he want to do now?

Usually, she had to work for her orgasms. They came easily enough when she was by herself, but it was difficult when she was with a man. Probably because she was so uptight and lacked confidence, feeling clumsy, stupid and unattractive. She was too caught up in her head.

Questions ran through her mind like, "Am I doing this right?" or "Does he think I'm fat?" Other frequent thoughts that undermined her pleasure were, "Should I tell him what I like, or will that insult him?" and "Maybe I should be doing..." It was so annoying. Constant internal dialogue was not conducive to good sex or orgasms.

With Paul she didn't think at all – she just felt. *Yum.* But there was no way she'd let him touch her ass, or would she? She'd already done things with him that she could barely wrap her brain around. Things that had never been in her realm of possibilities.

*I feel so different with him. Braver.*

That was it. Ironically, when it came to sex, she was herself with Paul, even though she was pretending to be Candy. Emily couldn't quite understand it. Her entire life, she knew they should be together. Like she belonged to him; mind, body and soul. Was that love? She had adored Paul since she was a child. Now he was an addictive, and passionate obsession.

*If Paul wanted it, I'd do just about anything, she thought with an inward sigh. And I'd enjoy it, too. As long as he did.*

Emily loved to read. She read many different genres, including thrillers, murder mysteries, science fiction, fantasies but she *really* loved romance. The hero of every one of her favorite romances had always been an alpha male, in-charge kind of guy. Protective, caring, dominant men turned her on.

Paul was definitely that guy. In fact, he was the epitome of that guy.

How come she'd never realized that before?

The whole night had been perfect. Emily often felt shy, and awkward when it came to men and sex. She was a little out of her element, but never with Paul. Except years ago, when she told him she wanted to go out with him, of course.

Mentally, she flinched, recalling how fast and furiously he had shut her down. He'd said he thought of her as a little sister. Disturbed, she quickly pushed that memory away.

*Paul thinks I'm sexy now.* \*

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